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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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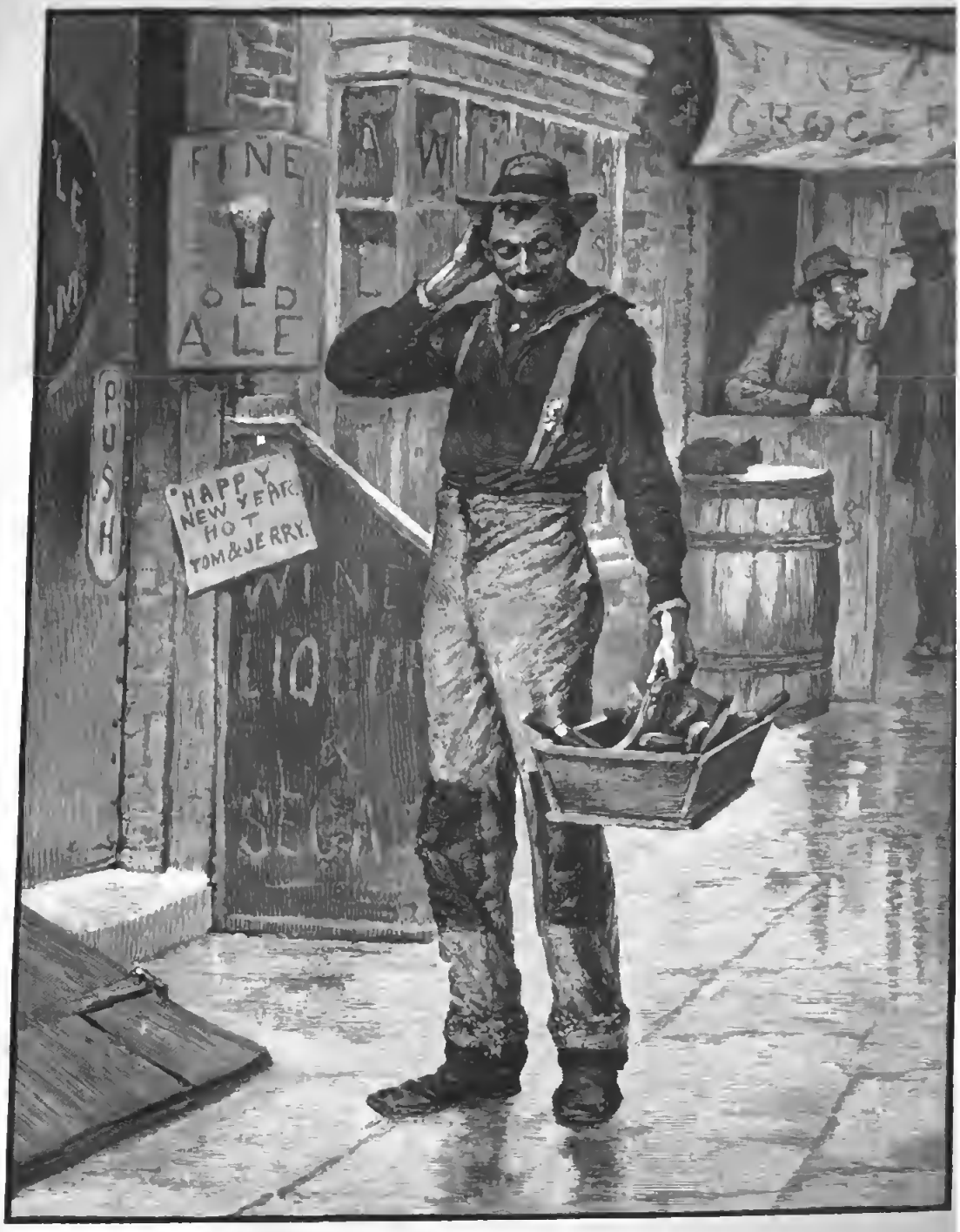

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1884.

RE-OPENING OF THE ART COMPETITION.

The judges appointed to award the prizes in the Art Competition for the illustration of ALFRED TENNYSON'S "CHRISTMAS HYMN" *have reported* [see HARPER'S WEEKLY *dated September 1*] *that they "are not satisfied by the conditions of the competition in awarding any prize whatsoever." Three hundred and thirty-eight drawings entered into the competition, and twenty-three were received after the 1st of August—too late to be considered.*

Pursuant to the intimation given in their original "offer to young American artists," the MESSRS. HARPER *have determined to re-open the competition, enlarging its scope and modifying the limitations as to age, in accordance with suggestions made by the judges.*

For the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas—the drawing to be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *to be made especially for this competition, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-seven years of age—*MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such instalments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, *at Franklin Square, New York, not later than March 1, 1884, addressed "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine", and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope securely attached to the drawing, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A., MR. F. D. MILLET, N.A., *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department of* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

The treatment of the subject is left to the artist, limited only by the special reference to Christmas. Either the Bible story of the Nativity, or the social features of Christmas, past or present, may be chosen for illustration. The judges, in making the award, will take into consideration not only the technical art value of each drawing, but also the appropriateness of the subject selected, the sufficiency of the illustration, and especially the originality of conception and treatment. The combination of different designs in a single picture should be avoided.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing on one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for December, 1884; and should others be entitled to found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *$500; one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, *$400; one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *$300—these awards not to be subject to the above-mentioned understanding as to "the prosecution of art study," etc.*

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, September 6, 1883.

THE COMMITTEES OF THE HOUSE.

CONGRESS met on the 3d of December, and elected a Speaker who had been selected after a month of personal canvass. On the 24th of December the Speaker announced the committees, and Congress adjourned until the 3d of January. In the mean time no legislation has been possible, and it thus takes precisely a month for Congress to get ready to begin. The delay is due to the time necessary for the Speaker to acquire some knowledge of the members, and to consider the "claims" of locality and politics and fitness in the choice of chairmen, and in the assignments to the committees. In the House this task is performed by the Speaker alone. In the Senate the committees are selected by a caucus of the majority. It is sometimes suggested that the House should appoint its committees in the same way. But in so large a body it would be impossible that the proper care should be taken to satisfy the various proper conditions of such appointments, and it is a much wiser course to choose an agent who shall devote himself exclusively to the work.

This plan, indeed, occasions delay, and it is a much more serious objection that under the system of a personal canvass, which means a personal entreaty for votes, there is great temptation to bargaining. But the disadvantages of the present system, while evident and undeniable, are less than those of a caucus scramble for the places, while the fact that the Speaker's power over legislation, through the committees, is so decisive that it makes the House extremely careful to choose a Speaker who fully represents its views. A fitting chairman of the Committee upon Ways and Means, or upon Foreign Affairs, according to the views of the majority, is very much more likely to be selected by an agent chosen for the purpose than by the whole House acting as a mass-meeting. As legislation is initiated and largely controlled by the committees, the delay seems to be unavoidable in a body whose members change so rapidly as those of the House. The committee system, however, might be wisely changed in certain details. The command which the chairman holds over debate upon a bill reported by him is mischievous. A committee, having duly deliberated and matured a measure, upon submitting it to the House should be virtually discharged of the subject, and the chairman should not have control of the debate in any manner whatever. The duty of a committee should end with the preparation of the matter for discussion. The House can make what inquiries it wishes, and can recommit the bill if it desires. But it is not the committee's bill when it is reported; it belongs to the House; and every member, including the chairmen who reports the bill, should stand upon precisely the same footing.

The committees just named by the Speaker undoubtedly represent the views of the majority in the House. Mr. MORRISON, the chairman of the chief committee—that on Ways and Means—is what his friends describe as a sound revenue reformer, which means a conservative free-trader, which again means an advocate of tariff revision in the free-trade sense. The Democratic recoil from the words free trade is both amusing and suggestive. Mr. CURTIN's special qualifications for the headship of the Foreign Affairs Committee are not generally known. But those who are presumably most friendly to Mr. COX could not but feel the impropriety of placing at the head of that committee a gentleman whose course upon the Irish question and toward the Irish vote has not commended him to the confidence of the country as a desirable agent in moulding our foreign policy. The Democratic House will now proceed to show what might be expected from the party were it called to administer the government.

PRESIDENTIAL SPECULATIONS.

THE *Times* has published a series of interesting letters from New England, evidently by a skilled observer, discussing the relative strength in public favor of the more conspicuous gentlemen who are mentioned for the Republican Presidential nomination. In Connecticut he finds a warm feeling for President ARTHUR; in Vermont, a united and proud preference for Mr. EDMUNDS, the Senator of the State, in New Hampshire, no very pronounced preference for any one; and in Maine by no means unanimity for Mr. BLAINE, although the correspondent thinks that the delegation would be united for him should he desire it to be so. In all these States there is a very general conviction that the Convention, and not a clique of bosses, will nominate the candidate, and that is a universal conviction throughout the country. There will undoubtedly be more independence of action and of expression of opinion in the civil service than for many a year, and this will be due both to the obvious public opinion upon the subject and to the regard for that opinion which the President has shown. Indeed, the strength of the President in the canvass for the nomination is that he has not used the patronage upon Mr. DOOLITTLE's theory that the whole civil service is a "bread-and-butter brigade" of which he is the brigadier. He has not done many of the very things the apprehension of which made many persons look upon his succession to the Presidency as a public misfortune. It is his general conformity to the sound opinion both of the country and of his party, and the quiet and unsensational character of his administration, which have gained him the standing in public esteem which he holds.

This sentiment, indeed, is one of placid approval, and perhaps of gratified surprise; certainly not of enthusiastic personal preference, as in the case of Mr. BLAINE, and formerly of Mr. CLAY. Nor is the President a man of representative significance, as General GARFIELD was and as Mr. EDMUNDS is. Indeed, there are those who oppose the suggestion of his nomination upon the ground that he has no real sympathy with progressive politics, and if he can but secure a nomination and election, that he will come out in his true colors. But is it reasonable to suppose that a man will desert the course which experience has proved to him is the safest and best course for him to pursue? The danger of the President is that his nomination may be unsatisfactory to independent Republicans because of the assertion, which we have heard more than once, that while there has been a formal and technical regard for the reformed system in the civil service, his own friends and special appointees are allowed to abuse the service in the old way so long as they provoke no public scandal, while officers of another "stripe" are held to a very strict regard for the rules; that the old and familiar tricks about "temporary" appointments are still played; that in the Appraiser's office in New York, especially, the plain intention of the reformed system is disregarded; and that in certain offices the old methods of assessments were put in force at the last election. As such evasions are not improbable, when they are asserted they are readily believed, and a general conviction that the President winks at such practices would be very prejudicial to his prospects of nomination.

In all these speculations upon possible candidates, it is always wise to see what are the strongest things that can be said for the candidates that we do not like. Those who would regret the nomination of Mr. BLAINE, for instance, ought not to overlook the enthusiastic regard and political skill of his friends, and his great strength in the last Convention. They should remember that to many persons he is a representative of the GARFIELD administration, and those persons feel that there can be no real choice between such a representative and a candidate whom they hold to have been an actor in the events that led to the tragedy. If this feeling should be dismissed as mere sentiment, it must not be forgotten that sentiment is one of the most powerful of political forces. What but sentiment brought Secretary LINCOLN into the cabinet, and places him among the few probable candidates for the Presidency or the Vice-Presidency? The one thing which is indisputable in all these speculations is that no candidate can be strong who necessarily revives old party feuds, and that the common aim should be to find a man of the Presidential quality who does not revive them, and who would be acceptable to all views.

THE CRIME AGAINST THE ADIRONDACKS.

THE question of saving the Adirondack forests has become one of commanding interest to the State, and it can not fail to be considered by the Legislature. The general situation is probably understood by our readers and was admirably stated in a paper in HARPER'S WEEKLY for December 15. The vast tract of forest which feeds the great rivers of the State is being destroyed, and with certain disaster to the State. Railroads are penetrating it in various directions for the purpose of carrying away the forest as lumber, leaving in its place a barren waste, and necessarily injuring every valley through which flow the streams that arise in the Adirondack region. It is computed that 10,000 acres will be stripped of trees and that 25,000,000 feet of lumber will be cut before the spring. Every tree that falls starts a leak in the great natural reservoir of water whose disappearance would be an immense public misfortune. The press in the State is generally alive to the imminence of the danger, and there should be some authoritative means of ascertaining the public sentiment upon the subject.

This has been the subject of consideration by the Chamber of Commerce, and Mr. DOESHEIMER in a speech before the Chamber has proposed a plan. It is very simple and very feasible, for it is the appointment of a commission to make a thorough investigation—like that of the Niagara Commission, of which Mr. DOESHEIMER is a member—and to report to the Legislature what lands it is desirable for the State to buy, and then to submit the question of buying to a vote of the people. This seems to us an excellent scheme, because it would secure the prompt est action. If nothing were to be done but to hope that the Legislature would do something, the Legislature would probably do nothing. It would hardly take the responsibility of authorizing a large loan for such a purpose without some clear indication of public opinion.

This could be readily obtained, doubtless, in the form of petitions asking for investigation, and in a year's time the whole work could be accomplished. It is true that such a purchase would offer chances of jobbery. But the probability of opening such chances is not a reason for permitting a great disaster to the State, although it is a most conclusive reason for guarding the enterprise in every way that experience and honest sagacity can provide. The same wise public spirit which moved so promptly in the Niagara project would certainly favor this movement, and the appointments of the Governor upon the Niagara Commission and upon the Civil Service Commission show his just and wise spirit in all such enterprises. He acts in them not as a partisan, but as a good citizen, and the confidence in his action for such purposes, which his administration has justified, is his highest title to honor. Mr. DOESHEIMER's proposition is one which offers an objective point to the interest which is felt in the project, and the Chamber of Commerce might well organize a movement to secure an expression of that opinion to the Legislature.

THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH.

DURING the first month of the session of Congress three postal telegraph bills were introduced, and it may be assumed that the trouble of last summer, which threatened even a more serious disturbance of communication than actually occurred, will lead to some improvements in the postal system. The Postmaster-General is convinced, as his report shows, of the entire constitutionality of the proposed postal telegraph, but the necessary cost of its introduction apparently deterred him from recommending any particular measure. It is, however, obvious, from the experience of last summer, that a general and well organized strike among the telegraph operators is always possible, not because of especial capacity or "cussedness" upon their part—for they are a singularly intelligent and respectable body of persons—but rather because of the probable harshness of the corporate monopoly which controls the telegraph, and which is quite as much bound as the operators to regard the public convenience, and to sacrifice its views of its own interests.

Apart from this, however, the Post-office should avail itself of all the great inventions which facilitate epistolary intercourse. There is no more reason that it should confine itself to railroads when it can use the telegraph than that it should have clung to stage-coaches and horses and canal-boats when it could avail itself of the railroad and steamers. When, where, and how the telegraph should be used for postal communication is a question of expediency and detail. But it is not necessary to abstain from it altogether until it can be introduced everywhere. The Post-office, indeed, is not designed as a source of revenue,

but as a universal national convenience for the common benefit. But it is not, for that reason, to be made an unnecessary burden upon the Treasury. It is, however, to reorganize the actual situation, and when the business of the country has adjusted itself to telegraphic correspondence, it would be a national disaster if that correspondence should be suddenly interrupted, and the Government may properly take measures to prevent it by a system of public postal telegraphs.

To this end Mr EDMUNDS has offered a bill which is summarized in the Buffalo *Express* as follows: "It makes the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, and the Postmaster-General a board to locate and arrange four trunk lines of postal telegraph, connecting the northeastern, the northwestern, the western, the southwestern, and the southern parts of the United States with the city of Washington. It provides that along such lines offices shall be established at such places as shall be for the public interest for the time being; that from time to time the lines shall be extended, and additional offices established as Congress may provide; that the rates for the use of the lines shall be established by a board consisting of the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Postmaster-General; that the lines shall be constructed and kept in repair under direction of the Secretary of War, and through the Corps of Engineers. Clerks, operators, electricians, and other employés are to be selected under the provisions of the civil service law, after examination by a board appointed for the purpose. The sum of $2,000,000 is appropriated for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1885, and the operation of the lines is to be under the direction and charge of the Postmaster-General."

This scheme contemplates beginning where the enterprise would largely re-imburse itself, and assumes that it would no more interfere with the private telegraphs than the transport of packages by mail conflicts with the express companies. The advantage of such a plan is that the entire control remains with the government, and the mischief of an increase of patronage is obviated by preventing its abuse.

JOHN BULL AND HIS ISLAND.

AMERICANS who think that we are lectured and criticised too much by our British cousins will read with great satisfaction the little book *John Bull and his Island, by Max O'Rell*, which is said to be written by a French professor long resident in England. Whether he has lived there long or not, he is a very shrewd observer, and his survey includes almost every point of English life. His touch is very vivacious, and while he often stings, there is no ill-humor or prejudice, and the picture is painted quite as brightly as it should be.

It is not a flattering, but it is a truthful, estimate of English life as it strikes a genuine foreigner. The humbugs and pretenses of John Bull he quietly unmasks and exposes, but he is fully conscious of the good qualities that have given him his position in the world. He is not in the least dazzled or overwhelmed, and he does not find the English thing to be excellent or superior merely because it is English. Indeed, the Frenchman does for John Bull, but with much more incisiveness, fineness of perception, and capital humor, what John Bull does for other nationalities. He is very fond of making us his topic, and naturally, because we speak the same language, and he can really know more about us in a short time than of any other people. Instead of being angry with our critics, it is much better to study them, and consider whether they have good reason for their censure or praise. We can easily imagine a sensible Englishman reading *John Bull and his Island* with a great deal of advantage, and even, in its candid light, moderating some of his exalted views of the perfection of Britain. We can also imagine an Englishman, who is not sensible, quite furious with the ridiculous Frenchman, and telling him that he had better go home to *la belle France*, and stump round in his wooden shoes, and eat his frog's hind-legs. The comfort is that there are no Americans of that temper.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

THE correspondence about O'DONNELL shows that nobody knew whether he had ever been regularly naturalized in this country or not, and that presumptively he had not been naturalized. But as he had a certificate, although perhaps by a mistake of the court or his own mistake, and although there might have been mistakes in his story about it, yet, as there was no evidence of fraud, the State Department instructed Mr. LOWELL to consider his citizenship established. This was desperately straining a point, doubtless in the interest of humanity, and certainly a proceeding, as the courts say, not to be favored. If O'DONNELL or any other foreigner seeks naturalization in good faith, to become honestly a citizen of the United States, friendly assumptions may be properly made. But where the object is evidently to obtain the protection of the United States while taking part in the affairs of other countries, there should be no friendly construction whatever, but a strict adherence to the plain letter of the law.

This case of O'DONNELL illustrates the abuses perpetrated by foreigners upon American citizenship. The moral understanding of American naturalization is the honest purpose to become an American citizen. That and that alone is the purpose which the law contemplates. But many Germans seek naturalization to protect themselves against military service in Germany, and many Irishmen to secure immunity in fomenting hostility to England in Ireland. Naturalization, of course, bestows equal citizenship with that conferred by birth in the country. But so much of it is manifestly obtained, not from any desire to become an American citizen, but to remain practically the citizen of another country, with certain immunities which natives of that country do not enjoy, that the distinction is very natural between native and naturalized citizens as citizens of different kinds.

Most of the "American citizens" whose treatment by the British Government two years ago was so warmly denounced by certain papers and politicians in this country were men who were American citizens only in the form of naturalization. Their interests and sympathies were wholly with Ireland, and often much of their residence. The naturalization of such persons is an abuse and a peril to the country. They use American citizenship merely as a convenience for their operations elsewhere. A country has, of course, the right to protect itself against such perversions of its own purposes in granting its protection, and citizenship should be forfeited when it has been evidently obtained under false pretenses. It is not easy to provide practically for such renunciation. But it was attempted in the BANCROFT treaty, and the comity of nations requires some method of maintaining both the dignity and the duties of citizenship. To our request that the British Government would ascertain whether this very doubtful, irregular, and assumed American citizen had been properly tried, the British Government replied curtly that the counsel of O'DONNELL had submitted every point that he thought advisable, that they had all been carefully considered, and that there was no good reason for interfering with the course of law. American citizenship, regular or irregular, proved or assumed, is not a protection for the commission of crime.

A PROMISING FIELD OF INQUIRY.

THE affairs of an institution called the Providence Hospital, in the city of Washington, would seem to merit investigation by some competent authority. The United States statutes provide:

"For care and support and medical treatment of seventy-five transient paupers, medical and surgical patients, in the Providence Hospital, in the city of Washington, under a contract to be formed with said institution, $15,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary, under the direction of the Surgeon-General of the Army, who shall cause an accurate report to be made monthly, of the number of persons so relieved, their names, residences, date of admission, and date of discharge."

In accordance with this provision the late Surgeon-General BARNES made a contract with the Superior of the hospital by which she was to keep ready seventy-five beds, to receive all patients who should be lawfully sent to the hospital by the Surgeon-General to the number of seventy-five, and to furnish all necessary care and treatment, to his satisfaction; and the Surgeon-General agreed to pay $1250 per month. This payment has been punctually made, according to a statement submitted to the President in December, 1880, upon the simple endorsement of the Surgeon-General, and without any voucher or evidence filed in the Treasury that any service has been performed.

One of the gentlemen who signed the statement had asked at the Surgeon-General's office for some details of the service at the hospital, and was informed that no such information could be given; that the records of the office would show the number of admission cards, but whether the persons named ever entered the hospital, or how long they remained, or whether they were cured or killed or discharged, or of any other fact concerning them, the Surgeon-General's office had no knowledge whatever. To corroborate this verbal statement a letter from the office stated that it had only reports of admissions, but no returns of cases treated.

This is obviously not the way in which the public money should be spent. It is plain that the Superior regularly receives the money, and manages the hospital as she chooses. But there is no official knowledge that the terms of the contract are complied with, and that the United States Treasury obtains what it pays for. This is a loose and intolerable method of transacting business, and when the matter was brought to the attention of the late Surgeon-General BARNES he made a reply which was promptly demolished by the rejoinder of the committee which sought to have the contract annulled for reasons which they forcibly present. Surgeon-General MURRAY has just succeeded to the headship of this important office, and he will undoubtedly see the propriety of requiring clear and conclusive evidence that an institution which is so liberally subsidized by the government renders a full and honorable equivalent, and does not pervert the grant to sectarian uses.

PERSONAL.

AT a recent Paris dinner the host, M. VACQUERIE, spoke of VICTOR HUGO as "the sovereign poet, who ushered in the century, and will close it, and whose long life numbers fewer years than masterpieces."

—Baron ESKENS, after exploring the island of Porto Rico, reports that it is very richly endowed by nature, but miserably governed, and that the people themselves are not worth a much better government, being given to gambling to the extreme, from the rich planter and priest down to the lowest laborer and beggar. Yet they are hospitable and very polite to strangers, with that remarkable, unchanging, inbred Spanish politeness.

—A ponderous quarterly reviewer complains that HOMER, though appreciating the life-long fidelity of a dog, ignores the varieties of the canine species. With him a dog is simply a dog, as a horse is a horse; but individual horses are distinguished by differences of color, while no color epithet is anywhere applied to a dog.

—The Rev. JAMES GILMOUR, Protestant missionary among the Mongols of Central Asia, was much impressed by the tender regard shown by that people for all forms of animal life, they believing that at death a man's soul passes into some other body, either of animal, reptile, or insect. Sixty per cent. of the men of the country are priests, vowed to celibacy, and living on the superstition of the remaining forty per cent.

—Mr. W. H. SMITH, M.P., professes to have had all his life great sympathy and pity for and much fellow-feeling with dull, slow, and quiet children.

—LISZT is now seventy-two, and vivacious as he was at forty. He seldom touches the piano, but (according to the Rev. H. R. HAWEIS) at unexpected moments, in the presence of some timid young girl overpowered with the honor of an introduction, or alone with a friend when old days are spoken of, he will sit down for a few minutes and recall a phrase of CHOPIN, or a quaint passage from SCARLATTI, and then, forgetting himself, will wander on until a flash of the old fire comes back to his eyes as he strikes a few grand octaves, and just as you are lost in contemplation of that noble head, with its grand profile and its cascade of white hair, and those hands that still seem to be the absolutely unconscious and effortless ministers of his fitful and despotic will, the master will break off, like one suddenly *blasé*, with, "Come, let us take a little turn; it will be cool under the trees."

—Mr. TENNYSON's peerage, according to a leading English journalist, was conferred on him "with the unanimous acclaim of the whole English-speaking race."

—Lord RIPON, the Viceroy of India, is less popular than he was. He has more than once been hooted in the streets of Calcutta.

—*The Conquest of England*, the long promised posthumous work of JOHN RICHARD GREEN, will be published in this country by HARPER & BROTHERS. The book opens with a chapter on EGBERT, but the main portion of the work treats of the period A.D. 829–1071. A portrait of the author, after a drawing by Mr. F. SANDYS, forms the frontispiece to the book.

—A memorial hospital in honor of the late Princess ALICE has been erected in Darmstadt, and the inaugural addresses did full justice to that lady's charity, benevolence, and other noble qualities.

—Two things, says King ALFONSO, are deeply rooted in the Spanish character. They are antipathy to France and hatred of the Moors.

—Mr. WALTER, M.P., considers the bicycle to be one of the most wonderful inventions of modern times; a great temperance reformer, because it is impossible for a man to ride his bicycle unless he is sober; and a great educational reformer, because it enables its rider to go from one end of England to the other in a fortnight, at little expense, and to spend his holidays in a rational manner.

—A curious illustration of contemporary fetichism appears in an advertisement in the Chattanooga (Tennessee) *Times*. JAMES LEE, a cook (colored, probably), offers "for sale or rent, on reasonable terms, or exchanged for a mud-stone or natural leaf smoking tobacco," three rabbit feet, which he warrants to be "left hind feet of genuine Georgia grave-yard stock," and to have been "killed at midnight, full of the moon." JAMES announces himself ready to receive orders by mail or telegraph, and to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that the rabbit feet are "left hind feet," and that the time when the rabbits to which they belonged were killed was really "midnight, full of the moon." He adds that one of the rabbits was killed at midnight "by Mr. COHN's clock, standard time"; another at midnight "by a white man's watch"; and the third at midnight "by a Waterbury watch." "References as to being left hind-feet, W. L. WATKINS or A. B. GRAY. Clocks, watches, or grave-yards can be produced at any time."

—One of Miss MARY ANDERSON's foreign critics finds her Galatea to be an ideally beautiful and tolerably complete embodiment of the part. Upon the curtains of the alcove being withdrawn, where the statue, still inanimate, rests upon its pedestal, the admiration of the house was unbounded. Not only was the pose of the figure under the lime-light artistic in the highest sense, but the tresses and the drapery were most skilfully arranged to look like the work of the chisel. "It is significant of the measure of Miss ANDERSON's art that in her animated moments subsequently she did not excel the plastic grace of this first picture."

—Freemasonry is very popular, although, according to a high authority, its secrets have not been very closely kept. "Indiscreet or treacherous brethren have revealed them to the world a dozen times over. The fullest information about them may be picked up at almost any city book-stall. But the public prefers to be in the dark, and to go on guessing and speculating. If it really believed that Freemasonry is no more than what the Prince of Wales describes it to be—an order and an institution of charity and of usefulness—it would care much less for it."

—The illustrations of the *Memoirs of Lord Lytton*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS, are remarkable for the great beauty of the reproductions of family pictures and miniatures which are contained among them. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, after comparing some of the originals with the photo-sculptural copies, says: "We doubt if miniatures especially were ever more successfully rendered."

—The wife of the late JOHN RICHARD GREEN has written an interesting preface to the last historical work of her husband. "It was impossible for him not to know that his powers were only coming to their full strength, and that his real work lay before him. 'I have work to do that I know is good,' he said, when he heard he had only a few days to live. In those last days, as in his latest thoughts, the great love he bore his country was still, as it had ever been, the true inspiration of his life."

—In the French Chamber of Deputies, a few days ago, M. RENAULT, while speaking on the Chinese question, quoted ABRAHAM LINCOLN's maxim, "Don't swap horses when crossing a stream." He was mistaken, however, in supposing that the words were an answer to a request for Mr. LINCOLN's withdrawal from the Presidency.

—The London *Times* on Mr. PARNELL: He has shown in public life no brilliant or amiable qualities; he is utterly wanting in oratorical gifts, and his wooden speeches are rarely illuminated by a thought gleaming through the mass of commonplace. But as a political tactician his perfect coolness, his contempt for public opinion, and his almost Napoleonic absence of scruples give him an advantage both over his English opponents, who refuse to play the game of politics in his fashion, and over his own associates, who, wanting his temper, his patience, and his craft, can never become his rivals, at least on the Parliamentary scene.

—The late DUTTON COOK first met the lady who was to become his wife at the house of Mr. CHARLES DICKENS. His daughter and only child he named SYLVIA, after the heroine of his first novel.

—A theatrical audience at Rouen, France, took a strong dislike to an actor, and hissed him. He came forward and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have a wife and three children, and if I had been fortunate enough to please you, should have earned a yearly salary of eighteen hundred francs, which would have sufficed for us all. I do not dispute your right to reject me, but although my singing has not satisfied you, perhaps my whistling may." Thereupon he whistled a popular air so cleverly that the whole house applauded, and his engagement was renewed, on condition that he should whistle his parts instead of singing them.

—Dr. WOOD, Professor of Chemistry in Bishop's College, Montreal, reports forty-seven cases of acute articular rheumatism cured by fasting—time required, from four to eight days. He regards rheumatism as a phase of indigestion.

—Dr. T. S. CLOUSTON asks his readers to think of the girls that toil at music who have no inherent musical capacity, of the time consumed in committing to memory rules of grammar the real meaning of which the girls' brains could not comprehend if they lived to be ninety, of the labor and sorrow given to acquire languages by girls whom Nature meant only to speak their mother tongue, and of the futile attempts to take girls past the rule of three whom Nature intended to stop at simple division.

—Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON has been telling the students of the Royal Academy that the main influences which determine the bent and growth of art are these: first, and primarily, the temper and genius of a race; then the social and [illegible] state of a community or nation at a given moment; third, [illegible] whether by unbroken transmission of inheritance, by [illegible] tradition, or through a stimulating contact with other nations, and lastly, the influence, partly moral and partly material, of [illegible] physical conditions. Greek art, he said, was the [illegible] of a subtle balance and interaction of various elements of race.

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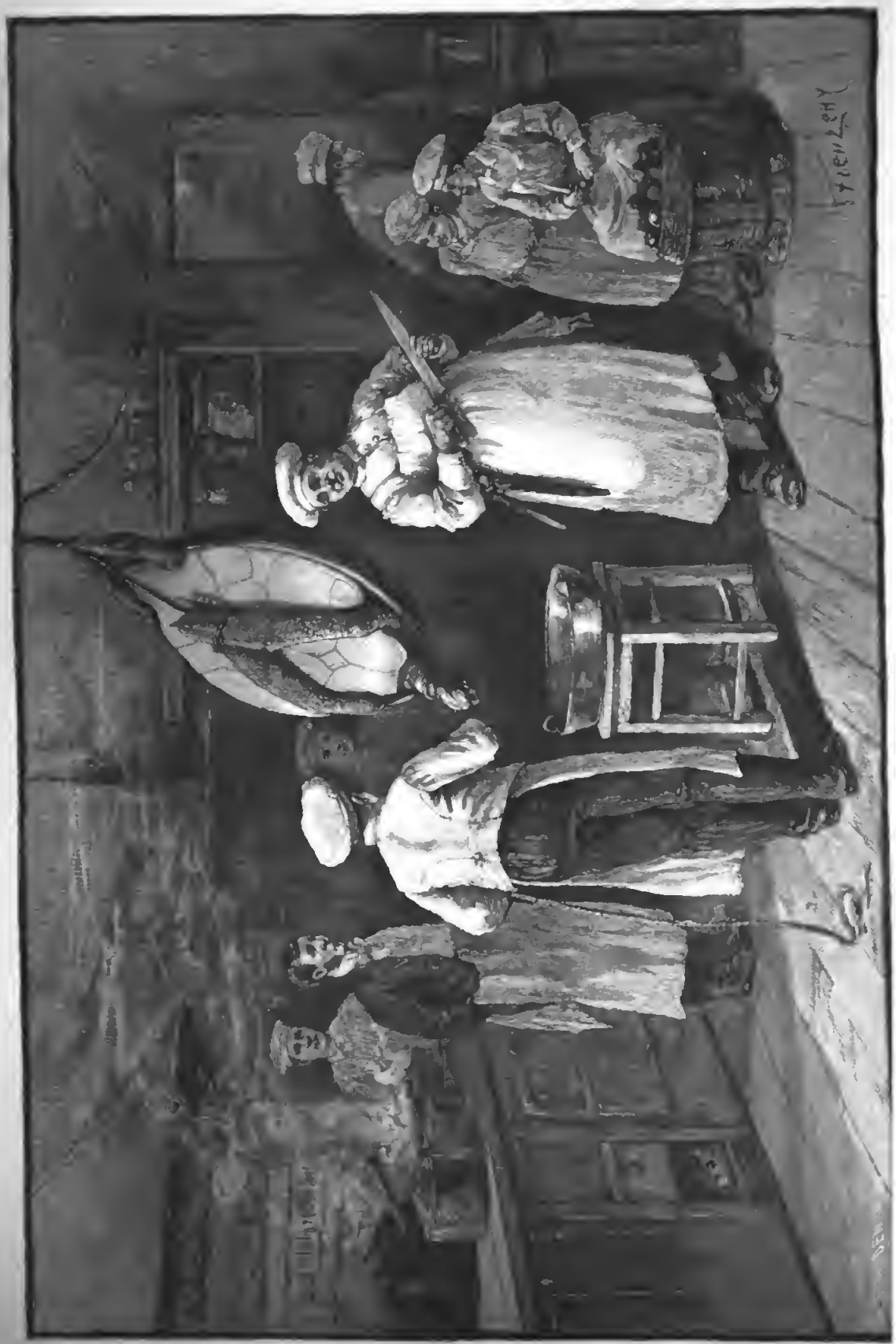
STANLEY

"GREEN TURTLE SOUP TO-DAY."—Drawn by T. [illegible].—[See Page 7.]

"YIELDING TO AN UNCONTROLLABLE IMPULSE, I CAUGHT HER SUDDENLY IN MY ARMS, AND KISSED HER FOREHEAD."

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LADY CONSTANCE SPEAKS PLAINLY.

In due course I received a note from Mrs. Fitzpatrick, inviting me to join a shooting party at Wakeworth Castle (which was the name of her husband's place in Yorkshire) on the 14th, and remain until the 18th—a form of invitation which was less common in those days than it has since become, and which impressed me rather disagreeably. It is doubtless a convenience, in some respects, to know when you are expected to go away; but there is a certain lack of the spirit of hospitality about such intimations, and in the present instance it struck me as needlessly emphasizing the fact that I had been asked for a special purpose. Mrs. Fitzpatrick, with whom I had little more than a bowing acquaintance, would certainly not have asked me at all unless she had been requested to do so, and her meaning, put into plain language, seemed to be, "Come and say what you have to say, and then take yourself off as quickly as possible." I didn't like it, but I comforted myself by thinking that the ordeal would, at any rate, be a short one.

I reached my destination on the day appointed only just in time to dress, and, when I went down stairs, I found myself one of a numerous assemblage. The house, which was a big one, was full, it seemed; and, in addition to those who were staying in it, guests from the neighborhood had been invited to dinner, and were now arriving in large numbers. Among these I presently recognized the familiar form of Mr. Sotheran, who strutted into the room, rubbing his hands complacently, and whose astonishment upon becoming aware of me partook, apparently, of the nature of dismay. Indeed, he allowed himself to be so far startled out of his ordinary composure as to ejaculate, "Hullo! hullo!" and stand stock still, with his mouth open, unable to get out another syllable.

I held out my hand, saying, "How do you do?"—upon which he recovered himself, expressed a polite hope that I was quite well, and passed on. Little as Mr. Sotheran and his doings concerned me now, I derived some enjoyment from the disconcerted face of my whilom rival, and it occurred to me that he could not be quite so sure of himself as he had been some months before, since the mere sight of one whose pretensions he had formerly ridiculed could so greatly perturb him.

Lady Constance was the last to enter the room. She swept in with that ease of movement and air of heart-felt superiority to all about her which caused people to describe her—not untruly—as distinguished-looking. As she progressed down the room she made frequent pauses, and, while she was talking to somebody else, extended her left hand to me without looking at me. To tell the truth, I was just as well pleased that she did not look at me; for I was feeling guilty and uncomfortable, and I knew that those half-closed eyes of hers were as quick to discern facial symptoms as her brain was to interpret them. She passed on, having vouchsafed me nothing more than that back-handed recognition of my presence, and immediately afterward dinner was announced.

The lady whom I had the honor of escorting to the dining-room was a sub-acid person of uncertain age, devoid of personal charms, but gifted with conversational powers of a vivacious order. She opened fire upon me at once in the charming style peculiar to spinsters of her class.

"You have come here for the big shoot to-morrow, I suppose; are you a good shot? No? Oh, but you must shoot your very best to-morrow, or Mr. Fitzpatrick won't ask you again. Do you approve of ladies going out with the guns? Not as a rule? How rude of you! But as an exception, perhaps? I wonder if there are any exceptional ladies here! Lady Constance Milner, for instance—she is a great friend of yours, is she not? Not such a particular friend? Oh, I was told that she was a very particular friend indeed. You met her abroad, of course; most people do meet her abroad; though I am sure there can't be any truth in the gossip about her owing so much money that she daren't show her face in England."

"Well, considering that she is here at this moment—" I observed.

"Ah, exactly!—that only shows how horridly ill-natured people are; and I don't in the least believe that poor Lord Rowan paid half her debts at the beginning of the season. Now do tell me, is it a fact that she is going to marry Mr. Sotheran? You don't know? Oh, I am sure you do, only you won't trust me; and that is very disagreeable of you, because I never repeat things. I do hope there is no truth in the report; I think it would be such a pity! Not, of course, that Mr. Sotheran isn't an excellent match, and he is a decent sort of man too, in his way. Still, he is not exactly brilliant, you know, and Lady Constance is so very clever and amusing. I call her quite handsome myself, though I don't think I should wear green if I were she. But mind you don't tell but that I said that."

"I give you my word of honor that I won't say a single thing to her about you," answered I, with fervor; for I thought it was high time to suppress this incarnate libel upon her sex.

The sudden savagery of my onslaught was rewarded by success; for she turned her angular shoulder toward me and attacked her other neighbor, while I profited by this respite to take [illegible] of the distribution of the company. I had half expected to [illegible] next to Lady Constance, but probably the exigencies of [illegible] dence had rendered such an arrangement impossible. [illegible] same cause may have led to the banishment of Mr. [illegible] who was sitting between two stout ladies, far away from [illegible] ject of his affections, and was looking rather gloomy over [illegible]. The remainder of the faces that came within my ken were unknown to me, and were not in themselves calculated to excite [illegible]. Is there any form of entertainment so utterly depressing [illegible] large dinner party in a country house? An afternoon dance [illegible] run it close, perhaps, but then there is always the possibility of retreat from afternoon parties; whereas, when once you are seated at the festive board in the country, all hope of escape before half past ten at earliest must be abandoned. There are generally too many people, there is always too much to eat; there is very seldom anything to talk about.

However, I am bound to say that my dreadful spinster was not affected by the latter drawback to enjoyment. She fell upon me again presently with unabated energy, and after directing some of my most withering shafts of sarcasm at her in vain, I resigned myself to the inevitable, and allowed her to damn her friends with faint praise in peace until the glad moment arrived when she was swept away from my side by the ebbing tide of petticoats.

Hardly had the door closed behind the last of them when Mr. Sotheran rose deliberately, picked up his napkin and wine-glass, and, walking round the table, seated himself beside me. "You are not, I think, very intimately acquainted with our good host and hostess," he began.

"Not very," I confessed, wondering what was coming next.

"Ah! so I supposed. Now, may I ask whether you are here by Lady Constance Milner's desire?"

"You may ask, of course," I replied, a good deal amused; "but I don't think you ought to be surprised if I decline to answer."

"I am aware," Mr. Sotheran rejoined, "that the question is—or—an unusual one. As, however, we have already had a conversation of somewhat unusual freedom with regard to Lady Constance, I will venture to repeat it. I have reason, if not exactly a right as yet, to feel some curiosity upon this point. You will remember that I told you in London that you had no chance—no chance whatever, and that I myself had a confident expectation of—er—cutting you out, if I may so express myself. Events have proved that I was not too boastful upon that occasion. I may say that Lady Constance has now as good as consented to—to—"

Here Mr. Sotheran's pompous flow of words ran dry, and I helped him out with—"To accept your hand and heart?"

"Well, yes; I believe I may say so. Oddly enough, she refused to give me a final answer before the 16th—that is, the day after to-morrow, and I am naturally anxious to know whether your unlooked-for arrival has any connection with her choice of that date."

"Really, Mr. Sotheran," said I, "I don't see why I should relieve your natural anxiety. The worst of refusing to answer such questions is that a refusal is generally taken for an admission; which shows that they ought never to be put. You remember what Sir Walter Scott said when he was asked whether he was the author of the Waverley Novels—'I am not; but if I were, I should say the same thing, because you have no business to ask.' I don't think I can do better than imitate Sir Walter."

For an instant a look came over Mr. Sotheran's wooden countenance which made me feel that I should not care to have him for my master, but he kept his temper well in hand. With the remark that it would be easy for him to address inquiries elsewhere, he moved to a vacant chair higher up the table, leaving me in some doubt as to whether I had scored or not. If I had been the means of causing him a little uneasiness, it must be owned that his information had done as much for me. It was now clear that Lady Constance had chosen to put me in the painful position of arbiter of her destinies; and as I thought of it all, and of the great difficulty which I knew that I should find in hiding my defection from her, I heartily wished that I had refused Mrs. Fitzpatrick's invitation. After all, a letter would have equally well answered the purpose of letting Lady Constance know that my prospects had melted into nothing. But it was no use thinking of that now, and I went into the drawing-room presently, only hoping that I might find some early opportunity of discharging myself of the task laid upon me.

No such opportunity, however, was afforded to me. Lady Constance was, as usual, the centre of an animated group, from which she did not care to detach herself, in spite of all my imploring glances. No one, to look at her, would have supposed that she had the smallest anxiety upon her mind; and yet it was impossible to imagine that she could be anything but anxious. When the strangers, including Mr. Sotheran, had gone away, she withdrew, and I was fain to adjourn to the billiard-room with the other men and play pool till bed-time.

The next morning I had, of course, to go out shooting, and if, as I had been assured, my chance of being asked to Wakeworth again depended upon the number of birds that I brought down, that chance was then and there finally extinguished. At any other time I should have been mortified at having made such an exhibition of myself, but now I was only too thankful to be provided with a plausible pretext for returning to the Castle early in the afternoon. Lady Constance had not appeared with the other ladies at the luncheon, which gave me some hope that I might find her alone on my return.

In this hope I was not disappointed. After searching several vast and empty rooms, I came upon her at last, writing letters in what, from its appearance, I judged to be Mrs. Fitzpatrick's boudoir, and as soon as she saw me she laid down her pen.

"I did not expect you so early," she remarked.

"I couldn't wait any longer," I answered. "Ever since I

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1391.

cause I have been wanting to have a word with you, but you wouldn't give me any help."

"Perhaps I didn't share all that conceit," she said, rebuke. "Well, now that you have unearthed me, what have you to say?"

"Nothing pleasant," replied I, determined to deliver myself of my evil tidings with all possible dispatch. "My uncle has now finally decided that his grandson is to have the property. My cousin turned out a failure, and had to be dismissed; but he agreed to leave the boy at Thirlby, to be brought up by my uncle. And so it has been settled in that way. I, of course, shall get nothing, or very little, beyond what I have now."

"You seem," observed Lady Constance, "to have played your cards very unskillfully; but I am glad to hear that my clever friend Chapman has burned his fingers. What did he do to merit this second disgrace?"

"Oh, he made himself obnoxious in many ways," I answered, "and then, one evening, his wife treated us to a scene, in the course of which she divulged all his plots. It doesn't much matter, does it? Is that what interests you most to this news?"

For I was inconsistent enough to feel a little hurt by her indifference.

"I apologize for my thoughtlessness," Lady Constance said. "You mean, no doubt, that that is not what interests you most, and that you would like to be assured of your formal release. You have it, of course; but I may say that you would have had it even if that erratic uncle of yours had disposed of his property in your favor."

I knew at once that I was found out; but I foolishly attempted to put on an air of surprise. "My release?" I repeated.

Lady Constance laughed; and her laugh was not altogether a pleasant one. "Do you really suppose," she asked, "that you are going to march out with the honors of war? Do you think I didn't see, before I had been five minutes in the room last night, that you were ashamed of yourself? And was it so difficult to guess the meaning of that hang-dog look?"

I could say nothing, for I was only too conscious of my inability to disguise the truth. I had betrayed myself, and I ought to have known that I should betray myself. It only remained for me now to submit to the chastisement which was my due.

"I don't quarrel with you for having changed your mind," Lady Constance went on; "indeed, I congratulate you. But don't you think that it was just a little bit unworthy of so high-minded a person as yourself to try and get your freedom without asking for it? Do you consider that your plan of leading me to suppose you still a devoted, though, unfortunately, impoverished, admirer of mine, was quite in accordance with the worship of truth which we both profess?"

"How do you know that I had any such plan?" I was stung into retorting.

"Ah! how, indeed? Perhaps that was not your plan. Perhaps you came here to inform me of your engagement to Miss Dennison."

"I came here because you told me to come," said I; "and the first thing I heard of was your engagement to Mr Sotheran."

"I am not engaged to Mr Sotheran."

"Nor me I engaged to Miss Dennison."

"Only going to be. Yes, yes, you are quite right; I am going to be engaged to Mr Sotheran. But that does not exactly make us quits. I told you that I should be obliged to marry Mr Sotheran under certain circumstances, but what you told me was that, under no circumstances whatever, would you marry any one but myself. I am sorry to say things which sound in such wretched taste; but I think you need a gentle reminder of the facts."

Up to this point we had both been standing; but now Lady Constance moved away toward a piano which stood in a corner of the room, and, sitting down before it, began to strike a few random chords. Presently—whether by hazard or intention I can't say—she broke into the same nocturne of Chopin's which she had played one morning at Francesbhiba when the sun was falling. As the well-remembered cadences fell upon my ear, the whole scene came back to me. I could see again the bright little room with its masses of flowers, and the logs blazing on the hearth, and the white flakes whirling down outside; I could recall all that she had said, and how I had been nearer to being truly in love with her that morning than I had ever been before or since. Yet there was something which I could not recall; and I was half glad, half ashamed, to find it irrecoverable. Perhaps it was because I felt this, and was in no fear of losing my head a second time, that I drew near the piano and said

"Lady Constance, I want to tell you the whole truth. Will you listen to me?"

"By all means," she answered, taking her fingers off the keys. "Please begin."

And then I embarked upon my confession. I did it extremely badly and incoherently; but then, to be sure, no one could have done such a thing well. I told her how I had loved Maud Dennison from my boyhood; I explained as well as I could the infatuation which had seized upon me at Taormina; I endeavored—not very successfully, judging by the ironical smile into which Lady Constance's lips slowly curved themselves—to convince her that my friendship, my admiration, and my gratitude remained unchanged. "And I never meant to tell you all this," I declared in conclusion. "I came here fully intending to say to you what I had said before, that if you would marry me upon my small income I would do my very best to make you happy, and that I believed you would be happier with me than with that blockhead of a Sotheran. I could have done it, too, I would never have said a word—"

At this juncture Lady Constance astonished me by bursting into a peal of laughter. She very rarely laughed in that hearty way; I had not heard her do so more than once or twice in the whole course of our acquaintance, and this made her present merriment seem all the more strange and ill-timed.

"*Can this be impossible?*" she exclaimed: "there really is no English adjective that is ill do for you." And then she began to laugh again.

"I had no idea that I was so funny," I observed, huffily.

"Of course you had not. What a pity it is that you will never be able to see the joke! Well, go on. You were saying that you would have married me, and never allowed me to suspect your secret aguaiac."

I said, "I don't think I need go on. You might find the joke grow tedious on repetition."

"You ought not to grudge me a little laugh," returned Lady Constance. "Why don't you laugh too, now that you have got off scot-free, after running such a frightful risk? But, if you will believe me, I should not have consented to share your name and your small income. No; that happy lot was not for me: another has borne away the prize. My fate is to marry Mr Sotheran, who, after all, is not such a blockhead as you may suppose. He and I came to terms in a thoroughly business-like manner. If I accept him—which I have not yet done—I am to have plenty of money and a reasonable amount of liberty; but, on the other hand, I have promised to hold no communication with members of secret societies for the future, and to discourage the advances of foolish young men. As both he and I happen to be people of our word, it is probable that we shall get on very fairly well together."

I could not help saying, "You did not always speak of him in that tone."

"What would you have?" she asked, more gravely. "I have looked necessity in the face, and I mean to make the best of it. The man has abilities of a certain kind—I can push him on—possibly I may get him into the Ministry one of these days. Ambition of some sort is an essential to me, and it is better that I should identify myself with my husband. If I have one misgiving, it is not to you that I shall confide these."

She had confided them to me already, well as I remembered. I hated to think of her being chained to this man, whom I suspected of being a bully, and whom I had once heard her call a cur, but I had lost what little right I had ever possessed to remonstrate with her, and I was aware that no remonstrances of mine would cause her to falter in her purpose. She resumed her playing, while I, moving toward the window, looked out upon the stiff parterres and terrace which surrounded the Castle, and wished I could feel a little less out of conceit with myself. Some ladies were pacing along the gravel-paths, a few of the men had already come back from shooting, and had joined them. At any moment our *tête-à-tête* might be interrupted, and, knowing that it would be our last, I felt a great longing that we might part friends.

But Mr Fitzpatrick's entrance at this moment put an end to the last private conversation that I ever held with Lady Constance Milner.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

I GO TO TEA AT THE RECTORY.

I was up and away before breakfast the next morning. It was not only that I dreaded the scrutiny of Lady Constance's cool, contemptuous eyes—though I admit that that alone would have sufficed to drive me out of the house—but I had a far stronger incentive to flight in the eagerness that I felt to lay my recovered liberty at Maud's feet. I raged and fumed at every delay, and if the exasperating intricacies of a system of cross-lines had only admitted of it, I should have rushed off to the Rectory to tell my glad tidings that same evening.

Instead of that, I had to drive up to the Hall, where I found everybody in a stir, and the General jubilant, orders having at last reached him to proceed to the Crimea forthwith. In the general excitement caused by this sudden departure I and my concerns escaped discussion.

Now was I able to hurry down to the Rectory the first thing on the following day; for the funeral was leaving for London by the express, and I was bound, in common decency, to accompany him to the station and see the last of him; but early in the afternoon I set forth at last, and though my heart began to fail me a little as I drew nearer to my destination, I was resolute against any postponement of the fateful hour.

What was rather provoking was to come upon the Rector, working in the garden in his shirt-sleeves, and I fear that I did not respond as cordially as I might have done to his hearty welcome.

"I'm obliged to look after things myself, you see, Charley," he explained—"must look after things myself, or we should get all behind. The gardener don't like it, but he's off at Yarmouth to-day, fortunately, and I'm just taking the opportunity to do some of his work for him. My phloxes look pretty well, don't they? So the General is off to the wars, eh? I'm sorry for it on Le Marchant's account. If it had been Mrs. Farquhar, now—but that's absurd, of course. Though I do hear something about ladies going out on nurses," added the Rector, with a faint glimmer of hope.

I said I was afraid Mrs. Farquhar was a little too advanced in life for that sort of thing.

"Ah, well, I suppose so. I'll tell you what you ought do for me, Charley; you might just catch hold of these bits of worsted, and tie them round some of the nurses. I want to pick out a few good blooms for seed bearers, and I'm getting so stiff in the back I can't stoop without howling. I won't keep you above a minute or two."

There was no help for it. I had to go down on my knees and set to work, and the Rector, having secured a listener and an assistant at one stroke, was in no hurry to part with him. After the manner had been carefully selected and marked, there were manals to be sown, chrysanthemums to be tied up and thinned, and various other horticultural operations to be attended to; all of which tasks I performed with as good a grace as might be, while my companion interspersed his directions with a disjointed account of the workings of parish affairs, and many original comments upon the recent dealings of Providence with the Le Marchant family. Some comfort I derived from the incidental information that Maud was out, but would be back in less than an hour. That being so, it was perhaps just as well that I was not called upon to forge any excuse for wanting her return.

When at last she came she did not say much. "So you have come back, Charley," was her only greeting to me; but she smiled as she spoke, and I hoped—or thought I knew—that she had divined the result of my mission, and rejoiced at it. "If only we could get rid of the Rector," I thought.

But the Rector, good man, had no idea that he was not wanted. He said we had earned a cup of tea now (though I really don't know what he had done to deserve any refreshment), and that, as the afternoon was so mild, we would have it out in the garden. In vain I cast glances at Maud, who looked a great deal more amused than inclined to give me any help; and I was fast sinking into a state of apathetic despair when relief appeared in the form of a breathless messenger, who came to say that old Mrs. Sparrow was took very bad, and please would Mr Dennison step over and see her, as the doctor he didn't hold out no hopes of her keeping her "conscience" through the night.

"Dear! dear!" muttered the Rector, as he gulped down his hot tea; "this makes four times that Mrs. Sparrow has sent for me in a week. I suppose I must go, though. You see the sort of life that we poor parsons lead, Charley—no time to swallow our food—no time for anything! Well, there's no use to grumbling. Run on, my boy, and tell them I'm coming as fast as I can." And, with that, he hobbled away.

"May blessings rest upon the soul of old Mrs Sparrow!" I ejaculated, devoutly, "and may her conscience depart in peace, if it must depart! I thought this moment would never come."

"What have you to tell me?" asked Maud, with some eagerness. "Did you see Lady Constance?"

"I did," answered I, "and she rejected me with scorn, as I told you she would."

Maud looked surprised, and a little incredulous. "Really?" said she. "I did not expect her to do that. Do you mean that you are rejected absolutely and finally?"

"Absolutely and finally," I repeated, with satisfaction.

"But surely not on account of your poverty—if one can call it poverty?"

"Lady Constance calls it by that name," I answered. "She is going to marry one of the richest men in the north of England now, and she doesn't seem to mind the prospect much, though I know she used to abhor him."

"Then," cried Maud, quickly, "she is doing this because you have thrown her over."

"But I didn't throw her over," I protested. "Of course I knew all along that she would never consent to marry me upon such a pittance as I had to offer; but she told me she wouldn't have married me in any case."

"What made her say that?"

"I don't know. At least, I do know partly why she said it. As soon as I arrived she found out—she saw—oh, Maud, can't you guess what it was that she saw?"

"Of course I can guess," narrowed Maud, a little coldly. "She saw what any other woman would have seen in her place—that you didn't care for her any more. But I think you ought to have tried to conceal it."

"So I did," said I, feeling rather ashamed of myself; "I quite thought that I had concealed it; but she is one of those people who know more about you at a glance than you know your self. She saw something else too," I added, after a short pause.

"What *else*?" asked Maud, and this time there was a distinct sound of anger in her voice, while her brows drew together ominously.

"Don't look at me like that!" I exclaimed. "I was a little afraid that you might be displeased at my speaking so soon. But then I thought you would understand—that you would be above caring whether I told you that I loved you now, or next week, or next month. Besides, you know it already. You believe that I have always loved you, don't you, Maud?"

I leaned across the tea table which separated me from Maud, and looked into her face anxiously. She was still frowning; her great gray eyes were opened wide, it seemed to me that she was trying hard to look indignant, but could not. All of a sudden the corners of her mouth twitched convulsively; she caught her breath; finally, to my great chagrin, she turned away, and went off into a fit of irrepressible laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" I exclaimed, with some pardonable irritation; for really it was more than flesh and blood could stand to be treated to this extraordinary way upon two consecutive occasions. It had not been pleasant to be turned into ridicule by Lady Constance, but it was a thousand times worse to meet with such a reception from Maud. "This may be a joke—it may be an excellent joke, but, for the life of me, I can't see it," I declared.

"I wish you wouldn't make me laugh!" cried Maud, with a petulant stamp of her foot. "I don't want to laugh. I think it is horrid of you to behave in this way, and if you thought I should be displeased, you were quite right. I wish I could make you understand how—how disgusted I am! But it was rather funny of you to say that, wasn't it?" she added, with a renewed trouble in her voice.

"To say what?" I inquired.

"Why, that you had always loved me. And you looked so serious about it too," she went on "that was what upset me—so serious so if it had been true."

"Perhaps," returned I, with dignity, "that may be in some measure accounted for by the fact that it is true."

"Oh, Charley! have you forgotten that you wooed me to marry George Warren not so long ago? Have you forgotten all that you told me about Lady Constance in London? My memory is not so short."

"I can't help it," I answered. "I don't deny, and don't wish to deny, that I have fancied myself in love with Lady Constance, but that was nothing more nor less than a fit of temporary insanity. I can't give any explanation of what I said or did while it lasted—who can be accountable for his actions when he is not in his right mind?—but I do ask you to believe that I have never really ceased to love you."

"You ask a little too much," said Maud, dryly. She had become grave again now, and had pushed her chair back, so that she was farther away from me. "You must not expect to be taken seriously, Charley," she went on. "Very likely you think you are speaking the truth now; but I don't see why you should not think that something quite different is the truth in a few months from now."

"You won't believe?" I exclaimed, despairingly. "You wouldn't believe long ago, when I told you that I should never love any woman but you—"

"It seems that I was right there," she interrupted.

"No, you were not right," cried I; "you were wrong. I loved you then as I love you now, with all my heart and soul. I can't love you one more than I loved you then. And, perhaps, if you had given me a word of hope two years ago, I shouldn't have made such an idiot of myself as I have done."

"You can't you understand that I might not have been able to give you a word of hope even if I had believed you?"

Yes, I understand that. And yet I could hardly believe that, after this long and perilous voyage I was to founder in port. I said nothing for a long time, half hoping that she would speak again, but she remained silent, her hands clasped loosely in her lap, and her eyes fixed upon the horizon. There was no sign of agitation in her face or in her attitude, and her perfect quiescence smote me with a conviction more cruel than any words could have conveyed.

"Is this to be the end?" I gasped out at length. "Is there never to be any hope for me?"

"I am sorry," answered Maud, briefly. And then she turned, and I suppose something in my face must have touched her, for she added, in a kinder tone, "I am really sorry, Charley; but I can't say what you wish. You know how fond I am of you; I would do anything for you that I could—except that one thing. I don't want ever to speak about this again; so I had better say now that your coming so soon has made no difference. I think you would have shown better taste if you had waited a little longer; but my answer would have been just the same if you had."

"But you say you are fond of me," I pleaded, catching at any straw in my distress. "How can you tell that you might not come to love me some day? It seems to me so if you must—when I love you so. Won't you give me leave to try?"

"No," answered Maud, firmly; "I could not love you as one ought to love one's husband. You know—" But here she checked herself, saying, "I don't wish to hurt you."

"You need not be afraid of doing that," I answered, with a grim laugh. "It would puzzle anybody to hurt me much now."

"Well, I was going to say," Maud resumed, after hesitating a little longer, "that there is an old threadbare maxim about love being impossible without respect."

"It is not confirmed by what one sees every day," I remarked.

"Still, there must be some truth in a saying which has been repeated so many thousands of times. At all events, I think most women feel in that way."

"I doubt it," said I; "but never mind. You have no respect for me, of course."

Maud shook her head. "Not enough, I am afraid. You are too changeable. I shouldn't be happy with you; nor would you be happy with me, after the first. We must say good by now. I am going to Sarrey to stay with the Sutlies in a day or two, and I hope, when we meet again, all this will be forgotten."

"Forgotten?" I echoed. "I shall never forget, and never change. But what is the good of protesting? you won't believe me."

We stood facing one another for a few moments in silence; then, yielding to an uncontrollable impulse, I caught her suddenly to my arms, kissed her forehead, and hurried away, without another word.

I turned and looked back as I passed through the gate. She was standing as I had left her, with a grave, sad face. She did not seem to have resented my momentary brutality; but, somehow, that only confirmed my conviction that she was lost to me forever.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CHRISTMAS SHIPS

Tossed on wind and light of morning-time,
And through the star-lit night,
The Christmas ships from many a clime
Speed home their happy flight,
With flying flags and sails so white,
So white, white, white.

O tossing sea, now be at rest,
And, skies, bend blue above,
The Christmas ships upon thy breast
Carry such wealth of love,
Such precious wealth of love, sweet love,
Love, love, love, love.

The wife keeps watch with tender eyes,
Her loving fears are dumb.
The mother prays, and softly sighs
"He said, 'I'll surely come,
At Christmas-time I'll come.' Oh yes!
He'll come, come, come."

The children on the yellow sands,
With bare feet in the foam,
Chatter about the far off lands,
And father coming home—
At Christmas coming home again,
Home, home, home, home.

The maiden braids her hair, and sings
"Oh! shall not I be glad
When Christmas-time my lover brings,
My handsome sailor lad?
Oh, shall not I be glad? so glad,
Glad, glad, glad, glad."

Thus so they sail from every sea,
Good angels keep the ships,
True hearts for them watch tenderly,
And rosy, kissing lips
Whisper their happy names. Oh, ships!
Oh, ships, ships, ships!

God grant when Christmas bells shall ring,
No Christmas ship fall short,
But each, like some glad living thing,
Come sailing into port—
With flying flags to Christmas bells
Touch port, port, port!

CARIBOU HUNTING.

Many eminent naturalists consider that the reindeer of Northern Europe and the caribou of Canada are identical. The latter, however, is the larger animal, "the male weighing three hundred pounds when full grown, six feet in length, and standing about ten hands high, whereas the wild reindeer seldom approaches within an inch or two of these dimensions." While the latter is capable of domestication, the former has never been brought alive under the control of man. The antlers of the caribou are remarkable for their immense size and graceful form. The male sheds his at the commencement of winter, while the female retains hers until the spring.

Caribou are now only found in any number north of the St. Lawrence, the pressure of population gradually driving them toward the territory of Hudson Bay. To hunt them is now a labor rather than a pleasure, for it must be undertaken in localities far north. Early in the season the hunter has no peace from the attacks of the black fly, while later he must face the terrible cold of those high latitudes. None but a man of great vigor of constitution and strength can successfully undertake a winter expedition against these animals. Few amateurs devote more than two or three seasons to the sport. They are happy to relinquish the field, and content themselves with the recollections of the cruel sufferings they have undergone.

Formerly sportsmen procured their outfit and guides at Quebec, it being contiguous to the haunts of the caribou; but as these animals have been driven more toward the northeast, Gaspé, a town on the southern shore of the St. Lawrence, where that river enters the bay of the same name, is a more convenient locality from which to make a start.

The sportsman will not make a long stay at Gaspé. It is a depressing little town, which only awakens to occasions of spasmodic liveliness when the fishing season has been a prosperous one, and the frost holds off long enough to permit the potatoes to ripen. As these two events seldom coincide, their occasional concurrence brings great joy to the hardy villagers. Cut off from assistance by the reason of the ice during seven months of the year, the Gaspesians have during the winter to face the possibility of famine. Ever ready to grapple with the wolf of hunger and want, they are a brave and fearless race, rugged and inured to hardship and exposure. Compared to Gaspé in the winter season, a Long Island village is a vision of bewildering and intoxicating delight.

Persons from the coast-line of the United States will find Gaspé the most convenient spot from which to take their departure for the caribou country. It can be reached by steamers during the summer *en route* from St. John, New Brunswick, to Halifax, and thence to Gaspé. It is in communication with Quebec during the open season by steamer on the St. Lawrence. At Gaspé a complete outfit may be procured, and guides engaged.

If a start be made early in the autumn, the sportsman goes by steamer to one of the little towns on the northern shore of the St. Lawrence a short distance from Gaspé. He embarks in canoes at the mouth of one of the many small rivers which enter the St. Lawrence at short intervals. These streams all take their rise in beautiful lakes. On the edge of one of these the hunter and his guides establish a permanent camp, from which they make longer or shorter excursions, according to their energy and courage. It must not be supposed that one has only to step to the door of his log cabin to find the caribou feeding quietly within sight. He will at first be depressed by the total absence of life. The song birds will already have taken their departure. He welcomes the honk of an occasional flock of geese as a happy break in the monotonous and gloomy silence. His guides are men accustomed to long periods of isolation in the dense forests of the interior; hence they have learned to become taciturn and chary of speech. Left entirely to the companionship of his own thoughts, he longs for the moment when he may be done with hunting, and once more turn his face toward civilization.

It not infrequently happens that one may diligently hunt for weeks without crossing the track of one of these animals. Discouraged with his want of success, the sportsman is about to abandon the enterprise in disgust, when a heavy fall of snow happily intervenes. He must now be patient until a crust is formed upon its surface. Then, if he be not an adept in the use of snow-shoes, he must master these implements by preparatory exercise, otherwise the strain upon the muscles caused by a lengthy tramp will bring on what the Canadians call *mal à raquette*, which is not unlike in sensation the pain experienced in a fever called in the Southern States the "broken bone."

It is best that but one guide accompany the sportsman. Loaded with provisions and ammunition, and still a novitiate in the use of snow-shoes, he labors heavily over the crusted surface, now and again stumbling over fallen trunks and the débris of the forest. At night he bivouacs in the snow, which is piled up by the aid of the snow-shoes to windward. Before morning the blazing fire is extinguished, and, in spite of blankets, he is almost congealed by the intense cold. After days of arduous travel he encounters numerous tracks of the caribou. All his sufferings are now forgotten. A heavy shelter is erected. Relieved from the weight of his pack, and accustomed to the use of the snow-shoes, he follows the guide eagerly in the pursuit. The latter, in the advance, suddenly halts and points through the trees. The sportsman for the first time is in sight of the much-longed-for caribou. They make a long detour to the leeward of the herd. By cautious approaches, every nerve strained with the tension, they at last reach the cover offered by the trunk of a tree. At a word from the guides they fire together. Two bulls simultaneously leap into the air, and fling the snow in clouds about them in their dying struggles. The enthusiast, as he stands by the carcasses of the dead beasts, fancies he is repaid for all his hardships and monotonous waiting.

Those who have not the physical strength and endurance to face the bitter blast of the Nova Scotian winters may kill a caribou earlier in the season on the edge of one of the many lakes, the head-waters of the little rivers which empty from the north into the St. Lawrence.

These sheets of water in the early autumn are mirrors of beauty, the picturesque scenery which surrounds him more than compensating the lover of nature for the lack of large game. The caribou delight to frequent these sheets of water to feed upon the aquatic plants which grow at their edge. This they do in the early morning, between daylight and sunrise. Again in the warmest hours of the day they seek refuge in the water to escape the tormenting attacks of the black fly. The guides, as a part of their business, take pains to inform themselves of the precise locality where the caribou enters the water to feed or refresh himself. The hunter, concealed in a canoe near the spot, awaits the approach of the animal, and shoots him from his ambush. This, however, is hardly a legitimate form of sport. That which brings out all a man may have in him of pluck and endurance is the hunting of caribou in snow-shoes in the cold of a Canadian winter. He who undertakes it is generally some Briton impelled by the Anglo-Saxon spirit of restlessness and thirst of adventure. Probably the man who has had more experience as a hunter of caribou than any other amateur living is the Earl of Dunraven. Those who may take an interest in this form of sport, and who prefer to read about it rather than indulge in the reality, can find no more detailed and brilliant account of caribou shooting than he has given. The limits of a newspaper article have permitted but the most general reference to the subject.

Gaston Fay.

DUTCH HOUSES.

The foundation of a building in Holland is commenced by digging out the earth to a depth of two or three feet. The excavation thus made almost immediately fills with water, which is a proof of the aqueous nature of the Dutch soil, and would present dreadful visions of rheumatism and ague to the minds of most Americans. Hollanders have no such fears, and frequently take up their residence in a new house as soon as the roof is on and the glass in the window-frames, without a thought as to the dampness of floors and walls. It has been facetiously asserted that Dutch children are born web-footed; but, joking apart, Netherlanders may be said to be almost amphibious in their nature.

The next operation is to drive piles—the straightest that can be procured—thirty or forty feet into the ground, side by side, a few inches apart, in the lines marked out for the walls. These are forced perpendicularly into the earth by a powerful steam-hammer, or by repeated blows from a heavy weight, alternately raised and lowered by means of a pulley and ropes, worked by a gang of twenty or thirty laborers. When the requisite number of piles are driven in, the ends remaining above the ground are cut off level with each other, and horizontal beams of oak are laid over them.

The building itself is then commenced by placing the bricks on the foundation thus prepared. The back and front of the house are never built until the roof is on, in order that a free current of air passing through may cause the inner and side walls to set more firmly, and dry quicker. When the building is completed, coarse canvas, stretched on wooden frames, is fitted against the walls, and upon this the paper is pasted, so that no matter how damp the brick-work behind may be, the result is an appearance of dryness, which is often very delusive. Small tiles, instead of slates, are used for the roofs, and the internal and external decorations are completed with much taste. In at least one important respect, in the arrangement of their houses the Dutch differ greatly from the English.

In Holland the kitchens are generally in front; and as the windows face the street, it affords unlimited opportunities for the cook and housemaid to carry on flirtations with their male admirers—a facility of which they are by no means slow to avail themselves.

Many of the old Dutch houses are far more elaborately ornamented inside than those of modern construction. In some of them you may see spacious entrance halls of white marble, broad staircases of dark polished oak, doors of shining mahogany, ceilings and walls beautifully painted with figures, fruit, and flowers, and mirrors with exquisitely carved frames permanently fixed over the fire-places. Even the charitable institutions and poor-houses in Holland are very different to the plain unadorned buildings often used in England as refuges for the unfortunate and destitute, many of them being structures of considerable architectural beauty, while in their management the Dutch are very successful.

"GREEN TURTLE SOUP TO-DAY."

The turtles which come into the New York market are captured mainly on the coast of Florida, Key West furnishing the most plentiful supply. A few come from the shores of the West Indies, and occasionally a diminutive estray is found on the Long Island coast, having been borne there by the warm current of the Gulf Stream. But no large specimens are captured so far north. About ninety per cent. come from the shores of Florida.

Turtles are most plentiful in the New York markets in the months of July, August, and September, although they may be had here at all seasons of the year. The price in summer varies from eight to fifteen cents a pound, and it rises in winter to twenty-five. The largest turtle ever brought to this market weighed [illegible] pounds, but the average weight is about eighty pounds each. The smaller specimens go chiefly to Philadelphia, where there is an extensive "family" trade in these delicacies. In New York, on the contrary, families as a rule order green turtle soup from the caterers. About [illegible] turtles are brought yearly to the New York market.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The bicycle sled has been perfected in Canada. The rider sits on a wheel which is cogged to catch the ice, and there is a frame shod with four blades of steel like ordinary skate runners, upon which the machine glides along. Still, it is said not to be so popular as skates. There is nobody's hand to hold.

A Boston paper says that a pint of whiskey a day is the allowance of the thousand inmates of the Indiana Insane Asylum. Then, fearful that the statement will be construed as an expression of Eastern malice, it explains that it means one pint for all.

The New York cabman is not the only one of his kind who is held to be fearless of danger to others. The Paris cabman also is so understood. A Paris newspaper prints a daily list of those whom he runs over, under the head of "Special Instance of the Wounded." So-and-so "was charged by a cab" is the form commonly used in the narration, so that one comes to get the idea of a sweep of cavalry. Rear-Admiral Lagé was one of the recent sufferers. He was "charged" in the Place de l'Opéra, and sustained two broken ribs and a scalp wound.

Edward Johnson, of Philadelphia, a colored man, thirty-seven years old, has sued a citizen of Illinois and a citizen of Missouri for damages for unlawfully holding him as a slave. He was born a slave in Virginia, but became free when his father ran away with him to Philadelphia. His father apprenticed him to the Illinois citizen, and he says this citizen treated him as a slave for three years, and then sold him to the citizen of Missouri. He remained a slave until freed by the Emancipation Proclamation. He is now a family servant.

The story comes from Paris that a lady who visited four churches in one day missed her umbrella on returning home. She immediately revisited all four churches, and found her umbrella in the last one. When the umbrella was handed to her she thankfully said to the sexton, "The people at this church are much more honest than those at the others."

The surprising sunsets of November, which reached around the world, aroused superstitious fear in India, and numbers of holy men went about preaching impending disaster. Those who should know most about it say that the fiery coloring was due to volcanic dust from the Java earthquake. A correspondent says in the London *Times*: "The vesicular nature of pumice, each particle consisting of a small bubble of glass, would allow it, after being shot up by the eruption to an enormous height, to be carried without precipitation to all quarters of the globe, and at the altitude attained it would be far removed from the action of vapor and weather. Nothing like this diffused atmospheric glow after dark and one or two hours before sunrise has been observed before, and a singular effect must have its origin in a singular cause."

It is related that an English colonel of a Chinese regiment stationed at Foochow had drilled them in the European way, and was very proud of their discipline. Once he had the "assembly" sounded at midnight, and the men turned out and formed in perfect order. But when he tried this a second time, the soldiers, instead of hurrying to the parade-ground, appeared at the barrack windows, and greeted their astonished commander with smiles and cries of "No catchee!"

The Venus of Milo has been packed away in straw, to remain for a year. The gallery of the Louvre, in which it stood, was found to be damp, and repairs have been ordered in the cellars, which it will take twelve months to effect. A plaster cast of the statue is meanwhile exhibited in its place.

A subscription has been opened in Boston to help defray the expenses of the excavation of Zoan, which was the dwelling place of the Pharaohs in the time of Joseph and the Exodus. Acknowledgment is made of contributions amounting to fifty-five dollars.

A boy in Ithaca, in September, 1880, liberated a hawk to whose leg he had attached a metal tag engraved with his name and address. A few days ago a man in Mooresville, Virginia, shot what is reasonably presumed to be the same hawk, inasmuch as it was labelled with the same tag.

A correspondent in Paris writes that there has been a change in the Parisian conception of what is interesting since Villemot said that an account of an earthquake or the burning of a theatre at the other end of the world interested Paris less than a quarrel of two coachmen in front of the Variétés. He finds a very general interest in the Tonquin matter, and ascribes this change partly to the lesson of the Franco-Prussian war, partly to the influx of the foreign element into the city, and in part to a gradual revolution in the journalism of the French capital.

Some of the railroads leading out of Chicago run "funeral trains," which are advertised in the newspapers under the head-line of the death notices. When interment is to be in one of the cemeteries with which there is railway connection, it is customary to state in the printed notice of the death that the funeral will be by "carriages to Calvary," or "by train to Oakwoods," as the case may be.

It is said that boarding-houses are rapidly going out of favor—if the word may be used in connection with a boarding-house at all—in Washington. Besides the building of many conspicuous residences within the past year or two, the erection of less pretentious dwellings has been going on briskly all the time. The records of the Inspector of Buildings show that between January 1 and September 1 of the present year over thirteen hundred permits for new buildings, to cost nearly three and one-half million dollars, were granted.

Report is made of a Chicago gentleman who has an extraordinary hand. He was accosted by a bunco man, who proceeded to know him with the utmost effusiveness. The two shook hands. The grasp of the Chicago gentleman began by being cordial, and grew tight. The bunco man winced, and then screamed, and finally fainted. It is averred that the bones of his hand had been broken by the grasp of the Chicago gentleman. Let's see, it has been Chicago feet, hasn't it, that have been held up to public wonder heretofore? And they weren't men's—but never mind.

At the Sunday bull-fight in Madrid in honor of the Crown Prince of Germany the bands played German airs exclusively while Lagartijo, the famous matador, was killing his first bull. Twenty thousand people looked on. The boxes were filled with the aristocracy of Madrid, the ladies wearing no bonnets, but, like the royal ladies, the national mantillas. The police wore mediæval costumes. The bulls that were killed were seven splendid animals from the breeding establishment of the Duke Veraguas, a descendant of Christopher Columbus. Lagartijo's brother, the foremost of the chulos, who bear the banderillas, was repeatedly in imminent danger. Says the Paris *Daily News*: "Apart from the horrible killing of horses, which the toros literally disemboweled, the performance was in no way execrable, human skill always proving superior to brute force. Some of the chulos had little birds inclosed in their banderillas, which the bull, on being wounded, tore away, thus liberating the birds, to the great amusement of the public." Lagartijo is rich. When he saluted the Crown Prince he cried: "Long live the King, the Crown Prince, and the ugliest woman present in the circus to-night!" Among the pointed jokes of the crowd was one which is described as characteristic. A Spaniard, exasperated at the flight of a chulo, cried: "Be not afraid; you will become a captain of Uhlans!" The Crown Prince attended service in the chapel of the German Legation before he went to the bull-fight. Lagartijo presented to the Crown Prince the swords with which he killed the bulls.

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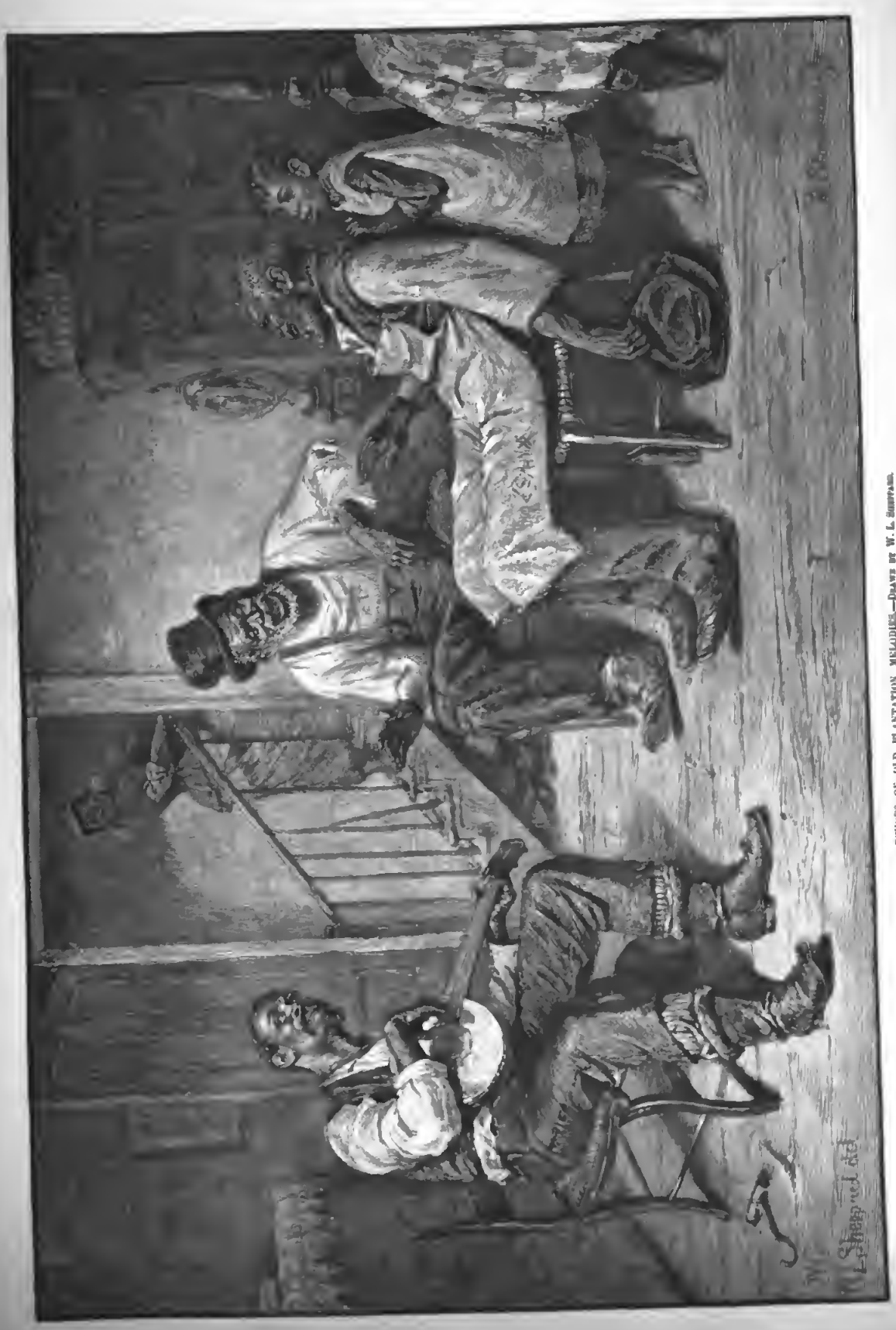

ECHOES OF OLD PLANTATION MELODIES.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPARD.

HUNTING CARIBOU IN THE BARRENS GROUNDS, NEW BRUNSWICK.—[See Page 7.]

NEAR CROMER.

By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Sea beyond sea, sand after sweep of sand,
Here ivory smooth, here cloven and ridged with flow
Of channelled waters soft as rain or snow,
Stretch their lone length at ease beneath the bland
Gray gleam of skies whose smile on wave and strand
Shines weary like a man's who smiles to know
That now no dream can mock his faith with show,
Nor cloud for him seem living sea or land.

Is there an end at all of all this waste,
These crumbling cliffs defeatured and defaced,
These ruinous heights of sea-sapped walls that slide
Seaward with all their banks of bleak blown flowers
Glad yet of life, ere yet their hopes subside
Beneath the coil of dull dense waves and hours?

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE FIRST.

AT SCHOOL.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE WAY TO THE VILLAGE.

Alban Morris—discovered by Emily in concealment among the trees—was not content with retiring to another part of the grounds. He pursued his retreat, careless in what direction it might take him, to a foot-path across the fields, which led to the high-road and the railway station.

Miss Ladd's drawing-master was in that state of nervous irritability which seeks relief in rapidity of motion. Public opinion in the neighborhood (especially public opinion among the women) had long since decided that his manners were offensive, and his temper incurably bad. The men who happened to pass him on the foot-path said "Good-morning" grudgingly. The women took no notice of him—with one exception. She was young and saucy, and seeing him walking at the top of his speed on the way to the railway station, she called after him, "Don't be in a hurry, sir; you're in plenty of time for the London train."

To her astonishment he suddenly stopped. His reputation for rudeness was so well established that she moved away to a safe distance before she ventured to look at him again. He took no notice of her; he seemed to be considering with himself. The frolicsome young woman had done him a service: she had suggested an idea.

"Suppose I go to London?" he thought. "Why not? the school is breaking up for the holidays, and she is going away like the rest of them." He looked round in the direction of the school-house. "If I go back to wish her good-by, she will keep out of my way, and part with me to the last moment like a stranger. After my experience of women, to be in love again—in love with a girl who is young enough to be my daughter—what a fool, what a drivelling degraded fool, I must be!"

Hot tears rose in his eyes. He dashed them away savagely, and went on again faster than ever, resolved to pack up at once at his lodgings in the village, and to take his departure by the next train.

At the point where the foot-path led into the road he came to a stand-still for the second time.

The cause was once more a person of the sex associated in his mind with a bitter sense of injury. On this occasion the person was only a miserable little child, crying over the fragments of a broken jug.

Alban Morris looked at her with his grimly humorous smile. "So you've broken the jug?" he remarked.

"And spilled father's beer," the child answered. Her frail little body shook with terror. "Mother'll beat me when I go home," she said.

"What does mother do when you bring the jug back safe and sound?" Alban asked.

"Gives me bread-and-butter."

"Very well. Now listen to me. Mother shall give you bread-and-butter again this time."

The child stared at him with the tears suspended in her eyes. He went on talking to her as seriously as ever.

"You understand what I have just said to you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you got a pocket-handkerchief?"

"No, sir."

"Then dry your eyes with mine."

He tossed his handkerchief to her with one hand, and picked up a fragment of the broken jug with the other. "This will do for a pattern," he said to himself. The child stared at the handkerchief, stared at Alban, took courage, and rubbed vigorously at her eyes. The instinct, which is worth all the reason that ever pretended to enlighten mankind—the instinct that never deceives—told this little ignorant creature that she had found a friend. She returned the handkerchief in grave silence. Alban took her up in his arms.

"Your eyes are dry and your face is fit to be seen," he said. "Will you give me a kiss?" The child gave him a resolute kiss, with a smack in it. "Now come and get another jug," he said, as he put her down. Her red round eyes opened wide in alarm. "Have you got money enough?" she asked. Alban slapped his pocket. "Yes, I have," he answered. "That's a good thing," said the child; "come along."

They went together hand in hand to the village, and bought the new jug, and had it filled at the beer-shop. The thirsty father was in the upper end of the fields, where they were making a drain. Alban carried the jug until they were within sight of the laborer. "You haven't far to go," he said. "Mind you don't drop it again.—What's the matter now?"

"I'm frightened."

"Why?"

"Oh, give me the jug."

She almost snatched it out of his hand. If she let the precious minutes slip away, there might be another beating in store for her at the drain: her father was not of an indulgent disposition when his children were late in bringing his beer. On the point of hurrying away, without a word of farewell, she remembered the laws of politeness as taught at the infant school, and dropped her little courtesy, and said, "Thank you, sir." That bitter sense of injury was still in Alban's mind as he looked after her. "What a pity she should grow up to be a woman!" he said to himself.

The adventure of the broken jug had delayed his return to his lodgings by more than half an hour. When he reached the road once more the cheap up-train from the north had stopped at the station. He heard the ringing of the bell as it resumed the journey to London.

One of the passengers (judging by the hand-bag that she carried) had not stopped at the village.

As she advanced toward him along the road he remarked that she was a small, wiry, active woman—dressed in bright colors, combined with a deplorable want of taste. Her aquiline nose seemed to be her most striking feature as she came nearer. It might have been fairly proportioned to the rest of her face in her younger days, before her cheeks had lost flesh and roundness. Being probably near-sighted, she kept her eyes half closed: there were cunning little wrinkles at the corners of them. In spite of appearances, she was unwilling to present any outward acknowledgment of the march of time. Her hair was palpably dyed—her hat was jauntily set on her head, and ornamented with a gay feather. She walked with a light, tripping step, swinging her bag, and holding her head up smartly. Her manner, like her dress, said as plainly as words could speak, "No matter how long I may have lived, I mean to be young and charming to the end of my days." To Alban's surprise, she stopped and addressed him.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Could you tell me if I am in the right road to Miss Ladd's school?"

She spoke with nervous rapidity of articulation, and with a singularly unpleasant smile. It parted her thin lips just wide enough to show her suspiciously beautiful teeth, and it opened her keen gray eyes in the strangest manner. The higher lid rose so as to disclose for a moment the upper part of the eyeball, and to give her the appearance—not of a woman bent on making herself agreeable, but of a woman staring in a panic of terror. Careless to conceal the unfavorable impression that she had produced on him, Alban answered, roughly, "Straight on," and tried to pass her.

She stopped him with a peremptory gesture.

"I have treated you politely," she said, "and how do you treat me in return? Well, I am not surprised. Men are all brutes by nature—and you are a man. 'Straight on?'" she repeated, contemptuously; "I should like to know how far that helps a person in a strange place. Perhaps you know no more where Miss Ladd's school is than I do? or perhaps you don't care to take the trouble of directing me? Just what I should have expected from a person of your sex! Good-morning."

Alban felt the reproof: she had appealed to his most readily impressible sense—his sense of humor. He rather enjoyed seeing his own prejudice against women grotesquely reflected in this flighty stranger's prejudice against men. As the best excuse for himself that he could make, he gave her all the information that she could possibly want, then tried again to pass on, and again in vain. He had recovered his place in her estimation; she had not done with him yet.

"You know all about the way there," she said. "I wonder whether you know anything about the school?"

No change in her voice, no change in her manner, betrayed any special motive for putting this question. Alban was on the point of suggesting that she should go on to the school and make her inquiries there, when he happened to notice her eyes. She had hitherto looked him straight in the face. She now looked down on the road. It was a trifling change: in all probability it meant nothing—and yet, merely because it was a change, it roused his curiosity.

"I ought to know something about the school," he answered; "I am one of the masters."

"Then you're just the man I want. May I ask your name?"

"Alban Morris."

"Thank you. I am Mrs. Rook. I presume you have heard of Sir Jervis Redwood?"

"No."

"Bless my soul! You are a scholar, of course, and you have never heard of one of your own trade! Very extraordinary. You see, I am Sir Jervis's housekeeper; and I am sent here to take one of your young ladies back with me to our place. Don't interrupt me! Don't be a brute again! Sir Jervis is not of a communicative disposition. At least not to me. A man—this explains it—a man! He is always poring over his books and writings; and Miss Redwood, at her great age, is in bed half the day. Not a thing do I know about this new inmate of ours, except that I am to take her back with me. You would feel some curiosity yourself in my place, wouldn't you? Now do tell me. What sort of girl is Miss Emily Brown?"

The name that he was perpetually thinking of—on this woman's lips! Alban looked at her.

"Well," said Mrs. Rook, "am I to have an answer? Ah, you want leading. So like a man again! Is she pretty?"

Still examining the housekeeper with mingled feelings of interest and distrust, Alban answered, ungraciously, "Yes."

"Good-tempered?"

Alban again said, "Yes."

"So much about herself," Mrs. Rook remarked. "About her family now." She shifted her bag restlessly from one hand to the other. "Perhaps you can tell me if Miss Emily's father"—she suddenly corrected herself—"if Miss Emily's parents are living?"

"I don't know."

"You mean you won't tell me."

"I mean exactly what I have said."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," Mrs. Rook rejoined; "I shall find out at the school. The first turning to the left, I think you said—across the fields?"

He was too deeply interested in Emily to let the housekeeper go without putting a question on his side: "Is Sir Jervis Redwood one of Miss Emily's old friends?" he asked.

"Ha? What put that into your head? He has never even seen Miss Emily. She's going to our house—ah, the women are getting the upper hand now, and serve the men right, I say—she's going to our house to be Sir Jervis's secretary. You would like to have the place yourself, wouldn't you? You would like to keep a poor girl from getting her own living? Oh, you may look as fierce as you please; the time's gone by when a man could frighten me. I like her Christian name. I call Emily a nice name enough. But 'Brown'! Good-morning, Mr. Morris: you and I are not cursed with such a contemptibly common name as that! 'Brown'? Oh, Lord!"

She tossed her head scornfully, and walked away humming a tune.

Alban stood rooted to the spot. The effort of his later life had been to conceal the hopeless passion which had mastered him in spite of himself. Knowing nothing from Emily—who at once pitied and avoided him—of her family circumstances or of her future plans, he had shrunk from making inquiries of others in the fear that they too might find out his secret, and that their contempt might be added to the contempt which he felt for himself. In this position and with these obstacles in his way, the announcement of Emily's proposed journey—under the care of a stranger, to fill an employment in the house of a stranger—not only took him by surprise, but inspired him with a strong feeling of distrust. He looked after Sir Jervis Redwood's flighty housekeeper, completely forgetting the purpose which had brought him thus far on the way to his lodgings. Before Mrs. Rook was out of sight, Alban Morris was following her back to the school.

CHAPTER VII.

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

Miss De Sor and Miss Wyvil were still sitting together under the trees, talking of the murder at the inn.

"And is that really all you can tell me?" said Francine.

"That is all," Cecilia answered.

"Is there no love in it?"

"None that I know of."

"It's the most uninteresting murder that ever was committed. What shall we do with ourselves? I'm tired of being here in the garden. When do the performances in the school-room begin?"

"Not for two hours yet."

Francine yawned. "And what part do you take in it?" she asked.

"No part, my dear. I tried once—only to sing a simple little song. When I found myself standing before all the company, and saw rows of ladies and gentlemen waiting for me to begin, I was so frightened that Miss Ladd had to make an apology for me. I didn't get over it for the rest of the day. For the first time in my life I had no appetite for my dinner. Horrible!" said Cecilia, shuddering over the remembrance of it. "I do assure you I thought I was going to die."

Perfectly unimpressed by this harrowing narrative, Francine turned her head lazily toward the house. The door was thrown open at the same moment. A lithe little person rapidly descended the steps that led to the lawn.

"It's Emily come back again," said Francine.

"And she seems to be rather in a hurry," Cecilia remarked.

Francine's satirical smile showed itself for a moment. Did this appearance of hurry in Emily's movements denote impatience to resume the recital of "the dagger scene"? She had no book in her hand; she never even looked toward Francine. Sorrow became plainly visible in her face as she approached the two girls.

Cecilia rose in alarm. She had been the first person to whom Emily had confided her domestic anxieties. "Bad news from your aunt?" she asked.

"No, my dear; no news at all." Emily put her arms tenderly round her friend's neck. "The time has come, Cecilia," she said. "We must wish each other good-by."

"Is Mrs. Rook here already?"

"It's you, dear, who are going," Emily answered, sadly. "They have sent the governess to fetch you. Miss Ladd is too busy in the school-room to see her—and she has told me all about it. Don't be alarmed. There is no bad news from home. Your plans are altered; that's all."

"Altered?" Cecilia repeated. "In what way?"

"In a very agreeable way—you are going to travel. Your father wishes you to be in London in time for the evening mail to France."

Cecilia guessed what had happened. "My sister is not getting well," she said; "and the doctors are sending her to the Continent."

"To the baths at St. Moritz," Emily added. "There is only one difficulty in the way, and you can remove it. Your sister has the good old governess to take care of her, and the courier to relieve her of all trouble on the journey. They were to have started yesterday. You know how fond Julia is of you. At the last moment she won't hear of going away unless you go too. The rooms are waiting at St. Moritz; and your father is annoyed (the governess says) by the delay that has taken place already."

She paused. Cecilia was silent. "Surely you don't hesitate?" Emily said.

"I am too happy to go wherever Julia goes," Cecilia answered, warmly. "I was thinking of you, dear." Her tender nature, shrinking from the hard necessities of life, shrank from the cruelly close prospect of parting. "I thought we were to have had some hours together yet," she said. "Why are we hurried in this way? There is no second train to London from our station till late in the afternoon."

"There is the express," Emily reminded her, "and there is time to catch it, if you drive at once to the town." She took Cecilia's hand, and pressed it to her bosom. "Thank you again and again, dear, for all you have done for me. Whether we meet again or not, as long as I live I shall love you. Don't cry!" She made a faint attempt to resume her customary gayety for Cecilia's sake. "Try to be as hard-hearted as I am. Think of your sister—don't think of me. Only kiss me!"

Cecilia's tears fell fast. "Oh, my love, I am so anxious about you! I am so afraid that you will not be happy with that selfish old man—in that dreary house. Give it up, Emily. I have got plenty of money for both of us; come abroad with me. Why not? You always got on well with Julia when you came to see us in the holidays. Oh, my darling! my darling! What shall I do without you?"

All that longed for love in Emily's nature had clung round her school friend since her father's death. Turning deadly pale under the struggle to control herself, she made the effort—and bore the pain of it without letting a cry or a tear escape her. "Our ways in life lie far apart," she said, gently. "There is the hope of meeting again, dear, if there is nothing more."

The clasp of Cecilia's arms tightened round her. She tried to release herself; but her resolution had reached its limits. Her hands dropped, trembling. She could still try to speak cheerfully, and that was all.

"There is not the least reason, Cecilia, to be anxious about my prospects. I mean to be Sir Jervis Redwood's favorite before I have been a week in his service." She stopped, and pointed to the house. The governess was approaching them. "One more kiss, darling. We shall not forget the happy hours we have spent together; we shall constantly write to each other." She broke down at last. "Oh, Cecilia! Cecilia! leave me, for God's sake—I can't bear it any longer."

The governess parted them. Emily dropped into the chair that her friend had left. Even her hopeful nature sank under the burden of life at that moment.

A hard voice, speaking close at her side, startled her.

"Would you rather be Me," the voice asked, "without a creature to care for you?"

Emily raised her head. Francine, the unnoticed witness of the parting interview, was standing by her, idly picking the leaves from a rose which had dropped out of Cecilia's nosegay.

Had she felt her own isolated position? She had felt it resentfully.

Emily looked at her, with a heart softened by sorrow. There was no answering kindness in the eyes of Miss De Sor—there was only a dogged endurance, sad to see in a creature so young.

"You and Cecilia are going to write to each other," she said. "I suppose there is some comfort in that. When I left the island they were glad to get rid of me. They said, 'Telegraph when you are safe at Miss Ladd's school.' You see, we are so rich the expense of telegraphing to the West Indies is nothing to us. Besides, a telegram has one advantage over a letter—it doesn't take long to read. I dare say I shall write home. But they are in no hurry, and I am in no hurry. The school's breaking up; you are going your way, and I am going mine—and who cares what becomes of me? Only an ugly old school-mistress, who is paid for caring. I wonder why I am saying all this? Because I like you? I don't know that I like you any better than you like me. When I wanted to be friends with you, you treated me coolly; I don't want to force myself on you. I don't particularly care about you. May I write to you from Brighton?"

Under all this bitterness—the first exhibition of Francine's temper at its worst which had taken place since she joined the school—Emily saw, or thought she saw, distress that was too proud or too shy to show itself. "How can you ask the question?" she answered, cordially.

Francine was incapable of meeting the sympathy offered to her even half-way. "Never mind how," she said. "Yes or no is all I want from you."

"Oh, Francine! Francine! what are you made

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of? Flesh and blood? or stone and iron? Write to me, of course, and I will write back again."

"Thank you. Are you going to stay here under the trees?"

"Yes."

"All by yourself?"

"All by myself."

"With nothing to do?"

"I can think of Cecilia."

Francine eyed her with steady attention for a moment.

"Didn't you tell me last night that you were very poor?" she asked.

"I did."

"So poor that you are obliged to earn your own living?"

"Yes."

Francine looked at her again.

"I dare say you won't believe me," she said. "I wish I was you."

She turned away irritably, and walked back to the house.

Were there really longings for kindness and love under the surface of this girl's perverse nature? Or was there nothing to be hoped from a better knowledge of her? In place of tender remembrances of Cecilia, these were the perplexing and unwelcome thoughts which the more potent personality of Francine forced upon Emily's mind.

She rose impatiently, and looked at her watch. When would it be her turn to leave the school, and begin the new life?

Still undecided what to do next, her interest was excited by the appearance of one of the servants on the lawn. The woman approached her, and presented a visiting-card, bearing on it the name of Sir Jervis Redwood. Beneath the name there was a line written in pencil: "Mrs. Rook, to wait on Miss Emily Brown." The way to the new life was open before her at last!

Looking again at the commonplace announcement contained in the line of writing, she was not quite satisfied. Was it claiming a deference toward herself to which she was not entitled, to expect a letter either from Sir Jervis or from Miss Redwood, giving her some information as to the journey which she was about to undertake, and expressing with some little politeness the wish to make her comfortable in her future home? At any rate, her employer had done her one service; he had reminded her that her station in life was not what it had been in the days when her father was living and when her aunt was in affluent circumstances.

She looked up from the card. The servant had gone. Alban Morris was waiting at a little distance—waiting silently until she noticed him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

ALLEGED PURE AIR.

Any one who will look at the health journals or medical journals of his father's time, or of his grandfather's, if that is not more than fifty years back, will find a great deal of discussion on pure air, which is ardently recommended as a good thing to the reader. From the tone of the arguments used one would suppose, indeed, that fresh air was a commodity that had not been introduced to notice in this country until recent years.

But in our time the expediency of open windows and the injuriousness of bad air have been, after much exposition, widely if not generally accepted. At home or on the road people open doors and windows now where formerly they kept them shut, and often to their advantage. Nor do we fear the "night air" as our grandparents did, for we have at last found out that at night there is nothing but night air to be had.

And the fresh-air movement has been in general an excellent thing; it has given improved health and strength to the new generation of Americans, and there is little danger that pure air will ever be quite renounced by a community that is supposed to be constantly growing in intelligence.

But the doctrine of pure air has its abuses in practice. It has been made a hobby by unintelligent people. The fate of all good causes is to have bad advocates. It is about some of its abuses that I wish to say a word.

Pure air is undisputably a good thing; but does one always get pure air, as many people seem to believe, by an indiscriminate opening of doors and windows? By no means. An open window often brings in dustier, or colder, or hotter, or fouler air than even the most fervent apostle of ventilation can stand. Many an air purist has caught his death of too much ventilation.

Dust is the first great enemy which the air purist overlooks. Dust probably sickens as many well persons as close air does, and kills as many invalids. But there are people who welcome dust. Ride on a street car, on a dry and windy day, in any of our dusty cities. Of course the best thing you can do in that case is to shut both doors and windows, and keep out all the dust you can. But this does not suit the air fanatic. Some one will be sure to open doors and windows, or both, and to admit the blast of organic filth, borne upon the whirlwind to the lungs of every luckless passenger in the car, and if you remonstrate you will probably be answered by a remark about the importance of "pure air." The air fanatic is quite ignorant of the fact that the dust of our great cities consists in chief part of finely comminuted horse manure. Now in such a case, unless the car be greatly overcrowded, the purest air is actually secured by keeping doors and windows shut. There is little danger on a windy day of too little ventilation; for a car is by no means an air-tight contrivance; and what with incessantly windows and the continual opening and closing of doors, abundant air finds admission, and quite enough dust with it, in spite of all precautions, to work injury upon delicate lungs. People do not understand what a harmful thing dust is, or they would not be so anxious to breathe the so-called "fresh air" of dusty days.

The plague of dust is one of the most scientifically conceived of all the ten plagues of Egypt. Everywhere dust is an enemy to the lungs. It is dangerous in proportion to their weakness. Dust is an enemy impossible to escape entirely; it is the curse of that otherwise delicious climate of California, and it is ubiquitous. Book-lovers know that the book-case has never yet been invented which will keep out the finer dust; and even the makers of fine watch-cases will tell you that they can not make them shut closely enough to prevent absolutely the very finest dust from penetrating to the works.

Now one's lungs certainly require as much consideration as one's watch. The lungs are, indeed, what the watch is not, a self-cleaning apparatus. Yet there is a limit even to Nature's power of dusting out her works. It is said that the lung substance of every person who lives long in London is in greater or less degree dyed black with the carbon that is continually floating in the air of the city. As to London's being the healthiest large city in the world, as claimed by the health reports, it is enough to observe that these reports take no account of the immense multitude of persons who go back into the country, broken in health or fortune, to die.

Dust, then, is a danger quite as real as imperfect ventilation, and it is to be guarded against with more care than is generally employed. It is not a *fussy* rule to hold your breath in the thickest of the dust whirlwinds that one encounters daily in the dirty streets of our cities, or when, as daily in New York, upon our finest avenues, you have to run the gauntlet of those volcanic eruptions on wheels, the dust carts. Where else in the Western world are the cinders and the garbage of a rich man's house dumped into a cart at his own front door? With us, as with the ancient Egyptians, the plague of dust is mortal. By all means let us avoid foul air; but before we throw open our doors and windows, let us ask whether we are going to admit air that is pure.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Sale of a Wife.—Russian Jew-Haters.—A popular Idol.—Advantages of knowing modern Languages.—The Primrose League.

Let us hope that the report of the last Liverpool Assizes will not find its way to Paris to be reported on by some Mr. John Lemoine, and to corroborate the already prevalent views of his countrymen as to the sale of wives in England. A gentleman has been convicted of selling his spouse for a quart of beer, and, what is much more strange, neither he, nor his wife, nor the purchaser, seems to have entertained any doubt but that that simple bargain dissolved the bonds of matrimony in the one case and fixed them in the other.

"How did you come to marry this woman?" inquires his lordship, the judge, of the second husband.

"A bowt her."

"How much did you give for her?"

"Sixpence."

"And were you really fool enough to suppose that you could marry another man's wife?"

"Oi" (which is Lancashire for "yes").

"Do you want to continue to live with her?"

"Aul keep her if you loike."

The judge, who did not wish to incur this responsibility, was fairly flabbergasted, and contented himself with observing, "Everybody in this case has committed bigamy."

The philosopher may perhaps, like Dives, take comfort from the reflection that social rights are even less understood abroad than at home. At a school in Russia, where the profession of Christianity consists in hating the Jews, two young gentlemen, eleven and thirteen respectively, have shown much progress in divinity. A poor little Jew boy having been sent on a message to the school-room in their pedagogue's absence, they at once seized the opportunity of exercising an act of practical piety. "We will shoot this Jew dead," said the younger; and the elder assenting, they took a fowling-piece from the wall and killed him. Then, in order not to make a boast of their good action, they buried the body. The teacher has been "removed to another government."

An absolutely unexampled occurrence has taken place near Venice—a triple suicide. Two lovers in France, and a husband and wife in England, have often destroyed themselves, and there are cases in which parents, from excess of misery, have put an end to both themselves and their offspring; but that three persons should make up their minds to leave the world together at the same time is, so far as I know, without precedent. The victims were three sisters of good family, one suffering from approaching blindness and another from epilepsy, but the third "a young lady of extreme grace and beauty," who had announced her intention of not surviving her sisters. Their last act was to place a wreath of flowers upon their mother's tomb. This is "a riddle of the painful earth" indeed.

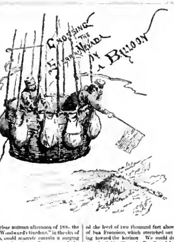
False prophets who are held to be true ones in their own country are not confined to the Soudan. There is a large and influential class who are ready to make not only a prophet, but an idol, of any man who is worth over a million. Lord Overstone having died worth "between twelve and twenty million," is with these people a divinity. Of course his wealth is exaggerated, but at all events he has died shamefully rich. We are told with exultation by his admirers that he had "three hundred thousand pounds a year, and lived upon the interest of his interest." It is added as "rather remarkable," considering his money was made in London and Manchester, that neither of those two cities can point to any work which the great banker has done for them.

It is certainly an advantage to speak German when you don't want to be understood by a third person. On Friday last a man walked into a German jeweller's shop, whose wife only was at the counter, and pocketed (as he thought unseen by her) a couple of watches. Presently her husband entered, and while the thief stood unconsciously at the counter, thinking of what he should steal next, she gave in German a description of what had happened to her spouse. Whereupon, without the least fuss, or so much as an unpleasant word, he beckoned a policeman, and gave the one-languaged individual into custody.

The Crown Prince of Portugal, I am told, can speak fourteen languages, but he does not seem to say anything of much importance in any of them. Mr. Wolf, who is in trouble about blowing up the German Embassy, can speak six. When asked whether he wished for an interpreter, he was rather puzzled. As the case was "serious," he admitted it would be advisable; but, on the other hand, he scarcely knew which tongue was the most familiar to him. In the end, however, he selected German.

It is rather remarkable, considering the strong objections always expressed by Lord Beaconsfield against secret societies, that some of his followers should have banded themselves together in this very way to carry out certain rules and objects "not to be divulged except to members." They have dubbed themselves the Primrose League, out of compliment, no doubt, to their deceased leader's memory, but it seems to me a very inappropriate title for doubtless so formidable a conspiracy. It reminds me of the Jacobite drama in which Buckstone used to play, where the watchword of the rebels was, "The white rose is a pretty flower"; nor shall I easily forget the assumed obtuseness of the comedian when these words were confided to him, or the indifference with which he was wont to reply, "Well, and whoever said it wasn't?" There is an observation made by Shakespeare which must have escaped the recollection of the founders of the present flowery league, since they neglect its obvious warning, "The primrose path that leads to the everlasting bonfire."

R. KEMBLE, of London.



Late on a clear autumn afternoon of 188- the well-known "Woodward's Gardens," in the city of San Francisco, could scarcely contain a surging crowd come together from all quarters of the city to witness the ascent of a monster balloon. In that ascent our artist and the faithful reporter were directly interested; nor was the flight into ether which they and the captain (an experienced aeronaut) of the undertaking proposed by any means a commonplace affair, being no less than an attempt to cross in mid-air the mighty range of the Sierra Nevada, and land far on the other side of that tremendous palisade in Salt Lake City itself.

It is hardly necessary to state that this aeronautic feat had never been accomplished. Undertaken, the truthful writer regrets to confess, it had been, and by the same venturesome trio, who, sitting in shame on the roof of the cow-shed where they had collapsed at the very outset of their trip, railed at the brick chimney which had wrecked their air-ship, endured the jeers of the throng below with humility, and vowed to repeat the attempt within a week. A charity picnic afforded an excellent opportunity. The balloon had been patched, the temper of the trio restored, and once again the immense swollen bag tugged in air, pulling with all of its 84,000 cubic feet of gas for freedom.

Our party were fairly prompt. We took our places amid the cheers of the crowd. Everything was looked to quickly. "Are you ready?" rang out the question. "Ready; let go!" assented the captain. The cables were jerked off; with the sweep of the hurricane our aerostat shot up into space. The ground, the crowd, the buildings surrounding the gardens, the tallest tree-tops outlying us, dropped like enchantment below—still further below—far beneath. Our undertaking was well begun.

So much has been said of the impressions which the air-voyager derives during the first half-hour of his ascent that space may be saved here. The thrill of intense excitement at all connection with earth being sundered; the upturned faces and black coats in the concourse of spectators becoming black and white dots; the universal "fore-shortening" of all creation as one looks down upon it—all combine to produce a feeling that can never pall. The fascination of floating at so vast an altitude as a balloon can soon attain is delirious. Few persons are troubled by giddiness. Confused sounds rise fitfully to the car, one scarcely distinguishable from the rest. A kind of intoxication steals over the navigator. To live and move then seems a rapture. Small wonder that the man who "balloons" once will "balloon" again and again, each time becoming more infatuated in tempting fate.

Our evening was perfectly serene and cloudless. A gentle breeze wafted us northward. The earth became a pale green and gray map as we reached the level of two thousand feet above the bay of San Francisco, which stretched out glimmering toward the horizon. We could discern the city, the Golden Gate, the Farallone Islands. On the east rose Mount Diablo and the Coast Range summits. Northward rippled Sacramento Bay, with a golden dust of cloud hanging over it. The prospect invigorated us, and soda-water was appropriately absorbed by all present, stronger beverages being interdicted.

Sunset came on. We had been gradually reaching the speed of twenty miles an hour. Not that it was possible to perceive the fact without scientific help. Even if a hurricane be blowing, there is still the endless sensation of floating, floating, for the air-current and the air-ship keep exact pace. Thanks to the pieces of tissue-paper which were flung out lavishly from time to time, and to the gauze streamers fluttering from our cordage, we could ascertain the direction of the wind. Even a few handfuls of sand thrown out from the ballast bags hanging over the basket's rail caused us to rise perceptibly, for the best and most delicate scales in the chemist's laboratory can not register the fractions of an ounce as does the balloon. The sun went down. Dusk advanced. "We must descend and put up for the night, friends," said our captain. With the vault above turning to a deep indigo, we sank gently, and skirted along the country from which the Coast Range rises.

We were just in time to attract the attention of a number of farm hands returning from work through the fields. With much shouting back and forth our dragging ropes were caught and made fast. "Tie it to anything from a gate post to a steeple," suggested our artist, in a series of whoops worthy of a calliope. After a stiff battle, in which some of our kind assisters were pretty severely pulled about, we found ourselves on *terra firma*, and on the way to a neighboring farm-house. There we made light of a famous supper, washed down gayly with certain superb California wine. Our first stage was accomplished, and we slept the sleep which it would be a great pity for only the just to enjoy.

"Daylight already?" was the common exclamation when our vigilant captain administered sundry shakings to each one of us. In an hour breakfast was over, and we were retracing our steps through the fields. The anchors were loosed after hearty hand-shakes with our hospitable hosts; once more the delightful sensation of boundless freedom and buoyancy. "Isn't this rising early in the morning with a vengeance?" queried one of the fraternity, as the captain announced us to be overtopping sixteen thousand feet.

"The man who will make a joke of that character under such serious circumstances deserves to be thrown out of this conveyance," responded the captain, grimly. But our atmospheric conditions were not long favorable to joking. The

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM THE BALLOON.

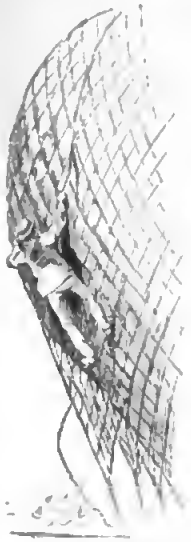
cold grew intense. Our voices seemed mysteriously muffled, and it was necessary to shout instead of chat. Ears tingled, and the rush of blood to the head foreshadowed the sudden nose-bleedings that followed. Our captain, prudent sailor, thoroughly appreciated of boatsanding the aeronautical powers of his craft. We dropped space to a warmer and more normal level, where life was livable at lower pressure.

By this time our second day was well begun. The morning mists evaporated around, above, and below us. The west wind spun us toward the gigantic peaks of the Sierra Nevada, which finally mounted the eastern sky in full sight. We greeted them with cheers.

"Ah, old fellows, we will be on the other side of you soon!" cried one of the party.

"Take care," responded the captain, smilingly; "you are by no means there yet."

Beautifully pencilled in green and black, the forest slopes ascended to our view. "Look over there," ejaculated the captain. "Do you make out the track of the Central Pacific? See! there is a train climbing up that grade!" Our artist did make out railroad and train, and contrived to sketch the scene. In a little time we passed nearly over both, and caught the rumble and roar of wheels and the sight of a flurry of saluting handkerchiefs from the car windows. But our mighty air-ship could not delay for courtesies: the lightning express fell far behind. Steadily, a fair and all else favorable, we rose and swept forward. With a fresh cheer we saw the highest peak of the lofty mountain wilderness lying three thousand feet beneath us. "At this rate we shall be on the other side and asleep in Salt Lake City to-night," cried two of us.



A PERILOUS FEAT.

Alas! this boast was scarcely uttered before its punishment came upon us. Streaks of cloud suddenly appeared above the great Nevada table-lands. The wind veered in the north. Its speed and force increased each moment. Our captain's uneasiness grew evident. A moisture like dew began to freeze over us. We began to sink rapidly. Clearly we were in train for experiences of a most unexpected sort.

"Throw out the ballast!" called our captain. Rising once more, we darted into a dense cloud, and there drifted with lightning speed still northward. Water from upon our cordage. There was only one thing now to do. "Over with all the ballast!" commanded our leader. The command was in vain. We shot down perpendicularly with the speed of a bullet—1400 feet in each second. Presently the whistling of the gale in the tree-tops of the mountain summits became terribly audible. To land under such conditions was impossible. Everything we possessed was tossed overboard—our spare clothing, our provisions—still to no purpose.

A moment or two later, with a series of crashes and bounds and leaps that made us hold on like grim death itself, our basket was dragged through the thick-set pine-tops. Who could fitly describe the frightful sensations that ensued? With all visions dissipated of success in our expedition, and possibly reaching Salt Lake City or anywhere else alive, we crouched with clinched hold and set teeth in the wicker car. Occasionally, as we were borne across some depression in the mountain sides, we were free from collisions, and were swept somewhat upward. I well remember that during one of these intervals our captain, finding the rope of the escape valve had become entangled above, with masterly address clambered the net-work of the bounding globe, and clinging tightly to what slender hold he found, adjusted it. It was a feat to tremble at in recollecting. In less than ten minutes after it had been accomplished we struck the tree-tops again, and were hurled more murderously than ever amongst these crackling branches, until with one tremendous shock our basket struck the stronger limbs of a sturdy forest giant, and held him. To pull the tipping rope was the work of a second. With a crash a whole seam of the balloon parted. The gas fell about us in our wretched situation, nearly choking us. Our late transit was spent, and hung suspended from its eminent peg, the panting. We were safe.

UP A TREE.

Upon the remaining adventures of that luckless day neither reporter nor artist is disposed to dilate. Our valiant captain, being moved to such untimely ends to all the pomp and circumstance of glorious ballooning, was subsequently seen to smile over the affair.

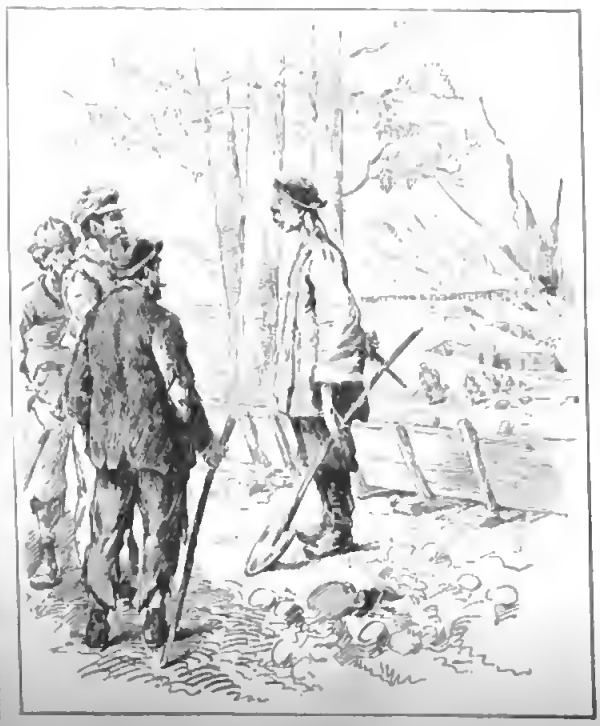
With vast difficulty we managed to glide down the slippery trunk of the pine, whose only branches among which we were perched, grew eighty feet from the ground. We had landed on the summit of a spur of the Sierras. By compass we took our bearings, and set out for shelter. Around us rose the wilderness pure and simple. There was no trace of road or habitation, and we were forced to fight our way through the dense undergrowth until nightfall. Without provisions, and utterly exhausted, our little party threw themselves down under the thicket's shelter, and slept till the pallid dawn. A second day of such fruitless wandering meant something so nearly approaching to death that we hardly cared to contemplate it as we trudged onward.

By noon of the second day the strength of one of the party had given out entirely. The other two were manfully preparing to carry him between them, when a roaring brook was struck, and feebly followed with reviving hope. It was scarcely a quarter of an hour before the expected house was discovered, at the foot of a steep declivity. A solitary Chinaman stood beside it plying a spade. We made our way toward him. At first our haggard appearance and scarcely understood tongue made the suspicious Celestial little disposed to listen to us or have aught to do with us; but, speedily becoming convinced that we had no designs upon his claim, he lent a very wandering and compassionate ear to the narrative which our captain communicated, and presently summoned all his [illegible] fellow-ship [illegible] to our succor and aid us. We [illegible] kindly cared for by our [illegible] fared friends [illegible] the two days which we found we must pass in that lonely cabin before mules and wagons and men could be summoned from Nevada City, fifty miles distant.

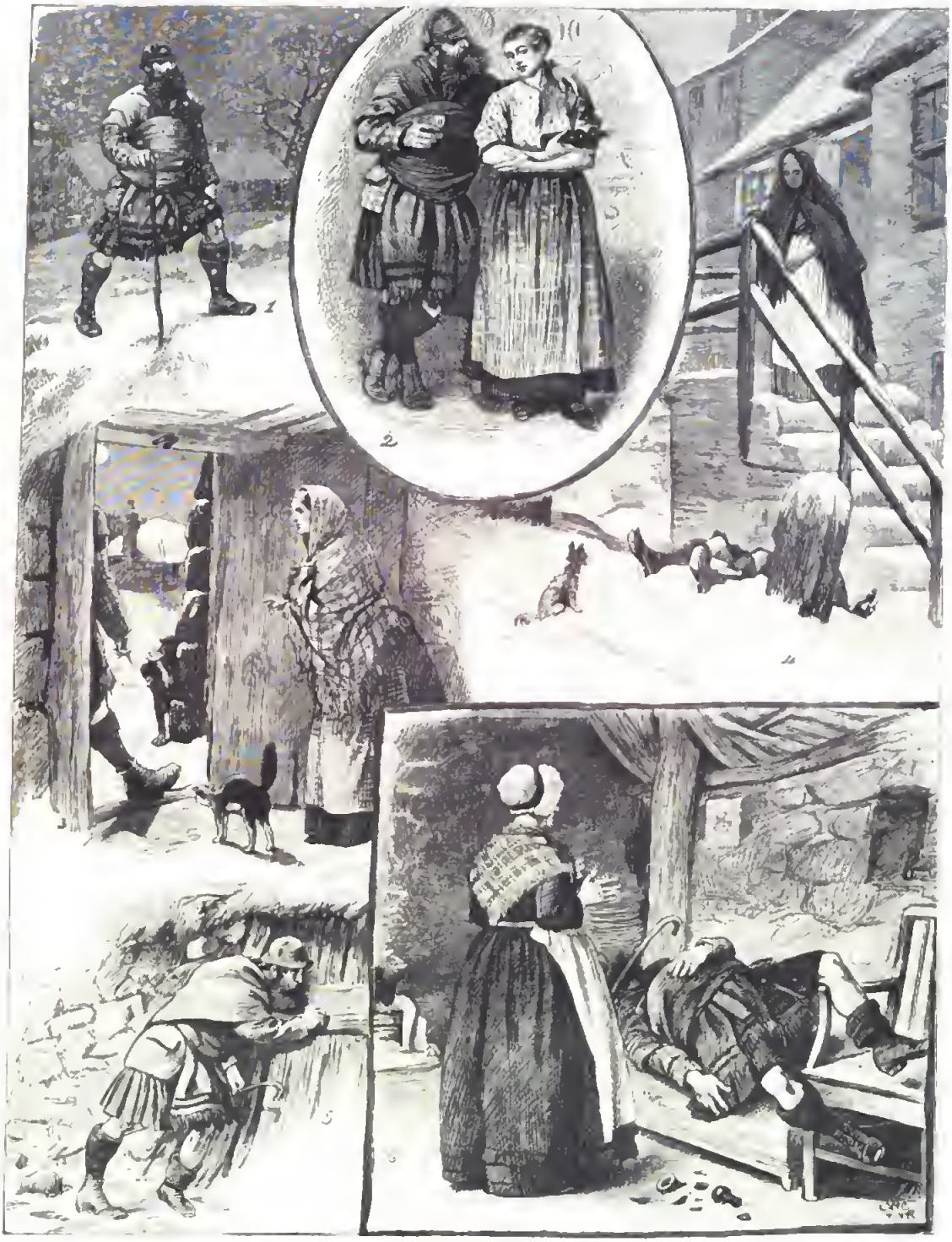
Where they arrived the balloon was looked up, and, ripped apart, forwarded to Reno. The [illegible] taken, and our [illegible] speeded to San Francisco [illegible], but with thankful souls. We [illegible] at the [illegible] and parted, each man eager to return to friends who had well nigh given him up for lost.

And, nevertheless—if I remember rightly, our very last sentences [illegible] converted a certain and stubborn but in favor of the [illegible] of our aerial undertaking, for, as has been said, though [illegible] yet all his fully not depart from him—[illegible] of our trip, it is to be feared, never.

FRIENDLY ASSISTANCE.



A SUSPICIOUS CELESTIAL.



THE FIRST-FOOTING.

1. Hamish starts to First-Foot his lass and various cousins. 2. "Next year, Maggie, I'll hae to gang outside the door before I come in." 3. "Is that Mhàle McNab or Will McNab?" "Toots, woman, it's none of us: it's me." 4. "Come awa in, Hamish." "Ye'll need tie a bit o' string round me fut and dra' it in." 5. The last call. "Oh, are ye sleeping, Maggie?" (Unfortunately he was knocking at the cow-shed.) 6. Hours next morning. "Just like his puir father," said his admiring mother.

FIRST-FOOTING.

THERE are two kinds of "first-footing" in Scotland, which are still observed in the rural districts of that country on New-Year's Day, although not to the extent of former times. There is the "uncoall," or "hot pint," when neighbors carrying a kettle of hot ale, sweetened and spiced, and with an infusion of spirits, visit each other's houses when the knell of the departed year has struck. Each member of the family drink good wishes for the new year. Those who enter a house first after the clock has struck twelve are called "first-foot."

The other "first-footing" is of the character of gallant adventure. The ardent lover issues forth at the witching hour in the hope that, in answer to his knock, the young maiden of his choice will open the door, when he can demand the favor of a kiss as her "first foot." But sometimes, either through accident or as a practical joke, the door may be opened by some wizen-faced grandam instead of the blooming Jenny or Maggie.

TWO KINGS AND THEIR COOKS.

WE have all heard a great deal about the connection between cookery and civilization, and if we believed half we have heard we might suppose that cookery was not only the first impulse toward civilization, but its crowning triumph, and that the cook was at once the chief cause and the chief event of history.

For myself, I do not believe so much as this. I might admit, perhaps, that there was something in the character of Caresema's menus that tended to the precipitating of three kings in succession—his employers—from their thrones, and that a something mystic, fatal, ferocious, in his side dishes assisted to three times emptying the Tuileries of its royal inmates. But I could not go so far as to say that his seasonings have had any lasting influence upon the policy of French democracy. However this may be, I have within my own experience met, in the person, two kings—dethroned and decooked—whose loss of a throne coincided with the loss of a cook.

When I had the honor of his acquaintance his Highness Yakoob Khan was Ameer of Cabool, but, from causes that I need not here recall, he saw fit to abdicate his Afghan throne, and was deported, "for urgent political reasons," into British India. Mark the con-

picuous position in this imperial overthrow at once assumed by the Ameer's cook!

On the one side stood Western Asia, on the other British India, with all eyes intent upon the Afghan prince to note his next act. A British general was at his gates demanding abdication. Would he abdicate or not? Peace or war depended upon his decision. Two armies stood at ease to catch his next word. The Russian General Tergukasoff, scampering away, beaten, from the Tekke Turkomans, checked his headlong flight, and the Tekke Turkomans their furious pursuit. The Mask-of-the-Earth, and the other fanatical moollahs who had been stirring up strife among the tribes, held their breath; the Ghilzai, stooping to set a match to a dead Ghilzai's brother, burned his own fingers, inattentive to the burning; the live Ghilzai, tugging off a camel's skin, paused to listen just as he had got it over the ears. From the Oxus to the Helmund, and away across the stately Indus to the rivers of Hindostan, a thousand miles rested on tiptoe.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a voice protesting against exile. It was the Ameer's cook!

He refused to abdicate—to quit the palace. His royal master expostulated, but in vain. The cook refused to go from Cabool, and the sovereign refused to go without his cook. Peace and war trembled in the balances. Diplomacy stood by perplexed, and all India asked, "What is the new complication?" But it was only the cook; and awaiting his acquiescence, Great Britain held her sword half unsheathed for several days!

At last, however, by a desperate effort, Yakoob Khan tore himself away from his palace, from his cook, and a sigh of relief traversed the British dominions from Pall Mall to Calcutta. So the prince was led away into exile, while his faithless *chef* remained behind to cook for his successor—an exile imbittered by the ever-recurring regret for "the touch of a vanished hand" from favorite kabob and pilau, from the sherbet that soul loved, and the mishan that was dear to him!

In Zulu was afforded me another experience of the extraordinary influence of cooks upon kings. No impression had been made upon Cetywayo by his defeat at Kambula, for he set off his victory at Zhlobane against it, while in the British camp the triumph of the relief of Etshowe was obscured by the tragedy on the Tugela River, where a Zulu cow charged General Crealock, and, in spite of all his strategy and all his staff, rolled him over to the Zulu mud.

Fortune thus held her scales with even hand, and while the fat chief Oham was swearing to in the west of the demoralization of his countrymen, the lanky Dabulamanzi in the east was taking long shots at John Dunn with one of John Dunn's own rifles.

At this critical moment, Cetywayo, the king, quarrelled with his cook, and no sooner had the distinguished recreant come into the British camp with his retinue of eighteen followers (presumably turnspits) than the importance of the defection from the royal kitchen became evident, and even Lord Chelmsford's mean capacity grasped the fact that the dynasty of Chaka was doomed.

The British troops were allowed to concentrate without opposition, and Evelyn Wood swept Zululand unchallenged. The Zulus had lost heart—their king had lost his cook! With a want of decision utterly foreign to his character, Cetywayo ordered war one day and countermanded it the next, but, under the ever-present sense of calamity impending upon him, kept daily falling back, and at last he reached the Umbobosi, "the cradle of his power," and fatal Ulundi. The rest is well known. Cook or no cook, sovereigns are worth half a struggle more, and then the dragoons pounced upon him. The wretched monarch, just before his capture, had himself assisted at the torrefaction—if I may use such a word, for I can not call it cooking—of a cow, and hence, no doubt, the sadness that marked his countenance when taken prisoner. To be dethroned is in itself sufficient to induce melancholy, but what a dejection must accompany dethronement when indigestion has supervened! PHIL ROBINSON.

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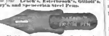

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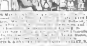

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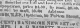

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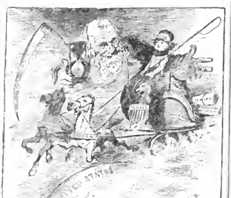

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CARLISLE, BLAND, AND BUCKNER.

IT is obvious that the election of Mr. CARLISLE as Speaker was a very great surprise to the country, and that it has disturbed if not alarmed business circles. It is a current remark that everything will be inactive until it is seen what course will be taken with the finances and the tariff, for the appointment of Mr. BLAND as chairman of the Committee on Coinage and of Mr. BUCKNER to the head of the Committee on Banking and Currency are very significant and justly surprising incidents. The Democratic consciousness of the critical situation for the party is shown by the incessant apologies, explanations, and deprecations which have followed the election of Speaker. They all show what we have already said, and what should seem to be evident enough, that a party can not be adjusted to a real issue, but must be made by it. It is very certain that if the Democratic party should discard the principle of protection, Mr RANDALL must cease to be a Democrat, and that if it adopts it, the only question between the parties as at present constituted is not one of principle, but of the application of the same principle. The country will certainly not support the Democratic party upon an issue of differently adjusted protection, or because some energetic Democrats declare that it is not a free-trade party, but a party bent only upon the proper degree of protection.

The incessant assertion that old issues are settled, that the war is ended, that there is no sectional or Southern question, that the only living questions are those of economy, of finance, of taxation, may be acknowledged to be true. But it does not follow that the parties are therefore organized upon the new questions. On the contrary, it may be assumed very confidently that they are not. There are two vital considerations in the situation which many of the most vehement and dogmatic speculators overlook: one is the profound distrust of the Democratic party, and the other is the division of sentiment in both parties upon the new questions. The reasons of the distrust are familiar. But among the more recent reasons is the Democratic sympathy with false and dangerous financial theories. The financial perils since the war have been possible national dishonor in some form of repudiation, all the varieties of the greenback and silver "cease," and hostility to the national bank system. The chief support of all these vagaries has been Democratic, and no sooner is Mr. CARLISLE elected Speaker than he gives the chairmanship of the Banking Committee to the most notorious foe of the national banks, and of the Coinage Committee to the most conspicuous silver maniac in the country. And this performance is explained by saying that these gentlemen mean no mischief, and that in any case their appointment was a party necessity.

The latter is very probable. But the dullest Democrat would agree that this is hardly a course or a confession which tends to remove distrust of the Democratic party. The statement is that the election of Mr. CARLISLE means a new Democratic departure. Mr. CARLISLE'S appointments indicate tariff changes in the sense of free trade, the destruction of the national banks, and the substitution for them of banking by the government, with increased if not illimitable silver coinage, when even now the Treasury is choked with silver dollars which nobody wants. This is the actual position, and it is not to be obscured by saying that the Democratic party has at last declared for the great principle of revenue reform in a non protective sense. Have Mr RANDALL and the Pennsylvania Democrats declared for it? Have Mr. GIBSON and the Louisiana sugar-growing Democrats declared for it? Have the New York *Sun* and its adherents declared for it? And if they have—which does not yet appear—have they also declared war upon the national banking system, and do they demand unlimited silver? Do the Democrats who insist that Jeffersonian and Jacksonian Democracy means incidental protection accept revenue reform in a free trade sense as Democratic policy? Independent spectators friendly to tariff reform exhort the Democrats to hew to the line, as the little boy in the unpromising fight was strenuously urged to go in and win. But do these counsellors suppose that the party which has tried every trick to obtain power, even to the nomination for the Presidency of an antislavery protectionist, will deliberately sacrifice itself, and precipitate a new organization of parties, for "a great principle"? The present situation offers another proof added to those already accumulated of the apparent incompetency of the Democratic party to direct the government of this country.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND'S MESSAGE.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND'S Message to the Legislature of New York is a clear and comprehensive survey of the condition of the State, and contains various suggestions which deserve careful attention. The Governor's general statement of the achievements of the last few years is very gratifying to a just State pride, and the whole Message is stamped with the earnestness of a public officer mainly intent upon the public welfare, and not upon party advantage or personal ambition. The chief omission in the Message is that of the subject of municipal reform, except so far as it is treated in the approval of the reformed methods of administration introduced by Mayors Ennox and Low. This omission, taken in concert with the rather impertinent allusion of the Lieutenant-Governor to charter reform in this city, seems to imply that a law looking to the correction of anomalies and abuses in the present city system might not find favor with the Executive. The Governor's candor and public spirit, however, would certainly secure deliberate consideration of any reasonable scheme of improvement.

The most important recommendation of the Message is that of a Superintendent of State Charities in place of the present Board of Charities, the Commissioner of Lunacy, and the local boards of trustees, and the Governor lays great stress upon the abuses which were recently exposed at the Western House of Refuge. But would the proposed change probably effect such incidents? If a State Board faithfully and efficiently doing its duty, and local boards of trustees, and a local Superintendent, may be deceived, is there any reason to suppose that a single Superintendent, charged with the care of all the institutions, would not be sometimes outwitted? Much undoubtedly may yet be done to improve the system of State care of such institutions. A Commission of Lunacy, for instance, charged with the separate and special care of the insane, is very desirable, and it would obviate any possible conflict of authority. Greater exactitude in accounts might be enforced. But, upon the whole, the State institutions of charity are doing so well and progressing so favorably under the present system that it would seem wiser to strengthen and modify that than to introduce on entirely new scheme. It is true that the prisons show a pecuniary balance in favor of the State—a fact which very properly may have impressed the Governor. But it is also true that such a fact does not prove the good condition of the prisons. On the contrary, there is very much room for improvement.

The Governor is averse to any considerable purchase of Adirondack lands in order to save the water supply, thinking that the object can be secured by stricter laws, rigorously enforced, protecting the State lands, by shortening the time between levying taxes and selling for non-payment, and the time allowed after sale for redemption. This is a very important subject, and it is not to be summarily disposed of. The general tone and spirit of the Message, without reference to specific suggestions, are admirable, and wholly becoming the Chief Magistrate of a great commonwealth.

PRISON LABOR.

THE report of the Superintendent of Prisons in New York shows a clear balance to the credit of the State, and it is understood that he is not unfavorable to the contract system which enables him to make so good a showing, or that, at least, he would let well alone. This was apparently the general view of his predecessor, Mr. PILSBURY, although he agreed that the subject was "surrounded with difficulties." The "Labor Congress" in New Jersey has put forth a plan of convict labor. It proposes to abolish the contract labor system; to employ prisoners in the production of articles for State institutions, and to put those not needed for such work upon "piece price" labor: to employ no more than twenty convicts upon one branch; to limit the hours of work to eight, and to authorize a board to fix a price, so that State-prison goods should not undersell others. But the question must be determined by sundry other considerations than those of the competition of labor and of self-support, and this, it is to be hoped, will not be forgotten by the Legislature.

The penal system, like the postal system, is not primarily designed to be self-supporting, although that is a very desirable consideration, nor to be regulated by fears of competition. The mails carry letters and newspapers to points where the carriage is a pecuniary loss, because of the general public advantage derived from such facilities. It also carries parcels and packages at rates fixed by considerations of the public convenience, and not at all with reference to competition with private express companies. The principle is the public convenience and advantage, and if without sacrificing those objects the Post-office can be made to pay, as Postmaster-General JAMES was very sure that with proper care it could be—which seems also to be the view of Postmaster-General GRESHAM—so much the better. But General GRESHAM very properly does not hesitate because of the possible immediate loss of revenue to recommend certain reductions of rate to promote the public convenience and consequent advantage. The principle of a wise penal system is the reformation of the convicts. It does not contemplate their seclusion for a certain time to meditate new crimes, and then expulsion to commit them. It is not merely punishment which it has in view, like shutting a refractory child in a dark closet, but fitting the prisoner to live decently among other men. Consequently the most capable authorities advocate discretionary sentences and penalties, and the ticket-of-leave system is founded upon the same general view. In such a penal system labor is imperative, for nothing is more harmful to a prisoner, and nothing more unjust to the honest tax-paying laborer outside of the prison, than to maintain convicts in idleness.

But if the convict must work, he should work in the way which will be most useful to himself, and therefore to the public, in securing the purpose of his imprisonment, which is reformation. He must work in a way to promote his self respect. It is not enough that he should walk on a treadmill, but he should feel that he is of some use to himself and to others. For the same reason of promoting reformation there should be instruction in the prisons. At Auburn, we believe, there were formerly evening schools, which were abolished upon the ground that the teachers interfered with discipline. If this, however, was a valid reason, the contract system should have been abolished long ago. The admirable report of Professor DWIGHT and the late Dr. WINES as long ago as 1867 stated as the first great objection to the contract system the certain demoralization and consequent ruin of discipline which it produced. The point to be remembered is that any legislative changes which may be made in the prison system of labor should be based upon some sound principle. There must be productive convict labor, and such production will necessarily compete with other production. This can not be avoided, and the Legislature will remember that the abolition of the contract system was not sought at the late election by intelligent friends of the prisons, but by demagogues to pander to an ignorant feeling. The feeling invoked was that prisoners are merely reprobates to be severely punished, and that their productive labor is a wrong to honest men. But that kind of feeling would easily demand that convicts should be immured for their term, fed on bread and water, and then turned loose upon the community. It would enforce in prisons the system which has long been abandoned in insane asylums as inhumanly cruel and stupidly impolitic.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

THE article upon the government of the city of New York in another part of this paper is well worthy of the most serious attention. It is long, but it is very interesting, and it is the result of careful research and the collation of much evidence. It is a revelation of the utterly chaotic and irresponsible system of municipal government which the Lieutenant Governor of the State thinks that it would be better not to touch, because constant changes in city charters are unwise. The article criticises a system rather than men, and admits that the officers are often well-meaning. But they are powerless in the grasp of the evil system.

The article, having shown the urgent necessity of change, does not hesitate to advocate it, and points out some of the details in which specific changes are desirable. It is unseemly in the Lieutenant-Governor to stigmatize the protests of the tax-payers of New York and their demand that such a system of government as is here described shall be reformed as "the usual annual clamor." The system was devised by the TWEED Ring to facilitate its robbery of the city treasury, and there will certainly be a clamor until it is changed.

The article will undoubtedly increase the clamor. Mayor ENSON, the chief officer of the city, has frankly confessed his inability under the present system to do much more than contemplate his own powerlessness. His predecessor, Mayor GRACE, has pointed out in detail the same chartered inability of the Mayor. They both agree in the general conclusion which the article reaches, that the first cardinal step of reform is the concentration of responsibility. That is a fundamental principle of efficient administration, and it should be the central object of changes in the municipal administrative system of the city.

THE PROGRESS OF REFORM.

IN his selection of examiners, Mayor ENSON, of New York, like the Governor of the State and Mayor LOW, of Brooklyn, has given evidence of his entire good faith in carrying out the rules which he has adopted for reform in the method of appointment to certain positions in the municipal service. The gentlemen designated to supervise the examinations for clerical positions, or places in Schedule B, of the scheme already published, are Messrs. CHARLES S. FAIR-

CHILD, J. SEAVER PAGE, and A. R. MACDONOUGH. Mr. MACDONOUGH and Mr. FAIRCHILD are earnest friends of reform, and familiar with its details; Mr. PAGE, we understand, is also sincerely interested in the good work. Drs. BURCHARD and MANLY, medical experts, are appointed to examine candidates for nurses, orderlies, and attendants in hospitals.

Thus, in a year from the passage of the bill, the reformed method is organized in the national service and in that of the State and city of New York, and public interest is so aroused and public intelligence upon the subject is so developed that any serious evasion or foul play to any branch of the service to which the reformed method has been applied will be detected and exposed.

It is certainly fortunate that the Chief Magistrate of the State of New York, and the Mayors of the two great cities of New York and Brooklyn, are honestly friendly to the reform. Like the President, each of them had the power of quietly baffling the reformed system under the pretense of enforcing it, and, like him, they have honestly sought to execute the law in its own spirit and for its own purpose.

THE LATE COLONEL KANE.

THE late Colonel THOMAS L. KANE, brother of the arctic explorer, was one of the most interesting and chivalric figures in his native State of Pennsylvania. Nowhere is social conservatism stronger than in that community, but Colonel KANE never bowed the knee to any form of Baal. When "the fashion" and the "good society" of Philadelphia were intensely pro-slavery, young KANE resigned his United States Commissionership rather than return to slavery men and women guilty of no crime but that of risking their lives to escape bondage.

When the Abolitionists were mobbed at the old Tabernacle in New York, Colonel KANE—a slight and fearless youth—made the notorious leader of the rioters quail. It was an instinctive manly honor, a natural love of honest liberty and fair play which, without pretense or flourish or ostentation of any kind, kept him always true to justice and humanity.

In the war, Mr. KANE was the Colonel of the famous Bucktail Regiment of Pennsylvanians, which he led with superb heroism, retiring at last with a wound that disabled him for life. He befriended the Indians, and went to Utah to effect an understanding between the Government and the Mormons. During later years he has lived much out of the city. There was a certain buoyancy of spirit and wayward vigor of nature in Colonel KANE, a delightful independence and freedom from conventional timidity, which recalled earlier and remoter figures of the heroic type. He was a most loyal and trusty friend, and neither lapse of time nor long silence touched his affectionate fidelity. To have known him once is to remember him always with admiration.

"THE BREAD-WINNERS."

No serial story recently published has excited more general attention than the *Bread-Winners*, which is just issued in a volume by the HARPERS. The interest of the tale is attested by the general verdict of those who have read it as it appeared, and the literary skill of many parts of the work is undeniable. It is an interest of portraiture rather than of plot, and the story is social in the usual sense rather than in that which the title suggests. It is not a polemical novel, and does not deal primarily with the question of bread-winning, although the social relations of "labor and capital" are involved in the tale. It is a thoroughly American book, and reveals the practiced eye of wide experience, unless, indeed, the well-guarded anonymity conceals a talent where instinctive perception supplies the want of actual observation. In any event the appearance of such a book shows, like Miss WOOLSON'S *Anne*, that, despite hard conditions, the genius of American story-telling still lives.

MR. LOWELL RESIGNS THE RECTORSHIP.

MR. LOWELL has resigned the Rectorship of St. Andrews in consequence of practical objections to holding the office by a foreigner. His resignation, however, leaves the honor and significance of his election untouched, and at the request of the university he will deliver an address to the students. The fact remains that the young men of the university preferred to confer the highest honor in their gift upon an American poet and scholar, and it is a signal proof of their generosity.

With all the alleged taste for British precedents and approval in our higher American colleges, it is certainly very doubtful whether, had those colleges been able to confer a similar honor, they would have selected any living Englishman as against an American to be its recipient. Mr. GLADSTONE, indeed, was invited to deliver the Chancellor's address at Union College a few years ago. But the invitation, we presume, proceeded from the authorities of the university, and there was no choice of candidates proposed to the students.

Meanwhile we may commiserate the implacable Mr. ROBINSON that the "employé of the government" has ceased to be a Lord Rector without the protest and intervention of the American Congress, and amid the general regret of those who elected him. Mr. HEWITT also has lost the opportunity of introducing a resolution requesting the President to inquire whether the election of Mr. LOWELL, who is not an agreeable person to some Irish demagogues, was conducted in accordance with the laws of Great Britain.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

No woman of her time better deserved a statue than HARRIET MARTINEAU. She had the talent of a public teacher, and she did very much to elevate and wisely direct public opinion upon many vital questions. Her statue has been placed appropriately in Boston, because in Boston the woman who was the most eminent woman of her day, and whose favor gave importance and dignity to any cause, openly manifested her sympathy with the greatest, but also, at the time, the most contemned, cause in America.

Antislavery sentiment is now commonplace. An American would more readily declare himself in favor of a monarchy than of slavery. But in the homes that warmly welcomed the famous Miss MARTINEAU the name of abolitionist was almost, but in another way, as odious as that of polygamist would be now. That a woman of her position should be willing to associate with such people, and publicly profess their views, was a commendation of their cause such as it had not before received.

The erection of the statue in Boston is chiefly due to the interest and efforts of the life-long friend and biographer of Miss MARTINEAU, Mrs. MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN. The sculptor is Miss WHITNEY, who designed the admirable statue of SUMNER. At the unveiling the speakers were Mrs. LIVERMORE, Mr. WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, Jun., and WENDELL PHILLIPS. The orators were in every way the most fitting that could have been selected; and the statue will be a perpetual memorial not only of a woman who well merits such commemoration, but of events and a condition of society which ought not to be forgotten.

PERSONAL.

AN esteemed correspondent of this journal reminds us that among the old sea-captains of the packet era was that gallant officer, JOHN W. STERLING, who commanded the ship *Splendid*, and often spoke of the crowds that came to see that "monster of five hundred tons" when she was at her dock in New York, New Orleans, or Havre. He spoke French and Spanish fluently, and was well acquainted with the literature of those languages and his own. A member of his family has the "protection" which he used to carry with him, and which describes the captain as "an American seaman, four feet eight and a half inches tall," the date being October 15, 1810. His sister married Captain ROBERT H. WATERMAN, whose ranch in California is run in as good order and is altogether as "ship-shape" as the clippers which he commanded him for keeping as clean as a lady's parlor all the way out to San Francisco and back again.

—Our readers will not be surprised to hear that the *Saturday Review* is much taken with Mr. HOWARD PYLE'S illustrations—"among the most beautiful of the year"—of *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*. Its pleasure, however, is not unmixed: "We are haunted all through," it complains, "by the unpleasant suspicion that Mr. PYLE is an American artist, and that our own country may not have the credit of these admirable drawings. We must hope this suspicion is unfounded; but, after several weeks' work at illustrated books, when something good crops up, unfortunately the law of analogy tells us it comes from the other side of the Atlantic."

—Mr. CHARLES TIFFANY'S new house is five stories high, and will cost five hundred thousand dollars. On the top floor Mr. LOUIS C. TIFFANY will have a large studio, fifty feet square and fifty feet high, with four immense fire-places; and the entire interior decoration of the edifice will reflect his taste.

—While travelling recently in Germany, Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE entered himself in a hotel register as "Elector of Middlesex," and was greeted on all sides with lavish honors. But this little joke had been played before by an American, the late Mr. WILLIAM A. SEAVER, formerly of the staff of HARPER'S WEEKLY, who boldly traded on his title of "Elector of New York" with much success and merriment.

—General CHARLES GORDON, generally known as "Chinese Gordon," was only thirty years old when placed in command of a division of the Chinese army. He always went unarmed in battle, even when foremost in the breach, directing his troops by waving a little cane. As he was uniformly victorious in his engagements, his Chinese soldiers considered the cane to be a magic wand which insured his protection and their triumph. The General is a lofty and admirable type, honest as he is brave.

—The native magistrates of India are in luck. They will be allowed to sentence Europeans to six months' imprisonment, instead of three months as heretofore.

—"I am delighted to see your Highness," said the Pope to the Crown Prince of Germany. "You know that many persons dissuaded me from seeing you; but how could I not receive the future ruler of Germany?" "My only mission," replied the Crown Prince, "is to express the lively desire of the Emperor and Prince BISMARCK that peace may be re-established between Church and State in Germany, compatibly with our institutions."

—Our esteemed contemporary the *Staats-Zeitung* has just entered its fiftieth year, and in commemoration of the event has published an interesting and very instructive sketch of its aims and triumphs. It claims to have the largest circulation of all the German dailies of the world, and it has consistently promulgated the principles of THOMAS JEFFERSON. It has been a steadfast foe of corrupt legislation, and a leading force in schemes of national and municipal reform. We congratulate Mr. OTTENDORFER on the honorable and commanding success of his able newspaper.

—"The Lullaby Sung me by Mother" is the title of a very charming ballad just issued by Mr. MAURER, of this city. The words are by FOSTER COATES, of the *Mail and Express*, and the composer has set them to a most pleasing and attractive melody.

—Sir THEODORE MARTIN having written a biography of Lord LYNDHURST, the latter's daughter publicly asks him this pointed question: "Do you consider that it bestows either dignity or credibility upon a biographer to be employed by others to blacken the character of a distinguished man personally unknown to him?"

—SARAH BERNHARDT has put on the stage of her theatre in Paris a play called *Nana Sahib*, which presents the author of the horrible massacre at Cawnpore as a liar, a thief, a monster of ferocity, and an ardent patriot. He is betrothed to the young, beautiful, and lovely daughter of Tippoo Sahib.

—ROSA BONHEUR'S health is such that the public can scarcely expect any more work from her brush. Some of her very best pictures are owned in this country.

—Whatever permanent memorial shall be established in honor of Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE, the committee intend to make it of the widest application so far as creed and nationality are concerned, and of a character adapted to benefit humanity at large.

—In the London public schools the head masters only are allowed to inflict corporal punishment on the pupils. The result is that the assistant teachers are induced to irregular, often cruel, and always unrecorded modes of punishment. It is now sought to give to the assistant teachers also permission to use the rod, requiring them to enter immediately in a book kept for the purpose every instance of corporal punishment.

—Very extraordinary police precautions are still taken at Hawarden for the safety of Mr. GLADSTONE. No one seems to know exactly why two officers, armed with revolvers, closely guarded the Premier a few days ago while he was cutting off the branches of a tree that had been blown down by the wind.

—Slaves in the Soudan are taken down to the coast, put on board a vessel, and shipped by night to Arabia, whence they are distributed to all parts of the Turkish Empire.

—On the 15th inst. the Legislature of Iowa will present KATE SHELLEY with a handsome medal of the value of $150, and $200 in money, in recognition of her heroic act in preventing, on the night of July 6, 1881, at the risk of her life, a disaster on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, near Moingona, Iowa, which would have resulted, but for her, in an appalling loss of human life. The medal has been prepared by TIFFANY & Co., of New York, and represents KATE in the act of crossing the railway bridge over the Des Moines River. Above are the words "Heroism, Youth, Humanity." On the reverse of the medal is the following inscription: "Presented by the State of Iowa to KATE SHELLEY, with the thanks of the General Assembly, in recognition of the courage and devotion of a child of fifteen years, whom neither the terror of the elements nor the fear of death could appall in her efforts to save human life during the terrible storm and flood in the Des Moines Valley on the night of July 6, 1881." A portrait of this brave girl, with a poem descriptive of her heroic act, was printed in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, October 11, 1881.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

THE real Common Council of New York city sits more than a hundred miles from the City Hall, on the rural heights of Albany, and of the three hundred gentlemen composing that body few only reside in the metropolis which they rule. Utterly irresponsible itself to the citizens whom it governs, this council has divided the city into a dozen independent municipalities, and has bestowed each, bound hand and foot, to the tender mercies of despotic boards. The history of our municipal government has shown that irresponsible single Commissioners may possibly be good officers, but that irresponsible executive boards necessarily become weak, and if not inefficient, corrupt. More to Albany than to New York are due the facts that, while the population of Manhattan Island has increased only fifty per cent during the last twenty years, the expenses of government have increased 450 per cent.; that practically it costs as much to govern New York as London; that the salary-maintenance of our parks exceeds that, acre for acre, in Brooklyn, Buffalo, and Philadelphia respectively, 1800, 3000, and 8000 per cent.; that the care of our property and lives has been subordinated to the protection and spoliation of 30,000 harlots, gamblers, and thieves; and that of its 10,000 employés the city supports 3000 sinecures in comparative if not elegant luxury. Albany has graciously bestowed upon New York a form of government under which the city is farmed out to non-elective and independent Commissioners with power well-nigh absolute, and with tenure during bad behavior.

Twenty-four gentlemen receive severally $2000 a year for meeting one half hour weekly at the City Hall for the purpose of granting to their constituents the erection of liquor signs and bay windows in a manner prohibited by the city ordinances. It is not an exaggeration to say that practically the whole municipal business of the Board of Aldermen is this special infraction of the city laws. Over the city expenditures, over the public works, the sewers, the opening or closing of streets, the parks, docks, and the police, they have absolutely no control. Of the markets alone they have some supervision; from the granting of franchises they may rise to fortune. Their existence is a farce. They have practically no legislative power, and their slight executive duties would be far better performed by the Mayor. Sixteen strong men, with salaries amounting to $10,000 per annum, are occupied with the mighty task of waiting on the Aldermanic Board at its weekly half-hour session, and in toiling to produce once each week a four-page manuscript of the legislative action of the Board. This much-labored transcript, however, is seldom, if ever, referred to; the *City Record*, the official publication of the city, publishes those same proceedings, and is accepted as evidence in the courts of law. Concerning these sixteen gentlemen, the Chief Clerk, Francis J. Twomey, testified before the McCarthy Senate committee, in 1881: "It takes 100 men to do what one good man should do." He also added that nine men could easily perform the work, and disinterested judges have declared that four only are necessary.

The city possesses a Mayor, but his executive duties are of too trivial a character to merit extended comment. Practically he has no control over any of the departments, and his undue prominence is the consequence not of his executive but of his political power. He nominates the rulers of the city—the Commissioners. When these autocrats once secure the formal confirmation of their pocket Aldermen, they are responsible during their term of office only to death and the Penal Code.

When extravagance, incompetence, and robbery are discovered in our city government, to whom can the citizens look for redress? Not to Commissioners whom the people never elect; not to a powerless Mayor who laments that wicked Aldermen will not confirm honest nominees; not to Aldermen who so fondly condemn the shocking nominations of the Mayor. Whatever be the evil, under the present city charter no one is responsible, no one is to be blamed.

Turning aside from our unimportant municipal officials, we next confront the most conspicuous and powerful of our rulers, the Commissioners of Police. Against some of these gentlemen, during many years, our city press has brought numerous and specific charges of incompetence or corruption, but without avail.

Such for many years has been the conduct of our police that, in political parlance, among the recognized emoluments, and even duties, of the force, are, first, the protection or assessment of five thousand proprietors of houses of ill fame, of thousands of gamblers, policy dealers, confidence men, and thieves, of thousands of liquor dealers—in fine, of any professional or occasional infractor of the law; and second, the political control of these individuals, of their friends, hirelings, and connections. Twenty-five hundred men and $3,000,000 annually have been so unsparingly and successfully employed that in no civilized city is unlicensed vice so safe as in the city of New York, in none is it so profitable to the guardians of the law. In the Twenty-ninth Precinct the vices of Ireland and France, of Italy and of Africa, are exposed with such aggressive competition to thousands of passers-by as to render prostitution the most conspicuous trade of that conspicuous quarter. So well known to the police are the thousands of disreputable houses, gambling dens, and policy shops that their flaunting existence is an accusation which strengthens the common report that should any of their proprietors fail to pay his regular monthly dues his exit from his chosen profession would be not less instantaneous than certain.

On the 22d of February, 1881, Dr. Howard Crosby, of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, furnished the Police Commissioners with overwhelming evidence of the existence of forty-five disorderly houses in the Fourth Precinct, and stated that he had appealed unsuccessfully for their suppression to the captain of the precinct. The most disorderly house in the neighborhood was within twenty-seven feet from the captain's desk. For six months Dr. Crosby attempted to have the conduct of this most vigilant captain investigated, but without success. On the 27th of October, 1881, the Police Commissioners were informed by the Society for the Prevention of Crime of the existence of a branch of the Louisiana State Lottery at No. 212 Broadway, where the daily receipts averaged five thousand dollars. No action was taken by the police, and at the end of some months the society raided and closed the office. The agent of the same society reported to the Commissioners that while raiding a policy shop on July 6, 1882, a police officer was found talking familiarly with the proprietor during the transaction of business. No action of the police authorities, however, was inconsistent with the assumption that this conduct of the officer was of the most exemplary character. The name of a police captain was discovered on the membership of a raided gam-

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LITTLE NELL AND HER GRANDFATHER.

CARDINAL McCLOSKEY.

CARDINAL McCLOSKEY, who is to celebrate on the 12th of January the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, represents in his career almost the whole history of the Roman Catholic Church in the city of New York. Although Catholics have been a part of the population of the island for at least two hundred years, it is only within the present century that they have had a regular ecclesiastical organization here, and have developed the remarkable growth which has placed them in numbers at the head of all the denominations of the metropolis. JOHN McCLOSKEY was born in Brooklyn on the 20th of March, 1810. His parents were early arrived immigrants from Ulster, devout Catholics, respectable, thrifty, and in easy circumstances. In 1810 Brooklyn was a village of 4500 people. It had no Catholic church, and New York had only one, namely, St. Peter's, in Barclay Street. The McCloskey family used to go there to mass, crossing the river by a row boat or the horse-ferry, and there JOHN was baptized by Father ANTHONY KOHLMAN, a learned Jesuit, who became famous about that time in connection with a case which determined the legal inviolability of the confessional. Some stolen property having been restored to the owner through his instrumentality, he was summoned, in a subsequent action, to tell from whom he received it, and after an elaborate argument the Court sustained him in refusing. DE WITT CLINTON writing a decision which permanently settled the principle in dispute.

In his twelfth year JOHN McCLOSKEY was sent to Mount St. Mary's College, near Emmittsburg, Maryland. The college at that time was little more than a struggling academy and theological seminary, where the lodging and fare were rude, the life was simple, and the apparatus of study was meagre; but Mount St. Mary's has always been famous as a school of energetic and accomplished churchmen—a distinction which it owes principally to the personal influence of its earliest teachers. The Rev. JOHN DUBOIS, its founder and first president, was a French refugee, a man of strong character, with a good deal of the spirit of a pioneer missionary; he became Bishop of New York in 1826. His principal associate in the college was Father BATE, also a Frenchman, and in his later years Bishop of Vincennes, Indiana—a man of great learning and exalted piety, whose quaint and simple figure is one of the most attractive in the records of the American Church. The students of theology at the Mountain were employed as tutors, and among them, when JOHN McCLOSKEY arrived, was a young Irishman recently promoted from the garden to the class-room, who became the famous Archbishop HUGHES. He was thirteen years older than the Brooklyn lad, and they can hardly have been intimate.

JOHN McCLOSKEY spent seven years at the school and college, and four years at the theological seminary; and after being ordained in New York, January 12, 1834, by his old preceptor, Bishop DUBOIS, he went abroad for three years, attending courses of theology and philosophy in Rome, and travelling extensively.

He returned in time to witness the consecration of Bishop HUGHES as coadjutor of New York, and the practical retirement of the aged and paralytic Dr. DUBOIS. A brilliant and curious

CARDINAL McCLOSKEY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH FROM A PAINTING BY HUNTINGTON.

scholar, an orator, a man of many accomplishments, whose ease of manner derived a special charm from his unaffected modesty and gentleness, he became immediately one of the most notable of the small circle of priests who were then gathering around the vigorous young bishop. He was appointed pastor of St. Joseph's Church, in Sixth Avenue. To the duties of this post he added, in 1841, the presidency of the newly founded St. John's College, at Fordham, and the rectorship of the new diocesan seminary at the same place. What his standing must have been among the clergy we may judge from the fact that he had been hardly six years in the active labors of the ministry, and was only thirty-three years of age, when Bishop HUGHES asked for his appointment as coadjutor. He was consecrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral on the 10th of March, 1844. That was a period of great polemical bitterness, and Bishop HUGHES was always in the thick of the fray. But we never find the name of the coadjutor in the great controversies of the time. To him fell the more congenial part of visiting the large diocese, then comprising the whole State of New York and a part of New Jersey, and attending to the spiritual wants of a neglected Catholic population, increasing much faster than the churches or the clergy. In 1847 the diocese was divided, and Bishop McCLOSKEY was transferred to the new see of Albany, where he remained, ruling a prosperous and contented flock, until the death of Archbishop HUGHES promoted him to the metropolitan see of New York. He became archbishop on the 6th of May, 1864.

Shrinking from unnecessary disputes and personal quarrels, he was especially fitted for the era of peace which followed the fighting days of Archbishop HUGHES. As a preacher he charmed his listeners by the clearness and precision of his thought, the simplicity of his method, the fluency and polish of his style, and the grace of a natural and musical delivery. As an ecclesiastical administrator he gained the confidence and affection of both clergy and laity to a remarkable degree. In general society he presented a pleasing combination of the dignity befitting his office with the suavity, tact, and ease of a cultivated gentleman. Of late years the condition of his health, which has been feeble ever since his boyhood, has confined him to the life of a recluse.

He was raised to the dignity of Cardinal by PIUS IX in the Consistory of March 15, 1875, and a special embassy, consisting of Monsignor ROSCETTI, Papal Ab-legate, Count MARCOLINI, of the Pope's Noble Guard, and Dr TRALDI, Secretary, was dispatched from Rome with the insignia of the office. The *zucchetto*, or red skull-cap, which is presented as the first official announcement of the appointment, was delivered to the new Cardinal by Count MARCOLINI on the 7th of April, the ceremony taking place at the Cardinal's house. The public solemnity of conferring the red *berretta*, brought by the Ab-legate, was held in the presence of an immense throng at the old Cathedral on the 27th of April, the late Archbishop BAYLEY, of Baltimore, officiating. The cardinal's hat and ring are always given at Rome. Cardinal McCLOSKEY received these emblems from Leo XIII. in the Consistory of March 15, 1878, the first ever held by the new Pope.

The most conspicuous achievement of his administration has been the opening of the new Cathedral. This great monument was begun by Archbishop HUGHES in 1858, but work was suspended in 1860. Dr McCLOSKEY gave a fresh impulse to the collection of funds; many rich Catholics made special donations of stained-glass windows or other parts of the sacred edifice, and the Cardinal himself was a liberal contributor from his private income. The great high altar of white marble, the altar of the Blessed Virgin in the Lady Chapel, and the altar of the Sacred Heart are gifts from the Cardinal, their cost being at least $30,000. The richly carved pulpit, which is to be presented to him as a jubilee offering from the priests of the diocese, will be an appropriate memorial of the zeal with which during ten years he pushed forward the work upon this splendid church. JOHN R. G. HASSARD.

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THE GOVERNMENT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

ing house called the Parole Club, as well as his written promise not to raid the institution. The stain is still on the force. Conclusive proofs are furnished by the same society that information of a projected raid on 102 West Thirty-second Street was furnished by the police. The matter was considered too trivial for official investigation.

Merchants whose wares obstruct our walks, liquor sellers, reputable and otherwise, whose line of business stretches beyond the interdicted hour of 1 A.M. or into Sunday's sacred limits, are forced to pay political homage to the constabulary lords. Such was the testimony of John R. Voorhees, former Police Commissioner, before the Senate committee in 1880, who stated also that of the 2261 policemen then existing, only 1700 were on patrol duty; of the rest many were dallying in attendance on higher officials, or were detailed on private duty, where their extra fees helped to mitigate the severity of their lot.

The Council of Municipal Reform showed in 1880 that over a million dollars annually could easily be saved in the expenditures of the Police Department. The annual per capita cost to the population of the police in the cities of Harrisburg, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Rochester, Chicago, Buffalo, Brooklyn, Albany, Philadelphia, and New York is respectively, 31, 61, 73, 76, 88 cents, $1 06, $1 20, $1 23, $1 26, and $2 65.

In 1860 the cost of the police for the city of New York, omitting the district of Brooklyn, was $1,384,443; in 1880 this cost, omitting expenses of street cleaning, was $3,285,466. The increase of population was fifty per cent.; that of the expense of the police was over two hundred per cent. Notwithstanding an increase of wealth of one hundred per cent. during the same time, the cost of protecting a thousand dollars of property is to-day double that in 1860. The appropriations for 1883 were $3,426,130; those for 1884 are $3,601,534.

In the case of the property of others, extraordinary care is the general rule. One such case is found in the Police Department in the Lost and Stolen Bureau. No record, however, has been kept of the valuables, and hundreds of articles and moneys have unfortunately melted away.

The police authorities have one other important public duty: they appoint the registers of elections, they count the votes. Thus by the control of millions of money, legitimately and otherwise acquired, of two thousand five hundred employés, of those many citizens whose occupations are in the least illegal, the police authorities command an army of many thousand voters, and hold thereby an autocratic power as unsuspected by the placid voter of Murray Hill as are the methods by which it is sustained. It is not my intention to lay the cause of all these evils at the door of the present Commissioners; they are the hereditary legatees of a generation of corruption, and have the misfortune by their numbers to be a legislative rather than an executive body. The most experienced Commissioners are men of ability, and were one one of them absolute, he would, without doubt, institute great reforms. But as a body, the Board of Police Commissioners lies dormant in that slough of political iniquity in which its members at their official initiation found themselves plunged. The Police Board, by its numbers and its conflicting elements, is incapable of incisive action or a thorough reform. Its members singly are not bad men, but they are collectively inefficient, and can not check corruption. The captains and privates of the force have little incentive for improvement from the inert Board which rules them. They have grown up under a bad system. Morally they are only average men, and it is surprising that they have not done worse. In the not distant future self-preservation will give to one resolute man the absolute control of our police, and he, and he alone, can sweep from those Augean stables that mighty load of filth.

The Board of Public Parks, which will next have our attention, is perhaps the most conspicuous example of deplorable incapacity which has been exhibited by multiple-headed commissions even in New York city. Lack of harmony, disgraceful petty squabbles, and culpable inactivity have for years been characteristic of this Board. For example, in June 22, 1880, the Commission decided to make important changes in the parks, but the following three months were occupied in an angry and ungentlemanly contest over the choice of an architect. Weeks and months have been spent in wranglings over patronage, and the only discernible success of the Board has been in making its management of the parks the most expensive in the world. This extraordinary success is shown by the following table, which has been prepared by the Council of Municipal Reform:

COMPARATIVE EXPENDITURES OF THE PARK DEPARTMENTS OF THE FOLLOWING CITIES FOR 1881:

Cities.	Area of Improved Parks in Acres.	Annual Cost of Maintenance of each Park per Acre.	Salaries for Maintenance.	Salaries for Maintenance per Acre.	Cost of Labor for Maintenance per Acre.	Cost of Police per Acre.
New York (estimates for 1883)	700	$710 47	$108,000	$147 00	$414 70	$345 71
Brooklyn	750	141 72	9,400	10 73	75 67	70 00
Albany	177	108 00	2,300	29 73	74 76	(None.)
Buffalo	750	79 70	3,000	8 10	11 84	(None.)
Philadelphia	2791	46 48	7,464	3 66	(Not noted.)	31 20
St. Louis	1950	79 50	5,673	3 10	10 06	9 00
Woodlawn Cemetery	400	148 00	1,200	11 00		
New York (appropriation of 1883)	..	880 42	73,000	100 33	460 40	187 16
New York (expenditures of 1881)	..	760 48	96,125	100 70	394 50	170 00
Average of the other cities	.	75 60	5,750	8 48	40 51	12 12
London Parks	6000	50 00	....	...	...	....

The parks of New York, therefore, cost, acre for acre, five times as much for labor, twelve times as much for salaries, and nearly five times as much for maintenance, as those of the adjacent city of Brooklyn, where in 1881 so great was the municipal corruption that good citizens rose as one and swept away the political board. $250,000 have been spent during the last ten years in surveying and mapping the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth wards, although this work had been already done in 1870 and 1871, under arrangements by Comptroller Greene, for $125,000. $50,000 have been spent in making Assessors' maps, and they are not yet finished.

Eleven hundred dollars a mile were spent by the Park Department for the care of its one hundred miles of road, while in Brooklyn $265 a mile were deemed sufficient. The Eastern and Ocean parkways in Brooklyn were cared for in 1881 for $44 per acre, while $300 per acre were expended for corresponding care of the Riverside Avenue in New York. The salary maintenance of the New York parks demanded by the Board for 1883, acre for acre, exceeds that paid in Brooklyn, Buffalo, St. Louis, and Philadelphia by the respective multiples of 13, 20, 50, and 50. $733,000 were expended for the parks in 1883, and $517,000 in 1878. In 1877 the Park Commissioners made a written statement to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment that $250,000 a year were sufficient "to maintain and keep in good order the parks of the city." An example of the service in the department is shown by the Bureau of Engineers, where some twenty-five gentlemen are engaged on work so intricate and mysterious that the Council for Municipal Reform has for three years been vainly endeavoring to discover what that work is. The same council in a recent publication states that the Park Department had "been spending for several years past three times the sum that the same amount and kind of work had cost in private parks, cemeteries, etc."; that "it appeared on the basis of these facts, and from the pay-rolls of this department, that it had spent an amount of money each year for labor on the maintenance of the parks alone that would employ 533 more laborers at the rates paid by the department than were required."

There has been no noteworthy increase in the acreage of the parks since 1877, yet there has taken place the following increase in the expense of maintenance:

APPROPRIATIONS FOR CARE OF THE PUBLIC PARKS IN NEW YORK CITY.

1877	$516,000
1878	541,000
1879	479,000
1880	509,000
1881	710,000
1882	667,000
1883	733,000
1884	969,000

For 1884 the appropriation asked by the Board amounted to the extraordinary sum of $1,109,000. It is a singular fact that, though only the President of the Board receives a salary, a commissionership of the parks is considered a great prize, and is much sought by politicians. An example of the management of the Board is shown by the fact that Commissioner Viele recently made the charge in open board that the records show an allotment of grain to each horse several times greater than it had been supposed a horse could eat.

In no case have the evils of a multiple-headed Commission been more conspicuously shown than in the Park Department. Lack of harmony has been its ruin. Had any of the Commissioners been absolute, a far better state of affairs would have existed. The Board in the past has been unfortunate in its composition, and the result has been that in the much-cultivated art of producing the smallest results with a given expenditure it need fear no competitor among the nations of the earth.

The Dock Department is an absolute power. Over its collections and disbursements it has entire control. It cares not for the Comptroller. If it is not satisfied with its appropriations, no power this side of Albany and revolution can restrict it in its right to issue $3,000,000 of bonds annually. Such are the virtues of our charter that the Dock Commissioners, though opposed by the remainder of the city government, can saddle the city each year with an increased debt of $3,000,000. To the credit of the Dock Commission it should be added that in no case has such a debt been incurred. The whole amount of bonds issued has only been $1,000,000 in excess of the revenues of the department paid in to the sinking fund. The law, however, is unwise, and should be repealed.

This department is unique in that it has reduced its expenses since its creation in 1870. In 1869 the docks were in charge of a bureau in the Department of Public Works, at a salary expense of $3450 a year; in 1870 the bureau was promoted to a department, and the expenses were promoted to $173,658. The department has begun a system of stone bulkheads which has been declared faulty and extravagant by the Chamber of Commerce, the Produce Exchange, the Cotton Exchange, the Board of Trade, and the Council for Municipal Reform, and which, it has been claimed, when completed, will cost $60,000,000. It has been charged that the city does not receive its proper income from the docks. An example is given of a wharf near Thirty-fourth Street which had been leased to private parties at $900 a year, but which was rented later to the Finance Department of the city at a rate of $3400 a year. Thus, from carelessness or misjudgment, the city had lost $2500 annually. The Dock Commissioners deserve the thanks of the people in that they have furnished the best record to the city for economy. The expenses of their department have decreased forty-nine per cent. during the last ten years, and that decrease is now proceeding. The Commissioners, however, are not necessary, as the real work of the department is done by the chief engineer. Sweep aside the Commissioners and their long retinue of clerks, bring the department once more to its proper position as a bureau of the Public Works, make the chief engineer sovereign, but responsible, and the result will still further be decreased expense and increased efficiency.

It was not from excess of modesty that the Honorable William M. Tweed preferred the Commissionership of Public Works to the Mayoralty. The power of the former office is to that of the latter as 100 to 1. The office is the most powerful in patronage and possibility of plunder in the city, and its holders have for years been the recipients of general abuse; but though the department has been managed extravagantly and sometimes corruptly, it has also been managed with efficiency and decision.

As our city departments go, that of the Public Works exhibits such slight extravagance and incompetence, in proportion to its possibilities in that direction, that we can ascribe this unexpected improvement to the fact that here we have a single Commissioner. Should he be inclined to engage in official misconduct, he can not say, like the member of a commission, that on him will fall but a fraction of the blame; nor, when he desires to reward his political friends at the expense of the city treasury, need he first confer similar rewards on the followers of his fellow-Commissioners. Mr. Tweed bestowed one blessing on our city when he kept its most important commission in charge of a single head.

It is not, however, the intention here to state that abuses do not exist in the Public Works. It is a law of the department that contracts over a thousand dollars shall be given to the highest bidder, while those under that sum can be disposed of by special order at the will of the Commissioner. According to a recent statement by the Council of Political Reform, addressed to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, "such orders to the amount of $450,000 were given out by the Commissioner last year, and most of them at prices varying from twenty to fifty per cent. above commercial and contract prices."

The most conspicuous authority on the municipal affairs of New York stated to the writer that twenty-five per cent. of the expenditures in this department was unnecessary, that there were eighty instances where hydrants were purchased, three at a time, for many consecutive days, that the city paid more than private parties for water meters, that coal was purchased by the twenty tons, and that hundreds of thousands of bricks were bought in sums less than $1000.

The Commissioner has asked for $85,000 for maintenance of the city boulevards, or $427 per acre, while the boulevards in the Eastern and Ocean Parkways of Brooklyn cost for maintenance only $44 per acre. $104,447 were asked for next year by the Commissioner for cleaning the public buildings, which is ten times as much per foot as is required on the average for cleaning the United States Post-office Building, the Western Union Building, Mills Building, Morse Building, or the public schools, as is shown by the following table:

COMPARATIVE COST OF CLEANING THE PUBLIC AND CERTAIN PRIVATE BUILDINGS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

	Cost of Labor and Salaries in 1883.	Cost of Labor and Salaries asked for 1884.	Number of Square Feet of Buildings cleaned.	Cost of Labor and Salaries per Square Foot for 1884.	Cost of Labor and Salaries per Square Foot in 1883.
New York City Buildings	60,000	104,447	200,780	50 cents (nearly)	29c. 8m.
Temple Court	3,500	......	90,000	4c. 3m.	....
Morse Building	2,700	......	61,300	4c. 4m.	....
Equitable Insurance Company Building	7,000	......	150,000	4c. 6m.	....
Mills Building	11,000	......	241,780	4c. 5m.	....
Public Schools	......	......	......	4c. 1m.	....
United States Post-office	6,481	......	322,000	2c. 3m.	....
Western Union Building	1,620	......	76,210	2c. 1m.	....
Trinity Building	2,096	......	61,405	3c. 3m.	....

Average cost, except New York city buildings, for 1883, 4c. 2m.

Mr. John A. Strahan, who has much practical knowledge of the city government, stated before the McCarthy Senate committee in 1881 that there were eight bureaus in the Public Works which could be consolidated into two. The Commissioner at present can construct in any part of the city a sewer costing less than one million dollars without the permission of any one, he can assess lands drained by that sewer, he can spend a million a year in aqueduct building by the law of 1879, he can use the $1,000,000 of rents annually received from water meters in purchasing more meters, and he can spend these immense sums in addition to the millions which are annually appropriated to his department by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment.

One of the most absurd systems in our city government is the control of sewers, and that of the opening and paving of streets. For these purposes there are three distinct bureaus in different departments, thus necessitating three sets of officers, engineers, tools, and laborers. For example, the Board of Street Openings can open streets below Fifty-ninth Street; from the latter line to Harlem River that power is held by the Commissioner of Public Works; while above the river the authority vests in the Park Commission. Our sewers and original paving below Harlem River are controlled by the Public Works; above that boundary, by the Park Department. The opening of streets and of sewers and all original paving are paid for by bonds issued on demand of the departments, which are supposed to be subsequently paid by assessments on the adjacent land owners. It is in these bonds and assessments, which form no part of the appropriations for the departments, that the money of the public is wasted. For example, when One-hundred-and-thirty-eighth Street was opened the original assessment for the expense was $350,000. It was afterward determined that the city should share some of the burden; but instead of reducing the assessment on the property owners, the city was charged $200,000 besides. Here were $650,000 paid for work which had been estimated at $350,000; and this extra charge was apparently made not in consequence of any change in the character or expense of the work. Mr. Strahan showed before the Senate Commission that $30,000,000 will not cover the proposed expense of opening streets in the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth wards. Large, therefore, as the regular appropriations for the Department of Public Works and Parks may appear, they are increased by these millions spent for streets, paving, and sewers—millions which are absolutely controlled by the departments, which are the fund of their extravagance, and which often force from the land owner a tax in excess of the yearly value of his property.

From 1850 to 1880 the population of New York city and the expenses of her charities increased respectively 134 and 388 per cent. In 1874 the appropriation for the Board of Charities and Correction was about $1,000,000. It is now half a million more, but as the number of inmates in the city institutions is only slightly in excess of that in 1874, there is no obvious cause for the increased expense. The estimate of the Commissioners for the expenses of 1884 is $2,001,122, while in 1875, with nearly the same number of inmates, the expenses were only $1,183,000. In the latter year the Commissioners stated to the Mayor that the expenses of the Department should not be over $1,000,000 a year. In 1860 the cost per inmate of the city charities was $91 10; that for 1875 was $100; the estimate for 1884 makes that cost $140, even when the estimated expense of new buildings is deducted. Five hundred and eighty-four thousand six hundred dollars were asked for such new buildings. When it is considered that the number of inmates of our city institutions increased from 10,664 in 1875 to only 10,884 in 1882, that according to the last published report of the Department there were 5,487 beds in its hospitals, and an average of only 3,138 patients, that there have been appropriated during the last five years an annual average of over $150,000 for construction and $36,000 for repairs, it would seem that this last demand of $584,600 was excessive. If this charge be included in the cost of inmates, as was the case in 1860 and 1875, the annual per capita cost of the inmates for 1884, according to the Commissioners' estimates, would be over $190. Many grave charges of negligence, extravagance, and corruption have been brought against the Board of Charities and Correction. It is claimed that the buildings and apparatus of the departments are not cared for, and that contracts for supplies are corruptly made.

The State Charities Aid Association continually press the Commissioners with recommendations and complaints, but as multiple-headed commissions average in this political world, the Board of Charities and Correction does so well that it approximates to decency. It is not to this Board that we must look for the entire waste of the city's money in charities. The philanthropists of former years at Albany passed laws which required the payment for the year 1884 of $1,194,740, belonging to the citizens of New York city, to various charitable institutions, and also the bestowal of all the fees from theatrical exhibitions on one institution. The city pays $110 annually for the care of each child in private institutions, while the cost of its inmates in the city work-house is only eighteen cents a day, and in the city almshouse only eleven and five-eighths cents. Mrs. Josephine S. Lowell, one of the Commissioners of the State Board of Charities, testified before the Senate Commission that, in her opinion, $1 50 per week was sufficient to maintain children and paupers in large institutions, while other well-informed judges have even stated that the surplus over one dollar is profit.

Following is a list of some of the appropriations:

Foundling Asylum, Sisters of Charity	$261,347 19
New York Catholic Protectory	414,500 00
New York Juvenile Asylum	107,100 00
Nursery and Child's Hospital	140,000 00
Children's Aid Society	70,000 00
New York Infant Asylum	60,967 87

and many others.

Some of these institutions, such as the Children's Aid Society, are admirably managed, but many are sectarian, and the largest part of the donations are given to one religious sect.

During the past twenty years the business of

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our courts has increased forty per cent., while the salaries of our court clerks and attendants have increased 350 per cent. Over $200,000 are annually wasted on these clerks, most of whom are broken-down invalids vainly endeavoring to appear employed, who receive all the way from $3000 to $1200 annually, and who could not earn in a private capacity $1000 a year. In the Marine Court in 1860 the salaries of clerks and attendants amounted to $36,000. Nathaniel Jarvis, Jun., clerk of the Common Pleas for many years, testified that $41,000 were sufficient. The salaries now are over $62,000. The District courts meet three times a week. Twenty clerks there receive severally $2000 a year, ten stenographers $2500, and forty attendants $1200. Mr. John H. Strahan testified before the Senate committee that the court attendants could be reduced by twenty, and that the staff of officers in the District and Police courts is an imposition upon the public; and such is the general feeling among all unbiassed persons who are acquainted with those courts.

Thomas Boese, Superior Court clerk, informed Mr. Strahan that $31,000 were sufficient to officer his court; these expenses are now $63,200. Judge Cowing testified that of the thirty-six attendants at the Court of General Sessions twenty-six alone are necessary, and that these were mainly occupied in conveying prisoners from the Tombs to the court and the penitentiary. But here comes in a remarkable fact: the city pays these thirty-six men, and at the same time pays the Sheriff fifty cents for each prisoner so carried, thus expending tens of thousands a year for no service. It should also be added that the clerks of courts are required to send to the Secretary of State the names of all condemned prisoners, and for each of these names the Sheriff receives seventy-five cents.

But it is impossible in a paper so brief as this must be to treat fully each department. It may be said, however, that the Corporation Attorney's office is practically useless, and is largely used to draw fines from merchants who have erected signs contrary to the city ordinance, and who have not sufficient political influence to obtain a permit from the Board of Aldermen; that the Excise Board grants improper licenses, such, for example, as to prominent politicians who have been convicted under the Civil Damage Act and have not paid their fines, and that its acknowledged receipts from business are $260,000 a year less than what the Council for Municipal Reform considers they should be; that the speculative system on city contracts is so universal that very few excavating contracts have gone through the city treasury during the last ten years whereon the final cost did not greatly exceed the first estimate; that the Bureau of Permits and Incumbrances is a nuisance and a humbug; that the Comptroller's office, which has been reduced again and again in the number of its employés, has still many useless clerks; that, though it has been considered, and probably is, the model department of the city, no one can estimate within hundreds of thousands the amount of the late Carroll defalcations; that the Bureau of City Revenue, which ought to be abolished, is $300,000 behind in its collections, and that until recently its books were kept in lead-pencil. There is a Bureau for the Collection of Arrears of Taxes which is so ably managed that those arrears are now over $8,000,000 in amount, and are annually increasing. Of the Register's Office, Dwight L. Olmstead testified before the Senate committee that the engrossing in past years has been so poor and the indexing so inaccurate that it is impossible to be sure whether there is a mortgage against any property unless one pays for consulting the private indices of the city's searchers. Our system of education costs per capita twice that of Brooklyn or Philadelphia. The office of the Chamberlain is useless, and this opinion has the public approval of ex-Comptroller Andrew H. Green in his testimony before the McCarthy Commission.

The so-called City Assessors are a farce; their only duties are to apportion assessments on property according to its valuation previously determined by the real assessors, the Deputy and Tax Commissioners. Their work is therefore purely arithmetical; it is actually performed by a clerk, and should be done by the Tax Commissioners.

The Board of Excise should be abolished, and its duties performed by the police. The power which grants and enforces licenses should be the same. At present the Excise Commissioners complain that the police do not support them, but allow disreputable places to exist without licenses, while the police claim that improper licenses are granted, and that they are thus prevented from closing objectionable houses.

The offices of Public Administrator, Corporation Attorney, and Attorney for the Collection of Arrears should be abolished, and their slight duties attended to by the Corporation Counsel.

There is no need of the office of Commissioner of Jurors; the slight duties of the office should be performed by the County Clerk, as is the custom elsewhere. The large fees paid to the Sheriff, Register, and County Clerk, by which the respective offices are worth $100,000, $75,000, and 50,000 a year, should be changed. The officers should be salaried, and all fees in excess of expenses should be paid to the city treasury.

The condition of the Sinking Fund is, perhaps, the most dangerous element in the government of the city. A law of 1813 enacted that certain revenues from docks, markets, ferries, water rents, licenses, franchises, etc., should be paid into a sinking fund to cancel specific bonds. These incomes increased so rapidly that, after paying all maturing bonds, the fund amounted in 1879 to $16,115,094, and in 1883 to $40,363,666. During the past five years the fund has increased at the average annual rate of over $4,000,000 a year, while the bonds for cancellation have matured at the rate of only $401,177. In 1873 the revenues were nearly $7,000,000. The Sinking Fund Commissioners long ago decided to use the surplus revenues in purchasing the bonds of the city, and the fund now holds of these $36,110,389. But here comes the evil; in place of destroying these bonds, they are retained in the fund, tax-payers are obliged to pay interest on them, and this interest, plus the revenues above mentioned, is added to the fund each year. If the fund increases even at a less rate than in the past, it will assume the following proportions before it runs out by law:*

		Bonds redeemable by law.
1883	$40,248,879	$10,087,971
1888	71,534,801	14,208,000
1893	117,618,170	13,968,200
1898	176,000,724	12,200,000
1903	245,364,234	9,720,000
1910	435,215,070	13,044,598
1923	800,116,566	21,147,800

This vast sum of $40,248,879 is now invested in the bonds of the city, and to pay interest on them the people are yearly taxed. But these bonds can be re-issued and sold at the will of the Sinking Fund Commissioners, and in this lies much of the extravagance of expenditures for new streets, sewers, water works, docks, etc. Whenever new streets are to be laid out or sewers built, the Sinking Fund bides the expense; it issues bonds, pays for them, furnishes the money for streets, and waits often in vain for the payment of the assessments. If they are paid, so much the better; if not, so much the worse for the Sinking Fund. In this way over $3,000,000 a year are annually paid out, and the people pay indirectly for these in the way of interest on the bonds held in the fund. Here is a system by which the greater the city's debt, the greater the fund to draw from for extraordinary expenditures. Heads of departments are ever anxious to issue as many bonds as possible, in order that their appropriation may not appear excessive. The people in the mean while think they are rapidly paying off the public debt, but little do they know that millions of the so-called investments of the fund are only the cloak to hide the deficiencies of the departments.

For example, by chapter 383 of the laws of 1881, $9,700,000 uncollectable and doubtful assessments were assumed by the Sinking Fund. There are now some $10,000,000 of assessments in arrears; and if this system continues, the people may find that when the fund has nominally a sufficient amount to cancel all its indebtedness, it has in reality only the bad debts of the different departments. By such means the Sinking Fund of the State of New York was almost wholly lost ten years ago. Over $11,000,000 had been taken from the fund and used to pay extraordinary expenditures, and to recoup this loss the city of New York has already paid $2,400,000, and must ultimately pay $1,300,000 more. The outlook is that the tax-payers will be forced to do the same for the city itself. One remedy is needed—a law authorizing the Sinking Fund Commissioners to cancel bonds of the city held in the Sinking Fund. There is good legal authority for such law, and its passage will relieve the Sinking Fund Commissioners, who are not responsible for the present state of affairs, from many troubles. The revenues of the fund are now over $6,000,000 a year—a sum many times sufficient to cancel all the bonds for which the fund is liable. If managed as now, the city will awake some day to find that it is bankrupt. This may be a blessing, as, in the words of a municipal pessimist, "the sooner the city is bankrupt the better, as it must then pay as it goes, and no concealment of expenditure is possible."

The preceding facts explain the anomaly that, while from 1860 to 1880 the property of the city increased from $576,631,706 to $1,098,387,779—an increase of one hundred per cent.—the expenses increased from $9,758,507 to $33,234,779—an increase of three hundred and forty per cent.; that the per capita tax increased from $11 17 to $27 71; that the per capita cost of public instruction increased from $11 to $22; that of charities from $20 to $33; and that the per capita cost of government of this city is, excepting war debt, over ten times the per capita cost of the government of the United States. It is therefore not surprising that the Council for Municipal Reform have estimated that $160,000,000 have been stolen and wasted in the expenditures of the city during the last twenty years.

The following table will give an insight into the increase of our expenditures during the past thirty years.

COMPARATIVE EXPENSES AND DEBT OF NEW YORK CITY FROM 1850 TO 1880.

	Valuation of Property.	Population.	Expenses of Government.	City Debt.	Per Capita Expenses of Government.	Rate of Taxation.	Debt per Capita.
1850	$286,161,616	515,000	$3,230,000	$12,200,176	$6 27	$1 1 75	$23 60
1860	576,[illegible]1,706	814,254	9,758,507	19,701,000	11 99	1 62	23 21
1870	1,[illegible]	942,292	23,306,240	73,[illegible]392	25 11	[illegible]25	77 87
1880	1,098,[illegible]7,779	1,20[illegible]	33,234,779	143,10[illegible]907	2[illegible] 17	2 55	112 38

Such is the condition of the government of the city of New York. Its form is the gift of Albany, and is an admirable combination of the worst features of the feudal system and of the provincial governments of the Roman republic. Under such a form and charter it is idle to hope for any permanent improvement. The Mayor, however honest, is powerless; the Commissioners, by the plunder of their departments, can elect Aldermen subservient to their wishes, and can thus continue their pillage. Even when a decent Commissioner is selected, so he finds that his honesty, economy, and industry simply allow wider scope to the baseness, extravagance, and neglect of his brother commissioners, he is in constant danger of sinking to the level of the rest. Make thirty archangels commissioners of New York city, and in six months, from gentle servants in realms above, they will evolve into reckless rulers below. Our fight for decent government in this afflicted city must begin in Albany, and end at the City Hall. First give the citizens of New York a charter which grants responsibility and power to their elective officers, and these citizens will elect proper men. We need a Mayor who can appoint and remove commissioners at will, and who can be held responsible for corruption, extravagance, and incompetence in every department. We need single-headed commissions, whereof the head will be directly responsible to the Mayor for all mismanagement in each department. We need the consolidation or extinction of some thirty bureaus, the discharge of some three thousand sinecurists, a general reduction in the salaries of many employés, and the extension of the reformed civil service rules to as many departments as possible.

Multiple commissions have been tried, and have proved the most conspicuous municipal failure of this generation. An executive to be prompt, incisive, efficient, and responsible must be single. Such are the well-known utterances of our leading statesmen from the time of Hamilton to the present. To the same effect are a large preponderance of testimony before the Senate committee of 1880 by men best informed upon the government of this city. It has been too customary in the State of New York to substitute executive boards for single heads of departments. This is an age of multiple affairs and dispatch; an age when our cumbrous legislatures must be cut down to smaller numbers; much more, then, should we avoid encumbering by numbers the usefulness and energy of our Executive. The conduct of the affairs of a large city requires, not legislative, but business and executive, ability. The common practice of governing American cities by two legislative bodies is the reduction of the British Parliamentary system to its most ludicrous and farcical extreme. New York city has fortunately rid herself of one legislative branch of her government, and the power of the remaining body has been so belittled that its extinction is only a question of time.

Single-headed commissions are opposed by only two prominent classes in New York city: first, by politicians, who desire the number of offices to be as large as possible; second, by some Republicans, who fear that with single commissions their party will have a less chance for offices. The first class needs no answer. As to the second, if the Republican party of New York city hopes to obtain minority representation by weakening the city's service and squandering its money, if the feeding of pap to Republican politicians is more important than the efficient and economical government of our city, then woe to the Republican party here! If minority representation be desirable, it should occur in the manner of voting, and not in saddling useless offices on the city. I do not mean, however, to accuse the majority of city Republicans. They are in favor of good government, and rightly believe that our city politics should be wholly separated from those of the State and country.

In 1881 a majority of the Senate committee appointed to investigate the condition of the government of New York city made a report, and recommended a charter, which, though burdened with much unnecessary matter provoking hostility, was still the best charter that has been proposed for the city. The report is one of the most excellent documents written on municipal affairs. It says: "The government of the city as at present constituted is a marked failure. It is badly regulated, badly administered, exorbitantly and inexcusably expensive, and in its various parts substantially irresponsible. The departments are little short of independent commissions, over whose actions there is no adequate control. In theory the Mayor is responsible for the government of the city. He is supposed to be the highest officer in the government, being elected by and representing the people. But this in practice is pure delusion. Under existing laws the Mayor has less power in the government than the head of any of the so-called subordinate departments. Independent action on the part of the Mayor of the city under these laws is impossible. If he acts at all, he will be compelled to give way before the stronger influences which oppose him, and his giving way virtually makes him a mere tool or instrument in the hands of controlling political influences inimical to the best interests of the city. The city offices are filled with adherents of political organizations who make it their primary duty to attend to the interests of their political masters, and in such circumstances it was, of course, to be expected that every head of a department and other officer should consider his or their own administration to be perfection. Accordingly, it was strongly represented to the committee that not an assistant or subordinate in a department or office could be dispensed with, not a salary could be reduced, and that to compel one or the other of these would be to sacrifice the interests of the city. From this opinion the committee wholly dissents."

The charter which was recommended by the committee, besides making the Commissioners single, and to be appointed and removed by the Mayor, mentions twenty-eight commissions and bureaus which should be abolished or incorporated with other departments or bureaus. Among them are the following:

Excise Commissioners	Duties transferred to Police.
Board of Assessors	Duties transferred to Tax Commissioners.
Bureau of Permits; Bureau of Licenses	Abolished.
Bureau of Licenses in Finance Department; Bureau of Collection of Assessments; Bureau of City Revenue; Bureau of Markets; Bureau of Arrears of Taxes; Bureau of Collection of Water rents, etc.	Made one Bureau.
Bureau of Water Purveyor; Bureau of Street Improvements; Bureau of Roads; Bureau of Lamps; Bureau of Incumbrances (Public Works); Bureau of Repairs (Public Works); Bureau of Croton Aqueducts	Made one Bureau of Public Works.
Corporation Attorney; Public Administrator; Attorney for Collection of Taxes	Duties transferred to Corporation Counsel.
Supervisor of City Record	Abolished—work to be done by Clerk of Common Council.
Commissioner of Jurors	Abolished—duties performed by County Clerk.

The bill failed, but it showed more clearly than ever before the evils which surround the city.

Since the date of the recommendation of the bill a great advance has been made. The system of civil service examinations has been established in the national and State governments, and by the recent civil service bill in New York the mayors of cities of 50,000 inhabitants have the power to apply to them its provisions. These examinations are to be practical, and based as nearly as possible upon the daily routine work of the office; they are only for subordinate positions, and are open to all citizens, of whatever political party. Whoever shows himself to be the best penman, the most accurate and rapid mathematician, the most fitted for the regular work of the office to be filled, will be placed on trial; and if at the end of six months he proves to be honest, practical, and trustworthy, then, and then only, will he receive a permanent appointment. With so much success has the system been tried in the New York Custom-house that the Chamber of Commerce recently waited on the Collector and made a formal demand for the retention of the system. Merchants of all classes have testified to the increased efficiency of the clerks under the new system, a new spirit of industry and ambition has arisen among the employés, and the new examination men have shown themselves so superior to the old party nominees that, although the former have been only one-tenth of the whole number, they have in competition won seven-tenths of the total promotions. The Mayor of the city of New York proposes to give trial to this system, and to his support should come all who wish for the better government of the city. If the system of merit can once rule in appointments, there will be little to fear from sinecures and incompetence.

But with the continuance of our present system of government, with an increased appropriation for 1884 of $2,369,479 over that in 1883 for regular expenses of government—an increase inexcusable in the present depressed condition of business—with vast public works, such as new aqueducts, docks, and streets, looming up in the near future, it is plain that without a sweeping change the bankruptcy of the city and the decay of its commercial power are only matters of time.

The brightest outlook of the situation is that our municipal offices are fast becoming so desperate that the self-interest of decent citizens must soon force them into that activity which alone can bring a permanent improvement in the government of the city.

* These figures are kindly presented by Mr. R. N. Beers, of the Council for Municipal Reform.

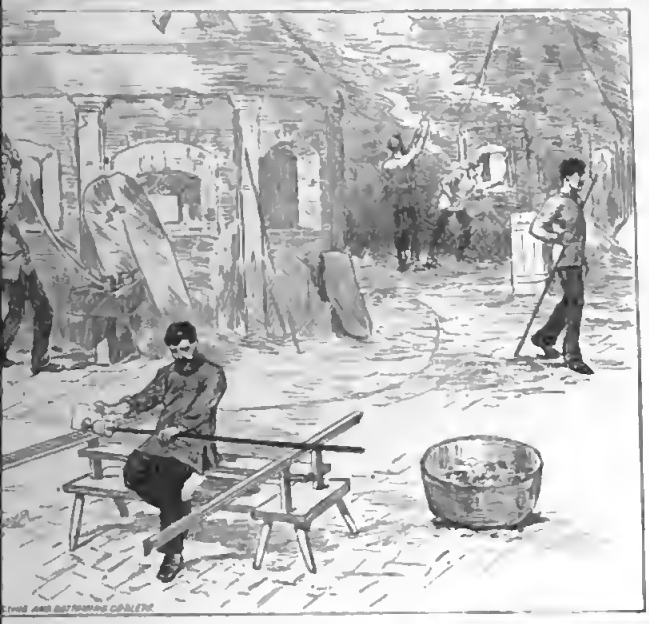
JANUARY.

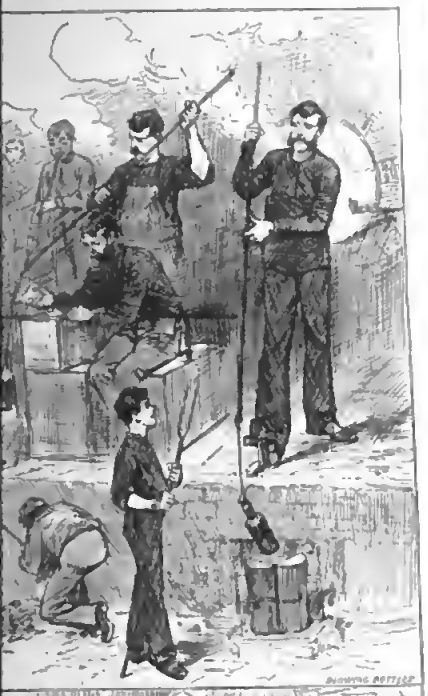
I heard a midnight tapping at my door.
"Enter," I said; then, lo! upon my floor
Stood January, saying, with a smile:
"A happy New-Year, friend! Come out a while;
For I have bound each stream
The flying feet to bear;
The city's like a dream
With snow and frost-work rare.
Hark to the sleigh-bells ringing!
Hark to the maidens singing!
Come out, and claim thy share."

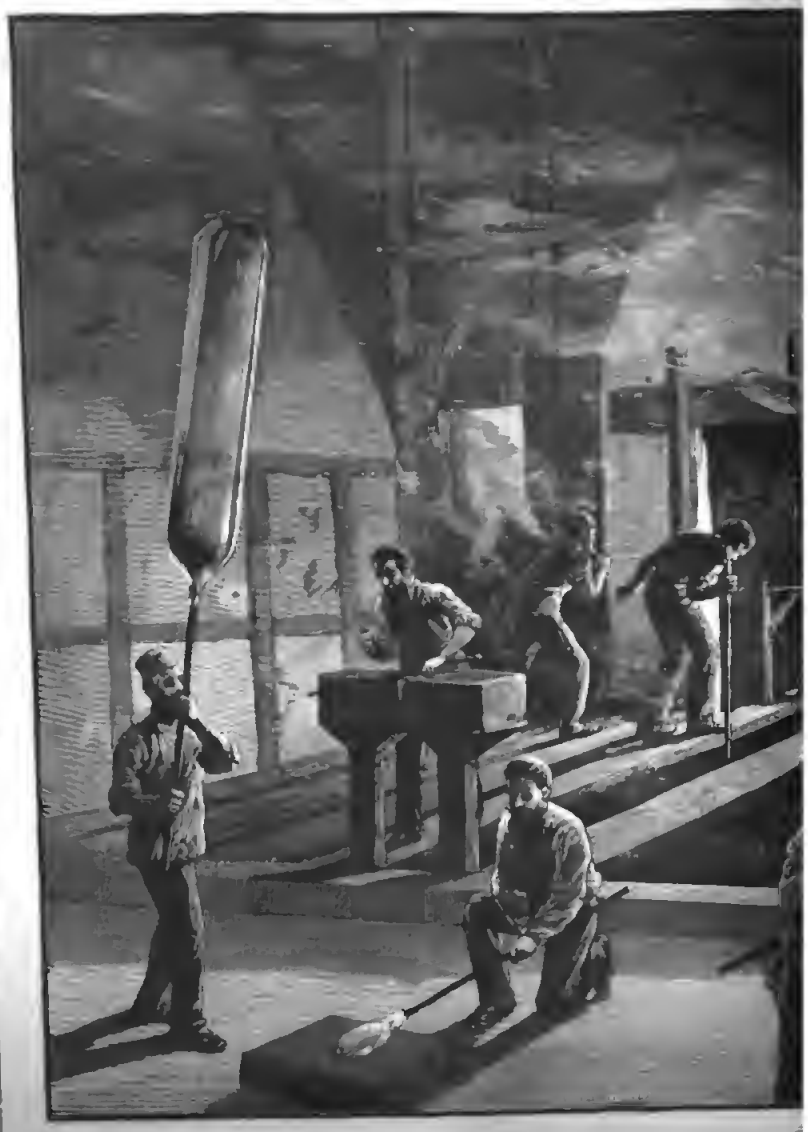
"Nay, but the birds are dumb, the flowers are dead,
Trees moan and shiver leafless overhead;
Only a few large stars make pallid light;
And winter winds sigh through the gulfs of night.
New Year, if thou would bless,
Bless thou in mine own way.
Give Love to my caress,
If only while thou stay:
For oh, like music failing,
I hear his sweet voice calling,
Give Love to me this day."

"But I have other gifts this gift above."
"I will have nothing else—Love, only Love."
"Heed what I say: Love always bringeth pain—
To lose this year for Love were little gain."
"I'll lose it, only give
Love's sunshine and his showers:
Rather with him to live,
Even through his rain hours,
Than still to see him flying,
And still for him be sighing.
Love's sweet, and Time brings flowers."

"Then dream with sun-lands thy long lessened hair;
Sing like a robin in the spring's sweet light;
Turn clear eyes to the north; thence unseen
Comes one unknown that shall on [illegible] on night;
For so is Love to thee,
And to thee thou shall sing
A true [illegible], so as to
Beauty's sweet offering.
But, to keep thy Love from straying,
Heed well what I now am saying—
Bind Love with a gold ring."







SCENES IN A GLASS FOUNDRY, PITTSBURGH, P

, PENNSYLVANIA.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 27.]

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "MY LADY'S MONEY," "THE MOONSTONE," "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE FIRST.

AT SCHOOL.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARTHA AND PUPIL.

EMILY'S impulse was to avoid the drawing master for the second time. The moment afterward a kinder feeling prevailed. The farewell interview with Cecilia had left influences which pleaded for Alban Morris. It was the day of parting good wishes and general impressions: he had only perhaps come to say good-by. She advanced to offer her hand, when he stopped her by pointing to Sir Jervis Redwood's card.

"May I say a word, Miss Emily, about that woman?" he asked.

"Do you mean Mrs. Rook?"

"Yes. You know, of course, why she comes here?"

"She comes here, by appointment, to take me to Sir Jervis Redwood's house. Are you acquainted with her?"

"She is a perfect stranger to me. I met her by accident on her way here. If Mrs. Rook had been content with asking me to direct her to the school, I should not be troubling you at this moment. But she forced her conversation on me. And she said something which I think you ought to know. Have you heard of Sir Jervis Redwood's housekeeper before to-day?"

"I have only heard what my friend—Miss Cecilia Ward—has told me."

"Did Miss Cecilia tell you that Mrs. Rook was acquainted with your father to with any members of your family?"

"Certainly not."

Alban reflected. "It was natural enough," he resumed, "that Mrs. Rook should feel some curiosity about You. What reason had she for putting a question to me about your father—and putting it in a very strange manner?"

Emily's interest was instantly excited. She led the way back to the seats in the chaise. "Tell me, Mr. Morris, exactly what the woman said." As she spoke she signed to him to be seated.

Alban observed the natural grace of her action when she set him the example of taking a chair, and the little brightening of her color caused by anxiety to hear what he had still to tell her. Forgetting the restraint that he had hitherto imposed on himself, he enjoyed the luxury of silently admiring her. Her manner betrayed none of the conscious confusion which would have shown itself if her heart had been secretly inclined toward him. She saw the man looking at her. In simple perplexity she looked at the man.

"Are you hesitating on my account?" she asked. "Did Mrs. Rook say something of my father which I mustn't hear?"

"No, no, nothing of the sort."

"You seem to be confused."

Her innocent indifference tried his patience sorely. His memory went back to the past time—recalled the ill placed passion of his youth, and the cruel injury inflicted on him his pride was roused. Was he making himself ridiculous? The vehement throbbing of his heart almost suffocated him. And there she sat, wondering at his odd behavior. "Even this girl is as cold-blooded on the rest of her sex." That angry thought gave him back his self-control. He made his acknowledgments with the easy politeness of a man of the world.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Emily; I was considering how to put what I have to say in the fewest and plainest words. Let me try if I can do it. If Mrs. Rook had merely asked me whether your father and mother were living, I should have attributed the question to the commonplace curiosity of a gossiping woman, and have thought no more of it. What she actually did say was this. 'Perhaps you can tell me if Miss Emily's father—' There she checked herself, and suddenly altered the question in this way, 'if Miss Emily's *parents* are living?' I may be making mountains out of mole-hills; but I thought at the time (and think still) that she had some special interest in inquiring after your father, and, not wishing me to notice in her reasons of her own, changed the form of the question so as to include your mother. Does this strike you on a far fetched conclusion?"

"Whatever it may be," Emily said, "it is my conclusion too. How did you answer her?"

"Quite easily. I could give her no information, and I said so."

"Let me offer you the information, Mr. Morris, before we say anything more. I have lost both my parents."

Alban's momentary outbreak of irritability was at an end. He was earnest and yet gentle again, he forgave her for not understanding how dear and how delightful to him she was. "Will it distress you," he said, "if I ask how long it is since your father died?"

"Nearly four years," she replied. "He was the most generous of men; Mrs. Rook's interest in him may surely have been a grateful interest. He may have been kind to her in past years—and she may remember him thankfully. Don't you think so?"

Alban was unable to agree with her. "If Mrs. Rook's interest in your father was the harmless interest that you have suggested," he said, "why should the lady have checked herself in that unaccountable manner when she first asked me if he was living? The more I think of it now, the less sure I feel that the known anything at all of your family history. It may help me to decide if you will tell me at what time the death of your mother took place."

"So long ago, Emily replied, "that I can't even remember her death. I was an infant at the time."

"And yet Mrs. Rook asked me if your parents were living! One of two things," Alban concluded. "Either there is some mystery in this matter, which we can not hope to penetrate at present, or Mrs. Rook may have been speaking at random on the chance of discovering whether you are related to some 'Mr Brown' whom she once knew."

"Besides," Emily added, "it's only fair to remember what a common family name mine is, and how easily people may make mistakes. I should like to know if my dear lost father was really in her mind when she spoke to you. Do you think I could find it out?"

"If Mrs. Rook has any reasons for concealment, I believe you would have no chance of finding it out—unless, indeed, you could take her by surprise."

"In what way, Mr. Morris?"

"Only one way occurs to me just now," he said. "Do you happen to have a miniature or a photograph of your father?"

Emily held out a handsome locket, with a monogram in diamonds, attached to her watch chain. "I have his photograph here," she replied, "given to me by my dear old aunt in the days of her prosperity. Shall I show it to Mrs Rook?"

"Yes, if she happens, by good luck, to offer you an opportunity. In any other case (unless I am completely mistaken in the impression which she has produced on me) you might only encourage her to deceive you."

Impatient to try the experiment, Emily rose as he spoke. "I mustn't keep Mrs Rook waiting," she said.

Alban stopped her on the point of leaving him. The confusion and hesitation which she had already noticed began to show themselves in his manner once more.

"Miss Emily, may I ask a favor before you go? I am only one of the masters employed in the school; but I don't think—let me say, I hope I am not guilty of presumption—if I offer to be of some small service to one of my pupils—"

There his embarrassment mastered him. He despised himself not only for yielding to his own weakness, but for faltering like a fool in the expression of a simple request. The next words died away on his lips.

This time Emily understood him.

The subtle penetration which had long since led her to the discovery of his secret—overpowered, thus far, by the absorbing interest of the moment—now recovered its activity. In an instant she remembered that Alban's motive for cautioning her, in her coming interviews with Mrs Rook, was not the merely friendly motive which might have actuated him in the case of one of the other girls. At the same time her quickness of apprehension warned her not to risk encouraging this persistent hope by betraying any embarrassment on her side. He was evidently on some to be present (in his interests) at the interview with Mrs Rook. Why not? His experience of the housekeeper—to say nothing of her experience of the world—might be of the greatest use to her in an emergency. Could he afterward reproach her with crudely raising false hopes if she accepted his services under circumstances of doubt and difficulty which he had himself been the first to point out? He could do nothing of the sort. Without waiting until he had recovered himself, she answered him (to all appearance) as composedly as if he had spoken to her in the plainest terms.

"After all that you have told me," she said, "I shall indeed feel obliged if you will be present when I see Mrs. Rook."

The eager brightening of his eyes, the flush of happiness that made him look young on a sudden, were signs not to be mistaken. The sooner they were in the presence of a third person (Emily privately concluded), the better it might be for both of them. She led the way rapidly to the house.

CHAPTER IX.

MRS ROOK AND THE LOCKET.

As mistress of a prosperous school, bearing a widely extended reputation, Miss Ladd prided herself on the liberality of her household arrangements. At breakfast and dinner not only the solid comforts but the elegant luxuries of the table were set before the young ladies. "Other schools may, and no doubt do, offer to pupils the affectionate care to which they have been accustomed under the parents' roof," Miss Ladd used to say. "At my school that care extends to this meals, and provides them with a cousine which, I flatter myself, equals the most successful efforts of the cooks at home." Fathers, mothers, and friends, when they paid visits to that excellent lady, brought away with them the most gratifying recollections of her hospitality. The men, in particular, seldom failed to recognize in their hostess the rarest virtue that a single lady can possess—the virtue of putting wine on her table which may be gratefully remembered by her guests the next morning.

An agreeable surprise awaited Mrs Rook when she entered the house of beautiful Miss Ladd.

Arriving in the character of Sir Jervis Redwood's confidential emissary—intrusted with the care of the most intelligent and most popular pupil in the school—Mrs. Rook found a reception worthy of her pretensions. Luncheon was ready for her in the waiting-room. Detained at the final rehearsals of music and recitation, Miss Ladd was worthily represented by cold chicken and ham, a fruit tart, and a pint decanter of generous sherry. "Your mistress is a perfect lady," Mrs. Rook said to the servant, with a burst of enthusiasm. "I can carve for myself, thank you; and I don't care how long Miss Emily keeps me waiting."

As she ascended the steps leading into the house, Alban asked Emily if he might look again at her locket.

"Shall I open it for you?" she suggested.

"No; I only want to look at the outside of it."

He examined the side on which the monogram appeared, inlaid with diamonds. An inscription was engraved beneath.

"May I read it?" he said.

"Certainly."

The inscription ran thus: "In loving memory of my father. Died 30th September, 1872."

"Can you arrange the locket," Alban asked, "so that the side on which the diamonds appear hangs outward?"

She understood him. The diamonds might attract Mrs. Rook's notice; and, in that case, the might ask to see the locket of her own accord. "You are beginning to be of use to me already," Emily said, as they turned into the corridor which led to the waiting-room.

They found Sir Jervis's housekeeper luxuriously recumbent in the easiest chair in the room.

Of the eatable part of the lunch some relics were yet left. In the pint decanter of sherry not a drop remained. The genial influence of the wine (hastened by the hot weather) was visible in Mrs. Rook's flushed face and in a special development of her ugly smile. Her widening lips stretched to new lengths, and the white upper line of her eyeballs was more freely and horribly visible than ever.

"And this is the dear young lady?" she said, lifting her hands in ecstatic admiration. At the first greetings Alban perceived that the impression produced was, in Emily's case as in his case, instantly unfavorable.

The servants came in to clear the table. Emily stepped aside for a minute to give some directions about her luggage. In that interval Mrs. Rook's cunning little eyes turned on Alban with an expression of malicious scrutiny.

"You were walking the other way," the whispered, "when I met you." She stopped, and glanced over her shoulder at Emily. "I see what attraction has brought you back to the school. Small your war into that poor little fool's heart, and then make her miserable for the rest of her life!—No need, miss, to hurry," she said, shifting the polite side of her face toward Emily, who returned at the moment. "The visits of the trains to your station here are like the visits of the angels described by the poet, 'few and far between.' Please excuse the quotation. You wouldn't think it to look at me—I'm a great reader."

"Is it a long journey to Sir Jervis Redwood's house?" Emily asked, at a loss what else to say to a woman who was already becoming unendurable to her.

Mrs Rook looked at the journey from an oppressively cheerful point of view.

"Oh, Miss Emily, you shan't feel the time hang heavy in my company. I can converse on a variety of topics, and if there is one thing more than another that I like, it's amusing a pretty young lady. You think me a strange creature, don't you? It's only my high spirits. Nothing strange about me, unless it's my queer Christian name. You look a little dull, my dear. Shall I begin amusing you before we are on the railway? Shall I tell you how I came by my queer name?"

Thus far Alban had controlled himself. This last specimen of the housekeeper's audacious familiarity reached the limits of his endurance.

"We don't care to know how you came by your name," he said.

"Rude," Mrs Rook remarked, composedly. "But nothing surprises me coming from a man."

She turned to Emily. "My father and mother were a wicked married couple," she continued, "before I was born. They 'got religious,' as the saying is, at a Methodist meeting in a field. When I came into the world—I don't know how you feel, miss, I protest against being brought into the world without asking my leave first—my mother was determined to dedicate me to piety before I was out of my long clothes. What name do you suppose she had me christened by? She chose it, or made it, herself—the name of 'Righteous'—Righteous Rook! Was there ever a poor baby degraded by such a ridiculous name before? It's needless to say when I write letters I sign R. Rook, and learn people to think it's Rosamond, or Rosabelle, or something sweetly pretty of that kind. You should have seen my husband's face when he first heard that his sweetheart's name was 'Righteous.' He was on the point of blaming me, and he stopped. I dare say he felt sick. Perfectly natural under the circumstances."

Alban tried to stop her again. "What time does the train go?" he asked.

Emily entreated him to restrain himself, by a look. Mrs Rook was still too unfeelingly amiable to take offense. She opened her traveling bag briskly, and placed a railway guide in Alban's hands.

"I've heard that the women do the men's work in foreign parts," she said. "But this is England, and I am an English woman. Find out when the train goes, my dear sir, for yourself."

Alban at once consulted the guide. If there proved to be no immediate need of starting for the station, he was determined that Emily should not be condemned to pass the interval in the housekeeper's company. In the mean time Mrs. Rook was as eager as ever to show her dear young lady what an amusing companion she could be.

"Talking of husbands," she resumed, "don't make the mistake, my dear, that I committed. Beware of letting anybody persuade you to marry an old man. Mr Rook is old enough to be my father. I bear with him. Of course I bear with him. At the same time, I have not (as the poet says) 'passed through the ordeal uncathed.' My spirit—I have long since ceased to believe in anything of the sort, I only use the word for want of a better—my spirit, I say, has become imbittered. I was once a pious young woman, I do assure you; I was nearly as good as my name. Don't let me shock you; I have lost faith and hope; I have become—what's the last new name for a freethinker? Oh, I keep up with the times, thanks to old Miss Redwood! She takes in the newspapers, and makes me read them to her. What is the new name? Something ending in ic. Bombastic? No. Agnostic?—that's it! I have become an Agnostic. The inevitable result of marrying an old man, if there's any blame, it rests on my husband."

"There's more than an hour yet before the train starts," Alban interposed. "I am sure, Miss Emily, you would find it pleasanter to wait in the garden."

"Not at all a bad notion," Mrs. Rook declared. "Here's a man who can make himself useful, for once. Let's go into the garden."

She rose, and led the way to the door. Alban missed the opportunity of whispering to Emily.

"Did you notice the empty decanter when we first came in? That horrid woman is drunk."

Emily pointed significantly to the locket. "Don't let her go! The garden will distract her attention, keep her near me here."

Mrs Rook gayly opened the door. "Take me to the flower beds," she said. "I believe in nothing—but I adore flowers."

"You'll find it too hot in the garden," Alban said, roughly.

Mrs. Rook waited at the door, with her eye on Emily. "What do you say, miss?"

"I think we shall be more comfortable if we stay where we are."

"Whatever pleases you, my dear, pleases me." With this reply, the compliant housekeeper—as amiable as ever on the surface—returned to her chair.

Would she notice the looked on the sat down? Emily turned toward the window, so as to let the light fall on the diamonds.

No, Mrs Rook was absorbed, at the moment, in her own reflections. Miss Emily having presented her from seeing the garden, she was maliciously bent on disappointing Miss Emily in return. Sir Jervis's secretary (being young) took a hopeful view, no doubt, of her future prospects. Mrs Rook decided on darkening that view in a mischievously suggestive manner peculiar to herself.

"You will naturally feel some curiosity about your new home," she began, "and I haven't said a word about it yet. How very thoughtless of me! Purple and gold, dear Miss Emily, our house is just a little doll. I say our house, and why not, when the management of it is all thrown on me? We are built of stone, and we are much too long, and not half high enough. One situation is on the coldest rule of the county, away in the west. We are close to the Cheviot Hills, and if you fancy there is anything to see when you look out of window, keep sleep, you will find yourself woefully mistaken. As for walks, if you go out on one side of the house you may as may not be gored by cattle. On the other side, if the darkness overtakes you, you may to may not tumble down a deserted lead mine. But the company inside the house makes amends for it all," Mrs. Rook proceeded, enjoying the expression of dismay which was beginning to show itself on Emily's face. "Plenty of excitement for you, my dear, in our small family. Sir Jervis will introduce you to plaster casts of hideous Indian idols, he will keep you waiting for him, without money, from morning to night, and when he does let you go, old Mrs Redwood will find she can't sleep, and will send for the pretty young lady secretary to read to her. My husband, I am sure, you will like. He is a respectable man, and bears the highest character. Next to the idols, he's the most hideous object in the house. If you are good enough to encourage him, I don't say that he won't amuse you, he will tell you, for instance, he never in his life hated any human being as he hates his wife. By the way, I must not forget—in the interests of truth, you know—to mention one drawback that does exist in our domestic circle. One of these days we shall have our brains blown out or our throats cut. Sir Jervis's mother left him ten thousand pounds' worth of precious stones, all contained in a little cabinet with drawers. He won't let the banker take care of his jewels, he won't sell them, he won't even wear one of the rings on his finger, or one of the pins at his breast. He keeps the cabinet on his dressing room table, and he says, 'I like to ghost over my jewels every night before I go to bed.' Ten thousand pounds' worth of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and what not, at the mercy of the first robber who happens to hear of them! Oh, my dear, he would have no choice, I do assure you, but to use his pistols. We shouldn't quietly submit to be robbed. Sir Jervis inherits the spirit of his ancestors. My husband has the temper of a gamecock. I myself, in defense of the property of my employers, am capable of becoming a perfect fiend. And we none of us understand the use of fire-arms."

While she was in full enjoyment of this last aggravation of the horrors of the prospect, Emily tried another change of position, and this time with success. Greedy admiration suddenly opened Mrs Rook's little eyes to their utmost width. "My heart alive, miss! what do I see at your watch chain? How they sparkle! Might I ask for a closer view?"

Emily's fingers trembled, but she succeeded in detaching the locket from the chain. Alban handed it to Mrs Rook.

She began by admiring the diamonds, with a certain reserve. "Nothing like as large as Sir

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1409.

Jervis'diamonds, but choice specimens, no doubt. Might I ask what the value—"

She stopped. The inscription had attracted her notice; she began to read it aloud: "In loving memory of my father. Died—"

Her face instantly became rigid. The next words were suspended on her lips.

Alban seized the chance of making her betray herself, under pretense of helping her. "Perhaps you find the figures not easy to read," he said. "The date is 'thirteenth September, eighteen hundred and seventy-seven'—nearly four years since."

Not a word, not a movement, escaped Mrs. Rook. She held the locket before her as she had held it from the first.

Alban looked at Emily. Her eyes were riveted on the housekeeper; she was barely capable of preserving the appearance of composure. Seeing the necessity of acting for her, he at once said the words which she was unable as yet for herself.

"Perhaps, Mrs. Rook, you would like to look at the portrait?" he suggested. "Shall I open the locket for you?"

Without speaking, without looking up, she handed the locket to Alban.

He opened it, and offered it to her. She neither accepted nor refused it; her hands remained hanging over the arms of the chair. He put the locket on her lap.

The portrait produced no marked effect on Mrs. Rook. Had the date prepared her to see it? She sat looking at it, still without moving, still without saying a word. Alban had no mercy on her. "That is the portrait of Miss Emily's father," he said. "Does it represent the same Mr. Brown whom you had in your mind when you asked me if Miss Emily's father was still living?"

That question roused her. She looked up on the instant; she answered, loudly and insolently, "No!"

"And yet," Alban persisted, "you broke down in reading the inscription; and considering what a talkative woman you are, the portrait has had a strange effect on you, to say the least of it."

She eyed him steadily while he was speaking, and turned to Emily when he had done. "You mentioned the heat just now, miss. The heat has overcome me; I shall soon get right again."

The insolent futility of that excuse irritated Emily into answering her. "You will get right again perhaps all the sooner," she said, "if we trouble you with no more questions, and leave you to recover by yourself."

The first change of expression which relaxed the iron tenacity of the housekeeper's face showed itself when she heard that reply. At last there was a feeling in Mrs. Rook which openly declared itself—a feeling of impatience to see Alban and Emily leave the room.

They left her, without a word more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GLASS-BLOWERS' STRIKE.

The strike of the glass blowers in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is one of the most obstinate, and to the outside observers one of the most inexplicable, of all those that have occurred in this country in many years. The industry, though not an extensive one, is nevertheless one of great importance to the busy city in which it has its main seat, and the men who are employed in it are reputed to be of a higher grade of intelligence than those in most of the other trades. Their work is carefully classified, and the men are paid by a somewhat complicated system, but one with which the operatives themselves have had a good deal to do. The workmen have long possessed a thorough organization, which, on the whole, has been conducted with judgment and fairness. The trades-union early took root among them, and they have been more than usually successful in securing leaders of energy and ability. When, therefore, the manufacturers determined that they would be required to make a reduction, they knew that they would have to count upon a very firm resistance, and they seem to have taken their steps accordingly.

The progress of the glass manufacture in the United States has been very rapid since the war. When the high taxes necessary to raise revenue during the war were imposed, this, among other manufactures, was heavily burdened with internal taxes, direct and indirect. But still higher import duties were also imposed, and these have been steadily continued. The rapid increase of population, as well as the greater comfort and luxury which were introduced in the times of inflation, increased the demand for all sorts of glass, and the manufacture thrive under the fostering influence of legislation which, though it did not prevent importation, left a large margin of profit to the home producers. New machinery and new methods, together with discoveries of considerable importance in the handling of material, tended to economize labor, to reduce cost, and to extend consumption. The result has been that in all the ordinary grades of glass the American manufacturers have had full employment for their plant.

There were some changes in the direction of reduced duties made by the law which came into operation on the 18th of July, 1883, and though there was little substantial reason to anticipate any serious effect from these changes, the manufacturers made them the occasion, in connection with the general depression in business, for a reduction in wages, as well as for some modification of their relations with their employés. These were promptly rejected by the latter, and so commenced the long strike, which at the present writing seems to be as far from any conclusion as ever.

The President of the Glass-blowers' Union, Mr. Kline, who has been very pronounced in his support of the strike, and who has encountered some opposition, has just been re-elected, and with this the last probability of any serious dissension among the workmen apparently vanishes. There have been numerous conferences between the representatives of the men and their employers, commencing in October last; but at the latest, held on Christmas-eve, all propositions for a compromise failed, and the new year opens with no prospect of a settlement. It is one declared on both sides to be a question of endurance, and the men have certainly shown a liberal capacity for that. The manufacturers have, however, on their part, resorted to extreme measures. While their works have been idle they have filled their orders with imported glass, and are now reported to have made arrangements for a supply from Belgium for a long period. Meanwhile, it is to be remarked that though there has been a very strong feeling engendered, especially among the workmen, there has been no serious disorder.

Probably the most interesting feature of the matter for the general public is the avowed change which has taken place in the opinion of the manufacturers regarding the tariff. One of the most prominent of those declared a short time since that he and a great many of his associates were convinced that high and complicated duties on imported glass, such as have been in existence now for many years, were a mistake, and that in their trade at least "protection had ceased to protect." The probability is that this trade, like many others, under the influence of legislative stimulation and the consequent domestic competition, has reached a point where it can, with a fair prospect of profit, enter foreign markets. If this is really the case, any change in the tariff which should reduce the cost of living and tend to more active foreign trade would aid the export traffic. It would be an instance where protection had worked out the results expected of it, and developed an "infant" industry into an adult and independent existence.

WILLIAM R. MORRISON.

The new chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means is the Hon. William R. Morrison, of Illinois, a farmer's son, a lawyer, a soldier, a statesman, and a native of his State. In the Mexican war he fought as a private in a regiment of Illinois Volunteers; in the war for the Union, as Colonel of the Forty-ninth Illinois Infantry. Being severely wounded at Fort Donelson, he accepted an election to Congress while still on the field of battle. He has been re-elected a number of times since, and is one of the fathers of the House.

Mr. Morrison's associates on the Committee of Ways and Means are Messrs. Mills of Texas, Blount of Georgia, Breckinridge of Kentucky, Hewitt of New York, Hemphill of Alabama, Hiestand of Ohio, Jones of Arkansas, Kelley of Pennsylvania, Kasson of Iowa, McKinley of Ohio, Hooker of New York, and Rowell of Massachusetts.

PRESIDENT McCARTHY.

Senator Dennis McCarthy, of Syracuse, was chosen President *pro tem.* of the New York Senate on the 1st of January by a unanimous vote, the Democratic minority having decided not to cast three votes for Senator Jacobs, the nominee of their caucus. In a pleasant speech the new President thanked the Senate for the honor of his election, and promised on its conduct himself that their course should not be regretted.

PERFORMING FLEAS.

A correspondent writing from Dunkirk says: There was a fair going on outside the gates of this most picturesque old city. Wandering among the booths, our curiosity was excited by one which bore the following inscription: "Pariser Floh-Theater." Tempted by a man who told us the performance was "just about to begin," we accepted the tickets he almost thrust into our hands, and crossed the threshold of the tent. There was certainly no reason for delay, as we found, somewhat to our embarrassment, that we constituted the whole of the audience. But as the famous flea theatre was about the size of an ordinary tambourine (which instrument it greatly resembled), we should scarcely have had so good a view of the performance if the spectators had been more numerous. Taking our seats, as directed, about a small round table, we looked with interest at certain cardboard boxes which stood beside the theatre. One of these was open, and showed a number of tiny vehicles, carriages, bicycles, engines, Roman chariots, all as minute as possible. The other boxes, with lids, contained the actors themselves.

The enterprising manageress, a stout lady in a cotton dressing-gown, placed herself opposite, at the table, and prefaced the entertainment with a short but interesting address. "The ordinary domestic flea," she began, "is a creature of considerable intelligence, and capable of a high degree of intellectual cultivation. We have no less than three hundred in this establishment. They are not hungry," she added, hastily, in answer to some slight expression of anxiety that doubtless portrayed itself on our countenances. "I engage a man to come every day and feed them. He hates his arm, the three hundred are placed thereon, and they suck until they are satisfied." Our immediate apprehensions then allayed, the lady proceeded to explain that the first process in the great work of taming and educating a flea was to fasten an invisible gold thread around its neck, by means of which it could be lifted at pleasure or harnessed to any of the vehicles displayed in the box before us. A well-nurtured specimen will often live to the age of eight years; and with evident pride she remarked, "We have several among our troupe who are already six years old," and so saying, she handed us a powerful microscope, and gratified us by the sight of two of these venerable fleas (magnified to the size of a wasp), hitching and plunging violently, in no wise impeded by the weight of its golden collar.

The entertainment began with a chariot race by fleas of various nations. The Russian was attached to its native droshky, the Siberian to a sledge. England, France, and Germany had each its representative, the former harnessed, I think, to a common London omnibus. Each competitor was supposed to be able to draw a body of six times its own weight. The stage was slightly tilted, however, in order to assist the runners. I regret I am unable to give you the exact result of the race, which would doubtless be of intense interest to your sporting friends, but the start could not altogether be considered satisfactory. The English mixed went off at a steady trot, without waiting for mutinous, the German lay down to have a nap by the way, and most of the others bolted off the course. This being over, the lady resumed her lecture. "It is not every flea," an were informed, "that is gifted with the power of salutation. So far we had seen only, as it were, the beasts of burden—docile insects, indeed, but with no other special accomplishments. Now we were to be treated to a ballet as danced by some really superior artistes." So saying she opened one of the card-board boxes, and extracted thence with a delicate pair of pincers a dozen of dancing fleas, each elegantly attired in—or rather, I should perhaps say, covered by—a petticoat of tissue-paper, red, blue, green, yellow—all the colors of the rainbow. Each dancer was announced by name as she entered upon the scene—Mesdes Elizabeth, Fredérik Anna, Marguerite Barbe, etc—and each mid all, encouraged by the voice of their directress, performed the most astonishing evolutions, whirling and hopping, skipping, leaping skills into the air in a way that was comical to behold. It was as if the minuetted of ballet girls had been cut in two at the waist, the lower half performing minus the head and shoulders, or like a Sabbathal dance of fairy lamp-shades bewitched. Now and again, after some unusually prodigious leap, an artist would be upset. Then beneath the gay voluminous shirt the struggling insect was for a moment visible, quickly replaced on its legs, however, by the watchful care of its mistress. Now came not the third, when the interest was supposed to culminate, and with much verbal flourish of trumpets a female toe-dancer was produced, second only in renown to the famous Blondin himself. This young lady's name was Elisa. She lived in a nest of cotton-wool, with one other companion, who was probably in delicate health, as she was not called upon to perform. Elisa not only danced on a rope, but twice traversed an immensely unfashionable chasm on a nearly invisible wire suspended between ten pins. Finally, to conclude the exhibition, the box of cotton-wool was held upside down at a distance of nearly two inches above her head, and at the word of command, "Jetzt, Elisa, springe!" (Now, Elisa, jump!) the intelligent insect sprang with one bound into its warm and cosy nest. We were charged for this entertainment the not immoderate sum of fivepence apiece, and as we walked away, remembering the man who fed and the lady who nought the fleas, we could not but marvel at the variety of ways in which it is possible to earn one's livelihood in this our work-a-day world.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA AT HOME.

The ruler of the two hundred and fifty millions of which the Chinese nation probably consists is now within five years of his majority, and is an occupant, while yet a minor, of the same apartments in which lived the Emperor who preceded him on the Dragon Throne. There, says the *North China Herald*, he eats with gold tipped chopsticks of ivory, there he sleeps on a large Ningpo bedstead, richly carved and ornamented with ivory and gold, the same on which the noble-minded Emperors Kang Hsi and Chien Lung used to recline after the day's fatigue last century and the century before. Like one of those living Buddhas who may be seen on a lunacery on the Mongolian plateau, he is built to by all his attendants, and honored as a god. There is this difference, that the respect felt for him is more profound than for them. The enclosure in which he is kept also is far more complete.

The building in which the Emperor resides is called Yang Hsin Tien, and is a little to the west of the Chien Ching Men in the middle of the palace. At the back of the central gate, on the south side, is the great reception hall. When ministers of state and others enter for an audience at four, five, or six in the morning, according to custom, they have to go on foot to the centre of the palace, over half a mile, if they enter by the east or west gate, and when they get on in years they can appreciate the Emperor's favor, which then by a decree allows them to be borne in a chair instead of walking.

The rooms of the Emperor consist of seven compartments. They are provided with the divan as a lounge, the peculiar institution of North China. The floors are covered with red felt of native manufacture, and the floor with European carpets. The cushions all have embroidered on them the dragon and the phœnix. Pretty things scattered through the rooms are endless in variety, and are changed in accordance with any wish expressed by the Emperor. The rooms are in all thirty yards long by from eight to nine yards deep, and are divided into three separate apartments, the throne-room being the middle one. Folding-doors ten feet in height open into each of these apartments to the north and south in the centre of each. The upper part of these doors is in open-work, in which various auspicious characters and flowers are carved. At the back paper is pasted to admit light to the rooms. The front is ornamented with gilding, sculpture, and varnish of various colors. These doors remain open even in winter, because during that season a thick embroidered curtain of damask is hung in the doorway, which by its weight keeps its place close to the door posts, and prevents cold air from entering. In summer this is replaced by a curtain admitting the breeze on account of its being made of very thin strips of bamboo. The silk threads used in sewing the strips of bamboo together are of various colors, and passing through the whole texture of the curtain from the top to the bottom are very agreeable to the eye. These summer and winter curtains are rolled up to give air to the rooms when required. Exit and entrance are effected on each side of these curtains by side doors. Along the whole front of thirty yards there is a covered flight of steps fifteen feet wide. The roof over this rests on two rows of pillars. The pillars shine with fresh vermilion, both within the rooms and on the steps outside, and are decorated with sculptured work, partly gilt and partly varnished. The Hoppo who lately returned from Canton gave the Emperor a present valued at $8000. It consisted of chandeliers holding five hundred wax candles each. His Majesty has also some electrical machines, and numberless foreign curiosities.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

At last there is somebody to beat the man who engraved the Ten Commandments on a three-cent piece. A Jewish penman in Vienna writes four hundred Hebrew letters on a kernel of wheat, and has written the Jewish prayer for the Austrian imperial family on the edge of a card thin enough to run through the slot in a three-foot gas-burner.

A Boston newspaper notes that only 200 persons crossed the Brooklyn Bridge on foot on a stormy day recently, and adds that in those times of curious and troubled nature people are apt to look out for a solid footing. Outside of Boston, the condition of solidity has been ascribed to the big bridge very generally.

The recent strangely fiery risings and settings of the sun are again said to be due to something. The cause, it is averred, is the disappearance of the sun spots. A still lingering and not unreasonable curiosity might be satisfied by a further confidence telling why this is the cause, and how anybody knows that it is.

A citizen of Colorado has published a series of tables showing the cost and profits of stock-raising in the parks of that State, and makes it out that an investment of $5000 would grow in ten years to $400,136.

The deep bass of the organ ceased suddenly in a church in Lewiston, Maine, when a lady's voice was heard by the whole congregation distinctly to declare, "I don't care one bit; I do want a piano."

The royalty has been taken for a permanent French theatre to be established in London, where, it is declared, there are more than half a million people able to speak or understand the language of France. There is some talk of the establishment of a Greek theatre in Boston.

It has been estimated in Chicago that $2,000,000 was spent in that town for Christmas presents; "but the tons of candy that were consumed," a leading confectioner declared to a reporter, "I have not attempted to count." What Chicago did at New Year's has not yet been computed.

A speaker at a recent meeting in Berlin said that the interchange of ideas between America and Germany was rapidly liberalizing the whole German people. The liberalism of England, the speaker declared, was due to the relationship which so closely existed between Great Britain and the United States while England was furnishing the republic with population. England, because she afforded that supply, called herself the mother country, and now that Germany had taken England's place, she ought to succeed to the title. The suggestion was greeted with prolonged applause.

A burglar who has been interviewed for the Boston *Herald* declares that of those whom an "operator" is liable to meet while working in a dwelling house the most dreaded is a woman. "The women are the hardest to handle," the burglar says, "except a man who comes up cool and has his weapons handy," and as a man seldom comes up in this way under the circumstances, the burglar's chief bother remains the woman, whom neither terror nor habit will permit to keep still.

A London waif who was arrested "for wandering in the streets" told to the magistrate a painful tale. A benevolent gentleman of Hull read the story in the newspaper, and wrote to say that he would be glad to adopt and educate the boy, and make him heir to a considerable property. Reply was sent that investigation had shown that the lad was lazy, untruthful, and dishonest. The gentleman wrote again to say that he was eager to take any other boy, "well built and about fourteen," on the same conditions, and that "the more destitute he was, the greater the recommendation." The announcement was published in the London newspapers, and the magistrate, who has undertaken to supply the gentleman with what he wants, and who likewise may be called benevolent, has his hands full.

"THE ROAD ALL ALONG WAS ALIVE WITH FOLKS GWINE TO MEETIN'."

THE BIG MEETIN' AT SWINGIN' LIMB.

I reckons to tell you about that trip we 'uns all took to gran' man's, as I'll pitch right into it "without proceedin'," as old Brother Cole says.

Gran'maw lives away up Owl Hollow, in the Coosa River Valley, and we 'uns all went to see her—me and maw and pap and Buddy and Cousin Salony and sister Flaridy Tennyse. We chillens was all little fellows then, and I never had been nowhere in my life 'cept Talladega town one time. Maw she packed us all in the waggin, and pap he drir, and it tuck us upwards of three days to git thar. We camped out two nights on the road. We mought have got thar quicker if we'd had sich critters as Buddy has got now; mules, you know, is no good to keep the road, even if ther ren away; but no drir old Buck and Brindle (them's our steers) And if you don't know steers, they are sorter like a fice-dog, gwine anywhere; they winds about all over the road, and makes two miles out'n one. Old Brindle in partickler is so headstrong you can't gee-haw him; he puts me in mind of pap when he is tight—never wants to keep the road, gits his legs tangled, and goes "cata-wampus" here and thar across the road, first one side and then t'other.

Gran'man's house is a double log cabin, with a chimbley at each end and a planer betwixt, a loft overhead, and ten shed rooms back. It is set right at the foot of Big Tater Mountain, that is so high in is most dinner-time 'fore the sun has rit, and you wouldn't know when day come if you didn't hear gran'pap a-cuilin' of his hogs and a-yellin' at the goats. They've got some good river bottom land that makes 'em a plenty; they raise ever'thing they eat and wear, card and spin and weave their own cloth, and don't git no bought truck 'cept a "leetle grain of sugar and coffee to keep for sickness."

But it'an powerful benighted settlement, gran'maw 'lowed. They was the most lillesome and do-less set ever in thar back of her ever she set eyes on, and a-so raisin' of the'r chillun like a passel of mountain goats, without say sort of larnin' 'cept devilment. It was summer-time, and Uncle (they call their preachers uncle) Easterwood had got it set hot meetin'-day that they would have protracted meetin' at Swingin' Limb meetin' house, to begin on Saturday 'fore the third Sunday in August; reaps would be laved by then, and they must all come and fetch dinner, so as to have two sermons. The house ain't big enough to hold all the folks big meetin' times, so they made a bush arbor outside, drir down stabs, and laid planks across for benches, and kiverred the ground with straw, and lit it up at night with pine light-'ood fires on stands. Uncle Easterwood 'lowed a new preacher named Brother Jeremiah Cole was comin', and he begged everybody to come, and fetch the'r friends and all the'r chillun: he never said nothin' about dogs, but they 'peared to take part of the invite to the'selves. I never seed the like of dogs at meetin' afore in my life; all sorts and sizes, from flop-eared hounds down to bench-legged fice, and they yelped around all day. Somebody would kick 'em out, and they'd tuck the'r tails and sneak right back through the cracks, and git kicked agin. It's jist in three miles of gran' pap's, and we 'uns all rid in the waggin. Gran'man 'lowed she had footed it many and many a time, and toted her Sunday shoes till she got 'most thar, and sat down on a log and put 'em on, and hid her old naes under the log. The road all along was alive with folks gwine to meetin', some in waggins and some bean-back, and them that didn't have the critters to ride a-a walkin'—gals and boys barefooted, and sweethearts swingin' hands, and most all of the gals had big stick tooth brushes full of snuff in the'r mouths, and keep it up in meetin'. We heard the singin' a mile 'fore we got thar, and as we drir in sight we heard good old Uncle Easterwood a-lein' out the hime,

"Chil-dren of the brave-ll King,
As ye hear-ni sweet-ll sing."

He 'ain't got no book-larnin' much, but gran'pap 'lowed he worked wher the high-larns ones wouldn't go, and had done a power of good in the poverty ins grounds and by ways and hedges of that settlement; but thar was a heap of stubble and new ground to be broke up yet.

The house was crammed full, men-folks all setin' on one side, and women-folks on t'other. The arbor was full too, and part of the gang was walkin' about under the trees, talkin' and eatin' ginger cakes and apples, and drinkin' water—meetin' folks allers wants water. You could see a string of folks from the arbor to the spring all day, women totin' babies in the'r arms, and jerkin' the two year-old along by the hand, and it a squawlin' loud enough to skeer the screech-owls. A passel of bad boys was thar from town to git the'r dinner, and make fun of the crowd. They set on the bench afore us, with them tore-down Owl Hollow boys, and they whispered, and snickered, and laughed, and chewed and spit terbacher, and whittled on the benches, and writ in the hime-books, and never hearn a word the preacher said. Brother Cole rix to the stand, a tall, high cheek-boned, lean, lank, hungry-lookin' man, and his clothes fits him about like a sheet fits a bush when it' flung over it to dry. He don't take no text, nor say no Scriptur', he just relates totchin' little circumstances that sets the women folks to shouting' and the babies all to yellin' and that's what makes pap call it a "*distracted* meetin'."

He tuck his red cotton handkercher out of his hat and wiped the sweat off'n his face, unfastened his shirt collar, and flung off his coat like he was gwine to mail and split rails, cleared his throat, and 'lowed: "Brethering and sistering, you kin see by the way old Blaze out there is a panin' that I'm rel'n long ways to discourse to you to-day—ar, and as I am belated, I will pitch right in without proceedin'. I thank my stars my head ain't upset with no sort of book-larnin'—ar. I don't have to go to the dictionary to git my text—ar. I ain't none of your high larnt, stuck up sort—ar. I 'ain't never been to the city of Maine nor the State of New Orleans—ar, and I don't waste my time cannin' after none of your big tick-tock—ar. Why, my beloved brethering, ef *Jay Gould* herself was in a mile of here, I wouldn't git on my critter to go and see him—ar. If he wanted to see me, he'd have to come to me—ar. Brethering, you may not believe it, but I wouldn't turn on my heel to see the *President* himself—ar. I thank my stars I ain't none of your high-larnt heretics—ar. Brethering, thar ain't but one kind of them I know anything about—ar, and that is *sand-birds*—ar, and if you don't look out, brethering, you'll get more of 'em right here in these woods—ar, than you kin scratch off in a week—ar. I thank my stars I don't belong to no denomination—ar. I joined the Primitive Baptists, but they turned me out because I refused to wash Brother Quadd-drum's feet—ar; and I'll tell you it is my mind in the congregation that *humse* Brother Quadd-drum of I ain't sanctifiable—ar, and the man that thinks I ain't I am plum willin' to turn the job over to him—ar." He spit on the floor, and rubbed his foot over it, and preached no louder than ever. Old Miss Cass sot in to shoutin', and that started t'others, and the louder he preached, the louder they shouted, and the louder the babies yelled, and the dogs barked. It skeered the rollin' critters, and some of 'em got loose, and when meetin' broke for dinner I was cryin' terrible, and didn't know it 'ul Salony 'lows, "Betsy, what ails you?"

BETSY HAMILTON.

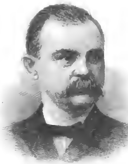
"OLD MISS CASS SOT IN TO SHOUTIN'."

GOING TO CHURCH IN HOLLAND.

In Rotterdam there are five Protestant churches in charge of about fifteen clergymen, some of whom, however, usually conduct the service or preach twice in one day in the same place of worship; but each has a sort of roving commission, by virtue of which he officiates at one church in the morning, at a second in the afternoon, and at a third in the evening. Many of these gentlemen differ considerably from each other in their doctrinal views, and each has his supporters among the members of the congregation, whose opinions on religious subjects generally coincide with his own. Every Saturday circulars are sent to the pew holders, in which are stated the names of the clergymen who will officiate in the different churches of the town, so that each person has the opportunity of listening to the pious counsels of the *dominie* he most appreciates.

While the minister is preaching, the male portion of the congregation wear their hats; but when prayers are being offered, or hymns sung, the head is always uncovered. The Dutch Protestants have an faith in the belief that because the Church is devoted to sacred purposes the building itself is holy; and therefore they pay less attention to those reverential observances which are familiar to most people who enter a consecrated edifice. With Roman Catholics, however, this is different. In their places of worship the head is always uncovered, and even when passing by the building in the street the men raise their hats reverentially. It is not the general custom in Holland to pray kneeling. Usually the men stand up, while the women retain their seats, which, as a rule, they do throughout the service.

In the churches, as well as at theatres and concerts, Dutch ladies always use what are called *stoofjes*, on which they place their feet while seated. These are small square wooden boxes, the upper surface perforated with holes, and one side being left open to allow, in winter, an earthen vessel containing red hot turf to be placed within, so that the heat, ascending through the apertures, communicates an agreeable warmth to the feet. The habit of using footstools of this kind is so general that no house is considered properly furnished without a plentiful supply of them; and it is almost as customary to offer a lady visitor the use of a *stoofje*, on her arrival, as it is to present her with a chair. When, however, it is considered that in Holland open fire grates are rarely met with, and that Dutch stoves are generally closed in front, so that the fire is not visible, it will be readily understood that these footstools are not to be despised. On a week-day several hundreds of these stoofjes may be seen, piled one on top of the other, in some obscure corner of the church until brought out for use on the Sabbath. In some country places old women have their favorite stools, which are supplied with well polished brass handles, and they carry them in their hands to and from the *kerk* on Sundays.



THE HON. TITUS SHEARD.—Phot. by Notman, Albany.

SPEAKER SHEARD.

Mr. Sheard's election to the Speakership at Albany now seems to have been sure ever since the opening of the Speakership contest. As long ago as the 26th of December his friends announced in the press that he had received the promise of a majority of the votes, and he himself freely expressed confidence in the ultimate result, although his principal competitors were men as strong as Messrs. Roosevelt, Littlejohn, and Erwin. He is believed to have had the active support of Senator Warner Miller, and at least the acquiescent support of President Arthur, and thus to have demonstrated that the terms "Half-breed" and "Stalwart" are no longer of significance in the politics of the Empire State. No doubts of his honesty or capacity were expressed, even by his bitterest antagonists, but it was said that no candidate ever succeeded in securing the nomination when his friends for days in advance of the caucus had predicted it with such absolute certainty. Among the most ardent of those friends was Congressman H. G. Burleigh, who, a week before the event, wrote letters declaring that "there is not a shadow of doubt that the Hon. Titus Sheard will be the next Speaker." When at length the caucus met, on the 31st of December, Mr. Sheard was chosen on the first ballot; thirty-seven votes being necessary to an election, he received forty-one out of seventy-two, and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt (his only remaining competitor), twenty-nine. The next day Mr. Sheard was formally installed in office. "His manners," says a correspondent, "are those of a frank and perfectly honorable man. They create for him a most favorable impression at the very outset of his career. There have been fears expressed that rewards and punishments would be measured out by him to the members according as their preferences were indicated during the closely contested canvass. Arguments of such a character, doubtless, have had their effect upon the weaklings; but those who know Mr. Sheard best vouch for his impartiality."

Having been conducted to the chair by Messrs. Rice and Roosevelt, the new Speaker delivered a brief address in a clear voice. "I do not misconstrue nor magnify," he said, "the functions of the Speaker of this House. You have not elected me to tell you what it is best for you to do on the many matters which are to engross your attention, or how it is best for you to do it. I am put here to preside over your deliberations; to see to it that every member is secured in the rights which belong to each; to enforce your accepted rules of precedence; to maintain order and to expedite the business of the House. You have made me your servant, and on the threshold of my responsibility I shall not forget that it is my duty to see to it that the policies your joint wisdom dictates are carried out. I ask you, gentlemen, for your kindly forbearance if I shall sometimes err, as I know I shall. I ask you for your generous co-operation in my efforts to facilitate the business of the session. I thank you again for your confidence, and await your further pleasure."

Mr. Sheard hails from Herkimer County, and has had considerable experience as a legislator.

THE LATE JOSEPH LONGWORTH.

Mr. Joseph Longworth, son of the celebrated Nicholas Longworth, died at his home near Cincinnati, Ohio, at five o'clock on the morning of December 30, in the seventy-first year of his age. He had long been the sole manager of the Longworth estate, and a frequent contributor of funds in aid of the fine arts and of the public charities of the city. He is survived by his widow, his son, Judge Nicholas Longworth, and his daughter, the wife of Colonel George Ward Nichols. His disease was old age.

The death of this gentleman brings again into prominence the romantic career of his father. Nicholas Longworth laid the foundation of his fortune of $15,000,000—it was considered an immense fortune twenty years ago, when he died—by investing in lands in and around Cincinnati the money he saved from his earnings as a lawyer; and on one occasion, after defending a client who had been accused of horse-stealing, he accepted as a fee thirty-three acres of ground which a few years afterward became worth not less than two millions of dollars. In 1850 his taxes were $17,000, the largest sum then paid by any person in the United States except William B. Astor. "Longworth," said one of his contemporaries, "became a rich man by starting upon the calculation that if he could put any individual in the way of making a dollar for Longworth, and a dollar for himself at the same time, by aiding him with ground for a lot, or by building him a house on it, and if, moreover, he could multiply cases of the kind by hundreds, or perhaps thousands, he would promote his own interests just in the same measure as he was advancing those of others. At the same time he could not be unconscious that while their half was subdivided into small possessions owned by a thousand or more individuals, his half was a vast, a boundless aggregate, since it was the property of one man alone. The event has done justice to his sagacity. Hundreds, if not thousands, in and adjacent to Cincinnati now own houses and lots, and many have become wealthy, who, under a different state of things, would in all probability have lived and died as mere tenants."

THE HON. DENNIS McCARTHY.
Photographed by Notman, Albany.—[See Page 27.]

THE HON. WILLIAM R. MORRISON.
Photographed by C. M. Bell.—[See Page 27.]

Mr. Longworth was also at the head of the vine culturists of the United States, and the author of numerous essays on wine-making. He discovered and made public certain laws relating to the growth of the strawberry, and wrote an interesting treatise on that plant. He presented his city with four acres of land as a site for an observatory, and when a carping citizen suggested that the gift was due to a desire to benefit his own property, Mr. Longworth offered to assume the entire expense of erecting and furnishing the observatory, if his critic would make a similar donation of four acres. A Cincinnatian who knew him well, described him as a wit and humorist of a high order; keenly sagacious and shrewd in many other than money matters; one who could be exact to a dollar, and liberal when he chose with thousands; of marked peculiarity and tenacity of opinion, and yet tolerant of the opinions of others, a man of great public spirit and sound general judgment. Those who knew his son will not fail to find in these words some reflection of himself also.

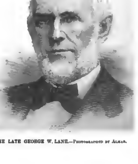
THE LATE JOSEPH LONGWORTH.—Photographed by Porter.

THE LATE GEORGE W. LANE.

Mr. George W. Lane, who died of Bright's disease on the 30th of December, was one of the best-known merchants of New York city, being at the time of his death President of the Chamber of Commerce, member of the Aqueduct Commission, director of the Fulton National Bank, of the Merchants' National Bank, and of the Continental Insurance Company, trustee of the Central Trust Company, the Seamen's Savings-Bank, the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, and the Sailors' Snug Harbor, President of the Port Society, and of the Board of Trustees of the Presbyterian Hospital. During the Mayoralty of Mr. Havemeyer he held the position of City Chamberlain, and performed its duties with characteristic fidelity, modesty, and discretion.

His mercantile career began at the age of fourteen, when he became a clerk in the store of Reyther & Waddy, grocers on Front Street. Not long afterward he won the friendship of Mr. Havemeyer, and through his intervention was made a partner of Mr. David Hustace, in the firm of Hustace & Lane, wholesale grocers. In 1860, after the death of Mr. Hustace and the retirement of Mr. James J. Crane, the firm name was changed to George W. Lane & Co., and in 1863 the business was confined to the importation of teas, at No. 93 Front Street, Messrs. Russell Crane and Morris Woodruff being associate partners.

In the *Story of the Volunteer Fire Department of the City of New York*, published recently by the Messrs. Harper, occurs the following paragraph: "George W. Lane was a member of Pearl Hose Company, No. 28, and its treasurer for more than seven years. It was upon his motion that the company resolved to use the first steam fire-engine ever seen in this city. They tried her at the foot of Wall Street, when their hose, being small and old, burst, amid the jeers of a crowd of firemen not particularly friendly to the introduction of steam into the department. Once more they tried her, this time privately, at No. 44 South Street, on a moonlight night, and though the hose burst again, there were no jeers. Mr. Lane's company built the first hose carriage that had springs, having received from the Common Council an appropriation for the purpose; and years afterward it was the practice of the Common Council, when advertising for proposals for new hose carriages, to insert a provision that the modelling should be like that of the carriage of Pearl Hose Company, No. 28. George W. Lane has done arduous duty many a time on the roofs of burning buildings." Mr. Lane's brother, the late Nathan Lane, the well-known Wall Street stationer, was foreman of the company. In 1864 Mr. Lane was a member of the Firemen's Committee of the great Sanitary Fair in aid of the sick and wounded Union soldiers. "The Fire Department," said Harper's Weekly in April of that year, "occupies the northeastern corner of the main building. The stand is sixty feet in length, and is covered with a canopy of flags reaching to the roof of the building. An ornamental front of exquisite design hangs down to within six feet of the counter. The apex of the front is ornamented with hooks, ladders, brass pipes, lanterns, and hose, arranged in such a manner as to represent the rising sun. This department of the Sanitary Fair is crowded with every variety of rare and costly offerings;" and the net receipts were more than fourteen thousand dollars. "It was the very energy displayed in their subsequent careers," says an old friend of Mr. Lane's, "that sent so many men afterward prominent as New York merchants and financiers, into the Fire Department."



THE LATE GEORGE W. LANE.—Photographed by Alman.

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"'WELL, I DON'T KNOW, I'M SURE,' GEORGE WOULD REPLY, OPENING AND PERUSING HIS LETTER."

THIRLBY HALL.*

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MADEMOISELLE DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," "HEAPS OF MONEY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

I CHANGE THE SCENE.

GREAT misfortunes are like mortal wounds, in that they seldom cause much suffering at first; and for some time after the destruction of all my hopes I managed to preserve an outward equanimity which was certainly not the result of any exceptional strength of mind. I stood out my month at Thirlby; I pottered about the place with my uncle, as of old; I initiated Jimmy into the rudiments of field sports, listened patiently to the religious disquisitions of Mrs. Farquhar, who had now once more taken me into favor. But I had not been long in London again before the blackness of despair settled down upon me. I found myself without any object in life, with nothing whatever to look forward to, and—as I rather ungratefully imagined—without a single friend. Having few acquaintances in town at that season of the year, and being a great deal alone, I took to brooding over my troubles, and began soon to put to myself some of those pleasant questions to which no answer has ever been discovered, nor ever will be until the whole business comes to an end.

Most of us, I suppose, have passed through some such dark periods, and most of us have come out of them with a more or less cheerful acquiescence in the mystery of life, and a conviction that it is, upon the whole, wiser to struggle for existence than to try and find out what existence is, or why it should be struggled for. Unfortunately, the labors of a Foreign Office clerk are hardly severe enough in themselves to exclude "obstinate questionings." I don't mean to say that my speculations were very abstruse, or that I consulted any authorities, philosophical or theological, with a view to gaining more light (though, to be sure, I might have done so and got but scant comfort for my pains), but I reached the point of persuading myself that I had neither hope nor belief, neither duties nor pleasures, in the world; and when a man gets as far as that, ugly conclusions are apt to stare him in the face. My uncle, who knew of the disappointment that I had had, and who must have guessed at my condition of mind from my letters, very wisely and kindly left me alone. No doubt I should have rejected any consolation that he could have offered me; but I well remember how often I accused him in my thoughts of having accepted Jimmy as a wholly efficient substitute for me, and how in this I found an additional argument in favor of cutting short a life which was of no use either to its owner or to anybody else.

It is easy to look back with a smile now upon all this crude temerity; yet it may be remembered that within the space of a few weeks I had been virtually banished from my home, deceived by my friend, and laughed to scorn both by the woman whom I loved, and by her whose good opinion I still greatly prized; and perhaps charitable persons may be disposed to excuse a young fellow who, under such sad circumstances, fancied that the world was a poor place to live in.

I did not, however, attempt to cut my throat or to drown myself in the Thames, nor did I enlist, as I had occasional wild thoughts of doing when the news of Alma, Balaclava, and Inkermann came successively to heighten the gloom of the winter days. Such remedies were too heroic for one in my state of nerveless despondency, and it is probable that I should have remained where I was from sheer lack of energy to move elsewhere, had not a friendly letter reached me one morning from the other side of the world. George Warren wrote in good spirits, and made only indirect allusions to the cause of his exile. He had already succeeded beyond his anticipations, he said; he liked the life, and, although he did not see his way to making immediate wealth, he considered the prospect fair and sure, and only regretted that he had so limited an amount of capital to work upon. "If nothing should occur to disgust you with an effete civilization," he concluded, "you could not do better than come out here and join me. I wish you would. The interior of New South Wales hasn't much to boast of in the way of society, it is true; but I could promise you plenty of occupation and some novel experiences."

George can little have suspected, when he penned these careless words, in what sober earnest they would be accepted by the person to whom they were addressed. Occupation and novelty!—were not these the things of which I stood in need? And why, since I was so weary of my present existence, should I not make a fresh start, and begin a new life in a new world? I jumped at the idea. I wrote to my uncle, telling him of the step which I meditated, and received (somewhat to my surprise, I own) a cordial approval of it from him by return of post. It only remained for me to let George know that he might expect me, to retire from the service which I had done so little to adorn, and to purchase such an outfit as my future avocations appeared to require.

These and other preliminaries occupied a good deal of time, and in the carrying out of them my spirits insensibly rose. When the date fixed for my departure grew near, my uncle came up to London to give me, as he said, the benefit of his advice upon the subject of sheep-farming, but in reality, I think, that we might have a few undisturbed days together before we parted. In those few days the cloud which had recently come between us—and which had been of my raising, not his—was finally dispelled. I knew then that his love for me had never diminished, and that there were no troubles of mine which his kind heart did not share. I saw, too—though he never said so—that my going away was a sore trial to the dear old man; but I am afraid it did not occur to me that I might be doing rather a selfish thing in leaving him.

My wish was to embark without paying a farewell visit to Thirlby; but this my uncle would not hear of. "Miss Dennison is away from home," he said, divining the cause of my reluctance; "but the Rector would like to say good-by to you, and so would Bunce—not to speak of my mother and Jimmy. You must be prepared to receive a round scolding from Bunce, who will not be convinced that New South Wales is anything but a penal settlement, and thinks that your going there is nothing short of a stigma upon the family."

However, when the time came, Bunce did not scold me, but only shook his head and looked utterly woe-begone, and couldn't get out a word. And Bunce was not the only old friend whose face made my heart ache that day. I don't know how [illegible] kind people came to shake me by the hand and wish me god-speed. If I had had some hard thoughts while I had been alone in London, they were all gone now, and it was only by dint of the most obstinate and unnatural uprightness that I was able to avoid publicly disgracing myself. My uncle came to the station with me alone, and at the last moment he put his head in at the carriage window, saying, with a break in his voice, "Charley, my boy, you'll come back and see me soon before I die, won't you?"

I couldn't answer him, but I nodded; and then the train moved on, and his poor wistful face was lost to me. After all, it is not such an easy matter to say good-by.

I don't think it was before we were well out to sea, and the gray headland of the Lizard was fast fading into mist, that I admitted to myself the loss of one last vague shred of hope. "She had only to say a word," I thought, sadly, "and I would have given up everything. But if she couldn't say it, I suppose it was better that she should stay away."

CHAPTER XL.

HOME AGAIN.

LET not patient readers fear that at this advanced stage of the proceedings they are going to be introduced to sheep-washing and gold-washing, bush rangers, damper, and blue gums, or asked to follow the chase of the bounding kangaroo. The endurance of the patient thrill not be taxed much further, and, indeed, I have found by experience that there are many persons who do not take an intelligent interest in any of the above subjects. I shall probably give you more satisfaction by dismissing those years in as few sentences as may be, and hastening toward the point at which all curiosity with regard to my career may be supposed to subside.

Those three years were years of tolerably constant physical labor, of some occasional excitement, and of fair prosperity. Circumstances did not compel me to face the hardships which most of those who seek their fortune at the antipodes must be prepared to encounter; yet my experiences were not smooth. They taught me, as they could hardly fail to do, some salutary lessons; and if I returned to my native land, like the oft-quoted Bourbons, having forgotten nothing, I hope I may say that I did not resemble them in having learned nothing.

George Warren received me with as hearty a welcome as I could have desired, but, after listening to my story, did not disguise his conviction that I should be taking my passage home again before the twelvemonth was out. He obstinately refused to believe that Maud's rejection of me was intended to be final, and when I declared that he did not know what he was talking about, reminded me that he had at least understood my feelings upon a former occasion better than I had done myself, and that, having been right in my case, there was a slight presumption in favor of his being right as to hers. Nevertheless, he was compelled, in the sequel, to modify his opinion, and to confess that both Miss Dennison and I were more steadfast than he had imagined us. Maud corresponded with him pretty regularly. Letters from her reached our station every now and again—letters which George always allowed me to read, and which, long and kindly as they were, gave no ground for supposing that the writer regretted what she had done. I well recollect how, as time went on, the sight of an envelope addressed in her handwriting used to make my heart sink, and how I used to exclaim: "Now it has come! She is writing to tell you that she is engaged to some fellow."

"Well, I don't know, I'm sure," George would reply, opening and perusing his letter in that exasperatingly deliberate manner of his, while I ground my teeth with impatience; and then, having fully mastered its contents, he would hand it over to me, remarking, with a smile, "Not this time."

He himself seemed to have put entirely away from him the day-dream in which he had once made bold to indulge, and was disinclined to refer to them. On being pressed, he said, well, he didn't think he should ever fall in love with anybody else, but falling in love was not the only thing that made life worth having. George always took a very moderate view of the share of happiness that was due to him. He was laying by money now, and sending home periodical supplies to replenish the family exchequer. Probably he thought that he was fulfilling his destiny more satisfactorily in this way than by achieving less prosaic successes, and, for aught I know, he may have been right.

As for me, I was without such sources of self-approval; and so, when three long years had passed away, and my uncle had been urging me to pay him a visit, lest (as he said) I should "put off too long," I considered myself fairly entitled to turn away my thoughts from wool for a time. I returned to England with no intention of remaining there (for I had become attached to the free Australian life—perhaps also a little to the prospect of growing rich); but it was not only to see my dear old man again that I undertook the voyage. Three years of constancy [illegible] surely count for something, I thought; and she was still

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1392.

rried—well, we should see. If the worst to the worst, I had always an occupation to ark upon, and a friend to smoke a pipe with the day's work was done. One must not e exacting.

ad been unable to let my uncle know the e date on which he might expect me, and I t think it necessary to send him a telegram y arrival, the consequence of which was when I alighted at Thirlby Station I found rt of vehicle in waiting. For that, however, prepared. I told the station master, who ecognized me with a broad grin, to send my ge up in a cart, and set out to walk home. hen I reached the bridge over the dike that ects Thirlby Broad with Horsey Mere I came halt, and remained for a long time leaning the parapet, and staring at the expanse of water with that foolish surprise at finding ure of Nature unaltered which one or Ire- dy experiences at such times. I was won- g whether Maud was at the Rectory, and e I should first meet her, when, all of a sud- I saw her emerge with slow steps from the of trees where she and I had often walked her in the old days. She sauntered along ank, unconscious of being observed, pausing now and then to kick a stone into the wa- while I watched her eagerly. At last, when ed advanced to within a few yards of me, I keep silence no longer, and, in a voice trembled a little, despite all my efforts at ontrol, I said, "How do you do, Miss Dett ?"

"harley!" she exclaimed. And the next mo- I was holding both her hands, and looking he most beautiful eyes in the world, which ume with a glad light of welcome shining on.

And are you glad to see me back?" I asked, we had exchanged the usual hurried ques- and replies. It was rather a silly thing to but in sophisticated states of society a man eldom express his thoughts freely.

f course I am glad, everybody will be glad," ered Maud. "And I suppose, perhaps, you elf are not sorry to be at home again; h Mr Le Merchant says you don't mean to ong. And now tell me all about Australia."

th, there's nothing to tell," I said. "I'll give a full account of it some other time, if you , but just at present it is your part to tell bout home. First of all, how is my uncle?"

Perfectly well, I am glad to say, only rather ed about your return. I have just been to m, and of course we talked about nothing se. Don't you think you ought to go to him ce, Charley?"

Yes, I will in a minute—or five minutes, per-

So you have just been with the old man?"

Yes; we have become great allies, I must tell I have seen a good deal more of him since Farquhar's death, and I don't wonder now r always having been so enthusiastic about

am very glad you are friends," said I. w old Mrs. Farquhar! I suppose nobody regret her very much."

don't know," said Maud. "Mr Le Marchant I think. She softened down a great deal —after all that trouble, you know, and lat- I grew almost fond of her myself, though 't say that I ever understood her."

And Jimmy?" I asked.

Jimmy is flourishing. He is at Eton now, know. In the holidays he sometimes con- ends to ride with me, and take me out fish- He is a little like what you used to be; —"

Only not so nice?" I suggested.

Well, that is a matter of opinion," answered d. "Some people might say that he was r. He is certainly cleverer."

But George Warren always maintained that d great undeveloped talents," I observed.

hen we spoke a little of George and other nds, and by-and-by Maud asked me whether ll kept up my acquaintance with Lady Con- ce Sotheran; to which I replied that I had so much as heard her name since the day n I had bidden her farewell in Yorkshire.

Yet she has become rather notorious," Maud arked.

Very likely," answered I; "has her notoriety not penetrated to the Southern Hemisphere. what way does it display itself?"

In all sorts of ways. She entertains on a e scale, of course; but, besides that, she ds endless charities, and takes up out-of-the- abuses, which she generally contrives to reformed. It seems that she has the power making everybody follow her lead, and I be- e she does a great deal of good. Last spring w her several times in London. She looked y much bored, I thought; but she always did that, did she not?"

And what about her husband?"

Oh, I should think he was supremely con- ted, at any rate, he ought to be. They say refused to join the last Ministry because she ald not allow him to accept anything less n a seat in the Cabinet. You narrowly es- ed having greatness thrust upon you, you ."

I made no reply, and we walked on for some tance in silence. Whether the direction which r steps took was determined by the conscious unconscious will of either of us, I can not say; t certain it is that we found ourselves eventu- y upon the brink of that reedy creek which d already been the scene of two memorable erviews between us. For my part, I recog- ed at the same moment the fact and the im- ssibility of avoiding some allusion to it. It med as though Fate had guided me thither; t I shrank from risking everything upon the y first day of my return. That day at least, thought, should be unclouded; nay, would it be far better that all clouds should be avert-ed up to the last moment, and that I should re- serve to myself the power of supplementing my failure by a speedy retreat? For doubtless it was more likely than not that I should fail. Moreover, I felt sure that if Maud had had any present thought of relenting, she would not have suffered herself to be led to this especial spot.

Therefore I only said, "So the old punt is gone at last."

"Not quite gone," answered Maud. "If you bend down, you will see its sides sticking up out of the mud under water. It sank one day last winter, to my great regret, and I was only a little consoled by remembering that I had had the luck not to be sitting in it at the time. Bunce abso- lutely refused to fish it up for me again. He said he was blessed if he'd help me to get the rheumatics by sitting in such plaguy damp places, so since then I have had to make the best of a willow stump."

"Then you do come here sometimes?" said I, interrogatively.

"Very often," she answered. "I am fond of the place. It reminds me of the days of my youth."

I laughed at the implication that the days of her youth were over; but she rejoined, gravely: "I am five-and-twenty, and I feel two-and-fifty. Lives like mine have nothing youthful about them. All my friends are old people, and all my pursuits now are very much what they will be twenty or thirty years hence, if I live so long."

"And you are contented with such a life?"

"Who is altogether contented?" she returned. "Not even Mr Sotheran, perhaps, if one could probe the secret recesses of his heart. My life suits me well enough. I have grown rather fond of parish work, which I used to hate, and all the people in the village allow me to tyrannize over them now. Even Mrs Bunce admits that I don't mean any harm, though I can't persuade her to come out of Ebenezer. Every now and then I have a dinner party at the Welbys' or a ball on the other side of the county by way of dissipa- tion, and once or twice a year I go to stay with my aunt, Mrs. Saville, for a time. And so the days go on. They are not bad days, taking them all in all."

"But the old days were better," I suggested.

"Yes," she answered, with a slight hesitation; and then, more briskly—"yes, the old days were better, no doubt. That is why I like to be re- minded of my youth."

It was easy to foresee the inevitable issue of such a dialogue as this. I felt so certain that I should not be able to maintain the reserve which I had imposed upon myself that I suddenly de- termined to throw myself upon my companion's mercy, lest a worse thing should befall me. "Maud," I began, hurriedly, "I have something to say to you, only please don't answer me. Will you promise to give me no answer yet?"

She replied, composedly, "Certainly, if you wish it. But why am I not to be allowed to speak?"

"Because it would spoil everything," I return- ed. "Because I am going away again soon; because I want to enjoy these few weeks—who knows whether we shall ever have such another quiet time together?—and because I want you and my uncle to enjoy them too. All that would be impossible if I knew at the very outset that you could never care for me. When I went away you told me that I was changeable, and I couldn't contradict you then; but I don't think you can accuse me of being changeable any more. Un- happily, my having loved you so long is no rea- son for your being able to love me; though per- haps it might entitle me to ask for a short period of probation. It is not a very unreasonable re- quest to make, considering how much I must gain or lose by your decision. I want you, if you will, to grant me this small privilege, and I will engage, on my part, not to mention the subject again until quite the end of the time. I didn't mean to mention it now, only I found it impossi- ble to hold my tongue."

"May I not say one word?" asked Maud.

"No, no!" I exclaimed, vehemently, holding up my hand to stop her; "you mustn't breathe a syllable—you mustn't even give me a look! Don't you see that the slightest sign can only mean yes or no?"

I was, nevertheless, inconsistent enough to in- terrogate her face anxiously; but I gained little by this incipient breach of contract. Her expres- sion was quite inscrutable, and I had to content myself with the negative encouragement that it did not seem to indicate displeasure. Perhaps, if it indicated anything at all, it was rather a faint degree of amusement than any other emotion.

"Very well," she said at length; "but this makes conversation a little difficult. What are we to talk about now? Suppose you take this opportunity of giving me some of your colonial experiences."

She had apparently forgotten that nearly half an hour before she had urged me to lose no time in seeking out my uncle; but I, for the first time in my life, was anxious to leave her. Her com- posure did not strike me as a good omen, nor did I feel capable at that moment of doing justice to the attractions of Australian life and scenery. However, to show that I intended to observe my engagement, I did my best to carry out her wish- es in a cheerful spirit, and she declared that my rather halting and disconnected descriptions in- terested her greatly. She had seated herself upon the willow stump already alluded to while I was speaking, and after she had asked a great many questions, which I answered to the best of my ability, she rose, saying:

"Now it is high time for us to depart to our respective homes. Do you know, Charley, I think I should rather like to see Australia."

"Should you?" returned I, absently. "I don't suppose you ever will."

"No, not unless—" Here she paused for a moment; and then, a sudden smile breaking out upon her lips and in her eyes, she added, "unless you will take me back with you."

* * * * *

Readers of proper feeling will, I trust, appre- ciate the above row of asterisks. There are oc- casions upon which all discreet persons instinct- ively turn their discreet backs, and I shall cer- tainly not narrate in detail what took place immediately after the astonishing speech just re- corded had been uttered. I may mention, how- ever, that Maud now avers that she loved me be- fore I ever thought of loving her, and that up to this present time of writing I have never been able to convince her that I was not once very deeply in love with Lady Constance Milnet.

I think my uncle was almost as delighted as I was when he heard my good news, though his delight, as was natural, expressed itself more soberly. I was glad that Jimmy was away at school, and that we two were able to have that long happy evening alone together. I look back upon it now with a great tenderness and regret and gratitude. I hear again the sound of the kind, gentle voice that has been so long silent, I recall the quick sympathy, the self-forgetful- ness, the generosity, which made my old man fa- ther and friend to me, and I ask myself how I can ever have had the folly and temerity to be a pessimist. The average excellence of human- ity is not increased because one insignificant unit has been fortunate enough to spend the greater part of his life with good people; but the judg- ment of that fortunate unit must perforce be affected thereby, and if, at this time of day, I am inclined to think too well of my fellow-crea- tures, I can but apologize respectfully for the weakness.

Before we went to bed that night, my uncle said he had a wedding present for Miss Maud which he might as well hand over into my care; and then, unlocking the safe which stood in a corner of his study, he took out an old leather-cov- ered box, the aspect of which was familiar to me.

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed; "how did you get hold of my mother's diamonds?"

"By right of purchase," answered my uncle, smiling. "Jacobson was scandalized at the idea of your parting with family jewels—indeed, I am not at all sure that he didn't suspect you of steal- ing them—and he very properly wrote off post haste to tell me what had occurred, and to ask whether I had any wishes in the matter."

"And you bought them back? Why didn't you tell me? Oh, uncle," I exclaimed, a sud- den light breaking in upon me, "that was not why you sold Deepham Farm?"

"Well, you see, I had not two thousand five hundred pounds by me," replied my uncle, "and it seemed a pity that the jewels should be lost. But you need not distress yourself about the land. Jimmy will never miss it, and Sir Hugh not only gave me more than it was worth, but was so pleased with his bargain that he has not ceased chuckling over it yet."

"But Lady Constance— I mean I got back the two thousand five hundred pounds," said I, "and I might have bought the diamonds again myself; only somehow I thought I should never want them."

"Ah, I was more provident," remarked my uncle. "It seemed to me to be within the bounds of possibility that you might some day have a wife; so I prepared myself for that emergency. And now I want you to find out whether Maud likes the old-fashioned settings, or whether she would prefer to have the stones re-arranged."

I was beginning to thank him; but he would not allow me to do that, saying that his present was to my bride, not to me, and that, in his opin- ion, I should always be his creditor.

He never alluded again to the fact that I was no longer heir to Thirlby; but he tried in many ways to make up to me—not for an injustice, it was not that, or it would never have been com- mitted by him—but for what some might con- sider a stroke of ill fortune. By how much I was his debtor, instead of his creditor, no one except myself, perhaps, can rightly judge. Dur- ing the last few months that I was with him I may have expressed a part of the gratitude that I felt, and I know that I often said more than he wished me to say; but alas! of the gratitude which expresses itself in actions, not in words, I fear I was less profuse. I had set my heart upon returning to Australia; I dreaded the inactive life of home; I may even, without acknowledg- ing it to myself, have dreaded a little the pros- pect of seeing another man grow up to the inher- itance which was once to have been mine. And though the Rector urged me strongly to settle down in Norfolk among my own belongings, I turned a deaf ear to his entreaties, and my un- cle would not say a word to second them.

As for Maud, she inaugurated then a system from which she has never since departed, and which she never fails to condemn when she sees it in operation elsewhere. I very much doubt whether she had any desire at all to see New South Wales; but I am afraid that even now, if I were to tell her that I had a fancy for end- ing my days in Greenland, she would set about buying furs and laying in stores of tallow with an air of cheerful anticipation.

So, when the time came, she and I embarked together, telling those whom we were leaving, and whom we never saw again, that we should certainly return ere long.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE WIND-UP.

My wife and I went out to Australia for two or three years, and have returned at last, after an absence of a quarter of a century. The pur- suit of wealth, some vicissitudes of fortune, fam- ily cares, and, finally, the severance of all home ties, combined to detain us in the land of our adoption until we were able to leave it for good.

My uncle fell asleep in his arm-chair in the library one evening, and never woke again. When morning came, and they found him lying back there with a smile upon his face, he had been dead some hours. And in the same year the Rector followed his old friend, scarcely less suddenly and peacefully. This last sad news reached us just as we were making preparations for a visit to Europe, and caused us to abandon any intention. My wife, who had been growing restless and anxious to see her father again, did not care to undertake the voyage after the chief object of it had been removed; and if her loss cost her many hours of unhappiness, she was careful to conceal them from me, lest I should reproach myself more than I had already done, and to dry her eyes whenever she thought that I was looking at her.

"Untouched with any shade of years
May those kind eyes forever dwell!"

May the light of faith, of hope, of charity, that is in them remain undimmed until they close at last!

My partnership with George Warren was dis- solved almost immediately after I rejoined him. I don't know whether he found it more difficult than he had expected to live in close proximity to Maud; but I can hardly believe that his anx- iety to try his fortune in Victoria was prompted solely by that greed for gold to which he himself ascribed it. Be that as it may, he departed for the younger colony, and we did not see him again until he returned to sheep-farming in New South Wales, bringing with him a wife whose many ad- mirable qualities must have enabled him to look back without regret upon the disappointments of former years. George made money somewhat more rapidly than I did, and has now been for a long time settled at Bullaham, in the enjoyment of a comfortable income, the bliss of paternity, and a mind conscious of rectitude.

I am told that Lady Constance Sotheran is sel- dom seen in London society nowadays. Some years ago, when a certain celebrated patriot vis- ited England, she took him under her especial protection, giving balls in his honor, at which he appeared in a remarkable costume, and driving him about the streets in her carriage to the ad- miration of the British public. But this, so far as I am aware, is the sole instance on record of her reverting to those sympathies for which she was once so famous; and, as the patriot in ques- tion was an honored and pensioned patriot, with whom kings and princes were accustomed to shake hands, such a temporary lapse from the path of sober respectability was, perhaps, not objected to by Lady Constance's husband. Mr Sotheran is now old, feeble, and partly paralyzed. He filled the office of President of the Board of Trade in a short-lived administration, since which time he has been heard of no more in po- litical life. His wife is said to nurse him in his declining years with exemplary solicitude.

And here, to finish up with, is a cutting from an East Norfolk paper: "We understand that a marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between James Le Marchant, of Thirlby Hall, Esq., J.P., and Maud, only daughter of Mr Charles Maxwell, whose large fortune, realized in Australia, will, it is to be supposed, eventually pass to the bride-elect. Some of our readers may remember that Mr Maxwell's own boyhood was spent in the interesting old edifice which is to be his daughter's future home."

Ah, yes! "some of our readers"; but not many of them.

In five-and-twenty years on a *le temps d'oublier*, and with such a very handsome, clever, and dash- ing personage as James Le Marchant, Esq., J.P., to represent the present, the few surviving con- temporaries of Mr Maxwell's boyhood are not likely to trouble their heads about the past. Jimmy assures me that he is the happiest man in England; and really I don't know why he shouldn't be. Both his parents died long ago—so long ago that I doubt whether he ever saw them again after that melancholy morning which witnessed their departure from Thirlby. He has never mentioned them to me, nor have I cared to introduce the subject.

The other day, knowing that he was safe in London with my wife and daughter, I went down on the sly to have an undisturbed look at the "interesting old edifice" which he inhabits, and to visit the church where all that was mortal of my dear old uncle lies. His memory has passed away, as the memory of most of us will soon pass, and there is no one left now to discuss his eccentricities, his strange love of solitude, his supposed vacillations, his misfortunes, and the wise or unwise way in which he dealt with them. A monument above the spot where his body rests displays a conventional eulogium to such as care to read it; but I think the inscription he would have liked best, and which would describe him with the simplest truth, is that which a certain great and modest man once chose for himself, "Here lies one who tried to do his duty."

THE END.

THE NEW YEAR—THE POOR.

The centennial New-Year of the nation is full of promise. The New-Year of 1784 was also one of promise and of expectation, and it is pleasant to remember how much of the anticipation of progress has been fulfilled. Our ancestors fore- told the triumph of humanity, of equal rights, unsectarianism, political equality; and the New- Year of 1884 dawns upon a nation in which slavery has perished, and which offers no obsta- cle to the spread of the highest labors of philan- thropy. It lies only with the intelligence of the people to make the next hundred years even more fruitful in benefits to the industrious and deserving than the wonderful century that has just closed—the first century of human freedom.

It is to the welfare of the poor and the unfor- tunate—of those in want of help—that our ances-

tors dedicated their republic. Its foundation was philanthropy. It was an asylum that they opened, embodying a Roman thought—the refuge of the distressed. Here all were to come who would live a new life, and who would be in heart and principle Americans. Here the true impulse of a commonwealth was to be felt, and all men were to help each other.

But it was to be no home for the idle. It was the leading principle of the first republicans that every man and woman was to be a self-supporter. The foundation of the republic was to be labor. Washington set the example of incessant toil with his pen, on his farm, or even the care of the state. Jefferson, one of the wisest of men, inculcates upon his family, friends, and descendants the duty of a life of labor. Franklin, Adams, Hamilton, and their contemporary statesmen were never at rest until they rested in death. It was no home for drones that they had built. The asylum they had prepared was only for the industrious, and it is from their lessons that we may learn how to treat that important subject which is forcing itself upon us every year with new weight—the care of the suffering and the poor.

With us the problem is as yet not a difficult one. We have nowhere a population so degraded and so hopeless as that described by Professor Huxley in his recent speech in London. He is describing a large section of the great capital called East London. His picture is startling, almost incredible. He once lived as a physician in that quarter. He says: "The great majority of people who used to come to me complaining of this and that were simply undergoing starvation, mitigated by bread and the stuff to which they gave the name of tea." It was a scene of dull, dead misery. He travelled since around the world. "But I assure you," he adds, "that in this experience of mine I found nothing worse, nothing more degrading, nothing so hopeless, nothing nearly so intolerably dull and miserable as the life I left behind in East London." The wildest savage of the South Seas he thinks happy compared to the starving people of his native land. We have as yet in New York no such "Serbonian bog of human misery," as Professor Huxley calls it. But we may be approaching it. Our crowded tenement houses, our cellars and garrets, the feeble cries of half-starved women and children, the suffering, want, despair, of large numbers of our people, are known to all our charitable visitors. Private charity and public fail to relieve the poor. It is not only the idle, vicious, improvident, but even the honest and industrious that suffer. The crowded tenement-houses are centres of disease. The husband, father, or mother often fails to obtain work. The scanty earnings of the seamstress or the tailoress are insufficient to maintain herself and those dependent on her. Sickness comes. Vice destroys. Intemperance brutifies. We may often notice in some of the poorer parts of our city the same stagnant hopelessness that marks the vast population of East London.

Charity is not what the poor want so much as employment, a stimulus to exertion, and some means of recreation and amusement. Almsgiving is dangerous often, and creates the evil it would cure. Too many asylums and charitable associations serve only to encourage indolence, or offer to unfaithful parents the means of supporting their children at another's expense. True charity is intelligent and just. It should be as wide as the commonwealth or the nation. It should provide for clean streets, pure air and water, healthy houses, parks, gardens, a higher education, the stimulus of hope. Above all, it should demand from all its able-bodied recipients active labor. The subject of the treatment of the poor has become already with us the most important of all. It has been so to every nation in the past. But we at least have the means of treating it in an intelligent and philosophical way. We have the aid of all the experience of other countries. He who can treat it successfully will be the chief of patriots, and the rising intellect of the new generation may well direct itself to this suggestive theme.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

APROPOS OF LEAP-YEAR.

By MRS. FRANK McCARTHY.

I said to the Countess, Apropos of leap-year, I wonder our countrywomen over there don't take advantage of the privilege: there are so many more women than men, the poor things are driven to dire extremities.

An indefinable expression shone in the beautiful eyes of my lucky countrywoman.

I never knew but the one case, she replied. It was, as you say, of dire extremity. I will tell you the story. She was a friend of mine who lived out west in America with her mother and two sisters. Blanche was the eldest, Matilda the next, and then came Betty, my friend. They were rather pressed once in a while for money—the poor father had died before he meant to, and had left a mortgage on the place, which, of course, they had no hope to pay off. They just drifted along, saved all they could, and scrimped and contrived like all the good neighbors in their vicinity; did their own baking and making, washing and ironing; and there were the cows, you see, for milk and butter, though the churning sometimes was so contrary one got sadly out of heart with it. I've heard Betty say she's pumped and pumped till she knew there was a witch somewhere, and when she'd whispered a little invocation to the hidden fairy, the chunks within the churn would suddenly melt together, and it would be done in no time. And just the same way with the bleaching. Betty declared the fairies had something to do with whitening the linen, which they used as a sort of dancing cloth at night. She, poor child, you will perceive, had her head full of all sorts of nonsense; where she learned it, the good Lord knows. She trained many a bean stalk with the shy hope it would make a ladder to the skies, and never saw a monstrous yellow pumpkin but she thought of its capability for a coach and four.

It was midway in one beautiful year in Betty's life when there came to the place a magnificent gentleman, whom we will call Jones. He was a Colonel of some sort, and was straight from the mining region, where he had accumulated a handsome fortune. He was well favored in form and feature, and it was the most natural thing in the world that all the feminine population should go wild over this matrimonial prize. Betty's sisters were well out of their teens, and it had long since been determined that marriage was the only solution to the pecuniary problem which puzzled the household more and more every year.

Blanche and Matilda were unmercifully recognized as the belles of the place, as, besides their acknowledged beauty, they could lay claim to superior accomplishments. The good mamma had thought it an excellent investment of capital to give her jewels an extra setting, and had hired a poor Frenchman from the neighboring village to give her elder daughters lessons of various kinds. He was compelled to be rather versatile, as his pupils had different tastes, and was sometimes driven to his wits' end to improvise new accomplishments for his exacting patrons. He bewailed his lot bitterly to Betty, who was sent down after him to the village with their one rickety horse and vehicle. Betty consoled him as best she could in her child-like way, and as the days went on, and the poor Frenchman, whom we will call Monsieur Achille Victor, became more than ever in demand, as an entertainment was to be given in honor of Colonel Jones, the rich mining speculator. Betty was sent to and fro to purchase finery for the ball, and on her way she brought and took back Monsieur Victor. Betty was of that comfortable age that she was considered too young to be compelled to the proprieties of a woman, and too old to fall into the errors and fears of a child. Monsieur Victor was so thin and dark and hairy, so old in his ways and precise in his habits, that the family only looked upon him as a useful commodity, and they knew nothing of those ebullitions of wrath, of sorrow, of sentiment and feeling, which took place in the old carry-all, with only Betty for an auditor. The Professor himself doubtless at times ignored the presence of the child, and when he had used her for his safety-valve to the extent of plunging her into tears of commiseration and strong expressions of sympathy in his behalf, he would suddenly recollect himself, and put out his fire and that of the tender Betty by the one little sentence, "Soyez tranquille, mon enfant!"

These fits of fury became so frequent about the time of the ball, and his remarks upon the gallant Colonel were so personal and severe, that Betty, with the naïveté of a child, said to him one day:

"Is it that thou art jealous of Colonel Jones? Hast thou, then, fallen foolishly in love with one of my sisters, Monsieur Victor?"

The Professor looked down upon the propounder of these impertinent questions, and burst into a fit of laughter, in which Betty joined, so glad was she to see in his face the denial to her inquiries.

"I care not that for them," he said, snapping his fingers contemptuously; "nor for any one in the whole world save thyself, little one!"

Betty drove on then, fully at ease in her little mind, for she had a simple, trustful nature.

And as the harvest-moon grew bigger and rounder, and the night of the ball it glowed with wonderful brilliancy, so that Betty could almost read her story-book outside in the garden, and holding it close to her nose—for, big as her eyes were, their sight was nothing to boast of, she was amazed to find somebody close to the skirts of her dress without her ever having seen him approach. There stood a tall gentleman, with a gold chain over his long white waistcoat, pantaloons of a most lovely fawn, a linen duster, a broad-brimmed hat of finest Panama straw, and when he took off his driving gloves, there was a gem on his little finger that blazed with all the colors in the fire-works on the Fourth of July. Betty knew at once it was the Colonel Jones, and hastened to get him a bit of rope to mend some of his broken gearing.

"So your sisters have gone to the ball," he said, looking more at Betty than the rope he was twisting, "and have left you at home to tidy up. I've heard a story like that somewhere, only the little girl was left sifting the cinders. What the deuce was the story called, now?"

"'Cinderella,'" said Betty, with a lively interest, "and the fairy godmother comes and turns the rats into horses, the pumpkin into a coach."

"Oh yes. I've got it," broke in the Colonel; "and off goes Cindy to the ball, cuts out her sisters, and carries off the prize herself. I always liked that story. I've a deuced good mind to act the part of the Prince myself."

"Do, do," cried Betty, "and choose one of my sisters at the ball; they'll be awfully disappointed if you don't; they've set their hearts on it, and you couldn't find prettier or nicer ladies anywhere in the world."

"I haven't the least doubt of it," he said; "but that wouldn't be like the story. We mustn't spoil the story, you know. I was going to propose to you to take the part of Cinderella—it would fit you to a nicety."

"You are making fun of me," said Betty, turning away, and opening the garden gate.

"I never was more in earnest in my life," said Colonel Jones; "wait till to-morrow, and you'll see."

He lifted his hat, and Betty went within-doors, hoping that what she had said might perhaps make an impression upon the Colonel's mind. Her sisters were all that she had told of them—handsome, wise, and good—what more would he want? And what more could he find at the ball? Betty was certain, as she began to nod off to sleep, that the long suspense and worry were over, and one of her sisters would secure the matrimonial prize.

Now it happened that the next day Betty's luncheon was her sisters' breakfast, for they had slept late after the ball, and while they were lingering over the meal to discuss the events of the night before, who should dash by the side window but the hero of the entertainment? When he alighted at the door, and the mamma hastened out to meet him, both the sisters blushed and hurried away from the table, bidding Betty help them to their toilets. Nothing could ever make them believe it; but Betty was as much astonished as they when word came that the Colonel desired to see Miss Betty with the rest; and as the Colonel was a man who had been long used to having his way, and had a position in the world that enabled him to speak out his mind when others might be compelled to beat about the bush, he lost no time in telling his astonished listeners the nature of his errand. He said that he believed the breaking of his gearing the night before was a part of his destiny, that his heart had been completely conquered by Miss Betty, and he begged leave to deliver that citadel over into her keeping, with all the emoluments appertaining thereto. Then, taking it for granted that the matter was settled, and graciously letting them take breath upon this sudden and magnificent proposal, he rode away, saying he would shortly return again.

The first thing Betty's sisters did was to make up all their little differences, and join hands over this new project. They had been ready at times to tear out each other's eyes, which was quite natural when we consider the unfortunate struggle in which they were engaged. They had been generous enough to hope, if one failed, the other would succeed, but the contest for supremacy was terrible. Now they put their heads together, and thought with one mind and one will, with mamma to aid them in the background. Betty was quite ignored in this council, and dispatched upon her usual errand for Monsieur Victor. Their lessons must not be neglected, as this new piece of good-fortune only reflected upon the general prosperity of the household, and it was more than ever necessary that they should fit themselves for the fine future they were now really likely to attain.

Betty went out with a beating heart, and geared up the old horse to the carry-all, taking care not to mar the freshness of the new muslin she had put on in honor of the Colonel. As she rode along, the song of the meadow lark was sweet to her ear, the new-cut grass fragrant to her nostrils, and the wonders of God's universe beautiful to her near-sighted eyes. She would not have been the natural and faulty bit of humanity she was if she had not been vain of her fine offer of marriage. She longed to tell the Professor of the distinction which had been given her, and could hardly wait for him to get comfortably fixed in the carry-all, when she began. Once in a while, as she stole a side-long glance at him from under her long lashes, she saw the hot color gather between his high cheek-bones and his dark dry skin, and a flame began to burn in his fierce black eyes. She expected all this, and was only waiting for him to burst forth in one of his usual paroxysms of wrath and invective, and somewhat disappointed she got to the end of her story. The color had gone out of his face, leaving it lividly pale, and a strange yearning had so softened the fierceness of his eyes that it brought the tears to Betty's own. He put one long thin hand upon his forehead, and gazed steadily out upon the red clay of the road. "Dost love this monster, Betty?" he said at last.

"How can I tell, monsieur?" faltered Betty. "What is it to love?"

"My child," he said, "to love, it is to be willing to give up all the world, and remain only to the one, and find there thy happiness. Hast thou in thy heart for the Colonel Jones?"

"Not for the *Colonel Jones*," she replied, her voice sinking very low.

"Malediction!" cried the Professor. "Hast this in thy heart for another? But I have been deceived in thee, Betty. I held thee as a child, and thou tellest me of another, and still another."

Then Betty's full heart overflowed. "There is no other and still another," she cried. "There is, and has always been, but the one, and you know very well it is you that have taught me to love, and that I love best in all the world."

Now, to look upon the Professor, one would have thought he had meddled dangerously with an electric battery. He trembled as if he had seen a ghost, and poor little Betty began to cry, she felt so frightened and miserable. Then he gathered her in his arms, and kissed her, for the first time in his life, upon her young forehead, and, beginning with the old soothing words, "Soyez tranquille, mon enfant," he went on to tell her that she was altogether mistaken in her preference for him; that it had been his misfortune as well as his happiness to have but the one little friend in all that strange country, and that, being twice her age at the least, and very lonely and miserable, he had sadly trespassed upon her sympathy and charity; that God forbid he should take advantage of such sweet generosity: he was no longer young, and had never been attractive to women; he was poor and an exile, and little hope to remain so; that her ingenuous words had touched him to the depth of his soul, but— And here Betty broke in.

"But you don't want my poor little heart," she said, looking up and laughing through her tears, for there was that in the Professor's face that gave ineffable joy to the fond, foolish heart of little Betty. "Very well, then; neither will I accept the fine big heart of the Colonel. I will have revenge upon somebody—see if I don't!"

But the Professor would not respond to her gayety, and gently putting Betty out of his arms, he took the reins and drove on, the hollows in his face growing deeper and darker as they neared the house.

They found the two elder sisters in high debate over the material that should compose Betty's projected wedding garment. The elder sister declared that nothing would do but a corded silk with pipings of satin and flounces of real lace upon the train, if they had to sell the cows for the desideratum. Matilda contended that Betty's extreme youth would admit of a robe of tulle, with natural flowers, and here the mamma gave her opinion that a neat travelling suit would be most befitting, as Betty was going immediately upon her bridal tour, and all this time the poor Professor had stood awaiting their convenience. At last he turned upon his heel, and, followed by Betty, walked out the door.

"I will walk back to the village, Betty," he said, pausing midway in the hall. "May God bless and keep thee!"

Heaven knows if it was a last caress he meant for the child, but he turned and took her once more in his arms, and pressed his pale lips upon her troubled face. While the two mortals were absorbed in this brief ecstasy, an ejaculation, a shriek, almost a yell, came from the threshold of the door behind them. There stood the eldest sister with amazement and horror painted upon her fine features. Betty trembled and grew faint, but the Professor stood firm, and still kept the little hand of Betty within his own.

The eldest sister, loath to give rein to the doubts and fears which the tableau before her suggested, tried to stare away her forebodings. "You will be pleased to remember, monsieur," she said, "that my sister is no longer a child to be mauled and caressed by every beggar in the neighborhood. Since your judgment and discretion are so sadly at fault, your services as a teacher will gladly be dispensed with."

The Professor bowed, and without a word would have taken his departure, but that Betty would not let go his hand.

"I will not let him go," she said, boldly, to them all, for the other sister and the mother had run to see what was the matter. "I love him best of all the world. I will not marry your Colonel Jones."

Then the three women began pouring upon the bowed head of the unfortunate Professor all that abuse and scurrility to which even ladies of gentility will sometimes resort in seasons of exasperation, fear, and frenzy. They called him a miserable cheat and hypocrite, who had dared use his years and knowledge of the world to mislead an infant; they accused him of fostering romantic, wicked, and silly notions in the immature brain of a child.

"A miserable pauper," said the eldest sister, "who has not means to keep the body of a woman in comfort and security, is it reasonable to endeavor to woo her heart."

The poor Frenchman here raised his head and said, sadly, in his own language, "You have reason, mademoiselle."

Then Betty could stand it no longer. She turned to the Professor and said: "Why don't you defend yourself? Since they do not scruple to insult you, why do you not, in your turn, tell them they are liars and fools? that you did not tell me of your love for me? It was I that told you of my love for you. It was I that made the proposal—which he has rejected, ladies," added Betty, now gaining a pitch of the family fury. "He has told me—in a much nicer way, however—all the truths you have expounded, that he is too poor to respond to my sentiment, and he was about taking final leave of me when you so impolitely broke in upon us. Yes, he is going," cried Betty, now breaking into tears and sobs, her voice rising to a high treble; "but if I can not have him, I will have nobody. You may take your Colonel, over whom you have been fighting so long, and chop him in pieces, and divide him between you; but I will have none of him."

"Hold there, my pretty little termagant," cried another voice, that boomed terror and dismay to hearts that were already quaking, and a martial form loomed up in the main doorway. "Do what battle you will for your frog-eating friend, but don't give me over to the enemy! I take exception to being offered up on the family altar, and to save further trouble I will retire from the field, and will forthwith leave the town; but I have brought a bauble here, which is one of no use to me, and I'll leave it with Miss Betty as an offset to all the trouble I've unwittingly brought upon her, for which, on my conscience, I'm heartily sorry." Here he lifted Betty's limp hand and put the ring on her finger. "May it bring you luck and prosperity," he said, and, with a sweeping bow, disappeared. The Professor was soon gotten rid of, and Betty was dragged to her room, where the door was locked upon her, and she was left alone with her bursting heart. For a half-hour or so she remained stunned, bewildered, and conquered. Had her relatives come to her door during that period they might have made almost any terms with her; but at the end of that time she began to gain strength, and recuperate. She dried her eyes, and lifted her aching head. It must be remembered that Betty was but sixteen the June before, and had been left to grow as wild and free as the grape-vine that clambered by her chamber window; the vine, unpruned and unbound, covered half that side of the house, and the parent stem was nearly the thickness of Betty's arm. Her heart was bursting, as I have said; she felt that she should choke in that hot, stuffy room; she would get away where she could at least breathe and think, and up went the casement: it was but two low stories from the ground. Betty grasped the friendly vine, and let herself down in the twinkling of an eye. She ran around the corner of the house, and there, standing patiently by the gate, was the old horse and the old carry-all, waiting, of course, for the usual trip back, of the Professor.

Betty jumped in, and coaxed the old creature

rish trot. She rode on and on, her facul- double beginning to tally. She smoothed it with her hands, and touched the stray under the hat, which had all the time been g loose upon her shoulders, then she ed out the folds of her dress, and by this e old horse, left to himself, went straight he old errand, and stopped before the door Professor. Betty started and blushed, but ought of seeing him once again exceeded everything. She ran lightly up the thatch- ch, and was met by the news that the Pro- had just gone to catch the train for the -ming town. Back again she fled to the ll, and this time urged the poor beast to its t speed. She reached the depot just as the ld. The Professor nearly fell off the plat- when he saw Betty. She lifted up her to him, intending to say a last good-by, at then all power of articulation was lost there was no time to wait for its restora- Catching Betty's hands in his own, the Pro- drew her to his side, the whistle blew, and y went.

rcely had they been seated and gone the of a fence when all the enormity of her ods fell full upon the consciousness of Miss

She knew there was no train back till ght; the old horse and carry-all were left d, with all the rest of her conveniences. in the world was to become of her? She l the hand that the Professor still held away tion, and, turning her back upon him, flatten- r little nose against the window of the car own all her misfortunes, it began to rain y. Betty's big tears were on one side the and the rain-drops on the other. The Pro- saw that she was shaking with her sobs lted all the difficulties away from his trou- rtation. Leaning obliquely forward the bet screen her from the gaze of the few hum- passengers, he began, as usual, with his es tranquille, mon enfant."

h, do hush with your everlasting 'Be tran-' cried Betty. "I'm nearly wild! What I do? I've given you so much trouble, and yself into such a dreadful scrape!" Then went on to tell him of her imprisonment, her e, the stupid blundering of the old horse in ld direction, her foolish wish to bid him a good-by, and the final leap upon the fatal "What shall I do? How shall I get ?" said poor little Betty.

e Professor shrugged his shoulders. "In , there is no getting back," he said. "Heav- en decreed that our paths shall lie onward together. We will find some good priest at neighboring town, who shall make our desti- one. We will leave the rest to the good "

ice warmed to this theme, the Professor's guage would have been ravishing to even an ferent ear, so fraught was it with grace and ng, delicacy and devotion. Betty listened to in a half dream, it was so sweet to know she was not to be separated from him—not e taken back to her now disgraced and infu- d relatives; so restful to hear him at last de- that love was all and everything; so nice to be hushed up with that "Sois tranquille." was very tired, withal. Her eyelids began to p, her breath came soft and softer; presently he fell off upon the Professor's shoulder into sleep, shaken sometimes by one of those little sobs that mark the slumber of an infant.

he Professor began then to knit his brows, wonder how he should manage in this scrape hich he was plunged by this adorable woman. r that their fares were paid, he had just five ars in the world, and in the purse which Betty knitted for him at Christmas. Half of this ally belonged to his landlady; there were er little obligations in the village yonder—to barber, to the laundress, to the person who lt in stationery. In fact, the Professor had d beyond his means, which would not be won- ed at if the limit of those means were known. had, of course, meant to return and settle se little claims; his visit to the town was nly preliminary; now it was impossible to re- n. Betty had settled all that. To go back e ruin. He was branded in that vicinity as a lain, a *seducer*, a kidnapper of children! Yes, he persisted in his flight, he might even be ar- ted as an absconding debtor. And he had ed so hard to live in obeisance to his ancient me, and the noble sentiments that had been nded down to him through the faultless genera- ns!

The Professor sighed heavily, and nearly knitted brows into a bow-knot over these perplexi- s, but in the midst of them all his arm tight- ed around Betty, and he vowed in his heart at she was worth tenfold the agony he was suf- ring, and she was his—really his own! He uld have her now, come what would. He even lt firmer and freer in this resolve that the old *blesse oblige* had been broken through. He as a *seducer* now, *malgré lui*, and he secretly apped his fingers at the grim proprieties, while still gloated over his sleeping prize. The ain bumped into the depot of the Western wn, and the Professor lifted Betty out. As ey passed the ticket office some one was in- uiring in a loud voice for a party in that vicini- who went by the name of Achille Victor. Bet- would have stopped short, but the Professor arried her on, and lifted her into a hack. Ha! hey were on his track already, were they? His andlady, the barber, the laundress, and the per- on who dealt in stationery were doubtless insti- gated to this rapid persecution by the relatives f his divine Betty. They would fain arrest him, hrow him into a dungeon, separate him from his angel. "Never!" he shouted aloud, to the alarm of Betty; but she was soon quieted, and they jogged along to the hotel. The Professor was distracted to find it of noble proportions and corresponding prices. Their simple supper and the price of the hack took all the landlady's share of his money. The agonizing question propounded itself to the Professor, "*Could* a marriage be consummated in this country for two dollars and a half?"

"Bless you, yes!" said the party he ventured to confidently address. "You don't pay in advance, you see. There's where you've got the dead wood on 'em!"

The Professor shuddered to the marrow of his bones with the misery entailed upon him by his accursed poverty. On looking back upon it afterward he confessed that the preliminaries to his marriage could only be likened to an experience with the hangman or the block—he was so humiliated, oppressed, terrified. It was necessary to have a private interview with the clergyman, even apart from his beloved Betty. There were secrets to be divulged only to the clerical ear. Betty began to wonder at all this skulking and secrecy, but she loved Achille with a blind, unreasoning love. When the Professor emerged from the confabulation with the priest he was a new man. The priest was an Irishman and a gentleman; he did the service for nothing; used the Colonel's ring by way of economy, and actually lent the bridegroom two dollars and a half. That made the five dollars intact again—it seemed like Providence.

But the next day dawned wet and ominously gloomy. A few little extras ate into his capital again, and he had a morbid horror of seeing the five dollars diminish. He went out in the afternoon, resolved to turn money in any way that honorably offered itself, embracing his beloved Betty, and leaving her to her ease and reflections. These were by no means satisfactory. Her muslin robe was torn a little, and draggled about the flounces; the ruffling at the neck began to wilt, and lose all impression of the crimping iron. How could she go down to the table in that conspicuously slatternly robe, and what would she do as it became still more unpresentable? She had no gloves for her hands; her hat was one of coarse old straw; half-high buskins did not serve to hide her already soiled stockings. Tears of penitence, of pity for herself and the wretched man she had dragged with her into this vortex, rolled out of her eyes down upon her folded hands. Her sight, mechanically following these, fell suddenly upon the gem that sparkled upon her finger, that blazed with all the colors of the fireworks on a Fourth of July, in the ring of the good Colonel Jones.

Now behold a happy woman! She arose and skipped about the room in an ecstasy of relief and joy. She wept; she fell on her knees and prayed God to forgive her all the misery she had brought upon so many hearts. Then she arose, refreshed and subdued and chastened, and flew to the hall. She gained a conference with a good-natured servant of the establishment, who had already been kind to her. She was directed to a jeweller of good repute.

"But if he offers you fifty," said Betty's adviser—"for they're all skins and swindlers—say you'll take a hundred, and split the difference at seventy-five."

In the mean while the Professor had walked and walked the streets of the town, the heavens opened, the rain fell, the wind blew upon the wretched man, turning his umbrella inside out, and drenching him to the skin. In vain did he offer his services for a mere pittance in all the capacities—and they were many—for which he was honestly fitted. As the gloomy day waned, tired to his heart's core, disheartened, and on the verge of despair, this poor bridegroom went back to his bride. At the door he was met by the good-natured employé who had already been of such service to Betty and himself. The man beckoned him aside.

"There's a party within there that's been waiting for you an hour and more, sir; and I heard them say in the office he's a detective. A priest came with him."

"The Judas!" murmured the Professor; "he's betrayed me!"

"Very likely, sir," said the servant; but the Professor had already given one shuddering glance into the room and hurried on. He leaped up the stairs two at a time, and burst into their apartment.

"We are lost! All is over!" he cried. "For myself it matters not, but for thee, ma douce petite—" Here he made a gesture of despair, and plunged into the revelation of the danger that threatened them through the persecution of his landlady, the baker, the laundress, and the person who dealt in stationery. "They will throw me into jail—they will separate us."

"How much do you owe these people, Achille?" said Betty, anxiously.

"A trifle, my own; but I can not just now—"

"How much, my dear Achille?"

"A mere nothing, my beloved, but it is impossible—"

"Oh, Achille, *will* you tell me how much? Is it fifty dollars?"

"No, no, nor half, nor quarter—a paltry ten-dollar bill would more than pay every debt I owe in the world."

"Oh, my beloved!" cried Betty, in a fervor of gratitude and relief, "here are five of the bank-notes you speak of."

She thrust into his hand a bundle of bills. In his agony the Professor had not before noticed that his wife wore an entirely different costume from that in which he had left her. She had been prudent. A modest suit of gray, with gaiters and gloves to match, a neat walking hat, and a few more necessities, had only cost her twenty-five dollars. Her eyes sparkled; her cheeks glowed. She had that indefinable air of superiority and dignity which characterizes those who are above the world. But Achille's brow blackened. He tapped angrily upon the bank-notes. "Where? How?" he began; and Betty held out her empty finger.

"The ring of Colonel Jones," she said, with epigrammatic simplicity.

The Professor took a long breath of relief. He offered his wife his arm. "Let us go and confront this person," he said.

They found it was the same party they had seen at the railway station. He bowed very low, and advanced to meet the bridal party. The Professor acknowledged this obeisance by a haughty nod, and put his hand proudly to his pocket.

"What is the amount of your claim," he said.

"*My* claim?" said the stranger. "You mean your claim, I suppose, monsieur the Count. It includes the title, of course."

"Grand Dieu!" cried the Count. "What is this?"

"It is," said the stranger, "that I've hunted over every infernal State in the Union to tell you that your two cousins are dead, and you've fallen heir to everything. Your rents are accumulating over there."

The Count fell into a chair. It was necessary to bring him a glass of wine.

I bore my aggrandizement more calmly. You will remember I had just been through the ordeal with the ring, which you see still blazing upon my finger. It was worth more than we thought, and we had great trouble to get it back again, but we prize it as Aladdin did his lamp.

In conclusion, my dear friend, said the Countess, I must confess that when all these things happened it was not leap-year, after all.

BETWEEN THE TWO LIGHTS.

No use talking, missy—no use talking
'Bout de daylight and dat kind ob ting
'Tween de two lights—sunset and sunrising—
Dis ole nigger happier dan a king.
Dis ole nigger den get all he want to,
All he want, and more as he can say;
Gib him night, de darker and de better,
While folks more 'an welcome to de day.

In de day him ole and poor and wretched,
Him to tote de load and swing de hoe,
Got to do just what de white folks tole him,
Got to trabel when dey tole him go.
Don't own nothing but an empty cabin;
Got no wife, no chillen at him knee;
Got no nothing but a little pallet,
And a pot to bile him hominy.

In de day him gits no 'spectful notice,
Him is only "dat ole nigger Brown";
In de night him tells you, little missy,
Things git mightily turned upside down.
Den somehow him's young and rich and happy,
Den him own more acres dan him see;
Den him got a powerful lot ob horses,
Den de white folks stop and speak to he;

Den him hab a big house like ole massa's,
Den Melinda is him lubly wife;
Den de little chillen call him pappy,
Den him one de bery best ob life;
Den sometimes him talking to de meeting,
An him feel de biggest in de town,
For at night him neber "dat ole nigger";
Him de Reberend Mister Isaac Brown.

"Dreaming," is him? Dreaming, do you call it?
Then him s'pose it's living in de day.
Well, him likes de night-time and de dreaming,
For him griefs and sunshine go away.
No use talking, missy, no use talking
'Bout de sunshine and dat kind ob ting;
'Tween de two lights—sunset and sunrising—
Dis ole nigger happier dan a king.

CHENDRIAH, THE OUTLAW.

When I was in India "the Rampa rebellion," as the newspapers called it, was in progress. Public attention, however, was turned to more exciting events—to war in Afghanistan, and the possibilities of a collision with Russia, intrigue at the courts of Cabool and Teheran; so the Rampa rebels found themselves chronicled in very small type.

But as an incident of British administration of its great Eastern Empire there was a great deal in the affair to attract interest, for it was a romance from first to last, and with a slight alteration of events might easily have added Chendriah (the leader of the outbreak) to the catalogue of local Oriental heroes. As it turned out, he was merely an unsuccessful outlaw. But he *might* have been a village Hampden; and it was all the fault of a pretty girl that he was not.

Government had imposed for local purposes a local tax. There was nothing oppressive about it; it was as innocent as a tax could be. But Chendriah, remarking that government had its hands very full in Afghanistan, shrewdly thought the opportunity a good one for misbehavior, and making the tax an excuse, thumped a tax-collector into his grave, and then fled to the jungles. Now Chendriah was the leader of a formidable gang of dakoits—highway robbers—and as soon as he took to the hills and woods his rascals collected round him, and the whole party proceeded to champion "the rights of the people" in the way that they thought best—for themselves; that is to say, they took to plundering the people right and left, and when the villagers complained, they said it was all for their good, and that the more cattle and the more money Chendriah got, the better able he would be to fight the British government, and the more that his followers feasted on the villagers' good things, the better able *they* would be to follow their leader.

At last, however, the country got seriously alarmed. Every vagabond with a spear or a sword joined the bandits, and large villages were surprised and pillaged without the inhabitants being able to defend themselves. The Duke of Buckingham was then Governor of Madras, and, thinking to be very energetic, he set a small army of sepoys on foot, in the worst possible weather, and told them to go and catch Chendriah, for that bold outlaw had now formally elected himself "Maharajah," or King, of a tract of territory about as large as the State of Missouri, and issued what he was pleased to call his laws for its government. The audacity of such conduct very naturally irritated the Governor of Madras; but to send sepoys on foot to catch the usurper of his authority was very much, as Lowell says, like trying to appease an earthquake with a bun. Chendriah and his men amused themselves by walking round and round the troops, who were thus kept solemnly but absurdly gyrating in the middle of the most desperately hilly jungle country for the whole of a rainy season.

For a whole year a party of rascals hated by the whole country had been able to dance about in defiance of several regiments of soldiers; and while the unhappy sepoys, crippled by the malarious climate, and exhausted by the continuous marching and countermarching, were hunting about in ravines and caves, scouring hill-tops, and beating through jungles as if they were looking for a tiger, instead of a body of two or three hundred men, the outlaws they were supposed to be chasing were comfortably quartered in the surrounding villages, living on the fat of the land, and laughing at the government.

But the end came at last, suddenly and from an unexpected quarter. The hot weather had come round again, and Chendriah, like everything else in the hot weather in India, had retired to cool shaded quarters, selecting the little village of Gurtern, on the banks of the Godavery River, for his retreat. He billeted his retinue upon the country, and prepared to take his ease; and being idle, he bethought himself of falling in love.

Now the head man of the village, by name Gool Singh, had a daughter, the beautiful Bemeram, and the Dacoit leader, finding the piping times of peace hang heavy on his hands, thought of making love as a pastime, and hearing of the beauty of Gurtern, audaciously proposed for her. Though mean by caste himself, he sought the daughter of the twice-born in marriage—an assertion of his self-constituted nobility which can only be appreciated in the East in all the completeness of its insolence. It is unlikely that he had ever seen the beauty, but the tongue of common report assured him that she was lovely; and for her dowry, that was guaranteed by the father's position and his terror of the gang. Gool Singh heard the petition of the aspiring Dacoit, and—what else could he do?—assented.

There was little enough of formality about the betrothal. Chendriah's father was not there to plead by proxy for the lover, as Hindoo etiquette required he should have been, and no presents went to Gool Singh's house to inaugurate the negotiations. Omens were of little account, and while Chendriah took no heed whether crows or foxes passed him on the right hand or the left as he went a-wooing, so Gool Singh, on the other hand, never waited, as he should have done, for astrologers to prompt his answer, or the lizard on the wall to speak, as it always should do, in encouragement of the suit. The suitor simply swaggered in, with his arms in his hand and with his Dacoits behind him, and the father said, "She is yours."

Yet, even when robbers woo, the maiden has her privileges, and Bemeram exacted them. She wanted, she said, a few days to prepare for the wedding, for she had much to learn from the priests, and her mother had much to get ready against the day. There would have to be a feast—Chendriah's followers would make sure of that. Meanwhile the outlaw was impatient, and in defiance of all the codes which he had already so outrageously defied, plied the girl with petitions.

A secret meeting, and Bemeram yielded to such bold wooing, and a trysting place was appointed—a tree in the tope a little way out of the village. But what follows shows that she was as false as fair.

Her father was all this time furious at the insult to his family caste conveyed in the suit of such a lover, and though he did not dare to refuse point-blank, he determined to prevent the marriage. He had himself been an outlaw once, and both by tradition and present rank was a man of great local influence. So he set to work to corrupt Chendriah's followers, and with his means and his promise of reconciling them with the government he won over two of his lieutenants, and they in their turn made traitors of others in their gang. Thus the lovers' trysting-place became the assassin's rendezvous.

As the hour of his bliss approached, the robber chief grew uneasy, and, fearing treachery, took with him some of his "followers"—the traitors already under oath to kill him. But something in their conduct on the way to the tree must have aroused his suspicions, for Chendriah suddenly turned upon those whom he had selected for his body-guard, and saw murder written on their faces. He fired at once, but missed, and the volley that replied shattered his arm. The Dacoit leaped forward, reached the tree where Bemeram should have been awaiting him, and setting his back against it, faced the odds. With his one arm he loaded his rifle, and fired it twice, though he actually had to use his foot to bring the muzzle up to the proper level. The bullets of his assassins whistled harmlessly past him; but while he stood there, loading for the third time, one of his own men crept round the tree, and with a terrible blow from his cimeter cut the outlaw down. And so Chendriah died as he said he would, like a tiger, fighting to the last.

And with his life ended the Rampa rebellion. Government rewarded the murderers, and the beauty of Gurtern found in due time a husband more to her father's taste.

PHIL ROBINSON.

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THE NIGHT SCHOOL AT SING SING PRISON.—Drawn by Taylor and Mehrer.—(See Page 42.)

ARPER'S WEEKLY.
IEW YORK. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1884.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,
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ished January 15, contains Part I of a charming story from Swedish, entitled "Little Viggo's Adventure"; Chapter VI of e Ice Queen," a serial story by ERNEST INGERSOLL; and "Three sports," a humorous sketch by EDWARD I. STEVENSON. EUTENANT E. W. SHADY, U.S.N., contributes "The Story of an hypsabe," and SHERWOOD RYSE "Hockey on the Ice," an article hich the boys will be much interested
many the profuse and beautiful illustrations which adorn this ber, special attention may be called to drawings by HOWARD e and T. DE THULSTRUP, to a beautiful winter forest scene on 149; and to Miss MCDERMOTT's drawing illustrating the old ery rhyme "Ba, Ba, Black Sheep," the music for which was ared expressly for this paper by S. B. MILLS.

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THE DEMOCRATIC TROUBLE.

HE work of Congress will now begin, but as the House is Democratic, and the Senate and President are Republican, the actual legislative result of session is very doubtful. The Democratic party, wever, will inevitably show its claims to public fidence by its propositions and by the general dency and character of its course. Mr MORRISON d Mr RANDALL represent the two wings of the party on the tariff question, which many Democrats insist on regarding as the paramount issue of the election xt year There will be a contest between these ntlemen for the leadership of legislation, Mr. RANDALL trying to pass his appropriation bills and then adjourn, and Mr MORRISON endeavoring to commit party to a scheme of revenue reform. It is not probable that each of these gentlemen would regard ccess as promoting his own chance for favorable nsideration as a Presidential candidate. But the uation and the contest show the serious division of e party—show, in fact, that as a party the Democrats represent no policy upon the subject whatever. On the other hand, the attempt of some Republican papers, and of Mr HEWITT in his letter, to identify e Republican party with a high protective policy is bortive. The most recent authoritative expression the party position upon the question is that of the ll for the National Convention, which invites the operation of those "who are in favor of elevating nd dignifying American labor, extending and protecting home industry." Is there any good American ho is not in favor of these things? And is this a emand for a high protective tariff? The Democratic onvention in Ohio demanded a tariff to "encourage roductive interests at home." The Pennsylvania nd Virginia Conventions repeated the declaration. he New Jersey Convention demanded "protection nd encouragement to home productive industry," nd the New York Convention was wisely silent upon he subject. These declarations represent the real entiment of the parties. Neither of them dares not o declare itself in favor of encouraging domestic industry, and the Democratic party certainly does not lare to announce that the true way to encourage and protect American industry is to abandon a protective ariff. It is not surprising, therefore, that many of the most strenuous Democratic papers look upon Mr. MORRISON with profound distrust, and seek in every way to prevent the committal of the party to a definite policy, while with amusing gravity they remark that "incidental" protection can hardly be regarded as protection. Yet the plea of the unfortunate young woman that her infant was "such a small one" did not avail.

We have before pointed out that the earnest conviction of certain members of a party upon a question which did not occasion the party organization can not determine the party policy upon that question. There are Democrats who are positive free-traders, but that fact does not make the Democratic party a free-trade, revenue-reform party. There are Republicans who are strong temperance reformers, but their convictions do not make the Republican a prohibitory party. If the choice between Mr. RANDALL and Mr CARLISLE as Speaker had been merely a question of personal preference, the result of the caucus would not have been significant. But the contest between them was a proclamation of the radical division of their party upon a question which, as we said, some persons are disposed to consider the paramount issue of the hour. It announced in the most emphatic and conclusive manner that the Democratic party is not an anti-protective party. The contest for precedence between the chairman of the Appropriations and of the Ways and Means declares as distinctly that the party is divided upon what is called the chief issue. The election of delegates to the National Democratic Convention will turn mainly upon the same question. Should the free-trade sentiment carry the day, and the Convention adopt a MORRISON platform, Mr. RANDALL will be heard, probably, echoing Mr. WEBSTER's famous question, "Where shall I go?" Meanwhile the Republicans in the House ought to sustain any sound and practicable measure that may be proposed for reducing the redundant revenue.

DEMOCRATIC GUIDE-BOARDS.

THE Democratic party has given to the country another sign of its real character. While Governor ABBETT, of New Jersey, a frank enemy of reform and a mere partisan spoilsman, was nominating General BUTLER, in Massachusetts, as a fitting and representative Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and the notable Democratic reformer BUTLER himself was talking in the finest demagogue vein of the Republican alliance with capital and corruption, the Democratic caucus in Ohio was contemptuously setting aside the most conspicuous Democratic reformer in the country as Senator, and nominating the candidate of one of the greatest and most unscrupulous monopolies in his place. It is, however, only just to add that while the active interest of the monopoly for Mr. PAYNE is not denied, he is a man of high character, who has served in Congress, and who enjoys the general respect of the community. Yet all the reports of the election agree that it was a bitter contest, and that money, presumably that of the company, was freely used. On the other hand, it is creditable to Mr. PAYNE that he was opposed by Mr. THURMAN, while it is no less creditable to Mr. PENDLETON that the Oil Company did not desire his re-election.

A more discreditable performance than this of the Ohio Democrats has not been lately seen. Mr. PENDLETON is a man of the highest character, of excellent ability, and of great public experience, who has honorably identified his name with one of the most truly democratic and American movements, which seeks to overthrow the present oligarchical and exclusive method of entering the public service, and to open it freely and fairly to all the people. He is, moreover, a faithful party man, and an honor to his party. But the very service that he has done both for his country and his party was made a weapon of offense against him. He was cried down as an aristocrat by men who were shouting for the candidate of "capital and monopoly." His defeat illustrates the Democratic contempt for reform in the public service by placing it upon a truly popular basis, and Democratic subservience to the very power which it affects to reproach the Republicans for favoring.

One of the most disagreeable incidents of the disgraceful contest was an extremely disingenuous letter from ex-Senator THURMAN. He deprecated crushing Democrats like Mr. PENDLETON and General WARD. If Mr. PENDLETON, he said in effect, did make the mistake of introducing a reform bill—to which I and General WARD are opposed—yet, etc., etc. A more deliberate stab under a blander How-is-it-with-thee-my-brother? can not be conceived. The whole performance is a most significant revelation of the bitter personal hatreds and the hostility to every kind of honorable and progressive politics which distinguish the Democratic party. PENDLETON defeated in a Democratic caucus by personal intrigue and the Standard Oil Company, and ABBETT nominating BUTLER for President, is, as the boys say, "about the size" of Democratic reform.

REPEAL OF THE FOUR YEARS' ACTS.

MR. GIBSON, of Louisiana, has introduced a bill in the Senate to repeal the laws which prescribe a term of four years for certain important officers, many of whom are required to give bonds. The bill provides that such officers shall be appointed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and shall be removed at the pleasure of the President. The provision opens again the question which was decided by the First Congress—a decision which Mr. CALHOUN tried to reverse with the support of Mr. WEBSTER, and which was substantially reversed by the passage of the Tenure-of-office Act over the veto of ANDREW JOHNSON. It is agreed that the professed object of the Four Years' Act, namely, to secure the greater accountability of certain officers, has not been attained, and that the result of the change effected by it is merely to facilitate the dismissal of officers, at the expiration of their terms, without cause. It has practically placed the whole civil service at the disposition of every President, because the officers included in the act are those who have the appointment of the minor clerks and employés.

The original practice of the government was to retain good officers so long as they served efficiently and satisfactorily. In the great debate upon the power of removal, which was the first important constitutional debate after the organization of the government, Mr MADISON said that if the President should exercise the power of removal without proper cause, he would be impeached, and it was mainly upon MADISON'S urgency that the power was conferred. In the Senate the bill passed only by the casting vote of the Vice-President. There was no limitation of term prescribed for the chief officers whom the President and the Senate were to appoint, and the understanding was that they were to serve during good behavior, of which the President was to be the judge. Mr. JEFFERSON thought that the patronage should be divided proportionally between the parties. But this end he sought to accomplish, not by peremptory removal, but by filling with his own partisans the places that became properly vacant. His fancy of proportion was, of course, chimerical; but even Mr. JEFFERSON respected what Mr. MADISON held to be the constitutional intention.

Mr. GIBSON'S bill proposes to carry out that intention, and to return to the sound practice of the earlier day. The objection arising from the necessity of giving bonds he obviates by providing that all bonds shall be renewed every two years, which is an excellent provision. The express declaration of the President's power of removal is designed doubtless to set aside the Tenure-of-office Act, the principle of which is essentially different from that of the legislation of the First Congress upon the subject. The principle of that legislation was that removal is a function of the Executive power. But the principle of the tenure act is that the appointing power is properly the removing power. No good purpose can be served by retaining the four years' term. The limitation only imbitters and exasperates the demoralizing and disgusting struggle for spoils, and perpetuates and strengthens the evils which the reform bill aims to remedy. If appointive officers are to be selected by proved merit, and the power of removal for good cause remains untouched, there can be no sound reason whatever for prescribing a specific term of office.

As we write we do not know whether Mr. GIBSON'S bill is the same that he introduced in the House. If it be the same, we trust that he has stricken out the extraordinary provision which conferred the appointment of every postmaster—there are about forty-six thousand of them—upon the President and Senate, and, if we recall the bill correctly, also included the Senate as part of the removing power.

"PROHIBITION" IN POLITICS.

THE political history of the year did not show that the prominence which was gained during the last two or three years in some of the Western States by the Temperance or Prohibition question was maintained. In Iowa, indeed, the Republicans appeared as an absolute Prohibitory party, and were successful, but by a reduced majority. In Ohio the issue did not produce so great a disturbance as had been apprehended. But in Maine, where the prohibition sentiment is very strong, one of its chief representatives, Mr. NEAL DOW, declared a virtual separation of the Prohibitionists from the Republican party, and there is an evident intention among them to take a decided position in the election of next year, and to issue proposals of support, as it were, to the two great parties The New York *Times* has information of a contemplated movement of the National Temperance Union for the submission of a prohibitory amendment to the Constitution of the United States. The plan provides for petitions to be signed by Republicans and Democrats, and presented respectively to the party Conventions, with the understanding that if both place the demand in their platforms, there will be no disturbance of present party relations; that if only one of the Conventions adopts the scheme, its candidates shall receive the Prohibitory vote; but that if neither favor it, there shall be a new national party organization.

However accurate this statement may be, it is in accord with the movements of the last few years, and it is not essentially improbable. The chances of success are, of course, very obscure; yet there is no doubt of a profound and wide-spread feeling upon the subject, and it is equally beyond doubt that the situation is most favorable, because parties now cohere, not by a strong common conviction and purpose, but by force of tradition and of circumstances. This is the situation which is always most favorable to new party movements founded upon opinions strongly held. In several Western States especially such a movement, vigorously organized, and prosecuted with energy, would be a very disturbing element in the canvass Ohio, for instance, is an October State, and an exceedingly important State, and a doubtful State. Now in Ohio the prohibitory sentiment is unquestionably very strong. It could not be disregarded by politicians, because Republican defeat in October would be a very ill augury for the decisive day in November. Farther West there are States in which the question would be still more perplexing. Even in New York the distinctive temperance vote in 1882 was nearly 26,000, and in the languid poll of 1883 it was 18,000. New York is regarded as almost the decisive State. Yet in New York the election in an ordinary contest between the two great parties is usually determined by a body of 20,000 voters. If, therefore, an imposing temperance representation should be made to the National Conventions, it may be safely said that the Democratic Convention would do nothing to alienate the support of the liquor interest. But what would the Republican do?

This is by no means an easy question to answer.

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Mr. SHERMAN is reported to have said that if the Ohio Republicans had taken an absolute "temperance" position at the last election, they would have been much more seriously defeated. As a question of mere policy for party success, the action of the Convention might depend upon its conviction of the willingness of temperance voters to subordinate every other consideration to that of prohibition. If as a body throughout the Union they are ready to take the ground of some antislavery Whigs in New York in 1844, and bring in the Democratic party if their own party will not take their position completely, then undoubtedly they could produce very serious results, and endanger Republican success. But as yet there is no evidence that this is the general position of the temperance voters, although, as we said, it is certainly their tendency. It is hardly to be supposed that the 18,000 voters for the prohibitory ticket in New York last year would all vote against the Republican candidate this year. At least such a disposition is not to be inferred, and could be assumed only from very positive demonstrations of a kind which have not yet been made. Such demonstrations, indeed, might follow the national organization of such a movement as we have described, and they would then become significant. We speak of the matter as one of the signs of the times. For whenever the temperance men, or the revenue reformers, or any other considerable body of voters, are ready to leave their old parties unless their views determine the policy of those parties, we may expect a political reorganization—but not until then.

MR. CHAPIN AND GENERAL McCOOK.

MR. COMPTROLLER CHAPIN did not avail himself of the opportunity to make a "clean sweep" in his office before the reform bill went into operation on the 4th of January. Indeed, there would have been no suggestion that he might do so except for his silence when asked, before the election, whether he would observe the letter and spirit of the bill, and also for his active opposition to the re-election of Mayor LOW in Brooklyn, which was certainly not the act of a zealous reformer.

We state with pleasure the fact of Comptroller CHAPIN's honorable observance of the spirit of the act, and we regret, with him, the accumulating evidence that his party is rapidly becoming actively hostile to reform. Mr. CHAPIN himself, as Speaker of the Democratic Assembly last year, was very active and influential in promoting the passage of the reform bill, and in his speech as President of the Democratic State Convention, and in preparing the Democratic State platform, he showed a just estimate of the importance of the reform movement. We wish that it were possible to regard him as a representative of his party upon the question of reform.

We record, also with satisfaction, that General McCOOK, the new Republican Secretary of the Senate, has retained efficient and honest subordinate officers of the other party, and we rejoice with him that his conduct is in strict accord with the position and the expectation of his party. If the Democratic party could adopt the free-trade policy with the same unanimity with which the Republicans have adopted the policy of reform in the civil service, it would have a much better chance of commanding the sympathy and support of the independent vote in both parties than it now has.

THE NEW AQUEDUCT COMMISSIONER.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND has done another official act for which he is heartily commended by both parties, in selecting Mr. CHRISTOPHER C. BALDWIN to be a Commissioner of the new Aqueduct, to succeed the late Mr. LANE. Like Mr. LANE, Mr. BALDWIN is a merchant of high character and a citizen of public spirit, who will bring great intelligence and the most upright purpose to the discharge of his duties. His intelligence will doubtless apprise him that politicians are quite sure of managing their mercantile associates in such enterprises, and also that the proper building of an aqueduct is in no sense whatever a political work, and requires only the same qualities that he would find necessary in a great business transaction of his own. Both the Governor and the city are to be congratulated upon Mr. BALDWIN's appointment.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BULWER.

THE autobiography, memoir, and letters of BULWER, of which the first and second parts are now published in the "Franklin Square Library," and also in a neat volume, is exceedingly entertaining. BULWER was so practiced and accomplished a story-teller that he gives to the tale of the loves of his ancestors, and especially of his mother, the interest and charm of a novel. His narrative skill does not fail when he himself arrives upon the scene and begins to fall in love. It is all very romantic, and nobody can now disprove it. But the editor, his son, frankly concedes that the BULWERS had not the gift of matrimonial felicity.

Immense as was BULWER's literary activity, and enormous as is the extent of his published works, there is a great mass of unpublished manuscript, and the editor introduces into his narrative the stories which illustrate the period of life or the characters which the narrative describes. Lord LYTTON has a natural feeling of reverent devotion to his father's memory, and the work is apparently exhaustive. The book, however, will be read for its essential and various interest of allusion and treatment, and not chiefly because the career of BULWER is felt to justify such prolonged commemoration. His novels are very popular, and he held the public ear for a very long time, but they are not of the importance which the biographer ascribes to them.

The book has excited great attention in London, partly, perhaps, because of expected revelations of an unhappy domestic life. The troubles between BULWER and his wife were, indeed, notorious, and the retort of the wife in her *Cheveley, or The Man of Honor,* is familiar. The editor glides as dexterously as practicable over the married life of his own mother, yet with a feeling of distaste and of absence of affection so apparent that Miss LOUISA DEVEY, the executrix of the Dowager Lady LYTTON, the wife of BULWER, who died in poverty in 1882, says that she has all the letters which BULWER ever wrote to his wife, nearly three hundred in number, together with an incomplete autobiography, which she "very shortly publish," to prove that Lord LYTTON's authorities are not, as he says, the only authentic records for his father's memoir. The book, so far as it is published, is not the story of a very lofty or inspiring character, but it is a most entertaining picture of life, and it will be universally read.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND, in his cordial and congratulatory allusion to the organization of administrative reform in the State—a portion of his Message which shows how fortunate it is that the bill passed while so honest a friend of reform was in the Executive Chamber—points out what is often forgotten, the close relation between the public schools and the public service.

We quote the whole passage in which the allusion to the common schools occurs. If all our executive officers were like the Governor, the course here indicated would be the natural practice as well as the established policy of the State:

"New York, then, leads in the inauguration of a comprehensive State system of civil service. The principle of selecting the subordinate employés of the State on the ground of capacity and fitness, ascertained according to fixed and impartial rules, without regard to political predilections, and with reasonable assurance of retention and promotion in case of meritorious service, is now the established policy of the State. The children of our citizens are educated and trained in schools maintained at common expense, and the people, as a whole, have a right to demand the selection for the public service of those whose natural aptitudes have been improved by the educational facilities furnished by the State. The application to the public service of the same rule which prevails in ordinary business, of employing those whose knowledge and training best fit them for the duties at hand, without regard to other considerations, must elevate and improve the civil service, and eradicate from it many evils from which it has long suffered. Not the least gratifying of the results which this system promises to accomplish is relief to public men from the annoyance of importunity in the strife for appointments to subordinate places."

NATIONAL HOSTILITY TO THE FINE ARTS.

THE petition of many American artists living in Europe for the repeal of the duties upon works of art brought into this country was lately presented to the Senate by Mr. SHERMAN for Mr. EDMUNDS. The petition was drawn by Mr. STORY, the sculptor, and it states with great force and pungency the common-sense view of this extraordinary tax, which should be called a tax for preventing the development of art in the United States.

As Mr. STORY points out, in a letter to Mr. EDMUNDS, other countries will make reprisals by laying a duty on the exportation of American works executed abroad, and he says that the Italian Parliament is waiting to see what course Congress will pursue. The American artists in Europe he represents as unanimously opposed to this restrictive duty, and if any artists at home desire to handicap foreign art in the race for favor, they are, he says, unworthy the name of artists. Nobody can be benefited by such a tax. The country does not need it, and those who are most interested are most opposed to it.

The imposition of this disabling tax upon art is the strongest proof of the necessity of that education in art which the tax prohibits. A country which looks upon works of the imagination and the higher forms of the fine arts as if they were to be stimulated, like the manufacture of blacking or of pails, by excluding foreign competition, is in an amusing and humiliating condition. One of the cardinal conditions of progress in those arts is study of their masterpieces and historic works, and an embargo could be as wisely laid upon American artists going abroad to study foreign works as a disabling tax upon the foreign works coming into this country to be studied. If the revenue reformers in Congress will strike out this shameful duty, they may be sure of the support of the most intelligent public opinion.

PERSONAL.

A WELL-KNOWN private collector of pictures said last week that it cost him eight hundred dollars to repair the damage done to the pictures and picture-frames lent by him to a recent loan exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum, and seven hundred and fifty dollars to repair the damage resulting from a similar generosity on his part on the occasion of the late Bartholdi loan exhibition. The walls of his house bear many tokens of the removal and rehanging of the paintings. Still he philanthropically declares that it is the duty of persons who own such works to let their fellow-men see them, and become elevated by them.

—On crossing the Rio Grande, one's first greeting is from a Mexican custom-house officer whose belt is heavy with pistols. "Having passed safely through a strict examination," says a recent traveller, "I asked a by-stander what manner of men these were to whom the duties of the post were intrusted. 'They are typical of the people,' he replied. 'The one with whom you talked shot two men in a dispute in the street last week.'"

—Dr. HENRY B. MILLARD, a prominent homœopathic physician of this city, has recently been made an honorary member of the *Société Anatomique*, the oldest medical society in Paris, and one of the most learned and distinguished bodies in Europe. Dr. MILLARD is the first American on whom it has bestowed this recognition.

—The Baroness BURDETT-COUTTS is interesting herself in the matter of preventing cruelty to children. She thinks it a pity that children can not be removed by English law from homes where they are maltreated, unless they have committed some offense against the law.

—Monks and nuns are forbidden to reside in France in communities, and religious instruction is prohibited in the state schools.

—As Mr. HERKOMER has made a good deal of money by painting portraits in this country, and as M. BASTIEN-LEPAGE expects to do the same, we are glad to see that Mr. DAVID NEAL, an American, has come from Munich, his adopted home, to pursue a similar course. His picture of "Cromwell and Milton," which gained much distinction abroad, is on the way to its owner, Mr. H. B. HURLBUT, of Cleveland. It is twenty years since Mr. NEAL first went to Munich, but he remains an American, and his work has long been an honor to American art.

—Captain W. P. CLARK, of General SHERIDAN's staff, is compiling an official report which will be practically a history of the Northern tribes of American Indians, preserving authentic and valuable records of their languages and customs. Captain CLARK is known as an authority in Indian philology, and can converse in most of the dialects of those tribes.

—At a complimentary dinner given recently to the Hon. ANSON G. McCOOK, in New York city, Senator WARNER MILLER was called upon to respond to the toast, "*Resolved*, That Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm."

—Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, declines to become a Mayor. "An independent newspaper," he explains, "must keep clear of entangling alliances with public office. It might happen that Mr. CHILDS as Mayor would do something that Mr. CHILDS of the *Ledger* would feel that the Mayor should be called to account about. Such a thing, if it should come to pass, might cause an unpleasantness between the Mayor and the *Ledger*—a condition of affairs that would not do at all."

—Mr. HENRY VILLARD has been occupying only the upper stories of his new house on Madison Avenue. The first story is still in the hands of the joiners and decorators, and probably will be so until the 1st of March. His transfer of the building to the Oregon and Transcontinental Company will, of course, not interfere with the contracts already made with the architects.

—The New York Historical Society proposes to erect a larger hall, in order to meet its increased and increasing demands. There are some noble old masters in the possession of the society, which deserve to be more accessible and better hung. Comparatively few New Yorkers know how valuable those paintings really are.

—"I have before me," writes a foreign correspondent, "a pile of papers published in Paris during the siege. What odd-looking papers they are!—of all colors and sizes. It is interesting to re-read them, and, at this interval, strange to me the confident tone in which, even when the hour for capitulation was fast approaching, and stores were dwindling, people were told that 'the Emperor WILLIAM was dismayed at the strength of resistance he met with from the enemy.'"

—Columbia College has received from one of its trustees, Mr. LEWIS M. RUTHERFURD, a welcome set of astronomical instruments, valued at twelve thousand dollars.

—There are about six hundred thousand clergymen, priests, and church and temple officers in India; and the same number of persons engaged as carriers on roads, and as female domestic servants. Authors are less than half as numerous as actors, but musicians are four times as numerous.

—The vintage in Champagne was considered over on the 24th of October. The owners of the best vineyards produced about five hundred dollars' worth of wine to the acre, the cost of cultivation being two hundred dollars an acre.

—A modern Nimrod lays down four rules for the hunter who would be successful: first, he must make no noise in walking; secondly, he must avoid going down with the wind; thirdly, he must keep on as high ground as is consistent with the first two rules; and fourthly, he must keep the sun at his back.

—Reviewing the art work of the year, the London *Times* says: "Our painters have found it necessary to learn the elements of their business, and we put more of themselves into their art than many of them did of old. Their drawing has improved, their landscapes and their figures are more sincere, and that, after all, is something." A very great deal, we should say.

—The debt of the city of Elizabeth, New Jersey, is almost six millions of dollars, or one-half the entire assessed value of her real and personal estate. The largest creditor is the Singer Sewing Machine Company, whose president announces that he will settle on any basis adopted by all the other creditors. The city still hopes that the basis will be fifty cents on the dollar.

—Ex-Governor BENJAMIN F. BUTLER denies that he has a "Presidential boom" to start, and that he will spend the winter in Washington.

—HENRY JAMES on TOURGUENIEFF: "He was a delightful, mild, masculine figure. The combination of his deep, soft, lovable spirit, in which one felt all the tender parts of genius, with his immense fair Russian physique, was one of the most attractive things I have known. He had a frame which would have made it perfectly lawful, and even becoming, for him to be brutal, but there was not a grain of brutality in his composition. He was exceedingly tall, and broad and robust in proportion. His head was one of the finest, and his face was eminently of the Russian type—almost everything in it was wide."

—A member of the Fenian Brotherhood describes the conditions of the service as terribly severe. The written orders to a member are sealed. Whoever has his number drawn must go on his mission. None knows each other's business. "It's a dreadful life—frightened of your greatest friend. There are over two hundred spies, and it's known when you are in and when you are out. If ordered, you must go, and go at once, and on time to say good-by. You are watched to the station and on the steamer; you are watched on your arrival, and watched till your return. It is a cruel, and very cruel, tyranny."

—The University of St. Andrews is not alone in honoring American scholarship. Dr. CHARLES WALDSTEIN, a member up to the Junior year of the class of 1875 at Columbia College, who has been delivering, during his brief visit to New York, three lectures on Greek art and archæology before the Columbia Alumni Association, is the newly elected director of the Fitzwilliam Art Museum, Cambridge University, England. There were six competitors for the place, left vacant by Professor SIDNEY COLVIN's transfer to the British Museum, and the cry against the choice of a foreigner was raised in this case as with Mr. LOWELL. Dr. WALDSTEIN is one of the most live and most popular men at Cambridge, and his success in his specialty, Greek archæology, is because it is to him a living and not a dead subject. His production of "The Birds" at Cambridge proved one of the most notable events of the year in England. He is not only a good scholar, but a good oar, and so has a double right to speak on the subject of his first lecture, "The Influence of Athletic Games on Greek Art."

—Mr. JOHN A. HARRISON, of the firm of HUNT, HARRISON, & COLEMAN, Danville, Virginia, writes to the editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE expressing his gratification on account of the commencement of a new novel by the Rev. E. P. ROE in the December number of that periodical. Mr. HARRISON is an intelligent and cultured manufacturer, and as the opinion of that class of readers seems to us quite as important as that of the professional critic, we take the liberty of quoting the following passage from his letter: "I know how Mr. ROE's works strike me and those with whom I associate. All are good, and some charming, and whether his style attains high literary and artistic merit or not, it measures up to the only standard of merit that I exact: *it satisfies*. I am committed as a reader of HARPER while Mr. ROE is a contributor." It is easy, from this judgment rendered by a practical, intelligent business man, to discern the secret of Mr. ROE's success as a novelist. His new novel, "Nature's Serial Story," will, if we mistake not, prove also that he is able to do good work even from the literary critic's point of view. It is beautifully illustrated by W. HAMILTON GIBSON and FREDERIC DIELMAN, but it would be, even without such embellishment, the most popular novel of the day.

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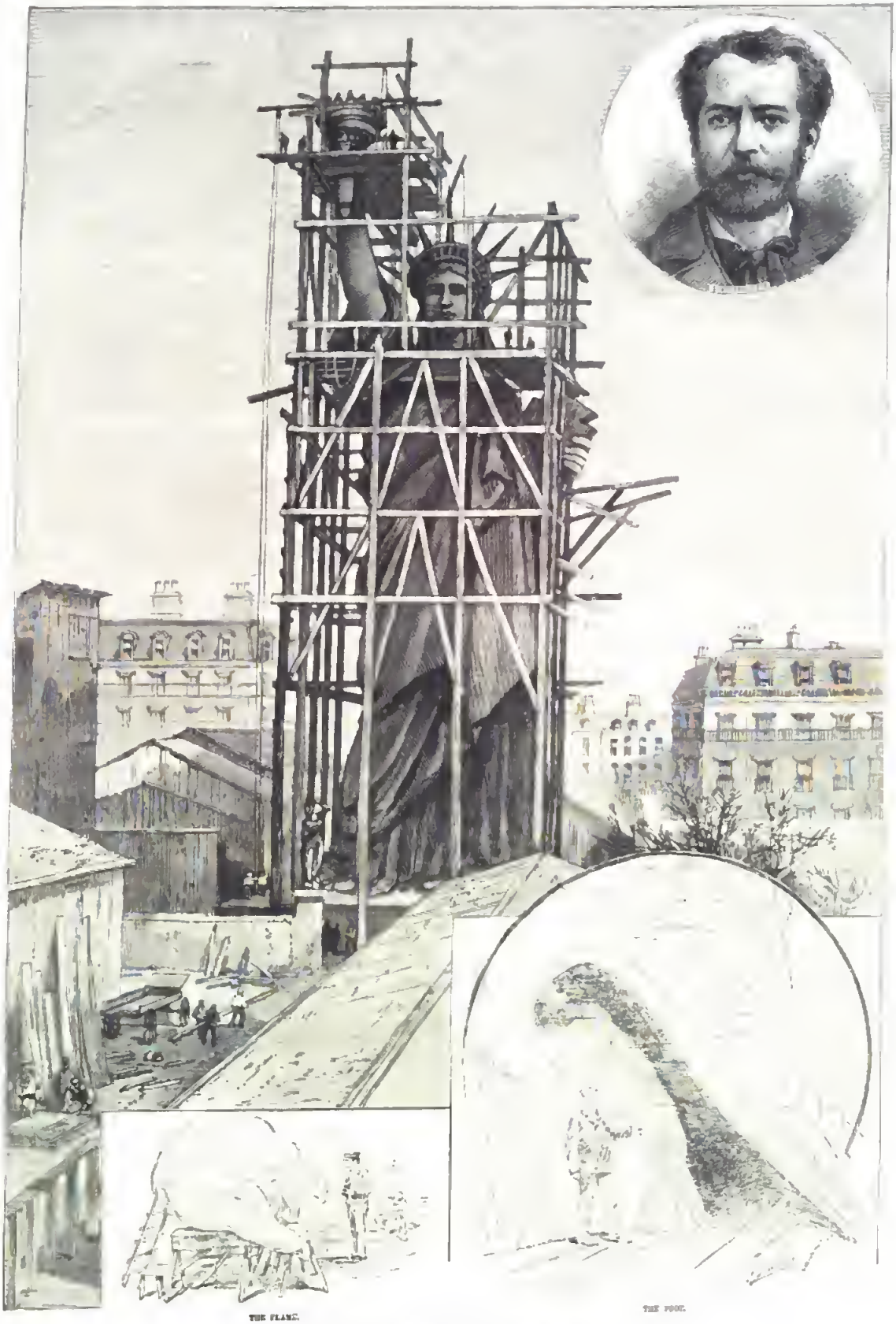
INDIANS AT WINTER QUARTERS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 43.]



THE BARTHOLDI STATUE OF LIBERTY.—DRAWN BY JOHN DURKIN.—[SEE PAGE 47.]

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ALAS!

...ce in a garden bloomed a bud
That never turned to perfect rose;
...died before its fragrant leaves
Could ope and all its sweets disclose.
...ce in a heart a dream there slept
That never woke to real bliss.
...or, touched by love, red lips grew warm,
But never met the longed-for kiss.

...s! for bud that never knew
What joy it is a rose to be.
...s! for tender dream that ne'er
Became a glad reality.
...s! for lips by kiss unclaimed.
Alas! alas! for thee and me.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

...ALL IT BE GOLD OR MYRRH?

I.

...ay it began to snow at sundown on Christ... eve made little difference to the throng on ...dway. People hurried laughingly along, ...to their chins with fantastic packages, well ...d by the flying flakes. The lighted shop ...own cast across their scudding figures a ...y-colored glow.

...the doorway of a studio building Archer ..., a young and—to borrow from modern ...fication a generic term—stylish man, stood ...g upon the thoroughfare with an expression ...ingled abstraction and irresolution.

...ust at this point of locality a lull occurred in holiday excitement. The most tempting of ...shops lay below; across the way the immense ...d edifice of a grand hotel faced rather un...pathetically the belated gift-buyers; while ..., from the studio wall to the end of the ..., a marble-yard crowded with funereal ...s broke the gayety of perspective with a more decided rebuff.

...ut the marble-yard a young girl hastened. ...bright brunette face shone out clearly under lamp-light as, nearing the studio door, she ...d quickly to Ogden, who, not perceiving her, ...at that instant passing forth, "Archer, ...!"

...n caught his arm familiarly, and drew him ... "Just in time," she said; and without ...cing at his face, which certainly displayed ...releasing grace, she began, under shelter of ...passage, to shake the snow from velvet and ...and to stamp piquantly the white flakes from ...boots.

...Now, Archer dear," rang her musical, petite, ...erative voice, "please grant me a kind favor, ...go for mamma's keepsake. Mamma is at ...e, and will surely see whatever is sent; if ...Christmas surprise is missed, all the bloom ...be brushed from the gift. But you can ...uggle it in for me, Archie. Why, where were ...going?" She took one rapid survey of his ...illing face. "Never mind, go for me, there's ...ear boy, as speedily as you can, and I will ...t for you here."

...rcher's demeanor was not gracious, but he ...nted consent. He looked toward the dusky, ...pless stairs. "Shall I go up with you?" he ...ed.

"No, indeed; hurry away; I am not afraid," ...said.

He gave her the key of his studio, and she ...nt up the dim stairway to the familiar door, ...ned it quickly, entered, and turned the key in ...lock.

It was a large room, with a ceiling twice the ...linary height. The shutters of its huge win...s were thrown back, and the black frame in...sed a square of skyward space loaded dotted ...the snow with flecks of gray and dark. A ...al fire burning in an old-fashioned stove cast ...ross the centre of the room an oval of red ...ht. In this light a shrouded easel and a sofa ...ood. Wainscoting the walls were life-size ...ll-length portraits, premeditating apparently an ...mediate answer to Art's "Arise and walk!" ...bove, to the ceiling's edge, tiers of smaller can...ses held finished and unfinished heads; and ...o serene cunning corners of the room failed ...conceal certain startling bits of lay figure—a ...g indignantly student, an elbow's ungracious ...ook, and one solemn arm uplifted, as by some ...tured Cassandra, in deprecating menace.

By daylight these objects were commonplace; ...ut at twilight, when every moment brought its ...ew veil of gloom, the counterfeit presentments ...f human shape flitted inconstantly from life-like ...ghost-like, mortal speculation gathered in the ...eering eyeballs, and the studio became a haunt...d space.

Cora Ogden gazed stealthily around. Then ...he unbuttoned her furs, took off her hat, drew ...chair forward for the repose of her feet, settled ...erself comfortably in a corner of the sofa, and ...losed her eyes.

As darkness deepened she divined the air of ...ystery would become intensified, until even her ...dormant fancy might be superstitiously aroused. ...he determined to confine herself to the interior ...isions of her brain—visions not of a black-let...er sort, as merry dimples testified presently at ...the corners of her mouth.

Suddenly her expression changed. She leaned forward intently, and clasped her hands tight. Her feet, removed from the round of the chair, ...sumed an attitude preparatory to starting erect. Her eyes, wide opened, searched the now dark...ened space.

The only sound that broke the silence was faint, irregular, suppressed—a sound to be surmised rather than defined, apprehended rather than appreciated by sense.

"*There is some one in this room*," said Cora Ogden's clear, petite, decisive voice. "Whoever it is may just as well speak."

Absolute silence followed. Then a voice, a rich, luscious, insinuating barytone, somewhat tremulous, gave answer: "Are you quite sure you will not be frightened if I speak?"

Cora would have scorned to confess that this conciliatory voice brought a curdling chill about her lips. A minute was complete before she could command herself to say, without faltering, "If you have a match, you had better strike a light."

The presence had no match. It fumbled audibly behind a screen, but produced no light. "If you have not," she added, by no means displeased with the sign of incapacity, "come forward and take a chair where you will be visible. I like *anything* better than suspense."

A man's figure, less than six feet in height, but appearing to the startled eyes of his sole spectator the size of Buonarotti's "Moses," at the very least, advanced into the ruddy oval of the fire's glow, and, obedient to the letter, took a chair in conspicuous sight. Toward Cora he ventured not a glance. Indeed, his fine blue eyes were temporarily crossed in their vigorous intent to keep abstractly fixed. Shorn of exaggerating beams, he subsided into a muscular youth, blonde, in feature not unlike a Roman athlete—a victor in a chariot race in the time of the Cæsars, his profile suggested.

"Now tell me who you are, and how you came here," said Cora, re-establishing herself in the comfortable corner of the sofa, and regarding the not unattractive phenomenon critically, with eyelids semi-closed.

"I arrived in the steamer *R*—— to-day, from Germany, where I have been studying chemistry for two years. My friend, my college chum, Archer Ogden, made me promise to come to him immediately on my return; and, after dining at the hotel, I came direct. My name is Francis Howard."

"Ah, I have heard my brother—Archie is my brother—speak of you more than once. But did he know—is it possible my brother knew that you were here?"

"He does not even know certainly of my arrival. He had left some word about expecting a foreign friend, and the janitor persuaded me, when I found the main door locked, to avail myself of a side entrance."

"I remember," said Cora, "you came with Archie to dear Beechhurst once. I was away that summer; I was at Saratoga with my aunt."

She pronounced the last few words slowly, and with a tightened voice. At Saratoga, with her aunt, she had met Mr. Latimer Danforth, and had become engaged. Aged sixteen.

At this moment Archer came in, and after smuggling home the Christmas gift, and disposing, with some delay, of his sister and friend, he returned to the studio block.

II.

A carriage, clouded into vague shape by cumbering snow, stood before the building, now altogether dark, excepting one door upon Broadway, under whose cornice glimmered a thread of light. From the carriage to this entrance delicate footprints, nearly obliterated by the thick-falling flakes, made a slender path. Ogden, following the footsteps, and using a pass-key, with nervously quick opening and shutting of the door, entered a ground-floor chamber.

In the remotest part of the chamber, dustily white, and identified by its statuesque contents with the adjacent marble-yard, a lamp was shining. Sharply defined by its glare, a girl, wrapped in studied folds of gray drapery, was seated upon a sort of dais. A matronly form, whose garb indicated deepest mourning, cowered near. A student stood before the dais, modelling an image of wet clay.

Ogden approached without a word; his step was agitated, his face very pale. He took from a desk a sketching board mounting a crayon drawing far progressed, and placing himself beside the student, began to sketch.

The girl, who served as a model for both pencil and clay, was motionless like marble, and pale, like Italian marble, had been her delicate generous face, and her beautiful hands folded upon her knee. But she ceased to be marble when Ogden entered. Still perfectly motionless, not appearing to breathe, a faint pulse of pink, a rosy glow, a color *spirituelle*, like the red ray reflected upon dew, flushed her face, flushed her hands—to the tips of her fingers, to the waves of her hair. The corners of her mouth caught those soft rich folds that Greek sculptors loved. Her eyes, still downcast, betrayed in the subtle weightening of their violet lids—the betrayal reached Ogden's sense—that the unrecognized entrance was thrillingly felt.

At the end of half an hour spent in stillness unbroken save by the almost inaudible manipulation of the artists, the cowering matron arose, withdrawing impatiently the watch from her belt.

"This can last no longer," she said. "It must end, this miserable task that has cost me my peace of mind, and cost my poor child perhaps her life. It is time it reached its end. Ten minutes more. You will have ten minutes, young men, for your finishing touches, and then and forever this ends."

She dropped again upon the low bench where she had been crouched, and kept her eyes fixed upon the minute-hand of her watch. The student rushed to an alcove for some tool or swathing-cloth.

The girl, conscious by instinct that she was unwatched, raised her eyes and looked at Ogden once.

The work proceeded; the ten minutes were spent, and the matron, tenderly wrapping her charge in hood and cloak, led her away. The student sprang forward as his beautiful model passed, and reverently kissed her passive hand. Ogden followed to the street, and while the elder woman entered the carriage, quick as thought he lifted the girl in his arms and clasped her to his heart. Some word, inaudible save to her, he said in that embrace, and then his parting whisper was broken like a sob.

"My darling, my Agnes, I can *not* say good-by."

Homeward turning, when the carriage had faded from view, he stood for a moment gazing at the desolate space. The marble-yard, whose funereal figures cause it to be, even at noonday, a startling episode to the promenade, assumed now a spectral air. Brought by its pallor into alliance with the whitened pavement and ashy air, its huddled forms of monument and angel hovered like genii in consulting conclave. It seemed the council-chamber of the storm. Associated with his hopeless love, rigidly pitiless, like his fate, it wrung from Archer an exclamation half savage, half sad.

III.

"Because I do hate weddings," said Cora. "I would not be induced to go to this but for Aunt Mary's sake. She must not be refused the satisfaction to air her cream-colored silk and antique lace, and to feast her vision upon her 'dear boy' going up to the altar with Eva Hammond upon his trial trip. Next time, you know, when Archie and Eva undertake that perilous journey, 'twill be for the regular 'better for worse.' And Aunt Mary *ought* to dote upon this match, for it is her own cunning workmanship every bit. Archer has done just as little toward it as politeness permits. We shall see to-night how our 'accomplished Eve' will shine as a bride—rather than *brune*, I fear, for all the bridesmaids are to be in white, white crêpe with dead-leaf wreaths—how expressive! And as befits the special case of immolation, the bridegroom is to have his coat lined with white satin like a coffin. Well, why do you gaze at me so? Are you shocked?"

"I was not gazing because I was shocked."

It hardly required this brief avowal by Francis Howard of his negative position to give Cora a realizing sense of its positive form, "gazing because fascinated," which had been for the last six weeks the young man's occupation whenever opportunity allowed. Opportunity had allowed lavishly, as dangerous opportunities are wont.

Every day he had become more deeply and inextricably fascinated by Cora Ogden. She had the effect upon him that swiftly gliding water, clear and yet opaque, smooth and yet undulating, has upon nerves not easily dazzled or excited or drawn into fatuous reverie.

Just now, when she paused in the silvery torrent of her little talk to interrogate, "Why do you gaze? are you shocked?" her manner, instead of being abrupt, caught a languor, a dreaminess; her accent was caressing, not sharp.

"Come, then," she said, "for we are late; and Aunt Mary says the etiquette of a wedding is to be in at the death."

"I do not recognize that precise remark," said Aunt Mary; "but I agree with you, my dear, that we are late."

So late they were that, when they approached the scene of the wedding, carriages were thronging the streets for circumjacent blocks. With great difficulty they reached the church door, and with still greater difficulty Aunt Mary, to the despoilment of her antique flounce, was pushed up the middle aisle to an eligible place—into the pew, as fortune chanced, with Mrs. Ogden, who had gone an hour before. Cora made no attempt to follow; there was not a moment. The "Wedding March" struck up; the bride entered.

As Howard stood in the thronged vestibule with Cora clinging to his arm, that sensitive arm felt her hand start. "Archer! what can have happened to Archer?" she whispered, aghast. Eva Hammond, as first bridesmaid, was going up the aisle with her cousin, and without Archer the procession passed.

Francis Howard had reached that stage of fascination when a *tête-à-tête* is the flower of delight. Cora made his satisfaction complete by proposing to hasten home for an hour, leaving Aunt Mary to go to the reception with mamma. One composing touch to her toilet, and a search for some message from her brother, were Miss Ogden's first thoughts; then she joined Howard in "mamma's boudoir." She found him intent in comparing with the framed ivory-type of herself, the photograph of his locket. Something in the expression of his ingenuous face gave her conscience a start.

"I have both a confession," he said, "and a request to make. This little photograph—it is yours—was given to me by Charlie Hammond, after persistent entreaty on my part, and the assurance on his that its possession was only an aggravation to him. So far, for nearly two years, I have worn it with no defined motive unless to keep me from falling in love with a duller face. To-night I feel as if it were dishonorable for me to possess it longer without your consent. Will you give it to me, Miss Ogden?"

Cora rarely blushed. She blushed now, as with downcast eyes she answered, "If you are kind enough, Mr. Howard, to be pleased with a picture cast away as worthless by an old friend, who knew the original more correctly, it may be feared, than you know her; and if—and if—upon condition—"

"Cora," murmured a suave voice, and Mr. Latimer Danforth, a dapper man in full evening costume, approached and kissed Miss Ogden's jewelled hand.

Fifteen minutes later, alone in the drawing-room with Howard. "I have disposed of Mr. Danforth," she said. "He arrived to-night from Washington on purpose to attend this wedding. Never mind; you are to go with me; it is fixed."

She seated herself at the piano, Howard bending over her—so near—as he had ventured of late; and they sang together a few fragments of songs; and then Cora, with her foot upon the soft pedal, began to play an intricate left-hand étude, and while playing it, said,

"I fear you were not altogether agreeably impressed with Mr. Danforth. There is an anachronism about him—of style and date—afflictive to some people. But I assure you he possesses every virtue; the world says so; the mammas say so, and they ought to know. He is worth his weight in—gold. *We have been engaged to be married so long, it is such an old story, no one thinks to mention it, I suppose.* He wishes, but I have not promised yet, that the day should be named for February. Then we are to go abroad."

Her foot was off the soft pedal. The difficult passage for the left hand, played smoothly throughout, ended forte, fortissimo, and she arose.

"Come, Francis Howard." He heard his name pronounced to him in a voice like velvet. "Let us go."

He accompanied her to the carriage, drove with her to the wedding reception, returned home with her, when Aunt Mary, shocked at the truant episode to her matronizing, insisted. But not one word did he say to Cora, or Cora to him, excepting, perhaps, "good-night" on the door-step. And on the morrow he left the city. He felt, not without bitterness, that he had fallen into the snares of an enchantress. He sought safety in flight.

Cora, going directly to her own room, saw her brother in an adjoining chamber writing at a table. A portmanteau half unpacked lay near him. "Archer," she cried, "you dreadful boy, what could keep you away?"

She had entered his room, and stood looking reproachfully. He ceased writing, and leaned his head upon his hand in a listening but not responsive attitude.

"It was the most dazzling, melancholy, brilliant affair. Your excuse was not received until noon to-day, and you will never be forgiven—never. Oh, mamma and Aunt Mary have annihilating messages for you. And I felt so sorry for Eva Hammond: those great black creeping eyes of hers went edging round the room, and her poor little lame mouth twitched so. She expected you till the last moment. Why, Archer—" Cora's glance had alighted upon some object of revelation in the open portmanteau—"you have been to Beechhurst! What could have taken you to Beechhurst? Archer Ogden," she went on, impetuously, easing her own reproach of heart in denouncing her brother, "there is some mystery in your life that you are concealing from your friends. You will break Eva Hammond's heart—do you know it? You will break Aunt Mary's heart too—Aunt Mary, who has been so generous to you, perfectly unfair to me, since all the property comes from my grandfather, but a devoted creature to you. And you are breaking mamma's heart, you cruel boy; and you are breaking—you are breaking my heart," said Cora.

"There is but one heart in the world," said Ogden, savagely, "that I care whether I break or not."

IV.

Dear Beechhurst, as Cora affectionately called her summer home, was a secluded place among wooded hills and wild, rock-bedded streams, far away from those midsummer haunts where conventionalism gives the gloved hand to Nature as the crowd gives its brief hand-shake to Fame's heroes of the hour.

The few neighbors of the Ogdens, with country places verging on a primitive village, were city people like themselves, who retired from a round of exciting pleasure-seeking to breathe pure air and to rest. All the amusements were of a simple, rural kind. The unfenced uplands hemming in the village, and bordering rich farms, sparsely afforded drives; but bridle-paths wound romantically through woods, and foot-paths penetrated the forests to their innermost retreats.

Cora so revelled in the deliciousness of this woodland summer life, it is presumable that she postponed her marriage day from February to November on purpose to include one more season at Beechhurst. Mr. Latimer Danforth appeared once a week to illumine the Sabbath, and the rest of the time Cora spent with young companions, wandering by the trout brooks or scouring the hills.

Every season at Beechhurst had its pet pastime. This year the rage was for rambling. In July the divertisement had become organized, and "sunset rambles" were in vogue. Dining hours were made to conform themselves, and high tea was ordered at nine. Sunset was viewed from some favorite point, and twilight was devoted to devious homeward strolls. Delightful as the pastime proved, it was short-lived. The worthy village considered it indecorous, the matrons of the country-seats took alarm. Archer Ogden had from the first opposed it. "Sunset rambles" were abolished, but not until they had effected their mission of fate, and encircled Beechhurst with memories of romance.

In July, Archer's friend Francis Howard, feeling himself proof against the wiles of the heartless and "engaged" Cora, accepted the invitation of his college chum for a month at Beechhurst. The evening strolls were then in the height of their favor. A company numbering twenty or more started together, and returned in exuberant trios or in straggling couples. How happened it that so often among the tardiest of these straggling couples were Archer's friend and Cora?

"Let us go," she said to him one beautiful Sunday afternoon—the only Sunday of the summer that Mr. Danforth had not favored Beechhurst with his presence—"and explore the region of our new cascade." For on the evening before a novel path had attracted the ramblers, and led them to the surprise of a water-fall shining like dim silver through a grove of evergreens.

The very air of the mountains seemed to rejoice in the Sabbath stillness, as though its stillness of all the week were not enough of Sabbath. Earth and sky were rapt in loving communion; the one word that could best describe their calm and concordant beauty was Peace. "What perfect peace!" Cora had said more than once, paus-

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ing here and there as some loveliest view opened upon her pathway.

The one cascade proved to be the upper and minor fall of a mountain stream that, flowing onward over a broad plateau, and turning the wheel of a rustic mill, plunged down in what the villagers called the Dagger Cascade, into the wildest ravine near Beechhurst. On the plateau bank, midway between the mill and the upper cascade, stood a stone cottage some time disused, but this summer renewed with veranda and trellis, and surrounded by a little flower garden.

"An anchorite," said Cora, "has fallen in love with this solitude."

They had passed the cottage and entered a grove of evergreens, when they encountered a scene that held them both motionless. It was a tableau accompanied by music.

The tableau presented a green archway with a cascade in the background. Across the archway a hammock, slung from tree to tree, supported the recumbent figure of a beautiful girl. Upon a moss-grown mound at her side was a young man, who held, without reading, an open book.

The music—a hymn sung sweet-voiced by the girl—a melody tender yet pensive, with the refrain, "Thy will be done," had for its instrumental accord the rippling of water between willow boughs that dipped into the stream, and the cascade's tremulous boom.

"Dear Archer," said the girl, when the refrain ceased, "you sing all hymns with me but this. Will you not learn to sing it?"

"If you will allow me to accompany your voice without pain to the devotion, but that you would consider sacrilege. I shall never accept those words, Agnes, as you accept them. I shall never cease to rebel against Fate while I know that in the world one consideration, gold, gold, is forever the sceptre. And even apart from the world as we are, my darling, there is no compassion upon Love. If it has no other enemy, it has— Oh, Agnes, how can I ever look upon you and say that enemy's name?"

"I am not afraid to say that name," said the sweet-voiced girl; "and it may be that *Death* is Love's own true friend. Can a girl live *really* more than a year—a woman, I mean—the year when her lover comes? All the rest would be but *repeating*, dearer and dearer, or fainter and fainter. Dear Archer, I have lived my life; I am content. But yours, my soul—you have not lived yours, for a man's life comprises many circles; in all you will outlive your little Agnes—in *all but one*. Yet surely there is kindness in my early doom, since the dark, dark secret, not mine alone, will be buried with me."

V.

"Could we actually have seen Archie yesterday?" said Cora, on the morrow, "or was it 'all a dream'?"

Then Howard begged her—for it was his last day at Beechhurst, and he might not be with her again until after she was married, and not for years perhaps—that she would go with him to the scene of the tableau.

They found in the forest some signs of "work-a-day world." A woodman whistling merrily was marking trees to fell. Dagger Cascade, sluiced above the mill-wheel, rushed in full force. In the garden of the solitary stone cottage a woman was picking flowers. "So our anchorite," said Cora, "has a wife."

Screened by the underwood, they passed unobserved both by the woman in the garden and by Archer Ogden, who but a moment ago, from an opposite direction of the same forest path, had hastily entered the cottage. They reached the evergreen grove. The hammock still hung in the archway, but the enchanting vista was no longer affect by romantic figures in the foreground. Yet stay: a scarlet shawl lay across the mound, a book and sketching materials near. And now a gliding prow became visible beyond the willows; a boat with Agnes in it, reclining upon pillows, floated out into the stream.

At first Cora and her companion did not perceive that the boat was oarless, that it had escaped from its moorings, and was slowly drifting with its powerless voyager into the swift mid-current.

"And over the fall!" Hardly had the words escaped Cora's lips, when Agnes became aware of her danger. She lifted herself from her pillows and called aloud, "Archer! Archer!" The boat swerved suddenly, caught in the stress of the currents, and her face became colorless; she clasped her hands piteously. Then Howard rushed forward and plunged into the stream.

Never was a girl seized with a more overwhelming dizziness at heart and brain than was Cora Ogden at that moment. She saw the boat from gently gliding shoot into an arrowy swiftness, she saw Howard, vigorous swimmer as he was, gaining but slowly on its fatal headway; she saw him at last reach the boat, and clench it, and turn; saw him ineffectually, it seemed, essay return.

Dizzily she leaned against a friendly forest trunk and looked; and now it was Archer that she saw, now Howard, and now a mist, with toiling figures struggling through. A mist, and at last dimly, the boat had touched the bank. The beautiful Agnes was saying her grateful thanks. Archer and Howard had embraced. And then Francis Howard, radiantly flushed, sprang up the bank.

She held out both her hands to him; her face was pale with excitement, her eyes were shining through her tears. "I love you," she said.

"I love *her*, I mean," Cora corrected herself instantly, but too late. When, for the second time, Howard fled from his enchantress, it was with the conviction that in absence, complete and forever, lay *her* safety as well as his.

VI.

"And your engagement to Mr Latimer Danforth is positively broken off? Pauvre millionaire! But that isn't half so bad," said Miss Ogden's city friends, "as that you are to be away this week. Christmas-week, of all weeks of the year! How can you give up the Ransoms' ball, the R——'s 'mistletoe party,' Will Edward's musicale, Eva Hammond's German?"

"It is a whim of Archie's," was all that Cora could say.

A whim of Archer's carried the whole family away from the city that snowy afternoon. "Something deeper than a whim," thought they who saw Archer's face the morning of Christmas-eve, when in the library at Beechhurst he held consultation with his mother and aunt; or saw it again at night-fall, when, after the half day's absence, he came home to say, "It must be *to-night*."

From Beechhurst to the stone cottage the wild climbing path was brief, but by the high road the distance lengthened to miles, for the mill and the plateau and its general approach belonged to another town. Cora, wrapped in furs and nestling in the sleigh beside her mother, left Aunt Mary to keep up the commonplace talk used to muffle hearts that ached, and gave herself to thought.

Not a word escaped her lips until they reached the evergreen grove, and then, with a sorrowing accent, "Oh, Archie!" she sighed. In the change of the scene, from its tremulous verdure to its ice, from its winged sunlight to its pale moonbeams, she saw his life-dream's fate. Never had her brother been so dear to her as now; never was her love for him of avail so slight.

The grove and the glade and the porch of the stone cottage were all white, like statuary, and as pale; but less marble-like, more bloom-like, in its whiteness, was the interior into which they passed. The walls of the room and of the anteroom beyond, lighted by wax candles, were lined with folds of snowy muslin clasped with azure bars, and hung with flowers—everywhere flowers.

The only dark objects were the dark-robed people gathered around the white bed. Among these people stood Francis Howard. Cora had not known that Archie from a distance had summoned this friend.

There are some beings who spiritualize all their surroundings as they spiritualize their loved hearts. Such a being was Agnes. And now as she lay dying, her lovely form, her sweet face, the soul that illumined them with a strange new radiance, seemed to shine forth and touch all the space about her with a living light.

At the death-bed of Agnes two sacraments were united. Such was her lover's wish.

And hardly had she been an hour his wife when the change came. From the time that those words were reached in the service, "Till Death us do part," he had taken her into his arms, and so held her till the last.

Softened voices, Howard's and Cora's falteringly among them, sang the hymn that Agnes loved—the hymn that those two had heard sung in the summer Sabbath by the sweet-voiced girl, "Thy will, Thy will be done." Before the last verse was sung the change came. There fell upon every one that great *silence*. Those who loved Agnes—and who could look at her now without loving her?—drew near and knelt around her bed.

And in that silence, deeper than the silence of the noon-tide in far Southern woods, deeper than the silence of the desert, where only such silent sounds are heard, Cora heard the silent sound of life—the beating of a man's heart. She stretched out her hand toward Howard, and he drew it to his lips.

And in that silence, when all heads were bowed, Agnes looked into her lover's eyes for the last time, looked into his heart of hearts as he had looked into hers, and passed away from earth.

LAURA SANFORD.

A LIVE-OAK RESERVATION.

On the great map of Louisiana in the Custom-house at New Orleans are certain tracts and islands marked Reservations, and as these were known to have been set aside by the government to save from the axe their luxuriant wealth of live-oaks, in danger of disappearing from the Southern forests to supply material to the ship-building yards, and as strange tales had reached your correspondent concerning the primitive wildness of these places, a trip to one was decided upon.

While exploring and sketching the beauties of their wonderful salt-mines, my desire to visit the island reservation on the Gulf was made known to my hosts. They all entered into the project with characteristic enthusiasm, so that one breezy afternoon I found myself one of five on the stout yacht *Sadie*, working down the bayou that stretches its tortuous length south from Petite Anse to Vermilion Bay and the Gulf.

As night closed we anchored, and spreading the awnings, stowed ourselves below, and fell asleep to the rocking of the waves. At daylight the sails were spread, and bowling before the freshening breeze, we were well on our way ere the sun had dispelled the mists of night.

A change was already apparent in the scenery. The islands were gone, and in their place appeared little knots like puffs of smoke, dancing and shimmering on the horizon's edge. They were the huge oaks on Chênes Tigre and other headlands. Soon everything is but water and sky—motionless blue above, heaving emerald beneath. Then the wind freshened, and "southward aye we flew." By noon it was blowing a gale, and we took in two reefs. The spray flew from the bow in feathery sheets, and two steersmen were at the helm. Suddenly the yacht rose to the summit of a sea, her bow flew up into the wind, the sails thundered in the gale, and we were tossing rudderless on the billows. We caught a glimpse of the broken piece rising on a sea and disappearing in the valley beyond. The small boat was useless for its recovery; it were madness to leave the yacht in such a sea; so we took in sail and came to anchor. Two boat oars were soon lashed astern, and with a small portion of the jib set only, we managed to run off again before the gale.

Toward afternoon, the mists rising a little, we discovered a schooner at anchor. She answered our signal of distress, and sent a boat, but could do nothing except tell us our whereabouts, and the course we must take to reach the shore. We drove before the gale till night-fall, and hearing the sound of breakers, knew we were in Southwest Pass. Slowly we slanted eastward, a bank of marsh grass appeared bending low before the gale. We reached the breakers. An anchor was cast; it held us but a moment—the cable parted, and we cast another, and were safe. The breakers were booming over the point, and to the left we could see the broad deep tide running seaward, from whose current we had narrowly escaped.

At midnight we heard a steamer's bell, and at daylight descried her at anchor a mile away. She was a cattle-boat, and her people promptly tendered us every assistance. All that day we worked at the anvil and bellows, and at night-fall, with the help of her carpenter and blacksmith, the *Sadie* was fitted with a stout new rudder, and at daylight we resumed our voyage. Experience made us cautious, so we kept land in sight continually, and steered from point to point only. By night-fall we sighted the mast of a boat standing out of the marshy shore, and seeing a break in the rushes, we ran through the breakers, and brought the yacht to anchor in the mouth of a bayou, and fastened up for the night near her. Her sails were gone, also her rudder, and the fragments of her cordage streamed wavering in the wind. We fastened to the bank beside her for company, and slept, undisturbed by the roar of the surf outside.

The next day we spread the sprit-sail of the yawl to the breeze, and four of us started merrily up the bayou, leaving one to mind the yacht. For miles we foamed along before the breeze. The banks, rising but a foot above the water, were covered with a short juicy grass extending for miles on either hand. Clouds of the choicest game birds rose as we brushed by, spreading out before, and rising overhead, to settle lazily behind after we passed. Every bannereted rush and bending reed stalk upheld a piping blackbird swinging in the wind. Fleets of gayly hued ducks paddled ahead until, on our too near approach, they broke out of water in fluttering clouds, or ran to hide in the grasses. Some we noted with one leg or foot missing—results of too great a familiarity with the swarthy alligators we continually surprised sleeping on the banks at almost every turn.

Stately pelicans swung proudly up the bayou, and flocks of nervous snipe scattered to right and left. A marvellous variety of creatures surrounded us, the air was full of water-hens and plover. Speeding over the straighter stretches, we saw the wary alligator sink from sight at our approach. Huge gar-fish lay on the surface basking in the sun until struck by the prow, when, jumping clear of the water in an ecstasy of fright, they dashed the spray over us, and many dealt our craft heavy blows with their tails, until one of us, mounting guard in the bow, peeled with revolver bullets every suspicious-looking object.

After miles of such scenes and incidents the bayou narrowed until our boom brushed over the banks, and we were running between avenues of tall shuddering reeds, where no creature seemed to live. Suddenly we encountered four men in a pirogue. They stopped reluctantly when hailed. How far were we from Pecan? Which was the right channel? Could we find shelter there? These and other questions we put anxiously, but they gave cold responses. "We were in the right channel." "Pecan was not far off." "We might find a house back in the woods, but the owner was away." The fourth man with them was a minister going to preach at another island." A half-mile more of rowing and pushing brought us to a small sloop in the marsh, riggingless, sailless, deserted. A little further, the channel closed entirely. From here the woods were in plain sight, but a wide expanse of gloomy swamp intervened.

Leaving one to guard the boat, the rest started for the land. At the first step we went to our knees in the quagmire, but grasping our stakes firmly, plodded on in Indian file. Mud was everywhere, and slimy water to our waists; mosquitoes in clouds; beautiful lilies in profusion. We soon reached grass clumps, offering surer foot-hold, but each must be probed for the deadly moccasin. At last we stood on dry land. No small trees covered the belt of grassy border to the forest that rose before us; the edge of the wood was as clearly cut as if by a huge scythe. It was a lofty wall, a magnificent growth of moss-draped oaks stretching off without a break to the horizon.

We paused a few minutes for rest, then plunged within its borders, and found ourselves in a dim mysterious light. Half-lighted vistas stretched away like cathedral aisles into obscurity. Giant vine-covered oaks crossed their massive arms above, from which depended heavy festoons of Spanish moss—gray, silent, pendent, as huge icicles in some frozen Northern cavern. Sassafras, wild orange, and jasmine perfumed the heavy air. The opens lay carpeted thick with delicate ferns and creeping vines, whose shell-like tinted leaves carpeted the noiseless foot-fall. Crape-myrtles and creepers hung their sprays before the shadowy nooks, and a lonely mocking-bird's flute-like note echoed through the dreamily mysterious air. Beautiful palmetto clumps spread their fan-like points to the light; the very shadows seemed to beckon us on with fairy forms. On the forest border we found one ancient oak whose gnarled trunk bore an arrow-shaped scar above a circular opening—guide-mark probably of some party seeking for the treasures oft reported buried there by the buccaneers.

Approaching night warned us away from this scene of tropical beauty, and by dusk we retraced our miry path, found the boat, and by dark were threading our way down the narrow bayou. After several hours of hard rowing a light appeared in the distance. We approached it cautiously, then stopped, as the tall mast of a lugger loomed through the night. Who could they be thus visiting these lonely waters—pirates, smugglers, or treasure-seekers? As we paused thus in doubt the notes of a rich tenor voice came plaintively floating over the water. We recognized the welcome melody of "Auld Lang Syne," and brushed alongside the stranger craft in time to join in their chorus. We found our friends were a party of Canadian gentlemen who, learning of that wonderful paradise of game, had ventured thither in search of sport, and found the bayou, like ourselves, under stress of weather. By morning we gained the coast, and that same afternoon started home in the yacht. Our return voyage was full of exciting incidents and adventures too lengthy to be recounted here. Suffice to say that steady gales drove us northward until the *Sadie* folded her tired pinions under the lull at Petite Anse, and our voyage to the Isle of Pecans was a thing of the past.

J. O. DAVIDSON.

MY CREDITOR.

O Love!
Most sovereign power!
By every tender token,
By every fond word spoken,
By every hope and sigh,
The glancing of an eye,
The tell-tale blush,
The hectic flush,
Smiles, rhapsody, or tears,
Unspoken doubts or fears,
Unwritten songs to sunshine wed,
Celestial dreams by fancy fed,
From early morn to midnight hour,
Each day, each day,
Must I betray,
And ever prove,
O Love! ah me!
How much am I in debt to thee!

O Love!
I here protest
By every bond and fetter
I'm an insolvent debtor,
With but thy revenue
To cancel debts long due.
Early and late
I liquidate
With Love whate'er I own
To either friend or foe;
With pitying heart and willing hand
Responding unto each demand
With Love's accruing interest.
Life ebbs, and yet
I'm in thy debt;
And, dying, prove,
O Love! ah me!
I can not get release from thee.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

INDIANS GOING INTO WINTER-QUARTERS.

The first blizzard that blows over the Western prairies sends the Indians trooping to the nearest agency, where they will be served with rations through the winter. The agency buildings are usually constructed under the shelter of the foot-hills, and the Indians pitch their tepees under the protection of the stockades. There they live a comfortable, lazy, and contented life until warm weather and growing grass tempt them to the open country again. Mr GRAHAM's illustrations on page 40 will afford our readers a vivid idea of this phase of Indian life.

HAVOC ON CONEY ISLAND.

The severe storm of last week caused a great destruction of property on Coney Island beach, breaking up the piers, overthrowing pavilions and other structures, completely demolishing the Marine Railway, and cutting a channel clear across the island. A good idea of the work of the wind and waves may be gained from the sketches of Messrs. SCHELL and HOGAN on another page. If the experience of property owners on the island should induce them to place their structures farther back from the surf-line, leaving a wide stretch of beach for the benefit of visitors, the public would have no reason to regret this winter's storm.

The night of the 9th inst. was the severest ever known on the island. "The rain beat down," says a report, "as it seemed never to have done before. The wind roared, and the thunder of the breakers was at times accompanied by the crashing of timbers and the snapping of iron beams. The stoutest houses quivered and creaked in the gale, and those who observed in the morning that their own roofs remained, firmly believed that those of their neighbors had certainly been blown away. Against some of the smaller houses close to the beach not only did the waves beat when the tide was highest, but they carried bathing-houses on their crests, and sent them like battering-rams crashing against the frame walls. It was a night of terror, and nothing that daylight could have revealed would have astonished any of those who journeyed out in the morning to see what damage had been done."

VISIT TO A LIVE-OAK RESERVATION, GULF OF MEXICO.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 43.]

HAVOC ON CONEY ISLAND—EFFECTS OF THE GREAT STORM.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 43.]

IE PARTY MACHINE IN NEW YORK.

A STUDY IN PRACTICAL POLITICS.

I.

'E propose to discuss "the machine" as it existed and still exists in both parties, al gh in the Republican party recent events seriously shaken it, and a vigorous effort been made to destroy it. Its destruction, ever, can be accomplished, not be reorgani- on of the district associations, although this most desirable event, but by destroying the em by which any clique of politicians is en d to control the patronage. As long as that racticable, some kind of machine is inevitable. has been truly said that a citizen of New k generally knows little, if anything, more of actual organization of political parties in this than a Frenchman or an Englishman. The rnal working of party machinery is familiar, the methods and motives which control the duces are very little understood. The machine be organized nominally on the basis of As- bly Districts, as in Tammany Hall and among Republicans, or on that of Election Districts, n the County Democracy, but there is really difference between the two systems, the actual of organization being always the Assembly trict. Of these latter there are in the city of York twenty four, which, in turn, are divided about seven hundred election districts. The chine is governed directly from the centre, is a close corporation. The Assembly District anizations receive their policy, even in matters ely local, from the centre.

Nominally all power ultimately falls into the ds of a caucus of the leaders of the Twenty- r Assembly Districts, but it actually rests h one or perhaps half a dozen individuals in interior cabal, who are absolute. Thus one hese few are men who hold prominent offices, who have independent means and are ambi- n for control. The former of these two class- supply offices for their subordinates and fol- ers, and the latter class contribute out of their sonal means for campaign purposes. In con- nce—which is a formality always strictly ad- ed to—these leaders can invariably compel erence to their views by at least a majority of caucus, and thus through the formal govern- nt of the majority give the semblance of demo- atic methods to the course pursued. In these cases the inquiry is not what the district lead- or the people of the districts really think best, what the few men in control have decided true is thus that there are few men who have practical experience in politics who have not rd more serious complaints from the captains ens and of hundreds because of their inability ever to find out exactly what is expected of m, then because they are deprived of a voice framing the policy of the party

A single department is of itself enough to fur- h the foundations of a machine. It only re- res that the department be one in which there a score of fair places for superior politicians, a laborers' pay-roll for the rank and file. A at department like that of the Public Works always be controlled for the maintenance of powerful organization which shall for all prac- al purposes be the personal property of the de- tmental head. The better offices are distrib- d among those who are expected to fill the po- on of district leaders, or if, as is frequently case, some man who has a passion for poli- , but who does not care for an office, assumes leadership of a district, then one of the better ces is given to such person as he shall select, o becomes the district lieutenant. These lead- and lieutenants are expected, in conformity th the tacitly understood terms of their con- ct, to obey the central power uncomplainingly, d to devote so much of their days, nights, and aries as may be necessary to keeping their dis- cts properly organized, and as much of the rem- nt of their time as they conveniently can to the rvice of the city. The offices thus come to be garded simply as a means of supplying a live- ood to those who are willing to devote them- lves to politics and the service of their leaders. other words, the offices are used merely as a eans of paying politicians for pursuing their ofession in the service of a party or of a par- ular individual.

The duties of an Assembly District leader are anifold. If he wishes a strong following in his strict he must be at the service day and night his neighbors, who, in return for the services ndered them, are willing to attend primaries or te at elections. A young man is arrested for st driving: the district leader must visit a po- e justice and intercede for him. An old man ants to keep an apple stand on a frequented treet: the district leader must see his Alder- an and have a special ordinance passed over e Mayor's veto. A city ordinance has been vio- ted, and the violator reported by the police to e Corporation Attorney: the district leader ust see the Corporation Attorney and have the mplaint pigeon-holed, or if he fails in this, e must see the justice and have it dismissed hen it is called for trial. If a laborer who can ote for him is out of work, he must find something or him to do on the streets, or on the aqueduct, r in the parks. If a builder employing a num- er of men, or a lot owner who is putting up a ouse, wants four or five feet of the city's property, ee of cost, on which to build a "swell front" or bay window, the leader must see that the applica- ion runs through the board, with or without the Mayor's consent. If a corporation wants to dig vault under the street to its very centre, he must end a hand to put the matter through. If a iquor dealer is arrested for selling without a li- cense, he must leave no stone unturned to secure his escape unpunished. Finally, if a poor devil is in want of a dollar, he must let him have it. He must attend all political meetings, go to club picnics, attend church fairs, not permit himself to be forgotten in the liquor stores and other places of frequent resort, and must hold himself generally in readiness to do whatever is required of him by the superior chiefs.

He needs a number of lieutenants, and if any respect be paid to the plan of organization on the basis of election districts, he should have one in each of these minor divisions. Each of these lieutenants has some sort of place for himself, or his son, or his nephew, and has some sort of control over the voters of two or three thickly populated houses. If he is enterprising, he buys a horse and cart and hires a driver, and then has them employed in the service of the city, in street repairs, in removing ashes and sweepings, or in sprinkling the streets. If he is enabled to put two or three carts to work, he is peculiarly fortunate, is sure of an income, can enjoy his leisure, and devote himself to demonstrating the honesty, capacity, and superior Democracy or Republicanism of his employers, besides doing all manner of neighborly offices for those who may need them. He obeys his Assembly District leader, whoever he may be, respecting the office rather than the man. Whenever the central caucus or the boss desires it, they can reorganize the district, and select a new leader, to whom all the lieutenants must report, or surrender their livings. They consequently succumb, and give the most perfect demonstration of the "cohesive power of public plunder," or, as Demosthenes called it, the "cement of office."

In this way a compact body of men is always in existence for party purposes. First, there are the bosses, sachems, commissioners, or what not; then the Assembly District leaders; then seven hundred or more minor lieutenants, each of whom can command the services, in return for those rendered by themselves, of from five to ten voters. The figures thus run up into thousands, and the organization not only being compact, but reaching into every district, the material exists for large and enthusiastic mass-meetings, for well-attended primaries, for an active canvass throughout the city, and, above all, for a thorough manning of the polls on election day. The internal organization of parties is such that independent and thoughtful voters can take part in preliminary party activity only as counters played in the game by the professionals, or at the cost of seeing every effort at independent activity nullified by the power of the machine. Sometimes this nullification is effected by a suborned majority, sometimes by physical violence, and sometimes through outright fraud and the falsification of the records. If this be objected to, and an appeal be taken to the central body, a hearing may be accorded, but there is no record of a case in which such an appeal has ever been determined against the district leader.

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE FIRST.

AT SCHOOL.

CHAPTER X.

OUTSIDE OF THE TRUTH.

"WHAT are we to do next? Oh, Mr Morris, you must have seen all sorts of people in your time—you know human nature, and I don't. Help me with a word of advice!"

Emily forgot that he was in love with her—forgot everything but the effect produced by the locket on Mrs. Rook, and the vaguely alarming conclusion to which it pointed. In the fervor of her anxiety she took Alban's arm as familiarly as if he had been her brother. He was gentle, he was considerate, he tried earnestly to compose her. "We can do nothing to any good purpose," he said, "unless we begin by thinking quietly. Pardon me for saying so—you are needlessly exciting yourself."

There was a reason for her excitement, of which he was necessarily ignorant. Her memory of the night interview with Miss Jethro had inevitably intensified the suspicion inspired by the conduct of Mrs. Rook. In less than twenty-four hours Emily had seen two women shrinking from secret remembrances of her father, which might well be guilty remembrances, innocently excited by herself! How had they injured him? Of what infamy on their parts did his beloved and stainless memory remind them? Who could fathom the mystery of it? "What does it mean?" she cried, looking wildly in Alban's compassionate face. "You must have formed some idea of your own. What does it mean?"

"Come and sit down, Miss Emily. We will try if we can find out what it means together."

They returned to the shady solitude under the trees. Away in front of the house the distant grating of carriage wheels told of the arrival of Miss Ladd's guests, and of the speedy beginning of the entertainments and ceremonies of the day.

"We must help each other," Alban resumed. "When we first spoke of Mrs. Rook, you mentioned Miss Cecilia Wyvil as a person who knew something about her. Have you any objection to tell me what you may have heard in that way?"

In complying with his request Emily necessarily repeated what Cecilia had told Francine, when the two girls had met that morning in the garden.

Alban now knew how Emily had obtained employment as Sir Jervis's secretary, how Mr and Mrs. Rook had been previously known to Cecilia's father as respectable people keeping an inn in his own neighborhood, and finally how they had been obliged to begin life again in domestic service because the terrible event of a murder had given the inn a bad name, and had driven away the customers on whose encouragement their business depended.

Listening in silence, Alban remained silent when Emily's narrative had come to an end.

"Have you nothing to say to me?" she asked.

"I am thinking over what I have just heard," he answered.

Emily noticed a certain formality in his tone and manner, which disagreeably surprised her. He seemed to have made his reply as a mere concession to politeness, while he was thinking of something else which really interested him.

"Have I disappointed you in any way?" she asked.

"On the contrary, you have interested me. I want to be quite sure that I remember exactly what you have said. You mentioned, I think, that your friendship with Miss Cecilia Wyvil began here, at the school?"

"Yes."

"And, in speaking of the murder at the village inn, you told me that the crime was committed—I have forgotten how long ago?"

His manner still suggested that he was idly talking about what she had told him, while some more important subject for reflection was in possession of his mind.

"I don't know that I said anything about the time that had passed since the crime was committed," she answered, sharply. "What does the murder matter to us? I think Cecilia told me it happened about four years since. Excuse me for noticing it, Mr Morris—you seem to have some interests of your own to occupy your attention. Why couldn't you say so plainly when we came out here? I should not have asked you to help me, in that case. Since my poor father's death I have been used to fight through my troubles by myself."

She rose, and looked at him proudly. The next moment her eyes filled with tears.

In spite of her resistance, Alban took her hand. "Dear Miss Emily," he said, "you distress me. You have not done me justice. Your interests only are in my mind. I have been thinking of the one question that perplexes us both—the question of Mrs. Rook."

Answering her in those terms, he had not spoken as frankly as usual. He had only told her a part of the truth.

Hearing that the woman whom they had just left had been landlady of an inn, and that a murder had been committed under her roof, he was led to ask himself if any explanation might be found, in these circumstances, of the otherwise incomprehensible effect produced on Mrs Rook by the inscription on the locket.

In the pursuit of this inquiry there had arisen in his mind a monstrous suspicion, which pointed to Mrs. Rook. It impelled him to ascertain the date at which the murder had been committed, and (if the discovery encouraged further investigation) to find out next the manner of Mr. Brown's death. In yielding to his own morbid curiosity he had made his inquiries with anxious consideration for Emily, using such precautions and evasions as would prevent her from even suspecting the inferences to which her information might innocently lead.

Thus far, what progress had he made? He had discovered that the date of Mr Brown's death inscribed on the locket and the date of the crime committed at the inn approached each other nearly enough to justify further investigation.

In the mean time, had he succeeded in keeping his object concealed from Emily? He had perfectly succeeded. Hearing him declare that her interests only had occupied his mind, the poor girl innocently entreated him to forgive her little outbreak of temper. "If you have any more questions to ask me, Mr Morris, pray go on. I promise never to think unjustly of you again."

He went on, with an uneasy conscience—for it seemed cruel to deceive her, even in the interests of truth—but still he went on.

"We must be content to guess on the chance of finding out the truth," he resumed, carefully approaching the end that he had in view. "I will set the example, if you like. Suppose we assume that this woman has injured your father in some way. Am I right in believing that it was in his character to forgive injuries?"

"Entirely right."

"In that case his death may have left Mrs. Rook in a position to be called to account by those who owe a duty to his memory—I mean the surviving members of his family."

"There are but two of us, Mr Morris: my aunt and myself."

"There are his executors."

"My aunt is his only executor."

"Your father's sister, I presume?"

"Yes."

"He may have left instructions with her which might be of the greatest use to us."

"I will write to-day and find out," Emily replied. "I had already planned to consult my aunt," she added, thinking again of Miss Jethro.

"If your aunt has not received any positive instructions," Alban continued, "she may remember some allusion to Mrs. Rook, on your father's part, at the time of his last illness—"

Emily stopped him. "You don't know how my dear father died," she said. "He was struck down—apparently in perfect health—by disease of the heart."

"Struck down in his own house?"

"Yes—in his own house."

Those words closed Alban's lips. The investigation, so carefully and so delicately conducted, had failed to serve any useful purpose. He had now ascertained the manner of Mr Brown's death and the place of Mr. Brown's death—and he was as far from confirming his suspicions of Mrs. Rook as ever.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DRAWING MASTER'S CONFESSION.

"Is there nothing else you can suggest?" Emily asked.

"Nothing—at present."

"If my aunt fails us, have we no other hope?"

"I have hope in Mrs Rook," Alban answered. "I see I surprise you; but I really mean what I say. Sir Jervis's housekeeper is an excitable woman, and she is fond of wine. There is always a weak side in the character of such a person as that. If we wait for our chance, and turn it to the right use when it comes, we may yet succeed in making her betray herself."

Emily listened to him in bewilderment.

"You talk as if I was sure of your help in the future," she said. "Have you forgotten that I leave school to-day, never to return? In half an hour more I shall be condemned to a long journey in the company of that horrible creature—with a life to look forward to in the same house with her, among strangers! A miserable prospect, and a hard trial of a girl's courage—is it not, Mr Morris?"

"You will at least have one person, Miss Emily, who will try with all his heart and soul to encourage you."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Alban, quietly, "that the midsummer vacation begins to-day, and that the drawing master is going to spend his holidays in the North."

Emily jumped up from her chair. "You!" she exclaimed—"you are going to Northumberland with me?"

"Why not?" Alban asked. "The railway is open to all travellers alike, if they have money enough to buy a ticket."

"Mr. Morris, what can you be thinking of? Indeed, indeed, I am not ungrateful. I know you mean kindly—you are a good, generous man. But do remember how completely a girl in my position is at the mercy of appearances. You, travelling in the same carriage with me! and that woman putting her own vile interpretation on it, and degrading me in Sir Jervis Redwood's estimation on the day when I enter his house! Oh, it's worse than thoughtless—it's madness, downright madness."

"You are quite right," Alban gravely agreed. "It is madness. I lost whatever little reason I once possessed, Miss Emily, on the day when I first met you out walking with the young ladies of the school."

Emily turned away in significant silence. Alban followed her.

"You promised just now," he said, "never to think unjustly of me again. I respect and admire you far too sincerely to take a base advantage of this occasion—the only occasion on which I have been permitted to speak with you alone. Wait a little before you condemn a man whom you don't understand. I will say nothing to annoy you—I only ask leave to explain myself. Will you take your chair again?"

She returned unwillingly to her seat. "It can only end," she thought, sadly, "in my disappointing him."

"I have had the worst possible opinion of women for years past," Alban resumed; "and the only reason I can give for it condemns me out of my own mouth. I have been infamously treated by one woman, and my wounded self-esteem has meanly revenged itself by reviling the whole sex. Wait a little, Miss Emily. My fault has received its fit punishment. I have been thoroughly humiliated, and you have done it."

"Mr Morris!"

"Take no offense, pray, where no offense is meant. Some few years since it was the great misfortune of my life to meet with a Jilt. You know what I mean?"

"Yes."

"She was my equal by birth (I am a younger son of a country squire) and my superior in rank. I can honestly tell you that I was fool enough to love her with all my heart and soul. She never allowed me to doubt—I may say this without conceit, remembering the miserable end of it—that my feeling for her was returned. Her father and mother (excellent people) approved of the contemplated marriage. She accepted my presents; she allowed all the customary preparations for a wedding to proceed to completion; she had not even mercy enough, or shame enough, to prevent me from publicly degrading myself by waiting for her at the altar, in the presence of a large congregation. The minutes passed, and no bride appeared. The clergyman, waiting like me, was requested to return to the vestry. I was invited to follow him. You foresee the end of the story, of course? She had run away with another man. But can you guess who the man was? Her groom!"

Emily's face reddened with indignation. "She suffered for it? Oh, Mr Morris, surely she suffered for it!"

"Not at all. She had money enough to reward the groom for marrying her; and she let herself down easily to her husband's level. It was a suitable marriage in every respect. When I last heard of them they were regularly in the habit of getting drunk together. I am afraid I have disgusted you? We will drop the subject, and resume my precious autobiography at a later date. One showery day in the autumn of last year you young ladies went out with Miss Ladd for a walk. When you were all trotting back again, under your umbrellas, did you (in particular) notice an ill-tempered fellow standing in the road, and getting a good look at you, on the high foot-path above him?"

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1409.

Emily smiled, in spite of herself. "I don't remember it," she said.

"You wore a brown jacket which fitted you as if you had been born in it, and you had the remotest little straw hat I ever saw on a woman's head. It was the first time I ever noticed such things. I think I could paint a portrait of the boots you wore (mud included) from memory alone. That was the impression you produced on me. After believing, honestly believing, that love was one of the lost illusions of my life—after feeling, honestly feeling, that I would as soon look at the devil as look at a woman—there was the state of mind to which retribution had reduced me, using for its instrument Miss Emily Brown. Oh, don't be afraid of what I may say next! In your presence, and out of your presence, I'm man enough to be ashamed of my own folly. I am resisting your influence over me at this moment with the strongest of all resolutions—the resolution of despair. Let's look at the humorous side of the story again. What do you think I did when the regiment of young ladies had passed by me?"

Emily declined to guess.

"I followed you back to the school, and, on pretense of having a daughter to educate, I got one of Miss Ladd's prospectuses from the porter at the lodge gate. I was in your neighborhood, you must know, on a sketching tour. I went back to my inn, and seriously considered what had happened to me. The result of my cogitations was that I went abroad. Only for a change—not at all because I was trying to weaken the impression you had produced on me! After a while I returned to England. Only because I was tired of travelling—not at all because your influence drew me back! Another interval passed, and luck turned my way, for a wonder. The drawing master's place became vacant here. Miss Ladd advertised; I produced my testimonials, and took the situation. Only because the salary was a welcome certainty to a poor man—not at all because the new position brought me into personal association with Miss Emily Brown! Do you begin to see why I have troubled you with all this talk about myself? Apply the contemptible system of self-delusion which my confession has revealed, to that holiday arrangement for a tour in the north which has astonished and annoyed you. I am going to travel this afternoon by your train. Only because I feel an intelligent longing to see the northernmost county of England—not at all because I won't let you trust yourself alone with Mrs. Rook! Not at all because I won't leave you to enter Sir Jervis Redwood's service without a friend within reach in case you want him! Mad? Oh yes—perfectly mad. But tell me this: what do all sensible people do when they find themselves in the company of a lunatic? They humor him. Let me take your ticket, and see your luggage labelled. I only ask leave to be your travelling servant. If you are proud—I shall like you all the better if you are—pay me wages and keep me in my proper place in that way."

Some girls, addressed with this reckless intermingling of jest and earnest, would have felt confused, and some would have felt flattered. With a good-tempered resolution, which never passed the limits of modesty and refinement, Emily met Alban Morris on his own ground.

"You have said you respect me," she began; "I am going to prove that I believe you. The least I can do is not to misinterpret you, on my side. Am I to understand, Mr. Morris—you won't think the worse of me, I hope, if I speak plainly—am I to understand that you are in love with me?"

"Yes, Miss Emily—if you please."

He had answered with the quaint gravity which was peculiar to him, but he was already conscious of a sense of discouragement. Her composure was a bad sign—from his point of view.

"My time will come, I dare say," she proceeded. "At present I know nothing of love by experience; I only know what some of my school-fellows talk about in secret. Judging by what they tell me, a girl blushes when her lover pleads with her to favor his addresses. Am I blushing?"

"Must I speak plainly too?" Alban asked.

"If you have no objection," she answered, as composedly as if she had been speaking to her grandfather.

"Then, Miss Emily, I must say—you are not blushing."

She went on. "Another token of love—as I am informed—is to tremble. Am I trembling?"

"No."

"Am I too confused to look at you?"

"No."

"Do I walk away with dignity, and then stop and steal a timid glance at my lover over my shoulder?"

"I wish you did!"

"A plain answer, Mr. Morris. Yes or No."

"No—of course."

"In one last word, do I give you any sort of encouragement to try again?"

"In one last word, I have made a fool of myself, and you have taken the kindest possible way of telling me so."

This time she made no attempt to reply in his own tone. The good-humored gayety of her manner disappeared. She was in earnest—truly, sadly in earnest—when she said her next words.

"Is it not best, in your own interests, that we should bid each other good-by?" she asked. "In the time to come—when you only remember how kind you once were to me—we may look forward to meeting again. After all that you have suffered, so bitterly and so undeservedly, don't, pray don't, make me feel that another woman has behaved cruelly to you, and that I—so grieved to distress you—am that heartless creature!"

Never in her life had she been so irresistibly charming as she was at that moment. Her sweet nature showed all its innocent pity for him in her face.

He saw it—he felt it—he was not unworthy of it. In silence he lifted her hand to his lips. He turned pale as he kissed it.

"Say that you agree with me!" she pleaded.

"I obey you."

As he answered he pointed to the lawn at their feet. "Look," he said, "at that dead leaf which the air is wafting over the grass. Is it possible that such sympathy as you feel for Me, such love as I feel for You, can waste, wither, and fall to the ground like that leaf? I leave you, Emily, with the firm conviction that there is a time of fulfilment to come in our two lives. Happen what may in the interval—I trust the future."

The words had barely passed his lips when the voice of one of the servants reached them from the house. "Miss Emily! are you in the garden?"

Emily stepped out into the sunshine. The servant hurried to meet her, and placed a telegram in her hand. She looked at it with a sudden misgiving. In her small experience a telegram was associated with the communication of bad news.

She conquered her hesitation—opened it—read it. The color left her face. She shuddered. The telegram dropped on the grass.

"Read it," she said, faintly, as Alban picked it up.

He read these words: "Come to London directly. Miss Letitia is dangerously ill."

"Your aunt?" he asked.

"Yes—my aunt."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COULD WE BUT KNOW!

We purely love, and seek with service sweet
  Some true response to win;
We give, and give, until our hearts may break,
  And meet with no return.
O love, O slighted love, where dost thou go?
  Could we but know!

We catch some noble hope, and tenderly
  We nurse it day by day,
Even as our souls; yet weeping we may see
  It slowly fade away.
O hope, sweet flattering hope, where dost thou go?
  Could we but know!

We build so patiently, we toil for years,
  We are so glad and brave;
The end perchance is failure, loss, and tears,
  And the low dreamless grave.
O wasted labor, is it even so?
  Where did it go?

Where do they go to, our neglected prayers,
  Our sweet, safe dreams and aims,
Our patient slighted love, our thoughtful cares,
  Lost labors, and lost gains?
And are they lost indeed? Or is it so
  Who feel it can?

Where goes the perfume of the sand-sweet rose,
  The robin's happy song,
The murmur of the river as it flows,
  The wind we loved and strong?
The mirth, the anxiety, the help, each gives
  Most surely lives.

No good thing can be lost, no real worth,
  Nothing that's true and pure.
We do not see the seed-corn in the earth;
  The harvest time is sure.
Prayer, love, and hope, and work are golden grain
  None sown in vain.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

The statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World"—the gift of the French nation to the American people—is now, after many years of labor, completed, and ready for shipment to New York. It was lately put together in Paris, not only that the artist might judge of the general effect, but to ascertain that the hundreds of pieces of which the work consists fitted accurately and made a grand artistic whole. Our illustration represents it still surrounded with the scaffolding necessary for its erection; but even with these hard lines interrupting the view it can easily be seen how grand are its proportions, how simple yet noble the conception. In our view the torch which the goddess is to bear aloft, as once a symbol of the light of freedom which America diffuses, and a beacon to the immigrant who seeks here the liberty he can not elsewhere find, is not as yet in its place, but an idea of it can be formed from the subjoined vignette. To say that the figure will exceed one hundred feet in height will convey no meaning to many of us; but a comparison such as we give of the human figure in juxtaposition to the mere heel of the colossal memorial will aid even the least imaginative in realizing the grandeur of the statue when it towers aloft in its entirety over the waters of the bay.

The first project of erecting the statue dates back to 1876, when the "Union Franco-Américaine" conceived the idea of commemorating the centenary of our independence by a gift worthy of the occasion and of the people who aided us in our struggle. Among the members of the committee formed for carrying out the idea were the names of LAFAYETTE, ROCHAMBEAU, DE NOAILLES, RÉMUSAT, DE TOCQUEVILLE, LABOULAYE, and others, whose ancestors had fought under the orders of General WASHINGTON. In their first prospectus they say, "We design to erect in the unequalled harbor of New York a gigantic statue on the threshold of the New World, to rise from the bosom of the waves, and represent Liberty enlightening the World." The French have done their part nobly, and funds adequate for the purpose were raised without having recourse to claptrap methods of extorting money from unwilling pockets. It says little for the public spirit of the wealthy citizens of New York that such difficulty has been found in raising the money for the pedestal to support the generous gift of our earliest ally. The statue itself, we repeat, is now complete; let us do our part, and assure it a fitting basis. We are all familiar with the design; and the hand which, first at the Centennial Exhibition, and then in Madison Square, attracted every eye, will, we trust, soon be seen shedding the rays of the electric light over the waters of the Upper Bay. We give also a portrait of M. BARTHOLDI, the artist to whose genius and unselfish labors we owe this great work of art. Born at Colmar in 1834, he became a pupil of ARY SCHEFFER, but soon devoted himself to sculpture. He will be best remembered by his monumental productions. One of his early works is "Genius in the Claws of Poverty," an allegorical design, followed by a grand figure of the greatest of the old Gallic patriots, VERCINGETORIX. BARTHOLDI has adorned his native town by several of his creations. He erected a fountain in it, dedicated to the memory of SCHONGAUER, the painter, and has added others bearing the statues of Admiral BRUAT and General RAPP. He also was the designer of the "Lion of Belfort," the monument that will perpetuate the heroic defense of that hardly beleaguered town. M. BARTHOLDI was made a member of the Legion of Honor in 1868, and the quality of his work can be seen in his statue of LAFAYETTE in Union Square, the most graceful statue in our city. The works for the pedestal are now in progress at Bedloe's Island, and it is to be hoped that the substructure will be worthy of the noble figure it has to support.

THE NIGHT SCHOOLS AT SING SING.

The idea of teaching the inmates of prisons is not a new one. It was formerly in practice at the great prison at Sing Sing, but was abandoned for reasons which it is not necessary to recount here. It has just been renewed by Mr. BRUSH, the Warden, and on a system which promises substantial results. The schools are for the present on a very simple plan, and with a very limited scope. They are not on that account less useful. They are intended for the prisoners who can neither read nor write, or who can read but not write. The number of those now in the schools is eighty out of a total of 1450, but it is probable that this will be increased as a more careful research is made. While entrance on the school work is voluntary (the prisoner not being forced, though strongly urged to come in), when he has once made up his mind to enter he is not excused from attendance. As a matter of fact, all known illiterates in the prison are now in the schools, except two or three who are pretty old, or whose eyes are weak. The school is, however, popular, if the term may be allowed of this strange and sad community, where, however, there is much more force of "public opinion" than would be supposed. The trouble is not to get in those who are illiterate, but to keep out those who are not, but pretend to be, for the sake of getting in, and for whom there is not at present any room or proper accommodation.

The schools are under the general supervision of the chaplain—a man of shrewd practical intelligence as well as hearty interest in his work. The teachers are inmates of the prison, who have had experience in teaching, and are fitted for very different work. When Warden BRUSH was asked, "Who are they?" he said, simply, "I don't think they would like their names known." The remark was a key to the Warden's character and system. He respects the rights and the feelings of the men under his charge as naturally and completely as if they were on a social level with himself. Why should he not? Why, indeed? But it is a rare exception, and goes far to explain many things in Sing Sing which are a credit to the State and an honor to humanity.

The schools are held six nights in the week, forty men attending on alternate nights. On the nights when they are not in the school, they are given books and slates, and allowed to study in their "rooms"—they are seldom referred to as "cells" in Sing Sing. It is usually found that the men use this opportunity faithfully, and are much interested in it, and get the aid of their companions. The studies are confined to reading, writing, the four simple rules of arithmetic, and the elements of fractions. It is the golden rule of primary instruction—"the three R's." The progress of the men is rapid, more so than one would at first suppose. It must be remembered, however, that their minds have really been trained to some extent, that they have, for instance, in most cases, mastered the forms of letters, and that they have a practical idea of the simpler relations of numbers. Moreover—and this is the most important—the hour in the schoolroom is an intense relief to the tedious monotony of their existence, and a welcome gleam from the wholesome outer life. For this hour of unforced occupation the mind of the prisoner is stirred to new interests and to new efforts.

Though begun on a very modest scale, there is no reason why this system of instruction should not be continued and developed. The illiterate were properly the first to whom it was applied, but there are equal advantages for others to be derived from a carefully administered system, in which the idea of reward should be clearly recognized. It would seem that to a prisoner of intelligence—and, unfortunately, there is no small number of these—nothing would be a more valued prize for general good conduct or particular merit than a chance to pursue the studies in which he is or may become interested.

The prison already has its library, not a very large one, but well selected. The books are liberally used, and deprivation of them is one of the milder forms of punishment. When worn out they are trimmed and rebound in the prison, strongly and plainly, but neatly, and the bindery is kept pretty constantly employed. The theory of the management at Sing Sing is that the close confinement, the rigid exclusion from the world, the unremitted toil, the enforced regularity of habits, are the proper punitive and reformatory influences to be kept in active and constant application. These having been secured, everything not inconsistent with them is adopted to awaken or to keep alive in the minds of the inmates the impulses toward an honest and orderly mode of life, in order that when the prison doors are opened, the convict may re-enter society with his face turned toward the good and not the evil, toward the possibilities of the future and not the entangling and debasing associations of the past. The common idea of the prison as a place of confinement for those dangerous to society, the main influence of which shall be the dread of re-entering it, is singularly dissipated by a visit to Sing Sing. A careful observation of that prison under the control of Mr. BRUSH, of the mode of life, of the influences at work, of the tendencies developed, of the manners and expression of the prisoners, gives a new idea of it, as a place from which it is quite practicable for a prisoner to receive a new start in life, a new lease of the forfeited birthright of freedom and of usefulness. It is from the spirit which has brought about this result that the night schools have sprung.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A MAN who was a soldier in 1869 appeared recently—after resisting his conscience for fourteen years—before the United States Commissioner at Leavenworth, and confessed that he had raised an order for clothing-money due him from $82 to $182, and drawn the latter sum. He declared that the thought of owing the government $100 had weighed so painfully upon him that he had been driven at length to make this confession.

An Englishman has concluded that his countrymen prefer hanging to any other violent form of death, because, of the suicides of a year in England, more went out of the world by means of the rope than by any other means. Only 271 drowned themselves, for instance, whereas 511 used the rope.

Six dozen is the number of white waistcoats that an authority says is necessary to a fashionable man in the course of a London season. The fashionable man never wears a waistcoat that has been washed, and a waistcoat's length of life depends upon the owner's skill in keeping it from looking as though the washer-woman ought to have it. The whole care and cunning of a Londoner who wears a white waistcoat is turned to preventing it from coming in contact with the atmosphere.

A dishonest person in Paris manufactured spurious eggs in a most ingenious way. Shell, white, and yolk were all executed so skilfully that the purchaser would never dream that he had been deceived. The fraud would have passed without detection, probably forever, had not the manufacturer himself confessed it. He would not have done this except for the discovery that the business of supplying the market with the false eggs was making him poor, the cost of producing real eggs being much less.

It is reported that electric lights have come to be very much the thing in England, and that to some luxurious houses they have even been attached to the head-boards of the beds, with the idea of furnishing the occupants of the beds with light to read by. If those head-board lights are anything like some of the electrical St. Vitus lanterns hung along the Bowery, what astonishing impressions the occupants must receive!

The touching spectacle was presented in a New York police court recently of a man confronted and claimed as a husband by a woman who was accompanied by eight children, most of them old enough to vote. When she said to him, in a voice broken by emotion, "Salvatore, on your word of honor, aren't you my husband?" he looked carefully at her and at each of the row of children, and replied, "I never saw you before." If his words were true, how earnestly he must have uttered them, and how sincerely he must have hoped that they would be believed!

A correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* finds the Dutch table customs very droll, as Diedrich Knickerbocker did before her. She dined with the family of a professor at the Hague. As soon as those at the table were helped they at once cut up all that was on their plates, and then putting their knives down, leaned on the table with their left hands, and with their forks disposed of the food with celerity and without interruption. At supper the hostess ground and cooked the coffee at the table, and the butter was taken with individual knives out of an earthen pot that was used in common. Cheese was served and secured in a similar manner, and was smeared over thick slices of buttered bread. When the eating was finished, everybody still sat and watched the hostess wash the dishes, which she did at table, using the nicest of aprons, without wetting her fingers, while the master puffed a cigar.

A London newspaper complains that in the English agricultural districts the working village population get little more to eat than bread, potatoes, cabbage, beans, a little bacon and cheese, and milk for the children, and that nothing is good, owing to the ignorance of the women of even the most elementary principles of cooking. In the manufacturing towns "a hastily made fire, and a frying pan, a lump of butter, some bacon, and a few eggs of doubtful freshness, compose the culinary preparation of a family earning between two pounds and three pounds a week." There is better eating than this in some parts of England, however; for instance, in the tavern called the "Cheshire Cheese," in Fleet Street, where for two-and-sixpence one may eat as long as he can hold out of a beefsteak pie that is stuffed besides with game birds and truffles and all manner of amazing and succulent things, and if he is not satisfied with that, he may have most delicate stewed cheese in a pan, whereafter it is possible for a hot toddy to be forth-coming, and he will find a long clay pipe in a drawer under the wooden bench on which he sits.

ARCHWAY, SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

THE UNITED STATES PENSION OFFICE.

[illegible] business of the Pension Bureau at Washington city is now [illegible] housed in a building on the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue [illegible] Twelfth Street, with an annex of several contiguous buildings, [illegible] branches in two others a few blocks distant. The gigantic [illegible] sections which the work of the office has attained in the last [illegible] years has, however, shown the inadequacy of the present [illegible] accommodations," and caused provision to be made by act of [illegible] gress for the erection of a permanent structure which should [illegible] ol ample and secure room, and only for necessary clerical force, [illegible] for the valuable papers used in the adjudication of claims and [illegible] general records of the work.

[illegible] construction of the new Pension Building, required by law [illegible] of brick and metal, and fire-proof," has been intrusted most [illegible] to one eminently qualified for the trust, viz., Brevet Major-[illegible] eral M. C. Meigs, late Quartermaster-General, U. S. A., and now [illegible] red. "Retirement" conveys no idea in the case of this distin[illegible] guished officer that his day of usefulness has passed. The well [illegible] served old general, wearing the snowy badge of honorable age [illegible] hair and beard, is as vigorous in prosecuting his work as super[illegible] ing engineer and architect as in his more youthful labors. July [illegible] 1836, saw him appointed Second Lieutenant United States Ar[illegible] tillery, and Brevet Second Lieutenant of Engineers. He was pro[illegible] moted First Lieutenant two years subsequently and on March 3, [illegible] 1861, was made Colonel Eleventh Infantry, on May 15, 1861, Brig[illegible] adier-General and Quartermaster-General, and on July 5, 1864, [illegible] brevet Major-General.

The new Pension Building occupies 30,000 square feet of ground [illegible] fronting upon Judiciary Square, in the northeastern part of the [illegible] city. It is 400 × 200 feet around. The outer walls will be 75 [illegible] feet high. A single range of office rooms, 20 × 37 feet in size, [illegible] each of the three stories, will surround a central hall 315 × 116 [illegible] feet. Two stories of arcades in this hall make galleries or cloisters, affording access to the rooms, which are reached by four grand [illegible] stairways of brick (vaulted) near the four gates of the building. [illegible] hall is to be covered by an iron roof sheathed with non-conducting hollow tiles covered with metal. Light will be afforded through windows above the roof of the ranges of office rooms. The middle of the hall, a space 115 feet square, will be covered by a roof similarly constructed, and cored, or arched, in form, supported on the north and south by the walls of the great hall, and on the east and west by arches springing from the capitals of brick columns of the Corinthian order, 75 feet tall and 7½ feet in diameter, with decorated or enriched terra-cotta bases now in place. The columns have now attained about half their height.

The north and south gates are 12 feet wide, those east and west, 6 feet.

The cornicione which crowns the exterior fronts is of terra cotta, with modillions and ornaments of the same.

An enriched belt course of terra cotta and moulded brick will surround the building at the level of each floor, that at level of second floor being decorated with a band of sculpture in buff terra-cotta, 2 feet high and 1200 feet long, depicting an army in campaign, assisted by sailors and boats of the navy.

The four gates have enriched red terra-cotta and brick mouldings, with sculptured or moulded figures in the spandrels of buff terra-cotta, and masks on key-stones.

All the floors will be supported on brick arches, mostly pendentive or lateral domes in the centre of the rooms, resting on elliptic arches at the sides. The vestibules of the gates are decorated with pilasters and columns of brick in low arch moulded brick cornices, and are vaulted. There will be two elevators. The design of the building may be considered a study from Roman palaces of the fifteenth century.

Up to September, 1882, there had been expended upon the work $177,482 59, leaving $225,000 available funds of the appropriation last made.

A pension under the United States law may be defined as strictly a payment for loss of physical ability to earn a livelihood, such loss being the result of disease or injury sustained in service and line of duty as a soldier or sailor of the army or navy. At the death of a soldier whose fatal disease was *traceable directly to the service*, his widow and young children are entitled to pension, and if he died in wilderness, pension may be granted to his mother, father, or sister (in the order named), provided their actual dependence upon the soldier at date of his death is shown.

While in foreign countries pensions are granted to a number of classes including superannuated [illegible] bodies and distinguished statesmen, poets, and men of science, there are only a few isolated cases where civil pensions are granted by our government—notably those paid to widows of several ex-Presidents.

In the opinion of 1792 Congress passed the act which has formed the basis of that great institution—the United States Pension Office—than which no department of the public work is more dear to vital connection with the families and the homes of our land.

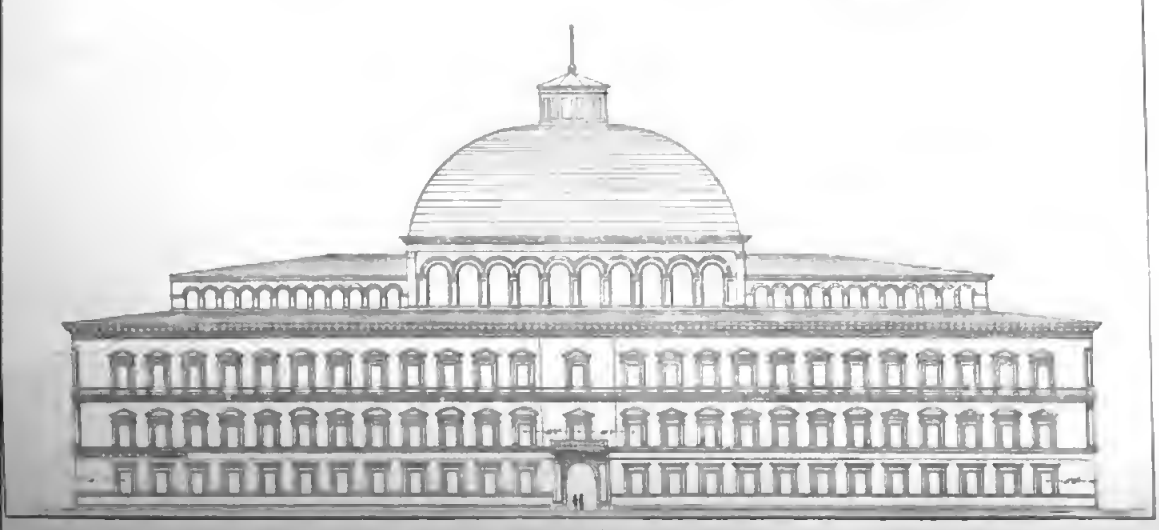
Upon the pension rolls there still are hence the names of four score old ladies who hold out to repeat the story of Valley Forge. Years ago their husbands' tattered Continentals were exchanged for their quiet shrouds, and, let us hope, for the shining uniform of the peaceful country.

In the late war 2,000,000 men followed the Stars and Stripes; 250,000 of them died during or after the war without leaving pensionable relatives. Nearly 1,000,000 survivors have not applied for pension, and about 80,000 pensionable relatives have made no application. The total number of all claims, invalid widows and dependents, all approximate 800,000, while the number allowed does not exceed 300,000. Eighteen agencies, located judiciously as to geographical centres of pensionable population, disburse the money quarterly to the pensioners on their respective rolls. The pensioners themselves are widely scattered. A goodly number are now residents of Germany, England, Scotland, and Ireland, and a few may be found in most other countries. The blasts of black Norway hoof around four; the Makers and Sandwich islands house respectively three and five. In Liberia one lonely widow, in the Orange Free States one, and in Cape Colony two represent the justice and generosity of the United States pension laws. In foreign lands thirty-eight aldens and three aged mothers have drifted beyond the knowledge of the office, having failed to file their last change of address.

A Senate resolution of December 8, 1882, has resulted in the publication of a complete directory of pensioners as now paid. It is a distinguished credit to the present management of the office that any such exhibit is cheerfully and fearlessly made, in full consciousness that the system as carried out by the present Commissioner is based on common-sense principles, affording the maximum of justice to claimants, and the minimum of opportunities for fraud.

The office underwent a complete reorganization August 16, 1881, under Colonel WILLIAM W. DUDLEY, who was appointed Commissioner by President GARFIELD. It consists of the Eastern, Western, Middle, and Southern divisions, and the old War and Navy Division. These comprise the Examining Department, subject to a most rigid and careful review of all claims by a Board of Reviewers selected with reference to pre-eminent fitness. The Medical Referee and a staff of assistants—practical men skilled in medicine and surgery—constitute another division. The Record Division, under the direction of W. T. Foap as chief—a veteran wide awake and thoroughly acquainted with his work—is a most satisfactory [illegible] of the whole vast business past and present, to books of ready reference. The Agent's Division has charge of the disbursement of funds and correspondence with the agencies. The Division of Certificates and Accounts has the privilege of making the final document, which carries light to many a dark and desolate hearth-stone. The Mail Division opens and stamps every paper filed, and handles the immense mail of the office. The Division of Special Examination [illegible] a field peculiar to itself. The Commissioner has divided the country into fifty districts, in each of which a special examiner (authorized by law to administer oaths) is located, "to whom all cases from his district in which there is absence of record, or where an adverse record is found, and where the claim is sought to be established by parol evidence only, will be referred for special examination." This branch of the work is [illegible] with a special attendant [illegible] the [illegible] interest [illegible] among those who know him best. Under the present management the tendency is to do away completely with [illegible] after the claimant, and to do him justice in the fullest sense. The

A PORTION OF FRIEZE, IN TERRA-COTTA.



FRONT ELEVATION.

THE NEW PENSION-OFFICE BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C.—FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DESIGN.

THE HON. H. B. PAYNE, SENATOR-ELECT FROM OHIO.
PHOT. BY BRADY.—[SEE EDITORIAL "DEMOCRATIC GUIDE-BOARDS," PAGE 38.]

small percentage of claimants who knowingly press claims which are unable to stand an investigation, fair and just alike to government and the claimants, may appreciate justice as little as did the oft-quoted Indian, who replied to the assurance that every effort would be made to afford it to him, by the remark that it was not exactly justice he wanted.

The Commission is assisted by two Deputy Commissioners, Major O. F. G. CLARKE and Judge C. H. WALKER. The Chief Clerk, Captain A. W. FOSTER, is assisted by Mr. J. W. HOWETT. The duty by reason of the Commission's work is enhanced by numberless peculiarities presented by the claims and many incidents of correspondence, taking all shades of pathos and humor. In "difficult" claims many old letters of the soldier are filed, affording glimpses of soldier life of the most thrilling interest. Here a honeyed young lover indites hopeful lines to cheer the old hearts needing him so sorely at home. Perhaps he dwells upon his sanguine anticipations of a speedy close to the war and the glad home reunion to follow. Alas! his name may be found on a [illegible] list a few months later when the returns of some great [illegible] come in. Evidence filed is often accompanied by peculiar "collateral proof." Photographs of ghastly disfigurements show the havoc of the merciless ball. A few teeth are sent to show the horrid rule from scurvy.

Among the most interesting cases are those based upon the military service of our Indian troops. These are in general to be found in the Western Bureau (one of the largest and most important divisions of which Mr. JOHN M. CONNOLLY, of New York, is chief). The examining of these claims especially interests an experienced examiner, possessed of [illegible] not to be staggered by the Indian names, who can with stolid impassibility correspond with widows and minors concerning the sick MCLUSKAN OR GAR-IO-LAN, MR. HAR-STAR-TO-HA SOCIETY, and MR. AH-HAN-LIN CO-CHIN-WA-NE to say nothing of the late SETAN STEIS, REV. KIN CAYHER, WHITEBOWELL, and LORN WOLF. (These are actual names, as taken from a memorandum before me.) The office, in its earnest effort to do these claims justice, allows latitude in filing evidence commensurate with the impossibility of proving Indian marriages, etc., by the usual forms of evidence, knowing that the Maid of the Forest and Prairie was united to her dusky Hiawatha by ceremonies wholly unique.

WILLIAM WALLACE DUDLEY, to whose systematic arrangement and efficient supervision the office owes its smooth working and the wonderful progress made during the past two years, is a native of Vermont. He was born August 27, 1842. Removing to Indiana in 1860, he entered the service in July, 1861, as Captain of the Richmond City Guards. After participating in more battles than can be referred to in this article, he received a wound, July 1, 1863, at Gettysburg, resulting in amputation of his right leg. He had then attained the rank of Colonel, but for gallantry in action on date last named he was brevetted Brigadier-General of Volunteers. At his home in Wayne County, Indiana, he has stood out prominently in civil life since the war, and in the various offices he has filled has maintained his reputation for that energy and thoroughness which have characterized all his undertakings.

THOMAS A. BENNETT.

THE MORTON STATUE.

THE statue of THOMAS F. MORTON, the Indiana statesman, whose death occurred on the first day of November, 1877, was unveiled at Indianapolis on the 15th inst. It was made by FRANCIS SHUMAN, a young sculptor born in Maine, who has lived in Rome for several years, and is best known in America by the statue of ROGER WILLIAMS presented to Congress by the State of Rhode Island. He has been employed on the statue of Morton for two years. It is a bronze figure seven feet three inches in height, and weighs 2100 pounds. The pedestal on which it stands is granite, and is eight feet in height. The figure represents Morton in the act of delivering a public speech. He is standing so in the earlier [illegible] of his public life when [illegible] physical condition, with the left foot [illegible] and the right hand [illegible] the left [illegible] full of manuscript. The [illegible] expressive [illegible] of Morton [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] the statesmen of Indiana. [illegible] the center of the square in [illegible] which is generally occupied to mark [illegible] of the State.

CHRISTOPHER C. BALDWIN, AQUEDUCT COMMISSIONER.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. D. FASSBENDER.—[SEE PAGE 38.]

DR. EDWARD LASKER.

THE death of this [illegible] only in the [illegible] came to the country last June in order [illegible] professional work, and also to make [illegible] America his home and life. He traveled [illegible] Texas and the Northern [illegible] [illegible] purpose. [illegible] WALLACE [illegible] [illegible] the history of which he was a [illegible] in the Liberal side.

An account of Dr. LASKER'S public [illegible] may be found in an article in Harper's Monthly Magazine, [illegible] 1880. He was a man of strong [illegible] with the [illegible] so [illegible] his [illegible] generally in accord with BISMARCK. His death removes a very important man from the arena of German politics.

BIRDS OF WAR.

As the world grows [illegible] at returns to the paper [illegible] of [illegible] Fall-off [illegible] Mass [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the Dove of Peace. [illegible] long [illegible] goals of [illegible] and [illegible] pigeon transferred from the [illegible] field of Mars to the flowery courts of the Paphian Queen lost its old martial [illegible] and became in time the emblem of [illegible] love. From [illegible] amiable [illegible] only a [illegible] step to [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] the shield, [illegible] of Mars the bird of battle [illegible] place in our legends, our poetry, and our affections as a symbol of gentle [illegible]. Poets, when talking of [illegible] at their cooing work always wrote of hawks chasing doves, and there is hardly one of them that has not in some [illegible] or another deliberately dragged the pigeon as a synonym for harmless and loving innocence. Against superstition and poetry, science and natural history are always powerless, for, let the world swarm with Darlows and Waterlows, the public and the poets will still believe in halcyons, night ravens, and legless birds-of-paradise. It is well, of course, to have these pretty fictions, and no one would desire to depreciate them, but there is no reason why we should not have in parallel existence with these fowls of fancy another series of fowls of real flesh and blood. Let us have our phœnix and our roc by all means—they are agreeable varieties of their species—but let us also have the honest, downright birds that live amongst us. Every cormorant, in spite of Milton, is not always vile, nor do eagles deserve the unqualified praise they always get. Let us, then, have the dove of romance, the soft plumaged darling of the Cyprian Queen, but let us have also the real article, the jealous

THE LATE EDWARD LASKER, MEMBER OF THE GERMAN REICHSTAG.

STATUE OF THE LATE GOVERNOR MORTON, AT INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

quarrelsome bird of helmeted Mars. Germany, it appears, has made up her mind that we shall have it. Looking about for improvements in war, the great military empire has remembered the carrier pigeon, and, with complete fidelity to the swift-winged bird's traditions, has taken it from the useful lists of love to the stern realities of the battle-field, and made it once again the emblem and the messenger of strife. Often before in the East, and during the Franco-German war oftener in the West, the pigeon had already been thus employed, but it has remained for Germany to recruit the bird formally into the ranks, to give it depots and *étapes*, lines of communication and bases, a military organization for the field and another for peace time, to settle precisely its place in cantonments and in camp, to take its military duties, and to draw up schemes in the commissariat and transport. With their headquarters at Cologne, these birds of war have been mapped out for them in a regular scheme of lines and cross-lines the services they will have to render; and the "pigeon battalion" ranks henceforward as a standing feature of the German army.

And there is a world of interest in this innovation of modern war. This pretty flying column without weapons may be so terribly powerful, and deliver its blows so swiftly and invisibly, that, though telegraph wires be cut, though the shadow of night prevent the working of the heliostat, and though the vigilance of vedettes make the carriage of dispatches impossible, yet, let the night be never so dark, and the enemy never so watchful, the news that may be their ruin will get through their lines. No sentries or battlements, no rampart or outpost duty, will be able to intercept the sudden messenger whose wings they hear passing overhead. A musical sound of the clapping pinions and an instant's rush of feathers will be all the warning the pickets will get; but the mischief will have been done just the same. It were better perhaps to have heard an angry shell come screaming overhead than that gentle clamor of a pigeon's wing. Under that wing, fastened close by a silken thread, lies the little missive which may make all the difference between victory and defeat, which may betray tactics, encourage a wavering garrison to renewed resistance, or summon to the scene a shattering strength of re-enforcements. All this and more may be hidden in the down of the pigeon's unfolding wing, and the enemy know it well, yet be powerless to prevent the bird carrying over their heads to the beleaguered fortress or to the headquarters of the opposite camp the news which they would give so much to intercept. A battalion of men would not carry what the one bird will, and, thus considered, it deserves to be ranked as a formidable feature in the adversary's equipment.

Long ago was the pigeon used to carry letters in time of peace, and the pretty fowl has often been of signal service in commerce and in friendly intercourse. By their agency the monasteries kept themselves informed of each other's welfare, and thus, too, the old merchant princes of the East communicated to their partners or their correspondents the nature of their transactions. In the days of Egyptian splendor doves were the flying link between city and city along the Nile, and between Egypt, Arabia, and the Levant these birds used to carry most of the important messages of trade. Now, however, in the nineteenth century, the dove is to be taken away from the peaceful sphere in which it has worked so well, and its beautiful instinct to seek its home is to be utilized for the most terrible of purposes. The strange instinct was given to the wild pigeon by nature, together with a wondrous endurance of wing, solely for the purpose of returning as directly and as speedily as possible to its treasures, the nest and its pleasures of home. But in this, as in so many instances, man has diverted natural gifts to his own ends, has compelled the "homing" bird to be the innocent envoy of combat, and the guileless herald of slaughter. In rustic England there is a superstition that a white pigeon resting on the roof is an omen of disaster to the inmates; but in future what terrible augury may not be taken from the flight of pigeons! The eagle of Rome, the raven of Denmark, and the falcon of Tuscany have all in their time been birds of a dread significance, but it has been reserved for Germany to-day to invest the dove with equal terrors.

A CAT UPON A ROMAN TILE.

At Dowgate Hill the roadway known to the Romans was fourteen or fifteen feet beneath the present pavement. To that ancient Roman London is beneath the Londoners, just as old Rome underlies the modern city, ancient Jerusalem the modern Holy Places, and the Troy of Homer the existing Hissarlik. One very striking remnant of the conquerors was found in this classic spot. It was a Roman tile thirteen inches square and an inch and a half thick, and had formed, according to the usual practice of those expert and substantial builders, part of a layer of a rubble wall. But that which made it strikingly interesting was the impression of a cat's foot distinctly marked in one corner. It was a small imprint of the most perfect character. Pussy had left the stamp of her paw on the soft clay. The British or Roman brickmaker, without heeding it, had baked the brick carefully and well, and there, after fifteen centuries, was the impression as distinct as if it had been struck as a coin but yesterday. It was a type of what the geologist is familiar with. Mr. Charlesworth found the impress of a butterfly in strata that had been buried more than as many thousands of years; Lyell has recorded foot-prints of birds and reptiles in rocks that must have been many ages old, ripple marks on the sandstones of eras in vastly remote epochs, while in the Laurentian rocks of Canada Dr. Dawson has traced marks of lowly forms of life that must have been imbedded or imprinted millions of years ago. So might it have been with pussy's foot-print. She and her mistress—perchance a Roman lady of high degree, possibly with a residence hard by in Watling Street—and everything that pertained to the Roman occupation might have been things millions of years gone by, and yet that foot-print had remained as fresh as it is to-day.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
IN DEBILITY.

Dr. W. H. Holcombe, New Orleans, La., says: "I found it an admirable remedy for debilitated state of the system, produced by the wear and tear of the nervous energies."—[*Adv.*]

TO THE LADIES.

Pimples and blotches immediately eradicated by Dr. Tobias's Venetian Liniment. It also restores gray hair to its natural color. Warranted perfectly harmless. It improves the complexion. Twenty-five cents and fifty cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Depot, 42 Murray St., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE

Will cause the *hair* and *keep it in a strong and healthy condition*, because it will stimulate the roots of the hair and restore the natural action upon which its growth depends. *Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are absolutely pure.*—[*Adv.*]

No well-regulated household should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

A Neglected Cold, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give immediate relief.—[*Adv.*]

Anderson's Botanic Balsam wins the day for coughs, colds, and asthma. Price 50c. Best druggists.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Fenner's St. Vitus's Dance Specific always cures. Sold by dealers. Send for circular. Fredonia, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

HEALTH

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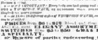

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 1414.

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THROUGH BURNING OIL.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 65.]

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ARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1884.

RE-OPENING OF THE ART COMPETITION.

The judges appointed to award the prizes in the Art Competition the illustration of ALFRED DOMETT'S *"Christmas Hymn" have rted* [*see* HARPER'S WEEKLY *dated September* 1] *that they "are justified by the conditions of the competition in awarding any e whatsoever." Three hundred and thirty-eight drawings end into the competition, and twenty-three were received after the of August—too late to be considered.*

rmoned to the estimation given in their original "offer to young erican artists," the MESSRS. HARPER *have determined to re-open competition, enlarging its scope and modifying the limitation as ge, in accordance with suggestions made by the judges.*

For the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas—the wing to be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *to be de especially for this competition, and to be the exclusive work of American artist not over twenty-seven years of age—*MESSRS. RPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND LLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful petitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn road of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The ard will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall t suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, *Franklin Square, New York, not later than March 1, 1884, dressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine"; *and each must designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be en, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, a sealed envelope securely attached to the drawing, and not to be ned until the result of the competition shall have been determined. e name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced til the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A., MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A., *and* CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department at* HARPER & BROTHERS', *will act as judges of the competition.*

The treatment of the subject is left to the artist, limited only by special reference to Christmas. Either the Bible story of the tivity, or the social features of Christmas, past or present, may chosen for illustration. The judges, in making the award, will e into consideration not only the technical art value of each drawg, but also the appropriateness of the subject selected, the sufficiency the illustration, and especially the originality of conception and atment. The combination of different designs in a single picture ould be avoided.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for ARPER'S MAGAZINE *for December,* 1884, *and should others submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be de, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $500; *one page* ARPER'S BAZAR, $500; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $500—*se awards not to be subject to the above-mentioned understanding to "the prosecution of art study," etc.*

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, September 8, 1883.

A HORIZONTAL REDUCTION OF THE TARIFF.

IT is announced by those who probably know that a bill will soon be reported to the House of Representatives by the Committee on Ways and Means roviding substantially for a horizontal reduction of he tariff. This, we believe, is a favorite policy with Ir MORRISON, but it is certainly not a revision of he tariff upon a reform principle. It is merely a reuction of a protective tariff. Neither is it especially Democratic suggestion, for the Republican Tariff Commission last year reported that "a substantial reuction of tariff duties is demanded, not by a mere ndiscriminate popular clamor, but by the best conservative opinion of the country." This was in reponse to the emphatic and significant expression of public opinion at the election of 1882, following the lefeat of the veto of the River and Harbor Bill.

The bill, as foreshadowed, would be simply a reduction of taxation in view of a redundant revenue, and that is not a measure to be opposed for any other reasons than that a redundant revenue is desirable, and that the precise present protection upon every protected interest is to be maintained. These, however, are not Republican positions, and there is no reason for party opposition to a judicious reduction of the tariff tax. It would be, indeed, very unfortunate for the Republican party to allow itself to be forced into the position of hostility to a moderate reduction of a redundant revenue. That would at once raise an issue which could not be advantageous to the party. Republican high protectionists will of course not forget that parties are not organized upon the question of the tariff, and the Republican party commands popular support and confidence not because it is believed to be favorable to what is called a high tariff, meaning a degree of protection which intentionally favors certain interests and certain men, but because it prefers a policy which judiciously encourages domestic industry. A determined movement to commit the party to a high protective tariff would be very indiscreet.

If, as now appears, the Democratic party proposes to attempt to occupy the Republican ground, it will be only a repetition of its tactics for the last dozen or twenty years, and it would be a ludicrous ending of the hurrah that greeted Mr. CARLISLE's election. That event was hailed as the adoption of a principle by the Democratic party, and as opening the prospect of a political controversy upon a real question. Even the Democrats who denied that it presented the issue of protection and free trade conceded that it implied a revision of the tariff in an anti-protective or free-trade sense. But a horizontal tariff reduction is, as we have said, not a change of principle. It is merely a different degree of protection. In a party view it will not benefit the Democrats, and for the simple reason that it will be universally interpreted as the affectation of the virtue of moderation, to which they have been forced by public opinion. It will not allay the suspicion that they would do very much more if they dared, and that they would certainly dare if by dexterous evasions they could obtain the authority of success at the election. Indeed, reason and the experience of many bitter years should persuade the Democratic party that if it really has any principle upon this or upon any other question, it is for its interest to declare it and to insist upon it.

MR. DORSHEIMER'S INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT BILL.

MR. DORSHEIMER has introduced an international copyright bill which provides that any foreign author, in a country whose government grants American authors the same privilege, shall have the exclusive control of his work in this country for twenty-five years. This copyright is not to be renewable, and it is to expire with the death of the author. At the end of twenty-five years the work is to become common property. The author is not bound to manufacture the book in this country, but is perfectly free to print and publish his work at his pleasure. A duty levied upon imported books, however, would practically compel the manufacture in this country, but not necessarily by American houses. Mr. DORSHEIMER's proposition is simple, and merits careful consideration.

The first thing that strikes those who are interested in the question is that the DORSHEIMER plan, like the copyright laws generally, like the English law and the Constitution of the United States, does not concede the author's property right in his published work. They all hold that ordinary property in such works does not exist, and what is called copyright is simply a bounty of the state granted for its own benefit and to encourage production, and not a recognition of the author's right of property or absolute and continuous disposition and control. It follows, therefore, that as between the DORSHEIMER plan and others which waive the point of absolute property the question is one solely of expediency. That is to say, the question is, In what way can this country best promote its own advantage? Since only a limited and conditional control is to be granted, for what time and upon what terms shall it be allowed?

Now in this simple view of expediency there are really three interests involved. There is the author who creates the work, the publisher who makes it accessible to the public, and the public which reads it. If the object be to secure to the foreign author more benefit from the publication of his work than the law now allows him, it should be done, of course, in a way which will arouse the least controversy and delay. This way, obviously, is to combine the favor of the larger number of interests involved. It is true, as Mr. WARNER says in his late letter, that the author creates the property, and that the publisher merely buys or leases it under certain laws. But he has invested largely, perhaps, in his lease, upon a certain understanding. Now, if it should be proposed to change that understanding, and to confront him, for instance, with a favored competitor, would he not naturally demur—and as the question is confessedly not one of right, but of expediency, would it not be wise to arrange the matter so as to prevent such opposition? Mr. DORSHEIMER's proposition is not to acknowledge a foreign author's absolute right of property in his published work, but simply to grant him the control of its publication in this country for twenty-five years, upon condition that his government will grant a similar local control in his country to the American author. This must not be confounded with the wholly different question of an author's right of property in his own productions. If, now, the situation were such that the proposed limited advantage of the foreign author could be readily secured without serious opposition or delay, upon the condition of manufacturing the work in this country, would it not be expedient to provide that condition?

PROPOSED REPEAL OF THE REFORM BILL.

THE contemptuous rejection by the Ohio Legislature of Mr. PENDLETON, who introduced the reform bill which bears his name, was promptly followed by the proposition of Mr. CLAY, a Democratic Representative in Congress from Kentucky, to repeal the bill. The proposition was referred to the select committee on reform in the civil service. There were strong Republican partisans in 1882 who rejoiced at the great success of the Democrats in the Congressional elections. They said that the Republicans had the Senate and the Executive, so that no mischief could be done, while the Democrats controlling the House would have the opportunity, which they would improve to the utmost, to show their blindness and folly, and to demonstrate their total incapacity to direct the government in accordance with public sentiment.

The Republican prophet was apparently correct. The Democrats, despite the protest of many eminent Democrats, are apparently hastening to show how little they sympathize with the convictions and purposes of the country. The one thing which has been clearly demonstrated beyond all other things during the last four years is the general disgust with the whole system of politics founded upon patronage, and the determination to change it is equally plain. The patronage system, one of the cast-off rags of royalty, which is carefully treasured by corrupt politicians, has been thoroughly exposed to the good sense of the country, and that good sense has decreed its reform. It has decided that as the public service is that of all the people, so all the people shall have access to it upon equal terms, and that those terms shall be arranged so as at once to secure the most efficient and economical service, and to promote honesty in politics. The perfect practicability of such a reform has been demonstrated. Both parties in Congress, in the New York Legislature, and in the cities of New York and Brooklyn have united in passing proper laws and in carrying them into effect. There is no complaint that the reformed system is impracticable in method or unsatisfactory in result. No measure of administrative detail of equal importance has ever been more promptly and universally approved by the patriotic intelligence of the country.

Moreover, in the absence of critical and absorbing questions of public concern, such as were familiar during the last generation, this question is one of the two most prominent issues upon which the opinion of the people will be sought at the national election of this year. It is unfortunate for the Democratic party that a member of its majority in the House should propose the repeal of the bill and the abandonment of the reform. Even if the House should pass the bill, the repeal would not be ratified by the Senate and the President, and instead of opening the chance of a clean sweep to his party if successful, Mr. CLAY would merely have lessened its chance of success by covering it with the odium of opposing a reform which the country approves. Some malign fate seems to pursue that party. It strove diligently to extend and perpetuate slavery up to the very moment when the tremendous contest began which swept slavery away in blood and fire. It tried to abandon the war for the Union as hopeless. It tried to undo reconstruction as unconstitutional. It tried to obtain the government by opposing a Republican to a Republican. It winked at practical repudiation. It threatened to starve the government. It did all these things against a strong, powerful, and manifest public sentiment, and aroused a just and profound distrust, and a feeling that, whatever the offenses of the Republican party, yet for no good purpose was the Democratic party a fitting agency. The same unhappy fate seemingly pursues it still.

THE MORAL OF THE O'DONNELL RESOLUTION.

THE moral of Mr. HEWITT's unfortunate O'DONNELL resolution is obvious. It is that buncombe of every kind, and especially of that kind which serves to placate the most un-American and ignorant sentiment and prejudice, should be carefully avoided by intelligent and honorable public men. The resolution was a request of the American House of Representatives that the President would ask the British Government to stay the execution of the sentence of its courts, after a trial to which no exception had been taken, in order that the American Government might satisfy itself whether the condemned person was an American, and, if so, whether he had had a fair trial under English law. It is easy to imagine what this country would have felt and said had GUITEAU claimed to be a British subject, and the British Government had proposed to review the trial.

Mr. HEWITT is reported to have said that he held with WEBSTER, SEWARD, and MARCY that the American Government is bound to see that its citizens in a foreign country shall not be hanged except according to law. Undoubtedly it is, if the question of illegal hanging is seriously raised. But it was not raised in O'DONNELL's case even by his counsel. We doubt if it was raised in a single intelligent mind anywhere. The resolution was simply a demand that execution be stayed until we had ascertained whether a question might be raised. The resolution might have been most properly resented as a serious affront, if the performances of Congress in servility to the Irish vote had not taught other governments a kind of contemptuous pity for such acts. Intelligent foreigners naturally regard the offering of such resolutions and their adoption by the House as the penalty which decent men must pay for their election by a vote which they do not respect. Honorable and intelligent foreigners find it very difficult to understand how Americans of their own kind can bring themselves to such acts, and ask with just amazement why they are not left to Mr. WILLIAM E. ROBINSON.

This incident will be of some benefit if it tends to emancipate any public man, especially in New York, from abject thralldom to the Irish vote. The atrocious massacre in the Phœnix Park and the cold-blooded murder committed by O'DONNELL are the fruit of a feeling which flourishes, not chiefly because

it is fed by Irish sympathy and aid in America, but because it is believed that one of the great parties in America, which is striving to obtain control of the government, is subservient to the Irish sentiment which furnishes the aid. This belief is justified by the presentation of such a resolution as that regarding O'DONNELL by such a man as Mr HEWITT, and by its unanimous passage. Every American citizen may properly apprehend that a party which should seek power by servility to that sentiment would not resist its demands after it had obtained power. The HEWITT resolution is another warning to the country against Democratic ascendency.

GOOD GOVERNMENT FOR THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

MR ROSS in the Senate and Mr. ROOSEVELT in the Assembly of New York are of different parties, but of the same generous and intelligent public spirit. They are both residents of the city of New York, and admirable representatives of its best intelligence, and it is exceedingly fortunate for the city that it has such representatives at a time when amendments to the municipal charter are so necessary and so generally demanded. They have introduced a bill which provides that the Mayor shall be the actual head of the municipal government. He is to appoint the heads of departments, commissioners, marshals, and police justices, and he may remove them all for cause, after a hearing, and with the approval of the Governor, to whom the Mayor is to submit reasons in writing, which reasons also, at the request of the officer removed, may be published.

These are the chief points of the bill. In accordance with the best opinion of the city, responsibility is concentrated upon the Mayor. This is what Mayor GRACE has so clearly pointed out as indispensable, what Mayor EDSON reiterates, and what every intelligent citizen knows to be essential. Nobody now knows at a city election what or whom he is voting for, nor has he any idea whatever who is responsible for any neglect or abuse. All that he knows is that "a deal" and a bargain have been made between corrupt politicians, and that he is perfectly blind and helpless, and his vote a mere registering and ratification of a foregone conclusion. A Mayor who is really responsible might, indeed, be nominated by a boss, but he could not escape the penalty. He would be plainly and publicly condemned, and a man of self-respect and character would not submit to that punishment. If the boss should nominate a mere tool, the fact of the probable abuse of the great power of the office would inevitably bring a proper and successful opponent into the Mayoralty.

But for the very reason that the election of Mayor would be the settlement of the city government, there should be no divergent or conflicting interests at the time of his election. There should be, therefore, a separate election for the Mayor. Under the wise system which Mayor EDSON proposes to introduce into the minor service, the merely partisan character of the municipal election would be ameliorated, and to an office of great responsibility and dignity the best men would probably aspire. The example of Brooklyn shows that New York or any other great city is not beyond the probability of good government if the support of its good citizens be given to such a proposition as that which Mr. ROSS and Mr. ROOSEVELT have laid before the Legislature. We presume that provision will be made for a separate election, and that the triple investigation which the city government is about to undergo will show only more plainly the necessity of a truly responsible system.

AMERICA AT ATHENS.

THE report of Professor GOODWIN, of Harvard College, upon the School of Classical Studies at Athens is exceedingly interesting and gratifying to every American who wishes to see his country generously rivalling other countries in scholarly research and accomplishment. The object of the school, which has been established under the auspices of the Archæological Institute of America, is to furnish to graduates of American colleges an opportunity of studying classical literature, art, and antiquity at Athens under suitable guidance, and to conduct original researches in co-operation with the Institute.

France, through all domestic political vicissitudes, has supported such a school for thirty-seven years, Germany for nine years, and England has begun the movement, and will probably establish a school within the year. The American school is the third. It was organized by twelve of the chief colleges in the country, which, thoroughly alive to the importance of the work, contributed generously to the expense, and agreed that in addition each college in turn should authorize one of its professors to reside in Athens for a year as the director of the school. This was a liberal support of the school, and Professor GOODWIN went out as the first director, arriving in Athens on the 1st of October, 1882.

The school was very fortunate in its head, and the Professor's report shows how carefully and wisely, and with what intelligence and scholarly enthusiasm, the school was conducted. It had eight pupils, and it was most warmly welcomed by the local authorities and by its associate schools. The expenses for the year were about $3333. It was, of course, an experimental year, and the suggestions of the sagacious director are worthy of serious consideration. They are, in brief, and for conclusive reasons clearly stated, that the director should be a permanent and not an annual head, and the services of a fit director could be procured from the income of $75,000 or $80,000. About $40,000 more are necessary for other expenses, including those of a library and of annual publication. The American school, therefore, to hold its own with the associated schools, should have a permanent fund of $120,000. The other schools are supported by governments, but ours, according to our good habit, must depend upon the people. American generosity and wisdom in such directions have been so constantly attested that it is not too much to expect that liberal Americans will gladly and proudly identify their names with this admirable enterprise. They certainly will do so if they read the wise and patriotic and interesting report of the accomplished scholar who has now begun the good work in Athens.

SENATOR ANTHONY.

IT was a great honor, gracefully offered and delicately declined, that of the election of Senator ANTHONY to the Presidency of the Senate. If unhandsome precedent compelled the party minority in the Senate to propose a competitor, Mr. PENDLETON, in moving to substitute another name, said, cordially, that in doing so he did not mean "to dissent from the opinion expressed by the Senator from Ohio as to the qualifications, fitness, integrity, ability, and patriotism of the gentleman named in the resolution."

The honor of the election remains, although Mr. ANTHONY was compelled to decline to undertake the service, and it is an honor which crowns a long and devoted public life. Thirty-five years ago Mr. ANTHONY was elected Governor of Rhode Island, and twenty-five years ago he took his seat in the Senate, to which he has been five times elected. His great knowledge and long experience, his parliamentary skill, tact, and urbanity, have often led to his election to the temporary Presidency of the Senate. But this time he would have been the direct successor to the Presidency of the United States.

"It is a small college, sir, but there are those who love it," said Mr. WEBSTER in his plea for Dartmouth College. The same thing may be truly said of little Rhode Island, and there is no son of Rhode Island who will not rejoice in the tribute paid by his colleagues to the ability, the character, and the public services of Senator ANTHONY.

THE NEW YORK CAPITOL.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND truly said in his Message that there should be no check or interruption in the work of completing the new Capitol at Albany, and $1 400,000 has been asked for the year. Last year nearly $1,000,000 was expended, and it is not doubted, we believe, that the enterprise was never more vigorously and efficiently pushed than it is at present.

It is too late to grumble and protest at the enormous expense. We remember very well when the proposition to spend $4,000,000 for a new Capitol made the whole Constitutional Convention gasp. But more than $15,000,000 have been already expended, and the completed edifice will probably have cost $20,000,000—a sum by several millions larger than the cost of the Capitol at Washington. It is a massive and in many respects a magnificent building in the interior. The exterior we abandon to the critics.

But there can be no question that, for every reason, the Capitol should now be finished according to the general plan already adopted, and as promptly as possible, and as economically, with due regard to the harmony of design and execution. Nothing but reproach and ridicule are to be gained by reluctance and interference. The work should be completed or abandoned, and as nobody seriously contemplates abandonment, the Legislature, which is on the spot and can see the situation, should not hesitate to carry out the Governor's recommendation.

SAVING THE ADIRONDACK FORESTS.

THERE is unquestionably a general desire in New York that protection of the essential water supply of the State should be secured by preventing the devastation of the Adirondack forests. It is vitally necessary that this protection should be afforded as soon as possible, for delays would be fatal. This consideration must be the test of every plan suggested.

The director of the State Survey recommends State control rather than State ownership, enforcing by a commission the necessary rules and regulations. Senator LAMBING, of the Senate committee of investigation, has introduced a bill for a park in the Adirondacks comprising 4,700,000 acres of forest land, to be acquired by the State by the non-payment of taxes. In this manner the State has obtained 600,000 acres during the last ten years, and Mr. LAMBING thinks that in ten years more the necessary additional land could be obtained.

This is the plan which the Governor apparently favors. But if it be desirable to secure the water supply, it must be done at once. There is no need of waiting, but, on the contrary, delay would be very dangerous. The best plan is that of Mr. DORSHEIMER, who proposes that a commission at once select the lands that may be necessary, and that the question of their purchase by the State, or seizure, at a justly assessed valuation, by right of eminent domain, be submitted to the popular vote. This is simple and honest, and secures a prompt decision.

PERSONAL.

BULWER'S son relates that after finishing the story of Kenelm Chillingly's sufferings at the grave of Lily, the novelist was profoundly dejected, listless, and broken; his face presented the worn look of a man who had just passed through the last paroxysm of a passionate sorrow. His family learned afterward that the incidents referred to were not the creations of fancy, but the memories of fifty years before.

—Justice BARRETT's wife claims to have written the "serious parts" of his play, *An American Wife*, the "light parts" only being the work of her husband. The judge replies that she speaks under a misapprehension, and that *An American Wife* is "exclusively mine." She in thinking, he says, of another play, which they did write together, and to which she contributed "some charming dialogue." The judge gracefully suggests that the success of his play would probably have been greater but for the absence of his wife's "pure, clear, firm literary style."

—Our attention has been called to a misstatement made in the admirable article on JAMES BUCHANAN in the January number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, unjustly, though unintentionally, reflecting discredit upon the late General DIX. Referring to the gossipy account of an alleged cabinet scene which never took place, the writer says, "It is one of the inexplicable facts in history that General DIX . . . never took occasion to deny the story." A reference to the *Memoirs of General Dix*, vol. i., page 379, shows that General DIX did deny the story in a letter to the Hon. AUGUSTUS SCHELL, September 11, 1868.

—The Archbishop of Paris has addressed a pastoral letter to the clergy and the faithful of his diocese concerning the recent banishment of chaplains from the Paris hospitals. The most charitable explanation he can find is that the majority of French statesmen are completely in ignorance of religion and its laws. He beseeches his readers not to send the sick in their charge to the hospitals, but to organize a system by which they can be treated at home.

—WALT WHITMAN's friends sometimes indicate his popularity by stating that he is asked for his autograph two hundred times a year.

—The Rev. J. G. Wood possessed for four years a large lump of dry Nile mud, a hole in one of its sides showing that a mud-fish was within it. The other day he carefully cut the lump open, and found the inhabitant in good condition, doubled up, with its tail over its head, just as when it went to sleep more than twenty years ago.

—Mr GRANT ALLEN, who describes himself as a wandering and lazy field naturalist, has been examining the ancestry of birds. They are reptiles with feathers, he says. To call them "flying animals" would not be sufficiently distinctive, for some birds, like the ostrich, do not fly, and some animals, like bats and squirrels, fly without being birds. They build nests, but so do water-moles and field mice. They have horny bills, but so have turtles. In short, every other apparently distinctive point about birds except the possession of feathers is, when examined, not distinctive to all.

—By the aid of certain correspondence recently published in Paris a magazine writer undertakes to clear the memory of the actress RACHEL of some of the worst charges brought against her, and to prove that she was an affectionate daughter, a loving sister, and a devoted friend. RACHEL had a large circle of correspondents, and although her early education was extremely modest, she expressed her thoughts with graceful simplicity, and without blots or erasures. About two years before her death she felt some premonitions, which she mentioned in a letter to EMILE DE GIRARDIN: "If Madame DE GIRARDIN would write the role of a historical consumptive patient, supposing there is one to be found, I think I could act it so deep tears, for I would shed tears myself. It is all very well to tell me I am only suffering in my nerves; I feel there is something wrong. It is as if you had turned the key of your watch too hard—it goes 'crac'. I often feel something going 'crac' in me when I wind myself up to play."

—Mr CARL SCHURZ has been giving to the public his views about the relations of great corporations to their employés and the community. He believes in submitting all disagreements to tribunals of arbitration, which, though not a sovereign remedy in all difficulties which the new methods of industrial production have brought upon society, will help in overcoming some of them.

—Senator J. J. INGALLS, in an essay on JOHN BROWN's place in history, declares that "the three men of the era who will loom forever against the remotest horizon of time as the pyramids above the noisome desert, or mountain peaks over the subordinate plains, are ABRAHAM LINCOLN, ULYSSES S. GRANT, and old JOHN BROWN of Ossawatomie." "No pagan philosopher, no Hebrew prophet, no Christian martyr, ever spoke in loftier and more heroic strains than did JOHN BROWN when he wrote in prison, under sentence of death: 'It is a great comfort to feel assured that I am permitted to die for a cause, and not merely to pay the debt of nature, which all must. I feel myself to be most unworthy of so great distinction. I feel just as content to die for God's eternal truth and for suffering humanity on the scaffold as in any other way.'"

—In his last published essay Mr. HERBERT SPENCER shows that those who think that science is dissipating religious beliefs and sentiments seem unaware that whatever of mystery is taken from the old interpretation is added to the new. From the very beginning the progress of knowledge has been accompanied by an increasing capacity for wonder. The lowest savages are the least surprised when shown remarkable products of civilized art. It is not the rustic, nor the artisan, nor the trader, who sees anything more than a mere matter of course in the hatching of a chick, but it is the biologist. Hereafter, as heretofore, higher faculty and deeper insight will raise rather than lower the sentiment of wonder; and amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty that we are ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed.

—The mourning for the late Queen of Madagascar lasted two months, and was not so severe as in the olden days. The time the people were forbidden only to plait their hair, to wear hats, to carry umbrellas, to build nests, and to wear clothes. Formerly the mourning lasted a year, and everybody's hair was shaven close on the head.

—A school-boy at a prize examination furnished the following biography of the patriarch ABRAHAM: "He was the father of LOT, and had two wives. One was called ISMAELIS, and the other HAGAR; he kept one at home, and he turned the other into the desert, where she became a pillar of salt in the daytime, and a pillar of fire in night."

—The grandmother of the heroine of Miss BROUGHTON's new novel, *Belinda*, was interesting. "Granny's religious principles," said her granddaughter, "are slack; her morality is hazy, and in moments of excitement I have even known her to lie fly an oath; but, on the other hand, she is thoroughly clean, and she always laughs at my jokes, so that, taking her all round, I could better spare a better woman."

—There seems to be an overproduction of educated men in Germany. An American scholar, Professor E. J. JAMES, while on a visit to that country last summer, asked the professors of twelve German universities, "Do you think that too many young men are studying at the universities?" Almost uniformly the answer was, "There is no doubt of it." Germany, said one of the professors, is fostering the growth of a class of professionally educated men for whom there is no room in the professions, and who are too proud to go into business of any sort. Result—poverty or suicide.

—A lion-tamer at a menagerie in England, while going from den to den as usual, was about to enter the cage containing a group of young lions, when one of them sprang past him, and alighted as the ground in the midst of the people. The latter rushed for the street, and a panic ensued. Meanwhile the young lion, himself badly frightened, ran round and among the spectators, pursued by the attendants of the menagerie, who finally captured him in an empty barrel. In the excitement a woman was forced against a cage containing a large, full-grown lioness, which extended its paw beneath the bars of the cage and clutched at the woman's head, inflicting serious wounds.

THE LAST DELMONICO.

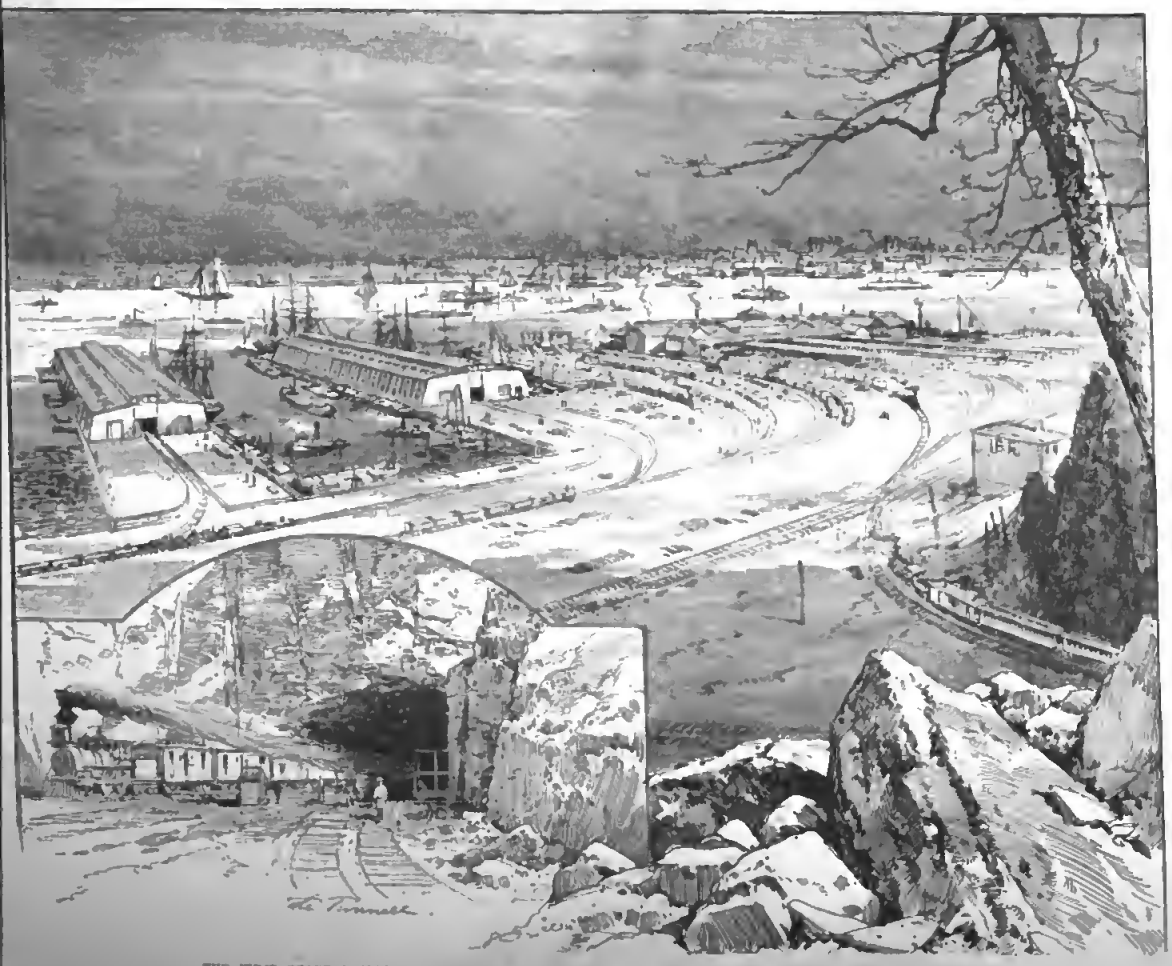
The death of CHARLES DELMONICO, under circumstances peculiarly touching and melancholy, moves from New York the last of the Delmonicos. It would be a public misfortune if by his death it should be brought about that New York had seen the last of Delmonico's, for it is not extravagant to say that during the half-century since Delmonico's became an "institution" in New York, with the opening in 1836, of the restaurant in Beaver Street, Delmonico's has been a constant and powerful factor in the social civilization of America. The establishment of the restaurant at Chambers Street and Broadway did not take place until twenty years later, and it was five years later still that the capacious publicans took possession of the ample and generous mansion at Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, which still holds its place in the memory of those who frequented it as the fine and typical Delmonico's, in spite of the abandonment in 1876 for the still more spacious building which is now "Delmonico's, up-town."

The history of the migrations of Delmonico's is the history of the shifting of commercial and social centres on Manhattan Island; and the situation of the present Delmonico's, fronting on one side the upper limit of commercial Broadway, and on the other the lower limit of fashionable Fifth Avenue, is curiously significant of the unique position of the famous restaurant. It is between our Freemasons' Tavern and our Almack's—the place where also dinners go to dine well, and where youth and beauty, the ethereal so mind the refinements of gastronomy, make their assignations. "Don't have any young women," said a gourmet, "about dinner parties. What do they know about eating?" And indeed there is something green and anachronistical about a delicate epicure of either sex, like a precocious virtuoso in matters of money. To win and keep this double distinction has required, it need not be said, a high intelligence in the way both of expense and of discretion. And it was the constant exercise of this discretion by LORENZO DELMONICO during his whole life that made his honest fortune and his world wide fame. It has been for at least twenty years a commonplace in Europe as well as in America that there was only one Delmonico's. Outside of the best London clubs one could not dine as well, and the best London clubs are out of the competition when the question is of restaurants. The cookery and the wines and the service are beyond reproach, and, taking them altogether, beyond comparison. Many persons who had been in the habit of regarding their dinners as a mere means of sustaining nature, and a scrupulous attention to dinner as unworthy of an earnest mind, learned for the first time at Delmonico's that dinner was not merely an ingestion, but an observance, and that it was but a wild nature that they had been sustaining during all the days that they had fed without dining. Many of them took this lesson—shall we say to stomach?—and disseminated it over the land. It can not be said to be even now so widely diffused as, for instance, a common school education, but when we compare the cosmopolitanism of our country before the DELMONICO period, as they have been related by candid travellers, with our condition in respect of dinner now, and think how large a share of the difference is due to Delmonico's, we shall not think it extravagant to call Delmonico's an agency of civilization.

We have said that comparisons could not fairly be drawn between a public restaurant and a private club, and yet one of the greatest praises of LORENZO DELMONICO and of his associates and successors in that they made and kept the social atmosphere of a public restaurant as sweet and wholesome as that of a private club. It is not altogether easy in such a place to restrain rude or boisterous behavior, or to rebuke it without making scenes still more injurious. But one has always been so severe from offense of this kind at Delmonico's as he would be at any club, and the same sense of general disapproval has been so effective to restrain the natural man from giving offensive play to his impulses. Exhibitions of this kind were prevented by what everybody felt to be the tone of the place; and this tone was produced, not so much by the stringent enforcement of a few simple rules, as by the constant vigilance, tact, and firmness of the head of the house in protecting his guests from annoyance by one of themselves, no matter what the position of that one might be.

The last of the DELMONICOS leaves four "Delmonico's" in New York the parent hive in Beaver Street, and the colonies in Broad Street, in Broadway near Cedar Street, and in Broadway and Fifth Avenue at Twenty-sixth Street. The same high standard set by the founder of the house is kept in all of them, and large fortunes have been the deserved reward of public service. It is noteworthy that, while the business of the DELMONICOS has been unfailingly prosperous, LORENZO was driven into temporary insolvency by speculations in petroleum, and the aberration of mind which has caused the painful death of his nephew is said to have been heightened, if not occasioned, by losses in the stock market.

THE LATE CHARLES DELMONICO.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAGE FROM AN OIL PORTRAIT.



THE WEST SHORE RAILWAY TERMINUS ON THE HUDSON RIVER.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 59.]

ITS EXCELLENCY CHANG POUK.

BY FRANK VINCENT, JUN.,

AUTHOR OF "THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT."

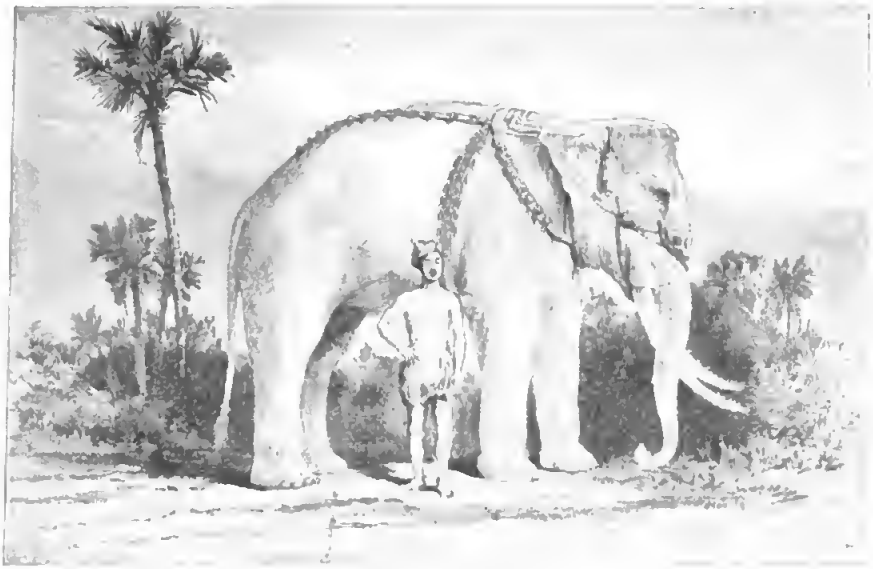
In the white elephant white, as only so by a figure of speech? This is the obvious question apropos of the recent purchase for $200,000—by the highly enterprising and well known showman Mr. P. T. BARNUM—of a Chang Pouk, or white elephant, which has just arrived in Liverpool, and which we are told to expect in New York in May. To this question it is impossible to answer yes or no. The Siamese themselves never speak of a white elephant, but of a Chang Pouk, or "strange colored elephant." The hue varies from dull yellow to rose. BARON gives it as ash gray. To the writer, who has seen the animal, both in Burmah and Siam, the color of the true white elephant has that delicate shade which distinguishes the nose of a white horse. "White" elephants of all tints, including both the light and the dark cream and the mahogany-colored, are albinos. Even among black elephants are to be found some partly white, the head and trunk invariably being the parts thus diversified. The same rule prevails among white elephants with black spots. The absolutely white elephant is seldom or never seen. As an ideal it may be conceived as enjoying a honeymoon paradise in some yet undiscovered jungle. Most of the so-called white elephants have a yellowish or reddish-brown skin, accompanied either with pink iris and scarlet-enamel eyes, or white iris and white-rimmed eyes. They are of ordinary size and shape, and specimens of either sex are captured. Their color is simply a freak of nature, and not necessarily hereditary. Under like conditions white and black are equally long lived, whatever be the differences in shades, and whether roaming in the forests of Laos or residing in royal state in the cities of Mandalay, Bankok, or Pnomenpin.

ROYAL ARMS OF SIAM.

One may well say "in royal state"; for, partly on account of the superstition of the lower classes, who believe the white elephant divine, and partly on account of the prejudice of colors, who believe that the presence of one brings national prosperity, the captured specimens live amid imperial splendor. Their large and airy stables are within the palace enclosure, and close to the royal abode. Beneath embroidered canopies they stand or lie, a fetter on the fore-leg being the only symptom of captivity. Umbrellas in gold, white, and red occupy adjacent nooks in company with Roman-like fasces of silver-tipped spears and axes. The stable floor is net-worked with silver, or even gold. The Apis of the Buddhists—for so has the white elephant been called—relieves its thirst and hunger from water jars and eating troughs of silver and of gold. Fresh cut grass and bananas are its staple diet, though it also delights in rice, sugar-cane, cocoa-nuts, cakes, and candies. The water it drinks is perfumed with flowers or tinctured with palm wine. The average daily food it consumes reaches the modest weight of two hundred pounds.

Living amid such luxuries, this singular and sacred animal is harnessed sumptuously, and habited in woven scarlet cloth. Gold chain coats and silver bells crown its head, gay and richly embroidered cushions rest upon its back, while here and there gleam strings of pearl and coin in miscellaneous decoration. Its tusks glitter with massive rings of gold, studded frequently with dazzling jewels. Each evening music allures it to sleep with the choicest melodies to Farther India known. Trumpets and drums and a large retinue precede it to the bath, whither it is conducted with a large red umbrella held over it by some of the highest dignitaries. Young maidens strew its path with rarest flowers, which it picks up at will, first smelling them by virtue of its passionate delight in perfumes, and then conveying them to its mouth, where they are apt to be sacrificed to the grosser sense of taste. Save for this occasional bath, however, it rarely leaves its palace cell, except upon great feast days, when it always heads the procession. Amid these happy conditions—provided it does not die of astonishment or succumb to indigestion—it may live to be a centenarian, rejoicing in a weight measuring from one to three tons, and in a height varying from six to ten feet. And so profound is the Indo-Chinese belief in omens that an unusual grant from this potentate is quite sufficient to interrupt the most important affairs, and break the most a drum engagements.

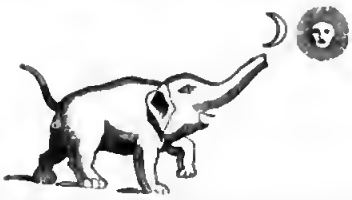
The processions to which I have referred possess a civil and religious significance. The Buddhist Bull (to employ again one of the several names of this unique brute) is held sacred by all the Indo-Chinese nations excepting the Annamese. It is adored as a god while living, and its death is lamented as a national calamity. At the present day, however, it is worshipped chiefly by the lower classes. By the King and nobles it is revered, not so much on account of an imputed divinity, as because it is believed to bring prosperity to the country in peace and good fortune in war. The extraordinary veneration offered by the people is a traditional superstition of ancient date. It is a portion of the general veneration, among Buddhists, of white quadrupeds. The fact that the white elephant is found only in Buddhist countries, and but rarely even in them, probably gave rise to the belief that it must be the temporary abode of some mighty Buddha in his progress toward perfection. It was therefore agreed that to possess such a prize must be tantamount to enjoying the presence of Deity, with all concomitant blessings. Consequently the kingdom where one of these blonde and cyclopean beasts resides is thought to be rich and not little to change, and the King is congratulated on being long lived and invincible. Through his elephantine sympathies he believes himself a partaker of the divine nature. Accordingly it is only set forth that the form under which Buddha will descend to earth for the last time will be that of a beautiful young white elephant, open-jawed, with a head like coke of cochineal, with tusks shining like silver, sparkling with gems, covered with a splendid netting of gold, perfect in organs and limbs, and majestic in appearance. Are we, then, who are to have a white elephant here, about to entertain an angel unawares?



THE SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT.

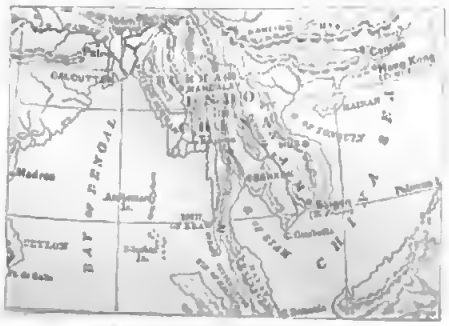
From what I have said it is evident that in Farther India the more white elephants a state owns, the more powerful it is supposed to be. The honors which the creature therefore enjoys are almost limitless. One of the finest districts in the kingdom, for instance, is often set apart for its maintenance. It takes rank immediately after the royal family, and is treated by the nobility like a prince of the blood. When sick, the King's physicians attend it, and the people pray for its cure. Royal honors await it when it dies, and the entire people shave their heads, and mourn as for their dearest kinsmen.

When these facts are fully appreciated, it ceases to be a wonder that the rank of nobility is conferred upon this fortunate mammoth by the King in presence of the whole court, and that among its high-flown titles are "Gem of the Sky," "Glory of the Land," "Radiance of the World," and "Leveller of the Earth." An old Jesuit missionary once declared that the King of Siam did not ride the white elephant because the latter was equal in greatness to the King. The father of the present enlightened Siamese ruler addressed a pallid pachyderm he had hired and lost in poetic hyperbole, which reminds one more of certain passages in Solomon's Song than of anything else; as, for instance, "His tusks are like long pearls, his ears like silver shields, his trunk like a comet's tail," etc. This homage and superstition are reflected in the very titles and offices of the rulers and great men. In ancient Burmah the King assumed the title "Lord of the Spotted Elephants." At the present day the King of Cambodia is styled "First Cousin of the White Elephant"; the Prime Minister of Siam, "General of the Elephants"; the Foreign Minister of Anam, "Mandarin of Elephants"; while the Kings of Burmah and Siam both enjoy the still higher appellations, "Lord of the Celestial Elephant" and "Master of Many White Elephants." In Siam, too, everything associated with majesty and rank bears the image of this lordly leviathan, to whose proportions, when in repose and when a pure albino, Mrs. BARNUM might have appropriately referred in that paradoxical line which speaks of "thunders of white silence." As the lion in the Persian banner or the llama in the Peruvian, so the white elephant floats proudly in the banner of the Siamese. A badge of distinction is similarly created, and has become a coveted native decoration.



WHITE ELEPHANT WORSHIPPING THE SUN AND MOON.

But I should be slighting an important point if I omitted to speak of the most constant companion of these pale proboscidians. Both the Burmese and the Siamese are extremely afraid of evil spirits, who, they believe, may be propitiated by the presence of a white monkey. As it is necessary to guard the white elephant from superhuman assault and influence, several white monkeys are generally kept in its stables. These monkeys are not sacrificed for themselves, but for the protection—especially protection from sickness—they are supposed to give to their gigantic comrade. They are generally large, ugly, long tailed baboons, thickly covered with fur as white as that of the white rabbit. As a rule they are in perfect health, and veritable demons of mischief. As rarely captured as the white elephant, they enjoy about the same privileges as it, having households and officers of their own; but



THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

WHITE MONKEY IN ELEPHANT STABLES.

ey are always obliged to yield it the preced-ce. There is encouragement to Darwinians the Siamese saying that the white monkey is a an and a brother—I might almost say a man of a Buddha. Upon that principle civilized man, stead of being a little lower than the angels, is little higher than the apes.

It will easily be believed that the capture of hite elephants forms an important portion of amese annals. Only twenty four were secured uring all the thirteen hundred and fifty-two ears that elapsed from A.D. 515 to A.D. 1867, id that covered the reigns of thirty-eight kings. his makes about one elephant for every cycle fifty-six years. Of this number, several cate-ries being made, eleven belong to the first. he discoverer of a Chang Pouk is rewarded ith rank, office, title, and estates, together with a me of about $1300 in gold—a large sum in hang Pouk regions. A very high and dignified sition to which the fortunate capturer is fre-ently raised is that of "Water-Carrier to the hite Elephant." He is granted land free from xation, and as spacious as the area over which e animal's trumpet-cry can be heard. He and s family to the third generation are exempted om servitude. Consequently the desire to ob-in these rewards and privileges is so great that metimes much property is destroyed in attempt-g a capture. It should be borne in mind, how-er, that Siam is in an exclusive sense the land the white elephant, since its habitat is the ea-n central portion of the great peninsula of outheastern Asia, styled Farther India, or Indo-hina, extending from the Bay of Bengal on the est to the China Sea on the east. In fact, the white wonder" is seldom found within the strict oundaries of the kingdom of Siam. Readers, nd perhaps travellers, have been misled by the act that the royal banner of that kingdom is a hite elephant on a crimson field. But we do ot look for unicorns and lions in Great Britain ecause they are emblazoned on her escutcheon, r for dragons in China for the reason that they re pictured on her flag.

No wonder that thirty years ago Sir John owring wrote home from Bankok to London at a white elephant was beyond price; no won-er that the Siamese King, among the presents he ave him for the Queen of England, included a gold se containing some choice hairs from a white ephant's tail; no wonder that one of the Sia-ese ambassadors who visited London a few years go likened the Empress of India to a beautiful d majestic white elephant! So highly prized this *lusus naturæ* that it has even been the cause f war. For the possession of one which existed in am three nations were at war for nearly a cen-ry, and in the battles that raged five kings and ousands of soldiers found their death. At an-ther time Burmah demanded that Siam should eliver up two of the seven white elephants she ossessed. A refusal being given, the Burmese vaded Siam with a large army, and carried way four of the hallowed monsters instead of e two originally demanded.

Hitherto in this country it has been considered great misfortune "to have a white elephant to eep." It now appears as if the emphatic con-rary would for once prove true; for since the hang Pouk that is coming will probably give leasure both to its possessor and to the majority who visit it, it can not prove a misfortune; and ince it represents the investment of much cap-tal, and the acquirement of a good deal more, we may feel safe in describing this rosy personi-ication of Buddha in CHARLES SPRAGUE's fulminous couplet, slightly altered:

'Through life's dark road its sordid way it wends,
An incarnation of fat dividends.'

A PUFF OF POWDER.

By VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.

In the month of September the steam-ship *Polar Star* was making a favorable voyage to American shores. Her first-class passengers comprised the usual elements of pleasure-seek-ing Americans returning home after a summer abroad, and foreigners intent on reaping some profit from a sojourn in the New World. Among the latter were several noblemen prepared to combine the sport of wife and buffalo hunting, speculators fresh from the bourse of Paris and Berlin, and the usual professional element, dreaming of a harvest of golden dollars reaped in the States à la Bernhardt or Ristori.

Mrs Clarence Vandenhoff was the great lady of the American element. She was reputed to be immensely rich, and she moved about sur-rounded by a little court of deferential satellites. The captain of the ship paid her a visit each morning when she appeared on deck attired in black satin, with ten-button yellow gloves on her shapely hands, and a delicate film of lace veil toning down the rouge on her cheeks, and guard-ing the fluffy gray curls of her coiffure from any rude familiarity on the part of the ocean breezes. Her advent occasioned a little flutter, incident to a maid following bearing Indian wraps and cush-ions, a man-servant carrying the poodle, usually barking wildly, and that young relative, Miss Par-sons, bringing up the rear. Mrs. Vandenhoff was pronounced a handsome, carefully preserved old lady, enjoying a well-merited popularity, and with genial smiles for all the world. The cynical af-firmed that her demeanor was too impressively gracious, taken in connection with the lace and satin of her raiment, while the envious sneered that she wore more diamonds than the strict re-quirements of good taste permitted.

Dr. Percy Saunderson occupied cabin No. 12, and was well satisfied to find he was to have no room-mate. He was a young man of twenty-eight years, with a keen eye, an intelligent face, and good manners. He had enjoyed a three months' holiday abroad more thoroughly than most of his fellow-passengers, for while they had sped from famous picture galleries to mountain peaks, or wandered perplexed in the mazes of Paris shops, he had sought the shrine of great physicians, inspired with the ardent respect of a disciple.

Mrs. Clarence Vandenhoff had early added the young doctor to her circle on shipboard. She liked to have good-looking young men about her; and the good-looking young men, in turn, were not slow to perceive that such preference pos-sessed social advantages not to be neglected. Many an obscure youth dated a brilliant marriage from carrying the parasol and shawl of Mrs Van-denhoff, as her attentive cavalier. As for the noblemen, respectively Austro-Hungarian and British, Mrs. Vandenhoff had received them un-der her especial protection before the *Polar Star* had been at sea two days, and the adjustment of her dimpled double chin indicated that she would see what could be done for them when she land-ed. Dr Saunderson had accepted her overtures with alacrity. In the first place, a rising physi-cian must neglect none of the stepping-stones ac-corded him by fate, such as the golden patron-age of a fashionable woman; and in the second, Mrs. Vandenhoff held the clew of a mystery. The mystery was her relative, Miss Parsons. The lat-ter was a tall and slender girl, clad in mourning, with a face symmetrical enough, yet dependent on expression for any attractive grace. This face, with the large eyes sparkling, the rosy lips parted, the cheeks suffused with a glow of plea-sure, had beamed down on the young doctor from a terrace at Versailles a month earlier, and daz-zled him by its vivid beauty. The girl's bright-ness of aspect was in harmony with the fête, when all the fountains sent up their shafts of silvery waters, and gay little booths lined the avenue. Again the doctor had studied her pro-file at Windsor, self-repressed, almost frowning, and as cold as ice, while Mrs. Vandenhoff pre-ceded her, surrounded by an animated group. Why was the girl so gay at one time, and so som-bre at others? The study interested Dr Saun-derson inexplicably, and the brilliant, piquant face as he had first beheld it possessed a novel fascination. Now it was always veiled in an im-penetrable reserve, nor had he been able to sur-prise again the mobile change to light-hearted, girlish gayety in the daily, almost hourly, inter-course of shipboard.

"I will find her out yet," reflected the young man, compressing his lips, and perhaps with a touch of self-conceit in the resolution. "She is a remarkable girl. She is a bad-tempered crea-ture, curbed by the abundant good humor of Mrs. Vandenhoff, or she is amiable, and suffers from some secret unhappiness. I wish she were not always on her guard not to betray herself." These tantalizing conjectures occupied the idle hours of the voyage.

The usual entertainment in aid of distressed seamen was given in the large saloon one even-ing. Mrs. Vandenhoff, resplendent in silk and jewels, occupied a prominent place, but a search-ing glance on the part of Dr. Saunderson assured him of the absence of Lillie Parsons. Swift im-pulse made him seek his cabin, under pretense of requiring an eyeglass, and gain the deck. His perceptions were confused, his heart beat quickly, all the elements of life on board the *Polar Star* had become mere mechanical adjuncts to the one central figure of a girl in a black dress, cold, dis-trait in manner, and sad. Here was a malady hitherto studied by this physician in embryo, only with the mockery of the unscathed, and of which he had become himself the victim. Lillie Par-sons interested, baffled, and perplexed him, prob-ably unconsciously. Why did she attract him? He could not divine. How did she differ so mar-vellously and radiantly from the rest of women-kind? Her bearing was the reverse of suave, scarcely civil sometimes, and she snubbed the court of Mrs. Vandenhoff, without exception even for the noblemen. Now the brief voyage was drawing to a close, and Dr Saunderson could not flatter himself he had gained anything in what he was pleased to consider a psychological study.

He quitted cabin No. 12, and went on deck. Long afterward he remembered that a woman brushed past him, near the companionway, with the speed and lightness of a phantom. He recog-nized vaguely one of the foreign actresses of the burlesque troupe on board. She was a thin wo-man, with black frizzled hair hanging low over her brow, fine eyes, irregular features, and a wide, red mouth, garnished with dazzling white teeth—a whole that made up well for the stage. She had been singing a comic aria, to the accompaniment of a mandolin, when Dr Saunderson left the sa-loon, which elicited much applause.

The night was cloudless, and stars sparkled overhead, while the vessel pursued her course with steady throb of machinery, and the black waters rushed past the sides, flecked with creamy foam. As Dr Saunderson emerged on deck two people met his eye on the nearly deserted prom-enade. Lillie Parsons leaned over the bulwark in a dreamy attitude, and Mr. Midge observed her at a distance. Dr Saunderson clinched his hand involuntarily. He detested Mr. Midge with the keen instincts of rivalry. Was not this fat, mid-dle-aged man, with gray whiskers and an ample waistcoat, always near Lillie Parsons? Did he not hedge her about with camp-stools and long chairs? Did he not cut off her retreat by doub-ling around the smoke-stack with the surprising nimbleness often perceptible in stout men? Did he not render her life burdensome by reason of his prosy stories? The watchful eye of Mrs. Clarence Vandenhoff was on this budding at-tachment with fostering smiles, for Mr Midge was a millionaire if twice a widower. Dr. Saun-derson felt that such a terrible old bore should be suppressed, and Mr. Midge retaliated by ig-noring the very existence of a personable young doctor. The two gentlemen approached Lillie from opposite directions.

"You do not wish to attend the concert?" in-quired bland Mr. Midge, but he glowered at Dr. Saunderson over the young lady's head.

"Good-evening, Miss Parsons," said the latter, eagerly.

He had intended to seize the occasion of a shadowy evening and a deserted deck to say many things in the pretty pink ear of this girl. He was determined to hold his ground. He would not be bullied by an old fellow with money. Such an attitude might be imprudent for a rising professional man, but prudence did not enter into his calculations just then.

"I have a headache," explained Lillie, glancing from one to the other. She moved toward the doctor as she spoke, and a small hand, groping along his coat sleeve, slid into his own with a clinging, beseeching pressure of the soft fingers.

The sound of the machinery and the rushing waves hummed in the doctor's ears. He would not have yielded an inch to ten Mr Midges after that mark of confidence.

"You will be more comfortable on the other side," said Mr. Midge, offering his arm with pon-derous gallantry not devoid of authority.

"On the contrary, Miss Parsons feels the wind less here," said the doctor, dryly.

"Did you speak, sir?" demanded Mr. Midge, with a stony stare of anger.

"I prefer to remain here," interposed Lillie. "How kind of you, doctor, to remember my poor head! Of course I will take the drops you brought from Paris if you think best. I am in your hands."

She uttered these sweet words with a confiding gesture, and raised her fine eyebrows with an ex-pression of intelligence. The doctor took the cue.

"I will administer them to-morrow," he said, gravely; "you should avoid too powerful a stim-ulant to-night."

"Yes. I was resting in our cabin, and I thought I should like to breathe the fresh air," said the girl, pushing back her rich hair. "Mrs. Vanden-hoff believes I am safe in my berth."

"You would be better in your berth," observed Mr Midge, with sudden primness.

She measured him with one of those glances of defiance and mockery which had stirred the blood in the veins of the millionaire more than once with a sense of helpless vexation and al-lurement.

"Is that your opinion, Mr. Midge? Very well, I need not obey you. I must mind the doctor instead, you know. Ah, what power you doctors hold!"

"Far too much power, in my estimation," add-ed Mr Midge, with increasing exasperation.

Just then a shrill exclamation was uttered by a woman on the other side of the deck. "Is that you, Miss Lillie? I thought you were asleep in your berth."

"I thought you or Thomas always remained in the corridor near the cabin door," said Miss Par-sons, with surprise.

"Well, I am sure, miss!" cried Hannah, and vanished down the companionway.

The next moment Mrs. Vandenhoff appeared on deck, and Lillie's manner became nervous and confused. When the ladies withdrew to their cabin for the night the faithful Hannah mounted guard near the door as usual. A fact soon became apparent which surprised neither of these attendants. The great lady had a studied deportment for company, and a sharp and nag-ging mode of speech in private. Hannah, the maid, bore all stoically, with the end in view of feathering her own nest. Lillie Parsons, the lady dependent, found it much more galling. Mrs. Vandenhoff had a fashion of firing out at Lillie, before wreathing her face in the smile of society, with the inevitable result that the girl appeared in public afterward dispirited, ungracious, and timid. To-night she said, in a biting tone:

"Well? Had Mr Midge proposed before that impudent whipper-snapper of a young doctor in-terfered?"

"No," replied Lillie, slowly, and sought refuge in the depths of her berth, drawing the curtains.

Hannah, the maid, was consigning the silky gray curls to a box, and incasing the head of her mistress in an embroidered night-cap.

"Mr Midge has spoken to me," continued Mrs. Vandenhoff, as she sought her berth in turn. "You are a very lucky girl to have attracted the admiration of such a man, although, to be frank, what he sees in you I can not imagine. He may pick and choose a wife anywhere."

Lillie drew aside the curtains of her berth and launched this little volley of defiance at her brill-iant relative: "I hope he may choose well, then; I would rather jump overboard than marry such an odious old man."

Whereupon Mrs. Vandenhoff separated the cur-tains of her berth and retorted: "You will marry Mr. Midge, you ungrateful girl, or I shall shower no more benefits on you."

"I intend to leave you, madam, when we land," said Lillie, trembling, yet resolute.

Neither lady slept much that night; the at-mosphere was electrical. Mrs. Vandenhoff planned a dinner party and ball, by which means to launch her noblemen in such a manner as to derive the greatest amount of glory herself. Lillie sobbed and buried her head in the pillows, wretched and heart-stricken by the charge of ingratitude. Mrs. Vandenhoff had given her bread for several years. Would another girl have acquitted herself more worthily in her place?

Next day the steam-ship *Polar Star* became aware that Mrs. Clarence Vandenhoff had lost her diamond solitaires—those twinkling orna-ments of extraordinary size and brilliancy which so much resembled bits of clear glass to the un-initiated. She had laid them aside, in favor of pearls, for the concert, and they had been stolen. Save on this occasion the precious baubles had not quitted the ears of the owner during the voy-age, for a great lady like Mrs. Vandenhoff usual-ly has some jewels about with her. Rumor seized this item of news and toyed with it, for every-body was weary of the attrition of shipboard. Affinities had chilled to aversion; dislike had deepened; gossip even lost its zest as the voyage drew to a close. The value of the diamond soli-taires grew with the lapse of hours and the wagging of idle tongues. In the morning the whisper buzzed about the deck that the stones were worth one thousand dollars, and by evening they were rated at ten thousand in the saloon.

Dr Saunderson approached Mrs. Vandenhoff to make inquiries concerning the robbery, and in the hope of exchanging a few words with Miss Par-sons.

"Shall I have the whole ship's company put in irons and their pockets searched?" asked the captain, jestingly.

"What a disagreeable suggestion!" returned Mrs. Vandenhoff, with a dignified gesture of dis-missing the matter. "It was all my own fault. I was far too careless in leaving the jewels scat-tered about."

Every one stared in surprise. Lillie Parsons bit her lip and lowered her eyes. She wore her crape veil drawn tight over her pale face. Han-nah, the maid, had red eyelids and a sullen mien.

"Do you give up all search so readily?" ex-claimed Dr Saunderson, involuntarily.

"Search for lost diamonds on shipboard might be like the proverbial needle in a hay-stack," hinted Mr Midge, pursing up his thick features with an expression of sagacity.

"All investigation would be quite useless, I am convinced," said Mrs. Vandenhoff, in a cold and constrained tone.

Did she suspect the actual thief? A chill crept over the assembled listeners.

The *Polar Star* reached port in safety. Dr. Saunderson consigned the articles scattered about his cabin to his portmanteau. This portmanteau was small in size, gray in color, with straps of black leather, and marked with the letters P. S. He had bought the article in Paris as cheap and serviceable for the voyage. Impulse led him to place the portmanteau in the corridor, just out-side the cabin door, and once more seek the deck. Mrs. Vandenhoff bade him farewell with her usual affability, and gave him a card, receiving his own in return.

"I am sure you are very clever," said the great lady, playfully. "If I fall ill I shall certainly seek you."

Dr Saunderson bowed, and returned for his portmanteau with an abstracted aspect. Lillie Parsons was invisible. Should he not see her again? Was she avoiding him? Had she ac-cepted the millionaire Mr Midge? Oh, the wor-ship of the golden calf in our day! thought the young doctor, with bitterness, as he prepared to land.

The first face he saw was that of a custom-house officer, smiling in recognition. Dr Saun-derson had saved the life of this man's boy, the previous winter, in a case of diphtheria.

"All right, doctor," he said, cheerfully. "Pass on. We can trust you, I guess."

"I hope that is no reflection on the length of my purse," replied Dr Saunderson, laughing.

He was glad to pass on, however, give his lug-gage in charge of an express agent, and, with the portmanteau in his hand, spring on a passing street car. His abode was not far up-town. He had an office, with several rooms in the rear, on the first floor of a red brick house, in the vicinity of Washington Square. Practice was a coy god-dess that had not yet smiled on him. His sign, a polished brass plate, beamed a welcome as he approached the familiar door. At the same mo-ment his comrade, John Rowswell, bounced around the corner of the street, his face flushed, his eyes sparkling, and his hair literally bristling on end with excitement.

"The professor needs you at the hospital," he panted, grasping Dr Saunderson by the hand. "A rare chance for all of us. He has a splendid case. Take lunch with us."

"I have just landed from the steamer," de-murred the latter.

"Thought you came last week," said Dr. Rows-well. "No matter. I will go for Parkman in-stead."

"No, no, wait." The newly arrived disciple of Æsculapius darted into his office, dropped the port-manteau, gave an order to his landlady, and ran after the already retreating messenger, whose en-thusiasm was so contagious. Two days and nights elapsed before his return. He forgot the steam-ship *Polar Star* while he hung absorbed in the issue of the case at the hospital. Returning home, he went to bed, and slept for twelve hours. When he awakened his eye fell on the portman-teau, and a pang shot through his heart at the remembrance of Lillie Parsons. He inserted the key in the lock, and turned it without difficulty. What was his surprise to perceive the contents! A blue silk petticoat frilled with cheap lace; a pair of rose-colored slippers with a hole in one; a blonde false front tied with greasy red ribbons; a broken fan, all perfumed with the blended scents of musk, patchouli, and Russia leather—such were the articles stored in his portmanteau. In the other side a crumpled *peignoir* of cotton was wrapped around a powder box. Several photo-graphs were scattered in the bottom. These rep-resented a woman with a large and smiling mouth and fine eyes, in the garb of the theatre. Now she was clad in white satin as a page, with one foot on a chair, now she played a mandolin as an Italian peasant girl, and now gained dignity in full evening dress, with strings of pearls around the neck. The photographs, without name, were dated Vienna, Munich, and Nice.

The mystified possessor raised the portmanteau to scrutinize the exterior more closely. It was gray, with straps of black leather, and the locks were similar, as his key had fitted it, but there were no letters P. S. painted on the end.

"Articles de Paris," mused the doctor.

He took up the powder box in turn. The box was large, and of tarnished metal, once gilt, and

on the lid a coquettish soubrette was depicted, with high heeled shoes and short petticoats, using the powder puff of her mistress before a mirror. He raised this lid, and found the box filled with pink powder to the brim—one of those toilet powders which make a woman's face resemble a flower, seen in a discreet light, and through which paltry medium the splendid beauty of a Roman girl sometimes shines in broad day. Dr. Saunderson dipped his finger into the rosy dust.

"O woman, when will you forego your face washes and your tinkling ornaments?" he soliloquized, closing the box, and restoring these worthless articles to their receptacle. Evidently his own had been packed up by mistake on board the steamer. If the exchange had been made to rob him, the thief had gained little by the transaction.

"There was a volume of Baedeker with my name in it," he thought; "I can easily be found if this poor woman wishes to recover her blue petticoat and powder box. Those photographs resemble one of the actresses of the burlesque troupe—yes, that woman in yellow silk who flashed past me on the night of the concert."

He sought the office of the steam-ship line. No tidings of the portmanteau had been received. He left his card, and returned home, resolved to advertise the matter. His colleague again met him on the threshold, and bore him away to the hospital. During the next week medical studies absorbed him. The portmanteau was thrust into the wardrobe and forgotten. Work was conquering sentiment, or at least holding it in abeyance. The young doctor began to be known. He was permitted to prepare and deliver a course of lectures on the heart and its circulation. He considered the organ from a purely scientific stand-point.

He found leisure to call at the stately mansion of Mrs. Clarence Vandenhoff, and found the lady absent. The servant stared when he asked for Miss Parsons. She no longer lived there. On another occasion he met Mrs. Vandenhoff, and was told in a smooth and natural way that she had been obliged to part with Lillie for a time.

"Mr Midge is not discouraged, you know," said the great lady, with one of her sparkling smiles, for she thought much of appearances.

Dr Saunderson returned to his work, foiled and disappointed.

At Christmas-time he kicked the portmanteau in seeking a coat in the wardrobe. He opened it, took out the powder box slyly, and proffered it to Kate, the Irish girl who took charge of his rooms. Kate, proud of her complexion, tossed her head and declined the gift, amidst mutual merriment. She left it on the doctor's bureau, where it remained untouched for many weeks. Then an aunt, and three pretty cousins fresh from school, called on him, and he gravely offered the powder box to each in turn. The school-girls giggled and thrust their inquisitive little noses into the pink power, while their mother said, reproachfully:

"How can you put such ideas in their heads, Percy? They have nice skins, too."

"I will never tender this charming box to woman again," exclaimed Percy. "No, I shall wait until it is begged for by one sufficiently honest to acknowledge she uses rose-tinted powder."

He climbed on a chair, and placed the box on a bracket, already ornamented with a large Japanese fan.

The snow fell, and the early winter twilight was deepening to night, when the doctor entered a crowded street car. He slipped into a vacant seat, beside a lady closely veiled, with an adroitness of movement which thwarted the intention of a stout gentleman to gain the same place. He recognized the latter as Mr Midge. The millionaire, having lost his seat on the opposite side of the conveyance, held himself erect by means of the strap, and stood before the lady. Who was she? Dr Saunderson could not see her face, but surely that organ which had been analyzed only scientifically in his lectures during the winter began to thump tumultuously behind his waistcoat pocket, at sight of the veiled figure. Mr Midge stooped and murmured some words in the lady's ear. She started as if stung, rose, and left the car. Mr Midge followed nimbly; so did Dr. Saunderson, the blood mounting to his head.

"Why are you following that lady, Mr Midge?"

"Why are you following her, sir?" demanded Mr Midge, in an angry tone.

The veiled lady paused, and clasped her two little hands around the doctor's arm.

"Oh, I am so glad to have found you again!" she sighed; and then, gaining courage, added: "Mr Midge, pray leave me in peace. Nothing you can say will make the slightest difference. I will never, never, marry you."

"Perhaps what this—this lover has to say may be more agreeable. So be it," sneered Mr. Midge, and yet with an attempt at sarcastic politeness.

Lillie Parsons trembled, and the doctor drew her hand through his arm. He grew taller as he confronted burly Mr Midge.

"This lady is under my protection," he said, sternly.

"Ah, indeed!" and Mr Midge walked away with a very unpleasant laugh.

How swiftly all this had happened! The two young people stood beneath a street lamp, looking at each other in trouble, yet with a growing joy.

"I thought you were married to that man," he breathed.

"No," she replied, in surprise. "I have been working to support myself. Did you not know it? I left Mrs Vandenhoff on landing. Not for worlds would I have slept again under her roof."

"Why," inquired the doctor, mystified.

"Oh, she was cruel! She believes that I stole her diamonds. Can you credit it? Yes, I was left in the cabin the night of the concert, but I went out on deck, supposing Hannah took care of everything as usual. Mrs. Vandenhoff found my absence a clumsy artifice to conceal the theft."

"Poor child!" said Dr. Saunderson, softly. "Try to forget such folly. She will repent of the meanness of her judgment some day. May I take you home?"

Lillie looked at him with those large and dilating eyes he had admired at the Versailles fête.

"Yes," she said.

One week later these two were married. After a quiet wedding there was a joyful home-coming to that modest brick house with the brass plate on the door.

"We must be very prudent, as we are so poor," said the bride, gayly.

She surveyed her tiny kingdom, and nodded her head. The room in the rear, previously a sort of chemical laboratory, was converted into a kitchen, with a good cooking-stove, and here Mrs Saunderson wrought such marvels in the culinary art, with the aid of sundry cook books, that the honey-moon became a perpetual picnic. Who so deftly thrifty and happy as the young wife, granted the mission of helpmate to a man she loved, instead of a gilded cage by Mr Midge? In the early morning she went out with a basket wrought in gay wools, and returned with all sorts of practical purchases from grocer and baker concealed in the discreet depths. She entered into an alliance with a stout washer-woman, who brought her roasted fowls and boiled ham with the weekly linen. The doctor himself proved an adept to broiling oysters and devilling crabs in leisure moments. The ménage could not have been more unpretending or harmonious. Pride and self reliance had awakened in the soul of the timid girl, and made her a courageous woman. She worked for one of the decorative art societies, painting fans and screens with true artistic skill, and designing borders for curtains and furniture in silks and wool, as she had done before her marriage, and she kept the pupils she had visited daily during the winter. A new gentleness became perceptible in her bearing with the children—a shabby little circle, offspring of a musician. Surely softer coloring and more tender fancies grouped the little downy birds building their nests on the screens and fans, and tinted the sprays of apple blossoms. What merriment flavored those dinners, partaken of with a novel zest of appetite! For society the couple strolled forth into the city squares and thoroughfares, brilliantly lighted with gas, and admired the shop windows. They snapped their fingers at Mr Midge and the world.

Lillie had the good sense to leave the office untouched, only she noticed the powder box on the bracket with the Japanese fan, and heard the history of the portmanteau.

"I intend to keep the portmanteau for a year, and then I shall be tempted to give the blue silk petticoat to a little patient of mine who belongs to the ballet," said the doctor. "As for the powder box, you shall have it when you go off in your looks, my dear."

"The idea!" replied the bride, surveying her peachy cheeks in a mirror.

One morning the carriage of Mrs Vandenhoff stopped before the door, and a footman rang the bell.

"She has come to give us her blessing," cried Lillie, who was making her first attempt at a pie, in an apron, with her arms smeared with flour.

Mrs. Vandenhoff had no such intention. She entered flushed and troubled, and demanded a private, not to say secret, interview with Dr Saunderson. The latter assumed his gravest professional aspect; the invisible Lillie continued to make the pie.

"I do not wish my health gossiped about," said Mrs. Vandenhoff. "In my position, you know, one shrinks from questions and condolences. I fear I am ill. Oh, do you think it can be my heart? I have read about your wonderful lectures of this winter. I was sure you were very clever."

"Possibly the heart is affected," he rejoined.

At these words Mrs. Vandenhoff clasped her hands, uttered a faint shriek, and showed symptoms of an apoplectic seizure. Dr. Saunderson glanced quickly around, and snatched the large Japanese fan from the bracket, wherewith to restore the great lady. In doing so he knocked off the lid of the powder box, which had remained there many months, and overturned it. Puff! The pink powder descended on the velvet bonnet of Mrs. Vandenhoff, and as the box rolled over, two hard pellets, thickly coated with the same fragrant dust, struck her on the cheek. Mrs. Vandenhoff screamed again, sneezed, and blinked, for the powder covered her as a miller is adorned with flour in his mill. She caught the pellets in her hand.

"My diamonds!" she exclaimed, rubbing them on her glove, when they sparkled like stars.

Yes, the diamond solitaires of Mrs. Clarence Vandenhoff had reposed at the bottom of the box filled with rosy powder since they were stolen on board the steam-ship *Polar Star*.

Lillie was summoned, still in her cooking apron, and proceeded to brush her distinguished relative, to whose rich apparel the powder clung so tenaciously, while Dr Saunderson produced the portmanteau, and explained the perils to which the toilet box had been exposed. When calmness was restored, the heart of Mrs. Vandenhoff was duly examined, and Dr Saunderson was at no loss to prescribe a digestive pill, and the abandonment of tight lacing.

Among the honored guests at Mrs. Vandenhoff's Easter party that year were Dr Saunderson and his wife. Expediency had ruled the day. The hostess, with her pet ear-drops again sparkling on either side of her genial countenance, could look Lillie in the eye and conveniently forget that she had ever taxed anybody with unlawfully taking the gems. Her standard for human nature was low, and her suspicions ever alert.

"Poor dear Mr. Midge is going to marry one of the Lamson girls," she said, archly. "It is such a desirable match in every respect! Yes, she is the youngest and prettiest, and there are such a lot of them!"

Is not Mrs. Vandenhoff prepared to place a golden ladder for the aspiring young physician, on the strength of the visit which proved that her heart was in the right place, after all?

A whim led Percy Saunderson to take his wife to the theatre when a burlesque and spectacular entertainment was given. A page in white satin, with a plumed cap, came on the scene to make love to the first dancer of the ballet, amidst revolving lights and fairy cascades.

"She is the woman who brushed past me that night on shipboard," said Dr Saunderson. "I believe she was the thief. She noticed that Mrs. Vandenhoff wore pearls instead of the famous diamonds, and when her song was finished she slipped out, gained your cabin, took the gems, and popped them into the powder box for safe-keeping. That was a good hiding-place. Perhaps she has carried jewels in the powder before. She put the box amidst rubbish in the portmanteau, intending to carry it herself, but she took mine, by mistake, in the corridor. She has feared to claim her own."

"Surely she should be punished," mused Lillie. "I have heard of hiding jewels in powder. An English girl once told me that Italian ladies of rank thus conceal their diamonds when making journeys to the baths and the sea-side."

"I believe all this myself, yet how prove it?" pursued the doctor. "I am ignorant of this woman's name and nationality, and a play-bill in a theatre teaches nothing. Do you know what cured Mrs Vandenhoff's heart-disease? A digestion pill, and receiving a severe puff of powder on her head—charged with brilliants."

The curtain fell on the page in white satin, the electric lights, the pasteboard palaces of the stage. Lillie glanced tenderly at her husband. "I believe I could make a plum-pudding for your birthday," she affirmed, suddenly.

"You darling!" he responded, with equal fervor. "I shall need a digestive pill, also, in that case."

CATS ON EXHIBITION.

The author of that popular ditty, "The Cats in our Back Yard," should be able to derive inspiration for another equally felicitous effort from the uses to which the Madison Square Garden is being put this week, for it is now given over to the Fanciers' Show—fanciers of cats, besides poultry and fish. Not that the felines at the show seem so felicitous as when they roam at night over their domain. The cat does not like to be exhibited. Even the female cat, which, like her sex of other genera, has a strong dash of vanity in her nature, does not enjoy displaying her charms at an exhibition. She prefers to reserve them for male admirers of her own genus. Daylight and the noisy crowd also interfere with feline enjoyment. From its habits the cat might be described as a musical creature which joys at night. During the day it sleeps behind the warm stove. If you stroke it with your hand it stretches itself and purrs. It looks like a cosy, contented creature without spiritual yearnings. But when the shades of night have fallen, your pet, if she be a female, repairs to her bower on the roof of the extension; or, if he be a tom-cat, saunters out into the back yard, gathers himself for a spring, and then with a bound is on the back fence. He steals stealthily along until he reaches that portion of the fence nearest to the bower of his beloved. Then he squats and gazes awhile in silent admiration into the eyes that glow lovingly down upon him through the dusk. But the silence lasts only a while. His whole being trembles with spiritual exaltation, which soon finds expression in the song which his beloved holds dearest. Probably it is a serenade, deep and reposeful, occasionally broken by the thrill of amorous agitation. Need that serenade be described? Who has not heard with wonder its mysterious sequences and weird cadences?

Musicians have long endeavored to reduce the music of the domesticated members of the family of Felidæ to a system, but they have been baffled. They have tried to annotate the melody, to divide it into bars, and have failed. Occasionally, when some learned professor has been on the very verge of discovery, some heartless person, unfeeling alike to the charms of music and the importance of scientific progress, has rudely punctuated the nocturne with a boot-jack, and thus brought it to a sudden close. Therefore musicians have contented themselves with the simple conclusion that the music of the family of Felidæ is based on a scale different from any scale employed from antiquity to the present day—a scale of which it has been as yet impossible to form a conception.

It might be supposed that such studies could be prosecuted at the cat show, but, as was indicated, the cats at the very interesting show are not so spirited as usual. They have been deprived of their back fences. Instead of being at liberty to roam at will under the black protection of night to give musical utterance to their amorous aspirations, and engage in single combat with any rival as fair tabby's affections, they are shut up in cages. Hence they are sad and silent for the most, though beautiful still. Their silence seems even stranger than their sadness to all who have not been in that part of South America—that one small portion of the globe—where cats do not possess the power of singing, or, as one unappreciative traveller writes, "where they have not the nocturnal howl." But there are some which do not seem to mind their unnatural surroundings. The eye, as it passes from cage to cage, rests upon a magnificent tom, black as night, looking as if he might weigh some twenty-five pounds—the king among all the cats in the neighborhood of the butcher's shop to which he belongs. Near him is a small brown animal with black symmetrical streaks. He seems contented. His cheeks are puffed out, his eyes half closed, and his lips seemingly on a broad smile. He is not handsome, but as he is young, the owner hopes that he will take the premium for sweet, child-like expression. There is a big white fellow with a fierce light in his eyes, as if he heard his rival, the fine Maltese opposite, singing around the chimney, while a fair charmer near by looks out from her cage with an expression which says, "Now, gentlemen, be calm!" A French pussy, very elegant and graceful, is coquetting with a neighbor from the country. Then there is a fine tortoise-shell tom holding himself with so much dignity as if he knew that his family was mentioned in the Sanskrit manuscripts of two thousand years ago, or that his ancestors had been embalmed by the Egyptians. An Angora cat, with one eye blue and the other yellow, after the manner of her species, repels contemptuously the advances of her tailless cousin from the Isle of Man. A white puss as she licks her paws shows on her tongue those horny papillæ which, exaggerated on the lion's tongue, enable him to skin a man's hand with one lick. Nearly all these cats show in miniature the physical qualities which distinguish the great ferocious members of their family—strong bones and muscles, well knit but supple joints, fine sinew, and a quick, changing light in their eyes.

This cat exhibition is a new feature of the New York Fanciers' Club's show. This club, whose officers include such well known fanciers as C. J. Quimby, Philander Williams, and Charles R. Harker, devotes its interest principally to poultry. But this year cats were added to the list of exhibits, and fish, a feature of a former exhibition, retained. Mr. Blackford has taken special pains to make the fish department interesting. In the centre of his exhibit he has a large fountain lighted by subaqueous electric lights, which shimmer over the fins of many beautiful gold fish. In the pigeon department Mr Burtiss Hawkins, of Bordentown, exhibits about $4000 worth of fantails, Mr Newell many of his barbs with their curious eye wattles, and Mr Hawkins, of Lancaster, Massachusetts, and Mr Williams, of Taunton, some fine poultry. The taxidermists have contributed many striking examples of their skill, and the dressed poultry is also an interesting feature. A number of incubators are at work, hatching chicks by the thousand.

For each department there are special premiums, those for cats including, for the one with the largest number of kittens, a Persian rug, and for the thinnest cat one can of condensed milk.

THE WEST SHORE TERMINUS.

The heights of Weehawken command a good view of the city of New York and the river, with its fleets of ships and its ever-crossing ferry boats, and all visitors to the spot where Hamilton fell before the pistol of Burr have admired the rugged beauty of the site. Here, between Weehawken and Hoboken, is situated the great terminus of the West Shore road. The water front is practically unlimited, there are no street obstructions, and dock facilities of unrivalled completeness are now in a state of forwardness. A great deal has been done, but much still remains to do, in order to provide means for ready handling of the immense traffic which the road is calculated to carry.

The whole area contains 275 acres devoted to terminal purposes, and 165 acres that can be used for building purposes; the water front is 8790 yards in length, and when the whole work is completed the front and sides of the docks will give 5¾, say six miles, of working space. The main crib bulk-head, which forms the dividing line between the land and the water, is nearly completed, and on the water side piles are being driven. The round-house for the engines, the milk depot, the main depot, and the ferry buildings are finished. From the latter, boats will run to the foot of Forty-second Street and to some place down town nearer the business part of the city. These works lie on the south of the terminus.

Next to them, proceeding northward, come the freight transfer slips, where loaded cars can be run on to scows, and towed across or down the river to their destination. Still proceeding northward, we come to the steam-ship docks, on which will be erected warehouses, and every convenience for the loading or unloading of even the largest ocean steamers. The local steamers, coasting vessels, and the lumber trade will occupy the piers next to these, while piers 8 and 9 will be provided with grain elevators; the pier for the first of these elevators is progressing rapidly.

The most northern piers, Nos. 10 and 11, are to be given up to the coal trade, and beyond them will be placed capacious stock-yards, and an abattoir with all modern sanitary appliances. The coal dumps on piers 10 and 11 will be so high that the coal can be dumped direct from the cars to the vessel. The piers rest on stout piles, and the track is supported on wooden trestles.

In order to approach erections of this height in the narrow space between the bluff and the water, without interrupting other traffic, the engineer laid out a road-bed excavated on the side of the hill, and ascending northward from the mouth of the tunnel before it curved down and crossed the ordinary freight tracks by bridges.

The tunnel which penetrates the hills between the Hudson and the plains of Jersey is 3965 yards in length, and runs through solid trap-rock, and is constructed for two tracks. The cuts at either end leading to it measure 3800 feet. The tracks, on emerging, divide and form various branches running down to the different piers. When the whole series of works is completed, it will be one of the best arranged termini in the country.

"EMBARRASSMENT."—ENGRAVED, BY PERMISSION OF MR. THOMAS B. CLARKE, FROM THE PAINTING BY MR. W. T. SHEARER.—[SEE PAGE 63.]

1. Duck winged Goose Cock. 2. Spanish Cock. 3. Egyptian Duck. 4. Mandarin Duck. 5. German Mallard Duck. 6. White Aylesbury Duck. 7. Light Brahma Cock. 8. White Bantam Hen. 9. White Bantam Cock. 10. Black Bantam Cock and Hen. 11. New-named Breed, Wyandottes. 12. Group of Pouters, Fan-tails, and Tumblers. 13. Crève-cœur Cock.

THE NEW YORK FANCIERS' CLUB SHOW, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—Drawn by J. C. Beard.—[See Page 59.]

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THE PARTY MACHINE IN NEW YORK.

A STUDY IN PRACTICAL POLITICS.

II.

The machine organization, then, takes some such form as this: A County Committee consisting of so many members from each of the several Assembly Districts, who in their several localities make up the Assembly District committees; an executive committee of the County Committee, made up of the leader of each Assembly District and a few of his most influential lieutenants and friends; a sub-committee of this executive committee, consisting of the Assembly District leaders, about twenty-four in number, who in their turn are governed by those who employ them for political service and pay them out of the public fund. The boss consults with the leaders, and does what they wish if it accords with his views; otherwise the leaders do what the boss wishes. Then they call the executive committee together in order that it may act spontaneously in the premises, which it generally does in such a way as to prove conclusively the unanimity of purpose in that body. The necessary resolutions are then passed for submission by way of report to the General Committee of the county, by whom they are uniformly carried, and express the single will of that body.

At first sight it would appear that a body of two thousand or more men could not be easily handled, and neither could it be if each one had individual views, but the politicians well know that, with such organizations as theirs, a large body is much more easily managed than a small one. Each district leader is expected to, and does, answer for his district contingent, and in the city of New York, consequently, it only needs that thirteen out of the twenty-four leaders should be agreed for those thirteen to carry committee or convention, since they are really and directly responsible for all of the representatives from their districts. This rule works particularly well in the case of certain conventions, like the County Convention, where there are always two thousand or more delegates, and which Convention is actually the General Committee under another name. The twenty-four leaders first having agreed with the boss upon a ticket, the Convention is called together, and the twenty-four (who are always members of the Convention), through their subordinates, confirm the work as agreed upon. If any one objects, he is laughed at, perhaps he is heard, but no harm is done, and the vote will stand anywhere from unanimity to two thousand against ten or a hundred.

By such a machine the politicians really control the city, for they know that the very laws conspire in their favor. The politicians begin by making it impossible for any man who earns his living outside of politics to keep up with them, and then the law steps in and calls for the election of so many persons each fall that it is practically impossible for the voter to learn anything about the candidates, or to wisely determine for whom he should vote, much less to put any one in nomination with the hope of election. He usually falls back upon his party nominee, and the machine is justified and kept in power by the votes of the very people whom it has practically deprived of political liberty. In this way leaders who do not get appointive offices are elected to the Board of Aldermen, the Senate, the Assembly, or to a civil justiceship, as the case may be. Thus the vicious circle is completed.

The politicians and many of the newspapers like to say that the remedy is for the people to attend the primaries. Now of these latter there are three classes, the Republican, where the voting is done by Assembly Districts and from the rolls of the district organization; the Tammany, where it is done by Assembly Districts, and where any one whom the inspectors will permit may vote; and the County Democracy, where it is done by election districts and from the registry lists. In the case of the Republican primaries the elections are controlled by committees on Revision of Rolls, by shortening the hours for voting, by packing the line, and by the inspectors who make the returns. In the case of Tammany there is nothing to be done except formally to register the will of the leader. What is called the primary is usually only a gathering of the clans to get a drink, and incidentally vote the ticket put into their hands.

In the case of the County Democracy there is a greater show of fairness at the polls in election districts, but one can never tell who has been elected in case of a contest until the matter has been submitted to a committee on contested seats, and then the overwhelming strength and startling regularity of the leader's friends are always demonstrated. A point of the utmost consequence is the determination of the place at which the primary is to be held, and the place being named by the district leader, the voting is usually done at that liquor store, cigar store, livery stable, or other place where the contestant favored by the leader can best control the hours, its exits and entrances, and can most easily and speedily gather his voters together. As a consequence, nothing is more eagerly fought for, where it is apparent that there is to be a closely contested primary, than the determination of the place for holding it.

But chief among all the benefits accruing to the party through such an organization is the control of the election booths and of the ballots. According to long-established custom, each party must have a ticket booth for each polling place in the city, attached to which booth there are three or more paid ticket peddlers, each of whom receives from five dollars upward for his day's work at the polls. All tickets, folded, bunched, and bagged, are originally distributed from head-quarters to the twenty-four Assembly District leaders, and they in their turn carry the distribution down into election districts. This enables them to control the situation so far as their localities are concerned, for they can unbunch any candidate they like, and bunch any other they wish, and all the chances are in favor of the bunch being voted as made up. In their turn, the election district peddlers at the polls can do the same thing in a small way upon the day of election, and cut and trade as they prefer or as they are directed. Upon occasion this sort of business is done by the bosses themselves, as in the Mayoral election of 1882, when the Republican machinists sent out from head-quarters the tickets of the Tammany candidate for Mayor in place of those of their own nominee. There are strong Democratic districts in the city where this ability to handle the tickets has been worth a year's income to the local leaders.

Of course the candidate whose tickets are not at the polls is not likely to win. Last, but not least, the office belongs to the party, and not to the man who is elected to it. One man receives a nomination for County Clerk, another for Sheriff, and another for Register, on condition that they shall share their salaries or profits with the bosses or such persons as they may designate, and in such a way that it will accrue to the greatest advantage of the party; for no party can afford to throw away a place like the registership, which is worth $50,000 a year and upward, on any individual whomsoever. The winner of the prize must consent beforehand to take care of his share of the men whose services and time the party requires. Outrageous as this may seem, nothing is more familiar or more uniformly calculated on by the political managers, who flatter themselves, nevertheless, that the people do not dream of the existence of such a state of affairs, and have never heard of the division of salaries.

These are but a few of the details of political organization in the city of New York, and the statements, necessarily general, are every one of them susceptible of rich illustration. It is no wonder that honest citizens can never get control of the machine from within, and can rarely successfully fight it from without, for in either event they must devote so much time to it that they have not enough left to earn a living. In the former case the machinery is governed by absolute singleness of purpose, which produces a compactness against which good citizens can only break themselves to pieces, while in the latter everything is done by honest discussion, and compactness becomes therefore very difficult of achievement. The single matter of properly manning the polls requires the action of at least twenty-five hundred picked and loyal men, who should stand at the booths from principle and not for money, and to be sure of such a body requires little less than a revolution in public feeling. Those who do this work for their parties are either office-holders or paid peddlers, and in either case are only earning their livings. The politicians would not be difficult to beat if the people would organize for their own protection and from principle; but it is the matter of organization which is difficult, and no one understands this better than the bosses.

But the machines have other immense advantages. Not only does our army of policemen contribute to the election expenses of the several machines, but they have it within their power to become the mightiest of electioneering agents, and to compel great classes into voting as they wish. In this respect the District Attorney's office also has sometimes been a very powerful engine for wrong-doing. It has never been very difficult to tell how the liquor dealers, gamblers, dance-house keepers, and the drunken and disorderly generally would vote: like other people, they are very careful to look out for number one. The community thought that the law entitling them to watchers at the canvass of the vote after the close of the polls would secure them an honest count, but the Board of Police appoint the canvassers and poll clerks whom the machinists select, and the intelligent and ingenious policemen need never long want an excuse for ejecting the official watchers from the room, as more than one reputable but misguided man who has volunteered to serve as such can testify.

The machine suffices for all things, even for the support of a powerful newspaper organ. Nothing could excel the simplicity of the device by which a certain daily paper in this city was at a critical time kept alive as a distributor of news, as a defender of the bosses, and at the same time made self-supporting, and even enabled to pay a dividend on its stock, the majority of which was held by those very bosses. There are a good many liquor dealers in New York; they are numbered by thousands, and are all required to have licenses. These licenses are given by the Board of Excise. This board, being agreed on party policy, had only to demand of every liquor dealer the production of his receipt for one or more subscriptions to the daily organ before granting a license, and the circulation of the paper was assured, and in those very places, the liquor stores and political exchanges, where it would do most good. And this is no fanciful case, but matter of party history.

The machine finds but little difficulty in raising the necessary funds to defray its expenses. This is particularly the case with the majority machines, whose nominations are equivalent to elections. It can collect largely from actual office-holders, and can practically put up the offices at auction to the highest bidder, and impose such assessments as it sees fit. If the natural expenses of a campaign are not heavy, so much the better for the machine, and so much the worse for the people. The machine can raise the money; the advocates of an independent and honest movement can not. And yet in the long run the people pay these expenses. They are unwilling to contribute to secure good government, but in effect they contribute to perpetuate the bad, for those who pay the assessments to run the machine take it from the people by way of large salaries or steal it outright, and eventually it all comes into the tax budget. But the average rate-payer is politically torpid, or timid and short-sighted.

It will be seen from this survey that the machine is built up on the spoils of place. It is maintained by the public Treasury, which it contrives to fill by unjust extortions upon the people, and it can be overthrown only by depriving it of the plunder upon which it thrives. This is to be done by the honest enforcement and gradual extension of the reformed system of filling the minor places. At present the emoluments of these places are the wages of personal service to the bosses. But deprive the bosses of the power of paying those wages to their henchmen, and the whole organization that has been described is overthrown.

This is the object of the scheme which has been lately adopted by the Mayor under the State reform bill, and, as we have said, just in the degree that it is honestly enforced and extended, the government of the city will cease to be a vast system of robbery, and the machine which perverts parties and crushes patriotism and principle and character out of our politics will disappear.

"I SAY NO:"*

or,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE SECOND.

IN LONDON.

CHAPTER XII

MRS. ELLMOTHER.

The metropolis of Great Britain is, in certain respects, like no other metropolis on the face of the earth. In the population that throngs the streets the extremes of Wealth and the extremes of Poverty meet as they meet nowhere else. In the streets themselves the glory and the shame of architecture—the mansion and the hovel—are neighbors in situation as they are neighbors nowhere else. London, in its social aspect, is the city of contrasts.

Toward the close of the evening Emily left the railway terminus for the place of residence in which loss of fortune had compelled her aunt to take refuge. As she approached her destination, the cab passed—by merely crossing a road—from a spacious and beautiful park, with its surrounding houses topped by statues and cupolas, to a row of cottages hard by a stinking ditch miscalled a canal. The city of contrasts: north and south, east and west, the city of social contrasts.

Emily stopped the cab before the garden gate of a cottage at the farther end of the row. The bell was answered by the one servant now in her aunt's employment—Miss Letitia's maid.

Personally this good creature was one of the ill-fated women whose appearance suggests that nature intended to make men of them, and altered her mind at the last moment. Miss Letitia's maid was tall and gaunt and awkward. The first impression produced by her face was an impression of bones. They rose high on her forehead, they projected on her cheeks, and they reached their boldest development in her jaws. In the cavernous eyes of this unfortunate person rigid obstinacy and rigid goodness looked out together, with equal severity, on all her fellow-creatures alike. Her mistress (whom she had served for a quarter of a century and more) called her "Bony." She accepted this cruelly appropriate nickname as a mark of affectionate familiarity which honored a servant. No other person was allowed to take liberties with her: to every one but her mistress she was known as Mrs. Ellmother.

"How is my aunt?" Emily asked.

"Bad."

"Why have I not heard of her illness before?"

"Because she's too fond of you to let you be distressed about her. 'Don't tell Emily;' those were her orders as long as she kept her senses."

"Kept her senses! Good heavens! what do you mean?"

"Fever; that's what I mean."

"I must see her directly; I am not afraid of infection."

"There's no infection to be afraid of. But you mustn't see her, for all that."

"I insist on seeing her."

"Miss Emily, I am disappointing you for your own good. Don't you know me well enough to trust me by this time?"

"I do trust you."

"Then leave my mistress to me, and go and make yourself comfortable in your own room."

Emily's answer was a positive refusal. Mrs. Ellmother, driven to her last resource, raised a new obstacle.

"It's not to be done, I tell you. How can you see Miss Letitia when she can't bear the light in her room? Do you know what color her eyes are? Red, poor soul—red as a boiled lobster."

With every word the woman uttered, Emily's perplexity and distress increased. "You told me my aunt's illness was fever," she said, "and now you speak of some complaint in her eyes. Stand out of the way, if you please, and let me go to her."

Mrs. Ellmother, impenetrable superintending the removal of the luggage and the dismissal of the cab, looked out at the door. "Here's the doctor," she announced. "It seems I can't satisfy you; ask him what's the matter. Come in, doctor." She threw open the door of the parlor, and introduced Emily. "This is the mistress's niece, sir. Please try if you can keep her quiet. I can't." She placed chairs with the hospitable politeness of a servant of the old school, and returned to her post at Miss Letitia's bedside.

Dr. Allday was an elderly man, with a cool manner and a ruddy complexion—thoroughly acclimatized to the atmosphere of pain and grief in which it was his destiny to live. He spoke to Emily (without any undue familiarity) as if he had been accustomed to see her for the greater part of her life.

"That's a curious woman," he said, when Mrs. Ellmother closed the door; "the most headstrong person, I think, I ever met with. But devoted to her mistress, and, making allowance for her awkwardness, not a bad nurse. I am afraid I can't give you an encouraging report of your aunt. The rheumatic fever (aggravated by the situation of this house—built on clay, you know, and close to stagnant water) has been latterly complicated by delirium."

"Is that a bad sign, sir?"

"The worst possible sign; it shows that the disease has affected the heart. Yes; she is suffering from inflammation of the eyes, but that is an unimportant symptom. We can keep the pain under by means of cooling lotions and a dark room. I've often heard her speak of you—especially since the illness assumed a serious character. What did you say? Will she know you when you go into her room? This is about the time when the delirium usually sets in. I'll see if there's a quiet interval."

He opened the door—and came back again.

"By-the-way," he resumed, "I ought, perhaps, to explain how it was that I took the liberty of sending you that telegram. Mrs. Ellmother refused to inform you of her mistress's serious illness. That circumstance, according to my view of it, laid the responsibility on the doctor's shoulders. The form taken by your aunt's delirium—I mean the apparent tendency of the words that escape her in that state—seems to excite some incomprehensible feeling in the mind of her crabbed servant. She wouldn't even let me go into the bedroom if she could possibly help it. Did Mrs. Ellmother give you a warm welcome when you came here?"

"Far from it. My arrival seemed to annoy her."

"Ah! just what I expected. These faithful old servants always end by presuming on their fidelity. Did you ever hear what a witty poet—I forget his name: he lived to be ninety—said of the man who had been his valet for more than half a century? 'For thirty years he was the best of servants, and for thirty years he has been the hardest of masters.' Quite true—I might say the same of my housekeeper. Rather a good story, isn't it?"

The story was completely thrown away on Emily: but one subject interested her now. "My poor aunt has always been fond of me," she said. "Perhaps she might know me when she recognizes nobody else."

"Not very likely," the doctor answered. "But there's no laying down any rule in cases of this kind. I have sometimes observed that circumstances which have produced a strong impression on patients when they are in a state of health give a certain direction to the wandering of their minds when they are in a state of fever. You will say, 'I am not a circumstance; I don't see how this encourages me to hope'—and you will be quite right. Instead of talking of my medical experience, I shall do better to look at Miss Letitia, and let you know the result. You have got other relations, I suppose? No? Very distressing—very distressing."

Who has not suffered as Emily suffered when she was left alone? Are there not moments—if we dare to confess the truth—when poor humanity loses its hold on the consolations of religion and the hope of immortality, and feels the cruelty of creation that bids us live, on the condition that we die, and leads the first warm beginnings of love, with merciless certainty, to the cold conclusion of the grave?

"She's quiet, for the time being," Dr. Allday announced, on his return. "Remember, please, that she can't see you in the inflamed state of her eyes, and don't disturb the bed-curtains. The sooner you go to her the better, perhaps—if you have anything to say which depends on her recognizing your voice. I'll call to-morrow morning. Very distressing," he repeated, taking his hat and making his bow—"very distressing."

Emily crossed the narrow little passage which separated the two rooms, and opened the bed-chamber door. Mrs. Ellmother met her on the threshold. "No," said the obstinate old servant, "you can't come in."

The faint voice of Miss Letitia made itself heard, calling Mrs. Ellmother by her familiar nickname.

"Bony, who is it?"

"Never mind."

"Who is it?"

"Miss Emily—if you must know."

"Oh! poor dear, why does she come here? Who told her I was ill?"

"The doctor told her."

"Don't come in, Emily. It will only distress you, and it will do me no good. God bless you, my love! Don't come in."

"There!" said Mrs. Ellmother. "Do you hear that? Go back to the sitting-room."

Thus far, the hard necessity of controlling herself had kept Emily silent. She was now able to speak without tears. "Remember the old times, aunt," she pleaded, gently. "Don't keep me out of your room, when I have come here to nurse you!"

"I'm her nurse. Go back to the sitting-room," Mrs. Ellmother repeated.

True love lasts while life lasts. The dying woman relented.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 14[illegible].

"Bony! Bony! I can't be unkind to Emily. Let her in."

Mrs. Ellmother still insisted on having her way. "You're contradicting your own orders," she said to her mistress. "You don't know how soon you may begin wandering in your mind again. Think, Miss Letitia—think!"

This remonstrance produced no impression; it was received in silence. Mrs. Ellmother's great gaunt figure still blocked up the doorway.

"If you force me to it," Emily said, quietly, "I must go to the doctor and ask him to interfere."

"Do you mean that?" Mrs. Ellmother said, quietly, on her side.

"I do mean it," was the answer.

The old servant suddenly submitted, with a look which took Emily by surprise. She had expected to see anger; the face that now confronted her was a face subdued by sorrow and fear.

"I wash my hands of it," Mrs. Ellmother said. "Go in—and take the consequences."

CHAPTER XIII.

MISS LETITIA.

Emily entered the room. The door was immediately closed on her from the outer side. Mrs. Ellmother's heavy steps were heard retreating along the passage. Then the banging of the door that led into the kitchen shook the flimsily built cottage. Then there was silence.

The dim light of a lamp, hidden away in a corner, and screened by a dingy green shade, just revealed the closely curtained bed, and the table near it bearing medicine bottles and glasses. The only objects on the chimney-piece were a clock that had been stopped in mercy to the sufferer's irritable nerves, and an open case containing a machine for pouring drops into the eyes. The smell of fumigating pastilles hung heavily on the air. To Emily's excited imagination the silence was like the silence of death. She approached the bed trembling. "Won't you speak to me, aunt?"

"Is that you, Emily? Who let you come in?"

"You said I might come in, dear. Are you thirsty? I see some lemonade on the table. Shall I give it to you?"

"No. If you open the bed-curtains, you let in the light. My poor eyes! Why are you here, my dear? Why are you not at the school?"

"It's holiday time, aunt. Besides, I have left school for good."

"Left school? My niece has left school?" Miss Letitia's memory made an effort as she repeated those words. "Yes, yes; you asked to go to school when your father died. You always had a governess in your father's time. Did you dislike the governess?"

"No, dear. I only asked to go to school because I hoped the change would help me to bear our dreadful loss. It did help me. I made a kind friend at school—Cecilia Wyvil. Don't you remember Cecilia?"

She did remember. The name made its faint impression on her mind.

"You were going somewhere when you left school," she said, "and Cecilia had something to do with it. Oh, my love, how cruel of you to go away to a stranger, when you might live here with me!" She paused; her sense of what she had herself just said began to grow confused. "What stranger?" she asked, abruptly. "Was it a man? What name? The name's gone—lost. Oh, my mind! Has death got hold of my mind before my body?"

"Hush! hush! I'll tell you the name, aunt. Sir Jervis Redwood."

"I don't know him. I don't want to know him. Do you think he means to send for you? Perhaps he *has* sent for you. I won't allow it. You sha'n't go."

"Don't excite yourself, dear. I have refused to go; I mean to stay here with you."

The fevered brain held to its last idea. "*Has* he sent for you?" she said again, louder than before.

Emily replied once more, in terms carefully chosen with the one purpose of pacifying her. The attempt proved to be useless, and worse—it seemed to make her suspicious. "I won't be deceived!" she said; "I mean to know all about it. He did send for you. Whom did he send?"

"His housekeeper."

"What name?" The tone in which she put the question told of excitement that was rising to its climax. "Don't you know that I'm curious about names?" she burst out. "Why do you provoke me? Who is it?"

"Nobody you know, or need care about, dear aunt. Mrs. Rook."

Instantly on the utterance of that name there followed an unexpected result. Silence ensued.

Emily waited—hesitated—advanced to part the curtains and look in at her aunt. She was stopped by a dreadful sound of laughter—the cheerless laughter that is heard among the mad. It suddenly ended in a dreary sigh.

Afraid to look in, she spoke, hardly knowing what she said. "Is there anything you wish for? Shall I call—"

Miss Letitia's voice interrupted her. Dull, low, rapidly muttering, it was unlike, shockingly unlike, the familiar voice of her aunt. It said strange words.

"Mrs. Rook? What does Mrs. Rook matter? Or her husband either? Bony, Bony, you're frightened about nothing. Where's the danger of those two people turning up? Do you know how many miles away the village is? Oh, you fool—a hundred miles and more. Never mind the coroner; the coroner must keep in his own district, and the jury too. A risky deception? I call it a pious fraud. And I leave a tender conscience and a cultivated mind. The newspapers? What do I care if she does see the newspapers? She mightn't read it—and, if she did read it, she wouldn't have a suspicion of the truth. You poor old Bony! Upon my word you do me good—you make me laugh."

The cheerless laughter broke out again, and died away again drearily in a sigh.

Accustomed to decide rapidly in the ordinary emergencies of her life, Emily felt herself painfully embarrassed by the position in which she was now placed.

After what she had already heard, could she reconcile it to her sense of duty to her aunt to remain any longer in the room?

In the helpless self-betrayal of delirium Miss Letitia had revealed some act of concealment committed in her past life, and confided to her faithful old servant. Under these circumstances, had Emily made any discoveries which convicted her of taking a base advantage of her position at the bedside? Most assuredly not! The nature of the act of concealment, the cause that had led to it, the person (or persons) affected by it—these were mysteries which left her entirely in the dark. She had found out that her aunt was acquainted with Mrs. Rook, and that was literally all she knew.

Blameless, so far, in the line of conduct that she had pursued, might she still remain in the bedchamber—on this distinct understanding with herself: that she would instantly return to the sitting-room if she heard anything which could suggest a doubt of Miss Letitia's claim to her affection and respect? After some hesitation as to the means of arriving at the right answer to this question, she consulted her conscience. Does conscience ever say No when inclination says Yes? Emily's conscience sided with her reluctance to leave her aunt.

Throughout the time occupied by these reflections the silence had remained unbroken. Emily began to feel uneasy. She timidly put her hand through the curtains and took Miss Letitia's hand. The contact with the burning skin startled her. She turned away to the door to call to the servant, when the sound of her aunt's voice hurried her back to the bed.

"Are you there, Bony?" the voice asked.

Was her mind getting clear again? Emily tried the experiment of making a plain reply. "Your niece is with you," she said. "Shall I call the servant?"

Miss Letitia's mind was still far away from Emily, and from the present time.

"The servant?" she repeated. "All the servants but you, Bony, have been sent away. London's the place for us. No gossiping servants and no curious neighbors in London. Bury the horrid truth in London. Ah, you may well say I look anxious and wretched. I hate deception—and yet it must be done. Why don't you help me? Why don't you find out where that vile woman lives? Only let me get at her, and I'll make Sara ashamed of herself."

Emily's heart beat fast when she heard the woman's name. "Sara" (as she and her schoolfellows knew) was the baptismal name of Miss Jethro. Had her aunt alluded to the disgraced teacher, or to some other woman?

She waited eagerly to hear more. There was nothing to be heard. At this most interesting moment the silence remained undisturbed.

In the fervor of her anxiety to set her doubts at rest, Emily's faith in her good resolutions began to waver. The temptation to say something which might set her aunt talking again was too strong to be resisted—if she remained at the bedside. Despairing of herself, she rose and turned to the door. In the moment that passed while she crossed the room, the very words occurred to her that would suit her purpose. Her cheeks were hot with shame—she hesitated—she looked back at the bed. The words passed her lips.

"Sara is only one of the woman's names," she said. "Do you like her other name?"

The rapidly muttering tones broke out instantly, but not in answer to Emily. The sound of a voice had encouraged Miss Letitia to pursue her own confused train of thought, and had stimulated the fast-failing capacity of speech to exert itself once more.

"No! no! He's too cunning for you, and too cunning for me. He doesn't leave letters about; he destroys them all. Did I say he was too cunning for us? It's false. We are too cunning for him. Who found the morsels of his letter in the basket? Who stuck them together? Ah, we know! Don't read it, Bony. 'Dear Miss Jethro'—don't read it again. 'Miss Jethro' in his letter, and 'Sara' when he talks to himself in the garden. Oh, who would have believed it of him if we hadn't seen it and heard it ourselves?"

There was no more doubt now.

But who was the man so bitterly and so regretfully alluded to?

No; this time Emily held firmly by the resolution which bound her to respect the helpless position of her aunt. The speediest way of summoning Mrs. Ellmother would be to ring the bell. As she touched the handle a faint cry of suffering from the bed called her back.

"Oh, so thirsty!" murmured the failing voice—"so thirsty!"

She parted the curtains. The shrouded lamplight just showed her the green shade over Miss Letitia's eyes; the hollow cheeks below it; the arms laid helplessly on the bedclothes. "Oh, aunt, don't you know my voice? Don't you know Emily? Let me kiss you, dear." Useless to plead with her; useless to kiss her; she only reiterated the words, "So thirsty! so thirsty!" Emily raised the poor tortured body with a patient caution which spared it pain, and put the glass to her aunt's lips. She drank the lemonade to the last drop. Refreshed for the moment, she spoke again—spoke to the visionary servant of her delirious fancy, while she rested in Emily's arms.

"For God's sake, take care how you answer if she questions you! If she knew what we know! Are men ever ashamed? Ha, the vile woman! the vile woman!"

Her voice, sinking gradually, dropped to a whisper. The next few words that escaped her were muttered inarticulately. Little by little the false energy of fever was wearing itself out. She lay silent and still. To look at her now was to look at the image of death. Once more Emily kissed her, closed the curtains, and rang the bell.

Mrs. Ellmother failed to appear. Emily left the room to call to her.

Arrived at the top of the kitchen stairs, she noticed a slight change. The door below, which she had heard banged on first entering her aunt's room, now stood open. She called to Mrs. Ellmother.

A strange voice answered her. Its accent was soft and courteous, presenting the strongest imaginable contrast to the harsh tones of Miss Letitia's crabbed old maid.

"Is there anything I can do for you, miss?"

The person making this polite inquiry appeared at the foot of the stairs—a plump and comely woman of middle age. She looked up at the young lady with a pleasant smile.

"I beg your pardon," Emily said; "I had no intention of disturbing you. I called to Mrs. Ellmother."

The stranger advanced a little way up the stairs, and answered, "Mrs. Ellmother is not here."

"Do you expect her back soon?"

"Excuse me, miss—I don't expect her back at all."

"Do you mean to say that she has left the house?"

"Yes, miss. She has left the house."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LOOKER-ON.

Yes, 'tis a merry sight, these happy girls,
Their frank eyes sparkling underneath their curls,
Moving with lightsome steps as gracefully
As sunny waves upon a summer sea,
And giving many a smile and sparkling glance
To those blest swains who lead them in the dance.

And yet it makes me sad—it does in truth;
I seem to see the shadow of my youth
Dancing among them, gayest of the gay—
The youth, alas! forever fled away—
The youth that I, grown old in grief and years,
Sit here to-night and mourn with unshed tears.

For though we women strive ourselves to cheat
Into believing autumn blooms are sweet,
Too well we know the loveliest of them
Have but the scentless beauty of a gem;
And, sooth, we'd give them all without regret
To pluck one fragrant, spring-born violet.

MARGARET SUTTON.

THE CLARKE COLLECTION OF AMERICAN PICTURES.

One of the most notable exhibitions of pictures by American artists closed last week at the Twenty-third Street Art Gallery. It was the private collection of Mr. Clarke, a gentleman of this city, whose devotion to the cause of American art has led to the establishment of the Clarke annual prize of $300 at the National Academy, and to the acquisition by himself of a most interesting and valuable gathering of the best works of our native artists.

Through the joint courtesy of Mr. Clarke and of the artist Mr. W. T. Smedley we present an engraving of a very charming little canvas by the latter, entitled "Embarrassment." Mr. Smedley is one of the most promising of the younger artists whose originality, strength, and vigorous individuality of work have commended them to the interested attention of the public. The picture in question is an admirable example of the general style and character of his art, which allies itself readily and pleasantly with a certain delicate and distinctive humor. Mr. Smedley is a successful and industrious artist, and the spring exhibitions will contain important examples of his works.

BASE-BALL ON SKATES.

The national game of America is so thoroughly national that, wherever a few Americans are gathered together, a game of base-ball may be confidently looked for, even under conditions which may at first sight be considered inimical or even fatal to its enjoyment. Englishmen, as is well known, delight to play cricket on the burning sands of Egypt, or whatever tropical country their army of occupation may be in temporary possession of; and when the records of the neglected American station in the arctic regions are brought to light it will doubtless appear that both the midnight sun and the darkened noon witnessed base-ball contests which nothing but the paucity of appreciative spectators prevented from being a complete success.

Some idea of a base-ball match in hyperborean latitudes might have been formed by persons who witnessed the recent match played on the frozen surface of the rink at Washington Park, Brooklyn. "Billy" Barnie, a well-known player, recently of the Baltimore Club, but now of Brooklyn, matched his professional team against an amateur nine selected by Mr. Henry Chadwick, a gentleman who, though now somewhat beyond the youthful suppleness of limb which active participation in the sport requires, has long been known as an advocate and ardent supporter of all manly out-door games, and of base-ball before all others. Mr. Chadwick's team was chosen mainly from the Adelphi and Polytechnic Institutes of Brooklyn, and its comparative success does credit to his judgment; for though the amateur team was thoroughly beaten in the last match, it had won the previous one, and the result of the "rubber" is still in doubt.

Base-ball on ice is not exactly the same as base-ball on grass. Certain modifications in the rules have been found desirable, and have been adopted; for instance, every ball pitched in a reasonably fair position is a strike, and the striker is allowed to overrun every base, provided he turns to the right instead of to the left, as he would most readily turn. Moreover, pitching only is allowed, and not throwing. It may well be imagined that under these restricted rules the game loses somewhat of its scientific character, but what it thus loses in science it gains in grotesqueness. Where a grand hit would have elicited applause, perchance a sudden subsidence in the act of hitting may have evoked audible signs of merriment, and the insecurity of steel-shod feet is a fertile source of such balked ambition, and consequent amusement to the on-lookers. And it is safe to be loose one's laughter on such an occasion, for even the most enthusiastic of professionals—even he whose daily bread depends upon the game—feels that he is in a position in which he can trifle with the game because of the abnormal conditions under which it is being played. The spectators who gather around the field of ice are entertained; and if the game is, after all, but a travesty of its proper self, at least it proves its exuberant vitality in that it can flourish when other sports, less hardy and less ingrained in the national character, are "frozen out."

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

An English trooper and his sweetheart were travelling in a railway carriage. She dropped her glove on the floor, and asked him to pick it up. He turned a trifle pale, but bravely endeavored to recover the glove. By powerful muscular exertion he bent through thirty degrees of space, when he evinced symptoms of apoplexy, and recovered his erect posture with a snap. It was because, in accordance with a regulation, he was so fearfully braced up. If it had been his soul that had fallen, he could not have recovered it. A gentleman who was travelling in the same compartment wrote to the *Pall Mall Gazette* about the matter, advancing the opinion that her Majesty's troopers ought to be dressed in a way to permit them to demonstrate the possession of joints.

Two persons from Massachusetts and two from New Hampshire are just now on their way to Florida in buggies. Mr. Cotton and his son, of New Hampshire, are making the journey for recreation and health. They got caught in a swollen creek in South Carolina the other day, and lost horse, buggy, two trunks, and a valise, but they obtained a new rig, and are again going ahead. Mr. Moore and his daughter, from Massachusetts, are going to Florida to settle. He carries his farming implements and fishing-nets with him. He has had frequent recourse to the latter to provide himself and his daughter with food. His daughter is eight years old. The pair started last June. Since leaving Maryland they have been forced to depend upon charity somewhat. They were in Charleston, South Carolina, a few days ago, where a purse was made up for them, by which they will be enabled to reach Florida without more trouble.

It is estimated that 55,000 reproductions of the Venus of Milo are sold in Europe every year, and the London *Figaro* says that its photographs constantly have a greater sale than those of the most popular living beauties.

A train on the Union Pacific Railroad in Nevada recently ran into a flock of 1500 antelopes. The snow had drifted deep, and the animals had taken to the track as the easiest road to travel in. Several were killed, and the engineer slowed up, fearing the train would be derailed. The antelopes were strung along a quarter of a mile. They delayed the train three-quarters of an hour.

There is in the Glasgow Western Infirmary a Highland woman from the island of Skye who has slept healthfully for eighteen months without once waking up. She is thirty-five years of age, and the mother of three children. She lies on her back, and never moves a muscle save those which are exercised in the act of breathing. Her pulse is eighty, her breathing fair, and she gets food three times a day by means of the stomach-pump apparatus. It is believed that she will recover, and that the worst results of her long sleep will be those arising from her unavoidable neglect of her household duties. It is curious to think what would have been the vexation of Napoleon, who prided himself on his ability to regulate and curtail sleep, if, without warning and in the midst of a campaign, he had been afflicted with a malady like this.

San Francisco post-office clerks complain that Chinamen who call for letters will not accept and pay for all those which are addressed to them, and on which the postage is invariably short. They study the superscriptions of the letters, and select such as they please. They seem always to be satisfied with their choice, and to be plagued with no doubts of the wisdom of their rejections.

Two miners report finding a series of foot-prints in Grand Cañon, Arizona. The prints are in the basin of the cañon, which was a sand bed thousands of years ago, but which is now solid rock. In form they are such as would be made by a bare human foot, but each one, the miners say, is twenty-six inches long and twelve inches wide, and the depth of the imprint at the ball of the foot is six inches. Say that a twelve-inch foot goes to a six-foot man, which is the draughtsman's rule, the man who made these imprints must have been thirteen feet in height. The imprints are evenly eighteen feet apart, which would indicate that he was fairly bounding along. The miners will return and cut out the stone in which these foot-prints are contained, and will exhibit them to public gaze.

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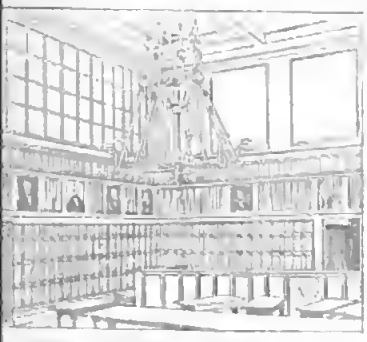
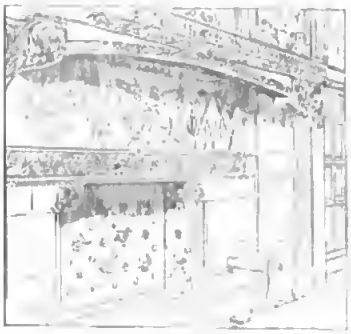
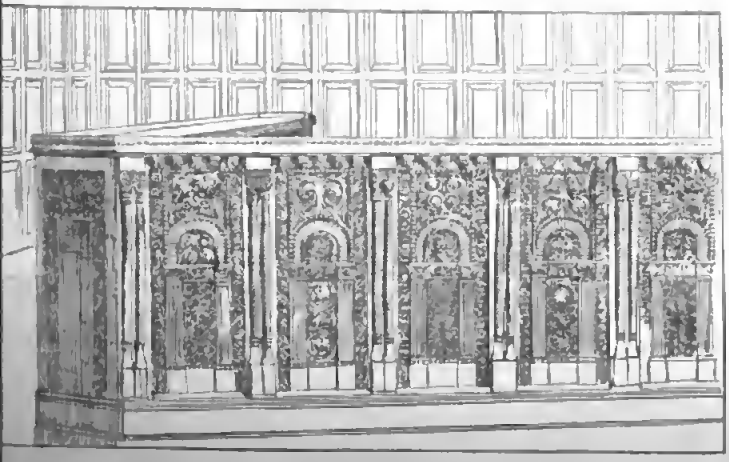
BASE-BALL ON SKATES, WASHINGTON PARK, BROOKLYN.—DRAWN BY C. J. TAYLOR.—[SEE PAGE 63.]



GENERAL VIEW, COURT OF APPEALS CHAMBER.



FIRE-PLACE.



CORNER PANELS IN JUDGES' DESK.

CHANCELLOR ROBERT LIVINGSTON.

THE COURT OF APPEALS CHAMBERS IN THE NEW CAPITOL, ALBANY.—[SEE PAGE 66.]

DESTRUCTION OF PAVILIONS AND BATHING-HOUSES AT ATLANTIC CITY.

THE GREAT STORM.

THE storm which raged along the Atlantic coast on the 9th and 10th of this month, and which worked so great damage at Coney Island, Rockaway, Long Branch, and other seaside resorts, proved quite as destructive at Atlantic City. The highest tide that had been known to the inhabitants in many years swept bathing houses and pavilions from their foundations, and made complete wreck of most of the buildings along the coast. Through nearly the whole night of the 9th the rain fell in torrents, which, with the unprecedented roar of the breakers heard continuously above the din of the storm, made the devastation all the more hideous. Toward morning, as the tide rose higher, many families, before unconscious of their danger, were awakened by the rush of water under their buildings, and were compelled to seek refuge in sudden flight.

Early the same morning a large three-masted schooner, the *Robert Morgan*, of Salem, Massachusetts, was cast high and dry on the beach. The ocean pier, with its large outer pavilion, succumbed to the force of the waves, railway tracks were washed away, and several large structures were so completely destroyed that even the foundations had disappeared in the general wreck. Altogether, this was the most violent and destructive storm that has visited the Atlantic coast for many years.

THROUGH BURNING OIL.

AN oil tank on a hillside near a railway, not far from the village of Rexford, Pennsylvania, began leaking one day last week, and the inflammable stream flooded the track for a distance of about one hundred yards. Early in the forenoon of the 15th inst. a railway train, consisting of an engine, baggage-car, and one passenger coach, dashed into the river of oil. The engineer perceived the danger too late. The brakes would not hold. In an instant, the vapor of the oil, coming in contact with the engine fire-box, burst into flames, which enveloped the whole train. It was on a steep down grade, and the train dashed on with terrible rapidity. The

A WRECK AT ATLANTIC CITY.

THE RECENT STORM ON THE NEW JERSEY COAST.—DRAWN BY F. B. SCHELL.

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gineer, Patrick Sexton, stood to his post with true firmness, in the face of almost certain death. Panic-stricken, the passengers sought escape through the doors and windows of the car. A few succeeded, but others became jammed in the passageway, and were unable to extricate themselves.

Half a mile beyond the fatal spot the train left the track, and was soon consumed. Three of the passengers were burned to death, and others were severely injured. The engineer was terribly burned in his hands and face.

FANCY-LAND.

I have mighty castles reared in Fancy-land;
I have barges kings have steered in Fancy-land;
I have spans of roans and bays,
Meadows green on which they graze,
Where the south wind joyous plays, in Fancy-land.

I have wealth that can not fly, in Fancy land;
I have friends that can not die, in Fancy land;
I have gems of every hue,
Love the truest of the true,
Yes that all my pains subdue, in Fancy-land.

You would buy my right of way in Fancy-land?
You would have me forth to stray from Fancy-land?
You would take my castles fine,
All my roans and bays and kine,
All possessions that are mine, in Fancy-land?

Nay, I can't transfer the deed, in Fancy land;
I can not barter kine or steed, in Fancy land;
For we do not traffic there,
Do not buy or sell or care—
Oh, how glorious and fair is Fancy-land!

You can reach it without fail, this Fancy-land;
There are no high peaks to scale, in Fancy-land;
I can close my eyes and see
Gleamy walls dissolving free,
And I view in ecstasy, my Fancy-land.

Strange how cobwebs change to lace in Fancy-land;
Graceless rafters have a grace in Fancy-land;
Tattered curtains, stained and old,
Brightest crimson hues enfold,
Under cornices of gold, in Fancy-land.

Low this attic ceiling seems, in Fancy land,
I have caught a thousand dreams, in Fancy-land;
To have garlanded and bound
Sprites of love, of mirth and sound,
A toyish no-lined ground in Fancy-land!

Then my sorrows change to joys in Fancy-land,
And my stumbling-blocks to toys in Fancy-land;
For on dark-browed, cruel Fate
Ever enters to the gate
Of my well-loved grand estate in Fancy-land.

So I would not sell my claim to Fancy-land;
I have joy and wealth and fame in Fancy-land.
Everything that man has sought,
Or of kingly treasures bought,
I can have and more for naught in Fancy-land.

Estelle.

THE COURT OF APPEALS CHAMBERS, ALBANY.

When Lord Coleridge was shown through the Capitol of the Empire State he was so impressed with the richness of the materials and the grandeur of the design as to exclaim, "If our public offices and halls of justice in England were as sumptuous as these, the common people would rise up in a revolution." That the woolsack has no such elegant surroundings as now pertain to the highest court in New York is not only a matter of congratulation to Americans, but also a source of pride, because the average citizen may find therein such forms of beauty, carved in wood and stone, as he may not see elsewhere. The hall of justice thus becomes an educator to one of the highest departments of art.

After occupying quarters in the old Capitol—so recently removed—for many years, the Court of Appeals transferred itself last September to the Senate-chamber, and now it commences the first term of the new year in the rooms especially prepared for it, on the same floor with the Senate and the Assembly, but in that retired corner of the building known as the southeast pavilion. The rooms originally reserved for the court were on the floor below, and at the middle of the northern side of the building. The light was wretched, and the room was directly under the Assembly Chamber, with its threatening ceiling. The court declared that it would not occupy that part of the building; and by its decision it has gained a far more spacious and elegant home. The court-room is directly over the Executive Chamber, and it is of the same size: fifty-three feet on the east, thirty-five feet on the south, and twenty-five feet high. The eastern side is pierced with three windows, and the southern side by two. The arches of the five windows rest upon carved trusses and upon columns recessed into the angles formed by the jambs and the outer belting, the material for the whole being Knoxville marble. The arches terminate in ornamental transom, in line with which, and in line with the carved capitals as well, is a string of carved wood which divides the two sections of quartered red oak that fill all the walls from the floor to the hammer-beams and the deeply recessed panels of the ceiling. The upper section of the walls is filled with large plain panels—the plan being to gild the rails and styles, and to decorate the panels in harmony with the other finishings of the room. The lower section of the walls, below the line of the arches, stands upon a moulded base. The space is filled in with double raised panels, and it is subdivided longitudinally by carved string courses containing sections of vertical fluted work that can be removed at pleasure, leaving spaces for portraits.

The material which both finishes and furnishes the interior is red oak. The heavy string cornice, which is richly carved, develops into an arch at the centre of the western side of the room. This allows a space twelve feet long and seven feet high for a recessed fire-place, with a generous outlet for the smoke. The lining of the fire-place, the elaborately carved lintel extending across the whole recess, the massive benches at the sides, are all wrought in Siena marble of the purest kind. Over the bronzed lining of the actual fire-way is spread a cluster of specimens of the Mexican onyx, which form a panel unexcelled for richness and beauty in the entire building. Upon the mantel over the arch a large central panel contains the arms of New York, flanked on either side by carved panels of elaborate floral designs, and sustained by a moulding of richly wrought acanthus leaves.

The desk which the judges are to occupy preserves the same semicircular form that the court has used so long, the concave side being toward the members of the bar, who are to use the elaborately carved oaken tables on the main floor. The desk is of black-oak panels carved in various designs—no two being alike—separated by ornamental balusters, and the whole resting on a moulded base. There are eight of these panels on each side of the central panel which contains the arms of New York. Across the room from the desk it is proposed to place on a pedestal the bronze statue of Chancellor Livingston, which two Legislatures have already bought, and which two Governors have refused. The statue is now in the corridor on the Assembly side of the building, having been placed there by invitation of the Capitol Commissioners several years ago. It is Mr. E. D. Palmer's exact duplicate of his statue that the State furnished to the gallery of leading Americans in the old Representative Chamber in Washington, the other statue being that of George Clinton. Livingston was the Chancellor of the court that developed the Court of Appeals, and the placing of the statue in the new chamber will be a fitting tribute to the one who administered the oath of office to Washington.

At the rear of the Judges' desk access is had to the retiring-room, and next beyond this, at the north, are two rooms, twenty-seven feet by thirty feet, and thirty-four feet by forty-one feet, which contain the library of the court. Across the corridor a room has been prepared for the lawyers who are in attendance. An iron staircase leads to the rooms of the clerk. The Court of Appeals is constituted as follows: Chief Judge, William C. Ruger; Associate Judges, Charles A. Rapallo, Charles Andrews, Theodore Miller, Robert Earl, George F. Danforth, and Francis M. Finch.

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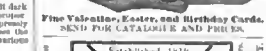

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(No. 405)

FOR FEBRUARY.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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A HURRA CAMPAIGN.

It is sometimes said that Republicans should rely this year upon a hurra campaign, or, in other words, at they should depend for success mainly upon the rsonal popularity of their candidates This, it is ged, was the policy that brought in the Democrats th General JACKSON in 1829, and the Whigs with neral HARRISON in 1840. Those instances, how- er, illustrate very different situations. In 1829 ere were practically no party lines or policies. Mr. DAMS represented an able, honest, independent ad- inistration of the government. But he stood for no rty. General JACKSON was the candidate of a hun- y opposition, but not of a well defined policy. The ntest was personal JACKSON had every element of pular enthusiasm, ADAMS none whatever. He dis- ined tricks and machinery of every kind, and relied lely upon patriotic wisdom and ability. He was rned out of the Presidency by the hurra for JACK- N and the spoils, as JAMES II. was sung out of the ree kingdoms by "Lillibullero." In 1840, however, rties were thoroughly organized, and represented stinct policies. Yet the election did not turn upon eir differences, but was determined by the general dustrial prostration. The depression was such that ny change seemed to be promising, and it was the mura of change for the sake of change, not a delib- rate preference of Whig principles, which elected HARRISON.

What is the present situation? Party organization very strong, but the parties do not represent clearly awn policies. They cohere upon the Democratic de by tradition, and upon the Republican by tradi- ion and by profound distrust. Yet they are nearly alanced, and because of that fact, and of the want of pronounced difference of policy, they must each ely upon attracting the independent vote. The elect- al vote of New York, for instance, is held to be in- dispensable to the success of either party. But that ote will be determined by the independent voters in oth parties. The independent contingent, however, s larger in the Republican party. The practical uestion, therefore, is whether this contingent will e caught by a hurra. Is it not the very vote which oes not mind a hurra? On the contrary, will it not e attracted just in the degree that a party as a party hows wise sympathy with progress and reform? To ring this view to the test of an illustration, look at the alternative of the candidacy of Mr. EDMUNDS or of General SHERMAN, both of them men for whom every Republican has the heartiest regard. The lat- ter, it is said, would make a hurra campaign, and the former would not. Indeed, one gentleman is report- ed to have said that a vivid stump description of the march through Georgia would carry General SHER- MAN in triumph to the White House It is obvious that the candidacy of General SHERMAN would neces- sarily compel a canvass upon the war issue, because the General is not associated in any way with any other public question or policy, while he is unques- tionably the most picturesque figure of the war. Mr. EDMUNDS, on the other hand, is a statesman of great political sagacity and experience, a man of singular discretion, and in full sympathy with the intelligent progressive spirit of his party and of the country.

To which of these men would the vote that is con- sidered to be indispensable naturally and strongly in- cline? Does not the fact that a hurra SHERMAN campaign would be necessarily a revival of the old war issues and war spirit offer in itself a very strong reason for doubting whether it would be acceptable to the voters who are interested in actual issues, and who would deprecate turning back to those of ten years ago? If the party represented a supreme and absorbing question as before, during, and just after the war every other consideration would be subor- dinated to that, and the louder the personal hurra the greater would be the enthusiasm of the campaign. But the actual situation is very different. It not only does not require a hurra, but a mere hurra would be very prejudicial. It is to be a remarkably intel- ligent and independent campaign, and votes quite enough to decide it will be cast upon the deliberate conviction that the natural, wise, orderly, patriotic, and progressive course of the government will be more probably secured by one party than by the oth- er. In forming this conclusion the character and significance of the candidate will be, of course, a very important consideration. But as the Republican par- ty will not hurra for the spoils, it can not wisely hurra for the war. Its hurra must be for the re- form which it has auspiciously begun, and for the progress to which by its general intelligence and tra- ditions it is devoted.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AS A REFORM PARTY.

It is sometimes alleged that this journal in advo- cating reform in the civil service is unjust to Demo- cratic reformers. We have been more than once re- minded that the national reform bill was introduced into Congress by a Democratic Senator, and bears his name, and that the State bill was passed by a Demo- cratic Assembly, and was signed promptly and heart- ily by a Democratic Governor, and that his honorable and unhesitating co-operation has secured the most competent and admirable commission, and an honest and vigorous enforcement of the law We are not conscious of willful neglect in the matter, but if we have not heretofore adequately acknowledged those cheering facts, we do so now most heartily. We are, however, conscious that we are but repeating what we have remarked more than once in saying that Democrats are to be counted among the most prom- inent, earnest, and efficient friends of reform.

But would any candid Democrat contend that his party can be trusted as securely as the Republican party with the future conduct of the reform? Grant- ing that it is for the interest of the Republican party to maintain and enforce the reformed system because it is in power, yet so long as it enforces the system for which reformers contend, is the system imperiled because it is the party interest to maintain it? And do not all reformers, both Democratic and Republic- an, hold that the longer the reformed system is main- tained the more difficult it will be to disturb it? The Republican press almost universally now accepts the reform We do not say that they all honestly desire it, but they acquiesce, as the dissenters acquiesced in colored suffrage after the war, although they did not approve it. But can it be truly said that the Democratic press supports reform? or would it be possible in any State to defeat the re-election of a leading Republican Senator upon the express ground that he was friendly to reform? The defeat of Mr. PENDLETON was a deliberate, intentional, and unmis- takable expression of party hostility to the reform with which his name was associated, and for the sup- port of which he had been vehemently assailed Does any candid Democrat doubt that the action of the Ohio Democratic Legislature of this year in defeating Mr PENDLETON represented the real spirit of the Democratic party a thousandfold more truly than that of the Legislature of New York last year in pass- ing the reform bill?

Another exceedingly significant sign is the speech of the newly elected Senator PAYNE in Ohio, and that of Senator WARNER MILLER the other evening in New York. The speech of Mr PAYNE was certainly not one of which any Democrat can be proud It was the speech of a man who despised the intelligence of those whose support he was soliciting He spoke of two points—reform and the tariff. Conscious that he had been elected by a spirit inimical to reform, he dully reproduced the most shallow commonplaces of hostility, ending with the assertion, which he can not believe to be true, that the country now regards the public service as "a fetid mass permeated with rot- tenness and gangrene." It was a twaddle that would have disgraced even Tammany Hall. And Mr PAYNE's remedy for the rottenness was turning public service into party spoils for Democrats. Of the tariff he said in substance that he was for a tariff that would suit everybody. It was a speech wholly without elevation or generosity of tone, without the least political grasp or courage, and of which every honorable Democrat must be heartily ashamed. Sen- ator MILLER, on the other hand, reiterated his faith in reform and its beneficent results, and while un- equivocally announcing his adhesion to the protective policy, acknowledged that there were differences of opinion upon the subject within his party. It was the speech of a frank and decided man, conscious that his party demands progress and reform, while that of Mr PAYNE, as the speech of an aspirant for the Presi- dency, showed that in reform his party is violently reactionary, and upon the tariff holds no distinct- ive view whatever. Certainly Democratic reformers ought not to be surprised that the Democratic party is not believed to be friendly to the reform which they most actively and honorably support.

THE ELECTORAL COUNT

MR. HOAR's Electoral Count Bill offers a test of the patriotic good sense of Congress. It is universally admitted that the weak point of our political system is the provision for finally determining the result of the Presidential election. Its weakness was seen and mentioned by the ablest commentators upon the Con- stitution, and the election of 1876 brought us face to face with the difficulty arising from the obscurity of the electoral provisions, and except for the then recent ghastly experience of civil disturbance, the sagacious moderation of a majority in Congress, and the patriot- ism of the Democratic candidate, the country would have been plunged into anarchy. Trouble of the same general kind, arising from the same cause, is as prob- able next winter as it was in the winter of 1876-7. Yet it is a trouble which can be avoided by a very simple provision, which is not in the interest of either party, but solely of the public peace and welfare. Such a provision has been unanimously adopted by the Senate, and there is no good reason why it should not be as unanimously approved by the House.

The bill, like the Constitution, recognizes the initia- tive of the States in the Presidential choice, and pro- vides that the States shall remedy defects in the elec- tion before the authenticated returns are presented to Congress. Questions of the eligibility of electors, of fraud at the polls, and similar questions, are to be settled by State authority, and for such settlement ample time is allowed. The determination must be made at least six days before the meeting of the elect- ors, and it is to be conclusive evidence of their lawful title. In the joint convention of the two Houses of Congress to count and declare the vote, every objec- tion must be stated in writing and without argument. The Houses are then to separate, and no vote from any State from which only one return has been re- ceived shall be rejected except by the affirmative vote of both Houses. If more than one return has been received, only those votes shall be counted which the State shall have determined to have been regularly given If, however, there be a conflict of authority between two State tribunals, only the votes shall be received which have been approved by a tribunal which both Houses shall declare to be lawful, and if no such State determination shall have been made, only the votes which both Houses declare to be valid shall be counted

This is the substance of the method prescribed by the bill, and it is so reasonable and simple that it can hardly fail to commend itself to honest men of both parties. It favors neither party, and it is obviously a sincere attempt to provide in advance a fair and judi- cious scheme of settling a question which it is too much to expect can be fairly settled when it actually arises, and when the success of one or of the other party may depend upon the decision. The bill had the unanimous support of the Committee on Elections in the Senate and it was unanimously passed by the Senate winter before last, as it has been again passed this year The House can do nothing more accept- able to the country than to pass it also with patriotic promptness.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

THERE is some discussion of the point whether or not an author is acknowledged to have any property right in his published work Undoubtedly under the decisions, he has none at common law. His claim to perpetual copyright was never formally disputed until the famous act of ANNE in 1709, which, "for the encouragement of learning," gave him the exclusive control of printing his work for fourteen years, renewable for the same term This specified limi- tation presumptively left him no protection after the expi- ration of the term When this very question was argued in 1766, Lord MANSFIELD held that copyright was perpetual by the common law, and not limited by the statute—ex- cept as to penalties, that is to say, that the author had property in his work, but if anybody stole it he had no remedy This suggests the remark of the wise man that transport in a sedan-chair without a bottom was, except for the name of the thing, very like walking In 1774 the question was brought up on final appeal to the House of Lords, which decided that copyright is not an estate in fee. The substance of this decision is that it is a bounty given for a limited time for the benefit of the community.

In this country the Constitution holds the same view. Congress is authorized "to promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writ- ings and discoveries." If a similar clause had provided that to promote the progress of agriculture the products of their fields might be secured for limited times to farmers, the farmers would hardly feel that they owned their farms. During the term they would undoubtedly control them. In that sense and for that time they would have a property right. But it would be effectively no more than a tem- porary grant, the expiration of which is, in the author's view, absolute confiscation. The American decisions fol- low those of England, and the Supreme Court, in the case of WHEATON v. PETERS, held that an author has no exclu- sive property in a published work except under some act of Congress.

TALFOURD, forty years ago, admitted that this view had so long prevailed that the most he would ask for the author would be a longer term; and HUXLEY, before the late Com- mission upon the subject in England, took the same view. This is also the assumption of Mr DORSHEIMER's bill. He would limit the bounty to a foreign author to twenty-five

years, and it should cease at his death. To the American author and his heirs the bounty is granted by renewal for forty-two years. This was the term approved by MACAULAY, who opposed perpetual copyright as a monopoly which did not benefit the author and heavily taxed the reader. But he does not show how it is a monopoly more than any other ownership of property. The present practical question is, in what way a reasonable protection of all interests concerned can be secured. TALFOURD, who was the Parliamentary champion of the rights of authors, held that the interests of the author, of the publisher, and of the public were essentially one, and surely it is by co-operation that desirable changes in the law can be most speedily secured.

THE FITZ-JOHN PORTER CASE.

THERE has been no clearer or completer statement of the FITZ-JOHN PORTER case than that made by Colonel THEODORE LYMAN, of Massachusetts, in the late debate. It is unfortunate that General SLOCUM allowed his impatience to prejudice his cause. It is as obviously unwise to wound the self-love of the House by telling the members that they could not understand the question, and it showed singular forgetfulness of the fact that, however ignorant they might be, they were the sole and final tribunal.

Colonel LYMAN, however, with perfect good-humor, improvised from the members and the clerks and the aides a chart of the scene, and then stated and considered very briefly the two charges: first, that PORTER disobeyed the order to march to Broken Station; and second, that he disobeyed the order to attack. To the first charge Colonel LYMAN replies that the delay of two hours in marching was entirely proper, in the military sense, and even if it were not so, PORTER'S arrival two hours late on a field where his was not needed deserved no rebuke more serious than a verbal reprimand. To the second charge Colonel LYMAN replies that an order impossible of execution was delivered to PORTER too late for him to attempt to execute it.

As to the different judgments of the earlier and the later court-martials, Colonel LYMAN says truly that the first judgment was given in the midst of the passions and excitements and angry demands and expectations of actual war, and upon such testimony as was then accessible. The second judgment was given by equally competent and loyal soldiers after six months' careful deliberation upon much new testimony as well as the old. Moreover, of this last board of three officers, two were so prejudiced against General PORTER that they asked to be relieved lest they might not do him justice. But the evidence in his favor was so overwhelming that they changed from hostility to admiration. To this striking fact may be properly added the entire change of opinion upon the part of General GRANT after a very careful study of the whole case in the light of all the evidence. General PORTER'S persistence in seeking a final verdict, at the risk of damaging his good name forever, will undoubtedly have saved the country from persisting in a great wrong, and Colonel LYMAN'S brief and admirable speech will have done much to promote right action in the House and to produce a just opinion in the public mind.

AN ARGUMENT FOR MUNICIPAL REFORM

THE "deal" between Republicans and Democrats in organizing the Board of Aldermen, and the fact—of which everybody is reminded by that performance—that the intelligence and character and public spirit of the city of New York are not in the least represented in its municipal government, should emphasize the demand that by the election of a really responsible Mayor decent citizens may be enabled to obtain some control of the city government.

Mr. GEORGE BLISS, while favoring the unrestricted power of appointment in the Mayor, would deprive him of the power of removal, and would leave removal to be accomplished by a lawsuit. This is practically the present method, and the results are painfully familiar. Mr. BLISS'S reason seems to be that the Mayor's control of ten or twelve thousand employés would make him a dictator. But the very object of making a Mayor really responsible is that he may be voted out of office if he undertakes to make himself a dictator, or to play any other "little games" of that kind.

To prevent summary removal for proper reasons is to destroy the vigor and efficiency of any service; and if appointment for improper reasons is prevented, the power of removal should be left free. The way to induce a Mayor to appoint properly is to hold him wholly responsible. But if that will not prevent bad appointments, certainly delay and difficulty in changing them will not mend the matter.

"THE FIRST PERIOD OF THE MIDDLE AGES."

THE *Herald* lately published a telegram from Rome stating that the Roman Vatican and Propaganda have decided upon a plan of campaign in this country, one point of which is that "parochial schools are to be established, and in doing so the principles of the first period of the Middle Ages are to be borne in mind."

Under the religious liberty which happily prevails in this country, and which does not prevail in any country where the Roman ecclesiastical power is supreme, any sect or branch of the Church universal may establish and support schools, either to teach "the humanities" or to propagate their peculiar views of religion. But we fear that "the principles of the first period of the Middle Ages" are not in high favor in the United States, and that although they may be "borne in mind," they will not afford a very encouraging foundation for any enterprise which is intended to flourish.

The truth is that the principles of the end of the nineteenth century are so universally accepted in this country that those of the first period of the Middle Ages, when contrasting with them, are like to be as crockery in collision with stone. In founding schools for American children of to-day it would be well to bear in mind that there has been considerable progress since the first period of the Middle Ages, and that education founded upon the principles of that time would, as the boys of this time say, "leave no show" against that of an enlightened and democratic epoch.

"THE OLD GUARD."

REPUBLICAN re-organization in the city of New York has not resulted in an entire change of managers. Many of the familiar names re-appear, and the "old crowd" will still be "as guard." But nevertheless there is a very great change. The old machine is pretty effectually demolished, and the Republican action of New York will not be determined hereafter by the disciplined minorities of city bosses.

The result in the city shows, however, that men who make a trade of politics and who live by them will fire not those who fare out now and then to vote. The remedy for this situation is found, not in groaning and grumbling, but in a wise use of the pocket pen and pencil. The only sure way to secure good nominations in the caucus is to defeat bad ones at the polls; and that defeat can be secured by scratching. There is nothing that the regular machine politician loathes so heartily as scratching. It is as disgusting to him as holy water to another personage. And it is but natural, because it baffles him completely.

The application of this remedy on the largest scale in 1882 was the most beneficent event in recent Republican politics, and the rulers of the old machine are quite aware that it would be as serviceable this year as it was two years ago.

LITERARY COINCIDENCES.

THE Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, commenting upon LINCOLN'S phrase "government of the people, by the people, for the people," mentions passages of the same import in speeches of WEBSTER and of THEODORE PARKER, and finds a resemblance to the other famous passage in LINCOLN'S second inaugural, "With malice toward none, with charity for all," etc., in a letter of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, written in 1838, in reply to an invitation to attend a celebration of the final abolition of slavery in the British West Indies. Mr. ADAMS writes, "In charity with all mankind, bearing no malice or ill-will to any human being, and even commiserating those who hold in bondage their fellow-men, not knowing what they do."

A correspondent of the WEEKLY in Indiana carries the phrase "of the people," etc., farther back than WEBSTER or PARKER, and recalls an oration of Judge STORY'S, in which occur the words, "In a government where all the power is in the people, and from the people, and for the people." The passage appears, he says, in *Porter's Rhetorical Reader*, a manual of school declamations forty years ago.

These resemblances are interesting, and show how much originality lies in the expression rather than in the thought. EMERSON says that the poet is the man who expresses most perfectly what other men have thought and felt. The idea of Mr. LINCOLN'S famous phrase was not new. But he put it into satisfactory and memorable form. Portia's description of mercy is recognized by every reader as an obvious truth never before so beautifully and adequately expressed.

PERSONAL.

THE thousands of readers who are interested in the progress of WILLIAM BLACK'S new novel, "Judith Shakespeare, her Love Affairs and other Adventures," now in course of publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, will be glad to hear that the report of the author's illness recently published in the daily papers is much exaggerated. Mr. BLACK needs recreation, and is in Scotland for that purpose. The publishers already have eight parts of his novel in type, and there is at present no reason to apprehend any interruption in the publication of the story—probably the greatest work that Mr. BLACK has produced.

—One of ex-Secretary CHASE'S daughters, a sister of Mrs. KATE CHASE SPRAGUE, is the wife of Mr. W. S. HOYT, of Twin Islands, in Long Island Sound. Both the exterior and interior of her beautiful house were built after plans of her own devising, and the immense hall—so large that a barbecue might be served there—is decorated almost exclusively with weapons of various sorts and times, and with coats of mail, the artistic effect depending upon their felicitous and moral arrangement about the spacious hearth, and upon the low-ceiling walls, while on a corner, at the extreme eastern end, overlooking the shimmering waters of the Sound, is a couch divan, adorned and canopied with Oriental stuffs which contrast brilliantly with the pervading tone of the old armor.

—Is it wicked for ladies to encourage the slaughter of birds by using those animals as ornaments for their hats? This query at present is agitating the breasts of some moral philosophers. Would it so agitate them if only the feathers of the dead birds were so used? And what is to be said of seal-skin dolmans and bear-skin sleigh-robes? Would something else be just as warm?

—The subject discussed at a recent meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club was, "Temperament in Art," Professor WARDWELL insisting upon the paramount importance of persevering labor in an artist, and Mr. W. J. STILLMAN and others, of the paramount importance of an artistic temperament. The speakers, though nominally in antagonism, arrived at conclusions not very diverse; but more attention might, perhaps, have been paid to the ability of an artist to increase his capacity for receiving impressions from nature, and also to the quality of his working as affected by his temperament, it being not the quantity of force, but the quality, that counts most.

—That genial and always admirable artist, Mr. CHARLES KEENE, whose catholic humor makes our old friend *Mr. Punch* as welcome a visitor in all parts of the world, has lately transformed the immortal *Toby* into a fashionable *Dachshund*. This amiable deformity of a dog has donned *Toby's* collar, and executes a wide capacious smile at the head of the Preface to Volume Eighty-five of our venerable and esteemed contemporary. *Mr. Punch* was never before in so genial a mood toward his transatlantic cousins, and he beams and glows with the greatest enjoyment of the great good-nature with which he regards all things that concern us or are of us. In fact, he dedicates his Eighty-fifth Volume to us, and in the profundity of his cosmopolitan humor avows that "witty LOWELL, delightful ASBY, and beautiful MARY ANDERSON" share "his" warmest regards with classic ARNOLD and honeyed COLLINGS and "sword lovers and witching ELLEN TERRY." *Mr. Punch* is very good indeed.

—Mr. HERBERT SPENCER, who seems to find rest in change of topic, and who recently left sociology for an excursion into ethics, and then got back to sociology again, is now making an excursion (some persons would say an invasion) into current English politics. He proposes to show that the Liberal party is really as illiberal as the Tories, or, to use his own words, that "most of those who now pass as Liberals are Tories of a new type"; and he intends to explain why it is that as Liberalism has acquired more and more power "it has grown more and more coercive in legislation, adopting the policy of dictating the actions of citizens, and thereby diminishing the range throughout which their actions remain free."

—A distinguished physician of this city tells a story about the late Hon. John MORRISSEY, who once seemed very restless under a slight surgical operation. "Does it hurt you?" asked the doctor. "No," replied the ex-pugilist, with eager eyes, "but it hurts me that I can't strike back."

—The old question, should an actor feel his part? or should he be master of the emotions which he depicts? comes to the front again in a new book just published in England, consisting of a report of imaginary conversations between DAVID GARRICK and another disputant, GARRICK maintaining Diderot's position that the actor should remain master of his emotions, while his opponent puts in a plea for—one might say—Miss CLARA MORRIS'S style. Since true dramatic genius is always accompanied by a high order of the constructive imagination, the actor who successfully illustrates Diderot's view aims to the greater artist.

—Professor TYNDALL'S latest researches have to do with icebergs, and his scientific friends in this country speak of them in warm terms of appreciation. Unlike Mr. HERBERT SPENCER and Mr. BUCKLE, he has never been compelled to stop working because of over-work. Several years ago the condition of his health caused him some uneasiness, but was only serious enough to make him take a little better care of himself.

—A gentleman, after building a country house, was annoyed to find the roof badly leaking. He went to the plumber, who blamed the mason, he went to the mason, who blamed the carpenter; he went to the carpenter, who blamed the plumber. At last he was compelled to pay for the repairs himself. He says that the next time he builds he will not have separate contracts with plumber, mason, and carpenter, but will make a single contract and that one with his carpenter, holding him responsible not only for his own work, but for the work of the plumber and the mason. Most architects, also, when building small houses, prefer to protect themselves in a similar fashion.

—Mr. E. L. WEEKS, the American artist, whose "Arab Story-Teller" at the Centennial Exhibition, and other pictures of Eastern life, have given him a high reputation as both artist and painter, has received the honor of an election as Royal Academician of the Academy of Florence, Italy, with the title of Professor. He resides in that city, and he was graduated at the Academy of Antwerp.

—Successful books for children are not the books most often met with, and we take pleasure in printing the following extract from a letter of an external correspondent of Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, whose house is in Georgia. "I have been wanting to write to you," she says, "ever since Christmas to thank you for publishing a book my children have been enjoying and profiting by during the holidays. I refer to the *Ball of the Vegetables*, by MARGARET EYTINGE, the most charming children's book of the year. I am more than glad to place in my children's hands these stories, so pure and elevated in tone, and so thoroughly imbued with the true Christmas spirit of love and good-will to others, that, upon putting down the book, one feels irresistibly impelled to go at once and find somebody to be good to. May Heaven bless Mrs. EYTINGE for all the hearts she has consciously and unconsciously made happy!"

—Mr. GARDNER W. CHILDS, who is always ready to assist a worthy undertaking, has contributed five hundred dollars toward the proposed monument to the memory of PETER COOPER. Like the late New York philanthropist, Mr. CHILDS is one of the most generous of men in a private way, as hundreds of deserving poor people could testify. And, like Mr. COOPER, Mr. CHILDS does not desire his charities to be paraded before the public; but people like to give honor where it is due.

—The late Herr LASKER was shy to a fault in private society, and his German friends declare that the reason he never married was his excessive modesty of disposition. Yet (says one of his friends) the man who trembled before the beings he loved, on more than one occasion summoned courage to board Prince BISMARCK in his fiercest moment. All the world knows that the Prince is a hard and unsparing bitter, and his enemies report that he does not hesitate sometimes to strike below the belt. He held Herr LASKER no special aversion.

—Five years ago the body of King VICTOR EMANUEL was placed provisionally in an obscure corner of the Pantheon in Rome. On the 6th of January, with lavish ceremony, it was removed to a magnificent tomb in the same edifice, exactly opposite the well-known sepulchre of RAFFAEL. It took two hours to break down the wall behind which the body was deposited in 1879. The exterior shell of walnut-wood having been removed, the seals on the leaden coffin were solemnly recognized by the witnesses present, and the coffin itself was then raised by pulleys to its final resting-place in a niche.

—The friends of MARY D. BRINE, author of many popular poems which have appeared in the columns of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and of several charming books for children, have been annoyed of late by the appropriation of some of her poems by unprincipled but unscrupulous plagiarists. "Somebody's Mother," one of the most popular ballads ever printed, is going the rounds under the name of another writer; and "I Wonder Why," which was printed in the New York *Ledger* of August 12, 1871, was recently "contributed" to a Cambridge (Massachusetts) paper by an impudent pretender to poetic talent.

—HEON MACLACHLAN was arrested in London a few days ago, charged with being "a suspected person who loitered" in Hanover Square. Heon explained that he was a journalist, that his object was to write an article on the profits of beggars, and that he had arrived at a beggar for the purpose of gaining information. He began by selling matches, and then went begging. The justice discharged him, with the remark, "You have done a very foolish thing." To a professional journalist, however, Heon's case does not seem so foolish.

—An intelligent Canadian writes to the London *Standard*: "I am often asked as to the amount of capital necessary to start in farming. It is a question which hardly admits of being answered. I could name men who have started on government grants with almost absolutely nothing, and by working for neighbors at first, and then for themselves, have in a very few years reached a position of comfort. Again, I could name men who, after starting with a large capital, have found farming a failure. The answer can be told all the world over. The thrifty, careful man with his small capital, outstrips the reckless man with his thousands."

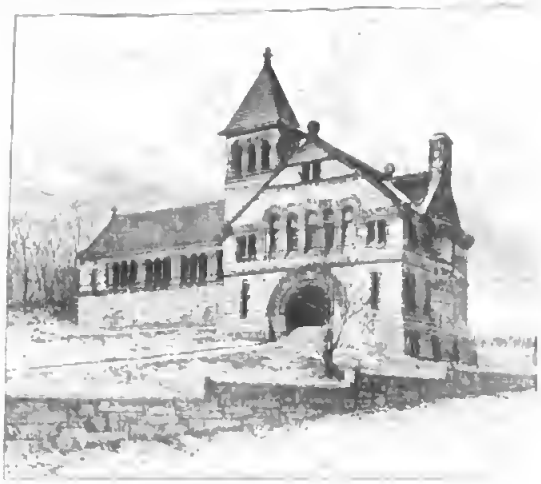
—"Fifty years ago," said Earl CAIRNS, at a meeting of the Church Missionary Society, "if a man had been shipwrecked on some of the islands of the Pacific, he would have been killed, cooked, and eaten; whereas if a man were shipwrecked there now, he would receive Christian hospitality. Miss GORDON CUMMING, who is not a missionary, and who did not write for the purpose of urging on missions, declared that while in 1856 the people of Fiejee were cannibals, there are now 400 churches and 1400 schools there. Lady BRASSEY writes that anybody who wants to see the last traces of heathenism in Japan had better go soon, as they are rapidly giving place to Christianity."

A HERD OF ANTELOPES DELAYING A RAILWAY TRAIN.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

A TRAIN STOPPED BY ANTELOPES.

[illegible] one of the late heavy falls of snow which covered the [illegible] plains one of the trains on the Central Pacific line, on Green River, Utah, met with an obstruction of an unusual character, in the shape of a herd of antelopes. The poor creatures, unable to make their way through the deep drifts on each side of the track, came down on the line. The engineer of the train was [illegible] by seeing a compact column of about fifteen hundred animals before him. He [illegible] and the brakes were [illegible] down. The [illegible] animals galloped ahead [illegible] some distance and then [illegible] their speed, paused, and gazed as if fascinated by the [illegible], until the locomotive approached them, when they repeated the same manœuvre. Some of the weaker members of the rear-guard were crushed; the locomotive, to avoid derailing, was stopped, and then the crowd succeeded in keeping well in front of the advancing cars till a slope in the ground permitted them to spread on each side. The American antelope, the "prong horn," as it is popularly called, is so peculiar in its conformation as to be placed by naturalists in a subfamily by itself, constituting the sole species of a single genus. It inhabits both sides of the Rocky Mountains, extending north to the Columbia River, west to the Coast Range of California, and east to the Mississippi. It represents a transition between the deer, with their solid and deciduous antlers, and the antelopes proper, with their hollow and permanent horns. The frontal ornaments from which they derive their name are about twelve to fourteen inches in length, and become palmated at about two-thirds of their height, where they give out a short prong. They do not fall off entirely, like the horns of the elk; the pith remains, and the hard, horny shell comes off like the shell of a crab, leaving a spongy white fleshy substance, sparsely covered with short bristles pointing upward. The winter coat of the animal consists of hairs two inches long, standing out at right angles, tubular in structure, and brittle as glass. General Dupont says that the antelope displays a strange combination of curiosity and terror. "A wagon train will attract every herd in the range of vision. They rush at it with every indication of extreme terror, and passing within a few yards, will make a complete circuit, and go off in the direction whence they came."

OAKES AMES MEMORIAL HALL.



OLIVER AMES MEMORIAL LIBRARY

A PICTURESQUE VILLAGE.

NORTH EASTON, three-quarters of an hour south from Boston, on the Old Colony Railroad, has for more than a generation been noteworthy as the greatest shovel factory in the world. The shovel factory dates back, indeed, for more than a century, the manufacture having been begun in 1776 by Captain JOHN AMES, of Bridgewater. But it was his son OLIVER who, in 1812, established the factory at North Easton, which has grown to such proportions as to support a thriving population, and to make great fortunes for its owners—in succession the sons OAKES and OLIVER, and their sons, the present proprietors.

Until four or five years ago North Easton was only attractive to the eye of the mind as the abode of a comfortable and industrious people. The rocky ruggedness of eastern Massachusetts, out of sight of the sea, suffices to destroy the idea of beauty without substituting for it the sense of sublimity, and the continual outcrop of granite reminds the traveller how hard is the lot of those who have to extort a livelihood from this reluctant soil by tillage. It was the nearness of the place to the markets of Newport and Boston, and the water power furnished by the sources of Taunton River, that determined the establishment here of the manufacture, which gives the people a much better living than they could have got from the thankless land, and art had done nothing to dissemble the harshness of nature. The mansions of the proprietors, built in the manner of thirty years ago, were simply spacious and comfortable, although one of them, Mr FREDERICK AMES, has carried ornamental gardening so far as to make his portion of the wilderness to blossom like the rose, and his conservatory and hot-houses are objects of great interest to horticulturists, and of admiration even to the unlearned. The houses of the hands had that desperate crudity which might be expected to characterize a frontier settlement, but which does characterize nearly all of the factory villages of New England, mitigated as it has been in some of them, though not in North Easton, by the dispensation of olive and Indian red, which has succeeded the vivid glare of "white with green blinds."

In 1877 the first step was taken toward giving North Easton an architectural attractiveness by the employment of Mr HOBAMSON to design a village Library, to be erected as a memorial of OLIVER AMES by his son FREDERICK. Mr HOBAMSON had then recently designed the very successful town Library at Woburn—a somewhat complicated scheme, involving a museum and picture gallery as well as a library and reading room, all of these constituents appearing in an expressive and emphatic architectural treatment, and being united in a picturesque and balanced composition. The scheme of the North Easton Library is much simpler, including a library and reading-room only. As in the earlier work at Woburn and the later at Quincy, the windows of the Library are confined to the upper wall, thus at once gaining additional space for shelving below, and giving opportunity for a striking architectural treatment. The gabled wall in which is the entrance is a very effective piece of work, owing its effectiveness to the combination of its materials and to the disposition and treatment of the openings, especially the relation between the entrance archway and the arcade above it. The combination of material is especially noticeable, a light reddish granite quarried at North Easton being used in the field of the wall, while the wrought work is of a very dark brown stone, also used rough faced, except in the carved work, which is confined to the inner and outer mouldings of the great arch, the capitals of the shafts in the arcade, and the terminations of the gable coping. In this respect the work is much [illegible] that at Woburn where the colors are reversed [illegible] emphasis being given to the weak [illegible] with the Memorial Library at Quincy [illegible] praised in these columns as the most successful of its author's works in this kind. The main defect of composition here is the interpolation between the well-designed flank of the Library wall and the well-designed entrance front, as a connecting link at once and a dominating feature, of a tower, which the skill of the architect can not prevent from looking like an interpolation from any point of view. At Quincy this feature is built subordinate so as to relieve the mass of the main roof without disturbing it, and is assigned a visible function—that of inclosing a stairway. Nothing like the beautiful and elaborate interior detail of the Quincy building has been attempted here, the treatment throughout being plain and the ceiling a barrel vault in pine.

The Oakes Ames Memorial Hall is some two or three years younger than the Library, and shows a distinct architectural advance upon it, being, indeed, brilliantly successful. The unity in variety, which is the object of every architectural composition, is here completely attained, so that there is an architectural organism neither simple to the point of monotony nor manifold to the point of confusion. One of the chief factors in the effectiveness of the structure is its adaptation to its site—an outcrop of rock on a side hill, which is exposed and levelled, with the interposition of a bit or two of retirement wall, into a rocky platform, to which the building [illegible] is [illegible] of the approach to the building from [illegible] of an [illegible] the [illegible] the advantage of Mr HOBAMSON's assistance. The color of the building is also very helpful to its design. The basement and the whole of the tower are executed in the same rock faced granite of which the Library is built, the shafts and arches of the loggia and the deep

GATE LODGE OF FREDERICK L. AMES

NORTH EASTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

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on arches of the dark Longmeadow brown ; the voussoirs very narrow and rough-faced. all story above—that which contains the Me- al Hall, the lower part of the building being t up or its dependencies—is built of unusual- ng and narrow bricks, in shape like Roman s, of an excellent deep red color, which are ledly the most appropriate for works at all umental of any bricks available to American itects. But with the advantage of these ad- s, the impressiveness of the Memorial Hall, ays the best work of its architect thus far, eeds from sheer power of design. The com- tion, which is in general a box with a gy- bial roof, would be monotonous but for the urness with which it is varied by subordinate t at the angles, by the turret, and by the ners, without disturbing the sense of mass weight that is given by the simplicity thus ned. The arcade of five openings, perhaps ty feet span each, turned between massive ef columns of scarcely more than a diameter ight, has a noble largeness; and the need triple abutment at the ends is supplied by stoppage against the turret on one side, and the other against a piece of solid wall, which ers accounts for one of the subordinate roofs ich vary the outline. The relation of this ar- le to the tall lintelled openings above it, and the whole wall to the central dormer which one it, is ... very happy. The moulded se which divides the granite basement from brick wall ... scarcely emphatic enough, and detail of the dormer over the principal front not specially fortunate. But the building has ery distinct and a very attractive physiognomy, l the rare success has been attained in it of a gularly free and picturesque treatment which s not compromise a distinctly "architectural" ity.

nother, still more original, piece of work, like a Titanic piece of play, is the gate lodge Mr. Frederick Ames, continued beyond the way which spans the road to a long tool- use. The walls are of the passive boulders ich cover the surface of New England, chosen r color and imbedded where they will fit, their ather worn surfaces unimpaired by tool marks, that the wall itself has a venerable aspect, ich is not impaired by the deep color and the ugh surface of the wrought work. The details e all in the spirit of the whole, including an d well which has been brought into the compo- ion, and is furnished with some clever gro- sques in sculpture by Mr. St. Gaudens.

A railway station of rough granite, with a steep pped roof stretching out to include a porte co- ère on the rear, the rough wall pierced by two ent arches sprung from the ground, is now un- r construction, and will add still another to the chitectural attractions of North Easton.

FEBRUARY.

h, gay is Love when Love in music calls—
In music calls,
h, bright is Love dancing through lighted halls—
Through lighted halls.
h, sweet Love's kiss beneath the mistletoe,
nd soft his words where fur-wrapped sleighers go
ith tinkling bells across the moon-lit snow.

ut sad is Love beneath the joyless rains,
The pallid rains,
hen February to sad Earth complains
In mournful strains.
rom the wet woods and late unhappy leaves,
rue-creeping briers, and rank rejected sheaves,
ove drops his sweet averted eyes, and grieves.

o from my gray, bleak life I fear he'll stray;
Yet, though I pray
o clasp his flower-sweet fingers for one day,
He loves the May,
ith bride-buds set and violets abloom;
e loves the rose-crowned scented month of June,
hen sweet singing-birds are all in tune.

O heart, thou wert a little traitor set—
A traitor set—
here fondest hopes and truest vows had met.
Thou art in debt
o February's weeping Love. One day,
ne rain-cold day, when all the sky was gray,
e came with smiling face, and came to stay.

e dried with kisses all my tear-stained face:
Ah, what sweet grace!
e made my dreary room a splendid place;
He left no trace
f doubt or gloom; he said, with clear kind eyes,
"h, Love may live beneath the cloudless skies;
ut not with pain of tears—he never dies!"

"I SAY NO;"*

or,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "Mr. Lane's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE SECOND.

IN LONDON.

CHAPTER XIV.

MRS. MOSEY.

Emily's first act—after the discovery of Mrs. Ellmother's incomprehensible disappearance—was to invite the new servant to follow her into the sitting-room.

"Can you explain this?" she began.

"No, miss."

"May I ask if you have come here by Mrs. Ellmother's invitation?"

"By Mrs. Ellmother's request, miss."

"Can you tell me how she came to make the request?"

"With pleasure, miss. Perhaps—as you find me here, a stranger to yourself, in place of the customary servant—I ought to begin by giving you a reference?"

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1409.

"And, perhaps (if you will be so kind), by mentioning your name," Emily added.

"Thank you for reminding me, miss. My name is Elizabeth Mosey. I am well known to the gentleman who attends Miss Letitia: Dr. Allday will speak to my character, and also to my experience as a nurse. If it would be in any way satisfactory to give you a second reference—"

"Quite needless, Mrs. Mosey."

"Permit me to thank you again, miss. I was at home this evening, when Mrs. Ellmother called at my lodgings. Says she, 'I have come here, Elizabeth, to ask a favor of you for old friendship's sake.' Says I, 'My dear, pray command me, whatever it may be.' If this seems rather a hasty answer to make, before I knew what the favor was, might I ask you to bear in mind that Mrs. Ellmother put it to me 'for old friendship's sake'—alluding to my late husband, and to the business which we carried on at that time. Through no fault of ours, we got into difficulties. Persons whom we had trusted proved unworthy. Not to trouble you further, I may say at once we should have been ruined if our old friend Mrs. Ellmother had not come forward and trusted us with the savings of her lifetime. The money was all paid back again before my husband's death. But I don't consider—and I think you won't consider—that the obligation was paid back too. Prudent or not prudent, there is nothing Mrs. Ellmother can ask of me that I am not willing to do. If I have put myself in an awkward situation (and I don't deny that it looks so), this is the only excuse, miss, that I can make for my conduct."

Mrs. Mosey was too florid, and too fond of hearing the sound of her own eminently persuasive voice. Making allowance for these little drawbacks, the impression that she produced was decidedly favorable, and however rashly she might have acted, her motive was beyond reproach. Having said some kind words to this effect, Emily led her back to the main interest of her narrative.

"Did Mrs. Ellmother give no reason for leaving my aunt at such a time as this?" she asked.

"The very words I said to her, miss."

"And what did she say by way of reply?"

"She burst out crying—a thing I have never known her to do before, in an experience of twenty years."

"And she really asked you to take her place here at a moment's notice?"

"That was just what she did," Mrs. Mosey answered. "I had no need to tell her I was astonished; my looks spoke for me, no doubt. She's a hard woman in speech and manner, I admit. But there's more feeling in her than you would suppose. 'If you are the good friend I take you for,' she says, 'don't ask me for reasons; I am doing what is forced on me, and doing it with a heavy heart.' In my place, miss, would you have insisted on her explaining herself after that? The one thing I naturally wanted to know was, if I could speak to some lady in the position of mistress here before I ventured to intrude. Mrs. Ellmother understood that it was her duty to help me in this particular. Your poor aunt being out of the question, she mentioned you."

"How did she speak of me? In an angry way?"

"No, indeed; quite the contrary. She says: 'You will find Miss Emily at the cottage. She is Miss Letitia's niece. Everybody likes her—and everybody is right.'"

"She really said that?"

"Those were her words. And, what is more, she gave me a message for you at parting. 'If Miss Emily is surprised' (that is how she put it), 'give her my duty and good wishes, and tell her to remember what I said when she took my place at her aunt's bedside.' I don't presume to inquire what this means," said Mrs. Mosey, respectfully ready to hear what it meant, if Emily would only be so good as to tell her. "I deliver the message, miss, as it was delivered to me. After which Mrs. Ellmother went her way, and I went mine."

"Do you know where she went?"

"No, miss."

"Have you nothing more to tell me?"

"Nothing more, except that she gave me my directions, of course, about the nursing. I took them down in writing, and you will find them in their proper place, with the prescriptions and the medicines."

Acting at once on this hint, Emily led the way to her aunt's room.

Miss Letitia was silent when the new nurse softly parted the curtains, looked in, and drew them together again. Consulting her watch, Mrs. Mosey compared her written directions with the medicine bottles on the table, and set one apart to be used at the appointed time. "Nothing, so far, to alarm us," she whispered. "You look sadly pale and tired, miss. Might I advise you to rest a little?"

"If there is any change, Mrs. Mosey—either for the better or the worse—of course you will let me know?"

"Certainly, miss."

Emily returned to the sitting-room; not to rest (after all that she had heard), but to think.

Amid much that was unintelligible, certain plain conclusions presented themselves to her mind.

After what the doctor had already said to Emily on the subject of delirium generally, Mrs. Ellmother's proceedings became intelligible; they proved that she knew by experience the perilous course taken by her mistress's wandering thoughts when they expressed themselves in words. This explained the concealment of Miss Letitia's illness from her niece, as well as the resolute efforts of the old servant to prevent Emily from entering the bedroom.

But the event which had just happened—that is to say, Mrs. Ellmother's sudden departure from the cottage—was not only of serious importance in itself, but pointed to a startling conclusion.

The faithful maid had left the mistress whom she had loved and served sinking under a fatal illness, and had put another woman in her place, careless of what that woman might discover by listening at the bedside, rather than confront Emily after she had been within hearing of her aunt while the brain of the suffering woman was deranged by fever. There was the state of the case in plain words.

In what frame of mind had Mrs. Ellmother adopted this desperate course of action?

To use her own expression, she had deserted Miss Letitia "with a heavy heart." To judge by her own language addressed to Mrs. Mosey, she had left Emily to the mercy of a stranger—animated, nevertheless, by sincere feelings of attachment and respect. That her fears had taken for granted suspicion which Emily had not felt, and discoveries which Emily had (as yet) not made, in no way modified the serious nature of the inference which her conduct justified. The disclosure which this woman dreaded—who could doubt it now?—directly threatened Emily's peace of mind. There was no disguising it: the innocent niece was associated with an act of deception, which had been until that day the undetected secret of the aunt and the aunt's maid.

In this conclusion, and in this only, was to be found the rational explanation of Mrs. Ellmother's choice—placed between the alternatives of submitting to discovery by Emily or of leaving the house.

Poor Miss Letitia's writing-table stood near the window of the sitting-room. Shrinking from the further pursuit of thoughts which might end in disposing her mind to distrust of her dying aunt, Emily looked round in search of some employment sufficiently interesting to absorb her attention. The writing-table reminded her that she owed a letter to Cecilia. That helpful friend had surely the first claim to know why she had failed to keep her engagement with Sir Jervis Redwood.

After mentioning the telegram which had followed Mrs. Rook's arrival at the school, Emily's letter proceeded in these terms:

"As soon as I had in some degree recovered myself, I informed Mrs. Rook of my aunt's serious illness.

"Although she carefully confined herself to commonplace expressions of sympathy, I could see that it was equally a relief to both of us to feel that we were prevented from being travelling companions. Don't suppose that I have taken a capricious dislike to Mrs. Rook, or that you are in any way to blame for the unfavorable impression which she has produced on me. I will make this plain when we meet. In the mean while, I need only tell you that I gave her a letter of explanation to present to Sir Jervis Redwood. I also informed him of my address in London, adding a request that he would forward your letter, in case you have written to me before you receive these lines.

"Kind Mr. Alban Morris accompanied me to the railway station, and arranged with the guard to take special care of me on the journey to London. We used to think him rather a heartless man. We were quite wrong. I don't know what his plans are for spending the summer holidays. Go where he may, I remember his kindness; my best wishes go with him.

"My dear, I must not sadden your enjoyment of your pleasant visit to the Engadine by writing at any length of the sorrow that I am suffering. You know how I love my aunt, and how gratefully I have always felt her motherly goodness to me. The doctor does not conceal the truth. At her age there is no hope: my father's last-left relation, my one dearest friend, is dying.

"No! I must not forget that I have another friend—I must find some comfort in thinking of you.

"I do so long in my solitude for a letter from my dear Cecilia! Nobody comes to see me when I most want sympathy; I am a stranger in this vast city. The members of my mother's family are settled in Australia: they have not even written to me in all the long years that have passed since her death. You remember how cheerfully I used to look forward to my new life on leaving school? Good-by, my darling. While I can see your sweet face in my thoughts I don't despair—dark as it looks now—of the future that is before me."

Emily had closed and addressed her letter, and was just rising from her chair, when she heard the voice of the new nurse at the door.

CHAPTER XV.

EMILY.

"May I say a word?" Mrs. Mosey inquired. She entered the room, pale and trembling. Seeing that ominous change, Emily dropped back into her chair.

"Dead?" she said, faintly.

Mrs. Mosey looked at her in vacant surprise.

"I wish to say, miss, that your aunt has frightened me."

Even that vague allusion was enough for Emily.

"You need say no more," she replied; "I know but too well how my aunt's mind is affected by the fever."

Confused and frightened as she was, Mrs. Mosey still found relief in her customary flow of words.

"Many and many a person have I nursed in fever," she announced. "Many and many a person have I heard say strange things. Never yet, miss, in all my experience—"

"Don't tell me of it!" Emily interposed.

"Oh, but I must tell you! In your own interests, Miss Emily—in your own interests. I won't be inhuman enough to leave you alone in the house to-night; but if this delirium goes on, I must ask you to get another nurse. Shocking suspicions are lying in wait for me in that bedroom, as it were. I can't resist them as I ought, if I go back again, and hear your aunt saying what she has been saying for the last half-hour and more. Mrs. Ellmother has expected impossibilities of me, and Mrs. Ellmother must take the consequences. I don't say she didn't warn me—speaking, you will please to understand, in the strictest confidence. 'Elizabeth,' she says, 'you know how wildly people talk in Miss Letitia's present condition. Pay no heed to it,' she says. 'Let it go in at one ear and out at the other,' she said. 'If Miss Emily asks questions, you know nothing about it. If she's frightened you know nothing about it. If she bursts into fits of crying that are dreadful to see, pity her, poor thing, but take no notice.' All very well, and sounds like speaking out, doesn't it? Nothing of the sort! Mrs. Ellmother warns me to expect this, that, and the other. But there is one horrid thing (which I heard, mind, over and over again at your aunt's bedside) that she does not prepare me for, and that horrid thing is—murder!"

At that last word Mrs. Mosey dropped her voice to a whisper, and waited to see what effect she had produced.

Sorely tried already by the cruel perplexities of her position, Emily's courage failed to resist the first sensation of horror aroused in her by the climax of the nurse's hysterical narrative. Encouraged by her silence, Mrs. Mosey went on. She lifted one hand with theatrical solemnity, and luxuriously terrified herself with her own horrors.

"An inn, Miss Emily; a lonely inn somewhere in the country, and a comfortless room at the inn, with a make-shift bed at one end of it, and a make-shift bed at the other—I give you my word of honor, that was how your aunt put it. She spoke of two men next—two men asleep (you understand) in the two beds. I think she called them 'gentlemen,' but I can't be sure, and I wouldn't deceive you—you know I wouldn't deceive you for the world. Miss Letitia muttered and mumbled, poor soul. I own I was getting tired of listening, when she burst out plain again, in that one horrid word—oh, miss, don't be impatient! don't interrupt me!"

Emily did interrupt, nevertheless. In some degree at least she had recovered herself. "No more of it," she said—"I won't hear a word more."

But Mrs. Mosey was too resolutely bent on asserting her own importance by making the most of the alarm that she had suffered to be repressed by any ordinary method of remonstrance. Without paying the slightest attention to what Emily had said, she went on again, more loudly and more excitably than ever:

"Listen, miss—listen! The dreadful part of it is to come; you haven't heard about the two gentlemen yet. One of them was murdered—what do you think of that?—and the other (I heard your aunt say it, in so many words) committed the crime. Did Miss Letitia fancy she was addressing a lot of people when you were nursing her? She called out like a person making public proclamation when I was in her room. 'Whoever you are, good people' (she says), 'a hundred pounds reward if you find the runaway murderer. Search everywhere for a poor, weak, womanish creature, with rings on his little white hands. There's nothing about him like a man, except his voice—a fine round voice. You'll know him, my friends—the wretch, the monster—you'll know him by his voice.' That was how she put it—I tell you again, that was how she put it. Did you hear her scream? Ah, my dear young lady, so much the better for you! 'Oh, the horrid murder!' she says; 'hush it up.' I'll take my Bible oath before the magistrate," cried Mrs. Mosey, starting out of her chair, "your aunt said, 'Hush it up!'"

Emily crossed the room. The energy of her character was roused at last. She seized the foolish woman by the shoulders, forced her back in the chair, and looked her straight in the face, without uttering a word.

For the moment Mrs. Mosey was petrified. She had fully expected—having reached the end of her terrible story—to find Emily at her feet, entreating her not to carry out her intention of leaving the cottage the next morning; and she had determined, after her sense of her own importance had been sufficiently flattered, to grant the prayer of the helpless young lady. Those were her anticipations—and how had they been fulfilled? She had been treated like a mad woman in a state of revolt.

"How dare you assault me?" she asked, piteously. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. God knows I meant well."

"You are not the first person," Emily answered, quietly releasing her, "who has done wrong with the best intentions."

"I did my duty, miss, when I told you what your aunt said."

"You forgot your duty when you listened to what my aunt said."

"Allow me to explain myself."

"No! not a word more on that subject shall pass between us. Remain in the room, if you please; I have something else to say."

"After the manner in which you have treated me, I don't consider myself bound to obey your orders."

"I have no orders to give you; I have something to suggest in your own interests. Wait, and compose yourself."

The purpose which had taken a foremost place in Emily's mind rested on the firm foundation of her love and pity for her aunt.

Now that she had regained the power to think, she felt a hateful doubt pressed on her by Mrs. Mosey's disclosures. Having taken for granted that there was a foundation in truth for what she herself had heard in her aunt's room, could

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she reasonably resist the conclusion that there must be a foundation in truth for what Mrs. Mosey had heard under similar circumstances?

There was but one way of escaping from this dilemma—and Emily deliberately took it. She turned her back on her own convictions, and persuaded herself that she had been in the wrong when she had attached importance to anything that her aunt had said under the influence of fever. A man would have seen fatal obstacles to the attainment of this comforting point of view; a man would have remembered that Miss Letitia's wanderings had included the names of two existing persons, Mrs. Rook and Miss Jethro. The woman, without stopping to reason or remember, accepted any conclusion which promised to secure her peace of mind. Freed from the oppression of her own misgivings, Emily resolved to face the prospect of a night's solitude by the death-bed rather than permit Mrs. Mosey to have a second opportunity of entering Miss Letitia's room.

"Do you mean to keep me waiting much longer, miss?"

"Not a moment longer, now you are composed again," Emily answered. "I have been thinking of what has happened; and it appears to me that we have both made mistakes, which a little reflection might have shown us how to avoid."

"In what particular, if you please?" Mrs. Mosey inquired, stiffly.

"You would have acted more wisely, as I think," Emily proceeded, "if you had excused yourself from granting Mrs. Ellmother's strange request, and had advised her to return to her duty. And I should have acted more wisely if I had considered the trying circumstances in which I was placed before I accepted the offer of your services."

"If that means, Miss Emily, that you are sorry I ever set foot in this house, I'm sure I'm sorry too."

"In that case, Mrs. Mosey, you will be all the readier to accept the suggestion which I wish to offer. I have no fear of remaining here by myself for the next few hours. Why should you put off your departure until the doctor comes to-morrow morning? There is really no objection to your leaving me to-night."

"I beg your pardon, miss; there is an objection. I have already told you I can't reconcile it to my conscience to leave you here by yourself. I am not an inhuman woman," said Mrs. Mosey, putting her handkerchief to her eyes—smitten with pity for herself.

Emily tried the effect of a conciliatory reply. "I am grateful for your kindness in offering to stay with me," she said.

"Very good of you, I'm sure," Mrs. Mosey answered, ironically. "But, for all that, you persist in sending me away."

"I persist in thinking that there is no necessity for my keeping you here until to-morrow."

"Oh, have it your own way! I am not reduced to forcing my company on anybody."

Mrs. Mosey put her handkerchief in her pocket and asserted her dignity. With head erect and slowly marching steps, she walked out of the room. Emily was left in the cottage alone with her dying aunt.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PUBLIC PARK EXPENDITURES.

The President of the Department of Public Parks sends us the following letter from Mr. E. B. Van Winkle, to correct a statement in an article upon the government of the city of New York recently published in the WEEKLY. He also says that General Viele's alleged charge of excessive grain for horses has been publicly disproved. We omit the concluding paragraph of Mr. Van Winkle's letter, which contains no statement of fact, and is merely a gibe at "self-styled reformers."

Hon. Salem H. Wales,
President Department Public Parks:

SIR,—I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 14th inst., calling my attention to statements which are made with respect to the work of surveying, laying out, and monumenting under my charge, in an article appearing in HARPER'S WEEKLY of January 12, and asking me to give my opinion in regard to the figures and statements therein. My charge of this work commenced only in 1876, but I have obtained the exact cost so far back as June, 1874, when the law [Chapter 604, Laws 1874] authorizing it was enacted. It has been as follows:

1874	$21,316 80*	
1875	24,904 12	
1876	24,068 56	
1877	23,134 73	
1878	9,914 49	
1879	12,102 36	Including cost of maps made for the Commissioners of Estimate and Assessment under Chapter 411, Laws of 1876.
1880	10,986 61	
1881	16,141 06	
1882	14,487 06	
1883	21,343 73†	
	$185,643 56	

That is, instead of the $900,000 stated by the informant of HARPER'S WEEKLY to have been spent, less than $200,000 is the actual amount. These figures can readily be verified by the books of this and the Finance Department, and could have been obtained at any time by any one really desiring to arrive at the truth. The $900,000 are stated to have been spent in "*surveying and mapping the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Wards.*" I beg leave to particularly call your attention to the circumstance that no mention is made of some 2000 acres in the Twelfth Ward, or of the fact that the principal items for which the actual expenditure was made were maturing plans for the complete laying out of a system of streets, and the physical determination of these streets, on the ground, by means of monuments placed with the highest possible degree of accuracy, the carefully considered establishment of grades for the same streets, the preparation of distinct systems of sewerage and drainage in harmony with the plan and grades of those streets, the exact determination of miles of pier and bulk-head lines, the obtaining of data for the location and planning of bridges and tunnels over or under the Harlem and Bronx rivers, the thorough searches and investigation required for reports on literally thousands of questions in connection with the settlement and improvement of real estate, all for an area of over 14,000 acres.

Topographical surveys and maps were completed prior to 1874 to serve simply as a basis for intelligently designing the plans for laying out. They were intended only for this end, which they fully served, and have never in any instance been repeated. These topographical maps are all on file, are accessible at all times, and their value for purposes other than those for which they were intended can be ascertained by any expert after the briefest examination.

The information furnished to HARPER'S WEEKLY is misleading as well as false. The impression is given that $50,000 have been spent for "*assessors' maps*" in addition to the $900,000 spent in "surveying and mapping." The actual amount expended for such maps has not exceeded $30,000, and *every cent of it is included in the* $185,643 56 mentioned above.

Very respectfully,
E. B. VAN WINKLE,
Topographical Engineer D. P. P.

* Last six months. † Approximate.

SONG.

AFTER SEVERAL POETS.

Do I not love thee? Ask the drooping flowers,
Striving against the summer heat in vain,
If they love not the cool, refreshing showers
That bring them strength and beauty bright again.

Do I not love thee? Ask the sparkling rills,
Dancing through sunny meadows merrily,
If they love not the gentle spring that wills
Their winter bondage o'er and sets them free.

Do I not love thee? Ask the butterfly,
The bee, the humming-bird—that living gem—
If they love not the honeyed stores that lie
In fragrant lily cups awaiting them.

Do I not love thee? Ask the lambkins small
If they love not in grassy fields to play.
You, go—I prithee, go—and ask them all,
And then—come back, and tell me what they say.

INDIAN RAJAS AND THEIR SPORT.

There is so much real sport yet to be found in America, so much big game still lurking about the West unshot, that it has not been necessary to have recourse to those artificial means of forcing large bags which have brought so much well-deserved odium upon the name of sportsman in many other countries. In England the case is otherwise, and a really first-class pheasant *battue* under scientific handling affords about as much real sport as might be expected from a day in a slaughter-yard. Many bright eyes have overlooked the bloody lists of Canelo and Ashby, and have gazed upon the brutal conflicts in the arenas of Madrid; but what could Fulvia and Ebarre and Dofia Inez say to Hurlingham? Even the massacres of Commodus, the "Beautiful Emperor," with the face of a god and the heart of a fiend, are not unparalleled for cruelty to-day. The remotest corners of the earth were ransacked, and Europe, Asia, and Africa all yielded up their strongest beasts to fill the Roman arena; and when hundreds of helpless animals had been huddled and penned together on the narrow sand, the Emperor came forth, and to the blowing of trumpets and waving of scarfs, poured his arrows into the struggling mass of terror-stricken brutes, slaughtering the hurtful and the harmless alike, the foes and the allies of man together, till his arm grew weary, and the attendants were ordered to take up the task of butchery, and see that not a single beast was left alive, and all this that he might be called a second Hercules by the Roman mob, and that sycophants might salute him as Apollo. Yet for undiscriminating bloodthirstiness this scarcely excels the pompous butcheries which find favor with many Indian princes to-day, and which they choose to dignify with the names of "hunting" and of "sport."

A short time back the young Durbhunga Rajas had a big day out, and slaughtered in a few hours nearly four hundred head of big game. It is true that in India large bags have always been in fashion with native sportsmen, but until very recently their weapons were not "arms of precision," and every individual beast that died cost the hunter a certain amount of physical exertion, and in many cases required great personal bravery. The bow, the spear, and the sword were then all weapons of the chase, and the princes rode on horseback among their quarry, and so, though the sport was something like a battue, it entailed on the sportsmen engaged a certain amount of hard bodily work. Spearing leopards and sabring wild boars were ordinary methods of Oriental sport, and as a rule, in the days before breech-loaders, young Rajas rode to their game, and killed it, so to speak, "hand to hand." Each day's slaughter was of course prodigious, for after the necessary permission was given, every man of the suite was at liberty to kill, and with hundreds of horsemen all busy at once among the terrified droves of deer, the bags were naturally immense. Yet no one could grudge the hunters of those days their trophies of horn and hide and tusk, for if their carnage was great, it was obtained at considerable risk to horse and to rider, and indeed the accidents and wounds were often so numerous that it might have been thought that, instead of a day's pleasure, there had been a general action. Now it is very different, and the large bags of modern Rajas are the produce of pure battues. The Durbhunga youths, for instance, with their splendid batteries of arms, their matchless "Shikarry" elephants, and all the command of hunting resources, densely stocked preserves, and countless skilled beaters and assistants, which their vast wealth gives them, achieved a maximum of slaughter with a minimum of inconvenience.

Six tigers, thirty-six buffaloes, a hundred and forty pigs, and two hundred and thirty deer are certainly a royal total. But what sport could be found in firing from the top of a haystack into a farm-yard full of sheep and cattle? For the six tigers there was excuse enough and to spare, and we can only wonder and regret that under such conditions the number of tigers killed was not far greater, for six on the first day is a poor result for a drive on such a scale as this must have been. For the three dozen buffaloes (or bison, whichever they were) there was only slight excuse, and we trust, on behalf of the Hindoo gentlemen concerned, that there were none of the semi-sacred "gaval cows" among them. Their food is purely wild stuff, and their habits harmless to a degree; but then they are wary and hard to get out, huge in life, and difficult to manage when wounded or defending calves, so that in comparing the deaths of these cattle there was some underlying apology of real sport. The next item is one hundred and forty wild pigs. Even supposing they were all boars—as we have hoped all the buffaloes were bulls—and that there is no "tent club" within hail of Durbhunga, or spears known upon the Raj, the reason for such a wholesale manufacture of pork is not obvious. The pigs, it may have been, ravaged the crops, and in behalf of the ryots such slaughter became a paternal duty, for the pig can work terrible havoc in a khet of sugar-canes in a single night. Yet the great drive does not appear to have been a retributive expedition against the devastating porkers. The victims appear, therefore, to have come into the bag only by the accident of having got in the way of the beaters, and eventually trotted along through the jungles with peacocks and porcupines and other small fry, until they found themselves among the elephants and the breech-loaders. The error was then past retrieving, and the droves of swine, whole "soundres," where they stood—young and old, he and she—went down before the sportsmen's bullets. No animal known to hunters excels the pig in pluck, or, when thoroughly put out, in downright ferocity. He will charge an elephant as gayly as he will charge a coolie, and will turn upon a tiger as promptly as upon one of his own kind. For the Sahib on his Arab he has no manner of respect whatever when he finds he can not get away from them; for then, concentrating his hatred into one terrific snort, and all his strength into one rush, he brings down both the horse and his rider in a common ruin. Upon the ground, a man has little chance against a pig, and the tusker seems to know it, for it gives itself up to the task of ripping the sportsman with an integrity of purpose that would be delightful to contemplate if it were not so dreadful. The Durbhunga hogs, however, had probably little chance of displaying either their pluck or their ferocity, for, like all animals in a battue, they become bewildered by the general stampede, and infected by the common panic, rushing for safety among the very equipage of the hunters, or abandoning themselves in helpless despair to deaths unworthy of their courage and traditions.

For the two hundred and thirty deer there can be no apology whatever. The tigers were fair game enough, and the buffaloes not altogether amiss; even the pigs, as criminal marauders of the crops, may have deserved to suffer; but what had the deer and the antelope done to be involved in the general massacre? Several species were no doubt fellow victims in the holocaust, from the stately sambhur to the preposterous hog-deer, but all innocent alike, and, in a drive that had such splendid possibilities of nobler trophies, most of them quite out of place.

They are princely hosts, however, these young Rajas, the scions of a princely house, and under their auspices such sport might be enjoyed as hardly Stanley or Livingstone could match, or Gordon Cumming beat. Besides the tiger, buffalo, deer, and wild boar already mentioned, the elephant and the rhinoceros can still be seen in their native haunts; the panther, the hyena, the wolf, and the nil-ghai abound, as also do horned game of many kinds. The swamp deer, one of the finest of the family, and the glorious sambhur, the "elk" of Ceylon, are among the prizes of a successful stalk, and the spotted deer and black buck offer chances of pretty shooting. Birds, of course, are in plenty, while the miscellaneous population of a tract of virgin jungle, as represented in a well-managed drive—but with the true sportsman always allowed to scamper or fly past unmolested—is extraordinary both in numbers and variety. Monkeys and badgers, mongooses and wild-cats, an occasional ant-eater, hare, or porcupine, jackals, and a fox or two, slip by as quickly as they can, with a constant accompaniment of pea-fowl, parrots, game birds, and others, running on this side and on that through the cover, or streaming with startled cries overhead. The true sportsman, however, has a love of nature at heart, and in the published works of such heroes of the Indian hunting field as Campbell, Elliott, Forsyth, Kinloch, Baldwin, McMaster, and the rest, nothing is more fascinating than their conspicuous abstinence from large bags of harmless creatures. And the charm of the jungle with rifle in hand is no doubt immense, but those who have used their weapons best have always shown themselves keenly alive to the pleasure that is to be derived from the observation of wild nature and a generous forbearance.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

After years and years of patient and solicitous training, the beard of a Cincinnati man came to be twenty-five inches in length, whereupon he went into a machine shop, and thoughtlessly permitting his beard to become caught upon a rapidly revolving shaft, lost it in the twinkling of an eye.

It is not to be doubted that many persons derive comfort from the philosophic study of statistics. When the man who had investigated thunder-bolts and their ravages announced that fewer persons were killed by lightning than by the casual falling of buildings in cities built outside the belt of earthquake catastrophe, he allayed the fears of a great many who had been accustomed to seek refuge in feather-beds every time a thunder-storm came on. A Boston newspaper now declares that of the 81,000,000 persons who were carried an average distance of fifteen miles by the railroads of Massach[usetts] last year, not one was killed "except by h[is own] fault." The statistic is comforting so f[ar], but the limitation is peculiar, oracular, and [un]satisfactory.

A letter to the London *Times* says that [...] is almost childless. Tradesmen wish their [wives] to help them in the shop, and in order th[at] wives may be free to do this the children a[re sent] out to nurse in the country. The same [...] is general among all working people. Mo[re than] fifty per cent. of the children born to Pa[ris die] in the hands of the farmer's hands, thus correspo[ndent] declares, before they have reached their [first] year. Forty *crèches* have been established [in the] city, but the counter influence of these has [been] trifling. A nurse of whom no questions are [asked] charges twenty-five francs a month for the [care] of a baby, but those who are registered and [well] looked demand fifty francs or more. They [find] their customers among the prosperous [...] classes, but the working people can not affo[rd to] go to them.

A correspondent of a Texas newspaper [com]plains that it is difficult to compose a well [...] and rhetorically satisfying letter amid the [...] of this city. Effort that would produce a [...] one and stately composition in Austin results in a scampering and spasmodic rub-a-dub. Thoughts undergoing the process of being [put] upon paper are jumped up and down as if [in a] hopper, and alight in the way that Heaven ple[ases,] struggling along somewhat after the mann[er of] election returns.

A resident of Belfast, Maine, declares that [with]in one hundred rods of his house there is a [...] from which was cut one of the masts of the [frig]ate *Constitution*. The stump is almost oblitera[ted]. It was pointed out to the resident, who is eighty-five years of age, by his father. The fa[ther] saw the tree cut. Another tree had been se[lect]ed for the mast, but it bulged and broke [in] being floated down to the water.

A number of servant-girls in Lisbon, Dak[ota,] have become land owners. They have taken claims under the homestead act, and intend [cul]tivating them by contract. The land in each is worth from $500 to $750. Then there are pre-emption and tree-claim laws out there, [and] under the happy working of these a young [wo]man who is a clerk in a Lisbon store has [come] to own several quarter sections of land [...] $25 dollars an acre, and a number of town [lots] which she bought with the savings of her [...] when prices were low, are now salable at [...] times the price she paid for them.

A merry but penurious old shop-keeper in [an] Indiana town said to two young women of [...] cute nurture that he would give to each of th[em] a silk dress if they would drive his two hogs [to] the butcher's. The hogs were enormous, and [pain]fully difficult to drive; but the young women [...] in a just claim for the silk dresses on the foll[ow]ing day, and public opinion compelled the [...] and penurious old shop-keeper to respond to [...]

Meer Ghoolam Baba Kahn, of India, gav[e a] great dinner in honor of three marriages in [his] family, and the bridal presents were displa[yed] in a number of the chambers of his palace. [The] presents were of the most comprehensive va[rie]ty, including drawing-room furniture, cook[ing] utensils, horses and vehicles, and an overwhe[lm]ing profusion of jewelry. There were ank[lets] and bangles, and necklaces that weighed a po[und] each. On each of three days there was a [pro]cession a mile long, formed by one thousand [coo]lies, who bore the wedding presents to the hou[se] of the brides.

A chant-book, used by Padre Junipero Se[rra] of the old San Carlos Mission, near Monterey, [is] on exhibition in San Francisco. The padre d[ied] one hundred years ago, and it is not known h[ow] old the book is. The volume measures [...] four by twenty-six inches, contains [...] leaves of coarse parchment, and is bound [be]tween two oak boards covered with hide to wh[ich] little tufts of red hair still adhere. The old S[an] Carlos church is a ruin. There will be a celeb[ra]tion on August 28, the one hundredth anniversa[ry] of the death of Padre Junipero, to raise mon[ey] for its restoration, and the chant-book will [be] given to the most generous contributor to [the] scheme.

A Chicago restaurant-keeper, having been interviewed, declares that a restaurant for wom[en] exclusively would not pay. He has noticed, [he] says, that when women are brought to lunch [by] men they eat liberally and expensively, but [...] when they come alone they treat themselve[s in] the most niggardly fashion. They lack nei[ther] appetite nor discrimination, but they are unwi[lling] or unable to pay handsomely for what they [...] The usual dinner of a woman who pays fo[r] this expert avers, consists of a small steak, a [...] of stewed oysters, or whatever may be bought [for] twenty-five cents, and the woman wearied [with] shopping takes tea and toast.

It was in Chicago and recently that a lady [was] robbed of her seal-skin sacque while she w[as] walking in the street. She was going home fro[m] church, and another lady was walking with h[er]. A sleigh with two men in it dashed up opp[osite] to them and stopped. One of the men jum[ped] out, took off the seal-skin sacque from the [lady,] jumped back, and the sleigh flew away [in a] flash. Both ladies screamed. A window [was] thrown up, and a citizen put out his head, [and] fired a pistol at the robbers. They fired [back.] No one was hit. The sacque was not [...]

MOBILE—THE GULF CITY.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 78.]

THE WRECK OF THE "CITY OF COLUMBUS."—Drawn by Rossell and Hinkle from a Sketch by an Officer of the United States Revenue-Cutter "Dexter."—[See Page 81.]

MOBILE—THE GULF CITY.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 78.]

THE WRECK OF THE "CITY OF COLUMBUS."—Drawn by Sketch and Photo from a Photo by an Officer of the United States Revenue-Cutter "Dexter."—See Page 81.

THE RACE.

...ests were gathered in the ancient park
Lord Wynne, and he was now their mark
...t and gossip—quite the usual way,
...wo women, and no one would repay.
...nding back his pride; his heart's in strife
...n two women, which to choose for wife.
...ways hovering round that lovely girl,
...ynne's daughter, who will never furl
...g of pride, the rivals Gilbert there,
...atch their meeting; none more bravely wear
...beauty, recognize a woman's own,
...Clara Mountone. Gilbert Wynne has sworn
...id once for her sake; yet he delays,
...ith my Lady Bond divides his days.
...hen on beauty, hedges in on age?
...tries the Right to perch in Lord Wynne's cage?
...ady Bond, or Clara, be the queen?
...ady Bond is certain of her lien."
...and this talk while standing by a beech—
...Wynne—and planned how he might overreach
...and Clara, break the pride of both,
...win her good, or make them plight their troth.
..."for a race," he cried, "to Martin's Mill;
...oats are here; behold, the lake is still.
...Gilbert, take your own; I'll follow soon,
...sunset's nigh—to-night is harvest-moon.
...the rope, the boat's beside; take them,
...go a seat afloat it to your stem.
...Miss Mountone, you will help him win
...it will not count my wager sin."
...was gone; the pair were face to face.
...the oars," he gasped; "we'll win this race."
...felt her heart as in his breast.
...you will forgive my cousin's jest?"
...reasons was her sole reply.
...were followed. Never did swallows fly
...ht, as dip the lake like Gilbert's oars.
...was suite, and careless she. "There soars
...ns, quite a feature of your state:
...ons and peacocks, tell me, still to date?
...deep the woods upon the water steal,
...the other making soft appeal!"
...being human, wood and water meet
...ir own speech, and soulless things are sweet
...her, as they are to me. I like
...wish the herons by the sedgy dike;
...keep me tranquil; and I love to feed
...like in you old pool; they help to lead—
...here is Martin's Bridge, and yet no boats!
...we return?" Said Clara then, "There floats
...bed beyond; let's shoot beneath
...white, and lilies pull; I want a wreath."
...w the channel narrow; it was dark;
...his heart leaped at this relenting mark.
...now his oars up, pointed in the helm,
...shot in the cool gloom. He thought no realm
...on had ever been so bright
...Clara thought it ever so light
...were swirled so swift that in the tense
...grew dizzy; Gilbert lost his poise,
...as one, with a confusing shock
...was grinding—stopped against a rock.
...ert, my dear, are we not going down?"
...rest, my love, we were not born to drown.
...for me, we are safe; and greet me now
...soil. I'll gather lilies for your brow;
...Hugh will know that I have won the race,
...Clara, my dear wife, her rightful place."

Elizabeth Stoddard.

THE NEW SPANISH MINISTER.

Among the passengers who landed from the steamship *Cephalonia* in this city on the 19th of January was one whom the reporters described as an affable gentleman of middle age, with an intellectual cast of countenance, dark eyes, short gray mustaches, and handsome features. He was Señor Juan de Valera, the new Spanish Minister to this country.

To one of those reporters he said: "I have always been much interested in the institutions of this country, and having studied the politics of foreign lands, I desire to acquaint myself with the society, manners, and customs of the United States. If I find that I can gain information enough, and that I am capable enough, I shall write a book about America. Though I have no special instructions from my government, a large part of my immediate work will concern itself with the commercial treaty between this republic and Spain."

Señor Valera is no stranger to the diplomatic service. He has served as attaché to the Embassy at Naples, as Secretary of Legation at Rio Janeiro, as Minister to the German Confederation at Frankfort, as Envoy Extraordinary to Lisbon, and as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He is a staunch Liberal, a Senator for life, a member of the Madrid Academy, a celebrated author, and an acute critic. Spain seems to have sent us of her best.

FEBRUARY.

When the high-handed Cæsars set about distributing the year into a calendar of twelve months, it was originally arranged that they should alternately have thirty and thirty-one days apiece, except February, which was only to have twenty-nine days three years out of four, and thirty on the fourth. But Augustus Cæsar grumbled at his own month having only thirty, while Julius Cæsar's had thirty-one. So, to please a man, they had to rob a month.

Wretched February, already the "poor relation" of the calendar, was therefore formally robbed of twenty-four hours to all eternity, and August—all to please a haughty emperor—got its sudden day. It did not matter that the calendar was ... spoiled by his miserably grudging his ... extra day, and that the intelligent ... symmetrical alternation of the months was ... destroyed. He insisted on his having as big a month as Julius had; so poor February, the ... of the almanac, had to come down to twenty ... to the man's pride and twenty-nine in the ...

... in the ordinary month, however, being ... of St. Valentine, ... at the end the mystic twenty-ninth, when women may do as they like, and men only as the women like. So February has, after all, taken revenge upon the year, and what it lost in length has made up in power, and in leap-year, the best in the quaternion, it is the best month, and therefore by special privilege "the ladies' month of the ladies' year." In the ordinary sort of years men may propose and women dispose, but whenever, as school-books teach us, the number of the year is divisible by four—that is to say, of two couples—the women both propose and dispose too. This is as it should be, and in the present advanced stage of woman's rights we may be sure that such a privilege as that of shaping the destinies of man will not be lightly abandoned by the fair.

Why the year should have been called "leap-year," seeing that it does not leap at all, but, on the contrary, proceeds more smoothly from the end of February to the beginning of March than any other twelvemonth, and why, from old pagan kalends, and the old pagan method of dating backward and forward from them, the year should be called "bissextile," it is not worth while for us, living at the end of the nineteenth century, to ask, and those who lived before our year "one" did not dare to ask; for when the Cæsars gave orders, no one questioned their reasons. And as for myself, the irregular old calendar, which I can not remember without a nursery rhyme on the different lengths of the months, has done well enough to mark the lapse of time, and so I need not grumble. Least of all may the ladies complain, for besides the privileges which they have been graciously pleased to allow men to confer upon them as being appropriate to every day of the year, they possess under the Cæsars' arrangement of the months the whole twelvemonth as their inalienable own, and in it one day on which "no man may dare to say them nay, let woman ask him what she may."

The rhyme is as old as the hills, and if "the ladyes" should be questioned as to the charter under which they exercise their rights, they may quote the following: "Albeit it is nowe become a part of the common lawe in regard to the social relations of life that as often as every bissextile year doth return the ladyes have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men, which they doe either by words or lookes, as to them it seemeth proper." Three hundred and eighty years ago that sentence was written, so that on the ... "the sole privilege" ... common ... of ... And if this antiquity is not sufficient authority to satisfy their ... "the ladyes," I doubt not, will find gracious arguments of their own to convince the men that they have an indefeasible right to do what they choose at all times of the year, and that in leap-year they may also choose what to do. And so, seeing that there is pleasure either way, it seems to me of little moment which gives or takes, and a change once in a way may run no risk of being disagreeable.

"Making love either by words or lookes" is a duty which, as a rule, men perform with a universally commendable diligence, and as it is the only duty for which so much can be said, it ... fair to argue that the process must recommend itself to them by something unusually agreeable and pleasant, either during its continuance or in its effects. Nor, judging from events, is it much out of the way to infer that there must be some kind of pleasure also in being made love to "either by words or lookes."

Young men nowadays, it is said, are giving up matrimony as if it were some silly old habit suited only to our grandfathers and grandmothers. But the complaint is an old one. Pagan youths were blamed for the same abstention from marriage more than eighteen hundred years ago, and yet the world has got along. It is, however, beyond doubt true a certain class of young men do speak lightly of home ties and home life. But women are the best advocates of marriage, and their love-making could take on more effective form than that which made men as certain of women not being extravagant as they are already of their being lovable. Years ago in Burmah the ladies of the court met in formal parliament to decide what should be done to cure the increasing aversion of young men to marriage, and their decision surpassed in wisdom all the rulings of the Sanhedrim. They altered, by an order from the palace, the style of dress to be worn by all honest women, reduced the ornaments to be assumed by wives to the fewest and simplest possible, and ordained that of a certain age women should withdraw from the frivolities of fashion and of the fashionable world. Success was the result, rapid and complete, and young Burmah went up in a body to the altar.

A RUSSIAN RESTAURANT.

Come and dine with me at the Hermitage Restaurant in Moscow. On this side you will find dozens of elegant little salons for supper parties; and should you wish to come in from the country for a night, with a wife bent on opera or ball, with supper to finish, you can have suites of apartments, salon chambre à coucher and toilette ...ded, with every luxury in furniture and feeding, for a less price than at the hotels. On another side will be found Russian baths revelling in marble and mirrors. Here, with all the accessories Petronius could imagine or Catullus describe, there are no magistrates to ring a curfew bell, or say when a man's appetite is to be choked off, and the ... can scarcely be said to close from year's ... to year's end.

You have ordered sterlet soup for dinner; the price is fabulous, about half a sovereign a basin, and not to be compared to clear turtle, but the expense of the delicacy makes it very much desired. The ordinary Russian soups are much nicer. Stchy, for instance, a popular green soup made of cabbages, to which you add sour cream, is really excellent. Batovin, though not to be succeed at (in) its flavor, one has to be acclimatized to. It is cold, made of kvass, a weak, vapid beer, and you add raw cucumbers, smoked fish, and chopped onions, by no means as savage as it sounds, but liable in its effects to encourage the doctor's assistance, until your interior has become quite accustomed to Muscovite food. Before beginning dinner come to the bar and try the zakuska. No Russian dines without taking his glass of vodka, and prodding a fork into a multitude of snacks of all kinds—caviare, cold meats, bits of fried fish, raw fish, pickled fish, edible mushrooms, dubious toadstools, anchovies, prawns, cucumber, onions, and radishes—for twenty kopecks you may clear the lot, and have your go of spirits. As long as the fork is clean and the tid-bits are dry, the zakuska is a good relish before starting; but when one sees old generals with thick mustaches, and toothless counsellors with uncombed beards, holding their heads over the dishes while they ladle up salads and sauces à la grace de Dieu, the commercial buffet is not always appetizing.

MOBILE—THE GULF CITY.

The majority of Northern readers, if they hear the name of Mobile at all, associate it with vague ideas of an inland town, or, at best, as a station *en route* to New Orleans, and famed for nothing in particular. Corrected by that admixture whom business or pleasuring has brought within her gates, or by that smaller one which reads the history of its own country, the Gulf City looms up as suddenly as surprisingly into the second city of its section in commercial importance, and as second to none in all those social aspects comprised, for want of some term more definitive, in the one phrase "Southern life."

No upstart in the sisterhood of cities is Mobile, seated placidly on the west bank of her broad river, formed by junction of the Alabama and Tombigbee waters fifty miles north. Thirty years ago—had such fashions then prevailed—she might have celebrated her sesqui-centennial.

Indeed, as early as February, 1699, the famous Canadian Bienville followed in the path of De Soto and his successor, La Salle. Sailing through the channel between Ship and Cat islands, he landed at the Indian town which still bears the name of Biloxi. Thence Bienville, godfather of Mobile, passed to Dog River eight miles below the present city site, and erected the historic fort St. Louis de la Mobile. Seven years later, lowland floods drove him to higher ground above. In 1711 he fought and treated with the Chickasaw and Choctaw Indians, erected Fort Condé, and sat down permanently where the second city of the Gulf region was to grow.

At this time the celebrated Canadian was Governor of the province of Louisiana—so named by La Salle in honor of *le grand monarque*, and Mobile was its capital.

Shipping the seventeen decades intervening, a glance at the Gulf City of to-day must be of interest.

From the tower of Central Police Station the artist shows ... striking points that catch the eye as spreading ... of streets stretching two miles in width by three in length within the city limits proper.

Strangely quiet and old-fashioned will the lower or business portion of Mobile seem to visitors fresh from the whirl of the East or West. "The Levee," as the wharf front is there miscalled, stretches lazily along the river for two miles, supplied with wharves and intervening slips, sufficient heretofore, but now cramped for the growing trade, foreign and coastwise. Venerable stores and warehouses supply ample room, some of them bearing names that date back half a century, and ... of foreign origin. Drays ... heavily laden with cotton ... rattle briskly to the presses for shipment, or ... fresh loads. "Order wagons" from wholesale houses, truck carts of market gardeners, and hand carts pushed by negroes seek the unique two-story steamers lying at every slip, carriers of that river trade of the interior so valuable to Mobile.

Tracks of the Mobile and Ohio and the Louisville and Nashville railways cut this river face—Front Street—connecting at the new depot now erecting by the latter, to form one unbroken line of rails from New Orleans to St. Louis, Chicago, and the West, on the one hand, or Louisville, Savannah, Norfolk, and the East, on the other. The Mobile and Ohio is now rapidly building a great new wharf for ship transfers, and its early completion will be crowned with a grain elevator for Western produce.

Over all the river and bay hangs the blue-gray haze of this peculiar climate, ... ing the farther shore with Italian tints that fade seaward into ocean blue, and leave a *dolce far niente* tone even on the picture of work-day life. Under it the negro stretches prone on the wharf planks, the lazzarone suns him on cotton-bale, the vender of oranges, bananas, or the ubiquitous pea-nut lazily plies a profitable trade. Pleasure craft glide from the shipping to skim the smooth waters of the river, or even tempt the bay beyond Mobile light, some seeking the many resorts of the "Eastern Shore," connected by a line of summer seats and gardens, that end at far Point Clear, the "Newport of the South."

Very pretty are the suburbs of Mobile, but with a beauty widely differing from the thrifty, spick-and-span new outlines of more northern cities. Cool, picturesque houses show through ample grounds, flower-laden, and shaded by giant magnolias, oaks, and cedars. Many show marks of age, but all are half hidden in flowers, while many devote long sweeps of garden to market produce, which ... so early and so rich a reward.

Sunset-dyed hills, cut by shady roads, lead to those suburbs of Summerville, Spring Hill, Cottage Hill, and the rest. The second is the seat of the famous Jesuit College, equal in repute to that of Georgetown, while Summerville boasts the fine Convent of the Visitation and the residence of Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, of *Vashti* and *St. Elmo* fame.

Winding southward from the city, along the bay shore, is Mobile's great pride and show point, the Shell Road. Clean and smooth with fossil mussel shells, this popular drive gives view of sea and shipping on one hand, of flower-hidden dwellings on the other, for six good miles. The Gulf breeze sweeps through groves of magnolia, bay, and cedar, and greets city lungs with almost tropic odors, while whiffs of land breeze, stealing over shrubs and flowers, come laden with other pilfered sweets. At intervals we see Frascati, the first public rest, lying in full sea-view, and offering a breather for young and old; Arlington fair grounds, where annual fairs and summer camps are held, and, near the lower end, the old club-house of the Magnolia Jockey Club, with its race-course, so popular with horsemen everywhere as the best winter stable in the South.

For several miles beyond the Shell this rare drive winds through grand old trees, swathed in the trailing Southern moss that waves ghost-like and gray in the rising moonlight, sifted through the leaves, until we near the vicinage of the old fort, St. Louis de la Mobile.

No drive more picturesque and novel can the tourist find; and even in midwinter the balmy air from the Gulf makes it a popular resort for the invalid and the do-nothing.

But it is time to speed back to town, by way of Magnolia Cemetery, on its edge. This "City of the Silent" lies still in the moonlight, for there "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" side by side with many of later note. The Southern "Soldiers' Rest" lies in the still shadow of its monument in native Alabama stone, one thousand gray head-stones telling briefly of duty and of death. Away to the south is Federal soldiers' ground, they who wore the blue and gray, side by side, to war no more, the flag-staff bare now, and pointing steadily to heaven.

Down we bowl through Government Street, noting the rare width of this long avenue of residences, each flower-hidden and with ample yard room. For here space, like time, is every man's; and every homestead has its eyes and nostrils on every side to take in nature's most bounteous gifts to man.

Round the corner, a brief spin down Dauphin, the next parallel street, shows equally picturesque dwellings thus far up. Below, and bounded by the Western Market, we reach long lines of stores and shops, which ... the Broadway of Mobile for a full mile ... the electric lights show us into Royal, the boundary of the business streets parallel to the river front.

Hotel, bar-room, saloon, restaurant, and that local institution, the coffee-saloon, with neat waitress and excellent ..., all seek Royal as the ... favored street. ... at intervals are passed the Post-office and Custom-house, granite built and spacious, the County Court House, the Municipal Buildings, and the principal "Southern Market."

Busy and unique are the scenes thereabout if it be Saturday night. Bonnet and bandana, ... and homespun, jostle and mix; for your Mobilian is not impartial to his inner man, and the market is served as ample and as daintily as any in the land. As a fish mart the Gulf City stands peerless; pompano, Spanish mackerel, snapper, red-fish ... small fry claiming ... favor with green and "gopher" turtles, diamond-back terrapins, crabs, shrimp and oysters, claimed to be the best that open shell. Fruits home grown and directly imported, tempt the palate with fresh flavors, unknown after imprisonment in crates and ..., and vegetables of all kinds ... surprise strangers by their quantity and early appearance here. Game in ... is always abundant—and notably so with ducks of all kinds—while meats exceed the demands of a climate claiming less fuel and more lubrication for the human machinery.

For the climate of Mobile is almost perfect. Mild, genial, and even, its colder terms are so tempered by Gulf breezes as never to shock with sudden change. The same ... dries the air, dissipating fog and miasmatic exhalation, till like the satyr of the fable, visitors marvel at the same wind blowing hot in winter and cold in summer. It is matter of record that the hot waves of each year register lower temperature in Mobile than in any city of the North or of the inland South; and the winter climate is so mildly even that a skim of ice even is rare.

The Gulf City, therefore, holds out beneficent arms to the invalid, especially to such as suffer from or dread pulmonary and throat disease, or whose nerves shrink from rough and sudden attacks of Northern winter.

Dry, pure, and soft in climate, with unsurpassed markets and roomy residences, cut by pleasant drives through pretty suburbs, and with a cordial and social population, novel in habit and pursuit, Mobile grows more popular each year as a winter resort. The number of resident tourists during the past winter more than doubled that of any preceding year, and loudly vaunting the advantages of the Gulf City, these became its best heralds. In brief, here is a climate less damp and more unvarying than that of Florida, greater ease and cheapness of access from any distant point, with social features wholly unique and always interesting.

For Mobile's 40,000 of population vary more in nationality and descent than almost any in the States. French and Spanish are the parent stems. On them are grafted German, Irish, Italian, English, Swede, or Scandinavian in proportion as named, while about twenty per cent. of negro and mulatto population, with a small admixture of Indians and Chinese, make up the quota Mobile adds to the census. The native

American population is drawn largely from descendants of the Virginians and Huguenot Carolinians of colonial days, the men

> "Who rode with Smith around the land
> And Raleigh round the sea."

Largely descended from foreign stock, Mobile is not largely creole in the strict sense of that term, for the true creole is the child of foreign parents born on American soil; and while foreign sentiment and even foreign tongue color much of the social life, time and circumstance have made the creole proper a rarely met citizen.

Naturally, with such varied origin, touched by habit and tradition of the long ago, Mobile possesses many social features wholly unique. These, in turn, react upon her modes of business, of public pleasuring, and of home life, none of which are much better known abroad than are those dramas of life and of literature enacted for centuries behind the great wall of China.

Ever and anon, about this quaint and quiet city, one finds traces of those original spirits who planted the gonfalon and the fleur-de-lis in the shadow of the magnolia. Progress sends the glare of her electric light through broad streets where BIENVILLE and CHATEAUGUAY marshalled grim soldiery, cutting sharp silhouettes of Choctaw squaw and pappoose, changed in nothing, even to grimy blanket and wicker pannier on back. Small fagots of light-wood fill the latter, or bundles of sassafras root, whence is ground the famous *filé* for that "gumbo" which is verily an empty name to him who has never delighted in it but from the creole cuisine. The squaw's stream of "Chumpa" (buy some) mingles strangely with the street-car bells, the tramp of drilling soldiery, and the party-colored eloquence of the patent peddler. But the Choctaws are only a miserable remnant now, the men rarely leaving the migratory villages out of town, content for the women to earn the pittance that purchases their *pan y toro*—rum and meal.

Unique also is the "Diego," found only here, of Spanish or Italian origin, and confining his labor mainly to the fisheries or to the fruit and retail tobacco trade. Of yore the waters of Mobile Bay were held as in fee simple by these swarthy children of the sun. Theirs by that divine "right of thumb," noted in the commentaries of Tony Lumpkin, the fish and fruit of the Gulf City had never been touched by others until the last decade. Skillful and bold, fearing neither winter "norther" nor summer cyclone, their light craft and market stalls descended from father to son. But progress has doomed the Diego. Resistless iron arms now reach for his hard-won profits, to scatter through the distant West, for pompano and banana are not deemed too bright and good for Western nature's daily food. Antique methods of individual labor are melting before new modes of capital and combination, of which the Diego knows nothing and recks almost as much. Not-rapid transit and refrigerator cars have taken him for bait, the next decade will see him as one more of those curious relics which realize the past of all the creole cities of the South. For them—*tempora mutantur*.

But most marked in Mobile's progress toward to-day are the rapid changes in her gardening and timber systems.

While Cotton was King absolute and his courtiers could do no wrong, millions of acres lay about this city idly fanned by the breezes that played with tassels of the useless [illegible]. Gradually but surely facts forced their way to sensible men. They saw that increasing rail competition must defeat the system of water transit which had poured millions into her lap. Little by little it came to be confessed that no Southern sea-port could depend on cotton alone and still hold her importance.

Mobile saw values of the staple decrease year by year. In 1871-2 receipts of 288,012 bales produced \$28,369,182. In 1881-2 only 22,972 bales less realized only \$14,577,[illegible]—scarcely more than one-half. Moreover, to keep her cotton, Mobile was forced to reduce all charges and commissions, which had formerly been so profitable.

Mobile was slow to accept this stern logic of facts. Whether from inborn and climatic causes, or from long usage, she clung to traditional idols, and the writer who dared touch the truth sharply was deemed a rash iconoclast. Indeed, all Southern cities, and especially the creole ones, were wont to cling to old methods. What grandsire had done, grandson [illegible] to do, and, until later, distance from the bustling marts of vigorous East and growing West favored the *dolce far niente* style of earning in five months competence and ease for the remaining seven.

Old Mobile worked from September until April, then went fishing or promenading until the end of August. New Mobile works five months on everything that promises to pay best, and prepares steadily, meanwhile, to work equally hard on what is sure to pay well for the other seven.

Once she handled only the crops of the back country of Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi tributary to her. These she handles still, arranging all the while to handle crops of her own undreamed of then, but equally remunerative and far more self-sustaining. Now she feeds herself, and of her surplus sends largely to St. Louis, Chicago, and other cities of the West.

Where the winds sang lullabies in the pine trees ten years gone, they now waft northward smoke of many chimneys and whirr of countless saws. The tall pines have toppled to the axe, their straight trunks and smooth limbs bending to busy breezes as masts and spars on many a sea, while massive timbers and sawed lumber float down every available stream and busy every railroad connecting with deep water in Mobile Bay.

With surprising suddenness the Gulf City has risen to first importance as the very centre of the timber trade. Aided by natural position and many minor advantages, its value has doubled year after year, until what seemed an uncertain experiment as late as 1876 stands a greatly paying fact in 1883. In the year first named the gross product of the foreign shipment of timber and lumber from Mobile was about \$125,000. In 1882 it foots up \$494,331, without noting the coastwise trade, which handled last year 16,389,000 feet, as against 1,188,542 feet in 1876!

The wail of the pessimist has been heard in the land to prove that progress of trade will produce a timber famine. Without wearying statistics it may be briefly stated that Louisiana alone has at present more than double the resources of Michigan. Both Alabama and Florida have four times as much each as Louisiana: so that until Michigan becomes a beggar it will be needless for Mobile to hand round the hat. At this writing she is the timber port of all Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi, with parts of Florida. A word is sufficient to the wise.

What is true as to growth of the timber trade is to even greater proportions true of the local coal trade. Indeed, so fraught with business hope—also with even national meaning—is Southern mineral growth that prudent reticence must be used to gain distant credence. Many years have these known El Dorados of auriferous coal and iron lain open to men, awaiting only the Prince or Lance of capital to touch them to practical life. Space is demanded for even a glimpse on this interesting topic.

In a word, the coal trade of Mobile has within a decade come fully up to her cotton interests in importance and in promise. In 1871 her coal-yards received but 6757 tons; and of this Alabama coal was only 858. In 1882 the receipts reached 23,403 tons, of which Alabama coal footed up 22,345.

These estimates, it should be noted, are made for years ending September 1. The present one will show still more decided increase, for United States vessels already seek Mobile as the cheapest and safest coaling station on the Gulf; and even the New Orleans furnaces and gas companies are contracting with coal firms of Mobile.

Vegetables—cheap fuel for the human furnace—have also taken a sudden "boom," equally profitable on smaller investment. The cleared timber lands and waste commons have responded to the sudden tickling of the hoe with heavy crops of cabbages, potatoes, tomatoes, beans, and other "garden sass." Out of the overplus naturally grew a trade that now absorbs diligent attention and considerable capital in Western centres and in Mobile. New and just developing, hopeful indications of a great business double, as does the timber trade. Leaving statistics, and noting one thing only, the figures of year before last show shipments of cabbages alone to the extent of 18,[illegible] crates. Last year, up to the month of July, the figures for cabbages alone run up to 25,216 crates.

To paraphrase WILLIS's tailor at Niagara, Gods! what a place for *sour-krout!*

But, glancing back from Mobile's awakening into the busy life of to-day, it may interest to have a glimpse of her state of yesterday.

Prostrated by the war, to which she contributed lavishly money and men, the Gulf City arose from the long struggle exhausted, beggared, and nearly hopeless. Apathy, in some sort, follows on defeat, and she was no exception to the [illegible]. [illegible] business declined, and values declined with it. The "Levee" grew less and less busy, ledgers grew more and more dusty. Business had been long interrupted, and its modes were changed by change of carriage systems. Old men are slow to learn new methods. Mobile's young men knew the camp better than the counting-room. Lower fell the receipts, hope fell with them, and values necessarily followed both.

The history of all cities is marked by cycles of depression, varying in origin and extent. Time alone must come to produce reaction, or the city dies.

Mobile had rounded her cycle, and the most gruesome prophets within her gates could have craved none more protracted, gloomier, or more doubtful. Real estate tumbled to nominal figures, with no buyers at [illegible], young and [illegible] cadets of old families whose grandsires slept unknowing at Magnolia's serene more "sleeping rate" sought to [illegible], [illegible] many a sign, and threatened the same for many a brain more.

Ten years have passed. Business has revived, values have increased. We have seen Government Street running two miles west from the river, and on its entire length there is no building lot for sale to-day.

Driving for miles through shady roads around the city, new fences everywhere embrace freshly turned land, or old ones inclose green fields of "truck" that spread away for miles. Sales of lands, heretofore untouched and undesired, are of daily record, and "good spots"—idle a few years back—can not be had to-day for five times the price that would have been grasped eagerly four years ago.

To condense, Mobile is "on a boom," and the reasons, condensed, are, diversified industry, acceptance of the methods of to-day, and, in great part, her improved harbor.

Water gates to the Gulf commerce have long puzzled engineers, and Mobile's was no exception. Precedent to 1878 the bar at Dog River shifted between nine and ten feet, and government aid was wholly inadequate to improve its condition. Without relief a harbor where fleets of a world's commerce might ride at anchor, but they would not ride, so long as the tonthe of lighterage and triple handling ate all profit from the cargo. In 1879 Major DAMRELL, United States engineer in charge, was placed in funds sufficient to work out practically his scientific plans. Within three years he secured to Mobile a ship channel from her wharves to deep water in the Gulf of Mexico 180 feet wide, and with continuous depth of seventeen feet at mean low tide. The influence of this work upon trade need not be touched upon.

Limits like the present must needs omit many points of local importance, and of general interest as inviting immigration of good population. Scarce a glance can be given at Mobile's pioneer "Cherokee Cotton Mills," which send their yarns and rope as far west as San Francisco and St. Paul; or at her furniture, barrel, and broom factories, shingle and stave mills, or the many minor industries that follow extended trade and increased facilities.

With diversified population, which still clings to social tradition of the past, the Gulf City is hospitable in frank, unostentatious fashion. Echoes of stately dinner and grand ball haunt the memories of old-timers from those ante-bellum days when cotton was crowned and lavishly dispensed. Changed surroundings of a somewhat changed people leave society still genial and pleasant. Social pleasuring is incessantly sought and reciprocated, while the public side of the social picture is excelled in taste and brilliant coloring by no city on this side of the water. For the whole people are amusement-loving, and the creole blood touches everything with brightness and beauty. At a "pataga shooting," a picnic, or a grand carnival pageant these Gulf citizens are equally apt.

"Mother of Mystics" is the just sobriquet Mobile enjoys, for she is the venerable parent of American carnivals which now echo abroad about Mardi Gras. Her oldest society of secret maskers antedates the famed "Mystick Krewe" of New Orleans by more years than the latter numbers to its existence. On New-Year's Eve, 1883, her quaintly named "Cowbellion de Rakin"—parent of all mystic mummers in the South—celebrated its fifty-second birthnight, a junior club holding at the same time its forty-ninth revel. These, with younger societies, combine elements and experience which make Mobile's mystic displays the facile peers in brilliance, design, and effect of those in the Crescent City.

Taking color, perhaps, from these ancient mummers, Mobile "turns to favor and to prettiness" all her public pleasures. Her firemen parade yearly with engines decked in allegorical or fancy designs, men and horses literally loaded with flowers, and the whole city flying bunting and making public holiday. Associations and societies of whites and blacks have picnics and excursions always preceded by tasteful street parades; costume balls for young and old are frequent.

Even "Memorial days"—for decoration of the soldiers' graves—take singular beauty from vast masses of floral shapes and bright bouquets, that "smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Amateur theatricals are frequent and well conducted, their more popular form being light opera. Public theatricals, too, are well patronized if good, especially grand opera, or even bouffe and burlesque. Good plays and players are certain of success, but no city in the South leaves so severely alone what is known or reasonably supposed to be bad.

These public tastes are but reflexes of that which tones the home life of Mobile. Most of the parlors are tasteful, many of them beautified by decorative art of the family. For Mobile laughed good-naturedly at OSCAR WILDE's visit, and went on quietly to improve upon what she knew before he came. Her "Women's Exchange"—a mixture of utility and decorative art—shows some excellent work, and the "Amateur Department" of her last May Fair displayed embroideries, painting, and other decorative work creditable to any city.

Nor is Mobile behind any in those military matters which rule the Young America of to-day. Her "First Alabama" regiment is a veritable *corps d'élite*, embracing in its ranks war veterans and the cream of city youth. Its extensive armory and its general equipment are favorably compared with others by visiting experts, and its annual encampment, on the Shell Road, is a source of equal profit to the men and of delight to the girls they do not leave behind them.

T. C. DE LEON.

ARCH IN THE NANKOW PASS.

PERHAPS the most [illegible] the [illegible] of the great wall of China is a magnificent white marble arch erected in what is known as the Nankow Pass. This is one of the few passes in the chain of mountains separating China from Inner Mongolia, and is celebrated as the way by which GENGHIS KHAN entered China in the early part of the thirteenth century. The triumphal arch was erected in his honor, and it is remarkable not only as a monument of that mighty warrior's conquests, but also as a work of art, and the only record of a lost language. The face of the arch is elaborately carved in the semblance of a dragon, and on the inner surface are bass-reliefs of Buddha resting his feet on the shoulders of men. On the inner surface there is also an invocation to Buddha in six languages—Chinese, Sanskrit, Thibetan, Uighur, Nyuché, and an alphabetical language called Bashpah, of which this inscription is the only trace. The inscription begins, "Hail to the jewel in the golden lotus!"

The appearance of such a magnificent work of art in the midst of the wildness and desolation of that rugged pass strikes the beholder with astonishment. There is nothing to lead up to it or qualify it in any way. The pass looks like a rent violently made in the mountains, and though travelled for hundreds, probably thousands, of years, it looks as fresh in its roughness as if made but yesterday, for no defined road leads through it, and it is impassable for vehicles. The eye, accustomed to frowning cliffs and the boulder-strewn bed of the occasional mountain torrent, looks for nothing else, when suddenly the gorge narrows, and is spanned by this exquisitely carved marble arch. No one who has passed through that gorge will ever forget the sensation produced by the sight.

THE QUILTIN' AT OLD M[illegible] ROBERTSON'S.

One night in the Christmas old Miss R[illegible] she gin a quiltin'. It not [illegible] rainin' tha[illegible] in', but I 'ain't never seed no sort of weat[illegible] could back down this settlement from gw[illegible] party.

Pap 'lowed if they knowed it would [illegible] pulse and pennywinkles they'd go to a[illegible] whether they was axed or not. But if any goes thar drunk, and gits to cuttin' up, [illegible] take long to oz 'em off, so pertickler is Bud[illegible] Rober'son is about. One feller tried that night. He was drunk, and limber as rag, a-windin' all over the house, and tried t[illegible] up to Susy Tucker. She wheeled on hi[illegible] and left him. Then he me to [illegible] he got took out by the year—Budd[illegible] he [illegible] quirk showed him the big road. It mad[illegible] Freshours monstrous mad, she 'lowed, [illegible] Tucker slighted Shkep, and when the [illegible] Shkep Wiggins [illegible] she slighted her better.

We [illegible] mought have walked over that night, but we didn't want to git our Sunday ruint in the mud; so Buddy he taken on [illegible] ox waggin, and we had a power of fun, for Whetlock was along.

She came home with me from Atlanty, [illegible] when I went over thar to see Cousin Calin[illegible] son, and she never was at a quiltin' in he[illegible] When we first got thar the house and pi[illegible] was jam full, and it looked like they wa[illegible] gathered at meetin', and waitin' for the prea[illegible] You mought have heern a pin drop, they w[illegible] so still, and settin' up stiff like they was [illegible] to move. They had the benches [illegible] the [illegible] 'bout set around agin the wall, and a [illegible] 'em thick as biscuits in a oven, the gals [illegible] one side of the room, and the boys on t'[illegible] The gals had thar heads combed slick as ri[illegible] and thar faces full of skin powders.

If Bud Hamilton can't stir and mix [illegible] together, nobody else needn't try. The old [illegible] was all in "t'other house" across the [illegible] a-quiltin', and left the young folks to thar [illegible] They was waitin' for the fiddler, but the [illegible] Buddy got up he set 'em all to playin' hi[illegible] games. He tied a knot in the corner of [illegible] hankercher, and let to to hittin' Ike Robe[illegible] over the head.

"Contented or discontented, Ike?—say [illegible] or I'll fout you till you tell me."

"Discontented."

"What 'll content you?"

"For all hands to play Johnny Brown."

"I don't want to play *that*, it's got kissin' [illegible] it, and maw don't 'low me to kiss," says Ma[illegible] Strong.

"Well, you was [illegible] start you up a gam[illegible] thimble over thar in the corner. All them th[illegible] in favor of playin' Johnny Brown till the fid[illegible] comes, put hands in the ring," says Buddy.

"I'm discontented agin," says Ike.

"What 'll content you?"

"For Miss Arminty to stop quiltin' an' [illegible] out of t'other house in here and jine the play."

That set the whole gang to gigglin', for [illegible] knowed he *didn't* want her, and was makin' [illegible] "Miss Arminty" is a sharp-tone, long-neck maid, that goes over whar, whether she is want[illegible] or no, and talks about ever'thing and ever'bo[illegible] Ever'body's business is hern, she is too [illegible] some and do-least to have any of her own. [illegible] tongue is the occasion of a heap [illegible] the settlement. I never lets her hear me [illegible] nothin', if I can help it. She is shore to tel[illegible] and git it all twisted so by the time you h[illegible] it agin you are ready to swar you never said [illegible]

I took Jincy to "t'other house" to see the [illegible] The room was 'most full of old women, and [illegible] with terbacker smoke from thar cob pipes. [illegible] Gooden and maw and Aunt Nancy and old [illegible] Strong was doin' some good honest quiltin', [illegible] t'others was doin' more talkin' than work.

Old Miss Freshours had left the quilt be[illegible] her feet was cold, and drawed a three-legged [illegible] up to the corner and slipped her feet out [illegible] shoes and stuck 'em to the fire to warm. [illegible] was tellin' about [illegible] she had about the [illegible] the [illegible] and it was [illegible] hold that breath and [illegible] hottest that ever. She had a big snuff-[illegible] her mouth, and as she talked she spat on [illegible] hath.

Old Miss Green sot right fernenst her on t'[illegible] er side of the fire, chin in her hand, and elbo[illegible] her knee, puffin away at her pipe. She is [illegible] strong fat, weighs over two hundred. She [illegible] sers the whole settlement on roots and herbs [illegible] yarb int'metries, and they say she can't be [illegible] makin' of a pine-pitch plaster.

The fiddler had come, and dancin' was [illegible] on in t'other house. We could hear Ike Rob[illegible] son's big mouth callin', "Balance all," "[illegible] corners," "All promenade." Old Miss Free[illegible] ours is a terrible old sinner, but she is agin [illegible] me'. Her feet is none of the *littlest*. She [illegible] ed her knees, and give a monstrous big [illegible] snuff over in the fire (most put it out), [illegible] 'lowed, in a religious tone, "Wa'al, all them [illegible] dance that thinks thar ain't no fire and [illegible] hereafter, but, thank my stairs, dancin' [illegible] sin I'll never have to account for."

It e'en a'most kilt Jincy. She punched [illegible] and crammed her pocket-hankercher in her [illegible] to keep from laughin', for she had been [illegible] derin' if them feet had ever shuffled to a [illegible] and whispered to me, "It's a pity but [illegible] keep as good watch over her tongue as her [illegible]

Old Miss Green fetched a long breath [illegible] 'lowed: "I wish I had as many dollars" [illegible] puff) "as I have danced till utter [illegible] (puff, puff), "and I'd a sight ruther [illegible] would dance" (puff) "as to play them [illegible] games" (puff, puff, puff). "but I don't [illegible] harm in [illegible]" (puff). "Too many [illegible] is made [illegible] mole-hills nowadays [illegible] suit me."

TOM DAVIS DISCOVERS HIS MISTAKE.

"You uns all come in the kitchen and eat a bite of supper," says old Miss Rober'tson. "Ther is a pieety of it, sich as it is, the back bone pie got a leetle grain scorched, but I don't reckon it's hurt. Iky fetched a few receiles from the cross-roads store, but they ain smack and smooth outen randy. The gals has biled up some outen 'lasses, and far as I'm concarned, I'd rather have it."

"Me too, Sister Rober'tson," says old Miss Green. "I'm sorter feared of this here painted bought truck anyhow; it mought be pizin."

They had supper enough to feed twice the gang. Piles of spar-ribs and backbones and scampus, and I never seed the like of ginger cakes and 'tater custards.

Arter supper they started another play. Made all the boys go out, and come in one at a time, and be blindfolded, and guess which one of the gals kissed him. He mustn't have but three guesses. They let Bill Gooden in first, gin him a cheer in the middlin of the floor, blindfolded him, and all the gals sung a song, and marched all around him. Somebody smacked him right dab in the mouth and run. Then they unkivered his eyes.

"I guess Miss Jimsy."

"No."

"I guess Miss Sissy Tucker."

"No."

"I guess Miss Mandy Strong."

"No. Take your seat."

Then they let in another boy, blindfolded him, sung, and marched around, and in walked old black Mammy Hester, the cook, and smacked him right dab in the mouth, and run agin. They laughed powerful, and unkivered his eyes. Bill Gooden looked cheap, but in course he wouldn't "let the cat out," for "misery loves company." They kept comin' in, and every time old Hester, black and greasy as pots and skillets could make her, would kiss 'em, and run in the entry. Last they let in Tom Davis. He thinks so much more of himself than anybody else thinks of him, they was glad of a chance to take him down.

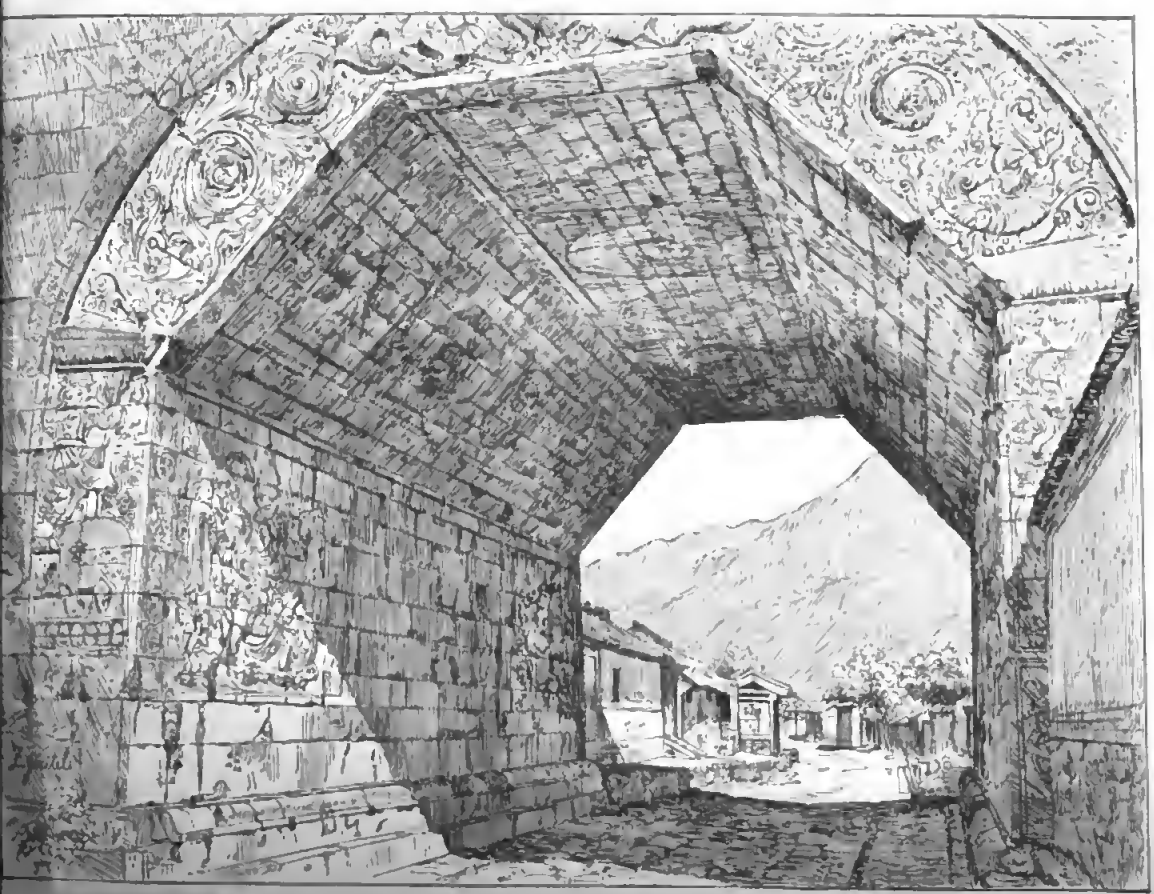
"Blindfold me good, I bet *I* can guess," says he.

Then marched and sung, and in walked old Hester agin.

Jest as she kissed him he said, "That's mighty sweet" and grabbed her. "It's Miss Man—" (raising the handkerchief). "It's Miss Mandy— Dog-gone your black infer—"

But Hester didn't wait to hear. He was mad enough to spit fire, and grabbed his hat, and jumped on his ridin' critter, and went from home, leavin' the crowd laughin' fitten to die.

BETSY HAMILTON.



TRIUMPHAL ARCH IN THE NANKOW PASS, CHINA.—[See Page 79.]

THE "CITY OF COLUMBUS."

THE wreck of the *City of Columbus* shocked the country as no like disaster has in years. It was so sudden, so complete, so terrible, and, we must add, so cruelly causeless, that the whole community felt a sense of personal grief and indignation over the accounts of it. The steamer sailed between Boston and Savannah, and when she sailed from the former port on Thursday, the 17th of January, she carried some one hundred passengers, most of them seeking health or recreation in the South. The company is reported to have been an unusually cheerful and hopeful one. The prospect of escaping the rigors of the New England climate made the keen northwest wind which swept in from the Atlantic a reminder of the discomforts and dangers from which they were fleeing. The night closed in upon them as they went skirting the wild shores of Massachusetts, but brought no thought of peril. The passengers went to their berths with the consoling belief that before the next night they would be well on their way to the land of lasting summer.

About the exact history of the conduct of the ship during this fateful night there is a cloud of conflicting testimony, which perhaps not even an official inquiry will be able to dispel. The coast is wintry weather, especially with a heavy wind blowing toward land, is generally regarded as very dangerous until after Martha's Vineyard is passed, but the whole region has been carefully and constantly surveyed, and charts of the greatest minuteness and accuracy are in the possession of every captain who has occasion to pass it. In the course usually followed by southward-bound coasting steamers the western end of Martha's Vineyard is regarded not only as the last but as the most seriously dangerous point. Beyond lies the open sea; and the sailor's confidence in a staunch vessel with plenty of "sea-room" is proverbial. "God help the poor landsmen!" is a familiar saying with them when their vessel is running before a gale with no land near. But to reach this wide haven of refuge in the voyage along the coast, after passing around Cape Cod and Barnstable shore — "the bare and bended arm of Massachusetts," THOREAU calls it—a vessel has to run in a southwesterly direction through Vineyard Sound, a passage wide enough with careful management, but beset with dangers for the imprudent, between the Elizabeth Islands and Martha's Vineyard. At the southwest extremity of Martha's Vineyard is a promontory, at its highest point of some one hundred and seventy feet, called Gay Head. On this headland stands the Gay Head light, of unusual power and brilliancy, and the principal landmark for the lower end of the Vineyard Sound. Beyond Gay Head some mile and a quarter there is a double reef of rock and sand—the outer one known as the Devil's Back, and the two together called with the mariner's freedom from Puritanic scruple, the Devil's Bridge. The outer reef has a back like the steep gable of a long roof, and follows the course of the promontory, with an obtuse angle near the centre. The channel by which a safe passage past these hidden perils can be had is plainly marked by buoys, and runs fully two miles from them.

SEÑOR VALERA, SPANISH MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL.—[SEE PAGE 74.]

At the upper entrance of Vineyard Sound Captain WAGGETT, of the *City of Columbus*, says he gave a course to the second mate, who was on duty, which would have carried the ship at a safe distance from the reefs. What he did so, or the course was obscure, or the vessel was carried farther out of its way than the officer realized, can not be now positively known. But what is known is that at 3 45 of the morning of Friday, the 18th, the wind being strong and a heavy sea running, but the night being lively clear, so that Gay Head light was clearly visible, and the land on the port hand also be seen, though not plainly, the vessel obliquely on the shelving surface of the Devil's Back, careened over instantly, sank rapidly toward the stern, and in a few moments was gone by the waters until the only place of even temporary and precarious security was in the shattered rigging. A moment before the vessel struck, the captain in his state-room heard a sharp, alarmed cry of "Helm hard aport!" before he could reach the deck felt the shock of the concussion. Other officers, hearing the alarmed the passengers. Each of those as ex ran for the deck, but many of them failed to reach it, and were drowned by the water which flooded the after-cabin, some of them before could escape from their rooms. The survivors describe the scene as one of terrible confusion. There were in the crew of forty five only seven seamen. Some of the officers seem to have been with courage, but there was no adequate effort make use of the means of escape. Perhaps there was not time for any. A boat was lowered, which several women and a number of men jumped from the deck, but it was instantly dashed to pieces against the vessel and crushed like an egg shell. The life-raft was cut loose, with a number on or clinging to it, but the wave which carried it out of the tossing waters swept all its occupants away. It could not have been more than an hour at most when the only living persons on the wreck—barely a score—were those clinging in the rigging, the icy waves pouring over them, as stated by one of their number, only skill keep their hold because their hands had frozen to the ropes.

It was seven long hours before any one reached them. At 10 30 A.M. a life boat put from Gay Head and took away seven of the men on the wreck. Two hours later the revenue cutter *Dexter*, Captain Eric Gustafsen, approached and a second life-boat was sent out from Gay Head. The boats from the cutter brought away twenty one, of whom four were dead before they reached the cutter. And here occurred one of those heroic actions which light up the pathetic record of the peaceful revenue service as with the glow of light. When the boats returned to the cutter, two [illegible] were still in the rigging of the wreck. Lieutenant ROGERS urged the crew to give him a man to steer, and to allow him to make one more attempt at rescue. He returned as near as possible, but it

THE WRECK OF THE "CITY OF COLUMBUS"—DIVERS AT WORK.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM FROM A SKETCH BY GUSTAVE CLOUS.

...at the boat would be crushed before the ...uld be reached. Leaving his own boat, ...ding the life-boat, Lieutenant Rhodes tied ...out himself when about thirty feet from the ...nd sprang into the sea. Before he reach... wreck a spar struck him, and he sank. ...ack into the boat, he insisted on a sec... ...mpt, and this time succeeded in bringing ...e last man in the rigging. The poor ...was hanging head down, his feet caught ...opes, and begged, "For God's sake, do ...h me!" He breathed his last before the ...as reached.

...ednesday the thanks of Congress were ...ously voted to the men of the life-boats, ...ain Gabrielsen, and especially to Lieu... ...Rhodes, for their "brave conduct." The ...was richly deserved, but there will be paid ...in the silent hearts of men and women ...the land, wherever unselfish devotion and ...manhood are honored, a still more pre... ...bute of praise and gratitude and love.

...125 souls on the *City of Columbus* only ...our were brought away in safety. Among ...ere is not one of the women and children. ...three of the fifty-eight cabin passengers ...t, fifteen of the twenty-two steerage pas... ...and thirty-four of the crew of forty-five. ...ptain was among the last to leave the ...and appears to have borne himself after ...wreckage. But a terrible respon... ...rests with him, of which he can only re... ...self by throwing it upon his subordinates. ...sound and seaworthy vessel on a compara... ...ear night, with the chief landmarks dis... ...isible by which its course was to be guided, ...have met with such sudden and swift de... ...d that not one in five of those on board ...have been saved, is not to be explained by ...he inevitable risks which those must face ...go down to the sea in ships. The owners may ...on the dreary language of the law which ...them from claims for loss of freight, as ...by "the act of God," but the hundred ...human lives drowned or beaten out by ...waves that swept the sunken but well-... ...reefs were lost by the acts of man, intel... ...and accountable, with ample means for ...performing the trust they had assumed ...add a new shadow to the awful calamity ...escape the penalty they deserve.

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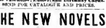

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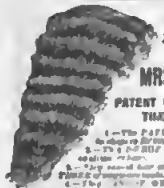

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 1416.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1884.

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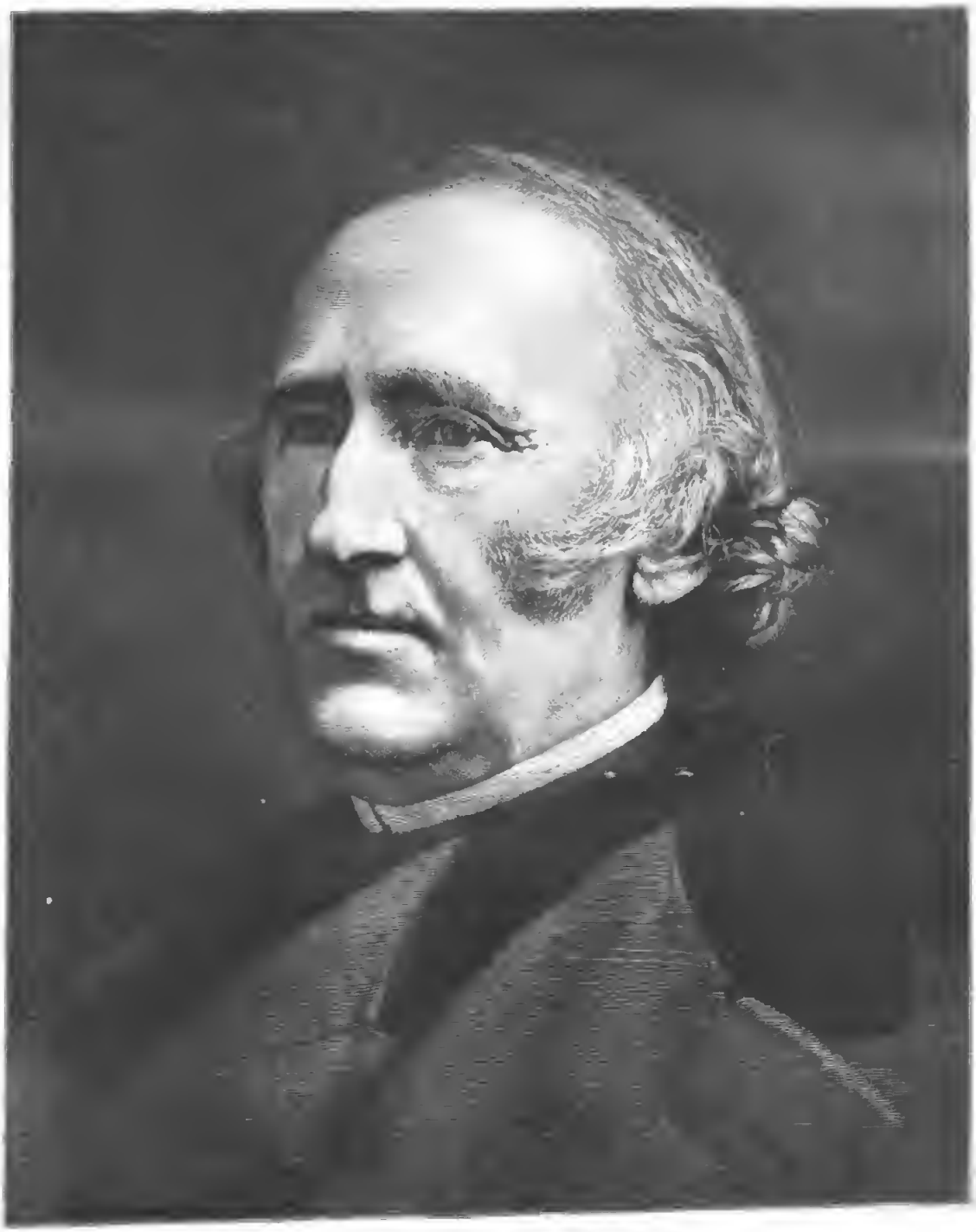

THE LATE WENDELL PHILLIPS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 97.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1884.

RE-OPENING OF THE ART COMPETITION.

The judges appointed to award the prize in the Art Competition for the illustration of ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn" *have reported [see* HARPER'S WEEKLY *dated September 1] that they "are not justified by the conditions of the competition in awarding any prize whatever." Three hundred and thirty-eight drawings entered into the competition, and twenty-three were received after the 1st of August—too late to be considered.*

Pursuant to the intention given in their original "offer to young American artists," the MESSRS. HARPER *have determined to re-open the competition, enlarging its scope and modifying the limitation as to age in accordance with suggestions made by the judges.*

For the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas—the drawing to be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *to be made especially for this competition, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-seven years of age—*MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such instalments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, *Franklin Square, New York, not later than March 1, 1884, addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope securely attached to the drawing, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A., MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A., *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department of* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

The treatment of the subject is left to the artist, limited only by the special reference to Christmas. Either the Bible story of the Nativity, or the moral features of Christmas, past or present, may be chosen for illustration. The judges, in making the award, will take into consideration not only the technical art value of each drawing, but also the appropriateness of the subject selected, the sufficiency of the illustration, and especially the originality of conception and treatment. The combination of different designs in a single picture should be avoided.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for December, 1884; and should others submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $500; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $300; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $200; *these awards not to be subject to the above-mentioned understanding as to "the prosecution of art study," etc.*

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, September 9, 1883.

MONEY IN POLITICS.

A LONG article in the New York *Times*, in the form of a letter from Washington, contains the following statements:

"There are to-day sitting in the Senate of the United States fifteen Senators who owe their election entirely to the indirect use of money and the exercise of corporate power and influence in their respective States. Why mince words? The last Presidential election was determined by the use of money. The Democratic party can not throw stones at the Republican harlot. They are not without sin. They taught Republicans the art in 1876. Money and mules carried Indiana in the October contest of that year. They were on hand again in 1880, but Dorsey and two-dollar bills were too much for a Connecticut Yankee and his mules. If Mr. C. P. HUNTINGTON can be compelled to account for the $100,000 he expended in 1876, it will be found that $75,000 of that amount was a contribution to a campaign fund. It will further appear that the contribution was not unconditionally made, but that the pledge was exacted of a Presidential candidate to consider favorably legislation which might be enacted in the interest of the corporations Mr. HUNTINGTON represented. If the secrets of Mr. JAY GOULD'S cabinet could be extracted or abstracted, it would appear that a like contribution was made by him upon a similar pledge given at the same time to the same parties who served as the go-betweens, the brains of the corporations, and the Presidential aspirant."

An article, less elaborate, but in the same vein, appeared in the Chicago *Tribune* of January 10, in which occurs the following passage:

"The Union Pacific Railroad has several Senators, the Northern Pacific has one, the Pennsylvania Railroad has two, Central Pacific has two, the Georgia railroads have one, the lumber monopolists of Michigan and Wisconsin have two or three, the Chesapeake and Ohio has one, the Wilmington Match Company has one. Behind every one of half of the portly and well-dressed members of the Senate can be seen the outlines of some corporation interested in getting or preventing legislation, or of some syndicate that has invaluable contracts or patents to defend or push."

The Chicago *Tribune* remarks that the Senate is losing intellectual power and representative character, and becoming a merely plutocratic, and therefore an obstructive, body. Certainly the only significance that can be clearly discerned in the late Senatorial election in Ohio is that the Standard Oil Company was earnestly interested in the success of Mr. PAYNE.

In the city of New York an investigation of the offices in which enormous fees are collected is now going on, and it is to be hoped that some light will be thrown upon this colossal and shameful abuse. It already appears that a dram-seller, totally ignorant even of the lawful duties of his office, holds one of the most lucrative positions in the municipal service. In the State service there is the post of quarantine physician, the legal emoluments of which enable the incumbent to accumulate a comfortable fortune in five or six years. This officer, like the city officers, is assessed heavily by his party every year. We presume that he is expected to pay as much as $6000 to the party treasury. The sum extorted from the dram-seller in the County Clerk's office may be inferred. The Register says that his election cost him more than $20,000. Such facts as these are very significant, for they show the rapidly increasing part which money plays in our elections and our government. It is of course a perilous and revolutionary tendency, because it destroys the moral authority of the government and relaxes the sentiment of loyalty. Laws made by legislators who have bought their places and do not represent public sentiment have no moral sanction. It is this fact which makes the advancing power of money in politics alarming. Laws lawfully enacted are undoubtedly to be obeyed until the evils of acquiescence have become greater than those of resistance. This is the traditional American doctrine of revolution. The will of a majority which is a venal and not an honest majority is not felt to be morally binding, although for convenience the minority may choose to assent.

But this is not a safe basis for a popular government, and when the situation becomes apparent, the duty of all good citizens is evident. The laws prohibiting political assessments upon officers in the public service show an awakening public sentiment. But that sentiment can not take a party form, because the evil is not confined to a party. It taints both parties, and such familiar facts as the Senatorial election in Ohio, the revelations in the municipal service in New York, the city's "deals" for patronage, and the statements of the late Democratic Governor of Maryland show the folly of supposing that the Democratic pot could carry the election by calling the Republican kettle black. The talk about monopoly and anti-monopoly signifies the public perception that government is getting to be too much controlled by money. The general remedy lies in the public perception that legislation which is bought by vast corporate interests or special classes necessarily stimulates reckless speculation and overproduction, and that the inevitable result is panic, disaster, and immense industrial suffering. The immediate remedy in the city lies in the plan of direct responsibility of the Mayor proposed by Mr. ROBB'S bill, in the abolition of fees and the allotment of a proper salary to the city offices, in the prohibition of political assessments, and in the extension and honest enforcement of the reformed methods of appointments.

HANKERING FOR THE FLESH-POTS.

THOSE who hope to restore the spoils system, and to perpetuate such astounding abuses as those which are revealed by the legislative inquiry into the city offices, are endeavoring to smooth the way by asserting that the reformed methods have failed, and that both parties are disgusted with them. Undoubtedly party politicians who have no other capital than spoils are exceedingly disgusted. The gentry who can not take a henchman who has done them some personal service and thrust him into the place of an honest and efficient clerk, to be paid by the public money for his private service to them, are naturally of opinion that the reformed system is a dreadful failure. They are very sure that it does not secure more efficient employés. But they forget that if it did no more than thwart party politicians in turning the public service to their own private account, the reformed system would be well worth maintaining and extending. Indeed, this is one of the chief objects sought by the reform. It aims to abolish altogether appointment by the personal favor of politicians. A fair competition of actual fitness may not secure in every case the best conceivable employé. But every sensible man can see that, however imperfect a system it may be, it can not be so bad as that of suffering politicians to put men in and out of the service at their pleasure and to promote their own purposes.

The disgusted politicians are very sure also that the new system destroys the sense of responsibility, because, being sure of their places, the employés naturally become negligent. But the only sense of responsibility which is destroyed is that of responsibility to a boss, and the only negligence which is promoted is that of the commands and interest of a political "backer." Under the spoils system the most incompetent and useless employés are retained so long as they obey the political boss, and they neglect their duty with impunity so long as they can hold his favor. Their object, indeed, under that system, is not to serve the public, but to please him. There is no doubt whatever that the reformed method removes all feeling of accountability to the politicians, and that they naturally look upon it as a sad failure, and destructive of proper discipline. But no public appointing officer who has made a fair trial of it, or who is familiar with its operation, has yet pronounced it to be a failure. As for negligence and disregard of accountability, it is only necessary to remember that the head of an office can remove a careless or incompetent employé as promptly under the new system as under the old. But—and here is the thorn for the politician—he can not put the politician's favorite in his place, and consequently is not likely, as under the old system, to turn out a good man simply because the politician wants to provide for a parasite.

The "office-holding aristocracy" also begins to figure again. But an aristocracy of employés who obtain their appointments in the public service by fair and open practical proof of their capacity and fitness, and who may be dismissed at any time by the appointing officer, is not a very appalling aristocracy. The opposition to a measure which intelligent public opinion everywhere demands, and which has justified itself experimentally and practically, is merely "runnin' emptins." It is feebly echoing long-disproved assertions, relying for success, of course, not upon what it alleges, but upon its belief that the trading politicians are strong enough to prevail over the conviction and the good sense of the country. If the appropriation for the Commission should be defeated in the House by a party vote, the party responsible for the defeat would have gained neither respect, nor confidence, nor votes.

THE PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION.

THE Senate has done another wise thing in passing the bill of Mr. HOAR regulating the succession to the Presidency. This measure, like the bill regulating the electoral count, is really useful legislation, and notwithstanding the rigors of a President-making session, the Democratic leaders in the House will make a great mistake if they do not secure prompt action upon both these bills, and their passage by common consent. If Messrs. RANDALL, HEWITT, MORRISON, COX, and a few others desire to secure the country against a very serious apprehension, they will not fail to press the count bill, while the general principle of the succession bill must command their approval. Its object is to secure a Presidential succession in accordance with the public will as shown in the election of President, which is manifestly the proper principle of such a provision.

At present, in case of a vacancy in the office of President and Vice-President, the office devolves provisionally upon the President of the Senate, and then upon the Speaker of the House. If, for instance, Mr. EDMUNDS should succeed to the Presidency, Mr. CARLISLE would be the constitutional successor, in the event of a vacancy, until a new election should be held. But if the President of the Senate were a Democrat, the death or disability of the President would bring at once into the administration the party which the country had rejected at the polls. This is a situation which no man of any party can approve, and which is very wisely corrected by the pending bill.

The incumbency is, of course, temporary, and the bill provides that, in case of a vacancy in the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, the Presidential duties shall be vested first in the Secretary of State, and in the event of inability in that officer, from any cause, then the duties shall pass to the Secretary of the Treasury, and then successively to the Secretary of War, the Attorney-General, Postmaster-General, Secretary of the Navy, and Secretary of the Interior. They can assume the duties, however, only if they have been appointed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate; and if Congress should not be within twenty days of assembling, the provisional President shall immediately convene it within that time. This is a simple and reasonable disposition of the question, and the bill should become law without delay.

THE STATE CHARITIES.

THERE is no more important public work in the State of New York, nor any work more efficiently performed, than that which is committed to the State Board of Charities, which has just submitted to the Legislature its seventeenth annual report. There are eleven commissioners, appointed by the Governor, and selected from different parts of the State, and they devote themselves actively and intelligently, and not in a perfunctory manner, to the discharge of their duties, and the stimulating and beneficial influence of such a constant supervision and wise interest is felt in every county, and in the general care of the poor and unfortunate. Indeed, no better method could be devised for preventing the evils of indifference, neglect, and inhumanity into which State and official relations toward poverty and suffering constantly tend to fall than the supervision of truly enlightened, interested, and competent persons; and it is the great good fortune of the State that such persons have been carefully sought to compose the Board of Charities.

The powers of the Board are visitorial and executive, the former embracing all charitable, correctional, and eleemosynary institutions, except State-prisons, whether supported by public or private means. Its executive duties are restricted to the oversight, support, and care of State paupers, and to the removal of crippled, blind, lunatic, and otherwise infirm aliens, with certain authority over the chronic insane. The Legislature of last year very properly required that no justice of the Supreme Court shall consent to the organization and incorporation of any society for the care or disposal of orphan, pauper, or destitute children without a written certificate of approval from the State Board of Charities. This action of the Legislature was justified by the exposure, by the diligence of the Board, of the enormous frauds perpetrated in the name of a charitable care of children. Many of

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the most artful swindles upon the community are carried on under the guise of charities, of which the instances constantly reported in the papers are but illustrations. For very cogent reasons of economy and proper care and responsibility, the Board recommends that the care of the insane in New York and Kings counties, which by long custom have been excepted from the general State system, should be committed to a separate department, entirely independent of the Department of Public Charities and Correction.

One of the most striking and valuable parts of the report of the Board of Charities for this year is the report of Miss SARAH M. CARPENTER, one of the two ladies upon the Board, as a sub-committee to consider the expediency and necessity of establishing a State asylum for the care and maintenance of the indigent blind. This unfortunate class comprises the blind who are not self-sustaining because of mental or physical inability, and who are supported by public or private charity; and of these pauper blind there are but 337, for the blind in educational institutions are not paupers. Miss CARPENTER's report is a simple, clear, and conclusive argument against the expediency of a separate institution. The blind are only unfortunate; they are not dangerous or criminal; and there is no reason for maintaining them in separate institutions which is not equally valid for the separate maintenance of the deaf and dumb, paralytic, epileptic, consumptive, and others. Besides, not only is not such separate seclusion the policy of the State, but nowhere in the United States is there an organized State home or asylum for custodial purposes. Miss CARPENTER's report is an excellent illustration of the thorough and satisfactory manner in which the Board does its work, and its recommendations have naturally been adopted and submitted to the Legislature.

TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION.

THE question of high license against prohibition has been raised in the New York Assembly by Mr. OLIN, who proposes a prohibition amendment to the Constitution of the State, and by Mr. ROOSEVELT, who opposes it with a proposal of high license. The object of both gentlemen is the same, namely, to diminish the evils of drunkenness. The question is strictly one of expediency, and there can be little doubt that under existing circumstances the plan of Mr. ROOSEVELT is more expedient than that of Mr. OLIN.

If the old ground is to be maintained, that those who are not total abstainers and absolute prohibitionists are the worst enemies of temperance, then, of course, united and harmonious action is impossible. But that position has been hitherto one of the great obstacles to the effective prosecution of the temperance movement. Those who would subject dram-shops to the most stringent regulation, and who would enforce vigorously restrictive laws, have been repelled by the declaration that they were as bad as the dram-sellers if they did not favor prohibition. Rather than contend on the one side with the liquor interest, and on the other with the prohibitionists, they have preferred to remain passive.

But the situation is changed. The restrictionists now assert themselves in demanding a high license which will effectively restrain the evils with which all friends of temperance are contending; and if the prohibitionists decide to oppose them, the prohibitionists must take the responsibility. But both are friends of temperance. The only difference between them is that of the best method of promoting temperance, and it is well that the point should be plainly stated in the Legislature, and fully discussed.

THE SHERMAN RESOLUTIONS.

THE Democratic Senators did very wisely in not debating Mr. SHERMAN's resolutions. There is no doubt of the current and general rumor of organized political intimidation at Danville, in Virginia, nor of the extraordinary action of citizens of the county of Copiah, in Mississippi, after the murder of MATTHEWS. These undeniable facts were the allegations of the preamble, and *prima facie* there was reason for an investigation. The purpose of introducing the resolutions may have been as wholly partisan as that of Mr. HEWITT's O'DONNELL resolution. But it would have been very unwise to oppose an inquiry into events so undeniable.

When the committee reports some measure for adoption by Congress, the whole question will be opened for debate. The Democrats must then remember the real point of the question in the public mind. It is not whether Congress has the constitutional power to do anything to prevent such conduct, and to punish such crimes as those which are alleged at Danville and in Copiah, but whether public opinion in Virginia and Mississippi really condemns such lawlessness, and if so, what steps have been taken by the State or the community to prevent its recurrence and to punish the criminals.

Politically the question is whether, if those States and communities do nothing, and thereby practically condone and tolerate—that is, protect and promote—such conduct, it is desirable that the government of the country should be intrusted to a party whose chief strength lies in the public opinion of such States. If it should be shown that these events are exceptional in the States concerned, that they are condemned by public opinion, and that the perpetrators are rigorously pursued, prosecuted, and punished, the result of the inquiry will be most favorable to those States. Due allowance will be made by every sensible man for the situation in those States arising from the great numbers of freedmen, and from old traditions of the relation of the races. But the argument that the national government can do nothing about it, and that there are crimes in other States, will not persuade the intelligence of the country that it would be wise to renounce the supremacy of a party which seeks to defend the political equality of all citizens for that of a party which either directly or indirectly, by overt acts or by indifference, opposes and tries to destroy it. The essential reasonableness and force of this view is not to be overcome by decrying the bloody shirt.

THE THOMAS CONCERTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

MR. THEODORE THOMAS's concerts for young people have been very successful, and they have been among the most delightful entertainments of the winter. It was a happy thought of some ladies whose young daughters are studying music that their interest would be greatly stimulated and their taste gratified and trained by hearing some of the simpler and attractive works of the famous composers rendered under the incomparable direction of Mr. THOMAS.

He entered into the plan warmly, and his selections for the concerts were very felicitous. HAYDN, BEETHOVEN, MOZART, GLUCK, WEBER, SCHUBERT, GOUNOD, and the other masters have all contributed to the delight of the concerts. The performances have taken place on Saturday afternoons at Steinway Hall, which has been filled with a charmed throng of happy young listeners, and many an elder has enjoyed the gay and cheerful music as heartily as the younger folk.

The success of the enterprise has been so marked that it would be strange if this series of concerts does not become one of the most popular of the winter. With a fine sense of the occasion Mr. THOMAS has not disdained to include among his selections the graceful waltz music of STRAUSS. The enterprise and its execution have added another service to the many and invaluable services which Mr. THOMAS has rendered to music in America.

GENERAL GRANT'S MEXICAN LETTER.

IN a vigorous and manly letter dictated in his sick-room, General GRANT has disposed of the stories that he had a large personal interest in the ratification of the Mexican treaty. It was expressly asserted that he was connected as a partner with Mr. ROMERO, the former Mexican Minister at Washington, and the story was evidently designed to destroy the influence of General GRANT's known approval of the treaty.

The General says in the most unequivocal way that he has never had any pecuniary or business transactions with Mr. ROMERO, and no pecuniary interest in any of the improvements which are taking place with American capital in Mexico, except that he is a subscriber to a railroad lying to the south of the city of Mexico, which is a very doubtful speculation. He has no other interest in the ratification of the treaty than that of a private citizen who thinks that it would be very advantageous to the country.

General GRANT effectually answers the injurious allegations of a personal interest in the treaty, and takes occasion to answer conclusively one of the objections to it, that it would enable Cuban sugar to evade the duty in this country. But the "sugar objection" to the treaty is that it would expose the sugar interest to the direct and injurious rivalry of Mexico as a sugar producer. However this may be, the position of General GRANT can not now be misunderstood.

THE "SPHERE" OF THE SEXES.

IF the excellent Mr. KENNETH RAYNER, the Solicitor of the Treasury, whose soul is sensitively alive to the necessity of keeping each of the sexes in its appropriate sphere, should take a turn through the upper part of Broadway, and cast an observing eye into the shops which adorn and enliven that thoroughfare, he would be grieved and shocked to find the bolder and rougher invader of the sphere of the "tender and delicate" sex to which the gallant Solicitor "bows" with "sincere devotion."

In a word, Mr. RAYNER would see in those shops bearded men, with their mighty sinews and limbs framed for deeds of heroism and emprise, handling ribbons and tapes and dainty laces, unsexing themselves as perilously as Mrs. MARY A. MILLER, of Louisiana, has sought to unsex herself by asking for a license to command a Mississippi steamboat. "No, no, thou tempter," says the Solicitor, more wary than his father ADAM, "that is not thy sphere. Not for thee the degradation of such a post. Be it thine, O Mrs. MARY A. MILLER, in whom thy lovely sex is all incarnate, to promote domestic felicity and the joys and comforts of home, to tame the rough nature and to gentle the rude manners of man. Thou art supreme in elevating his aspirations and awakening his ambition. But our civilization has prescribed the rôle for thy soft, ethereal influence, and for that of hirsute, powerful, and aggressive man. No, Mrs. MILLER, be not thou the captain of a Mississippi steamer, but the priestess that ministers at the shrine of the household gods."

But, good Mr. Solicitor, if nature prescribes that lovely woman shall not manage a steamboat, does it not equally ordain that rough man shall not dabble in tapes and ribbons? And, learned expounder, so long as a man who is fitted for it is permitted, despite "nature," to sell thread and needles, why should not a woman, brave and thoroughly competent and trained for the duty, be allowed to command a steamboat? Was not FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, or IDA LEWIS, or GRACE DARLING, or Mrs. Captain PATTEN, who did command the ship when her husband died at sea, and did bring it safe to port, quite as womanly a woman as the loveliest lady clad in lace who floats with bare shoulders through the cotillon, and shrieks at seeing a spider?

PERSONAL.

A NEW YORK merchant, who has had some experience in raising and trading horses, rode up to a suburban railway station in a buggy drawn by a handsome steed. "A very decent beast," remarked one of his friends, as the owner descended from the vehicle. "He ought to be," was the reply; "it cost me ten thousand dollars to learn how to buy that horse."

—Now that the subject of increasing the number of our city parks is again before the public, the propriety of appointing a man like Mr. FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED to be landscape architect comes conspicuously to the front. Mr. S. H. WALES, the late President of the Park Commission, has for three years been in favor of such an appointment, and has urged it on many occasions. The fact that the Central Park requires more money to the square acre to keep it in repair than any other large public park in the world is a special reason for securing the services of a capable and honest artist like Mr. OLMSTED.

—The shade of MALTHUS will be disquieted to learn that at a recent debate, conducted by the Y. M. C. A. of the Second Reformed Church of Hoboken, the judges decided that the question, "Ought a poor man to marry?" was best argued by the speakers who supported the affirmative.

—Mrs. MARY A. MILLER's application for a certificate as "master" of a steamboat on the Mississippi is considered highly improper by the Solicitor of the Treasury, who reads her a moral lecture on the subject. We take it for granted that the Solicitor never heard of Mrs. Captain PATTEN, of Bath, Maine, who, while her husband was lying ill in his berth, navigated his ship around Cape Horn and up to San Francisco, although his timid first officer wanted to stop at Valparaiso for assistance; nor of Mrs. Captain ANNIE CLIFFORD, of the brig *Abbie Clifford*, who, after her husband had been washed overboard, brought the vessel safe into New York Harbor from below the equator; nor of Mrs. Captain REED, of the ship *Oakland*, of Brunswick, Maine, who was a practical navigator of celebrity; nor of Miss JANET TAYLOR, who often used to navigate her father's ship, who is now teaching a school of navigation in this city, and who was in part the author of *Thomas's Navigator*, a book of authority among mariners. These cases are all of recent date. An old sea-captain of this port said, the other day, "I don't see why some women are not as fit to navigate a ship as a man is."

—MUNKACSY's suit against Mrs. MACKAY for $15,000, the price of his portrait of her, which she refuses to accept, will give secret and sweet satisfaction to the majority of portrait painters in this country and in Europe. The facts that MUNKACSY never sued a sitter before, and that none of his most celebrated Parisian contemporaries ever carried their rejected canvases into court, do not signify that no French painter ever felt himself wronged by a refusal to pay for a completed portrait. Sitters, especially ladies, are constantly finding fault with their painted portraits, and declining to accept them; and the worst temptation that besets a painter is to "idealize" his sitters, as CABANEL does, in order to satisfy their vanity.

—Mr. HERKOMER, when in this city, painted a portrait of a citizen which the citizen despised, but which the citizen's own son so liked that he begged that no changes should be made in it. The artist got his money, but it is not likely that he would have got it had the sitter been childless. It would seem to be not always easy to decide whether a portrait is a good likeness or not.

—A correspondent reminds us that among the fastest vessels of the old clipper epoch was the *Eagle Wing*, commanded by the late Captain E. H. WATTS about the year 1855, and owned in part by THEODORE CHASE, of Boston. We are glad of the reminder. Captain WATTS is well remembered in naval circles in this city as one of the handsomest and most gentlemanly of men and most skillful of officers, though without a trace of the conventional sea dog in his appearance. His favorite maxim was, "Put no faith in a vessel launched on Saturday," and he used to recount with zest the disasters he had known to happen to such unlucky craft.

—The death of the well-known journalist Dr. JOHN B. WOOD has justly elicited many public expressions of regret. The Doctor was born in Lebanon, Maine, in 1827, and was educated at the Kennebunk Academy. He began as printer's devil when sixteen years old, and has been in newspaper work ever since. While a young man he came to New York, and in Mr. GREELEY's time he was a proof reader on the *Tribune*. In 1869 he became night editor of the *Sun*, and afterward was connected with the *Herald* and the St. Louis *Chronicle*. He was President of the Press Club for some years, and was widely known among newspaper men of this city. His skill in eliminating superfluous words and sentences from news reports earned for him the title of The Great American Condenser.

—The habits of Mr. F. MARION CRAWFORD, the novelist, are described as modelled upon a tropical scheme. During the morning he remains in his rooms, giving himself to a light breakfast of fish, game, tomatoes, fruit, and tea, to cigarettes, and to work. At Sorrento he did his work every day on the sea-shore. He swam before luncheon, and rowed in the evening. His home is in Rome. In his writing-room a few busts and a couple of pictures are almost the only articles of decoration. Carpets, cushions, curtains, and arm-chair are red, and the large plain table is bare of everything but paper, inkstand, and pens. Mr. CRAWFORD is tall, dark-haired, blue-eyed, with powerful shoulders and muscular limbs.

—"Rich men's daughters," observed a Brooklyn lady, "know the value of money, and are careful of it. They therefore make the best wives for poor men, although they may be poor themselves."

—A New York barber has trained one of his canary birds to whistle confidently and freely the popular air "Life let us cherish," without missing a note. Using a small hand-organ about a foot square, he played the tune many times daily for more than a year while the bird during that time was kept in total darkness. He values his clever songster at five hundred dollars.

—*Matsu Yo Hama*, a Japanese play written by students of Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts, to show the social sorrows of a Japanese maiden on returning to her native land after a course of education in America, was performed recently at a private entertainment in Montclair, New Jersey. The cast was composed exclusively of young ladies who hail from the same institution of learning; the plot and the costumes were alike full of color, and the very select audience applauded heartily at every fall of the curtain.

—Senator BAYARD, of Delaware, is known by his friends to be a thorough believer in the whipping-post, which has so long been established in his State; and Mr. BAYARD, when in Egypt, made careful and repeated inquiries as to the results of the bastinado as a preventive of crime, and found only one instance in which a criminal who had been subjected to that punishment was twice convicted of the offense that had brought it upon him. Mr. BAYARD is free to say that there are certain low-browed, thick-necked ruffians in the community whom the majesty of the law can impress only through their skins.

—Bishop SIMPSON expresses his conviction that the greatest influence on the age is exerted by educated women.

—A Chinese general does not know how best to transport his field artillery and baggage, nor how best to provide food for his troops, but he has an abundance of guns and war material, and plenty of stuff out of which to make soldiers.

—Mr. HENRY BERGH's bill to punish wife-beaters with the lash will soon come before the Legislature for a vote, it having been favorably reported by the committee to whom it was referred. Mr. BERGH feels that the women of the State are friendly to his project, and at least one of them has called his attention in an earnest letter to the number of wife-beaters in good society whose cases never get into the newspapers. But it is a curious fact that several women have written to him in opposition to the measure, on the ground that to beat his wife is one of the prerogatives of a husband. The current objection that it degrades a man to be whipped by order of the court does not appeal to Mr. BERGH; he thinks that a man who beats a woman is already degraded to the lowest possible depths.

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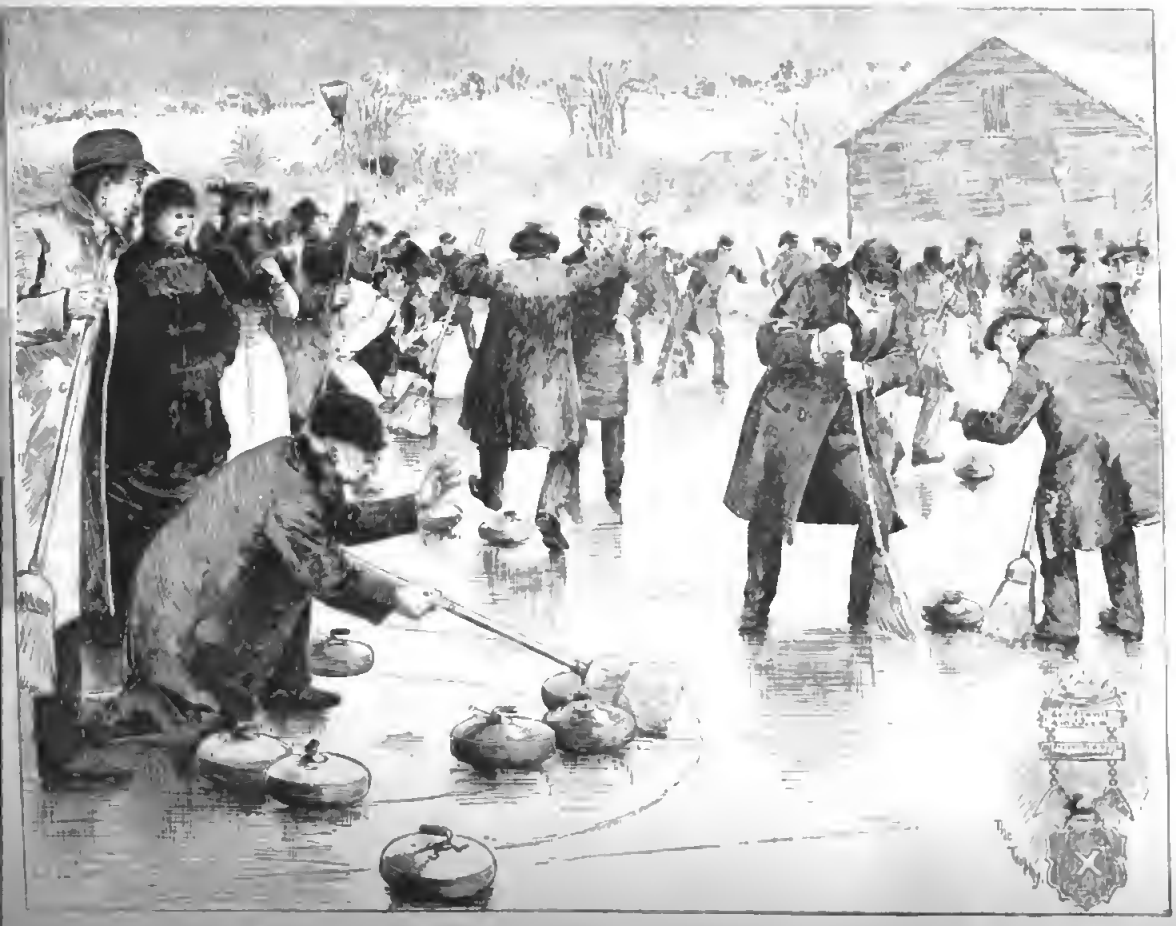
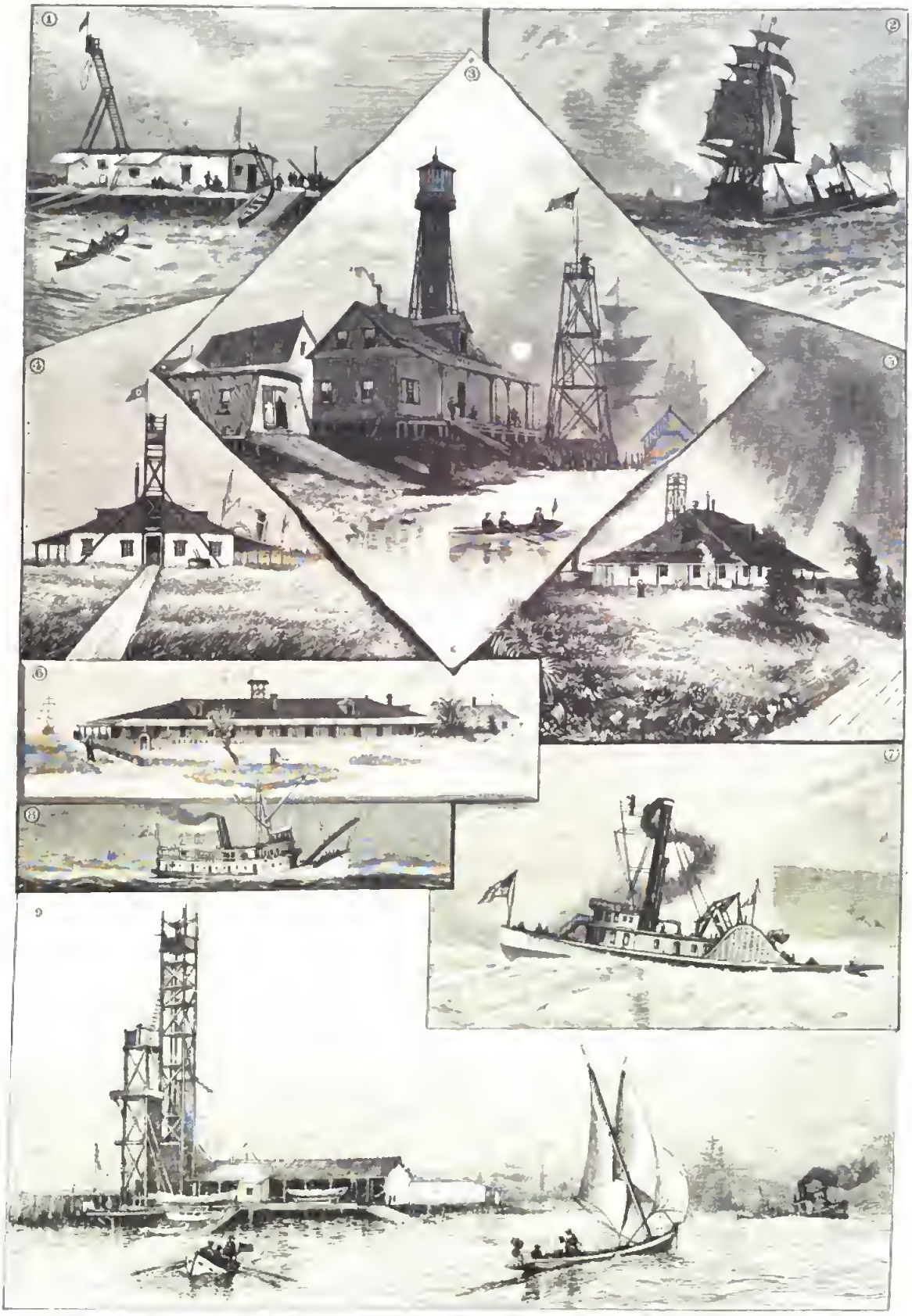
GOING TO THE MONTREAL CARNIVAL—A SNOW-SHOE PARTY IN CANADA.—DRAWN BY J. MACDONALD.—[SEE PAGE 91]



CURLING MATCH ON VAN CORTLANDT LAKE—SCOTLAND AGAINST AMERICA.—DRAWN BY C. J. TAYLOR.—[SEE PAGE 91]



1. Pilot Station. 2. Underwriters' Tug and Cotton Ship coming in. 3. Government Light and Revenue Station. 4. Post-Office and Engineers' Office. 5. A Dwelling. 6. Engineers' Residence. 7. Tug on lookout for a Tow. 8. South Coast Mississippi Mail Packet. 9. Off-shore Pilot Station, Mouth of Jetties.

FORT EADS, SOUTH PASS OF THE MISSISSIPPI—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 90.]

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PLUCK AND PRAYER.

...me an't any use o' fretting,
An' I told Obadiah so,
...of us couldn't hold on to things,
...'d just got to let 'em go.
...were lots of folks that'd suffer
...ing with the rest of us,
...it didn't seem to be worth the while
...o make such a dreffle fuss.

...be sure, the barn was 'most empty,
An' corn an' pertaters sca'ce,
...not much of anything plenty an' cheap
...But water—an' apple-sass.
...then—as I told Obadiah—
...it wa'n't any use to groan,
...r flesh an' blood couldn't stan' it; an' so
...nothing but skin an' bone.

..., laws! if you'd only heard him,
At any hour of the night,
...prayin' out in that closet there,
'Twould have set you crazy quite.
...patched the knees of those trousers
With cloth that was noways thin,
...it seemed as if the pieces out
...As fast as I set 'em in.

...me he said mighty little
Of the thorny way we trod,
...at least a dozen times a day
He talked it over with God.
...own on his knees in that closet
The most of his time was passed;
...Obadiah knew how to pray
Much better than how to fast.

...I am that way contrairy
That if things don't go just right,
...feel like rollin' my sleeves up high
An' gittin' ready to fight.
...the giants I slew that winter
I ain't goin' to talk about;
...I didn't even complain to God,
Though I think that He found it out.

...the point o' a cambric needle
I drew the wolf from the door,
...I knew that we needn't starve to death
Or be lazy because we were poor.
...Obadiah he wondered,
An' kept me patchin' his knees,
An' thought it strange how the meal held out,
An' stranger we didn't freeze.

...I said to myself in whispers,
"God knows where His gift descends;
An' 'tisn't always that faith gits down
As far as the finger-ends."
An' I wouldn't have no one reckon
My Obadiah a shirk,
...some, you know, have the gift to pray,
And others the gift to work.

Josephine Pollard.

THE MISSISSIPPI JETTIES.

A wide waste of yellowish-gray water, monotonous in color, reflecting as in a mirror the hot, ...pery sky above, no object for the eye to rest on as it searches into the shimmering haze ...ere the horizon ought to appear save a floating bit of tree branch, or a white gull dipping lazily down to the stagnant sweep of ground-...ail on the bar, a white hot day quivering under a tropical sun—such was the scene as one approached the South Pass of the Mississippi ...ten years ago.

As your vessel drew closer to the low-lying greenish veil which afterward appeared on the northern horizon, you found it to be a rich growth of green sea-grass. A few dark blurs made themselves apparent through the heat, here and there a stake appeared above the surface, and, yonder, swaying with the tide-wash, and beyond, a white sail. The latter belonged to a pilot-boat. The dusky blurs resolved themselves into shipping in various attitudes of maritime discomfort—stuck in the mud in the broad yellow current, or ...tted up on those mysterious upheavals of the ocean's bed, sometimes acres in extent, called "mud lumps." About these ships would be gathered a small fleet of fussy tugs endeavoring to haul them off, while a dredge-boat slowly scoured the channel beyond to obtain the depth to float them. Vessel after vessel coming down-stream would be stranded, slip in back off, go on a little pace, touch again, and, guided by the manner as to good luck, slide out to deep water to sail on her way rejoicing, but too often to remain for days or weeks on the mud banks, blocking up the channel, and holding millions of merchandise idly waiting on either side.

In April, 1874, forty-seven vessels were blockaded in the Southwest Pass. One was hoisted on a mud lump that suddenly reared its head in the channel. Pass à l'Outre was also blocked by a vessel "mud-lumped" in mid-channel, and forty-six mud lumps were counted on the flanks of the bar at Southwest Pass.

The tributaries of the Mississippi, bearing with their [illegible] the gravel, [illegible], and débris torn from their banks, [illegible] the grand volume of the [illegible] until its mighty current goes rushing with resistless force to the sea, carrying in its grasp the enormous amount of 276,710,923 cubic yards of solid earthy sediment per year. Approaching the Gulf of Mexico, it divides into three arms or branches, named Pass à l'Outre, South, and Southwest Pass. As the divided waters meet the Gulf they spread out like a fan, seeking an escape with their burdens; but their velocity is retarded by this division, and the great robber that has laid half a continent under contribution is forced by sheer inertia to relax its grasp. The rich booty, falling to the bottom, forms the great barricades at the river's mouth which for years have proved such a bar to commerce. During the flood season these bars were pushed out into the Gulf at the rate of 300 feet per year. At the South Pass the advance was 100 feet, and the width of this bar, from eighteen feet of water in the pass to eighteen on the outer edge, was over a mile.

This pass, the smallest of the three, was the one designated by government for the experiments of Captain J. B. Eads, who proposed, by means of jetties, to open and maintain for twenty years a channel whose continual depth should not be less than twenty-six feet.

Attempts had been made as early as 1726 to deepen the river's mouth, but the history of the attempts of our government date back only to 1837. The appropriation then was small, and exhausted by surveys. No other attempt was made till 1852, when $75,000 was set aside for the purpose. In 1856 $330,000 was appropriated, but the parties undertaking it failing to complete the work, the government used what remained of the money to do so, and kept the channels partly clear with dredges during the years 1858-60. During the war nothing was done. In 1868-9 the government built a propeller-dredge, costing $350,000. It threw the mud up from the bottom for the current to carry away. It did not suffice, and another was built. These boats were almost constantly in use for three years, but in 1873 a board of United States engineers gave their opinion that "the results obtained did not warrant them in estimating that a greater depth than eighteen feet could be maintained by dredge-boats."

During that year Captain Eads examined the mouths of the passes, and unhesitatingly declared that "the only way to remove the great obstructions was by parallel dikes or jetties." In 1874 he made a proposition to Congress to open the mouth of the Mississippi and maintain a channel twenty-eight feet deep for ten years between the Southwest Pass and the Gulf for $10,000,000, not a dollar to be paid by the government until a depth of twenty feet had been secured. He was then to receive $1,000,000, and afterward $1,000,000 for each additional two feet, or a total of $5,000,000 when twenty-eight feet had been obtained. The remaining $5,000,000 to be paid in annual installments of $500,000 each, conditional on the preservation of the channel during the ten years.

In the face of much opposition Captain Eads was finally permitted to undertake the work at the South Pass, and notwithstanding the difficulties there were greater than at the other passes, the sum allowed was reduced to $5,250,000, and he was required to guarantee a depth there of thirty feet for twenty years for $100,000 per year. This bill was signed by the President and became a law March 3, 1875.

June, 1875, saw the jetties begun, and a wonderful change was soon apparent. The currents, hitherto weakened and distracted by losses at various points, and powerless to prevent these persistent bar formations, were now to be restrained by dams and dikes. The augmented volume of water moving with new life and power into the South Pass, and guided by the jetties, would do the work.

"The South Pass," says an eminent engineer, "is a natural ship-canal. There is not a shoal, nor a sharp turn, nor a dangerous bank, nor a snag even, in its whole length. It flowed over a bed and between banks formed of its own deposits. In cutting its way through them it had shaped its channel to the exact requirements of the volume and density of its waters." From the end of the pass to the outer edge of the bar in the deep water was 1600 yards. It was necessary to guide the mass of rushing waters across this intervening space by the jetties. Confined between their parallel walls, it was thrown full against and over the surface of the bar. It was a huge, boiling, scouring, submarine water jet. Before it the hitherto stubborn barricades of mud and sand were crumbled, carried away, and dispersed in the westerly Gulf currents beyond.

During one of its annual overflows the river had burst its banks at a place twenty-three miles above the passes, called the "Jump." A lake of mud and water had been left by the receding tide. Countless willows had taken root, and when the jetties were begun a growth of these trees was found practically inexhaustible. Hundreds of boat-loads, cut into long slender wands, but with their topmost leaves intact, were floated down to the works. Ways like those for launching small ships were built on the low banks. On these were constructed huge skeletons of wood, one hundred feet long, forty feet wide, and two feet thick. The willows were woven, pressed, and bound down into these until they formed a compact mass. They were then launched, taken in tow by steamers, floated over the lines laid out for them, loaded with stones, and sunk to the bottom of the Gulf across the bar. Here again fortune favored the workers, for although most of these stones had to be brought down from the Ohio River, a small portion—21,000 tons—was brought in by ships as ballast. Miles of these mattresses were then laid on the ocean's bed, translated by steam piles, and weighted with stones, until the alternate layers formed a broad, firm foundation reaching to the surface. At the sea ends sixteen of these tiers were required. A wall of concrete was then put on, topped with blocks some of which weighed seventy-two tons—the largest of the kind in the world.

Against these immense barriers the river's floods and ocean's fury fretted and lashed in vain. Another surprise here awaited the builders, for the same billows that broke on the outer slope with sufficient force to tear away the heaviest bowlders, left behind them an ever-increasing deposit of sand, which, building up a natural slope, eventually proved the best protection possible. Some of this sand falling over into the river side and threatening the channel, parallel lines of piles interwoven with willows were put down as barriers, and the deposits filling up the spaces between these and the jetties, completely incased portions of the works with a protection of nature's own furnishing.

On the twelfth day of May, 1876, the steamer *Hudson*, of the Cromwell Line, appeared off the bar, and coming in through the new channel, breasted the jetty current, and glided up to Port Eads. The success of the work was then assured. Since then the channel has been ever deepening and widening, till nothing now bars the free passage to the largest of ocean ships and steamers. A dredge steamer, the *G. W. R. Bayley*, a marvel of power and ingenuity, stands ready to clear up any sudden or unforeseen shoalings, but so far the necessity for her use seldom arises, and for months at a time she lies idly at her moorings, the speeding current on which she floats doing all the work.

To the casual observer the great works present few objects of interest to the view, and thousands of travellers pass between their portals without being deeply impressed by the few glimpses of them to be obtained from the deck of a ship. The fine government light-house, holding aloft its far-reaching light, the low-roofed, wide veranda'd hotel and offices, neatly framed in bright flower beds, are objects retained in the memory of an ocean-wearied traveller far more than the jetties, performing silently and unseen their wonderful task beneath the waves.

J. O. Davidson.

"I SAY NO:"*

or,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE SECOND.

IN LONDON.

CHAPTER XVI.

Miss Jethro.

A fortnight after the disappearance of Mrs. Ellmother and the dismissal of Miss Mosey, Dr. Allday entered his consulting-room, punctual to the hour at which he was accustomed to receive patients.

An occasional wrinkling of his eyebrows, accompanied by an intermittent restlessness in his movements, appeared to indicate some disturbance of this worthy man's professional composure. His mind was, indeed, not at ease. Even the unexcitable old doctor had felt the attraction which had already conquered three such dissimilar people as Alban Morris, Cecilia Wyvil, and Francine De Sor. He was thinking of Emily.

A ring at the door bell announced the arrival of the first patient.

The servant introduced a tall lady, dressed simply and elegantly in dark apparel. Noticeable features, of a Jewish cast—worn and haggard, but still preserving their grandeur of form—were visible through her veil. She moved with grace and dignity, and she stated her object in consulting Dr. Allday with the ease of a well-bred woman.

"I come to ask your opinion, sir, on the state of my heart," she said; "and I am recommended by a patient who has consulted you with advantage to herself." She placed a card on the doctor's writing-desk and added, "I have become acquainted with the lady by being one of the lodgers in her house."

The doctor recognized the name, and the usual proceedings ensued. After careful examination he arrived at a favorable conclusion. "I may tell you at once," he said, "there is no reason to be alarmed about the state of your heart."

"I have never felt any alarm about myself," she answered, quietly. "A sudden death is an easy death. If one's affairs are settled, it seems, on that account, to be the death to prefer. My object was to settle my affairs—such as they are—if you had considered my life to be in danger. Is there nothing the matter with me?"

"I don't say that," the doctor replied. "The action of your heart is very feeble. Take the medicine that I shall prescribe, pay a little more attention to eating and drinking than ladies usually do, don't run upstairs, and don't fatigue yourself by violent exercise, and I see no reason why you shouldn't live to be an old woman."

"God forbid!" the lady said to herself. She turned away, and looked out of the window with a bitter smile.

Dr. Allday wrote his prescription. "Are you likely to make a long stay in London?" he asked.

"I am here for a little while only. Do you wish to see me again?"

"I should like to see you once more before you go away, if you can make it convenient. What name shall I put on the prescription?"

"Miss Jethro."

"A remarkable name," the doctor said, in his matter-of-fact way.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1400.

Miss Jethro's bitter smile showed itself again. Without otherwise noticing what Dr. Allday had said, she laid the consultation fee on his table. At the same moment the footman appeared with a letter. "From Miss Emily Brown," he said. "No answer required."

He held the door open as he delivered the message, seeing that Miss Jethro was about to leave the room. She dismissed him by a gesture, and returning to the table, pointed to the letter:

"Was your correspondent lately a pupil at Miss Ladd's school?" she inquired.

"My correspondent has just left Miss Ladd," the doctor answered. "Are you a friend of hers?"

"I am acquainted with her."

"You would be doing the poor child a kindness if you would go and see her. She has no friends in London."

"Pardon me—she has an aunt."

"Her aunt died a week since."

"Are there no other relations?"

"None. A melancholy state of things, isn't it? She would have been absolutely alone in the house if I had not sent one of my women-servants to stay with her for the present. Did you know her father?"

Miss Jethro passed over the question as if she had not heard it. "Has the young lady dismissed her aunt's servants?" she asked.

"Her aunt kept but one servant, ma'am. The woman has spared Miss Emily the trouble of dismissing her." He briefly alluded to Mrs. Ellmother's desertion of her mistress. "I can't explain it," he said, when he had done. "Can you?"

"What makes you think, sir, that I can help you? I never even heard of the servant, and the mistress was a stranger to me."

At Dr. Allday's age a man is not easily discouraged by reproof, even when it is administered by a handsome woman. "I thought you might have known Miss Emily's father," he persisted.

Miss Jethro rose, and wished him good morning. "I must not occupy any more of your valuable time," she said.

"Suppose you wait a minute?" the doctor suggested.

Impenetrable as ever, he rang the bell. "Any patients in the waiting room?" he inquired. "You see I have time to spare," he resumed, when the man had replied in the negative. "I take an interest in this poor girl, and I thought—"

"If you think that I take an interest in her too," Miss Jethro interposed, "you are perfectly right. I knew her father," she added, abruptly, the allusion to Emily having apparently reminded her of the question which she had hitherto declined to notice.

"In that case," Dr. Allday proceeded, "I want a word of advice. Won't you sit down?"

She took a chair in silence. An irregular movement in the lower part of her veil seemed to indicate that she was breathing with difficulty. The doctor observed her with closer attention. "Let me see my prescription again," he said. Having added an ingredient, he handed it back with a word of explanation. "Your nerves are more out of order than I supposed. The hardest disease to cure that I know of is—worry."

The hint could hardly have been plainer, but it was lost on Miss Jethro. Whatever her troubles might be, her medical adviser was not made acquainted with them. Quietly folding up the prescription, she reminded him that he had proposed to ask her advice.

"In what way can I be of service to you?" she inquired.

"I am afraid I must try your patience," the doctor acknowledged, "if I am to answer that question plainly."

With those prefatory words he described the events that had followed Mrs. Mosey's appearance at the cottage. "I am only doing justice to this foolish woman," he continued, "when I tell you that she came here after she had left Miss Emily, and did her best to set matters right. I went to the poor girl directly, and I felt it my duty, after [illegible] at her [illegible], not to leave her alone on that night. When I got home the next morning, whom do you think I found waiting for me? Mrs. Ellmother!"

He stopped, in the expectation that Miss Jethro would express some surprise. Not a word passed her lips.

"Mrs. Ellmother's object was to ask how her mistress was going on," the doctor proceeded. "Every day, while Miss Letitia still lived, she came here to make the same inquiry, without a word of explanation. On the day of the funeral there she was at the church, dressed in deep mourning, and, as I can personally testify, crying bitterly. When the ceremony was over—can you believe it?—she slipped away before Miss Emily or I could speak to her. We have seen nothing more of her, and heard nothing more, from that time to this."

He stopped again. The silent lady still listened without making any remark.

"Have you no opinion to express?" the doctor asked, bluntly.

"I am waiting," Miss Jethro answered.

"Waiting—for what?"

"I haven't heard yet why you want my advice."

Dr. Allday's observation of humanity had hitherto reckoned want of caution among the deficient moral qualities in the natures of women. He set down Miss Jethro as a remarkable exception to a general rule.

"I want you to advise me as to the right course to take with Miss Emily," he said. "She has assured me she attaches no serious importance to her aunt's wanderings, when the poor old lady's fever was at its worst. I don't doubt that she speaks the truth; but I have my own reasons for being afraid that she is deceiving herself. Will you bear this in mind?"

"Yes, if it's necessary."

"In plain words, Miss Jethro, you think I am still wandering from the point. I have got to the point. Yesterday Miss Emily told me that

she hoped to be soon composed enough to examine the papers left by her aunt."

Miss Jethro suddenly turned to her chair and looked at Dr. Allday.

"Are you beginning to feel interested?" the doctor asked, mischievously.

She neither acknowledged nor denied it. "Go on," was all she said.

"I don't know how you feel," he proceeded; "I am afraid of the discoveries which she may make, and I am strongly tempted to advise her to leave the proposed examination to her aunt's lawyer. Is there anything in your knowledge of Miss Emily's late father which tells you that I am right?"

"Before I reply," said Miss Jethro, "it may not be amiss to let the young lady speak for herself."

"How is she to do that?" the doctor asked.

Miss Jethro pointed to the writing table. "Look there," she said; "you have not yet opened Miss Emily's letter."

CHAPTER XVII.

DR. ALLDAY.

Absorbed in the effort to overcome his patient's reserve, the doctor had forgotten Emily's letter. He opened it immediately.

After reading the first sentence he looked up with an expression of annoyance. "She has begun the examination of the papers already," he said.

"Then I can be of no further use to you," Miss Jethro rejoined. She made a second attempt to leave the room.

Dr. Allday turned to the next page of the letter. "Stop!" he cried. "She has found something—and here it is."

He held up a small printed handbill, which had been placed between the first and second pages. "Suppose you look at it?" he said.

"Whether I am interested in it or not?" Miss Jethro asked.

"You may be interested in what Miss Emily says about it in her letter."

"Do you propose to show me her letter?"

"I propose to read it to you."

Miss Jethro took the handbill without further objection. It was expressed in these words:

"Murder. £100 Reward. Whereas a murder was committed on the thirtieth September, 1877, in the Hand-in-Hand Inn, in the village of Zeeland, Hampshire, the above reward will be paid to any person or persons whose exertions shall lead to the arrest and conviction of the suspected murderer. Name not known. Supposed age, between twenty and thirty years. A well-made man, of small stature. Fair complexion, delicate features, clear blue eyes. Hair light, and cut rather short. Clean shaven, with the exception of narrow half-whiskers. Small, white, well-shaped hands. Wears valuable rings on the last two fingers of the left hand. Dressed neatly in a dark gray tourist suit. Carried a knapsack, as if on a pedestrian excursion. Remarkably good voice, smooth, full, and persuasive. Ingratiating manners. Apply to the Chief Inspector, Metropolitan Police Office, London."

Miss Jethro laid aside the handbill without any visible appearance of agitation. The doctor took up Emily's letter, and read as follows:

"'You will be as much relieved as I was, my kind friend, when you look at the paper inclosed. I found it loose in a black book, with cuttings from newspapers, and odd announcements of lost property, and other curious things (all huddled together between the leaves), which my aunt no doubt intended to set in order and fix in their proper places. She must have been thinking of her book, poor soul, in her last illness. Here is the origin of those "terrible words" which frightened stupid Mrs. Mosey. Is it not encouraging to have discovered such a confirmation of my opinion as this? I feel a new interest in looking over the papers that still remain to be examined—'"

Before he could get to the end of the sentence, Miss Jethro's agitation broke through her reserve.

"Do what you proposed to do," she burst out, vehemently. "Stop her at once from carrying her examination any further. If she hesitates, insist on it."

At last Dr. Allday had triumphed. "It has been a long time coming," he remarked, in his cool way, "and it's all the more welcome on that account. You dread the discoveries she may make, Miss Jethro, as I do. And you know what those discoveries may be."

"What I do know or don't know is of no importance," she answered, sharply.

"Excuse me, it is of very serious importance. I have no authority over this poor girl. I am not even an old friend. You tell me to insist. Help me to declare honestly that I know of circumstances which justify me, and I may insist to some purpose."

Miss Jethro lifted her veil for the first time, and eyed him searchingly.

"I believe I can trust you," she said. "Now listen. The one consideration on which I consent to open my lips is consideration for Miss Emily's tranquillity. Promise me absolute secrecy, on your word of honor."

He gave the promise.

"I want to know one thing, first," Miss Jethro proceeded. "Did she tell you—as she once told me—that her father had died of heart-complaint?"

"Yes."

"Did you put any questions to her?"

"I asked how long ago it was."

"And she told you?"

"She told me."

"You wish to know, Dr. Allday, what discoveries Miss Emily may yet make among her aunt's papers. Judge for yourself when I tell you that she has been deceived about her father's death."

"Do you mean that he is still living?"

"I mean that she has been deceived—purposely deceived—about the manner of his death."

"Who was the wretch who did it?"

"You are wronging the dead, sir. The truth can only have been concealed out of the purest motives of love and pity. I don't desire to disguise the conclusion at which I have arrived, after what I have heard from yourself. The person responsible must be Miss Emily's aunt, and the old servant must have been in her confidence. Remember, you are bound in honor not to repeat to any living creature what I have just said."

The doctor followed Miss Jethro to the door. "You have not yet told me," he said, "how her father died."

"I have no more to tell you."

With those words she left him.

He rang for his servant. To wait until the hour at which he was accustomed to go out might be to leave Emily's peace of mind at the mercy of an accident. "I am going to the cottage," he said. "If anybody wants me, I shall be back in a quarter of an hour."

On the point of leaving the house, he remembered that Emily would probably expect him to return the handbill. As he took it up, the first lines caught his eye: he read the date on which the murder had been committed, for the second time. On a sudden the ruddy color left his face.

"Good God!" he cried, "her father was murdered, and that woman was concerned in it."

Following the impulse that urged him, he secured the handbill in his pocket-book, snatched up the card which his patient had presented as her introduction, and instantly left the house. He called the first cab that passed him, and drove to Miss Jethro's lodgings.

"Gone," was the servant's answer when he inquired for her.

He insisted on speaking to the landlady. "Hardly ten minutes have passed," he said, "since she left my house."

"Hardly ten minutes have passed," the landlady replied, "since that message was brought here by a boy."

The message had been evidently written in great haste. "I am unexpectedly obliged to leave London. A bank-note is inclosed in payment of my debt to you. I will send for my luggage."

The doctor withdrew.

"Unexpectedly obliged to leave London," he repeated, as he got into the cab again. "Her flight condemns her; not a doubt of it now.—As fast as you can," he shouted to the man, directing him to drive to Emily's cottage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE'S INTER-REIGN.

Love's singing time is past, the warm sun set,
  His red rose wan and dead.
Tears are all vain: 'tis better to forget.
  The song and sunshine fled;
    The red rose dead;
  The last faint parting said.

Keep silence, then, and sleep, for in the night
  Some hidden blessings lie.
A little while, and gold and purple light
  May flood love's morning sky.
    Sleep, weary heart.
  Why shouldst thou wake and sigh?

Fervent as fire, and sweet as flowers, ere long
  Love will come back to reign.
The rose of resurrection and the song
  Give to thee, heart, again,
    Laughter for tears,
  Exceeding joy for pain.

CURLING.

Though the Scottish game of curling has but recently been transplanted to this country, whose vigorous winters afford it a hospitable reception, it boasts of an indefinite antiquity in its own country—so indefinite, indeed, that it can hardly be proved to have a country of its own. At various times controversy has waxed sore as to whether it is of Scottish or Flemish origin. The supporters of the Low Countries as the place of its origin point with confidence to the technical terms used in the game, which are unmistakably Flemish; but the claims of Scotland are asserted with even greater ardor and more uncompromising confidence, one waggish enthusiast maintaining, in some humorous verses contributed to the *Scots Magazine*, that Jove himself initiated "Auld Daddy Scotland" into the mysteries of the game, so that worthy "not ae day bare-legged on a snawy bane." For those who are satisfied to go back no further than historical times, the reign of the fourth King James of Scotland may be regarded as the earliest period in which it can be recognized as a national sport, that monarch having apparently a catholic taste for manly sports, for, besides being a devoted player at golf, foot-ball, tennis, bowls, and other games, he is reputed to have presented the silver curling-stone which is annually contended for in the Carse of Gowrie, in Perthshire.

The excellent example set by King James has been followed in this country by a gentleman of Scotch origin, who has presented a handsome silver challenge trophy, called after the donor the "Patterson Medal," to be played for by picked curlers of Scottish birth on the one hand, and of American birth (though often of Scottish origin) on the other. The scene of the contest for the present year was Cortlandt Lake, in Westchester County, New York, and though the weather could hardly be regarded as propitious for out-door sports, the admirers of the game and the local seekers after entertainment assembled in considerable numbers to view the novel scene. The technical term for the strip of ice on which the game is played is "rink," and at each rink an equal number of players belonging to each side take part. In the Scottish-American match there were eight rinks in use, each being occupied by four players from each party, so that the number of curlers was in all sixty-four. Four of a side at a rink is now the usual number, though in olden times there was no arbitrary limit. In Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire, there was once a famous rink of seven players who were all shoemakers, or "souters," in the Lowland Scottish tongue, and so extraordinary was their skill that it was a common thing for them to make the number of points necessary to win before their opponents had scored a single one. Their fame survives, as well in local tradition as in the term "soutering," which is used to designate defeating the opponents in the complete manner mentioned above. The Americans, in the recent match, though beaten, were by no means "soutered," the score standing at the close 157 to 135. Considering the comparative youth of the native players, and in view of the fact that years add experience more than sufficient to counterbalance any decrease of power by reason of advancing age, the American curlers acquitted themselves with much credit. Were the result at each rink taken separately, the match would have been even, as each side prevailed at four of the eight rinks; the method of scoring is, however, to add the totals of each side at all the rinks, which puts quite another complexion on the result in this case.

The history of the game of curling is anecdotical in character, and naturally partakes somewhat of the marvellous. The mighty men of the good old days wielded stones of ponderous weight, and performed with them feats that make the young Scot of to-day, if he be credulous, sigh over the degeneracy of the race. One Deacon Jamone, chief of the "Souters," performed the unique feat of threading a needle with his stone; other champions have thrown the curling-stone as far as a mile along the ice; and the famous Anthanato, Duke of Hamilton, once played a match against a celebrated rink from Paisley for a stake of a thousand pounds a side. As for the true curler's dinner of beef and greens when the fight was over, and the oft-replenished tumbler of toddy, the cunning accompaniment of a night of mirth and jollity, haply—some people will say happily—the modern Scot is to degenerate in that respect as in others.

THE ICE CASTLE, MONTREAL.

The central attraction of the Carnival in Montreal is the "ice castle," which occupies the site of the "ice palace" of last winter in Dominion Square. The name of the structure was changed to suit a new feature in the programme, and the experience of a year ago suggested several changes that added both to the beauty and the durability of the edifice. After a spirited competition between architects, it was decided to build with an extended frontage of 100 feet, so that as many "ice masons" as possible could work on the walls at the same time. The roof of spars and evergreens, that was an experiment last year, was abandoned because it destroyed the beauty of the pearly walls, especially when they were illuminated with the electric lights. The new design avoids double walls for the same reason. The evening effects of the new structure very greatly surpassed those of the former.

The material for the walls was taken from the Lachine Canal, and consisted of blocks of ice from twelve to fifteen inches thick.

The opening ceremonies of the Carnival included a grand attack on the castle in true mediæval style. Montreal never enjoyed a more lively festival, and among the visitors were thousands of people from this country, who were attracted across the border by the prospect of the most jolly kind of winter sports. Sleighing parties, snow-shoe parties, and other out-of-door festivities made up a very enjoyable programme for those who revel in cold weather.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Those pagans of Central New York the Onondaga Indians, have been holding their New-Year's celebration. They devoted a week to the occasion, filling out the time with religious rites, speech-making, and dancing. An eye-witness writes that, "on the score of modesty, the various dances have compared favorably with the ball-room scenes of modern civilization." This is hardly discriminating enough to be complimentary to our pagan neighbors. The present is the season of the so-called French balls in the metropolis, and the scenes enacted in connection therewith are unfortunately among those which modern civilization tolerates.

When the New-Year's celebration of these pagan Onondagas ends, that of the heathen Chinese begins. Perhaps somebody will deem it worth while to attempt an explanation of this near approach to coincidence. In the Chinese quarter of this city the anniversary was celebrated with unusual sociability and thumping of tom-toms. Only two of the celebrators, however, found themselves in police court on the morning after the festivities began, and it came out that their offense consisted merely in fastening long strings to bunches of fire-crackers, and pulling them along when the heavy-footed policeman poised the sole of his boot over them preparatory to stamping them out. The Chinese Consul in New York made calls by proxy, his substitute being the interpreter at the Consulate.

Shockingly devoid of artistic decoration, or something to that effect, was Oscar Wilde's criticism of the American prairies, in a lecture in Dublin not long ago. If the American people had foreseen how this disgraceful truth might reach the ears of other peoples, they would have had their prairies painted and striped.

In a police court a few days ago a gentleman was arraigned for having ejected from his residence a man who came to collect a plumber's bill. The complainant acknowledged that he called the householder "no gentleman," and upon his making that acknowledgment the complaint was dismissed. How much more satisfactory to the plumber's collector it would have been in the end if, instead of calling the householder no gentleman, and getting put out, he had held his temper until his employer came into possession of the house! for then he could have enjoyed the ejectment of the late householder, and it would have been unnecessary to call his attention to the fact of his lack of gentility. On the other hand, householders will be thankful for the solitary loop-hole which this legal decision seems to establish.

In Washington the Chinese Minister held a New-Year's reception, in which he was assisted by his infant daughter. Little Miss Mi wore a frock of lavender crape, a sleeveless waist of red satin, and a gold-embroidered cap, with bracelets of gold and amber, and anklets of gold. She remained in the arms of her nurse. As she is not of speaking age, she had the advantage of her mother, who was unable to be present because she does not speak English, and there is no English-speaking Chinese in Washington of sufficient rank to serve as her interpreter.

At a dinner in this city recently, says a writer, the unwelcome appearance of the "White Lady of Hohenzollern" was discussed, and "it was decided there and then that a lamentable deficiency in American 'high life' was the absence of family ghosts, which are as indispensable to a patent of nobility abroad as ancestors, heraldic emblems, and family portraits." "A lucrative branch of trade," it is suggested, "might be started in these dull times to supply families laying claim to aristocratic descent with a good, honest, reliable ghost, warranted to appear before births, marriages, and deaths, and well up in the stage-business of invisibility, draughts of cold air, and hollow groans."

There is a movement in Boston to reduce the salaries of the hotel clerks. Should the landlords persist, Boston may yet see the day when she will be compelled to admit that it does not amount to a liberal education to have had one of her hotel clerks tell you the way to the Old South Church.

A new social wrinkle in Paris is the giving of parties at which the hostess wears a costume characteristic of some nationality different from her own, and all her guests follow suit. "The boulevardier's latest boast, accordingly," says a writer, "is that he can make a tour of the world in forty minutes." There is a device of the variety stage that would be of service to him in making his rounds. It is the wonderfully made costume of the vocalist who sings a sort of song of all nations, and by touching a spring somewhere about him at the beginning of each succeeding stanza, suddenly appears in the appropriate and characteristic dress of the nationality to which the stanza is devoted.

The City Council of Savannah has joined the Mayor of Bangor and the pastor of the Berkeley Street (Boston) Congregational Church in their opposition to accepting railway time as the standard. But in Savannah the provocation—if provocation it be—is greater even than in Bangor. For the convenience of the railroads Savannah clocks were set to ninetieth-meridian time, which is thirty-six minutes slower than the time of the place. As the difference between the time on one governing meridian and that on the next is only sixty minutes, there can be no difference greater than thirty minutes between new and local time, unless an exception is made for the convenience of railroads, as in Savannah. Perhaps Savannah objects, not to the common lot, but to being an exception.

At a meeting of Cuban patriots in this city the other evening a professor was introduced, who offered to free Cuba from the Spanish yoke for twenty millions of dollars. Nobody took him up, and he came down to nine millions. This incident teaches the value of deliberation. The Cuban patriots have already saved eleven millions of dollars by not being in a hurry. By-the-way, the professor liberates countries with home-made dynamite, which accounts for his being able to do it at such ridiculously low figures.

Chroniclers of society events tell of great preparations for making the most of leap-year. Parties are to be held in this city and Philadelphia, says a writer, at which none—at least none of the ladies—will be admitted in strictly feminine attire. For belles, it is said, short skirts, dress-coats, white ties, and an expanse of plaited and starched linen will be *de rigueur*.

Not since the historic tea-chests were pitched into Boston Harbor has there been an uprising more ominous in that New England town than the one which came to a head on Beacon Hill the other day. An anti-canine measure had been introduced in the General Court by somebody acting in the interests of the Berkshire sheep-raisers. It proposed that, in addition to paying a license fee, every owner of a dog should be required to furnish an indemnity bond of five hundred dollars. The Committee on Agriculture, to whom the bill was referred, hired a hall, and announced a public hearing. The hall proved too small to hold all who came to protest against the adoption of the bill. Statesmen who ventured to speak in favor of the measure were violently hissed. Many women came to the hall, bringing their canine pets, and one of them, says an account of the hearing, "walked up to the table, shook her two-pound poodle under the noses of the committee-men, and shrieked, 'Do you think my dog would kill sheep?'" It is not believed that the committee will have the hardihood to report the bill back in any form.

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THE ELOPEMENT.—C. D. Weldon.

A VEGETARIAN.—Alfred Hoppe.

THE SHIP'S BOAT.—Winslow Homer.

OFF SCHEVENINGEN.—Wm. M. Chase.

SUNDAY MORNING.—J. Alden

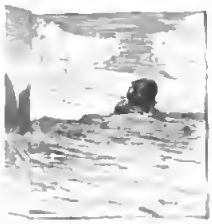
CYMBAL-PLAYER.—Frank D. Millet

HARVESTERS OF SESSHAUPT.—B. H. Fitz.

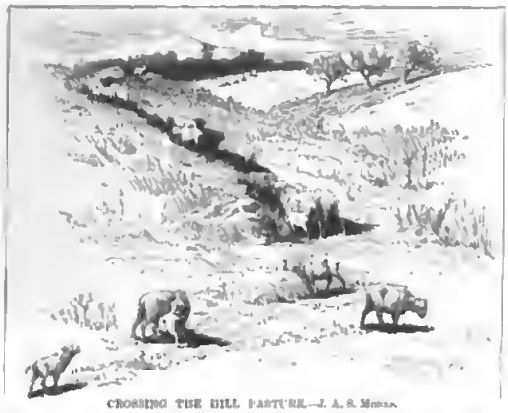
GOING TO THE WEDDING.—T. de Thulstrup.

INCENSE

THE SEVENTEENTH EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY, AT TH



A TRUCE.—Chas. Volkmar.



CROSSING THE HILL PASTURE.—J. A. S. Monks.

"ONE AT A TIME."—J. William Patterson.

SPREADING LINEN.—S. H. Burleigh.

MEASURING THE GREAT ELM.—J. Wells Champney.

H. Gardner.

MUD BOATS OFF DORDRECHT.—C. A. Platt.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—Selections from the Illustrated Catalogue.—[See Page 94.]

GIVE ME BUDS ONLY.

as on perfect gifts; as wine of noon
l from dawn's amethyst: as dead-ripe boon
e full cluster. Give me buds of sight,
f your dreams, leaf burst from Love's surprise.

se of Love the bud. Have on not known
ll blown garlands into deep graves thrown?
as wrenched dial of bewildering flowers
at life's mid-day, where Hope buried hours?

ne no perfect gifts. My heart has faith
rosses and consummations are the wraith
ssions. Song, rich, poetical, rapture-torn,
nic's "vive la reine" to silence born?

e to Time's fruit. Shadow of turning lies
ery keepsakes in our lower skies,
l of Light! from Thee alone the gift,
whose, full-grained, consummate, bright as the lift

gives a blushest boon—fulfillant death.
ful sleep, kissed by the cool strange breath
l from sweet stars elysian. Breath purchance
mine Love's bed, clasped to the white bride's
yaws.

LAURA SANFORD.

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

"GOOD-MORNING, SIR."—R. N. ELY.

Thirteen the seventeenth annual display of the erican Water-color Society is not remarkable an extraordinary number of pictures of lead- merit, the pictorial and technical average is ther than that of any previous year. On all es are evidences of some endeavor and health- l growth; and the general impression is that of representative display of national art under hap- conditions.

Owing in part to its frequent accessions of ung blood, the Water-color Exhibition of re- nt years has shown many variations from the mdrum and the conventional, and this year the ung blood disports itself with unwonted decen- ss. The imitators crowbaits of the Currier school -very fresh and interesting as far as it goes— ve ceased to scuttle by cosmetic incompletions. hey appear, instead, with charming drawings, hich illustrate high and rare qualities of art, nd which present well-conceived character and ancest realization of gesture, pose, and incident. Never as rare in the best works was the peculi- ous use of body-color, the majority of the deft- est executants seeming to appreciate the distinct- ve nature of water-colors as a medium more deli- cate, facile, and manageable, a mode of expres- sion more subtle, and a means more intimate, than oils, especially as respects adaptability to repro- duce the evanescent effects of light and color. If in some cases—as in Mr W. T. RICHARDS's marine to the east room—body-color has been dragged along the sky to simulate the effects of oils, and if, in other cases, the undue use of Chi- nese white has disillusioned the spectator, these are but exceptions to the good, sound rule of loyalty to transbucency. We do not remember an annual water-color exhibition in which the true possibilities of water-colors have been so generally recognized as so fully served.

Of course the water-colorists have preserved their reputation as the best of hangers, particu- larly in the principal gallery, where from the del- icate and luminous pinks of Mr CHURCH's "Pan- dora" on the east wall, to the deep brown-reds of Mr TURNER's flower piece on the west wall, the scheme of arrangement of pictures shows an un- broken and winning gamut of color. Nor has the spirit of this result been lost to Mr. A. A. AN- SONNE, on Decorative Committee, in the selection of muffs and bric-à-brac for the three doorways of the northern wall. The grouping over the door- way into the east room from the main gallery is a feast of shimmering tones, while on the reverse side the portières hung near Mr THOMAS MORAN'S Mexican pictures exquisitely set off the values of those works by toning down their blues. Mr. ANSONNE not only arranged his decorative ma- terials, but procured them, either by purchase or his loan from friends—some of the pieces are very costly—and his juxtaposition of them alone might entitle him to the rank of colorist.

Among the elder exhibitors, Mr HORATIO SMITH has some quaint views in Seville which show a capacity for surrounding buildings with their native atmosphere. Mr HOMER D MARTIN sends a landscape, seen from his studio window in France, and quite destitute of pea-greens and oranges; Mr HENRY FARRER's fine sense of repose is reflected in the large, cool landscape entitled, "When the silver babit of the church comes down upon the autumn scene"; Mr CHARLES PARSONS's "Marblehead," with tortuously twining cedars, rocky coast, and fabled sails against a leaden sky, is a masterly study of tonal breadth and har- mony; Mr PERRYMAN preserves some peculiarities of his oil paintings, which here seem to tend to spottiness; Mr. T W WOOD has a frankly con- ceived and ably drawn street boy holding an arse- ful of destiny brushes, and counting his gains upon his fingers; and Mr WINSLOW HOMER, al- ways original and striking, reveals once more in the stately fisher-women of the "Scotch Mist," and in the calmness of the sea atmosphere, his sensitive observation, stored knowledge, and trained hand. Important among the works of the younger members are those of Messrs. FRASER, DOLLMAN, WEIR, WILSON, CHURCH, FOWLER, DUR- AND, SAYERS, INGRAM, and MURPHY, most of these carried far beyond the stages of mere impressiun- ism. Mr FURNESS figure of a young woman in the main gallery being rich in linear grace and wise balancing of intense tones. These beautiful draw- ings deserve much more attention than at present is in our power to give them.

A STRANGE VALENTINE.

I.

In the dusky light of a fragrant and richly adorned drawing room two people were in un- imated conversation.

One, a woman of fifty, handsome still, and with a toilet suggestive of much care and thought, was speaking not only with decision, but with positive anger; although her self-control was great enough to keep her voice from rising, it was not able to prevent a tremulous vibration which she vainly tried to stifle. She was sitting on a high- backed, embroidered chair in an attitude as fault- less to the fit of her satin gown.

The other, a girl of twenty, with great clear brown eyes and fluffy brown hair and graceful figure, stood on a young child might have done as receiving a reprimand. Her eyes were cast down, the lashes drooping till they nearly touched her cheeks, and her fingers were nervously pick- ing to pieces a sprig of heliotrope from a snug- nificent basket of flowers beside her.

"It is the most absurd thing I ever heard of," said the elder lady, with a scornful smile. "I really can not waste any more words upon it. You always were quixotic, Teresa, and this per- formance caps the climax. In nearly one and the same breath, you tell me you love him, and that you have refused him. Oh! it is too disap- pointing!"

"Aunt"

"Well?"

"Please let it drop—forget it."

The tone was pleading, the voice sweet

"Forget it, indeed! Do you think I will allow you to oppose me in this style? Have I not daughters of my own, and cares enough of my own, without being burdened with one so obstinate and self-willed as you, Teresa?"

"I did not know—I mean—" said the young girl, deprecatingly. But she was quickly inter- rupted.

"Now don't plead ignorance; don't tell me that you do not know my wishes, and did not mean to offend me."

"I realize did not think of you at all."

"Worse and worse! Well, this is plain speech. And a hem do you think of—only yourself? Self- ish child!—is this my reward for educating you, and allowing you every luxury, spending time and money on you as freely as on my own?"

"Aunt—Aunt Geraldine, please forgive me."

The young voice faltered, the pink flush gave way to pallor; the brown eyes filled.

"No, Teresa; it's mockery to ask that; and I want you clearly to understand that this is to be no longer your home: you have exhausted my patience, and now the end has come. I have rented this house, and I am going abroad. Sibyl and Gladys are both delicate, and need the change."

"But, aunt, where am I to go?—what am I to do?"

"A pretty question to put to an one, after such behavior! Consult your friends. I have no further interest in you."

The cruelest of these words seemed to freeze the young girl. Her brown eyes opened widely, her color came and went. She stared at the speaker as if not able to believe the words just uttered, and then, rushing from the room, found her own apartment, and flung herself down in an agony of grief and self-reproach. To whom could she turn for sympathy or pity when the one she had learned to regard as her natural protector spurned her and willfully misunderstood her? What had she done that was so grievous? Had she not battled against her own feelings, and conscientiously done what she thought to be right?

Meanwhile Mrs. Geraldine Gansevoort, having spent her anger and indignation, rang the bell and ordered her coupé.

She had to drive alone. Sibyl and Gladys, her delicate daughters, had gone to a reception. Frank, her son, a young physician, was never able to go with her, "office hours" preventing.

Her thoughts were far from pleasant. It dis- turbed her circulation to be thus excited. Teresa, in the plain terms she used to herself, was a fool, and why should she allow a fool so to annoy her? But the girl should be punished. The idea of a penniless orphan refusing such an offer as that of Leroy Jones!—a millionaire, a fellow whose horses and yachts were the envy of all his com- rades. And why, forsooth? Because she chose to think him unctuously weak; because his little foibles to this fresh, young, unsophisticated girl seemed to be vices. Oh, it was too vexatious! the more so as she felt that all her good, sound, worldly wise advice and training had been wasted. As for Sibyl and Gladys—oh! if they could have had such a chance, poor dear delicate darlings!

II.

Frank Gansevoort was a hard-working young physician. His mother deplored the fact that he was not a "society man," and Sibyl and Gladys mourned over the disaffection of their renegade brother as if work were vice and idleness a vir- tue; but Frank kept steadily on, and even went so far as to disfigure the front of the house with a sign. To be sure, it was a neat, neat little silver plate, with only "F. Gansevoort, M.D.," on it, but it drew too many poor people.

On this particular afternoon Dr Gansevoort had occasion to hunt up a book on the library shelves. It was an old one, and had been tucked out of sight. As he searched for it a strange sound met his ears—a sound as of some one sob- bing. Now Frank knew very well whose little room opened on the library, and if he had a ten- der spot to his heart at all, it was for the pretty young cousin who inhabited that room; so, with- out finding his musty old tome, he descended from the library steps and knocked at Teresa's door. There was no answer till he had repeated his knock, and then there was a muffled response which was not satisfactory. At last he said, "If you don't come to the door, Tessie, I shall have to break in."

This brought a very dejected looking damsel to the threshold, who, finding Frank alone, immedi- ately fell on his shoulder in a fresh burst of tears. This was all very nice, to be sure, and Frank had no sort of objection to support a weeping damsel, who, despite her tears, looked so pretty as a pic- ture. But the grief was real, and that pained Frank. So, placing her very gently in one of the library chairs, he managed by dint of coaxing and questioning to find out what was the matter. "A quarrel with mother and a break with Leroy Jones—I wonder which is the worse," mused Frank. "Tell me, Tessie, did you care much for Leroy?" he asked.

"I did like him, Frank—I always used to care for him when he was nice. But he isn't nice any more. He's horridly fast, and I will not marry him just for his money, as aunt wants me to do, and I've told him so, and—and—" The handker- chief went up again.

"Yes, I am how it is. You are sure you don't regret it?"

"Of course I am sure. Do you think I would have made all this trouble if I had not been sure?" She stopped crying, and drew herself up very proudly, continuing. "Aunt Geraldine has cast me off. She has told me that this is no longer my home. I am going away this very evening. I will not stay another day in her house."

"Don't be hasty, Tessie. Mother is disappoint- ed; she will get over it."

"But I shall not. I am going, I tell you, Frank."

"Oh no, not yet, Tessie. Why, where will you go?"

"I don't know yet—perhaps to Mrs. Russell—nor do I know what I shall do. I have no mon- ey, and I am so ignorant. Oh! if I had only studied as I ought to have done, I might then teach; but I will find some way of getting along," and the bright head bent more proudly still.

"Tessie dear, you are a foolish little thing. I don't uphold mother's coldness; but you must remember that I love you if she doesn't."

"Yes, dear Frank, you are always good to me."

"Well, then, why not you an end to all this bother and be my little wife?"

"Oh, Frank, don't, please don't talk that way. You know we are cousins, and I've no idea of burdening you with any other relationship. You are very kind, but, all the same, that can not be."

Frank tried to look dolorous, but did not suc- ceed very well. He was, in truth, too much in love with his profession to have much room for any other sentiment in his good, kind heart, but he had meant to do his best, if Tessie would let him, which she wouldn't.

"Well, if you won't, you won't, and I must bear it."

"Which you will do with all the ease in the world, dear Frank. And now I am going to pack, and will you send my trunks over to Mrs. Russell's, and tell Sibyl and Gladys I am sorry not to say good-bye, and aunt that I regret having dis- pleased her, and—and— Oh, how happy I have been, and how foolish and—but—"

She grew incoherent and tearful again, and again Frank urged her to a different course of conduct; but she was not to be entreated or urged or advised. In her hot young imagination the world was her retreat; she could do anything, bear anything, but tyranny and injustice and un- kindness. Little indeed did she know of the world, but she was earnest and true and strong, and ready to do her best.

III.

It is night in one of the great city hospitals, and all is silent but for the moans of those in pain and the mutterings of those in fever.

Pacing slowly up and down the aisle of a ward full of white cots on which are helpless suffer- ers is a nurse whose duty it is to watch and wait upon those who require the little attentions they can not bestow upon themselves.

To one she gives a glass of water, another's pillow needs raising, and another demands soothing words. To all alike she yields cheerful com- pliance, stopping often merely to give a kind look as a little show of interest. The dim light falls a pon her slim figure in its neat gown, and reveals the sweet and sympathetic face of a woman of mature years, more beautiful even than in its first bloom.

It is a face of rare charm, so contented, so placid, and yet so bright and cheerful. Evident- ly to these poor sick people it is a boon just to gaze upon it. But just now she is called away; a physician wishes to speak to her—probably gives her orders for the night. She hastens to the office where he is waiting.

"Miss Stanton, here is a telegram from up- town. You know Dr. Gansevoort, I presume. He wants you to attend a patient."

"Is there no one else who can go? I never take outside cases if I can avoid it."

"Positively no one, and as he specifies you, I should not like to disappoint him."

"Well, then, I shall have to go, I suppose, but what is the nature of the case?"

"An accident."

"Can you supply my place here?"

"Yes. We shall have to double the duties."

With the promptness of custom, no more ques- tions were asked, and in a few moments Miss Stanton was on her way to Fifth Avenue. As she rolled along in the darkness, with only the street lamps occasionally lifting it, her thoughts were as calm and cool as if she had been a belle to whom the triumphs of a ball-room were an old story; but she knew that she had need of all her courage and all her resources. The carriage stopped before a great gloomy brown stone house, and the door was instantly opened by a waiting footman. Over the marble hall and up the oaken stairway and under tapestries and vel- vet hangings she was ushered into an antecham- ber, where, quickly divesting herself of her wraps, she waited. In a few moments Dr. Gansevoort ap- peared, and briefly related all that had happened, all that was required. The man had been thrown from his carriage, causing fracture of both legs —they had been set—there was nothing to do now but to watch most carefully.

Miss Stanton entered the room. It was su- perb in all its appointments. Though the light was low, the carved wood, the frescoes, the glit- ter of cut-glass and brass, and the luxurious di- vans were all apparent. Rather different from the bare walls of the hospital ward were these beautiful reaches of landscape and rare interiors in their rich frames; but, all the same as on the narrow hospital cots, here among the ruffles and lace of downy pillows was a human sufferer; glasses and towels and sponges and all the ap- purtenances of surgery were about—means for relieving the terrible agony which in hospital or palace pursues its victim. With note-book and pencil, vials and written orders, Miss Stanton took her place at the bedside. The sufferer was asleep, his face hidden in the clothes. Strange to say, she had not asked his name. Was was it that in this silent watch her thoughts returned to her girlhood—to the far-off home of her youth, which she had left when a happy, thoughtless child for the abode of wealth and luxury, from which she had been thrust forth as unworthy and disobedient? How long the years of study and disappointment and hard work seemed! and how well she remembered all the chilling rebuffs she had met from the day her aunt had spoken those cruel words, and she had taken refuge with her old friend Mrs. Russell, whose influence and in- terest had at last secured her a position in the training school for nurses! Ah, it was an easy task she had taken upon herself, but how tran- quil and secured now her life had become since she had been her own mistress, and filled the hours with useful work! To be sure, her aunt had renounced and denounced her, and her cousins never even spoke to her. Frank only was her friend.

At last then, with a moan, her patient awoke, and fixed his eyes upon her. What a shock thrilled her as he looked and looked again! How well she knew those eyes! Though years and his deep slumber had disguised him, the new was con- scious that she was in the presence of the man who had once offered her his love. Why had Frank sent for her? What was the meaning of this meeting? Did he know her? Should she fly? All these questions rushed for an answer, but long habits of self-restraint calmed her, and with gentle touch she essayed some little movement for his comfort, hoping he would not recognize her. But she was mistaken; a hot hand was laid on hers, and a familiar voice said, "You have come. I knew you would."

"Yes, I am a nurse, come in response to your physician's order."

"No; you put it wrongly; you are Teresa Stan- ton, come because I, Leroy Jones, sent for you."

"Not at all; I would have come to an utter stranger. I did come just this way. Now let me quiet you."

"I have you at last; that is all I want. Do you know, I have never loved any one else—never. You were quite right not to marry me: a dence of a life you'd have led!"

"Hush! hush! you are injuring yourself," she said, softly, trying to stop his impetuous talk. But he was not to be stopped, he had grasped her hand, and was kissing it.

"Nonsense! As if I didn't know I had come to the end of my rope. Put your hand here on my heart. How is it going?—fast, like a trip-ham- mer? It will stop soon. But I have you to look at again. See!" and he drew out a little locket from beneath his pillow, where it lay beside his watch and trinkets; "this is all I have had these ten years. Do you know yourself to be that girl? Isn't she a beauty? But let me look at you. Turn on the gas. No, don't leave me either; you might not come back. You are altered, Tes- sie; but you are a lovely woman still. You were a wee little thing, you saw what poor stuff there was in me; but I loved you, Tessie, and now—Oh, I've an pain! Don't look so distressed. I fear my time has come. Nervous shock, you know. I feel very weak. Give me some brandy. Kiss me, Tessie."

IV.

It is the fourteenth day of February, and Dr. Gansevoort is mounting the stairs of a New York boarding house. He has a patient on the top floor for whom he has more than a scientific in- terest, and as he enters the room, which he has at last reached, he looks with anxiety toward the dormer-window filled with flowers. The patient is standing there with a watering can and scis- sors, tending her plants. His anxiety is relieved when he sees the little tinge of color on his pa-

tient's face, and the glad bright glance she gives him.

"So you are better to-day?" he says, taking the offered hand and giving it a kindly pressure.

"Yes, I am getting quite strong again. I shall soon be able to resume my duties."

"You need not be in haste to do that. By-the-bye, do you know what day this is?"

"Oh yes; there's my calendar. A woman of business must be accurate."

"A woman of business—hum! it seems to me you've been that long enough; but do you know this is a day of sentiment, a day dedicated to a saint whose shrine is the human heart?"

"Oh, Frank!" was the laughing remonstrance.

"You seem to think I am a little brusque myself, but as I am a bearer of dispatches I thought best to prepare you for what is coming." And he drew from his pocket a sealed envelope.

"What! A valentine for me!"

"Really, I don't know what you'll call it. Perhaps being such a business woman, you may regard it as a bill, a receipt for services rendered, etc., etc."

It certainly was a valentine, tinted and perfumed, rose-wreathed and lace-papered, and the verses were as tender as the song of the nightingale. But what fell fluttering to the floor?

A bit of plain white and black paper—a scrap from a check book—with "Pay to Teresa Stanton's order" on it, and fifty thousand dollars in the corner.

The smiling face became grave, the soft brown eyes filled, and bent a silent, questioning gaze upon Frank.

"It's none of my doing, Teresa, as you see. Leroy's an altered man. He has always loved you, and now he seeks to show his gratitude for all your kind care."

"But, Frank, I can not accept this—unless—unless—"

"—You also accept the giver," said Frank, smiling, as he finished the sentence for her. "That is just what he wants, Teresa. I am a poor diplomatist, as you see, for I ought to have used much more circumlocution; but I will send Leroy to do his own courting."

BAD LANDS.

A characteristic feature of the landscape on the Little Missouri River is the flat-topped hills, or "buttes," as they are sometimes called, which often assume the most fantastic shapes. Some of them present the appearance of walled cities, old dismantled castles, pyramids, or obelisks. The first sight of these grotesque freaks of nature and the elements is very interesting, but one soon wearies of them, and longs for green fields and wooded hill-sides.

THE MUFFIN MAN.

It is surely one of the most deplorable evidences of diverging nationalities that the American should have forgotten what a muffin is. Like his "robin," and his biscuit, and his "Yorkshire pudding," the name has really no connection whatever with the gentle ideal which it should suggest. Still less, therefore, can the American be expected to know the pensive muffin man, who has contributed in unobtrusive fashion so largely to the joys of successive generations of provincial and suburban English nurseries. In the less busy parts of London, and throughout every country town, the cheery tinkle of the little bell which heralded his advent has been for years as integral a part of childhood's winter life as the bright fireside and the steaming tea-urn, and if the muffin man had missed a day, it would have been scarcely less astonishing than the non-recurrence of bed-time. To future generations, however, it is to be feared that the tender memories which have learned by long experience to cluster round the name of muffin man will be forbidden, and a few decades hence an Englishman will know no better than an American what a real muffin means. The muffin man is no longer the inoffensive and welcome minister to the nursery tea table that he was, and a feud has sprung up between him and society.

When, a short time ago, a muffin man was brought into a London police court and fined for ringing his bell, the proceeding might well at the first blush seem high-handed and unwarrantable. Why, it might be asked, is the muffin man not to ring his bell, while the coster-monger may yell, and Punch go piping down the street? The question is a natural one enough, for muffin men might, in theory, be supposed to be the most inoffensive of our species. There is nothing in their calling to incite to turbulence, for muffins tend to soften the manners, if melancholy supervenes. No muffin man ever yet committed a murder on his own account, or led a popular riot. They are not of the mind that carry bludgeons and wear knuckle-dusters, sniffing battle afar off, and snorting for the fray. On the contrary, they are meek men, and, from the constant handling of muffins, have assumed something of the character of that confection. Such, at any rate, might be the contention of the theorist. Every vocation seems to induce in the individuals following it a tendency to sympathy of character with their implements or wares, and there is no reason why muffin men should be an exception. It would be as impossible for two of that profession to come to blows with muffins as for two Thibetans to quarrel in the public street.

Within the jurisdiction of the Grand Lama an admirable municipal arrangement provides that each term of abuse and each blow shall be paid for at a high rate, the man injured receiving the proceeds. The result is that when two Thibetans have a mind to fall out, each fills his own mouth with mud, and bares his head, provoking the other to strike it. No summons, of course, can issue for such a preposterous form of assault and battery, and the Thibetans, therefore, enjoy at this day the reputation of being a mild-mannered people. Nor of muffin men can less be said. They issue forth with the moths and the bats, and are of a crepuscular kind, seeming to shun the giddier haunts of men, visiting daily the same streets, generally the same houses, and coming thus at last to exchange those familiarities with the regular retainers of each household as are privileged also to the policeman, the postman, the milkman, and the cat's-meat man. They form an outer circle of satellites, revolving, it is true, in a more distant and deferential orbit, but still confessing the force of the same attraction that keeps cooks and house-maids from flying off from the centre of the domestic system into space. The chestnut man to the streets remains, as it were, an institution of the streets, or a portion of them, like a curb-stone or a pillar box. He never gets to be associated with private life, and is as much a stranger to the back door as an omnibus driver. But the muffin man knows that his coming is expected, looks for the regular opening of garden gates, loiters with a purpose at certain points, and when making over his wares exchanges opinions with the servants of the family on the weather as compared with that of yesterday, or more amiably connects himself with the past by reference to the muffins delivered the day before. All this should tend to the mollification of the feline nature that may possibly be latent in the muffin man, while it softens the public feeling toward him, for it seems just as difficult to be violent toward one who disseminates the gentle muffin or for him to brain a neighbor with one. It is easy enough to be exasperated with butchers' or green-grocers' errand boys, but to assault a muffin man would seem very like drawing a knife on a feather bed.

Meanwhile the pernicious influences of modern competition have here as elsewhere produced demoralizing results. At one time the solitary muffin man going his rounds in the early twilight of winter rang as he went a melancholy little bell to let his customers know he was coming. There was nothing offensive about his tintinabulations, for it was feeble ringing at best, and as every muffin man has his own beat, the bell came along through the darkness and was lost in it again, only once a day growing up gradually out of the distance—a very phantom of sound—as gradually died away again, neither irritating by continuance, nor inciting to fury by its sudden intensity. Sick folk even found nothing to complain of in it, and as for the healthy, they never heeded it, if they ever heard it, and to children it was a joy. But all this, it seems, has been sadly changed. Where before one man sufficed to dispense the muffins of a neighborhood, twenty, we are told, have now rushed in to scramble for a share in his small profits. The old men, it is said, have succumbed in the struggle for custom, and a new race have occupied their place. The gentle salesman of the old *régime*, whose dismal little campanello did no one harm, has, it appears, had to give way before younger men of vigorous lung power and ponderous bells. He never shouted, for he had never learned how to do so, and as for the tinkle-tinkle of his progress, it required from him little more exertion of the muscles than it does from a grazing bell-wether. It sounded by the mere motion of his arm swinging as he walked, a musical pedometer that was foundible twenty doors ahead. It is complained, however, that the present generation of muffin men are far more troublesome. They pass the policeman at the corner with the air and appearance of staid and inoffensive muffin men, but once in the quiet by-street, they bellow and ring their bells with a vehemence wholly inconsistent with and unnecessary for the sale of their gentle wares.

The successful conviction, however, to which we have referred may easily lead to abuses, for if all London street cries are to be prosecuted, much mischief might ensue. What urchin, for instance, could tell that Punch was passing in the street if he did not sound his wonderful call? and what an infinity of cheap delight would be struck out of the life of London children if that immortal but very popular person were banished from the by-ways? Is it nothing, either, that the useful cat should be robbed of her afternoon's excitement? For how delightful it must be to sit at the gate and watch the often-stopping cat's-meat man coming nearer and nearer; to see the cats whose owners do not purchase cat's meat following his steps in half-hearted hopes of the bottom of the basket falling out, and a miraculous shower of meated skewers ensuing; and then the rapture of going out a few steps to meet the vender, and familiarly impede while she escorts his steps to the kitchen door. Many such wrongs would be inflicted on those who have grown accustomed to street cries if indiscriminate prosecution followed upon the conviction of a particular muffin man.

On the other hand, such a precedent must fill every heart with hope that, bells being thus pronounced a nuisance, a raid may be commenced upon other bells, which, to quote the police case referred to, "turn Sunday from a day of rest to one of torment and misery." It is impossible to think ill of church peals, or even of the solemn music of a single bell. But the London by-streets are full of small places of worship, which not once, but several times, every Sunday, set agoing an exasperating thing they call their bell, irritating the neighborhood against them, and making peace of mind impossible on "the day of rest." Nor is the evil all unknown even in New York. It does not matter to those who preside at these places of worship that their neighbors have begged them to stop their bells, for the mistaken sentiment that prompted them to set up the fragment of metal insists upon its maintenance, and so long as there is a rope attached, urchins will always be found ready to pull it. The result is that "the bell" goes for every sort of ceremony besides divine service—for catechism class and for Sunday-school, for choir practice, or for nothing at all. The preachers, like the new class of muffin men, have to advertise themselves, and have only their bells to do it with.

Phil Robinson.

ANTIQUITY OF GLOVES.

As to the antiquity of gloves there is no doubt; but there is, in one instance, considerable dispute as to the evidence on which this claim of venerable usage is based. The question turns upon the rendering of a passage in the Book of Ruth. Here, in the Authorized Version, the seventh and eighth verses of the fourth chapter read thus:

"Now this was the manner in former time in Israel concerning redeeming and concerning changing, for to confirm all things: a man plucked off his shoe, and gave it to his neighbor: and this was a testimony in Israel. Therefore the kinsman said unto Boaz, Buy it for thee. So he drew off his shoe."

For "shoe" in these verses it is said we should read *glove*. On this matter Mr Hull, relying upon the authority of M. Josephs, "a Hebrew of great literary attainments, and author of several learned works," advances the following theory: "The Hebrew *naagal* signifies to shut, close, or inclose. When followed by *regel*, the foot, it might mean a shoe or sandal; but when it stands by itself, as in the original of the passage quoted, it must be rendered 'glove.'" It is further stated that the ancient and modern Rabbins agree in rendering the word from the original as "glove," and that Joel Levy, a celebrated German translator, gave, instead of shoe, the picturesque native term of *Handschuh*, hand-shoe, by which gloves are known in Germany.

The Targum, or Chaldaic paraphrase of the Scriptures, made, perhaps, in the fourth century of the Christian era, translates the disputed phrase, *narthek yad*, the case or covering of the right hand—testimony apparently indisputable. But it is said, on the other side, that the Targumist tried to find adequate expression for the Greek *narthex* in a misleading idiom, since there was no word for glove in the language he used. It is obvious, however, that the paraphrasist accepted the term as a hand-covering, and not as a foot-covering; and it should be remembered that he lived some fifteen centuries nearer the only time when this question could be authoritatively settled. It is unquestionable, too, that the employment of the glove in the symbolical sense which the passage would bear in the substitution of terms, as a token of faith and in evidence of agreements, has a most remote antiquity, while the shoe is never associated in Holy Writ but with acts of humility and obeisance. Similar customs, in both respects, still obtain in the East.

The same difficulty occurs in Psalm cviii., where, in the ninth verse, among expressions of exultant triumph and vengeful threatenings, it is said, "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe"; and, again, the sanction of ancient usage, together with the commonest symbolism of the glove, would lead to an alteration of the passage as it stands, in favor of glove. To throw a glove over Edom would accord with all precedent in conveying a challenge, or the utterance of a boastful promise of punishment; to throw a shoe would have no warlike significance whatever.

The question is as little likely to be determined as that of the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask, or that other as to the authorship of the Letters of Junius. *Prima facie* evidence is all that can be brought forward on either side, and the balance of that unsubstantial testimony is against both passages as they at present stand.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

A theological seminary in the United States is an institution where young men are trained to become preachers. The law schools make lawyers, the medical colleges make physicians, and the theological seminaries make preachers. But it is a curious fact that when a proposal to establish a Presbyterian theological seminary in New York city was first broached, about fifty years ago, some good Presbyterians expressed the conviction that a city was no place for such an institution. A young man who wished to study law or medicine found special advantages in the metropolis, of course; the courts of justice and the hospitals were schools of themselves; but a young man who wished to study theology was supposed to have sense enough to know that God made the country, while the town was indebted for its existence to creatures quite finite. When, however, it was pointed out that the crowded tenement-houses and the many churches of New York city presented numerous specimens of the class of people whom preachers can most benefit, and of the styles of preaching which are the most effective, and when, in addition, it was ascertained that young men who needed to support themselves, wholly or in part, during their course of preparation for the ministry, could find in New York city remunerative employment in the very line of their proposed profession—could teach in mission schools, could become Sunday-school superintendents, could assist in the service of song in the churches either by playing on the organ or by singing in the choir—the objection did not seem to be sustained.

To the best type of theological student, the opportunity of paying his own way, rather than of having it paid for him, is extremely inviting. He is not fond of being an object of charity to benevolent old ladies of either sex who expect to improve their chances in another world by helping his chances in this. He has never seen the collection plate passed up and down the aisles of a church for the benefit of "indigent" medical students or law students, and he fails to understand why such a course is desirable in the case of divinity students. Recognizing as both an exhortation and fit the injunction to quit himself like a man and be strong, and believing that a Christian minister should be an example to his flock, it is particularly distasteful to him to pauperize himself. The founders, directors, and professors of the Union Theological Seminary in New York city have always entertained a profound respect for this very virile sentiment; and even the casual visitor to the institution must be struck with a certain manly bearing on the part of the young gentlemen congregated there, which contrasts strongly with what in some quarters is considered to be the first duty of a theological student, namely, to assume in the presence of his teachers or other elderly males of good social standing a demeanor that expresses an earnest desire to indulge in genuflections and bobbings of the head, and to twist his body into all sorts of deprecatory attitudes and reverential knees.

That this sound independence of spirit has some relation with the fact that a business man like the late Governor E. D. Morgan has endowed the Union Theological Seminary with $400,000, that a business man like the late Mr James Brown has endowed it with $300,000, that a business man like Mr D. Willis James has endowed it with $100,000, that a business man like Mr Morris K. Jesup has endowed it with $80,000, and that within the last ten years alone other business men have endowed it with $240,000 additional, making the grand total for that period $1,000,000, is not at all improbable. The gifts, however, speak for themselves, and by reason of these the Union Theological Seminary is about to remove from its old quarters at No. 9 University Place to the handsome, commodious, and suitable buildings on Park Avenue, Seventieth and Seventy-ninth streets, which are pictured in this number of this journal. Few of the students who shall be fortunate enough to belong to the institution in its new quarters will contrast their advantages with those of the thirteen young men who on the 5th of December, 1836, presented themselves at the house of President Thomas McAuley, D.D., No. 112 Leonard Street, and became the first class ever enrolled in the Union Theological Seminary, and who the next day walked to the residence of Professor Henry White, No. 80 Eldridge Street, and listened to a theological lecture, and the day after to the rooms of the Presbyterian Education Society, No. 116 Nassau Street, to hear an energetical lecture by Professor Edward Robinson, and the following day to the study of Professor Thomas H. Skinner, for a disquisition on sacred rhetoric. The great fire of the same year and the great panic of 1837 so crippled the resources of the benefactors of the seminary that although lots had been leased for the construction of the present edifice in University Place (then Jackson Avenue), the wherewithal to build and furnish it was wanting, and it was not until twelve months later, on the 12th of December, 1838, when the number of students had increased to one hundred and twenty-nine, that the institution had a local habitation.

The next eight years was a period of poverty so great that the local habitation was heavily mortgaged, and the self-sacrificing professors were compelled to content themselves with the merest pittances of salaries. An effort to obtain a permanent fund of $140,000 fell through, although $90,000 had been subscribed, because the subscriptions had been taken on condition that the whole sum should be raised. Just in the nick of time the late Mr James Roosevelt, a Presbyterian merchant whose Episcopal grandson had acceded to the Roman Catholic Church, so altered the terms of his will that $30,000 previously intended for his apostate relative became devised to the Union Theological Seminary. Three or four years afterward an additional $100,000 was raised, and the late Mr Anson G. Phelps, Sen., contributed a sum sufficient to furnish rooms as the dormitory for forty-eight students. But when the civil war came on, the professors, whose salaries were each the income of $25,000, found themselves so straitened that a decent living was impossible. In 1865 another endowment of $150,000 was obtained from various sources, and in 1873 the late Mr James Brown came forward with his munificent sum of $300,000, which at once put the institution on a firm foundation. The noble gifts of its later benefactors have already been mentioned, but no sketch of the Union Theological Seminary would approach completion without the names of the late President William Adams, D.D., the late Professor Henry B. Smith, D.D., and the late Messrs. Richard T. Haines, William M. Halsted, Anthony P. Halsey, Caleb O. Halstead, Abijah Fisher, Fisher Howe, Anson G. Phelps, Sen., James Boorman, David Hoadley, John C. Baldwin, and William E. Dodge. The beloved memory of President William Adams will long be cherished, not only by the students, to whom his presence was a continual inspiration, but by the Presbyterian Church of the United States.

Under the presidency of Professor Roswell D. Hitchcock, the Union Theological Seminary is acquiring a scholastic reputation of importance. There are optional courses in Arabic, Syriac, Chaldee, and Assyrian, entirely outside of the regular courses in exegesis, Biblical theology, history, dogmatics, homiletics, Christian ethics, and pastoral theology; and an interesting and unique fact is the large number of its inter students who have themselves become professors in other theological seminaries and in colleges—for example, Professors Moore and Woodruff, of Andover Seminary; Professors Bissell and Karr, of Hartford Seminary; Professors Jesse Curtiss and E. L. Curtis, of the Chicago seminaries; Professor Ballantine, of Oberlin College; Professor Emerson, of Vermont University; Professors Stearns and Ropes, of Bangor Seminary; Professor C. R. Brown, of Newton Seminary; Professor De Witt, of Lane Seminary; and several others, to say nothing of its own alumni in its

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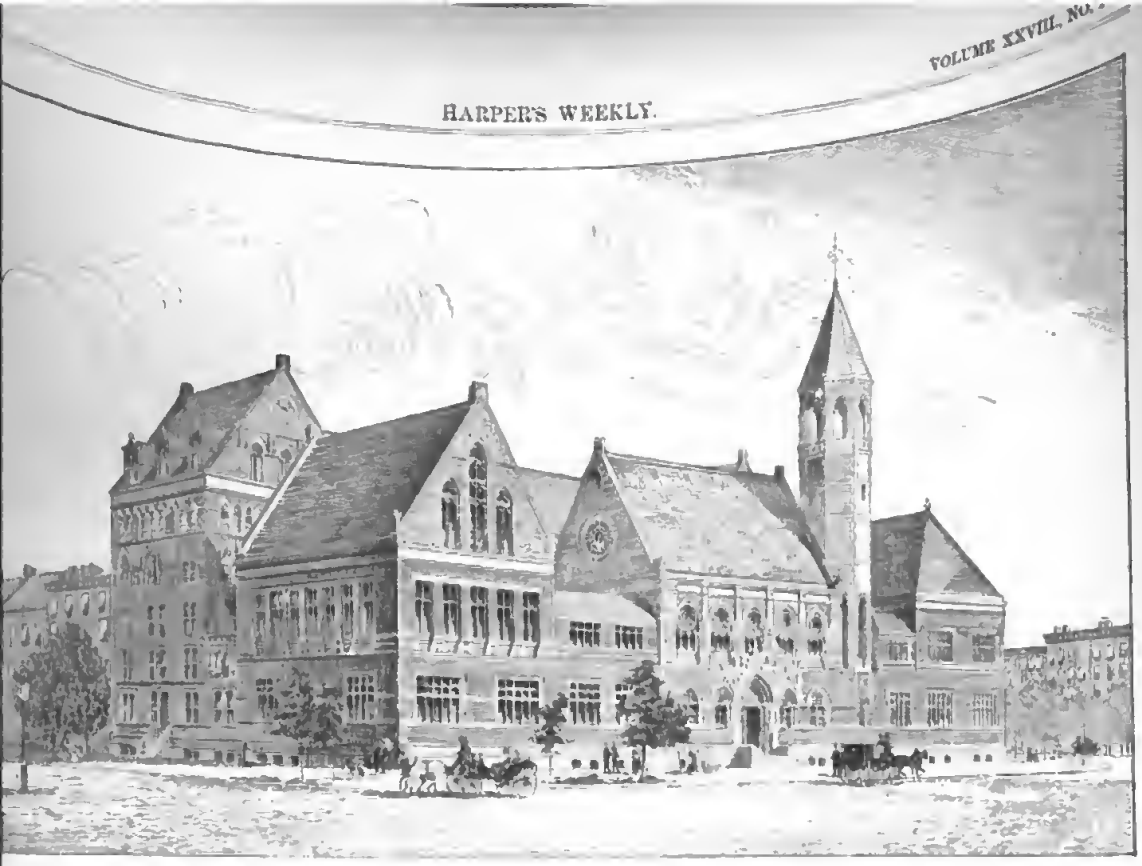

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—WILLIAM A. POTTER, ARCHITECT.

faculty—Professors Briggs and Francis Brown. The foliow established under Dr. Adams's administration, provide two ary funds of $600 a year each as a reward of special merit, for the pursuit of higher theological culture on the part of the ssful graduate competitors.

y years ago Professor Tholuck, of the University of Halle, many, wrote to a friend in this country: "With us, indifference to religion in the masses is so much on the increase that have almost a lack of preachers." This indifference to religion extended very far since those words were written, and is so ng to-day that a leading American journalist, while comment on the fourth centenary of Luther's birth, said: "For any one who reads Luther's story and considers his work, the fact that the great bulk of those who today are celebrate his achievements with pride, as those of one of the greatest of Germans, have no more faith in his doctrines than he put in Tetzel's, and care no more for his Bible than he cared for the Mass, is pathetic enough. The process which he applied to the papal authorities is now applied to all objects whatever. The Bible itself has to submit to the tests and questionings to which he subjected the Pope and the Church." This state of things is not ignored by the teachers in the Union Theological Seminary. Among the regular lectures is a series on the "grounds of the Christian evidence; the strength of unbelief in our day, and the best way to meet it."

But more than this. In his address delivered at the funeral of Professor Thomas H. Skinner, the late Professor Henry B. Smith, of the Union Theological Seminary, said: "A theological seminary needs to be poised upon a spiritual centre—not only to be rooted in Christ the Head, but also to centre in some visible impersonation of the spiritual power of a living Christian faith, animating its members by example and by word. That was the position which our venerable [illegible] professor held (all unconscious of it to himself) to both the faculty and the students of this institution." The speaker as well as the revered teacher of whom he spoke has passed away, but no one who knows the men who now occupy their places will doubt that their mantles have fallen upon worthy successors.

THE BAD LANDS OF THE LITTLE MISSOURI.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 95.]

THE ICE CASTLE AT MONTREAL.—From a Photograph by William Notman and Son.—[See Page 91.]

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

When the Boston "Broadcloth Mob"—so called because it was instigated and led by men of high social position—broke up an anti-slavery meeting in October, 1835, and dragged William Lloyd Garrison through the street with a rope round his waist, the disgraceful scene was witnessed by Wendell Phillips, then a young graduate of Harvard, and recently admitted to the bar. Accomplished, eloquent, ambitious, he was assured of a great career in his profession; but the sight of this dastardly outrage upon the right of free speech so stirred his blood that he determined to surrender the brilliant prizes within his grasp, and devote his life to the great cause of human liberty.

From that time Wendell Phillips was identified with the Abolitionists, but his first public appearance in their ranks was at a meeting held in Faneuil Hall on the 6th of December, 1837, to express the sentiments of the citizens of Boston on the murder of E. P. Lovejoy, at Alton, Illinois. Some resolutions becoming honorable men had been proposed, and Dr Channing had spoken in their support, when James T. Austin, the Attorney-General of Massachusetts, made a vehement speech in justification of the murder. Conservatism was still strong in Boston, the name of Abolitionist was still hooted with aversion, and the meeting was enthusiastic swayed by Mr. Austin's words, but at that critical moment Mr. Phillips appeared upon the platform, "and in a brief speech, which restored to Faneuil Hall its old glory of eloquence and patriotism and humanity, and seemed to be the living echo of the fiery tongues of the Revolution, recalled the audience to itself, and spoke for the heart and conscience of New England." The resolutions were adopted, and from that evening until the abolition of slavery Wendell Phillips was the great orator of the cause and of the country.

In 1840 Mr. Phillips renounced his profession, because he would not hold himself bound by an oath to support the Constitution which protected slave holders in the rights against which he had declared war. His life was thenceforward devoted to influencing public opinion upon the question of slavery, and his share in the education of the mind and conscience of the country will never be forgotten. As an orator he was unsurpassed, and to the end of his life he never failed to charm and captivate his audiences. During the most stormy days of the anti-slavery crusade, "those who had heard of Mr. Phillips with a shudder as the mob-agitator, could not believe, when they saw a tranquil, manly, graceful, polished gentleman upon the stage, that it was Wendell Phillips." His oratory was indeed the perfection of art.

Although Mr. Phillips had lived very retired of late, he retained an interest in public affairs as keen as ever, and frequent communications from him appeared in the papers. He resided in a house on Common Street, in a quaint part of Boston, in the vicinity of the Hollis Street Church, and very near the famous gathering-places of the anti-slavery men during the agitation before the war. It was at a house within a stone's-throw of his residence that a number of anti-slavery women took refuge in 1835 when driven from a public hall by the "Broadcloth Mob."

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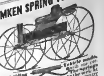
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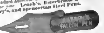
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THE WESTERN FLOODS—SCENE ON THE YOUGHIOGHENY RIVER.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 114.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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MRS. HELEN B. CONANT *contributes "A Chat about Valentines," and* A. W. ROBERTS *contributes the boys "How to Make a Set of Chess Men out of Spools."*

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DISTRICT DELEGATE CONVENTIONS.

FOUR years ago a few Republican bosses in New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois, by means of the party "machine" and the "unit rule," almost succeeded in defeating the will of the party at the National Convention. The plot was baffled by the courage of a few prominent delegates, who naturally refused, as men of honor, to be bound by a wholly unauthorized and absurd dictation; and the Convention, in order to prevent such tricks hereafter, ordered that the rules for selecting delegates to the Convention of 1884 should be devised in a way to secure to the Congressional districts the right to select their own delegates. The National Committee accordingly, in January, 1883, provided that

"The Republicans of the various Congressional districts shall have the option of electing their delegates at separate popular delegate conventions, called on similar notice [twenty days], and held in the districts at any time within fifteen days next prior to the meeting of the State Conventions, or by subdivision of the State Conventions into district conventions, and such delegates shall be chosen in the latter method if not elected previous to the meeting of the State Conventions, all district delegates to be accredited by the officers of such district conventions."

This provision was adopted in pursuance of a rule which was especially designed for the States of New York and Pennsylvania, and others in which the abuses of the boss and machine systems have been most flagrant. In such States wherever there are Congressional district committees they can take action under this rule without regard to the State Committee. That committee has only to take care, if a district convention be desired by the party, to call it to meet within the specified time. But in New York the party organization is formed generally by counties, not by Congressional districts, and the order of the National Convention, honestly construed, devolves upon the State Committee the duty of making effective the option of Republicans in every Congressional district. The situation demands evident good faith on all sides, and nothing could be more prejudicial to Republican interests and success in New York than even the appearance of the kind of management which was rebuked by the National Convention and by the vote of 1882. The honest way is obviously the most politic way, and the honest way is to submit a simple scheme for district conventions, leaving adoption to the discretion of the districts.

We do not say this with the knowledge that any other course is proposed. But as there are few district organizations, as district conventions involve some trouble, and as the custom has been to select district delegates at the State Convention, the State Committee might suppose that there was no desire for district conventions if there were no reminder of the action of the National Convention. That action, however, is not in the least forgotten by the Republicans of New York, as the remarks of the Republican press of the State plainly indicate. The State Committee will undoubtedly see that any failure to observe the purpose of that action, and to secure the selection of delegates without submitting the method of selection to the various districts, would inevitably be interpreted as a trick, and it would renew with increased bitterness the party differences in the State. The good judgment which was shown by the committee during the canvass of 1883 was of great service to the party, and that good judgment is the earnest of discreet and harmonious action in regard to the election of national delegates. Undoubtedly that election will be warmly contested between the machine wing of the party and the independent wing, because each of them will prefer different candidates, as each favors a different system of party management. But the State Committee probably understands that independent Republicans are neither deceived nor alarmed by the pretenses or the bullying of a machine, and it will therefore respect the mandate of the Convention.

MARCHING ON.

WHILE Secretary CHANDLER publicly discredits the reformed system of appointment to which the Republican Administration and party are committed, Mayor SCOVILLE, the Democratic Mayor of Buffalo, in accord with the Democratic Governor and in opposition to the Democratic politicians, has adopted an admirable scheme for introducing the reformed system into the service of that city. In doing this, Mayor SCOVILLE takes his position with the progressive spirit in politics—a position which no man of generous political ambition need fear that he will regret hereafter. Movements like that of reform in the civil service, which promote the interests of all the people against class interests, do not go backward. They spring from popular intelligence, and the more they are known, the stronger they become.

The President might very well say to his Secretary that as he has recommended and approved the law, it is a measure of his administration, and if any defects or imperfections of detail are discovered by the Secretary, as in the operation of all such laws, they are to be brought to his attention and to that of the Commission for inquiry, rather than to be published to prejudice public opinion. If Secretary CHANDLER has found, as reported, that a person certified to him as eligible to appointment to a clerical place requiring good penmanship and correct spelling could neither write well nor spell correctly, he could dismiss him immediately if he found that he were unfitted for the place. Whether intentionally or not, the Secretary conveys the impression that he is obliged to retain a person whom he knows to be incompetent, whereas the result of the examination merely entitles the successful men to enter upon a probation to show whether they have the peculiar tact and faculty which are desirable in every position. If this probation shows a man to be unfitted, he may be dismissed, however high his standing upon the examination may have been. The examination shows his comparative general intelligence. The probation tests his special fitness.

But under the spoils system there is no comparison of intelligence among applicants, and no test of competency whatever. Secretary TELLER was falsely reported to have said that if he is to be held responsible for his department he must be permitted to select his own subordinates. This is an old objection, and it implies that the Secretary would appoint only for fitness, which under the old system no appointing officer is permitted to do. He appoints, not for fitness, but in deference to authoritative politicians and political influence. All such theoretical complaints are of no weight whatever as against the opinion of Collector ROBERTSON and Postmaster PEARSON, in the chief Custom-house and Post-office of the country, in which the new system has been proved for several years, and to the entire satisfaction of those officers. If any Secretary distrusts and condemns the administrative methods adopted by the Administration, and is unwilling to be held responsible for them, he is always at liberty to resign.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

IN the death of WENDELL PHILLIPS the greatest of American orators passed away. But to call him an orator is not to suggest a rhetorician, a maker of phrases, a mere elocutionary artist. It is to speak of an effective force in the state; of a man whose words were things, and whose speeches were events. The service of his oratory to the early antislavery cause in this country was incalculable. It drew the great multitude, who were charmed while they cursed. The resistless logic, the appeal to manliness and morality, the fiery indignation, the remorseless hail of wit and epigram and invective, the undaunted courage, the scornful defiance, yet all invested with superb suavity, with matchless grace, with penetrating music, could no more be eluded than in the clear sunshine the tree can escape its shadow. WENDELL PHILLIPS was as integral a part of the antislavery cause as JOHN BRIGHT of the Corn Law reform in England. Emancipation was not wrought in his way, but he quickened the conscience that compelled emancipation. His oratory vindicated the claim of oratory to a rank among the fine arts. Alone among all the famous orators which Puritanism has produced in Old and New England, PHILLIPS blended the sturdy conviction and rugged earnestness of the Puritan with the exquisite refinement and simple elegance of the Greek.

His mien and bearing were Patrician. It was PERICLES rather than PYM who stood upon the platform; and it was this aspect of high courtesy, of scholarly cultivation, of the fastidious taste and tranquillity of the most conservative sentiment, which made his appearance as an abolition orator the perpetual living attestation that the antislavery cause was not that of an ignorant class, and could not be dismissed as a vulgar agitation. Nothing, indeed, could be more quiet than his manner. His tone was always colloquial, never declamatory or strident. "Do you call that oratory?" said a hearer, who came away bewildered; "why, he merely stood up and talked like anybody else." His movement was simple, graceful, and of a certain leonine softness. His feeling was repressed and intense, not volcanic. In his sharpest invective the eyes almost closed, the voice sank low. The sincerity was too absolute to tolerate stormy passion. Yet in the audacity of oratory PHILLIPS could do what BURKE failed in doing, and what in EVERETT seemed only artificial. Once, as the antislavery debate was ending in civil war, after mentioning the name of a man whom he held up to contempt, he rinsed his mouth with water, and spat it out as if to avoid defilement. It was not a trick nor a habit. It was the deadly earnest of moral loathing, and the action thrilled the tense nerves of the crowd before him. The tranquillity of his manner and the colloquial tone were the product both of his temperament and his instinct of art. He knew that the truth of slavery was so terrible that any rhetorical decoration of it or vehement declamation would make it seem extravagant and unreal, and leave the hearer incredulous. WASHINGTON ALLSTON was not a truer artist than WENDELL PHILLIPS.

We speak of him as an orator, because as an orator his fame will endure. Oratory was the form in which he offered the sacrifice of his life to the poor and the oppressed. To say that he was a natural agitator is to say only that his genius enabled him to give a voice to the voiceless. It was obedient to the same spirit of the age which in literature is manifest in DICKENS and HOOD and CARLYLE. The "broadcloth mob" in Boston revealed to the young man the truth that there is no government or constitution in this country but public opinion, and in the interest of the slaves he consecrated his life to correcting, enlightening, elevating, and stimulating public opinion. In doing this he renounced all other aim and ambition, and even severed social relations. Naturally he included all the special reforms, as temperance, and woman's rights, and justice to the Indians. His advocacy of national paper money, and his later denunciation of the Republican party and of reform in the civil service, spring from his conviction—a wholly erroneous conviction, as we think—that they were all unfriendly to poor men. He had come to think that the "respectable" classes are the dangerous classes, because, as he held, their mad and sole pursuit of wealth corrupted the church and the college, and bred a selfishness that consumed the feeble and the needy, and threatened anarchy. He believed that the constant tendency of a prosperous community is to sloth and moral stagnation, and that it must be necessarily shaken and aroused like a man stupefied with narcotics. "You shall sit down and toast your toes at the camp-fire," he said to a friend after the war, "but I will just put out into the underbrush." Much censure will mingle with the praise that will be spoken over his grave. But the clouds will soon pass from his name, as they have passed from that of his great friend and co-laborer GARRISON, and, like him, WENDELL PHILLIPS will be remembered with SAMUEL ADAMS and WARREN and QUINCY and the fathers of our liberty, his name, like theirs, a possession forever.

THE NEW TARIFF BILL.

MR. MORRISON has introduced his bill for a "horizontal reduction" of the tariff; that is to say, he proposes a different rate of protection, and places some articles upon the free list. But while his bill diminishes the rates of taxation, it is yet to be proved that it will reduce the revenue. The bill is not a party measure, for it takes very much the same position as the proposal of the Republican Tariff Commission. It does not directly open the question between protection and free trade, or even revenue reform in the sense of a non-protective revision of the tariff. It is, in fact, a protective measure, to be judged upon its merits, and upon the probabilities. Although it is the distinctive measure, the platform, to be laid down by the Democratic majority in Congress for the great political campaign of 1884, it fulfills in no sense the anticipation raised by the election of Speaker, and instead of an issue of principle, it raises simply a question of degree.

That it is not a party measure is seen in its reception by Democratic protective journals. But does their tone mean that they distrust their own associates, and that, as we suggested some time ago, they regard this bill merely as the strongest measure which free-trade sentiment dares at present to propose? The trouble with it undoubtedly is that however reasonable its general provisions may be, it is a protective bill supported by those who frankly declare that they are free-traders, and there is therefore a feeling that it is but the first step, the entering wedge, of a free-trade policy. Politically, it is natural that those who wish the redundant revenue to be reduced by a tariff revision which shall encourage domestic industry should prefer to see the revision accomplished by the friends of such encouragement rather than by those who hold tariff encouragement to domestic industry to be pernicious. Mr. MORRISON, who introduces the present bill, is classed with the free-traders of his party. He was the chief supporter of the

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Speaker, who was nominated against Mr. RANDALL on that very issue.

While, therefore, the new bill is not properly a Democratic measure in the sense of raising a question of principle between the parties, the circumstances under which it appears will probably produce party opposition. Yet the object sought by it—the reduction of taxation and of a redundant revenue—is earnestly desired by a great body of Republicans. The bill is introduced by a member of the majority, yet it does not serve a party purpose. It would therefore be very unfortunate if party opposition to it should place the Republicans in the position of opposing a reduction of taxation and of favoring a revenue far beyond the requirements of the government. It would certainly be a mistake to pursue a course which would give the Democratic party so excellent a cry for the campaign. It would be very unwise for Republicans to assume that the precise distribution and duties of the present tariff can not be wisely amended or improved, and the course taken by the minority in the House will test the wisdom of its leadership. To say that the country is impatient of tariff tinkering is true in this sense, that alterations of the tariff always disturb manufactures and trade, which are based upon an existing tariff. But regarding the tariff as a tax, it is not supposable that the country protests against lowering the taxes. Mr. MORRISON's bill, however, will not unite his party, and it will provoke a debate which will probably last long enough to prevent its passage.

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

THE proceedings at the temporary organization of the new Republican County Committee in New York were very comical. The result of the reorganization of the party is that Mr. O'BRIEN, the chief of the old machine, remains in supreme control, and, fresh from "the deal" with JOHN KELLY, takes command of the new organization. "Here we are again!" says the excellent artist of the circus ring, and the old machine can echo his cheerful words.

The remedy for the situation lies where we have always supposed it to lie, in the independence and courage of the individual voter. So long as under the system of patronage to minor subordinate places a great deal of money can be made in politics, those who devote themselves to making the money will give time, attention, and skill to party management, which the great multitude of intelligent party men can not give, and they will largely control party action; and as they will have their way in the caucus and the primary meeting, the voters of the party must have their way at the polls, if they are to have their way at all.

The only way to beat the bosses of every degree is to scratch and stay at home. The practical question at the election is, whether in the actual situation, whatever it may be, the success of the party under bad management is preferable to the triumph of the other party. Undoubtedly the answer will often be that it is. But this will not be always the reply. It was very different from this in 1879; it was appallingly different from this in 1882. The machine which resumes its old position in New York, however, can not resume its old power. An improved public sentiment and the reform law stand in the way. And the machine is a very much more stupid body than we believe it to be if in the light of experience it is not fully aware that any of its old antics to pack a convention and to control its action would doubtless defeat the Republican party in New York. The dinner of Brooklyn Republicans on WASHINGTON's birthday will show the machine in New York and throughout the country the spirit and purpose which will decide the Presidential election of 1884. There will be no threats and no denunciation. But there will be a very plain forecast of the way to Republican victory.

THE CESNOLA VERDICT.

AFTER a prolonged, exhaustive, and exhausting trial, in which every opportunity was offered to those who desire to discredit the Metropolitan Art Museum to produce all the evidence against its general value and authenticity that they could procure, the jury without hesitation at once peremptorily dismissed the charges as unsustained. The accusation in substance was that General DI CESNOLA was an unprincipled adventurer who had tampered with a questionable collection of antiquities until he had entirely destroyed their historical and illustrative value, and the object of the accusation was to destroy public confidence in the collection. The method of the attack was an assault upon the character of General DI CESNOLA, with the apparent expectation that, if he were proved to be a knave, the collection would be adjudged worthless.

But the attack has failed utterly, and although those who had warmly decried the director, and alleged that the collection was fraudulent, announce that they are of the same opinion still, the public will not hesitate for a moment to accept the verdict as a vindication of the integrity of the collection and of the good faith of the director. It has not escaped the observation of those who have followed the trial that no adequate or intelligible motive has been assigned for the alleged frauds. It was not contended by the friends of the Museum that the director was a trained archæologist or general scholar, nor that he had not said and done, like all the rest of us, some regrettable things. But there was no question that he had resided in Cyprus, that he had found a great number and variety of objects of art, that he had sold them together, that he had received the money for them, and had been placed in charge of them as superintendent. This was undeniable. But the charge was that then, after all this, without any conceivable motive, he had deliberately tampered with the collection, taking the chance of destroying its authenticity in the public mind, and depriving himself of his position. The accusation under these circumstances should have been that he was an idiot, not a knave.

Every friend of the Museum will rejoice that the fullest possible hearing and the most ingenious representation and argument have been allowed to this impeachment of the integrity of one of the most interesting institutions in the city. Those friends will rejoice no less that the legal defense was intrusted to advocates so intelligent, self-possessed, and competent as Mr. CHOATE and Mr. STICKNEY. It is not to be expected that the gibes at the Museum will immediately cease, but there is no doubt that its value and authenticity will not be again questioned.

THE COPYRIGHT BILL.

MR. DORSHEIMER's copyright bill has been reported favorably to the House. He has wisely modified the provision which gave copyright to the foreign author only during his life. This was obviously wrong, for it practically destroyed the value of the right by making it absolutely uncertain in duration.

The bill grants a foreign author copyright for a book or any dramatic or musical composition, with a right of publicly performing or representing a dramatic composition, for twenty-eight years, with the privilege of renewal for fourteen years. Whenever any foreign country shall grant like privileges to citizens of the United States, the President shall make a public proclamation, naming that country, and from the date of that proclamation the citizens of the country named shall be entitled to the privileges of the act. The act does not apply to the citizens of any foreign country which has not granted like privileges to citizens of the United States. Whenever any foreign country shall cease to grant such privileges to citizens of the United States, the citizens of such country shall cease to enjoy the privileges of the act. No copyright shall be obtained for any book, dramatic or musical composition, which shall have been published, nor for any dramatic composition which shall have been publicly performed, in the United States before the author shall have become entitled to the privileges of the act. Applications for a copyright must be made within one year after publication in a foreign country.

The recent letter of Secretary FRELINGHUYSEN to the secretary of the Copyright League shows that the principle of this bill is approved by the Department, and the bill would probably receive the President's signature should it pass Congress. The rights of American manufacturers, in the view of Mr. DORSHEIMER and of the Secretary of State, are protected by the tariff. Public opinion is evidently prepared for some legislation upon the subject, and although we have sought the same end in another way, we shall see with pleasure the common object attained in any way which respects all just interests involved.

A WAY OF PEACE.

THE bill to promote education, designed mainly for the aid of the Southern States, provides for the appropriation of $15,000,000 during the first year, decreasing $1,000,000 each year afterward for ten years. The general principle of the bill, although open to some constitutional question, has been affirmed by Congress more than once, and it will be more favorably regarded than ever in the present form and for the present purpose.

The Southern States, indeed, have been the most urgent and jealous advocates of State sovereignty and of the strict limitation of the national authority. But the abnormal ignorance in certain States, due to a local institution which has been abolished by the national power—an ignorance with which, from the circumstances attending the overthrow of old institutions, the States themselves are peculiarly unable to deal—is really a national concern, and if any such State in its endeavor to remove the ignorance should desire national assistance, the precedent of such assistance may be most properly invoked.

Some of the States in which, nevertheless, more general instruction might not seem to be superfluous, it is said by some of their citizens, would not thank the country for the proposed aid. The bill, however, is not mandatory. No State is compelled to receive assistance, and upon declining to touch it the amount allotted would be transferred to the general fund for distribution.

PERSONAL.

THE Rev. Dr. CHARLES S. ROBINSON, who is something of a traveller, complains that the smoking-room of the average transatlantic steamer is a "noisy, sinful pandemonium of drinking, betting, gambling with cards and dice, into which no decent person can enter without receiving an offense, and in which no peace-loving person can stay without exasperation." Dr. ROBINSON, it may be added, is no bigot on the subject of tobacco. He uses the weed temperately himself.

—Speaking of the results of a classical education, one of the best Greek scholars in this country declares that there does not exist a graduate of an American college who can properly affix the accents to a page of printed Greek.

—The vice of gambling was recently so prevalent among the students of a leading college in the Eastern part of this country that the faculty were compelled to take summary measures of cure. It was found that one of the students had lost every dollar in his possession, every article of furniture in his room, and every stitch of clothing on his person; and that another student was in reality a professional gambler, who had entered the institution for the sole purpose of fleecing the youths. When he was dismissed from college he still continued in the neighborhood, and it was impossible to get rid of him.

—Says an esteemed contemporary: "Our City Fathers—such of them as can read—must have recalled with peculiar satisfaction yesterday the saying that 'Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.' The Assembly vote on the bill to withdraw from them the confirming power was the cruelest blow, next to the abolition of the Board, that could have been experienced; but the shades of evening mercifully brought the French Cooks' Ball, with its various consolations, not the least of which was that the tickets, each one bearing a wine-room coupon, did not cost the aldermen a cent."

—The style of dancing has improved in England during the last three or four years, the wild galops and mad waltzes having given way to the *valse à trois temps*, and now there is a demand for the ceremonious old minuet. We are sorry to learn, however, that many young gentlemen bob their heads instead of bowing, and that there is a cubbishness in some of them which makes them ashamed to be graceful before ladies.

—Mr. EUGENE MEYER, an American artist, who has been elected Professor of the Royal Art Academy of Florence, Italy, has recently returned to this country for a brief visit, bringing with him a collection of his pictures, among which are some striking views made last summer in the neighborhood of TITIAN's house. Mr. MEYER will soon exhibit these works in this city. They have, we understand, a high reputation in Italy.

—The Marquis of Hertford's accident while hunting was due, of course, to the falling of his horse, and as the rider failed to disengage his feet from the stirrups, the animal rolled upon him. A bed was procured from the nearest house, and laid upon a gate. The Marquis, seventy years old, was placed upon the bed, and carried by his companions to his house—a journey an hour long—where he soon died. He had that reputation for good taste and good nature which is said to be an unfailing precursor to an appointment as Lord Chamberlain.

—Another old hunter, the Prince de Joinville, now in his sixty-sixth year, met with an accident in the field. The Marquis of Hertford was hunting a fox, but the Prince was after a boar, which his pack of hounds had succeeded in bringing to bay. The beast's tusks were six inches long, and as the Prince galloped down a hill to give him the *coup de grace* with a knife, his horse fell heavily, and was fatally injured, although the Prince escaped with only a severe shaking.

—M. DE LESSEPS predicts that the Panama Canal will be opened before 1888.

—Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has been amusing a literary society by lecturing upon the subject of "Nothing," though he reminded them that he was not the first person who had attempted to discuss that theme. Lord ROCHESTER, the friend of CHARLES II., addressed a very clever poem to "Nothing"; a French writer, quoted by Dr. JOHNSON, wrote a Latin poem to show that Nothing is purer than water, Nothing is richer than gold, Nothing is higher than the heavens, and so on. The speaker defined masterly inactivity as the art of sitting still and not committing yourself in any action at a time when it is not convenient you should do so.

—A proposal made in the French Chamber of Deputies that the government should redeem all articles pledged for less than ten francs at the great pawnbrokerage establishment, the Mont de Piété, has brought to light some curious information. The object of the proposal was to benefit the destitute poor of Paris, but it turns out that the great bulk of things pawned for less than ten francs is not such as belong to working people at all. For instance, in this extraordinary collection are 5500 opera-glasses, 400 cases of mathematical instruments, 150 boxes of water colors, 425 church missals, 550 fans, 70 meerschaum pipes, 3000 umbrellas, and 65,000 gold rings. Moreover, it is estimated that at least three-fifths of the pawn tickets have been sold by the holders to dealers, who therefore would be benefited, to the exclusion of the original holders, should the proposal become a law.

—MUNKACSY's new painting, "Christ on Calvary," is the subject of a half-column impassioned dispatch from Paris to the London *Times*. Herr BLOWITZ has "no hesitation in saying—and I am proud to be the first to say so—that the 'Christ on Calvary' will not afford room even for the few reservations that tempered the general admiration for 'Christ before Pilate.'" Herr BLOWITZ is a critic whom MUNKACSY is not likely to despise.

—Queen VICTORIA was sponsor for the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. MANNERS, who was christened on the 23d of January. Though Miss MANNERS starts out well-equipped, there is doubtless something left for her.

—The Czar of Russia has been told by his physicians that a less secluded life is necessary to restore his nerves. He now devotes much time to social gayeties. A similar reason may explain why some other excellent men are similarly devoted.

—An Eastern traveller notes that in India every one travels with bed and baggage, and to see half a hundred Hindoos wildly racing up and down a platform, with their bedclothes in their arms or wrapped around their bodies, is exciting till constant repetition wears off the edge of novelty.

—A householder in Bombay was asked what percentage of the charges in his monthly expense-book went into his butler's pocket. "Well," he replied, after some serious thought, "he shouldn't fairly get more than twenty-five per cent."

—Monsignor CAPEL is authority for the statement that there is not a priest in New York city whose salary is more than five hundred dollars a year.

—The post-mortem examination of the body of WENDELL PHILLIPS showed disease of the heart of long standing. The blood-vessels which supplied the heart were nearly obstructed by early disease, and the heart itself was enlarged and fatty.

—Prince BISMARCK was very fleshy, but since subjecting himself to treatment prescribed by a German physician, he has lost sixty pounds in eight weeks, and is now in normal condition, sleeping well, taking long walks without fatigue, and enjoying long rides on horseback. That physician could make a fortune in this city.

—The Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, in discussing the influence of the stage, notes some of the limitations of the actor: "He must labor at night when other people enjoy themselves; and his labor is especially exhausting to the nervous energy, so that he must sleep through the sunniest hours of the day. He is cut off seriously from social intercourse, even in the period of his fame, and until his fame is acquired he has no chance to go into the world. The chief interests of mankind—business and politics—have but little part in his life. The movements of social reform pass him by. He dwells habitually in a world of his own—a world apart from his fellow-creatures. He belongs to a caste. His notions of behavior are suggested by his environment. His ideas of virtue are apt to be characterized by the peculiarities of a remote and fanciful ideal."

—Dr. BUCKLEY has been telling the New York Anthropological Society that his researches have led him to disbelieve that the mesmeric influence has anything to do with the exertion of the will power. He has known persons who went into a trance when entirely alone. He thinks that a trance is sure to occur when these three conditions are fulfilled, namely, confidence, expectancy, and subjugation of the will.

—In a description of life in Provence, France, Mr. HENRY JAMES says: "There is no rule of good manners or morals which makes it improper, at a café, to fix one's eyes upon the *dame de comptoir*; the lady is, in the nature of things, more or less an exhibition. We were therefore free to admire without restriction the handsomest person I had ever seen give change for a five-franc piece. She was a large, quiet woman who would never see forty again, of an intensely feminine type, yet wonderfully rich and robust, and full of a certain physical nobleness. She had the dignity of a Roman empress, and she handled coppers as if they had been stamped with the head of CÆSAR. I have seen washer-women in the Trastevere who were perhaps as handsome as she; but even the head-dress of the Roman contadina contributes less to the dignity of the person born to wear it than the sweet and stately Arlesian cap, which sits at once aloft and on the back of the head, which is accompanied with a wide black bow covering a considerable part of the crown, and which finally accommodates itself indescribably well to the manner in which the tresses of the front hair are pushed behind the ears."

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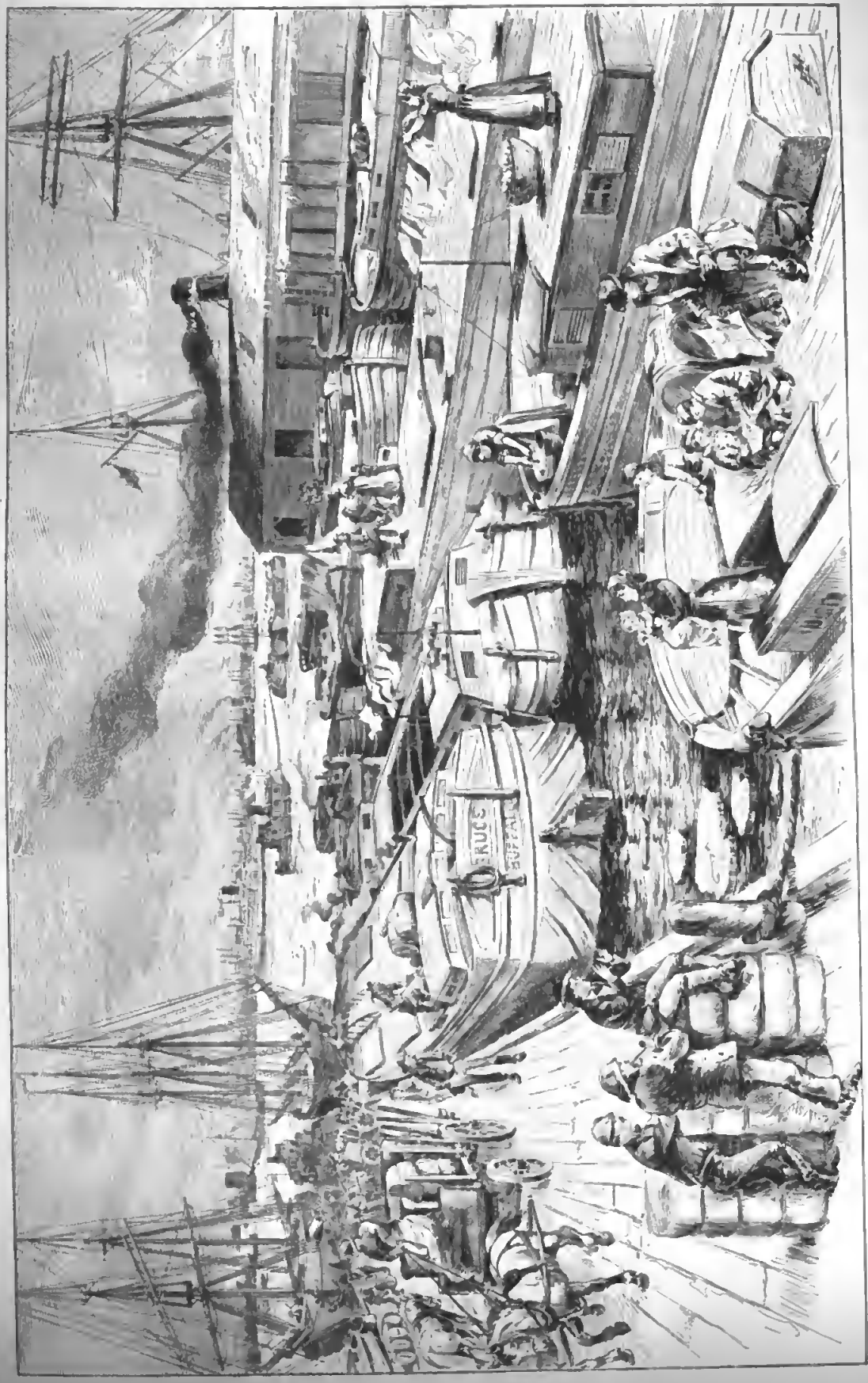
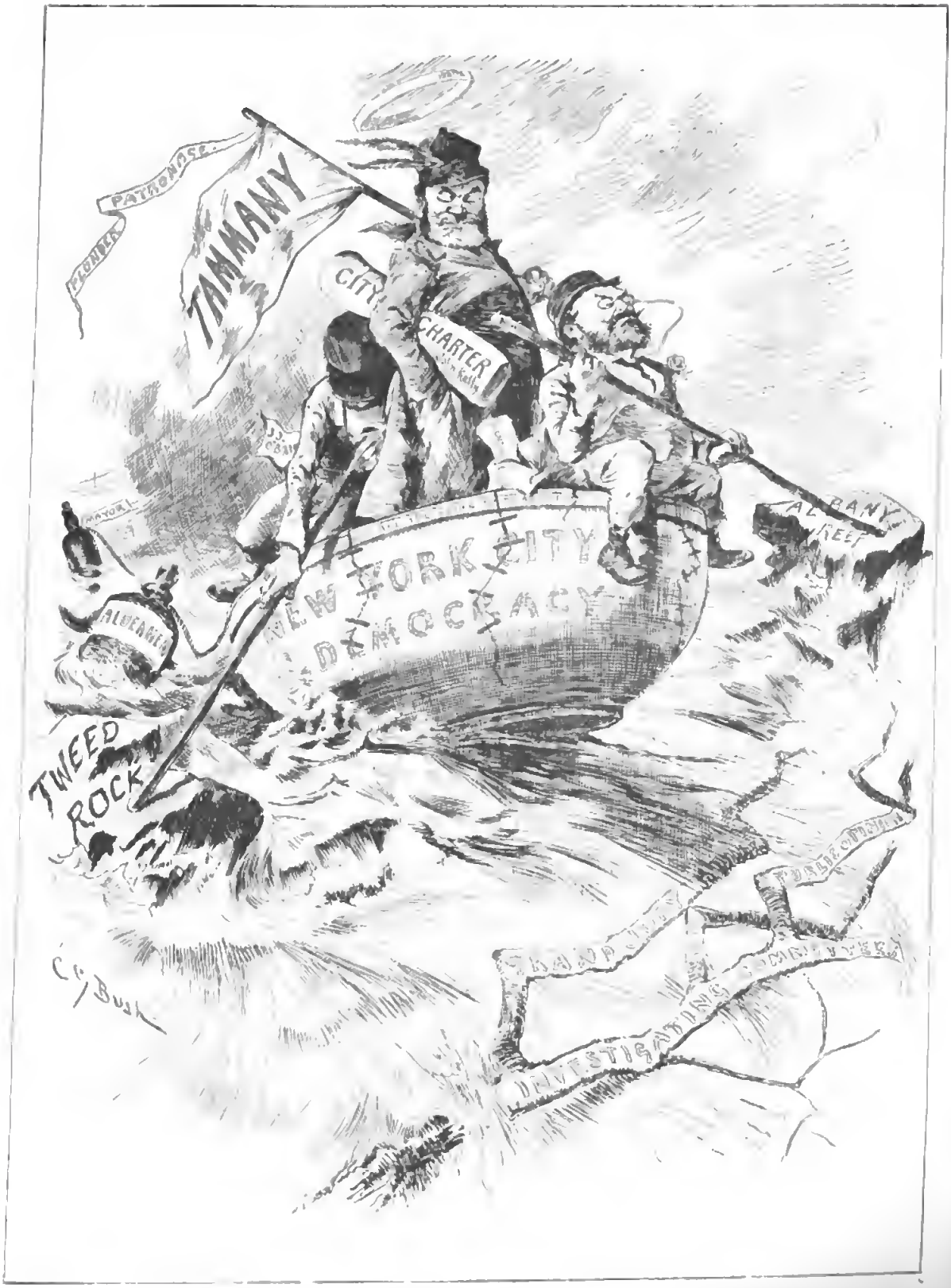


LAID UP FOR WINTER—CANAL-BOAT COLONY IN COENTIES SLIP, EAST RIVER.—DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKS.—[See Page 104.]



"THE THREE BOSSES OF GOTHAM WENT TO SEA IN A BOWL."

YOUNG HEARTS.

What though the years are flying fast,
 And silver sprinkles through the hair,
And crow's-feet come, and wrinkles last
 In spite of pride's most jealous care,
That with reluctance we confess,
 And "growing old" escapes the tongue?
So plain a truth should not distress—
 'Tis nothing if the heart be young.

That we have errors to regret
 Is but the common lot of all;
There's something to be lived for yet,
 So struggle on, whate'er befall.
'Tis useless that above the past
 The dirges of remorse are rung;
We'll fight old Time unto the last,
 And triumph while the heart is young.

While life exists, the light of hope
 Should never be obscured by gloom,
But brighten all our horoscope
 Until our footsteps touch the tomb.
The oldest still have truths to learn,
 So faith should never be unstrung;
Our little lamps will cheerly burn
 As long as e'er the heart is young.

And how shall hearts be kept in green
 When cheeks are sunk and eyes are dim,
When age brings on the days of spleen,
 And memory croons a funeral hymn?
By finding means of doing good,
 By soothing souls with sorrow stung.
Thus age and death are long withstood,
 And then our hearts kept ever young.

LAID UP FOR THE WINTER.

The dock at Coenties Slip, East River, near the end of South Street, contains a large colony of canal-boats, which have been laid up there during the suspension of navigation on the canals. They form a sort of marine village, such as may be seen on the rivers in China. Boatmen, and in some cases their families, live on board these inland water craft, and are very comfortable in spite of contracted quarters.

ROSE MARCH.

A STORY OF ST. VALENTINE'S EVE.

A chorus of merry voices rang through a mountain defile in the clear autumnal air.

Sketching the steep wood, across whose dusky pine-tops lay long slants of afternoon sunlight, was a young artist, Jonas Leigh. In contradiction to his alert glance and busy hand, the solitude, with an effect not unlike slumber, had wrapped him in a sort of dream. He started from his reverie to behold a score or more of young people plunging down the wild gorge, and leaping with shouts of laughter from rock to rock.

This hilarious party emerged upon an amphitheatre cloven in wooded mountain-peaks, and holding a deep, dark basin, wherein descended with an incessant roar a far-famed water-fall. From the basin tortuous streams gliding off whirled stormily between huge blocks of stone, and rushing into impenetrable greenwoods beyond, sent back from some far-off abyss of the forest the ghost of a cheer.

On the central of the islanded stones, wet by the spray of the fall, and reached only by a bold spring across the current, the artist had pitched the paraphernalia of his task. Beside him, stretched like a lizard upon the rock, lay a half-witted boy. All day these two had been the sole spectators of the scene.

In the profound grandeur of the haunt, intruding mirth was involuntarily hushed, and Leigh had leisure to study the group, who dispersed with a subdued air, and stood spell-bound along the shelving steeps. One figure quickly attracted his eye, for it furnished the very touch of color needed to give accent to his sketch.

Of this figure, hovering with feminine audacity at the gulf's edge, the attitude was graceful as the color. Leigh, with the surreptitious license of art, had caught the pose and the blue skirt, and the red cloak, and was about to handle, with a freedom of touch infinitely satisfactory to himself, the flowing wreath of brown hair and meditative straw hat, when the model moved. The mood of overawe had passed, and with her hand in that of her companion—a man in the studied mountaineer costume worn only by city youth—she began with him the crossing of the rocks.

"Oh, Rose, don't go there!" cried voices from the ledges. "Be careful—be careful of yourself, Rose March!"

The way in which Rose March was careful of herself was to clear with light and decisive steps stream after stream, and presently to reach by one supple bound the rock where Jonas Leigh was in the act of laying his crowning stroke in shape of a heavy "load of light" upon her devoted head.

Erskine Haight, the companion of Rose March, at once begged leave to examine the sketch, and by intelligent remarks proved himself an artistic connoisseur. His appreciative phrases were delightful to a student hitherto alone in his work. Then drew near to Jonas too that sunbeam of a girl's face that made Rose March everywhere and ever a welcome guest.

"I have been studying a moonlight effect," said Leigh, thoroughly won to confidence; and he produced from a collection of studies brought into the woods for correcting touch one of the glen through which the falls were approached—a view drawn by moonlight at the junction of mountain path and forest-hewn high-road.

"Too cold, I know," he said, apologetically. "It needs the warmth of a lighted tent or a camp fire."

"You should burn the barn," said Rose March.

"I should like to burn it," replied Leigh, referring, as she had done, to the one obnoxious object in a singularly beautiful and romantic passage—a misplaced adjunct to the mountain farm-house where the artist had been for several weeks lodged.

"A suggestion worth considering," observed Haight. "A veritable conflagration, threatening terror to the greenwood repose, would give an exciting tinge to your moonlight grays."

Rose had laid her hand upon her companion's arm as sign they must go, but he lingered to add another affable word, and to give his card to Jonas Leigh. "Call upon me," he said, "when you come to New York. My father is fond of art, and his collection of paintings, although not large, is, I think you will say, carefully selected. There is one 'Von Schindel' that in its treatment of contrasted lights will especially interest you."

Vociferous voices from the ledges urged a return, and they recommenced the zigzagous passage. "By all means," said Rose, looking back to the artist, and postscripting with a bright smile her companion's good-by, "burn the barn."

Recrossing the rocks, they ascended the laddered cliffs to go under the fall, and half an hour afterward the whole party emerged upon a sun-swept ridge, and dropping adown its far slope, disappeared from view.

Jonas Leigh felt a sudden lack of zeal for his work, and began to stow away brushes and paints. "Come, Mapey," he said to his almost forgotten companion; "it is growing late."

Mapey, who during the visit had remained stretched upon the rocks feigning a dead sleep, assumed immediately upon its close a sitting posture, and watched with curious eyes the dizzy ascent of the cliffs. He sprang up now with a laugh, and muttered, in broken *sotto voce* peculiar to himself,

"Ain't she a spark, though? Mighty! ain't she a spark?"

"A pretty little red cloak, Mapey," said Jonas Leigh, gently, "to shine like a coal o' fire through the woods."

The boy made no reply. But as he plunged into the homeward path, and burrowed through branch-arched clefts, or with awkward strides mounted the slippery floors of the pine wood, he reiterated, without recognition of the amplified version, his own crude thought.

"Mighty! ain't she a spark!" made more than once a rude refrain not inapt to Leigh's meditations, as he climbed the steeps to the mountain farm, whose meadows, encircled by gilded hill-tops, were already bathed in the cooling gloom and balmy herbal fragrance of the dusk.

A month glided away. The rich October days, beautiful upon the mountains, had given place to sad and bleak November. Through the bare trees the north wind sounded shrill, a cold gray cloud shrouded the sky, and the late moon showed its place by a wan sphere of lustre. In the river-side town below the mountains, itself crowning betwixt river and rivulet miniature mountain-peaks with roof and spire and turret, the houses were lighted with their evening lamps.

The hour was too late for traffic; village shops were closed, and the way-sides nearly deserted, when a country wagon, driven rapidly, turned from the main street into a narrow and unfrequented by-road, and slackened its speed as its wheels struck the harsh stones that, between towering hedges, paved a steep acclivity.

Before a gateway on the summit of a hill the road closed in a fenced court; the vehicle stopped, and a cheery voice called out, "Here we are!" Instantly a door was thrown open in a house confronting the court, and a girl upholding a lantern stood in the porch.

The house at first glance had the appearance of a bleak but substantial country dwelling, built in that Connecticut style which distributes two windows on each side of a porticoed front door, and five windows on the second story, under a dormer roof. It had the peculiarity to be one-half whitewashed and one-half red brick. Above the whitewashed portion was a small belfry, and still closer scrutiny discovered that the windows on this side were without blinds, and grated securely by iron bars.

The girl who held the lantern receded into the hall, as of the four men who occupied the wagon three entered the house. The first was the owner of the cheery voice—a portly, handsome man of middle age. The second and third, with their arms interlocked, were a subaltern in the employ of the sheriff, and a prisoner bound at ankles and wrists.

To this prisoner the portly personage, who was no other than the sheriff himself, said a few not unfriendly words, and, as he spoke, unlocked upon the passage, directly opposite a cozy crimson-lined sitting-room, a cell, cold, dark, and, to the youth who found himself presently immured in its solitude, grimly dismal like a tomb.

"Father, are you awake?" asked a voice so low it could have broken no strong man's slumber.

"Yes, but your mother sleeps."

"Let me come to you, then. I shall not disturb her. I am walking with bare feet."

With a tread absolutely noiseless a white-robed girl, just visible as she crossed the room in moonlight that now long past midnight shone through breaking clouds, stole to the bedside, and dropped upon her knees. "Dear father," said her tremulous voice, "comfort me if you can. A dreadful dream has given me fright."

"Be comforted, then, at once, my child, for a dream has power only over sleep. You might have reason to tremble, pet, if your dream were a dreadful fact."

"I fear," said the girl, shivering no less violently, although the sheriff's kindly hand had folded around her the wadded watch cloak that hung at his bed-post—"I fear my dream is a frightful fact. I must confess to you now why I was so excited when you were telling mother the story of the prisoner to-night. Father, I have seen that prisoner before. I understand all about his crime. My conscience tells me that it is your own poor girl who is guilty of his guilt. Oh, in my dream I am standing at his side in a great court-room hung with black, and sentence was pronounced upon us both."

"Dreams go by contraries," said the father, in a not altogether cheerful voice. He was in reality seriously perturbed—troubled deeply from a source of which the girl conjectured naught. He rallied his sinking spirits, and said: "When a man is accused of crime, the accusation is not a proof of guilt. In this case the prisoner protests his innocence, and he has in his favor a frank manner and a fine, truthful face. It is true that circumstantial evidence is against him; it is true that Deacon Wilder's barn was burned under suspicious circumstances, and when two men were sleeping, and were known by this unhappy youth to sleep, in the barn's loft, and barely they escaped with life. It is true that—"

"*I told him to burn it*," sobbed the girl. She had buried her head in the pillow. The sheriff's face, unseen by her, was swept with a look of pain, born of a new concern, and not for the first time felt. "I was only in jest," she went on, "but words are words; they passed my lips. Oh, father dear, are there no good angels to gather up idle words, and save them from reaching grief?"

The father, to answer comfortingly, had to stifle a voice of anguish in his heart. The mother awakened. "What ails thee, Davis?" she asked.

"Go to bed, my little one," said the sheriff's kindly voice. "Mother, it is only our pet, who has had a disturbing dream. 'Tis the babe's rhyme over again, 'Father, father, I've come to confess,' and 'Well, child—' Would she were a babe again!" sighed the stifled voice at his heart. "Now go, pet, to your rest. You have meant no harm; then have faith. No cruel ill ever comes from words said without guile or guilt."

And Rose March, comforted in part, but wishing in her secret soul she had never dropped an idle word like a grain of fire into the winds of the wood, crept back to bed.

And Jonas Leigh, in his dismal cell, with sad unsleeping eyes, saw the moonlight on the gray wall barred across with black, but saw with an inner sight that knew no walls or bars a doorway opening into a bright, warm, roseate space; and in that doorway, dropping a lantern from arm's length to her feet in sudden surprise of recognition, a lovable figure budding into a woman's first grace; saw, chasing away his night, that sunbeam of a girl's face.

The position of Rose March in the society of the fastidious river town where she dwelt was, to superficial view, an anomaly. Living in an isolated house, known familiarly by the forbidding title of "The Jail," there was not a sumptuous mansion far or near that did not open its doors gladly to her smiling entrance. The sheriff's daughter was not only "the village beauty," but the favored darling in the summer country-seats. Her mother, a gentle Quakeress, seldom seen beyond her own garden gate, was said to be an object of adoration to the prisoners, over whom she extended a pious care. The sheriff himself, a liberally educated man, jovial in disposition, and what in his capacity served him best, a model of masculine vigor, had been for years encumbered with a litigation that involved large hereditary estates. This prospective heirdom had some weight, no doubt, in the estimate in which he was held, but to his redoubtable physique, his cordial manner, and genuine goodness of heart he was indebted primarily for his substantial popularity. His pretty daughter heightened the favorable effect.

It was not strange, then, that when Rose March gave her valentine party there were numbered among its "truly rural" guests several city youths who were willing to make a brief journey in the inclement season to their summer haunt for the sake of seeing their bright favorite, and for the good time, with spice of novelty, they were sure to have. Among these came Mr. Haight, summoned for a reason known only to Rose and himself.

No one could have imagined who entered the wide hall of the country house on the evening of the fête, and found two stories of attractive rooms opened to guests, with music and space for the dance, that on the other side of the fragrant arcade improvised of hot-house plants and evergreens there were harsh cells, and even chains.

The evening passed gayly, and after supper valentines were read. These valentines, directed but not signed, had been dropped, by whichever of the guests chose to take advantage of the saint's day, into a large basket, which now at the appointed hour was brought from its corner and made the centre of the sitting-room. The music still stirred the air with exciting waltz, but the dancers, without exception, thronged to the reading of the billets-doux.

Mr. Haight was the last to enter the room, and then it was remembered by several people that for the greater part of the evening he had not been visible.

Rose March stole to his side. "What do you think?" she whispered.

"As you think," he answered.

"And of his work?"

"Yes, and I shall use all means in my power to bring him help, Rosie. You need not fear."

Rose's eyes had filled with tears. She rested her hand tremulously for a moment on his, and then his friendship for her took fright. "Be careful," he said, gravely—"be careful of yourself, Rose March."

At this moment a peal of laughter shook the room in applause of a comic valentine just read. Neither Rose nor Mr. Haight had heard a word. They tried to listen to the next and next. Then came one that forced them to listening:

"Miss Rose March."

Thus began the reader's clear voice. A slight flush brightened Mr. Haight's cheek; he recognized the envelope, and supposing the words about to be read to be his own composition, he felt something of an author's nervousness. But he was mistaken. The words were quite different from his; they had been slipped into the envelope by an accident afterward explained—an accident whose result produced a startling effect.

The reader had a clear, bold voice, and the aptitude that seized with correct emphasis each line as it occurred; but he had not a sensitive glance of comprehension to gather the effect of a whole page or verse; consequently, regardless of disaster, he read on clearly and loudly to the end.

"TO ROSE.

"The legend of St. Valentine
 That paints his heart most clearly
Shows how in martyr's prison cast
 He loved, and loved most dearly.
Something of pity touched his love:
 The maid, his jailer's daughter,
Alas was blind! Helped from above,
 The saint to sight restored her.

"Ah, if as patron at his eve
 St. Valentine in glory
Would give imprisoned mortals leave
 To re-enact his story,
What soaring of Love's life-long night
 Should cross my heart [illegible],
And what rich worlds of undreamed light
 Would dazzle thee, sweet maiden!"

An ominous silence followed the reading. Then the sheriff emerged from the corner, where he had been resting beside his wife's arm-chair, with his great kind hand lying on her shoulder, in full sympathy with whatever admiring word might have been written "To Rose."

He emerged at white-heat of anger, and crossed the room, muttering, as some ears heard, such words as, "What dastard has dared do this? What insulting wretch risks his life to address 'his jailer's daughter'? He shall learn what 'his jailer' means!" "Excuse me," he said to two or three guests who sprang to their feet, alarmed by his flashing glance and threatening dead paleness—"excuse me, and go on with the sport." He remembered his duties as host.

A pause, a ruffled silence, followed his exit; and then, at a quiet message sent by Rose's mother to the reader, the reading of valentines began again. Fortunately, the choice fell on a witty one; the volatile audience laughed merrily. A still more piquant love missive followed; the audience became vociferous.

At the same instant, outside the sitting-room, the musicians in their evergreen-panoplied nook witnessed a strange scene that for five minutes or more caused their instruments to jangle. They saw the sheriff, formidable in wrath, drag from the cell opposite the crimson-lined guest parlor a youthful prisoner.

Upstairs the two men passed with harsh, inharmonious footsteps. A door above was grudgingly unlocked, a heavy sound, a clashing ring, a volley of harsh words, and presently a re-clanging of the bolt, and the sheriff, from that cold, narrow, unventilated cell, never given but to the most obdurate prisoners, returned alone.

From that time until the hour when Jonas Leigh was dragged from his cell to be taken to his trial, Rose March was never once allowed to exchange with him a glance or word. Before that time she had conversed with him daily, had supplied him with drawing materials and books, given him flowers from the winter plants, shared with him whatever luxury she might; but after the reading of the prisoner's valentine "To Rose," strict orders were given by the sheriff to every member of his household to leave the unhappy man alone. With all her father's tenderness to herself, Rose could not but perceive in him a sad change. He was moody, restless, unhappy, as she never could have imagined his bright spirit to become. He regarded her in a mournful, searching way that gave her heart sharp pain. But despite her filial love, and a life-long habit of making her father's will her law, she braved his displeasure on the morning of the trial.

She sprang suddenly past him as he stood in the hallway giving last orders concerning the conveying of the prisoner to the court-room, and seized Jonas Leigh's hand. "Keep up your courage," she said to him. "Courage! I shall be praying for you every minute of this day."

The time of trial had come. The court room for two days had been crowded with anxious auditors, for the case had excited a wide interest. From the prisoner's home in the far West his aged father, his pastor, several friends who had known him from his birth, came to uphold him, and to testify to his characteristic worth. On the other hand, there were witnesses from the mountain district where the Wilders lived, who brought proof, in shape of circumstantial evidence, that Jonas Leigh was guilty of a crime whose penalty is imprisonment for life.

The judge was about to charge the jury, when a motion was made by the prisoner's counsel to admit new witnesses on behalf of the defense. Under the peculiar circumstances of the case, this motion was granted by the judge.

There was a stir in the court-room at this event, a thrill of surprise, for the first new witness called was Deacon Wilder's wife. There would have been a still keener interest could the audience have known that until one half hour before her appearance in their sight the testimony she bore had been unknown to the prisoner's counsel, and to the last moment unsuspected by the prisoner himself.

Mrs. Wilder testified that she had a son "different from other folks, bright enough about some things, but wanting about others. A good boy, fond of his mother, not mischievous generally, and now so very ill—dying—on his death bed, poor Mapey!" And here the good woman began to weep pitifully, and could not for some moments recover herself.

She went on, prompted by an occasional question used to deter feminine digression, and bring her statements to the point.

The illness of the boy was "a providence, after all, for it proved he had the right stuff in him, and had only lacked some knack of bringing it out." He had been in the woods one day with a wood cutter, and a heavy limb of a pine-tree had in falling struck poor Mapey's head. He was brought home unconscious, and after that suffered from a long fever, and when the fever left him he was discovered to be "quite sensible, as he never was afore in his life, and right smart."

In the delirium of fever he had talked of "burning the barn"—burning the south lot barn, and described the scene "quite vivid like, yet folks thought it just his raving, and took no notice on't." But after he had "come to himself" with real intelligence, he told his doctor deliberately, and with exact detail, how he had set fire to the barn one night "because a girl at the falls told Mr. Leigh to burn it, and Mr. Leigh didn't."

The doctor remembered that in the evidence something had been said of an oil can missing from the Wilders' kitchen since the eventful night, and supposed to have been used in the incendiary act. He had the wit to ask,

"When you had set fire to the barn, what did you do with the oil can, Mapey?"

The boy answered, "I hid it in the Witch's Kiln."

Under shelving stones of a curious natural pit, known in the rocky region of the falls as the Witch's Kiln, the missing can was found. Other disclosures of the same kind designated Mapey as the innocent actor in the criminal deed.

Mrs. Wilder's evidence was corroborated by the doctor and by a farmer who had seen Mapey on the night of the fire in circumstances confirming his account. The judge's charge to the jury was made in a different spirit from that in which it had been planned—a change rejoicing the judge; for sympathy versus judgment had pleaded, as no judge can allow his heart to plead in court, in favor of Jonas Leigh.

The young artist, weighing well each word of the trial, had suffered all the agony of anticipating an adverse verdict, and had schooled himself to be firm. When the "Not guilty" sounded through the death-like stillness of the crowded room he experienced such an emotion of joy as few lifetimes furnish sufficiently dark background of grief to fully reveal.

The verdict was followed by acclamations that shook the court-house walls. But what awoke Leigh to complete recognition of the fact that he was a free man was the pressure of the sheriff's hand, and a look into his face from the eyes of that strong man, for so many bitter days his enemy, now for evermore his friend—a look dim with tears.

People said that, after speaking a word to the prisoner, the sheriff sank down on the bench and, covering his face with his hands, cried like a child.

Three years had passed away. The snow had been white three winters on Mapey Wilder's grave, and now another spring, new and beautiful as all springs are, brought the nodding wild flowers there, as it brought them to the happy places.

An evening in late April was so summer-like that in the river town mansions hearth fires, not yet relinquished for the season, needed open windows to modify their warmth. In one luxurious parlor into which the April sweet airs crept, and where lamps but faintly burning left the whole room in softly crimson glow, there were leaning together upon a sofa two lovers—Rose March and Jonas Leigh.

Lovers, as one glance at their rapt faces and tender attitude could see; assured lovers, for there was something of time's perfect faith-giving in the calm intensity, the consummate content, of every expression and word.

"And *you* loved me always, really *always*, Rosy?" the lover asks now, for the many and many-eth time.

"Always," said Rose; "but never so well as the night that dreadful valentine informed me that I was blind. Do you know the good saint has never yet answered your prayer? I am blind still. Hopelessly blind I fear I always shall be to everything that does not in some way reflect upon, or shine upon, or lead me in the darkness to the one dear heart I see."

"Darling," said her lover, "I shall be willing never to have my prayer answered if I can keep you blind like this; blind, with no other bandage but love's across your dear, dear eyes."

Fortune as well as Love had smiled upon Rose March and Jonas Leigh. Sheriff March had come into possession of his rich inheritance, and the haunting fear that had driven him at one time near distraction—the fear that the forced occupation of the days of his waiting would by its dark associations mar the life of his darling child—had not been realized. Far from the gloomy jail his home was now, as delightful as it could be made by wealth and affection and happiness combined.

Jonas Leigh, after three years' study in France and Italy—a study prolonged and rendered complete by the liberal help of Rose's art-loving friend Mr. Haight—had returned to his own land an accomplished artist already nearing fame.

They were married on St. Valentine's Eve, not so many years ago but that Rose is the village beauty still.

LAURA SANFORD.

QUEER.

I know a woman who hath bounteous share
Of this world's wealth, and who is young and gay,
With but a care save to bedeck herself
In finest silks and satins every day.
For her is spread the daintiest of fare;
On her commands the deftest servants wait;
No sounds of childish rompings vex her ear
When, to receive her friends, she sits in state.
Goes she abroad, a carriage satin-lined
Bears her where'er she chooses that it should;
And yet to neither friend nor kin gives she
Aught to enhance their pleasure or their good.
Moths may destroy, and want of sunshine fade,
She parts with nothing from her hoarded store;
On poverty she looks with scornful gaze,
And ne'er to beggar is unbarred her door.
Queer,
Isn't it, dear?

I know another: very poor is she,
And though not old, her brow is marked with care;
Eight children cluster round her, and 'tis hard
To find them food to eat and clothes to wear.
Sometimes the meal she serves is scant indeed;
Always her hours of sleep and rest are few;
She hath no help but thin, willing hands
That, though love guided them, can but little do.
And yet if poorer friend seek her, that friend
With outstretched hand and brightsome smile is met,
While with the best the cottage can afford
In kindly haste the humble board is set.
And from her door no beggar turns away
Without some help, if but a bit of bread;
And even homeless dogs about it throng
In simple trust that there they may be fed.
Queer,
Isn't it, dear?

THE PERILS OF THE PEARL FISHERIES.

The pearl, the lovely emblem of the Goddess of Chastity, has in almost every age and every country been a standing synonym for whatever is of priceless value or conspicuous beauty, and all the ordinary associations of the pretty gems are so dainty that it is difficult to connect with them the grisly dangers which really attend their collection. Yet when we consider that on an average from thirty to forty lives are annually lost, from sharks and other monsters, in the gathering of the precious shells, it would seem as if the deep was as jealously guarded as in the olden days of myth, when the sea-caves were watched by dreadful Scylla dragons, and the mermen's hoards were in the sole keeping of Acrotes's sailor-devouring crew. Indeed, beautiful though pearls are, and romantic as are all their traditions, the actual circumstances under which they are sought and collected are so singularly disagreeable that it would seem as if nature had sought to teach man a lesson by showing him under what ugly conditions the most exquisite results may be attained. To the oyster itself the pearl must be an unqualified abomination, and it is a strange reflection that what the unhappy mollusk would gladly get rid of, man imperils his life and squanders his substance to obtain. In some unlucky moment the oyster has admitted into its shell a grain of sand, and the sharp-edged atom irritates the tender creature, and to defend itself against the obnoxious intruder, which it can neither cast nor expel, it covers the grain with the substance we call pearl. The eccentric magician who thus, returning good for evil, endows with priceless value the vagabond atom so incomparably worthless before, does not, however, remain content with rendering the intruder harmless, but continues to heap coals of fire upon its head, continues, that is, to lay on film after film, and so smother the wretched grit deeper and deeper in the precious substance, until the speck once only a grain of sand upon the sea-shore becomes at length the fascinating gem against which divers stake their lives, and which the East and West compete to buy. Rarely indeed do such extremes meet, and it is no wonder, then, that fable is so full of morals drawn from the "fair pearl in the foul oyster," or that nature, having given the grovelling shell-fish on the sea-beach such a high prerogative of distinction, should have kept the secret of all other gems within her own laboratory. Men failed at first to catch the meaning of her conduct, and looked on nobler creatures—the tiger's heart, the eagle's brain, the serpent's head—for nature's most precious works; and while philosophers' stones and the actites and basilisk jewels were sought in perpetual disappointment, the pearl, which the oyster all the while was elaborating, was pronounced a product of the skies, for it seemed to man too exquisitely fair to be a creature of the wave.

That it fell from the heavens, nobody at one time doubted; and even after it was known to come out of oyster shells it was believed that the spherical treasures were drops of dew which had fallen into the sea, and by some occult alchemy of the deep had hardened into pearls. It was, indeed, suggested that they were the oysters' hearts, or the tears of sea-nymphs; but the well-informed agreed that they were products "rare, divine"—the motto of the sad Margaret of Navarre, who took the pearl as her sad but appropriate emblem—and, as Pliny opined, "more of the sky and air than of the water and the sea." We later folk have inherited more exact knowledge, and knowing the true story of the pride of the caskets, can trace back the pretty pearl to the morbid secretion of an ailing oyster, and read in a hundred narratives how the divers of the Persian Gulf and the Ceylon coast risk their lives in quest of it. Such is the value of the jewel that lives will always be risked for its attainment; and if the sharks would only sow the banks with pearls, they might confidently rely on a regular harvest of men. As it is, they levy a grim tax upon the diver, and but for the noise and bustle along the oyster-beds during the fishery, which frighten off the less daring monsters, the percentage of death would inevitably be greater.

The Bahrein and Ceylon fisheries are, of course, the largest and most valuable; but China and Japan, South America and Australia, as well as some of the islands off the African coast, produce the precious oyster in abundance. The number of shells, however, is not any guide to the number of pearls, and even the roughest average which the diver may make of the value of the season's collection is liable to be utterly wrong. The shells themselves, however, are of great commercial value, and often yield a larger profit than the season's find of gems, so that the diver never really goes down in vain. Nor is the smallest "seed-pearl" valueless, for it is a pretty natural fact that only pearl powder will properly polish pearls; and, moreover, the gems ground up command a ready market in the East, where they are supposed to have a surpassing efficacy in restoring exhausted vitality and renewing wasted vigor.

The diver, therefore, has always encouragement in his perilous labor; and to the last, even when he takes his fatal dive to the waiting shark, he has still the fascination before him of a possible prize that shall send him home to live at his ease for the rest of his life. So he calls out to the shark charmer to charm his best, and, with the delusive shell singing in his ears, plunges down to death. But the monster of the deep, that has been lying waiting for him under the shadow of the boat, cares little for exorcism or enchantment, and so the diver is never seen again. His comrades in the boat feel the rope suddenly shaken, and as suddenly released, the loosened strain tells its grim story at once, and then the empty basket comes floating up to the surface—a message that the diver is dead. In the vast majority of cases, however, the divers grow old at their toil, neither meeting with sharks nor kings' ransoms in their gropings along the shell-strewn banks; and the Bahrein men speak of it as a monotonous and laborious means of livelihood, and one in which they seldom earn a competence. The surroundings of their work are squalid, almost revolting, for the shore is heaped with decaying masses of oysters, and the sea-breeze perpetually blows the smell of them across the encampment of the fishers, which lies sweltering under a terrible sun, and but poorly provided with the few things that go to make an Oriental comfortable.

That a thing of such costliness, and that demands so much labor and peril in the getting, should be imitated, was only natural; and a thousand different varieties of artificial pearls are known to trade. Of these all, however, only two deserve honorable mention—the one in which an exquisitely fragile bead of glass is filled with the silvery matter scraped from certain kinds of fish, and which is therefore partly a natural pearl; and the other, which the Chinese compel the disgusted mollusk to make for them according to order. The Celestials tempt the oysters to open their shells, and then meanly drop between the gaping valves a rough bead of mother-of-pearl. The mollusk, thus annoyed, at once closes upon the obtruded fragment, and patiently sets to work to gratify the crafty Chinaman, for in time the artificial ball is covered with true pearl, and can defy detection. It is probably only a Chinaman who would thus stoop to take advantage of a poor oyster, and only an oyster that would thus submit to be tricked. Yet the manœuvre works, after all, for the good of both, for it gives the mollusk something definite to think about, and the world a very respectable imitation of the genuine article without compelling divers to risk their lives.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Having discovered, as he believes, that the sense of taste is more acute in the tongue than in the roof of the mouth, a Western economist tells the poor to put very little butter on their bread, and to hold the slice with the buttered surface undermost while eating it. That nature intended it to be so held is shown by the fact that when a boy drops his bread and butter it invariably strikes with the buttered side down.

It is announced in a dispatch from St. Petersburg that on the occasion of the recent imperial ball in the Winter Palace there was "apparent absence" inside and around the palace of the usual police guards. The phraseology is significant, in view of the governmental censorship of dispatches of a nature similar to that of the one in question.

An optimist suggests that it may be because of the increase of thermometers and telegraphs that such almost unheard-of temperatures as forty-eight and fifty degrees below zero have been reported from several directions this winter.

The arraignment of fifty-two aristocratic members of an aristocratic London club on the charge of having violated the law against gambling by playing baccarat for money in the rooms of the club has had the effect, it is said, of substituting écarté for baccarat, but heavy play is still the rule. Baccarat was introduced in some of the clubs of this city because of the favor it found with English club men. Écarté may be expected, therefore, to have the preference here before long.

A young woman of Moundsville, West Virginia, has eloped with a tramp. It is averred in a dispatch from that region that she is "talented and beautiful," was "the belle of the town," and is "heiress to considerable property"—familiar phrases in romances of this sort. It is further set forth that in consequence of what she has done "society circles in Moundsville are fairly torn up." Take it all together—the wretched taste of the young woman, her disregard of conventionalities in taking a husband, and the tattered condition of Moundsville's society circles—it makes a saddening picture.

An Italian economist is going to try the experiment of raising potatoes in Sardinia. This information has awakened considerable apprehension in Maine lest some experimenter should succeed in introducing the sardine industry in Sardinia.

The Texas fence-cutters threaten to poison all the pasture waters of the State if "free grass" is cut off by the Legislature. Having recently cleared a banquet hall half filled with delegates to the cattle men's convention, Mr. Ben Thompson entered a newspaper office, and with his pistol drove the occupants out, smashed things, wandered out upon the street, and was captured alive, was arraigned in court, assaulted a man in the presence of the judge, was fined fifty dollars for contempt, and then sent word to the editor that he should hold him personally responsible for any strictures which might appear in the paper. The foregoing items are the Texas news of one day that reached the North.

A resident of Milwaukee, who "desires that his name shall never be publicly known," has commissioned a sculptor to make a bronze statue of Washington eleven feet in height, to cost with its granite pedestal twelve thousand dollars, which will be presented to the city. In view of what may be said of many of the images publicly placed in this country, the donor's timidity at this stage of his benevolent project is excusable.

The appearance of an inquisitive scullion wandering around in his white jacket and apron is, even in the estimation of the deeply superstitious, far less hateful than the apparition of a spectral White Lady. In view, therefore, of late developments, it is hoped by superstitious Germans that their Emperor's time is not yet at hand.

An account of the halting, for pecuniary reasons, of two stage-coaches in Texas says that a passenger named Moon levelled a pistol at one of the three robbers "but desisted from firing upon discovering a Winchester pressed against his own ribs by a highwayman." The passenger's reason for changing his mind seems to have been so ample that any observations as to the inconstant Moon would be out of place.

In a pamphlet sent to the members of Parliament the Marquis of Queensberry proposes various changes in the marriage service. Thus, in view of a possible action for divorce, he would omit the words, "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," and would substitute, "Whom the government of nature may put asunder let no man attempt to keep together." It was the Marquis of Queensberry who devised the regulations which for certain occasions are deemed better than the ancient rules of the London Prize Ring. In this way the title has become somewhat known throughout the earth, and, "Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, Marquis of Queensberry rules," would have a familiar, though perhaps incongruous, sound for many readers of the daily press.

A writer of some repute as a newspaper correspondent abroad says that the "audience" at the recent international billiard match in Paris was not aristocratic.

A waiter, a Swiss, employed at the Midland Hotel in London, was kidnapped in that city recently. He was about to be married, and went out one evening to look after some furniture. He had £35 and some jewelry on his person. As he was passing through Argyle Court to get to Tunbridge Street a sack was thrown over his head and he was hustled into a house. Something was offered him to drink, and he refused it. His hands and feet were tied. He remembered nothing more until a policeman spoke to him, and he became aware that he was in the open air. He was on Hartford Common. Money and watch were gone. He had been kicked and otherwise ill treated, and it became necessary to send him to a hospital.

A man in Kentucky who is under indictment for murder is known as the peace-maker. Four men fell to fighting in a still-house, and he ordered them to stop. They did not stop, and he shot all four.

According to the belief of all loyal members of the International Institute for Preserving and Perfecting Weights and Measures, the great Pyramid of Ghizeh "contains within its sides and in its proportions a perfect system of weights and measures related to the earth and to the universe," the units of which have been handed down to this generation. The president of the Institute, Mr. Latimer, of Ohio, is reported as saying that a project which he has long held in mind, that of sending a well-equipped body of savants to Egypt for to make exact measurements of the great Pyramid, and uncovering the Pyramid and the Sphinx to their foundations, seems in a fair way to be accomplished in the near future. It is proposed that the commission shall consist of three scientific men from the United States, and one each from England and France, in both of which countries the Institute has members. The Institute should certainly take a deep interest in the proposed expedition, in view of the fact that the latest of many disagreeing measurers of a certain important base-line has ascertained its length to be 9130.871 inches, "which," says President Latimer, "is precisely what the mathematicians of the International Institute for Preserving and Perfecting Weights and Measures have declared it ought to be."

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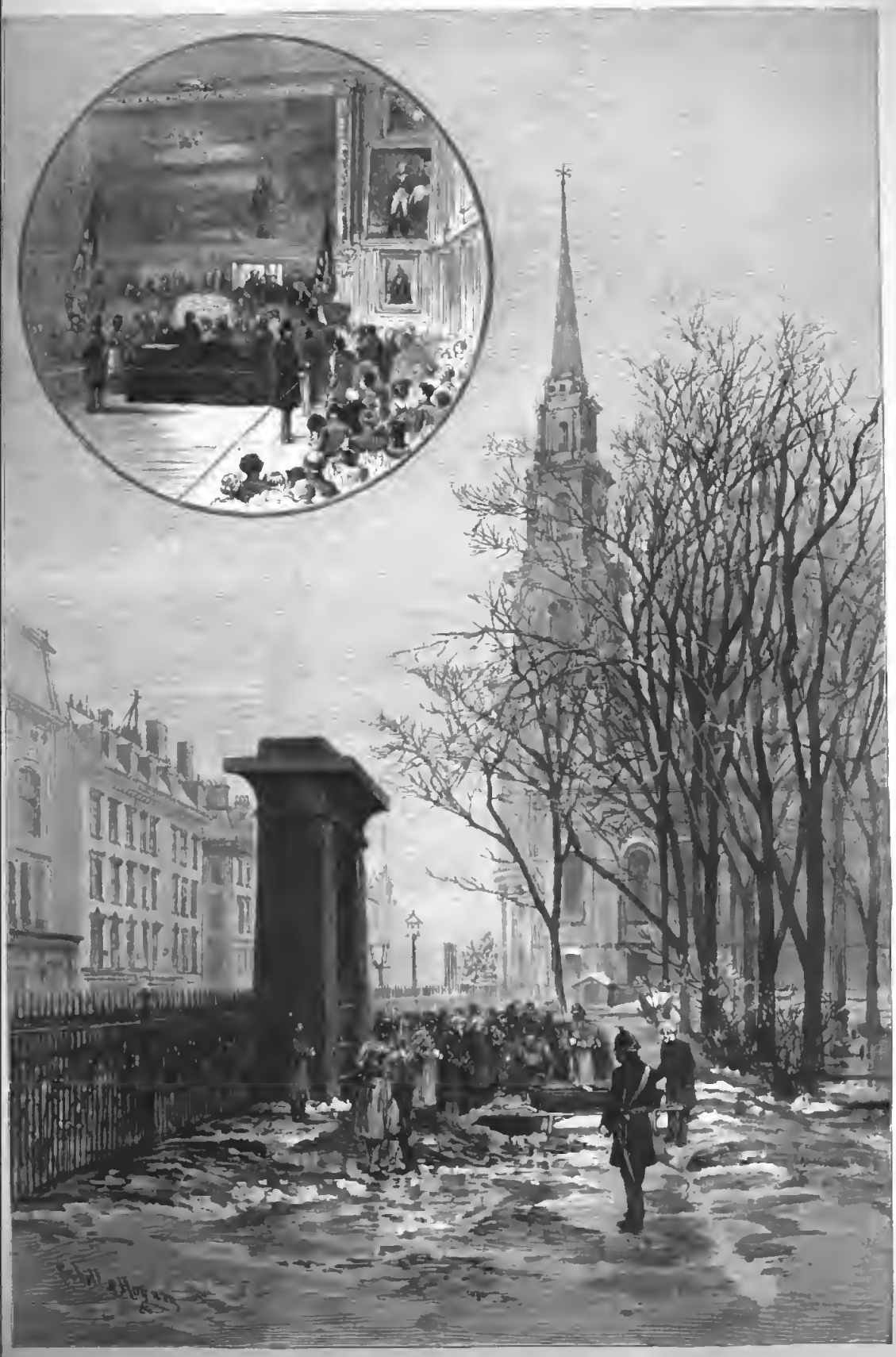

THE FUNERAL OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 111.]

THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER

VICTIMS AND MOURNERS.

THE DISASTER AT CRESTED BUTTE, COLORADO.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE E. MELLEN.—[SEE PAGE 111.]

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ME AND MY DOG.

mother oft said to me, "Jamie, my boy,
ere's nobody better than Lizzie McCoy;
'e thrifty and thoughtful, affectionate, gay;
has land of her ain, and she's gold put away."
d still I made answer, "Let that matter pass,
ever could marry sae homely a lass."

t one summer night as I went through the wheat,
Pepper, my collie dog, close at my feet
e seldom without him I care for a step,
d there's few folks I like as I like little Pep),
net Miss McCoy out alone for a walk,
d so on forgathered and fell into talk.

on I told her of Pep, and Pep's clever ways;
d she listened sae fain and sae pleased in his praise;
e patted his head, and fond beautiful eyes,
e spoke of his color, his gait, and his size,
I I thought to mysel, for a journey through life,
ch a sensible girl would mak a good wife.

hought for a week; then Pepper and I
andered round by McCoy's; I hardly knew why,
I I saw Lizzie standing sae trig and sae neat,
d she spoke baith to Pep and his master sae sweet
as fain to stay supper; and what do you think?—
gave to my dog baith a bone and a drink.

ter that we went reg'lar, Pepper and I,
d I'm sure that the clever wee collie knew why;
would lick Lizzie's hand, and look up in my face,
d I think it was Pepper that won me my case;
r sure, when he did so, I found heart to say
e words that made Lizzie my ain from that day.

ighbors talked, and they wondered, and young Patty
Grace
ing her bright golden ringlets t'maist in my face;
me called Lizzie homely, some said she was old,
d sure, I had wed her for siller and gold.
t Lizzie and I have a happy hearth-stone,
d Pepper is sure of his mat and his bone.

e, lasses, tak heed, if your lover you'd please,
kind to his dog, and you'll win him with ease;
d, lads, if in love, and the lassie you find
kind to your dog, you may *tell her your mind*.
t still just remember, what's equally true,
she likes not your dog, ten to one she likes you.

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "MY LADY'S MONEY," "THE MOONSTONE," "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE SECOND.

IN LONDON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MISS LADD.

Arriving at the cottage, Dr. Allday discovered a gentleman who was just closing the garden gate behind him.

"Has Miss Emily had a visitor?" he inquired when the servant admitted him.

"The gentleman left a letter for Miss Emily, sir."

"Did he ask to see her?"

"He asked after Miss Letitia's health. When he heard that she was dead, he seemed to be startled, and went away directly."

"Did he give his name?"

"No, sir."

The doctor found Emily absorbed over her letter. His anxiety to forestall any possible discovery of the deception which had concealed the terrible story of her father's death kept Dr. Allday's vigilance on the watch. He doubted the gentleman who had abstained from giving his name; he even distrusted the other unknown person who had written to Emily.

She looked up. Her face relieved him of his misgivings before she could speak.

"At last I have heard from my dearest friend," she said. "You remember what I told you about Cecilia? Here is a letter—a long, delightful letter—from the Engadine, left at the door by some gentleman unknown. I was questioning the servant when you rang the bell."

"You may question me if you prefer it. I arrived just as the gentleman was shutting your garden gate."

"Oh, tell me! what was he like?"

"Tall, and thin, and dark. Wore a vile republican looking felt hat. Had nasty, ill-tempered wrinkles between his eyebrows. The sort of man I distrust by instinct."

"Why?"

"Because he doesn't shave."

"Do you mean that he wore a beard?"

"Yes; a curly black beard."

Emily clasped her hands in amazement. "Can it be Alban Morris?" she exclaimed.

The doctor looked at her with a sardonic smile; he thought it likely that he had discovered her sweetheart.

"Who is Mr. Alban Morris?" he asked.

"The drawing-master at Miss Ladd's school."

Dr. Allday dropped the subject: masters at ladies' schools were not persons who interested him. He returned to the purpose which had brought him to the cottage, and produced the handbill that had been sent to him in Emily's letter.

"I suppose you want to have it back again?" he said.

She took it from him and looked at it with interest.

"Isn't it strange," she suggested, "that the murderer should have escaped, with such a careful description of him as this circulated all over England?"

She read the description to the doctor.

"'Name not known. Supposed age between twenty-five and thirty years. A well-made man, of small stature. Fair complexion, delicate features, clear blue eyes. Hair light, and cut rather short. Clean shaven, with the exception of narrow half-whiskers. Small, white, well-shaped hands. Wore valuable rings on the last two fingers of the left hand. Dressed neatly—'"

"That part of the description is useless," the doctor remarked; "he would change his clothes."

"But could he change his voice?" Emily objected. "Listen to this: 'Remarkably good voice, smooth, full, and persuasive.' And here again: 'Ingratiating manners.' Perhaps you will say he could put on an appearance of rudeness?"

"I will say this, my dear. The one fact that he has not been caught proves that he found a safe hiding-place. With time at his disposal, he would be able to disguise himself as effectually that ninety-nine people out of a hundred would fail to identify him either by his voice or his manner."

"How?"

"Look back at the description: 'Hair cut rather short; clean shaven, with the exception of narrow half-whiskers.' If the wretch remained long enough in his refuge, don't you see how he could disguise his head and face? No more, my dear, of this disagreeable subject. Let us get to something interesting. Have you found anything else among your aunt's papers?"

"I have met with a great disappointment," Emily replied. "Did I tell you how I discovered the handbill?"

"No."

"I found it, with the scrap-book and the newspaper cuttings, under a collection of empty boxes and bottles, in a drawer of the washhand-stand. And I naturally expected to make far more interesting discoveries in this room. My search was over in five minutes. Nothing in the cabinet there in the corner but a few books and some china. Nothing in the writing-desk on that side table but a packet of note-paper and some sealing-wax. Nothing here in the drawers but tradesmen's receipts, materials for knitting, and old photographs. She must have destroyed all her papers, poor dear, before her last illness, and the handbill and the other things can only have escaped because they were left in a place which she never thought of examining. Isn't it provoking?"

With a mind inexpressibly relieved, good Dr. Allday asked permission to return to his patients, leaving Emily to devote herself to her friend's letter.

On his way out he noticed that the door of the bed-chamber on the opposite side of the passage stood open. Since Miss Letitia's death the room had not been used. Well within view stood the washhand-stand to which Emily had alluded. The doctor advanced to the house door, reflected, hesitated, and looked toward the empty room.

It had struck him that there might be a second drawer which Emily had overlooked. Would he be justified in setting this doubt at rest? If he passed over ordinary scruples, it would not be without excuse. Miss Letitia had spoken to him of her affairs, and had asked him to act (in Emily's interests) as co-executor with her lawyer. He had complied with the request, conditionally on her not being able to find another executor. The rapid progress of the illness made it impossible for her to execute the necessary codicil. Having been morally (if not legally) taken into her confidence, was Dr. Allday justified in making sure that nothing had been forgotten, when Miss Letitia had destroyed her papers? He decided that he had a right in this serious matter to satisfy his own mind.

A glance was enough to show him that no second drawer had been overlooked.

There was no other discovery to detain the doctor. The wardrobe only contained the poor old lady's clothes; the one cupboard was open and empty. On the point of leaving the room, he went back to the washhand-stand. While he had the opportunity, it might not be amiss to make sure that Emily had thoroughly examined those old boxes and bottles which she had alluded to with some little contempt.

The drawer was of considerable length. When he tried to pull it completely out from the grooves in which it ran, it resisted him. In his present frame of mind, this was a suspicious circumstance in itself. He cleared away the litter, so as to make room for the introduction of his hand and arm into the drawer. In another moment his fingers touched a piece of paper jammed between the inner end of the drawer and the bottom of the flat surface of the washhand-stand. With a little care he succeeded in extricating the paper. Only pausing to satisfy himself that there was nothing else to be found, and to close the drawer after replacing its contents, he left the cottage.

The cab was waiting for him. On the drive back to his own house he opened the crumpled paper.

It proved to be a letter addressed to Miss Letitia, and it was signed by no less a person than Emily's school-mistress. Looking back from the end to the beginning, Doctor Allday discovered in the first sentence the name of—Miss Jethro.

But for the interview of that morning with his patient he might have doubted the propriety of making himself further acquainted with the letter. As things were, he read it without hesitation:

"Dear Madam,—I can not but regard it as a providential circumstance that your niece, in writing to you from my house, should have mentioned, among other events of her school life, the arrival of my new teacher, Miss Jethro.

"To say that I was surprised is to express very inadequately what I felt when I read your letter, informing me confidentially that I had employed a woman who was unworthy to associate with the young persons placed under my care. It is impossible for me to suppose that a lady in your position, and possessed of your high principles, would make such a serious accusation as this without unanswerable reasons for doing so. At the same time I can not, consistently with my duty as a Christian, suffer my opinion of Miss Jethro to be in any way modified until proofs are laid before me which it is impossible to dispute.

"Placing the same confidence in your discretion which you have placed in mine, I now inclose the references and testimonials which Miss Jethro submitted to me when she presented herself to fill the vacant situation in my school.

"I earnestly request you to lose no time in instituting the confidential inquiries which you have volunteered to make. Whatever the result may be, pray return to me the inclosures which I have trusted to your care, and believe me, dear madam, in much suspense and anxiety, sincerely yours,

AMELIA LADD."

It is needless to describe at any length the impression which these lines produced on the doctor.

If he had heard what Emily had heard at the time of her aunt's last illness, he would have called to mind Miss Letitia's betrayal of her interest in some man unknown, whom she believed to have been beguiled by Miss Jethro, and he would have perceived that the vindictive hatred then produced must have inspired the letter of denunciation which the school-mistress had acknowledged. He would also have inferred that Miss Letitia's inquiries had proved her accusation to be well founded if he had known of the new teacher's sudden dismissal from the school. As things were, he was merely confirmed in his bad opinion of Miss Jethro; and he was induced, on reflection, to keep his discovery to himself.

"If poor Miss Emily saw the old lady exhibited in the character of an informer," he thought, "what a blow would be struck at her innocent respect for the memory of her aunt!"

CHAPTER XIX.

SIR JERVIS REDWOOD.

In the mean time, Emily, left by herself, had her own correspondence to occupy her attention.

Besides the letter from Cecilia (directed to the care of Sir Jervis Redwood), she had received some lines addressed to her by Sir Jervis himself. The two inclosures had been secured in a sealed envelope directed to the cottage.

If Alban Morris had been indeed the person trusted as messenger by Sir Jervis, the conclusion that followed filled Emily with overpowering emotions of curiosity and surprise.

Having no longer the motive of serving and protecting her, Alban must, nevertheless, have taken the journey to Northumberland. He must have gained Sir Jervis Redwood's favor and confidence, and he might even have been a guest at the baronet's country-seat when Cecilia's letter arrived. What did it mean?

Emily looked back at her recollections of her last day at school.

The one explanation of Alban's strange employment of his holiday leisure which suggested itself seemed to be connected with his inveterate distrust of Mrs. Rook. Was it assuming too much to find this a sufficient motive for his following Sir Jervis's housekeeper on her return to her master's place of abode?

What had happened there, if this was the right reading of the riddle?

Suddenly, almost irritably, Emily snatched up Sir Jervis's letter. Before the doctor had come in she had glanced at it, and had thrown it aside in her impatience to read what Cecilia had written. In her present altered frame of mind, she was inclined to think that Sir Jervis might be the more interesting correspondent of the two.

On returning to his letter, she was disappointed at the outset.

In the first place, his handwriting was abominably bad—he had such an exasperating habit of writing the first two or three letters of long words, and then depending on a crooked line to represent the rest—that she was obliged to guess at his meaning. In the second place, he never hinted at the circumstances under which Cecilia's letter had been confided to the gentleman who had left it at her door.

She would once more have treated the baronet's communication with contempt, but for the discovery that it contained an offer of employment in London, addressed to herself.

Sir Jervis had necessarily been obliged to engage another secretary in Emily's absence; but he was still in want of a person to serve his literary interests in London. He had reason to believe that discoveries made by modern travellers in Central America had been reported from time to time by the English press; and he wished copies to be taken of any notices of this sort which might be found on referring to the files of newspapers kept in the reading-room of the British Museum. If Emily considered herself capable of contributing in this way to the completeness of his great work on "the ruined cities," and if she was "sufficiently suitable, at her age, to feel that the best remedy against any sorrow that she might be suffering consisted in helping him," she had only to apply to his bookseller in London, who would pay her the customary remuneration, and give her every assistance of which she might stand in need. The bookseller's name and address followed (with nothing legible but the words "Bond Street"); and there was an end to Sir Jervis's proposal.

Emily laid it aside, deferring her answer until she had read Cecilia's letter.

CHAPTER XX.

THE REVEREND MILES MIRABEL.

"I am making a little excursion from the Engadine, my dearest of all dear friends. Two charming fellow-travellers take care of me; and we may perhaps get as far as the Lake of Como.

"My sister (already much improved in health) remains at St. Moritz with the old governess. The moment I know what exact course we are going to take, I shall write to Julia to forward any letters which arrive in my absence. My life, in this earthly paradise, will be only complete when I hear from my darling Emily.

"In the mean time we are staying for the night at some interesting place, the name of which I have unaccountably forgotten; and here I am in my room, writing to you at last, dying to know if Sir Jervis has yet thrown himself at your feet, and offered to make you Lady Redwood with magnificent settlements.

"But you are waiting to hear who my new friends are. My dear, one of them is, next to yourself, the most delightful creature in existence. Society knows her as Lady Janeaway. I love her already by her Christian name; she is my friend Doris. And she reciprocates my sentiments.

"You will now understand that union of sympathies made us acquainted with each other.

"If there is anything in me to be proud of, I think it must be my admirable appetite. And if I have a passion, the name of it is Pastry. Here again Lady Doris reciprocates my sentiments. We sit next to each other at the *table d'hôte*.

"Good heavens! I have forgotten her husband. They have been married rather more than a month. Did I tell you that she is just two years older than I am?

"I declare I am forgetting him again! He is Lord Janeaway. Such a quiet, modest man, and so easily amused! He carries about with him everywhere a dirty little tin case, with air-holes in the cover. He goes softly poking about among bushes and brambles, and under rocks, and behind old wooden houses. When he has caught some hideous insect that makes one shudder, he blushes with pleasure, and looks at his wife and me, and says, with the prettiest lisp, 'This is what I call enjoying the day.' To see the manner in which he obeys her is, between ourselves, to feel proud of being a woman.

"Where was I? Oh! at the *table d'hôte*.

"Never, Emily—I say it with a solemn sense of the claims of truth—never have I eaten such an infamous, abominable, maddeningly bad dinner as the dinner they gave us on our first day at the hotel. I ask you if I am not patient; I appeal to your own recollection of occasions when I have exhibited extraordinary self-control. My dear, I held out until they brought the pastry round. I took one bite, and committed the most shocking offense against good manners at table that you can imagine. My handkerchief, my poor innocent handkerchief, received the horrid —please suppose the rest. My hair stands on end when I think of it. Our neighbors at the table saw me. The coarse men laughed. The sweet young bride, sincerely feeling for me, said, 'Will you allow me to shake hands? I did exactly what you have done the day before yesterday.' Such was the beginning of my friendship with Lady Doris Janeaway.

"We are two resolute women—I mean that *she* is resolute, and that I follow her—and we have asserted our right of dining to our own satisfaction by means of an interview with the chief cook.

"This interesting person is an ex-Zouave of the French army. Instead of making excuses, he confessed that the barbarous tastes of the English and American visitors had so discouraged him that he had lost all pride and pleasure in the exercise of his art. As an example of what he meant, he mentioned his experience of two young Englishmen who could speak no foreign language. The waiters reported that they objected to their breakfasts, and especially to the eggs. Thereupon (to translate the Frenchman's own way of putting it) he exhausted himself in exquisite preparations of eggs. *Eggs à la tripe, au gratin, à l'Aurore, à la Dauphine, à la Poulette, à la Tartare, à la Vénitienne, à la Bordelaise*, and so on, and so on. Still the two young gentlemen were not satisfied. The ex-Zouave, infuriated, wounded in his honor, disgraced as a professor, insisted on an explanation. What, in Heaven's name, *did* they want for breakfast? They wanted boiled eggs, and a fish which they called a *Bloaterre*. It was impossible, he said, to express his contempt for the English idea of a breakfast, in the presence of ladies. You know how a cat expresses herself in the presence of a dog, and you will understand the allusion. Oh, Emily, what dinners we have had in our own room since we spoke to the cook!

"Have I any more news to send to you? Are you interested, my dear, in eloquent young clergymen?

"On our first appearance at the public table we noticed a remarkable air of depression among the ladies. Had some adventurous gentleman tried to climb a mountain and failed? Had disastrous political news arrived from England—a defeat of the Conservatives, for instance? Had a revolution in the fashions broken out in Paris, and had all our best dresses become of no earthly value to us? I applied for information to the only lady present who shone on the company with a cheerful face—my friend Doris, of course.

"'What day was yesterday?' she asked.

"'Sunday,' I answered.

"'Of all melancholy Sundays,' she continued, 'the most melancholy in the calendar. Mr. Miles Mirabel preached his farewell sermon, in our temporary chapel upstairs.'

"'And you have not recovered from it yet?'

"'We are all heart-broken, Miss Wyvil.'

"This naturally interested me. I asked what

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1400.

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sort of sermons Mr Mumbel preached. Lady Janeaway said: 'Come up to our room after dinner. The subject is too distressing to be discussed in public.'

"She began by making me personally acquainted with the reverend gentleman; that is to say, she showed me the photographic portraits of him. They were ten in number. One only presented his face. The other exhibited him at full length, adorned in his surplice. Every lady in the congregation had received the two photographs as a farewell present. 'My portraits,' Lady Dora remarked, 'are the only complete specimens. The others have been irretrievably ruined by tears.'

"You will now expect a personal description of this fascinating man. What the photographs failed to tell me, my friend was so kind as to complete from the resources of her own experience. Here is the result, presented to the best of my ability.

"He is young—not yet thirty years of age. His complexion is fair; his features are delicate; his eyes are clear blue. He has pretty hands, and rings prettier still. And such a voice, and such manners! You will say there are plenty of pet parsons who answer to this description. Wait a little—I have kept his chief distinction till the last. His beautiful light hair flows in profusion over his shoulders; and his glossy beard waves, at apostolic length, down to the lower buttons of his waistcoat.

"What do you think of the Reverend Miles Mumbel now?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

HOW MUCH TO EAT.

About the theory of diet I do not mean to say very much in this place. The theory of diet is a complicated thing, and by no means completely understood as yet. Authorities differ, or even quarrelsomely contradict each other, and even for the physician it is a tedious thing to find his way through the labyrinth of theories and half-certainties in which he must study the contemporary doctrines of dietetics.

Still there are some things which are certain, but ignorantly denied, and some things which are commonly accepted which are certainly false. About these facts and fallacies a few words will be in place; and I will say little about the history, the chemistry, or the commonplaces of the subject. It does not concern us to be reminded again that roast beef is nutritious, that a varied diet is the best, that the nutritious substances contain three proximate elements, or that lentils were eaten by Pharaoh Necho. The following points will be found, I trust, more to our purpose:

I.—The amount of food required varies with the individual, and is greatly different in different cases. No set rule for the quantity can be given.

Fallacy 1. That you can lay down a hard and fast rule, either by weight or measure, for the food of any human being or class of beings.

A popular British writer on hygiene writes as follows: "An adult man or woman ought never to take more than thirty ounces of mixed solid food in the day. Eighteen should be the minimum, and twenty-four, or one ounce per hour, the medium."

This is a truly beautiful rule. How remarkable that the "medium" diet for the adult human being should turn out to be just one ounce per hour! Piazzi Smyth found the English inch clearly premonstrated in his measurements of the Egyptian Pyramids; and now his countryman discovers an eternal fitness between the avoirdupois scale and the constitution of man. The English ounce is the fore-ordained unit of alimentation. Thus speaks the stubborn egotist and theorist. But let us ask what Nature, on the contrary, may require in the matter of our food supply. The following passage, which I quote from the late Dr G M Beard, points out something of her "infinite variety" in the forces that we renew by means of the food we eat:

"Whoever proposes to apportion our diet by the scales, must first tell us just what and how many changes of tissue take place in the brain in every thought evolved, how much fuel is consumed for every process of reasoning, every beat of passion. He must keep an accurate record of every muscular contraction, count every beating of the heart, and every breath, every glance of the eye, and every change of the countenance, every sound that falls upon the ear. He must weigh the imagination in scales, and the emotions in a balance; he must gauge our very reveries and dreams. But when he has done all this, his duties have just begun; for except he know the secretions and excretions, the other gigantic labors would be valueless. He must measure the blood, and count the globules. He should know the product of every gland. He must collect and measure all the waste products of the body. He must know the condition of every molecule of the system, whether it is in a state of health or disease. And when he has arranged this side of the equation, there remains the task of completing it by reducing to their last analysis the elements of his food. . . It is manifest that unless a miracle were wrought to enable him to make his calculations, he must starve before he could prepare a single meal."

In other words, not only do no two persons require the same amount of food, but the same person does not require the same amount of food under different conditions or on different days. How much we require must be decided by the individual or by the physician, and partly by remembering the following considerations.

II. Both an excessive diet and a meagre diet should be avoided.

Fallacy 2. That because you can work better after a light meal than a hearty one, you should make it a rule to "leave off hungry."

In this country food is abundant and good, though it is often poorly and wastefully cooked. But we have few gluttons, because we have few people of sufficient leisure to cultivate gluttony; we shall have more as the community grows older, more leisurely, and more luxurious. But few of us are at present in danger of gluttony—except infants. Infants are great sufferers from enforced gluttony. They are generally stuffed, during the first year or two of their lives, with twice as much food as they can digest. But for the rest of the world, underfeeding is commoner than gluttony. For most of us the doctrine of generous diet is the true one.

The ignorant creed of Graham is still held by many—even by many who are in other matters intelligent. It finds expression in a recent book on physical education, published by one of the best-known houses in the country, in which the author declares that the proper food of man consists "of vegetable and semi-animal substances which can be eaten with relish" raw. "Cooking, spicing, and freezing our food are, strictly speaking, abuses of our digestive organs."

This view is, of course, absolutely visionary, though it is held by a physician who ought to know better. Food is good in the ratio of its nutritiousness and its digestibility; and cooking improves it, and even "spicing and freezing" may improve it in both respects, and animal food in general is more nutritious and more digestible than vegetable food. A little more food, of whatever kind, is needed for the worker, whether with hands or nerves; a little less for the idler. Infants are fed hourly, when four or five times a day is enough; with larger children the opposite error is more frequent—that of not giving them enough, as at boarding-schools, where the scanty and poor diet is often very injurious to their growth and health. Many a dyspeptic is made at the boarding-school. Children will not over-eat of plain food, but there is no dietetic crime that they will not commit with dainties.

For the adult his own experience and self-control must be the rule. He will get no good from the ounce-per-hour people; they and their rules are vanity and egotism. In health he can generally guide himself as to his diet. If he will not—and many a good liver and stout drinker will not—then the doctor will come seasonably, and will tell him what to eat, and how often, and how many ounces at a time; and so, in course of time, our patient will find out how much to eat—when it is just too late.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

THE COLORADO DISASTER.

The awful disaster at the Colorado Coal and Iron Company's mine at Crested Butte, on the 24th ult., is without parallel in the history of the State. Out of sixty-seven men who went down to work that morning, only ten escaped with their lives; all the others were either killed on the spot or overpowered by the deadly gases while fleeing from the mine. The explosion was terrific. Rails were torn up, empty cars which stood waiting to be loaded were battered and broken, and hurled into confused heaps, blocking up the entries, and the large fan which stood beside the main entrance was broken and about twenty-five feet of the roof of the tramway in front of the entrance was blown away.

A scene of the wildest confusion ensued. The outside men, together with those who had just quit work, began at once to do what they could for the relief of those within the mine. The news spread like wild-fire, and soon the citizens of the town came pouring up the hill, all anxious to render such assistance as they could. The fan was repaired as soon as possible, and put to work pumping air into the mine, and men set about removing the obstructions, so as to reach the imprisoned miners. But none were rescued alive. The mine is said to have always been considered dangerous. Experienced men declared it to be the worst they ever saw, the amount of gas generated being unusually large and very deadly.

GENERAL GORDON.

This distinguished British soldier and administrator, popularly called "Chinese Gordon," from his services in subduing the Tae Ping rebels, was recently dispatched to the seat of war in the Soudan with a special mission, of which the precise limits are not generally known. The selection was universally approved on the ground of his fitness. He was Governor-General of the Soudan for the late Khedive Ismail Pasha from February, 1874, to the end of 1879, terminating his Egyptian service with a diplomatic mission to the King of Abyssinia. He has lately been sojourning in retirement at Jerusalem, somewhat occupied with archæological and topographical studies, but had accepted an offer from the King of the Belgians, patron of the international association for the opening of the Congo River, to superintend operations in that part of Africa.

Having gone to England with this intention, his views concerning the present crisis in the Soudan were forced on public notice by articles in some London newspapers, and he was recently commissioned by the British government to repair without delay to Suakin, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel W Stewart, to act under the direction of Sir Evelyn Baring, and in co-operation with Baker Pasha.

General Gordon is about fifty-four years of age. He is the younger son of the late Lieutenant-General Henry William Gordon, R.A., and comes of a Highland soldier family. After receiving a thorough military education, he entered the Royal Engineers, and saw much hard service in the Crimean war. In 1860 he served in the Chinese war, and remained in command of the Royal Engineers at Tien-Tsin. The Chinese government, when pressed by the Tae-Ping rebels, asked for a British officer to command their newly raised force, and Major Gordon was recommended. His extraordinary success in disciplining the Chinese soldiery, defeating vastly superior numbers, defending and relieving several large cities, and finally driving away the enemy, is related in the history of the times. He crushed the Tae-Ping rebellion, and saved the Chinese Empire.

We have already alluded to his great services in the Soudan, where his performances were heroic in spirit and wonderful in temporary effect; but all the good he accomplished was soon undone by the vile corruption of the Egyptian officials. The present Khedive did not approve of his designs, and compelled him to resign.

Great hopes were entertained in England regarding his new mission to the Soudan. He is undoubtedly an able soldier, a wise administrator, and a man of indomitable courage. Had the report of his capture by the followers of El Mahdi been confirmed, his loss would have been regarded as a disaster hardly second to the defeat of an army.

KENTUCKY'S NEW SENATOR.

The Hon. Joseph Clay Stiles Blackburn, who was nominated on the 5th inst., after an exciting contest, for United States Senator from Kentucky, was born near Versailles, in that State, October 1, 1838. He was educated at Centre College, Danville, Kentucky, was admitted to the bar in 1858, and removed to Chicago to begin the practice of his profession. Two years later he returned to his native State, and entered with great ardor into the Presidential campaign in the interest of Breckinridge. Mr Blackburn served with credit in the Confederate army during the war. For two years after the close of hostilities he resided in Arkansas, and then returned to Kentucky, where he has since resided. He served two terms in the Kentucky Legislature, and was elected to Congress in 1874, where he has since served continuously. Mr Blackburn has always been a thorough-going Democrat.

THE FUNERAL OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

The funeral services over the remains of Boston's great orator were simple but impressive. As the body was borne from the house to Hollis Street Chapel, hundreds of people, including many aged co-workers with Mr Phillips in anti-slavery times, lined the streets, and the old chapel was surrounded by throngs of men and women. The services in the church were private, and consisted of singing, a reading from Isaiah, and a prayer by the Rev Samuel May.

The body was afterward removed to Faneuil Hall, where the casket was placed on a catafalque in front of the rostrum, and for the first time opened to public view. The face of Mr Phillips wore a placid, half-smiling expression, and was very natural in appearance. A great crowd of people passed through the hall to take a farewell look at the familiar features. Late in the afternoon the remains were interred in the Old Granary Burying-ground, on Tremont Street. The coffin was placed, without formal ceremonies, in the Phillips family tomb, which is in close proximity to the graves of John Hancock, Samuel Adams, and Crispus Attucks, the latter a colored victim of the Boston Massacre, to whom Mr Phillips often referred in his public speeches. It is understood that this disposition of Mr Phillips's body is only temporary, and that it will soon be transferred to the burial-place of his wife's family, in Milton, Massachusetts.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

The Laureate's Pension.—An exclusive young Chinaman.—The Royal Journal in the Highlands.—Mr Henry George.—An Addition to "The Abbey."—Old Boots.—A Christmas Hamper.

From the first announcement of the Tennyson peerage I have been waiting with some curiosity, but certainly with no impatience, to see whether any reference would be made to the poet's having been in the enjoyment of a pension of £200 a year for the last forty years. As pensions—from the source he has derived it—are only given to needy men of letters or of science, there certainly seems some incongruity in the matter. So far back as 1842 the Laureate lost his money in some speculation—I believe in wood-carving—and this income was very properly conferred upon him. Whether he should have retained it when he grew rich and famous is a question of taste; but if he thought himself justified in so doing, I don't see why he should alter his views now that he has been made a lord. It will surely not be argued that pensions are not given to peers. When Burke was reproached by the Duke of Bedford for taking money from the country, he did not hesitate to remind him that his Grace's ancestors had taken twenty times as much, which he was at present enjoying without having earned it. "You are a young man with very old pensions; I am an old man with very young pensions—that is all." The *Financial Reform Almanac* is so good as to give us some items of what *living* peers and their relatives who are still alive, or who have died since 1850, have received from the public exchequer, and it comes to nearly sixty-seven millions of money! It would be incredible if the figures were not given in black and white; but, in view of them, one can hardly grudge our new peer his poor £200 a year.

It is always a dangerous thing to announce one's self as the last survivor of anything, or the oldest practicer of any system, philosophic or otherwise. Mr Whitworth, M.P., has been so indiscreet as not only to declare himself the oldest total abstainer in England, but to offer £100 to any one who could beat the record. He has already received a dozen claims in the money or the score of a still longer abstinence. It would have been the same thing had he announced himself as the longest established drunkard. It is probable that even Mr A. M. Sullivan would find himself surpassed, if he put money upon it, as—well, in "making the thing that is not as the thing that is."

At the same time, there is probably one human being in the world whose position is quite unique; he can not, indeed, boast of having occupied it long, for he is not thirteen years of age, but "so far as he has gone," he has no one to rival him. He lives in semi-seclusion in an enormous palace, and is waited on by a staff of retainers who always approach him on their bended knees. Even his mother (who visits him once a month) kneels down as she utters her first sentence. His father does the same, but remains kneeling. The professors who teach him all kneel, whether they are theologians or otherwise. He sleeps in a bed of massive ivory and gold. The only restraint that is put upon him is at meals. Eight attendants, all kneeling, have orders to prevent him from indulging too heartily, as boys are apt to do, in his favorite dishes. This young gentleman is the present Emperor of China.

The continuation of her Majesty's *Journal in the Highlands*, announced for publication, will be looked forward to with considerable interest, or it is said to extend to 1882. I believe upward of one hundred thousand copies of the former work were disposed of, and the royal authoress netted twelve thousand pounds by it, which she gave to a hospital.

Mr Henry George is having a fine time of it, and getting a great deal of attention; but I have my suspicions of a gentleman who, being already in London, pretends to arrive there in order to meet with "a spontaneous welcome from the working classes" at the railway station. I detest his phrase of "the working classes." As a matter of fact, the people who cheer him most are the idlers and the loafers, who hope that something will fall into their mouths—thanks to his exertions—without their working for it at all. In his view, to wear an apron and a paper cap, or any other badge of a manual trade, is to be a workman. I would recommend to the notice of this orator's admirers a certain sketch in Dickens's *Hard Times* of the poor man's friend, the Agitator. Mr George, however, is an exaggeration of his original; he seems to actually recommend stupidity and idleness. He bids the skilled workman not to be too skillful, and the diligent not to be so laborious. And, indeed, if we are to divide everything, there is not much use in being either. As to the land—a matter in which there are, no doubt, many wrongs to be righted and remedies applied—he falls into precisely the same error as the gentleman who wanted Windsor Park to be divided into allotments. He seems to shut his eyes to the fact that fifty years hence, even if his schemes are carried out, the increase of population will bring us into precisely the same difficulty that confronts us now, except that there will be no more land to be divided. He may not see this, but what he must see is that when he talks of manual labor as the only kind of work, he is flattering the lower classes at the expense of the truth; and this is why I do not admire Mr Henry George.

In view of the increasing number of eminent personages whose eminent friends wish them to be buried in Westminster Abbey, there is a scheme on foot for adding a "monumental chapel" to the national Walhalla. The supporters of this plan know very little of human nature. The institution of second-class interment will suit nobody. I can even imagine it causing bad feeling in paradise itself. Fancy two shades striking up an acquaintance in Hades upon the common ground of their both having been buried in the Abbey, and one of them discovering that the other only came from the new wing, after all!

It is only very young people, I conclude, who like new boots. The older we grow, the better we like those to which we have been long accustomed, and which have conformed themselves to our pedal infirmities. It is a terrible thing to us when the arms "go," and it is necessary to have a new understanding; we doubt the cobbler, and are horrified by his assertion that he will make them "as good as new." What generally happens is that he makes them worse than new, and that, though he swears he has not altered them by a hair's-breadth, they come back well-soled enough, but an inch or two shorter. He then expects us to pay for having utterly destroyed our boots. I have always longed to punish him, and wanted to know whether it could be done, and now, alas! I know that it can't be done. The thing has been tried in the County Court, and the complainant has lost his case, and acquired a ludicrous nickname. The opposing counsel called him Cinderella. Can not a cobbler be found anywhere—I don't care how far I have to send for him—who can resole boots without shortening them?

If Charles Dickens were alive, what a pathetic story would he tell us about a certain Christmas hamper! This hamper, once full of good things—turkey and tongues, sausages and mince-meat, or at least "one celebrated Christmas present of a dozen of champagne for two and sixpence"—was thrown empty on some waste ground at the back of Snow Hill, and found, days afterward, full, by the police. But full of what? "A boy of fifteen was found huddled inside, in a dying state from exposure and want of food." An empty Christmas hamper was the only shelter that this poor Christmas waif could find for three days and nights! He had no friends, and was utterly destitute, so he crept into that poor shelter, which would undoubtedly have been his grave in a few hours more had he not been discovered. He was removed to Bartholomew Hospital, but not in time to save his life.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

A VALENTINE BY PROXY.

"Oh, you jes' say de sweet 'n if 'twas yous own, Miss Katie."

MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES G. GORDON, C.B.—(See Page 111.)

THE HON. J. C. S. BLACKBURN, UNITED STATES SENATOR ELECT FROM KENTUCKY.
Photographed by Bell.—(See Page 111.)

EXTRAORDINARY SKATING—MR. AXEL PAULSEN AT THE WASHINGTON PARK RINK, BROOKLYN.
Drawn by W. P. Snyder from a Sketch by J. O. Davidson.—(See Page 114.)

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THE WESTERN FLOODS.

[illegible] floods in the Western rivers began with unusual severity this year, and an immense amount of damage was suffered in Pittsburgh, Wheeling, Cincinnati, and other cities and towns. At Pittsburgh and Allegheny City between 5000 and 6000 dwellings were submerged, and at least 10,000 people were driven from their homes; 15,000 [illegible] were thrown out of employment by the stoppage of mills and factories. The public halls of the cities were filled with women and children, who experienced great suffering, notwithstanding the efforts made to relieve them.

[illegible] there was great destruction of property at Wheeling. Three miles of the city front were under water, and 8000 people were made homeless. All the street cars were stopped, and all telegraph offices were flooded. To add to the [illegible] of the situation, the gas and water works were rendered useless, leaving the city in total darkness at night, with the possible danger of fire with no means to check it.

Cincinnati also suffered to a considerable extent. A press dispatch, dated February 7, said: "The view from the suspension-bridge this morning is not cheering. Along the Covington front of the Licking River the land is entirely submerged, the water being in the second story of buildings. Newport presents the appearance of a city with a few dwellings peering out like small islands. The whole lower part of the city from Second Street to the river-front is covered with [illegible] to-day employed for patrolling and relief." The greatest suffering and damage were reported in the Youghiogheny region, where mining [illegible] and portions of towns lying on low land were inundated, and hundreds of families forced to desert their homes and fly before the flood. In some places it was found necessary to anchor houses to trees and rocks to keep them from floating off. The scene along the route of the [illegible] gorge, which extended thirty miles up the Youghiogheny River, beggars description. The streets and door-yards were piled full of ice, in many instances the heaps being fifteen and [illegible] feet high. The whole lower portion of the town of West Newton was flooded, and many families had to be rescued from the second-story windows of their houses.

It must strike every one with surprise that, in spite of the warning experience of past years, precautions are not taken in the towns and cities subject to floods to place the water and gas works beyond danger. Much of the terror of these disasters might thus be avoided.

EXTRAORDINARY SKATING.

When, three weeks ago, seventeen of the fleetest skaters in the country drew into line to start in a ten-mile race, very few had any idea that a quiet, scholarly looking gentleman with eye-glasses, old-fashioned skates, and retiring demeanor was destined to astonish them all by his splendid record and easy victory. Mr. Axel Paulsen, from Norway, having thus drawn the attention of the athletic world to his powers as a skater, arrangements were soon made to still further test his abilities in a twenty-five-mile race against the record.

It took place February 2, in the Washington Park Rink, Brooklyn, with a result that threw all former records far in the shade, and leaves him without a rival in this branch of athletics. The scene on the ice during the great race was a very novel and beautiful one. Thousands of fancy skaters glanced and whirled, singly or in couples, and hundreds chased from side to side of the great quadrangle to catch a glimpse of the trelient skater as he passed the most favorable points of view. On one side of the course a dense mass of expectant humanity formed a lane, leaving a pathway about twelve feet wide for the racer, and in the middle distance the judges, time-keepers, and recorders formed an equally interested group at their table. The track is a quarter of a mile, with several sharp turns, and as the spectators watched the racer dashing down the straight stretches it seemed next to impossible for him to round the corners without a collision.

Near the track it was impossible to study his motions closely. At the cry, "There he comes!" the crowd leaned eagerly forward. There was a rapidly increasing and musical ring of steel on ice, the flash past of a dark body, like the flitting of a shadow, which shrank and faded away in a rapid diminuendo of perspective most trying to the eye unaccustomed to such rapid movements. It was only by repeatedly watching him in this position that the spectator could catch any inkling of the secret of his surprising speed. He noted a powerful outward thrust of the foot on the last of the stroke, the perfectly straight knee kept, with little or no side movement to the body. Seen from a distance as he flew down the opposite side of the rink, the further peculiarities of his method became apparent. The bending of the body very low, almost straight, the hands clasped firmly across the small of the back, the well-extended chest, the eyes closely fixed on the ice, are all parts evidently of a theory which he has reduced in practice to absolute clock-work—a system giving fewest motions, least friction, and greatest speed.

The skater had no distinguishing points of extraordinary strength or endurance; nevertheless the miles were reeled off with an ease, a regularity and fleetness, baffling every attempt of a number of other noted skaters to hold him for even a few laps. He made four hundred turns during the race, beating the record at every mile. Each lap of the twenty-five [illegible] was timed. The first [illegible] one [illegible] in 3 m. 26⅗ s., five miles in 17 m. 56⅗ s., ten miles in 36 m. 37⅘ s., fifteen miles in [illegible] m. 9 s., twenty miles in 1 h. 14 m. 5⅘ s.; [illegible] miles, 1 h. 33 m. 28⅖ s. This lowers the best previous record by 25 m. 36⅗ s.

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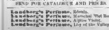

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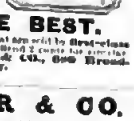

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1884.
VOL. XXVIII.—No. 1418.
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A BIG BLAZE AT HUNTER'S POINT—A CONSTANT MENACE TO NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE ARTICLE "THE SLUDGE ACID NUISANCE," PAGE 120.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1884

RE-OPENING OF THE ART COMPETITION.

The judges appointed to award the prizes in the Art Competition for the illustration of ALFRED DUBETT'S *"Christmas Hymn" have reported (see* HARPER'S WEEKLY *dated September 1) that they "are not justified by the conditions of the competition in awarding any prize whatever." Three hundred and thirty-eight drawings entered into the competition, and twenty-three were received after the 1st of August—too late to be considered.*

Pursuant to the intimation given in their original "offer to young American artists," the MESSRS. HARPER *have determined to re-open the competition, enlarging its scope and modifying the limitation so as to say, in accordance with suggestions made by the judges:*

For the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas—the drawing to be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *to be made especially for this competition, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-seven years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purpose specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, *at Franklin Square, New York, not later than March 1, 1884, addressed "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine"; and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope securely attached to the drawing, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A., MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A., *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department at* HARPER & BROTHERS', *will act as judges of the competition.*

The treatment of the subject is left to the artist, limited only by the general reference to Christmas. Either the Bible story of the Nativity, or the usual features of Christmas, past or present, may be chosen for illustration. The judges, in making the award, will take into consideration not only the technical art value of each drawing, but also the appropriateness of the subject selected, the efficiency of the illustration, and especially the originality of conception and treatment. The combination of different designs in a single picture should be avoided.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing on one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for December, 1884, and should others submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *$500; one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, *$300; one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *$300; these awards not to be subject to the above mentioned understanding as to "the prosecution of art study," etc.*

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, September 8, 1883.

THE ELECTION AND THE CANDIDATES.

UNDOUBTEDLY, under the rule of the National Convention, the Republicans of the Congressional districts can hold their district conventions to select national delegates either without action upon the part of the State Committees, or in direct opposition to such action. If, for instance, the New York Committee should call the district conventions to be a part of the State Convention, or should try to prevent separate district conventions by delaying action altogether, the Republicans of the districts could do as they chose, and their action would be perfectly "regular." But while the district independence is most desirable and unquestionable, it is obviously wiser that all unnecessary conflict and friction should be avoided, and that action should be taken by the State Committee in scrupulous deference to the mandate of the National Convention. The warmth of the discussion upon this subject in New York is very significant. It springs from the fact that the electoral vote of New York is held to be essential to success in the Presidential election, and that the State Committee is not believed to represent the real sentiment of the party. The feeling is aggravated also by the renewed control of the city organization by the old machine, and by supposed intrigues and plans for the success of particular candidates.

It is, we suppose, conceded that with the disappearance of the absurd old unit rule the New York delegation will not be "solid" for any candidate. Even the old machine is not united now, although the instincts of bosses are shrewd for their own interests, and undoubtedly the machine delegates will practically combine upon a candidate when the time comes. That candidate, among those who are chiefly mentioned, would be probably the President. Yet he is by no means the favorite of many of the noted machine leaders in New York, and the general course of his administration, which has commended him to the general regard of the party, has been disagreeable to them. He would, however, be more satisfactory to them than Mr. BLAINE. But it is the peculiarity of the situation in New York that he would probably be more satisfactory than Mr. BLAINE, also, to those who are known as reform and independent Republicans, and as they really hold the balance of power in the party, this is a very important consideration, if true, and we have no doubt that it is. In speculating upon the position in New York it must be remembered that if certain events make the candidacy of the President distasteful to GARFIELD Republicans, it is impossible to make Mr. BLAINE for a great body of those Republicans the political successor and representative of General GARFIELD. The ability and personal attraction and the long and conspicuous party service of both of them surrounded each with enthusiastic friends and supporters. But although by the choice of General GARFIELD they were associated in administration, they were very different men, and belonged to different political schools and sympathies. These differing sympathies would now positively assert themselves, so that the gentlemen who are recognized as "Half Breed" leaders ought not to assume that Mr. BLAINE represents a different political system from that which independent Republicans disapprove.

The situation in New York, indeed, is such that, considering the indispensability to success of its electoral vote, it is a very important question whether any candidate is desirable whose nomination must necessarily have the air of defeat to any considerable number of New York Republicans. Notwithstanding the apprehension of the consequences of Democratic success, the experience of the last few years shows that there is a large vote in New York which, in the common phrase, belongs to the Republican party that would not be cast for certain possible Republican candidates who are named. It would not probably be given to the Democratic ticket, but it would stay at home. The important vote to consider, therefore, is not that which will be thrown for any candidate who may be nominated, but that which will not be thrown as a matter of course merely for that reason. The gentleman who announced that he should vote for the devil if he were regularly nominated has very properly left the Republican party, which has proved that it does not act upon his principle. The Republican candidate to carry New York would be some well-known Republican leader, eminent for ability and for public service, who has never been especially identified with any wing of the party, who has been known always simply and only as a Republican, who is acceptable to reformers and independents, to Half-Breeds and Stalwarts, and whose public and private record is unassailable. If there be such a Republican, his name is that of the candidate whom the Convention ought to nominate.

DEMOCRATIC BLUNDERING.

COMPTROLLER CHAPIN has been attacked by the Ithaca *Democrat* for not making a clean sweep of his department, a sweep which the *Democrat* is glad to know many of the new State officers have made. The *Democrat* regrets that it advocated his election, and deplores his yielding to Republican clamor, and much more "of the same." But in its frank and stringent hostility to reform the *Democrat* knows, of course, that it denounces Governor CLEVELAND. Whatever Comptroller CHAPIN has done, he has done in obedience to an act which the Governor warmly approved and gladly signed, and in concert with a commission of which the majority is Democratic. Messrs. SCHOONMAKER and RICHARD are quite as sound Democrats as the Ithaca *Democrat*, and if they, with the Governor and the Comptroller and the other Democratic friends of reform, are to be dismissed from their party in disgrace, does the Ithaca *Democrat* think that its party chances for the election of a President will be improved?

"Mr. CHAPIN," it says, "was elected by Democratic votes for the purpose of having the Comptroller's office managed upon Democratic principles and by Democrats." If this statement means that the party politicians expected him to make a clean sweep, it is perhaps true. But is not true that a clean sweep was necessary to secure the management of the office upon Democratic principles and by Democrats. That object was attained, so far as the business of such an office can be "managed upon Democratic principles," by the election of Mr. CHAPIN. But to turn out skillful, experienced, and faithful book keepers and accountants because of party opinions, and to replace them with inexperienced successors, selected because of their party activity, is not necessary to a management of the office upon Democratic principles. The duties of such clerks are purely business duties, and have no party or political character whatever.

Moreover, such a proceeding is injurious to the public welfare, and is condemned by the soundest opinion of both parties. It is just as absurd for the Comptroller to dismiss faithful and diligent and efficient clerks in his office, and to fill their places with raw hands selected for political reasons, as it would be for the Central Railroad Company to do the same thing. The Comptroller is entirely at liberty to remove any clerk whom he honestly thinks to be unfitted for his place, and to substitute, upon probation, another who has shown general intelligence and apparent competency upon a fair and open examination. The Ithaca *Democrat* says that Republican politicians laugh at such a system. It is wrong. They used to laugh at it, but now they swear at it, as the *Democrat* does, who, we fear, must be suspected of being a Democratic politician. But however the "politicians" of both parties may swear, the people smile. No politician of any party has yet been able to show why the public business should not be transacted upon business principles, or why an honest clerk who does his duty properly should be dismissed because of any political, religious, philosophical, or scientific opinions which he may hold, and which he does not obtrude upon the office, or upon the discharge of his duties. The Ithaca *Democrat* may wisely recall the fact that for forty years after the establishment of the national government no party "clean sweep" in the civil service was ever made, and the other fact that administration was quite as honest, economical, and efficient under the old system as under the new. The endeavor of the *Democrat* to identify its party with the spoils system is one of the blunders which is always to be expected from that extraordinary party.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

WE can not agree with many of our contemporaries, with whom it is always a pleasure to agree, that the pending copyright bill, or the copyright laws, or the Constitution of the United States, acknowledge the author's right of property in his published works, except in a very meagre and limited sense. Mr. CLAY's report a half century ago said, "That authors and inventors have, according to the practice among civilized nations, a property in the respective productions of their genius, is incontestable, and that this property should be protected as effectually as any other property is by law, follows as a legitimate consequence."

But what kind of recognition does this property receive, and what effectual protection? The House of Lords in 1774 decided that the statute of ANNE has substituted a short term in copyright for an estate in fee. What kind of recognition of property would that be in the case of an author's house, or horse, or anything else that is his? How would the excellent journals that find a lofty recognition of the sacred right of property in a law which confiscates an author's work after forty-two years, by withdrawing legal protection from his control of it, view a similar provision in regard to their presses and buildings? If the publisher who "pirates" a work during its protected term is a moral offender, a thief who steals the fruit of another man's brains, why is he not as much a thief afterward? If it is knavery to print a man's book during forty-two years, is it any less knavery in the forty-third year? But if the law makes the offense, there is no offense where there is no law.

We do not mean by these questions that we are not very glad of the protection of the control of an author over the publication of his works for even a limited time, and in as many countries as will give him the protection. But we certainly do not hail such a law with enthusiasm as conceding an author's right of property in his published work in the same way that the law recognizes his right of property in others of his productions and possessions. We shall be very glad to see every author made the owner of his own in every country for forty-two years. But we shall be of the opinion in the forty-third year, when his ownership ceases, that the control which was given him for forty-two years was not the acknowledgment of a right, but a bounty to stimulate production for the benefit of the community.

THE PORTER CASE.

IT is long since any question has excited deeper or more peculiar interest than that of the vindication of General FITZ-JOHN PORTER, and the thorough discussion of the subject, in the light of new evidence, has unquestionably so changed the public feeling that the great majority of 106 votes in the House of Representatives for the passage of the bill restoring him has been very generally accepted as satisfactory. To this feeling, also, the conduct of General PORTER himself has largely contributed. This was admirably stated by Mr. PHELPS, of New Jersey, who showed that he had pursued the course of a perfectly loyal and patriotic citizen ever since his name was blasted by the verdict of the court martial. He has borne himself like a man who trusted the just second thought of his country, who was sure that it would not refuse to hear all the truth, and, having heard it, to reverse a wrong verdict.

Many Republicans, indeed, are convinced that after the removal of McCLELLAN there was a "McCLELLAN ring" of general officers whose hearts were not in the Union cause, and who were willing to delay and obstruct and baffle the army, hoping to compel some kind of compromise with the rebellion. This spirit they believe to have occasioned PORTER's alleged tardiness and passivity. But this theory, however plausible, can not stand against actual evidence which invalidates it. There is a very wide gulf between dislike of a superior officer and deliberate treachery to one's country, with the blackest personal dishonor. Many Republicans, also, have made it a point of honor to respect a verdict which GARFIELD rendered and which LINCOLN approved. But GARFIELD was not averse to re-opening the case, and LINCOLN was not unfriendly to PORTER. Such Republicans also have seen with dissatisfaction that the old "secesh" element in Washington made PORTER a hero, and were resolved to regard his restoration as a kind of posthumous victory for the lost cause. But this is not the spirit in which a question involving the national

character should be considered. If GARFIELD and LINCOLN approved the verdict, were they informed of everything? and could they reconsider the case as it now appears, would they probably re-affirm their former judgment? These are the substantial questions so far as they are concerned. And even if they should still adhere to the first opinion, why, upon a military question, should not the deliberate conclusion, and with fuller knowledge, of TERRY and SCHOFIELD and GRANT be as weighty as theirs, unless GRANT and the others are also under the malign "West Point" influence?

It is not, indeed, of great importance, so far as LINCOLN and GARFIELD and the first military judges are concerned, that in a time of fierce popular passion, and in an excited trial, they should have been unable to see what longer time and ampler knowledge have revealed. But it would be an indelible stain upon the American name that the country should brand as a despicable traitor an honorable soldier and patriotic citizen. And since the question has been raised by the soldier himself, since, taking the risk of a careful, revised, deliberate, and final committal of his name to infamy, he has invoked a fresh judgment, it is not enough to plead that the court-martial at the time was satisfied. That is not denied. But is the country to-day satisfied? Ought it to re-affirm the doom passed upon PORTER? That is our question. Practically he is retried, and it is only fair to consider the evidence as if no judgment had been rendered. The bill now goes to the Senate, and General LOGAN will perhaps try to defeat it. But public feeling is so strong that even if he can prevent the passage of the bill, he can not persuade the country that FITZ JOHN PORTER is a name which should be forever coupled with that of BENEDICT ARNOLD.

THE ALDERMEN.

THE inquiries of Mr. ROOSEVELT's committee into the government of the city of New York have already furnished the strongest arguments for the passage of his bill giving to the Mayor the sole power of appointment. The testimony of the Mayor, of Mr. JOHN KELLY, and of Mr. JOHN B. HASKIN threw very much more light upon the subject than possibly Mr KELLY was aware. Quite unconsciously he painted his own portrait as a municipal dictator. The possible candidate was summoned to Mr. KELLY's parlor. He was asked by Mr KELLY if he knew certain friends of his. The purpose was plain. Mr KELLY stated that he would not say whether the Mayor gave pledges or not. It was unnecessary, for the Mayor stated that he said that if he were elected by the Democratic organizations, he should think it to be his duty to give to them the patronage of his office. It is not a pleasant story for any gentleman concerned, for it was a bargain.

To hold the Mayor to the fulfillment of the understanding if he should wish to disregard it, Mr. KELLY has the Board of Aldermen. It is a body of unknown and irresponsible persons, representing nothing whatever but Mr KELLY. They are his dummies, but the Mayor can make no important appointment without their consent. Their consent is given only at the command of Mr. KELLY; and the Mayor, as all the late Mayors have stated, is absolutely powerless. If he persists in nominating fit men, they are rejected, and the city government stops. The analogies drawn as an argument in the case are ridiculous. Under the Tammany management the people can not nominate, nor do they in any just sense elect, the Aldermen; and as for the resemblance to the confirming power of the Senate, the answer is simply that there is no resemblance whatever, and even in the Senate the confirming power is grossly abused.

The New York Board of Aldermen is an institution which simply perpetuates political corruption, and its power of confirmation ought to be abolished. The one object which all intelligent citizens have long desired is a thoroughly responsible municipal Executive. The vigor and ingenuity and pertinacity with which this desire has been opposed by several politicians is the best evidence of their consciousness that it would do very much to purify the city government. The Legislature should insist upon this abolition, and not be diverted by the Gibbs propositions to increase the number of elective offices. It would do well to remember, also, that the opportunities which the present system offers for "deals" between the parties, opportunities of which certain Republican politicians avail themselves, have had a large influence in producing the decline of Republican prestige and power.

ENGLAND AND EGYPT.

THE situation in Egypt is extraordinary. On the one side the prestige of England is imperilled, and on the other there is a movement of the Arabs hostile to Egypt, and of a semi-religious character—a movement which can not be defined or measured. But the general policy of the GLADSTONE government has been the same, although its action has varied. That policy has been, not to annex Egypt, but to enable the country to establish a stable government. To accomplish this result, however, it is now clear that a strong military and naval force was necessary, and that force the government did not provide. If, under any circumstances, Egypt could establish a stable government for herself, she certainly could not do it while threatened with invasion by a vast horde of victorious fanatics.

The Soudan, which borders Egypt and Nubia on the south, is occupied by this victorious body. Its chief city is Khartoum, at the junction of the White and Blue Niles, the fate of which is as yet unknown. It is to this city that General GORDON is hastening with a small escort. He is a man of the heroic and adventurous type that England produces, who has lived much in the East, and is very familiar with the habits and genius of the Eastern races. He is confident that if he can confer at Khartoum with the Arab leaders he can effect a peaceable settlement by showing them that England is not hostile to them, and does not contemplate the subjugation of the Soudan.

Meanwhile, however, the overwhelming disasters of the Egyptian troops led by English officers may give a resistless impulse to the advance of EL MAHDI, the Arab chief, and shake the faith of his followers in the friendly disposition of England. In any case England is concerned that her prestige shall not suffer, but also that she shall not undertake the reconquest of the Soudan for Egypt. It is evident either that she must withdraw from Egypt altogether, or remain in sufficient force to have her own way. The feeling in England is so strong that the murder of General GORDON by the Arabs, whom he seeks to placate and to restore to their authority, would produce great excitement, and perhaps be accepted in England as proof of a fatal dilatoriness upon the part of the government. But the situation in Egypt, as Mr GLADSTONE truly says, is one that the present ministry received from their predecessors, and did not create, and the difficulties arising from the "dual control," or an English and French supervision of the government, are merely a legacy from the Jingo *régime*.

MR. BIGLIN'S PROMOTION.

THE President has appointed JOSEPH C. BIGLIN, an examiner in the Appraiser's Department, to be Assistant Appraiser at New York, in place of the late General JAMES F. HALL. This selection has the merit of promoting a subordinate, but it has not the merit of promoting the subordinate who is the most accomplished expert in that particular branch of the service, and who, solely upon grounds of especial fitness, would doubtless have been preferred.

General HALL's division was that of metals and manufactures of metals, excepting gold and silver, and in that division is Mr. LEWIS MCMULLEN, who has been examiner of metals for about forty years, and who is now, we believe, the customs officer of longest service at this port. He is a trusty and competent man, and is considered to be the best expert in the valuation of metals, etc., in the United States.

Mr MCMULLEN has not been promoted hitherto because of political reasons, and it would have been exceedingly gratifying if the President, in the exercise of his discretion, which has wisely filled the position by promotion, had made a promotion which would not have been open to unfriendly remark.

As Mr. BIGLIN probably owed his original appointment to his brother BARNEY, one of the Republican "boys" in this community, the unbelievers will think and aver that his promotion is due less to the spirit and principles of reform than to that relationship and a kind concern for the "boys." It is not one of the acts that have commended the President to public confidence.

THE PRISON REFORM COMMISSION.

ALTHOUGH Governor CLEVELAND is a Democrat, and presumably a strong party man, he seems always to bear in mind that he was elected, as it were, by the consent of his political opponents, and his administration has not been, in any offensive sense, partisan. This has been shown in many ways, but in none more strikingly than in his nomination of a Commission of five to inquire into the prison labor contract system.

He has selected THEODORE W. DWIGHT, a recognized authority upon the whole subject of the penal system, ex-Speaker SLOAN, noted for his fairness, intelligence, and public spirit, ex-Canal Commissioner OGDEN, ex-Senator NORMAN L. ALLEN, and WALTER M. THAYER. Three of the Commissioners are Republicans, one is a Democrat, and one is a Labor Reformer. As the law was passed by a Republican Legislature, the Governor has chosen to give the majority of the Commission to the Republicans, although properly the question is in no sense whatever political. The character of the gentlemen he has selected is the earnest of his desire to secure a representation of all opinions, and to obtain as good a board for the purpose as possible.

The inquiry is most important, and we have a right to expect a report which will regard chiefly a sound penal system, and not the desires of ill-informed persons, of demagogues, or merely the pecuniary advantage of the State. From this action of the Governor, and the energy and intelligence of Mr. HOWE at the head of the committee, the friends of wise prison reform may confidently anticipate the best results.

PERSONAL.

IT is quite true, writes Mr WILLIAM BLACK, in a private letter, that "Mistress Judith Shakespeare" has proved to be a very troublesome young woman, but it is happily not true that the careful and difficult work which the writing of this novel has involved has put Mr BLACK in so deplorable a condition as a recent cable despatch suggested. Mr BLACK, and Mr ABBEY with him, took refuge for a short season of salmon fishing in the remote wilds of Sutherlandshire, whence they have returned in good health and spirits. Mr. BLACK expects to finish "Judith Shakespeare," now running in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, before returning to North Scotland the latter part of March, and Mr ABBEY is hard at work again on the illustrations. The new novel promises to be the best Mr BLACK has written.

—Changes in an American's social surroundings are frequent enough, but Messrs. CASILEAR and HUBBARD, the well-known landscape painters, have painted in the same rooms in the Tenth Street Studio Building for a quarter of a century, and Messrs. MCENTEE, W H BEARD, and M F H DE HAAS have occupied their present studios in the same edifice for at least twenty years. But American buyers of pictures do not visit the artist in his studio, as formerly, to purchase of him directly. Almost all art sales are now made through middle-men, some of whom in this city have amassed large fortunes.

—Queen VICTORIA's new book, a journal of a trip to the Highlands, is a fresh revelation of the deep womanly instincts of the first lady of the British Empire, abounding in expressions of love for her dead husband and her six orphans, and of consideration for her dependents, chief among whom was the much-talked-about JOHN BROWN. "His loss to me," she says of the Scotch gillie, "is irreparable, for he deservedly possessed my entire confidence. He served me truly, devotedly, untiringly. To say that he is daily, nay, hourly, missed by me, whose life-long gratitude he won by constant care and devotion, is but a feeble expression of the truth." The throne of so true a woman may well be said to be "firm fixed upon a people's will." Who expected that her book would be an authority on political intrigues?

—The late editor of the London *Times*, Mr THOMAS CHENERY, was probably the most scholarly journalist of his day. No great newspaper had ever called to its control an Oxford Professor of Arabic and a translator of the original versions of the Bible until the London *Times* set the precedent, and the best commentary upon its choice is the fact that Mr CHENERY proved himself equal to the task of maintaining the traditions of that paper.

—Mr ARTHUR D F RANDOLPH has been recently admitted to partnership in the book firm of ANSON D F RANDOLPH & Co., the senior member of which is known to his business associates as one of the kindest, most genial, and popular members of the book trade in this city.

—Mr ARCHIBALD FORBES is in very poor health, and appears to be a wreck of his old self. In addition to his physical suffering (says a correspondent of the New York *Times*), he has lost in speculation the money he made by his successful lecturing tours.

—Actors, and professional elocutionists in general, are wont to emphasize their pronouns at the expense of their substantives and verbs. That excellent actor Mr EDWIN BOOTH, for instance, in the sentence, "When should a Spanish gentleman fail to avenge his king?" puts the emphasis on the "his"—almost the only word upon which it is without significance. Yet elocution itself is principally a matter of emphasis and inflection, notwithstanding the miscellaneous writhings of many of our public readers.

—The late Mr W W CORNER, of Baltimore, earned a reputation as a collector of rare and curious relics, and when he was dead his executors found such interesting remains as a hair from the head of HENRY CLAY, a piece of the towel used in staunching the pistol-shot wound made in Mr LINCOLN's head by JOHN WILKES BOOTH, eleven photographs of Major-General HANCOCK in different attitudes, and full reports of the trials of General SICKLES and E. S. STOKES. These and other souvenirs have been sold at auction.

—The editor of our esteemed contemporary the Wareham (Massachusetts) *News* calls upon the various Press Associations of that State to labor for an adjustment of advertising rates on a reasonable living basis. "For when a country paper takes an inch advertisement for eight weeks for forty cents, or a trunk maker's advertisement of one inch in length for five dollars a year, or an insurance agent's advertisement of from three to four inches' space at the same price, business is simply porridge." It certainly is surprising on what slender means even good men suppose editors can live.

—Mr WILLIAM MCGIRNEY, now of Blackwell's Island, should have read the newspapers. He did not know that he needed a license in order to sell brewers' beer legally.

—The literary and artistic success of Mr BARTLEY CAMPBELL's new play, *Separation*, deserves mention as an encouragement to aspiring American dramatists. His first play, *Through Fire*, produced in Pittsburgh some twelve years ago, was in every respect a failure, and most of his latter plays, like *The White Slave*, *The Galley Slave*, and *Siberia*, though profitable financially, have little else to commend them. But in *Separation*, now at the boards of the Union Square Theatre, he shows himself a master of some of the finest literary and artistic resources of the leading French school, and gives pleasure to the most intelligent admirers of Sardou and FEUILLET.

—The late THOMAS KINSELLA, editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, who died on the 11th inst., after an illness of three months, was a journalist of unusual ability and enterprise. He rose to his commanding position from the ranks of the compositors of the *Eagle*, with nothing to aid him but his talents, industry, and fidelity; and he made himself so strong that those who did not like him were at least forced to fear him. He leaves an ample fortune to his widow and his five daughters.

—No citizen having the honor of an acquaintance with the New York ladies who are acting as a committee to secure funds for the BARTHOLDI pedestal by organizing dramatic and other entertainments will question their ability to compel success; and it is doubtless owing to the example of their persevering and systematized efforts that a project for raising subscriptions to the work has been organized at the capital of Nevada, where a central committee, of which Governor DAVIS is chairman, has appointed subcommittees for every county in the State. We expect to hear of similar movements in many other commonwealths.

—Mr GEORGE R. SIMS, the popular English dramatist, has, according to a foreign correspondent, long been a victim of dyspepsia, to which may be attributed some of his bitterest criticisms of other men's work. "In fact, he said to me once, with reference to a rather disagreeable, and as I thought unjust, article which he had written, 'It is not, I assure you, from ill nature that I do these things—it is my wretched liver.'" The stomach is mightier than the conscience.

—Miss EMMA ABBOTT in Lucia, as she appeared to a San Francisco critic: "Miss ABBOTT has a rather small but graceful person, and an irregular face, which seems at first to be one which would not easily lend itself to the requirements of tragedy, but this impression was quickly dissipated, and she showed not only genuine power and complete self-abandonment in her acting, but a wider range of expression than her rather childish features would lead one to expect. Her voice is too small to take an audience by storm, since it lacks volume, but it is of an exquisitely pure quality. In several tones in the middle register there is a slightly nasal quality which makes them seem flat, not in pitch—which is always perfect—but in formation. Her pianos have the rare quality of being as clear, exact, and perfect as her mezzo voce."

—Mr. CORRIE GRANT, a London barrister, has been creating some excitement by asserting that at the dinners given by the city in honor of distinguished guests he had seen the aldermen "so drunk that they had to be carried away by the servants, and yet these same men sat on the bench the next morning to judge those who had been taken up drunk and disorderly in the streets." The *Times* remarks that this description of a city dinner might have been true a hundred years ago, but that in the present generation nobody but Mr GRANT himself has witnessed such a scene, although it is not by any means claimed that "the city fathers are even now models of self-denial on the occasions of their great feasts."

—The editors of the *Art Union*, the monthly organ of the new American Art Union, are two well-known artists, who wield their pens without embarrassment, and know just what they are striking at. They propose to demonstrate that in the service of American art those pens are mightier than swords.

—An eye witness recalls an incident of the National Democratic Convention which assembled in Charleston in the eventful spring of 1860. After the seceding delegations had withdrawn, amid great excitement, FRANCIS B. FLOURNOY, of Arkansas, who had been temporary chairman of the Convention, took the platform, and made an impassioned speech in favor of the Union. Striding back and forth, and waving a large red handkerchief like a flag above his head, he shouted: "Don't give up the ship!—don't give up the ship!" Though he afterward became a general in the Confederate army, "his heart that day beat true to the music of the Union."

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IN MEMORY OF DE LONG AND HIS COMRADES—THE LAST SCENE OF AN ARCTIC TRAGEDY.—DRAWN BY W. SHEILAW

DEVASTATED BY THE FLOOD—JUNCTION OF THE LITTLE MIAMI WITH THE OHIO, FROM MONT TUSCULUM.—DRAWN BY H. F. FARNY.—[SEE PAGE 123.]

LOVE SAYS, "THIS DAY IS MINE."

Midway the last of those drear months
That winter knows,
While yet the earth is hidden 'neath
The lingering snows,
And the north wind defiant still
His trumpets blows,
Is set a day as full of sweets
As summer rose.

The tidings of its coming spread
The birds among,
And soon the sturdy evergreens
Are filled with song;
The daintiest thoughts of Poesy
About it throng,
And many precious gems of Art
To it belong.

For oh! 'tis Love, 'tis Love, that says,
"This day is mine—
This day when all true lovers haste,
With eyes that shine
And lips that smile, their hearts to lay
Upon the shrine
Long years to me made sacred by
St. Valentine."

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE SECOND.

IN LONDON.

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

THE REVEREND MILES MIRABEL.

"The life and adventures of our charming young clergyman bear eloquent testimony to the gentle patience of his disposition under trials which would have overwhelmed an ordinary man. (Lady Doris, please notice, quotes in this place the language of his admirers; and I report Lady Doris.)

"He has been clerk in a lawyer's office—unjustly dismissed. He has given readings from Shakespeare—infamously neglected. He has been secretary to a promenade concert company—deserted by a penniless manager. He has been employed in negotiations for making foreign railways—repudiated by an unprincipled government. He has been translator to a publishing house—declared incapable by envious newspapers and reviews. He has taken refuge in dramatic criticism—dismissed by a corrupt editor. Through all these means of purification for the priestly career he passed at last into the one sphere that was worthy of him: he entered the Church, under the protection of influential friends. Oh, happy change! From that moment his labors have been blessed. Twice already he has been presented with silver tea-pots filled with sovereigns. Go where he may, precious sympathies wait on him, and domestic affection places his knife and fork at innumerable family tables. After a Continental career, which will leave undying recollections, he is now recalled to England—at the suggestion of a person of distinction in the Church, who prefers a mild climate. It will now be his valued privilege to represent an absent rector in a country living, remote from towns, secluded in pastoral solitude, among simple breeders of sheep. May the shepherd prove worthy of the flock!'

"Here again, my dear, I must give the merit where the merit is due. This memoir of Mr. Mirabel is not of my writing. It formed part of a farewell sermon, preserved in the memory of Lady Doris; and it shows (once more in the language of his admirers) that the truest humility may be found in the character of the most gifted man.

"Let me only add that you will have opportunities of seeing and hearing this popular preacher, when circumstances permit him to address congregations in the large towns. I am at the end of my news; and I begin to feel—after this long, long letter—that it is time to go to bed. Need I say that I have often spoken of you to Doris, and that she entreats you to be her friend as well as mine when we meet again in England?

"Good-by, darling, for the present. With fondest love, your CECILIA."

"P.S.—I have formed a new habit. In case of feeling hungry in the night, I keep a box of chocolate under the pillow. You have no idea what a comfort it is. If I ever meet with the man who fulfills my ideal, I shall make it a condition of the marriage settlement that I am to have chocolate under the pillow."

CHAPTER XXI.

POLLY AND SALLY.

Without a care to trouble her; abroad or at home finding inexhaustible varieties of amusement; seeing new places, making new acquaintances—what a disheartening contrast did Cecilia's happy life present to the life of her friend! Who, in Emily's position, could have read that joyously written letter from Switzerland and not have lost heart and faith, for the moment at least, as the inevitable result?

A buoyant temperament is of all moral qualities the most precious, in this respect: it is the one force in us—when virtuous resolution proves insufficient—which resists by instinct the stealthy approaches of despair. "I shall only cry," Emily thought, "if I stay at home; better go out."

Observant persons, accustomed to frequent the London parks, can hardly have failed to notice the number of solitary strangers sadly endeavoring to vary their lives by taking a walk. They linger about the flower beds; they sit for hours on the benches; they look with patient curiosity at other people who have companions; they notice ladies on horseback and children at play with submissive interest; some of the men find company in a pipe, without appearing to enjoy it; some of the women find a substitute for dinner in little dry biscuits wrapped in crumpled scraps of paper; they are not sociable; they are hardly ever seen to make acquaintance with each other; perhaps they are shamefaced, or proud, or sullen; perhaps they despair of others, being accustomed to despair of themselves; perhaps they have their reasons for never venturing to encounter curiosity, or their vices which dread detection, or their virtues which suffer hardship with the resignation that is sufficient for itself. The one thing certain is, that these unfortunate people resist discovery. We know that they are strangers in London, and we know no more.

And Emily was one of them.

Among the other forlorn wanderers in the parks there appeared lately a trim little figure in black (with the face protected from notice behind a crape veil), which was beginning to be familiar, day after day, to nurse-maids and children, and to raise curiosity among harmless solitaries meditating on benches, and idle vagabonds strolling over the grass. The woman-servant whom the considerate doctor had provided was the one person in Emily's absence left to take care of the house. There was no other creature who could be a companion to the friendless girl. Mrs. Ellmother had never shown herself again since the funeral. Mrs. Mosey could not forget that she had been (no matter how politely) requested to withdraw. To whom could Emily say, "Let us go out for a walk"? She had communicated the news of her aunt's death to Miss Ladd, at Brighton, and had heard from Francine. The worthy school-mistress had written to her with the truest kindness. "Choose your own time, my poor child, and come and stay with me at Brighton; the sooner the better." Emily shrank—not from accepting the invitation—but from encountering Francine. The hard West Indian heiress looked harder than ever with a pen in her hand. Her letter announced that she was getting on wretchedly with her studies (which she hated), she found the masters appointed to instruct her ugly and disagreeable (and loathed the sight of them); she had taken a dislike to Miss Ladd (and that only confirmed that unfavorable impression); Brighton was always the same; the sea was always the same, the drives were always the same. Francine felt a presentiment that she should do something desperate, unless Emily joined her, and made Brighton endurable behind the horrid school-mistress's back. Solitude in London was a privilege and a pleasure, viewed as the alternative to such companionship as this. Emily wrote gratefully to Miss Ladd, and asked to be excused.

Other days had passed drearily since that time; but the one day that had brought with it Cecilia's letter set past happiness and present sorrow together so vividly and so cruelly that Emily's courage sunk. She had forced back the tears in her lonely home; she had gone out to seek consolation and encouragement under the sunny sky; to find comfort for her sore heart in the radiant summer beauty of flowers and grass, in the sweet breathing of the air, in the happy heavenward soaring of the birds. No! Mother Nature is step-mother to the sick at heart. Soon, too soon, she could hardly see where she went. Again and again she resolutely cleared her eyes, under the shelter of her veil, when passing strangers noticed her, and again and again the tears found their way back. Oh, if the girls at the school were to see her now—the girls who used to say, in their moments of sadness, "Let us go to Emily and be cheered"—would they know her again? She sat down to rest and recover herself on the nearest bench. It was unoccupied. No passing footsteps were audible on the remote path to which she had strayed. Solitude at home! Solitude in the Park! Where was Cecilia at that moment? In Italy, among the lakes and mountains, happy in the company of her light-hearted friend.

The lonely interval passed, and persons came near. Two sisters, girls like herself, stopped to rest on the bench.

They were full of their own interests; they hardly looked at the stranger in mourning garments. The younger sister was to be married, and the elder was to be bridesmaid. They talked of their dresses and their presents; they compared the dashing bridegroom of the one with the timid lover of the other; they laughed over their own small sallies of wit, over their joyous dreams of the future, over their opinions of the guests invited to the wedding. Too joyfully restless to remain inactive any longer, they jumped up again from the seat. One of them said, "Polly, I'm too happy!" and danced as she moved away. The other cried, "Sally, for shame!" and burst out laughing as if she had hit on the most irresistible joke that ever was made.

Emily rose and went home.

By some mysterious influence which she was unable to trace the boisterous merriment of the two girls had roused in her a sense of revolt against the life that she was leading. Change, speedy change, to some occupation that would force her to exert herself, presented the one promise of brighter days that she could see. To feel this was to be inevitably reminded of Sir Jervis Redwood. Here was a man, who had never even seen her, transformed by the incomprehensible operation of Chance into the friend of whom she stood in need—the friend who pointed the way to a new world of action, the busy world of readers in the library of the Museum.

Before the week was out Emily had accepted Sir Jervis's proposal, and had so interested the bookseller to whom she had been directed to apply that he took it on himself to modify the arbitrary instructions of her employer.

"The old gentleman has no mercy on himself, and no mercy on others," he explained, "where his literary labors are concerned. You must spare yourself, Miss Emily. It is not only absurd, it's cruel, to expect you to search old newspapers for discoveries in Yucatan, from the time when Stephens published his *Travels in Central America*—nearly forty years since. Begin with back numbers published within a few years—say five years from the present date—and let us see what your search over that interval will bring forth."

Accepting this friendly advice, Emily began with the newspaper volume dating from New-Year's Day, 1876.

The first hour of her search strengthened the sincere sense of gratitude with which she remembered the bookseller's kindness. To keep her attention steadily fixed on the one subject that interested her employer, and to resist the temptation to read those miscellaneous items of news which especially interest women, put her patience and resolution to a merciless test. Happily for herself, her neighbors on either side were no idlers. To see them so absorbed over their work that they never once looked at her, after the first moment when she took her place between them, was to find exactly the example of which she stood most in need. As the hours wore on she pursued her weary way, down one column and up another, resigned at least (if not quite reconciled yet) to her task. Her labors ended, for the day, with such encouragement as she might derive from the conviction of having (thus far) honestly pursued a useless search.

News was waiting for her when she reached home which raised her sinking spirits. On leaving the cottage that morning she had given certain instructions relating to the modest stranger who had taken charge of her correspondence, in case of his paying a second visit during her absence at the Museum. The first words spoken by the servant, on opening the door, informed her that the unknown gentleman had called again. This time he had boldly left his card. There was the name, already familiar, already welcome—Alban Morris.

CHAPTER XXII.

ALBAN MORRIS.

Having looked at the visitor's card, Emily put her first question to the servant.

"Did you tell Mr. Morris what your orders were?" she asked.

"Yes, miss; I said I was to have shown him in, if you had been at home. Perhaps I did wrong; I told him what you told me when you went out this morning—I said you had gone to read at the Museum."

"What makes you think you did wrong?"

"Well, miss, he didn't say anything, but he looked upset."

"Do you mean that he looked angry?"

The servant shook her head. "Not exactly angry—puzzled and put out."

"Did he leave any message?"

"He said he would call later, if you would be so good as to receive him."

In half an hour more, Alban and Emily were together again. The light fell full on her face as she rose to receive him.

"Oh, how you have suffered!"

The words escaped him before he could restrain himself. He looked at her with the tender sympathy, so precious to women, which she had not seen in the face of any human creature since the loss of her aunt. Even the good doctor's efforts to console her had been efforts of professional routine—the inevitable result of his lifelong familiarity with sorrow and death. While Alban's eyes rested on her, Emily felt her tears rising. In the fear that he might misinterpret her reception of him, she made the effort to speak with some appearance of composure.

"I lead a lonely life," she said; "and I can well understand that my face shows it. You are one of my very few friends, Mr. Morris"—her voice faltered; it discouraged her to see him standing irresolute, with his hat in his hand, fearful of intruding on her. "Indeed, indeed, you are welcome," she said, very earnestly.

In those sad days her heart was easily touched. She gave him her hand for the second time. He held it gently for a moment. Every day since they had parted she had been in his thoughts; she had become dearer to him than ever. He was too deeply affected to trust himself to answer. That silence pleaded for him as nothing had pleaded for him yet. In her secret self she remembered with wonder how she had received his confession in the school garden. It was a little hard on him, surely, to have forbidden him even to hope.

Conscious of her own weakness—even while giving way to it—she felt the necessity of turning his attention from herself. In some confusion she pointed to a chair at her side, and spoke of his first visit, when he had left her letters at the door. Having confided to him all that she had discovered, and all that she had guessed, on that occasion, it was by an easy transition that she alluded to the motive for his journey to the North.

"I thought it might be suspicion of Mrs. Rook," she said. "Was I mistaken?"

"No; you were right."

"They were serious suspicions, I suppose?"

"Certainly! I should not otherwise have devoted my holiday-time to clearing them up."

"May I know what they were?"

"I am sorry to disappoint you," he began.

"But you would rather not answer my question," she interposed.

"I would rather hear you tell me if you have made any other guess."

"One more, Mr. Morris. I guessed that you had become acquainted with Sir Jervis Redwood."

"For the second time, Miss Emily, you have arrived at a sound conclusion. My one hope of finding opportunities for observing Sir Jervis's housekeeper depended on my chance of gaining admission to Sir Jervis's house."

"How did you succeed? Perhaps you provided yourself with a letter of introduction?"

"I knew nobody who could introduce me," Alban replied. "As the event proved, a letter would have been needless. Sir Jervis introduced himself—and, more wonderful still, he invited me to his house at our first interview."

"Sir Jervis introduced himself?" Emily repeated, in amazement. "From Cecilia's description of him, I should have thought he was the last person in the world to do that."

Alban smiled. "And you would like to know how it happened?" he suggested.

"The very favor I was going to ask of you," she replied.

Instead of at once complying with her wishes, he paused—hesitated—and made a strange request. "Will you forgive my rudeness if I ask leave to walk up and down the room while I talk? I am a restless man. Walking up and down helps me to express myself freely."

Her face brightened for the first time. "How like You that is!" she exclaimed.

Alban looked at her with surprise and delight. She had betrayed an interest in studying his character, which he appreciated at its full value. "I should never have dared to hope," he said, "that you knew me so well already."

"You are forgetting your story," she reminded him.

He moved to the opposite side of the room, where there were fewest impediments in the shape of furniture. With his head down, and his hands crossed behind him, he paced to and fro. Habit made him express himself in his usual quaint way, but he became embarrassed as he went on. Was he disturbed by his recollections, or by the fear of taking Emily into his confidence too freely?

"Different people have different ways of telling a story," he said. "Mine is the methodical way—I begin at the beginning. We will start, if you please, in the railway. When I got to the end of my journey I might as well have returned by the next train—if I had not been an artist. The station was a hut in a wilderness. The village (deriving its sole importance from being near a mine) was hidden in a hole; it was not even visible from the railway. No matter; it was the nearest place to Sir Jervis's house, and it was therefore my destination. I picked out the biggest of the cottages—I mean the huts—and asked the woman at the door if she had a bed to let. She evidently thought me either mad or drunk. I wasted no time in persuasion; the right person to plead my cause was asleep in her arms. I began by admiring the baby, and I ended by taking the baby's portrait. From that moment I became a member of the family—the member who had his own way. Besides the room occupied by the husband and wife there was a sort of kennel in which the husband's brother slept. He was dismissed (with five shillings of mine to comfort him) to find shelter somewhere else, and I was promoted to the vacant place. It is my misfortune to be tall. When I went to bed I slept with my head on the pillow and my feet out of the window. Very cool and pleasant in summer weather. The next morning I set my trap for Sir Jervis."

"Your trap?" Emily repeated, wondering what he meant.

"I went out to sketch from Nature," Alban continued. "Can anybody (with or without a title—I don't care), living in a lonely country house, see a stranger hard at work with a color-box and brushes, and not stop to look at what he is doing? Three days passed, and nothing happened. I was quite patient; the grand open country all round me offered lessons of inestimable value in what we call aerial perspective. On the fourth day, I was absorbed over the hardest of all hard tasks in landscape art, studying the clouds straight from Nature. The magnificent moorland silence was suddenly profaned by a man's voice, speaking (or rather croaking) behind me. 'The worst curse of human life,' the voice said, 'is the detestable necessity of taking exercise. I hate losing my time; I hate fine scenery; I hate fresh air; I hate a pony. Go on, you brute.' Being too deeply engaged with the clouds to look round, I had supposed this pretty speech to be addressed to some second person. Nothing of the sort; the croaking voice had a habit of speaking to itself. In a minute more there came within my range of view a solitary old man, mounted on a rough pony."

"Was it Sir Jervis?"

Alban hesitated.

"It looked more like the popular notion of the devil," he said.

"Oh, Mr. Morris!"

"I give you my first impression, Miss Emily, for what it is worth. He had his high peaked hat in his hand to keep his head cool. His wiry iron-gray hair looked like hair standing on end; his bushy eyebrows curled upward toward his narrow temples; his horrid old globular eyes stared with a wicked brightness; his pointed beard hid his chin; he was covered from his throat to his ankles in a loose black garment, something between a coat and a cloak; and, to complete him, he had a club-foot. I don't doubt that Sir Jervis Redwood is the earthly alias which

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1409.

he finds convenient, but I stick to that first impression which appeared to surprise you. 'Ha! an artist; you seem to be the sort of chap I want.' In those terms he introduced himself. Observe, if you please, that my trap caught him the moment he came my way. Who wouldn't be an artist?"

"Did he take a liking to you?" Emily inquired.

"Not he! I don't believe he ever took a liking to anybody in his life."

"Then how did you get your invitation to his house?"

"Give me a little breathing-time, Miss Emily, and you shall hear."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SLUDGE ACID NUISANCE.

THE country has heard a good deal, from time to time, of the Standard Oil Company and its exploits, its devilfish grasp on the business of oil refining and oil transportation, its power over Legislatures, courts, caucuses, and local officers, and, latest, its election of a representative—as if it were a sovereign State—in the Federal Senate. But the measure of an influence might more vividly be revealed by a bird's-eye view of New York Harbor and its vicinity in certain conditions of wind and tide. To an observer perched on the top of one of the Bridge towers, or in the lookout of the Signal Service on the Equitable Building, there would be plain the unpleasing evidence of the Oil Company's work in a sheet of greasy scum stretching in broken patches from the waters of Long Island Sound, through the tortuous pass of Hell Gate, down the East River, skirting the western shore of Long Island and the entire rim of Staten Island, scattered north of Weehawken up the Hudson, and to the south and east reaching down to Navesink and across to Rockaway Beach, and even beyond. If he descended from his height and undertook a voyage in a Staten Island ferry-boat, he might steam for a couple of miles through this unsavory substance; and if he made the tour of the Kills, and crossed the bay, he would find boats, docks, beaches, and every exposed object smeared with this offensive grease, which discolors and often rots wood, and destroys all the paint it touches.

Not this alone. A little inquiry would disclose to him that where there are clam beds or beds of seed-oysters, as at Prince's Bay—from which many of the finest and most valuable oyster beds of the Long Island shore are supplied—the substance, which is grease above, releases matter that falls slowly to the bottom, and kills the delicate young bivalves. It also strongly impregnates the water with the taste and odor of kerosene, so that fish which enter it are tainted, and when caught are unsalable. This scum is familiarly known as "sludge acid," and is one of the refuse products from the refining of mineral oil, or petroleum. It is supplied to the waters of New York from the refineries along the shore, at Bayonne or its neighborhood, in New Jersey, and at Hunter's Point, on the banks of Newtown Creek, in the State of New York.

Most of these refineries belong to the Standard Oil Company, and it is to that corporation that those annoyed or injured by the sludge acid attribute the damage which they suffer. While the Oil Company is not the only offender, it is probable that it is the chief, and the evidence is strong that the effect upon the waters of New York Bay and the surrounding coasts has been deplorable. Besides the destruction of clam beds and beds of seed oysters, there has been serious trouble with the fishing grounds. A few years ago great quantities of the toothsome and consoling shrimp were caught off Bay Ridge, near where the pleasure-seeker now takes the Manhattan Beach Railroad for Coney Island. Now there are none to be found. The inlets and flat reaches of the New Jersey shore once abounded with the (potentially) brilliant and rich lobster. He is gone. The fishermen of Long Island report the weak-fish, the sheepshead, and even the ever-faithful blue-fish as steadily disappearing. It would be rash to attribute this disappearance wholly to the baneful effects of sludge acid, but it is clear that that has a strong effect. Recently shad taken opposite Weehawken, in the North River, were found to be tainted with kerosene, and striped bass captured at Hell Gate were affected in like manner. Farther up the North River the shad seem to have rid themselves of this taint, but their numbers are falling off. In the same way the striped bass, which is a peculiarly clean-feeding and sensitive creature, is no longer found in quantities at Hell Gate, and much less plentifully than formerly in the Hudson, where it was caught in great numbers a short time since through the ice. It stands to reason that fish which, like the blue-fish, the shad, the striped bass, either come only to the coasts, or come into the rivers from the sea, will be driven away by any such loathsome element as sludge acid provides for the waters about New York.

The evil is an obvious and urgent one, and calls for energetic action to obtain a remedy. The Fish-culture Association has named a committee to examine the matter, and memorialize the Legislature. Some of the owners of oyster and clam beds have made public protest, and have, we believe, sought the intervention of the State Board of Health, but we do not know with what result. It is worth while considering whether there be not a more practical and speedy remedy at common law. Of course it is necessary to be first sure of the facts, but if it can be shown that the oil refineries discharge an offensive and injurious refuse product into the waters containing oyster or clam beds, the owners of these have an undoubted claim against the refineries, and could in all probability recover damages which would make even the Standard Oil Company more careful. A common effort among the injured persons would make the cost tolerable, and it is a maxim among lawyers that a jury gives damages in most cases to a citizen against a corporation. The matter is certainly one that those directly interested should take up in their own behalf, and so that all the public, who are indirectly as much interested as they.

THE GREAT FLOODS.

WE devote a large amount of space this week to pictures of the great floods which have devastated the valley of the Ohio, and spread ruin and suffering over a wide extent of country. At Cincinnati the river rose to the unprecedented height of seventy-one feet above low-water mark, nearly five feet higher than the great flood of last year. The Grand Central Depot in that city had from six to eight feet of water on the floor, and Lincoln Park was a lake. The sudden cold of the 15th inst. added greatly to the distress and suffering in the flooded portions of the city, as many were destitute of fuel, or without the means of using it. As a rule, people clung to their houses until the danger was absolute and immediate, and in many instances were rescued only a few moments before their dwellings were swept away.

The hills on each side of the river became its banks, the bases being flooded, and houses were everywhere torn away by the current. Several villages were almost utterly destroyed. In Point Pleasant, the birth-place of General Grant, only ten houses were out of water. The farmers from the surrounding country rendered all the assistance in their power, but the misery, destruction, and distress can not be overdrawn. Thousands of people were homeless and out of food.

Lawrenceburg, on the Indiana side of the river, was for a time entirely shut off from outside communication, except by means of skiffs, over a body of water several miles in extent, and from six to eight feet deep. The waters of the Miami rushed through the streets, carrying before them everything not heavily anchored or tied with strong ropes. Dwellings, barns, saw-mills, and lumber were jumbled together in huge masses of ruin.

Accounts from Gallipolis, Ohio, gave a terrible picture of suffering in that region. On the 13th inst. every city, town, and village except Gallipolis, which is on high ground, was inundated, and inaccessible except from that point. The territory contains about 75,000 inhabitants, living on the banks of the Ohio and Kanawha rivers. At least 2000 houses were swept away, or damaged to such an extent as to be uninhabitable after the flood has subsided. The farmers lost largely of their horses and cattle, nearly all their grain and feed, and all their fencing. The merchants and manufacturers lost their stocks, and the mechanics were thrown out of employment. Coal mines and salt works were flooded, and everything was done late indeed. It will be weeks and months before business can be resumed, and help will be needed long after the waters have subsided.

Similar accounts come from almost every part of the Ohio Valley. It is the same sad story over and over again; and it is repeated from Pittsburgh, Wheeling, Louisville, and other cities. Measures for the relief of the sufferers were promptly taken at Cincinnati and other places, and steamboats laden with provisions and clothing were sent to the flooded districts. The United States government appropriated $300,000 for the relief of sufferers as far south as Ironton; the Kentucky Legislature voted $25,000 for the same purpose, and the amount of private subscriptions has been generous and prompt. Still a great deal remains to be done. So many thousands of people have been made homeless and destitute that wide-spread suffering can be averted only by the most energetic measures.

THE NILE VALLEY: ITS DANGER.

THE danger that hovers over the Nile Valley is one of interest to all. If, as it is proposed, the Soudan, with all its fertility and its deserts, is given up to the fanatical followers of the Mahdi, it is scarcely possible that Mohammedan fanaticism can be restrained along the Nile. The Nile population has never been trustworthy. There are spots where the traveller has been always in danger, and an escort has proved often useful even under the walls of Karnak. It is easy to see that the attractions of the Nile may be seriously lessened by the fierce excitement that rules in Cairo and Alexandria, as well as in the desert tribes. Arabi is said to have never ceased his correspondence with his old allies in Egypt. All Islam is stirred by the news of the successes of the wild people of Soudan. The withdrawal of the Egyptian troops from the Upper Nile will give new hopes and courage to the robbers of the desert, and few travellers will care to venture to Nubia, or as far as Philæ, while the wastes around them are ruled by the Arab sheiks.

A closed Nile would be a real deprivation to many. The sick, the students, and the casual traveller have found the Father of Rivers always a charmed resort in winter. Nowhere, it is said, is there so even a climate, nowhere such a panorama of wonders, and the stream of travel that has set within a few years toward the Cataracts, and even Nubia, must have brought a golden shower to impoverished Egypt. It would, indeed, be a lasting eclipse to much harmless pleasure should this resource be cut off by war or Mohammedan insurrections. No more would the slow dahabeeyah glide up the winding river filled with its gay Americans or English, or the swift steamer ply from the Pyramids to Edfoo. It would be a lonely river, almost as much shut out from foreign scrutiny as when Herodotus made his way to its archives, or the Fatimite caliphs expelled the Christian dogs from their shores.

No one would wish to consign Egypt to such a fate, or to close to the world the most wonderful of rivers. Americans, English, Germans, Italians, French, are all intimately concerned in the Egyptian question. The American flag, next to the English, is said to float oftenest over the Nile boats that ride by Memphis and Thebes. The French have a peculiar interest in Egypt. The first Napoleon, in his selfish ambition, led the way to the revival of the land of the Pharaohs and the study of its monuments. Frenchmen of science discovered the Rosetta stone, and Champollion interpreted it. A French emperor opened the Suez Canal, and the gifted Lesseps has benefited mankind. England, Germany, Italy, and the Mediterranean states are all bound to Egypt by the ties of interest and trade, and if ever the interior of Africa is to be laid open to the people of Europe, with all its boundless resources in agriculture and minerals, it must be by the portals of the Nile. Like a vast Erie Canal cut by nature, three thousand miles long, the great river penetrates to the heart of the continent and the very centre of its treasures.

To the student a closed Nile would mean danger to much that he has been accustomed to value. In the recent war of Arabi the Boulak Museum of Egyptian antiquities was in serious peril. The activity of Egyptian scholars depends upon peace. The wonders of Egypt have as yet been only imperfectly explored, and a thousand secrets lie hidden in its tombs and mounds that a few years of study would easily unfold. But to all this a Mohammedan rising and a war of religions and races would soon put an end. Fanaticism spares nothing. There are treasures in Egypt that, once destroyed, could never be regained. Under a Mohammedan rule they would never be safe. Edfoo, that has sprung in its beauty from the sands; Denderah, its rival; even the hall of Karnak and the tomb of Rameses, might perish like Memphis and Heliopolis. All the world has an interest in preserving these rare remains. They are the earliest record of the human race, the curious aspiration of its youth.

Every one would rejoice to see Egypt free, its miserable people rescued from their oppressors, and the Nile Valley made happy by all the rewards of industry. But it would scarcely be safe to give up the sacred land to the savage sheiks of the desert and the fanatical followers of the Prophet. It would be a step backward. The solution of the Egyptian question probably lies in the union of the European powers in a just and humane protectorate. It should be made the Switzerland or the Belgium of the East, its people restrained by European laws, but saved by them from European money-lenders and native fraud. Egypt is the possession of mankind. It is the land of the Pyramids, the scene of the beautiful Hebrew tales of Joseph and the infant Moses, the captivity and the flight, of the first growth of the arts; of some of their most splendid exemplifications. To give it up to the rule of savages again would wound the instinctive sense of progress, and close perhaps forever a volume of history that is yet only partly open.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

LATTER DAY SUPERSTITION.

THERE has never been a time in any country inhabited by man where the belief in fairies has not existed in one form or another. To the uncivilized mind there is so much that is incomprehensible in all the ways of nature that primitive man has not failed to surround himself, for the satisfaction of his own bewilderment, with a more or less numerous retinue of supernatural beings, whom he accredits with a personal interest in all the details of his domestic affairs, and to whose malevolent or kindly impulses he attributes the petty failures and successes of his every-day life. And but for the fairies much of what has been most beautiful in the life and literature of all ages would have been lost to man. From the bright romance of those sudden meetings of the ancient Greeks with the supernatural guardians, god, or nymph, or demon, of the woods and streams and country-side, to the pretty fantasies of English country lore which shines so charmingly in Shakespeare's pages, what could be banished that would not be a loss, and leave life duller than before? Yet in the nineteenth century we affect to have no respect for fairies, and witches and elves and goblins are held unworthy of the credence of latter-day civilization. But in spite of the triumphs of science, in the most intellectual circles the question of the existence of ghosts is one to which a very small minority can conscientiously profess themselves indifferent, and modern "spiritualism," with all its baffling antagonism of evidences, shows that education has not quite triumphed over superstition yet.

And as one descends the social scale spiritualism grows nearer a belief in fairies, and second-sight becomes more akin to witchcraft at every step, until in many parts of rustic England the popular credulity is in many ways as extravagant and obstinate as ever. In Scotland and Ireland, too, the majority of old superstitions are held in honor and respect; and while in India England is legislating against such savages as the Bheels, persecuting superannuated men and women on the presumption of their being addicted to the black arts, the laboring-men of Essex continue to duck old women for being witches, and the Devonshire miner to read the future in crystals. But it is perhaps in Wales, the cradle of British fairy lore, the land of mystery and wonderment until within quite recent years, that the fairies and spirits hold now their chief court. Elves yet haunt the vales and woodlands, goblin dwarfs work in the mines, and household fairies visit the clean-kept hearths as of old. In the green meadows, at the bottom of the lakes and streams, live a little race who sometimes visit our earth, and on the mountain-tops the gnomes of the peak are still to be met. The fairies themselves eat only toadstools and "fairy butter," but for mortals who visit them they provide feasts such as rival the entertainments of Eastern legend. In other ways also they treat their bold visitors well, for, provided the stranger obeys their directions on certain points, and, above all things, avoids curiosity, he is made free of stables and gardens and all the other pleasures of the palaces of enchantment which spring up at the fairies' bidding—for the little folk, when mortals are with them, ride and dance and enjoy themselves as much as men and women do. Of children, the "Ellyllon" are specially fond, and mothers there live who have successfully wrestled with the elves who tried to steal their infants, and grown-up people are still to be found who in their childhood stopped on their way to school to play with the dwarfs on the hill side.

Grateful for kindness shown, and vindictive for insults offered, nearly all the little spirit-folk alike may be made friends or foes, just as mortals choose to have them, and the exception is an elf wholly given up to mischief and wrong-doing. Of such, however, there are unfortunately still a few, and the Welsh peasant has to take to-day, therefore, all the old precautions against changeling children and misleading lanterns, for want of which so many a worthy Taffy has come to sad grief in the past. On the other hand, fairies are not of a cunning sort, and can be easily circumvented or imposed upon. Sometimes, indeed, they are caught and kept as pets, and often when a Bwbach becomes troublesome in a house "the wise woman" tells the vexed household how to get rid of it by stratagems so obviously fraudulent that even a goblin ought to be ashamed of being taken in by them.

The general good temper of the fairies and the facility with which their small mischiefs may be counteracted have thus, in a way, accustomed the Welsh mind to think leniently of their existence, and the very convenient forms in which Puck and his comrades sometimes do their sporting make them a good excuse for occasional lapses from sobriety and decorum. Fathers of families returning home from market are sometimes sadly overcome by spirits on their way, and are found early in the morning lying in the road all splashed with mud, hatless, and with clothes torn, and, when questioned as to the cause, are so incoherent then it is evident to every one that fairies have had a hand in the matter. Thus, too, when servants are longer on their errands than they should be, when pretty girls stay out too late on summer evenings, and money or other property comes unaccountably into people's possession, a story of elves or goblin pat for the purpose is always ready, and precedents for such accidents are at once charitably recalled to memory. His fairies have therefore a certain claim on Taffy, which, to do him justice, he never attempts, even to this day, to repudiate.

Nevertheless, it is just as well, on the whole, to have as little as possible to do with fairies, for they are very capricious, and what is the use of being envied by one's neighbors for half a lifetime, if wealth and happiness depend upon a chance word or an accidental breeze, so that you may one day wake up to find the roof gone from over your head, your children vanished into mist, and your flocks and herds and all your household furniture precipitating themselves into the neighboring river? Such, as a rule, is the result of accepting gifts from fairies, and their glittering favors come to a sudden end in dust and ashes, desolation and remorse. It is well, therefore, to keep clear of goblin people of all kinds, and above all to exclude the company of witches. Only a short time ago a couple of English rustics, finding themselves disturbed by shadows, and their cattle afflicted with ailments, were gravely proceeding to throw a neighbor into a pond to see if she were a witch. If she floated, she was; if she drowned, she was not. The ordeal was very simple; but in this case the woman's husband objected, and very fortunately, too, for the rustics concerned; for, as it turned out, the "witch" in question could not swim, and though her innocence would thus have been incontrovertibly established by her death, the result to her murderers would have been awkward.

PHIL ROBINSON.

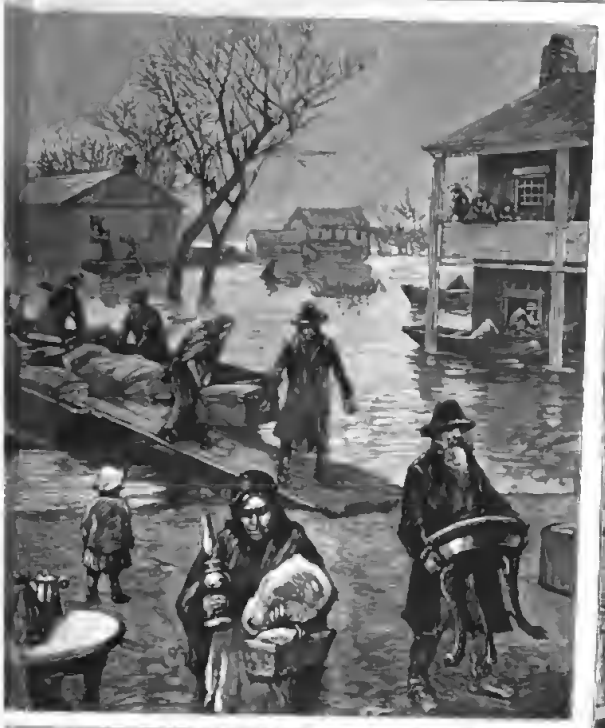
THE ICE YACHT RACE.

THE ice-yacht race for the challenge pennant of America took place at Poughkeepsie on the 9th inst. The course was six miles and two-thirds in length, and the rules required it to be sailed over three times, making a total distance of twenty miles, and the race had to be made in one hour and eighteen minutes, or to be called no race. The following boats took part: *Jack Frost*, owned by ARCHIBALD ROGERS; *Icicle*, JOHN A. ROOSEVELT; *Aeolus*, NORMAN WRIGHT; *Northern Light*, Dr. BARRON; *Tempest*, *Hiro*, *Dreadnaught*, *Uncle Bob*, Shrewsbury Club; *Haze*, AARON INNIS; *Avalanche*, E. HARRISON SANFORD, and *Jessie R.*, GEORGE LAMB.

A fine start was made, and the *Haze* soon darted to the front, and flew up the river, closely followed by the *Dreadnaught*, *Jack Frost*, *Icicle*, and *Avalanche*, the others scattering along behind. The *Haze* was the first to round the upper flag, and close behind her was the *Dreadnaught*, *Jack Frost* third. These three had the race to themselves. At the turn at the end of the thirteenth mile the *Haze* was still clearing the way, with the *Dreadnaught* second, *Jack Frost* third. In this order the yachts passed the home buoy, amid shouts and cheers and the blowing of steam-whistles, thus winning the "Ice-Yacht Challenge Pennant of America," twenty miles in 1 h. 3 m. 30 s.

1. Lawrenceburg, Indiana. 2. In the Suburbs, Cincinnati. 3. Looking up the Allegheny River, Pittsburgh.

DEVASTATED BY THE FLOODS—SCENES IN CINCINNATI, PITTSBURGH, AND OTHER LOCAL



4. Federal Street, Allegheny City. 5. Library Hall, corner of Sixth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, Pittsburgh.

IES.—From Drawings by H. F. Farny and Sketches by L. L. Rough and Charles E. Mills.—[See Page 123.]

ILLUSION.

…p in the valley, he thought, how grand
…e stand on the mountain-peak,
…feel the free winds of heaven,
…and to see the daylight break!
…flowery grass of the meadow-lands,
The wealth of the waving crop,
…knew them safe, and rich, and fair,
But he longed for the mountain-top.

…at mystic shadows and depths were there,
What glory of color and light!
…knew that his heart would never rest
Till his feet had reached the height.
…th painful care and a beating breast
He climbed the dangerous ground,
…d stood at length on the mountain-top,
With nothing but gray to bound

…t the clouds were still as far above,
And alas! the stony peak
…d never a flower or blade of grass;
…t was cold, and barren, and bleak.
…d far below was the valley sweet,
With its fields of waving corn,
…th its orchard trees and garden place,
And the house where he was born.

…ss from the valley of sweet Content
Ambition lureth men to seek
…e splendid, lonely, barren place
That girdles Life's most lofty peak.
…oh for the pleasant valley homes!
And happy the feet that daily pass
…rough woodland ways and blowing corn,
And the long sweet orchard grass.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

I.

ALFRED HADLOW held a theatre ticket in his hand. The circumstance was both trivial and commonplace, as he dwelt in a large city, but nothing more unforeseen had occurred to him during his … Alfred Hadlow never visited theatre or opera-house. These diversions were not forbidden fruit to him; they simply did not belong to his sphere of existence. He seldom thought of them at all. Therefore the theatre ticket was … a magic key capable of unlocking the marvels of a fairy tale.

Jack Carter, once college-mate, and at present lawyer of precarious practice, had strolled into the store of Jacob Shewring that morning, tossed delicate tissues about, stumbled over the rolls of fragrant matting, and threatened to fire an entire sheaf of Japanese fans with the tip of his burning cigar, in order to accost sober Alfred behind the desk.

"How are you, old fellow? Always pegging away at the trade, eh? Here is a chance to vary the monotony of your days. I have brought you a ticket for the Oriental Theatre to-morrow evening. Oh, don't thank me! I am summoned to Chicago by telegraph to attend an important case, or I should not be so disinterested. It will be Madame Claude's opening night, you know."

Alfred had finished the entry he was making in his ledger, and wiped his pen carefully, before shaking hands with Jack. The latter had slipped the ticket into the palm of his friend to return the pressure.

"You are kind to think of me," said the recipient, doubtfully.

"Tut, tut, man! what a fogy you are becoming, to be sure!" retorted Jack. "Shake yourself up a bit, and go to the theatre. The actress is one of the seven wonders of the world at present. It is astonishing how many new wonders are discovered every year. I suppose you know no more about her than the bats and the owls. Well, go and judge for yourself."

"I will," said Alfred, with swift decision.

Jack Carter placed his hat jauntily over one ear, laughed with that broad good-humor which is akin with malice, especially when an idle man experiences a teasing impulse to thwart an industrious one, and strolled away again. At the threshold he paused and remarked, as he lighted a fresh cigar, "I say, Alfred, I used to think, in our old college days, you were destined to be a poet or a musician—anything besides a humdrum merchant."

"I believed you would gain the judges' bench at least, by this time," retorted Alfred, with some sharpness of tone.

The store of Jacob Shewring was situated on a dark and narrow street in the business quarter of New York, further obscured by the passage of the elevated railroad overhead. Jacob Shewring lighted the gas and held his ground, even in the face of this misfortune. It was eminently characteristic of the man to thus comport himself. A safe and sure merchant, in an age of rash speculation and vast enterprises, he did a small business on a spot selected by him forty years before, where he enjoyed a reputation for spotless integrity and much benevolence. The heart of Jacob Shewring was in his work, and his eye on everything. Alfred Hadlow, prospective son-in-law, would follow in his footsteps as his natural successor. The merchant clinked the loose coin in the pocket of his ample waistcoat when he reflected on these matters, and surveyed his kingdom complacently. Bronzes from Japan and enamels and porcelain from China lined the shelves; screens, rugs, cabinets, and gongs crowded the floor; silk and crape clung in soft folds to the walls; here and there a grotesque little god of jade or ivory laughed at the world from his perch; while lanterns swayed from the ceiling like delicately tinted flowers on their stems. The atmosphere was redolent of Eastern perfumes; sandal-wood, amber, myrrh, and rose mingled with the scents of tea.

At half past five o'clock Jacob Shewring saw the shutters put up, the treasures of his stock carefully arranged, received the keys, and, accompanied by Alfred Hadlow, went home to the modest red brick house, where a cozy dinner awaited tired and hungry mankind. Mr. Shewring, with a large and snowy napkin protecting his waistcoat, expanded under genial domestic influences as he carved a round of juicy beef. Alfred Hadlow was unusually silent. Jane Shewring, a sedate and tranquil young woman of twenty-five, with black hair neatly smoothed on a small head, a colorless complexion, and thoughtful dark eyes, alone noticed the preoccupation of her lover.

"I suppose mother must have had a finger in this pie," quoth Mr. Shewring, playfully, when a crisp pastry was placed before him.

"What would father be without his joke?" retorted Mrs. Shewring, rubbing her plump hands together.

She was a plain and stout matron, the very embodiment of a comfortable housewife, to whom little children came instinctively, and the poor never appealed in vain.

The dinner concluded, Alfred sought the piano of the front parlor with Jane as entranced listener, while Mr. Shewring, in dressing-gown and slippers, read the newspaper aloud to his wife beside the table of the back room. Neither lady was idle. Mrs. Shewring knitted a stocking drowsily, and under Jane's clever fingers bits of pasteboard and canvas, reels of silk, together with a whole rainbow of wools, assumed all manner of graceful and fanciful shapes. Such was the sole luxury of Jane's life: to listen to Alfred's music of an evening, and make fancy trifles for charity bazars. She was more than happy: she felt herself to be amply blessed. The courtship of this pair had been unusually untroubled. Jane was always the same—kind, sympathetic, loyal. She was a woman in a thousand, as Alfred Hadlow frequently assured himself with profound gratitude.

The interior of the brick house was plain and prosaic. Two landscapes in oil, of doubtful merit, adorned the white walls, the carpet and curtains were red in tint, and warranted to wear in quality. The odor of dinner lingered in the narrow hall. Outside the window was a shallow balcony, protected by a rusty iron railing, and beyond was a street lamp. Such romance of wooing as could be extracted from an engagement of this type was associated with the balcony and summer evenings.

The following evening the Oriental Theatre was thronged from parquet to dome. Local chroniclers affirmed that such an audience had never been gathered together to greet a great actress, combining as it did beauty, wit, and fashion. Heads, flower-crowned, rose tier above tier to the most remote gallery, fans rustled and colors blended, while the gilded fretwork and rich arabesques of the theatre formed a fitting background. Such was the scene, illuminated by an immense central chandelier like a bouquet of jewels, which dazzled the eyes of Alfred Hadlow as he entered and took the seat assigned him. He had not returned home to dinner as usual, and he had not explained the nature of the engagement which kept him absent.

The story of the actress was on all lips. Every woman in the audience wished to see her, scan her attire, and judge if she were really as beautiful as reputed. All mankind prepared to admire, swayed by the powerful influences of rumor and a great European reputation. Madame Claude, in her triumphal progress, had reached the American shores prepared to win her harvest of golden dollars; but she came as a lady of the fashionable world, who had sought the stage to redeem the fallen fortunes of her family, and not as the wearer of some tarnished title of nobility, a song-bird escaped from Italian palace or Spanish hereditary castle. Might not any lady of the audience tread the same fascinating and perilous path before the foot-lights? Hence the interest of the fair spectators.

The curtain rose, and the play began. What was it, this play? Alfred Hadlow could never determine afterward. A modern drama enabled Madame Claude to move in her own sphere, now as a charming hostess, again as a brilliant guest, with such harmonious accessories as music, exquisite scenery, and cunningly devised effects of light, whether of moon or ball-room, revealing her loveliness in every phase. It was a flimsy thread of play at best, and devoid of those deep notes of passion which would have only revealed the heart-coldness of the actress, to whom Shakespeare was a sealed book.

To Alfred Hadlow the drama was the frame of a transcendent creature, and the mysterious space of stage a firmament where moved a planet such as he had never before beheld. The shell of daily routine fell away from him, and he felt himself also an ephemeral winged existence hovering in this radiant atmosphere of light and perfume. The luxurious and sensuous element of his nature awoke, expanded, sprang into full possession of the man from the moment Madame Claude advanced, with an easy gesture of salutation, and took up her rôle. Her words were so simple and natural, given with a musical utterance, her composure was so perfect even in trifles, that Alfred could not divest himself of a vivid impression that she was a great lady receiving him as a favored guest in one of those superb mansions of Fifth Avenue which he admired in his Sunday walks with Jane.

The actress wore a robe of gray cloth—a severe simplicity which was the height of art, for the narrow border of fur, of the same hue, and downy in texture, enhanced the fairness of throat and cheek, while the loose sleeves falling back revealed the incomparable symmetry of wrist and arm. Her golden hair was massed in a knot at the back of her small and shapely head. Her sole ornament was a diamond bracelet on one arm. A fresh murmur of interest, a new excitement, pervaded the ranks of spectators at the sight of this bracelet. Was not Madame Claude the most beautiful woman in the world—a true modern Venus? Had not a quaint mediæval German town held a tournament in honor of feminine charms, with the diamond bracelet as prize, and had not Madame Claude, in her gray gown bordered with gray fur, glided among the ranks of supple Hungarians, caressing Viennese, and brilliant Italians to win the badge, dazzling the gallant judges, even as the Lorlei maid once quitted her enchanted rock to lay the bishop and court at Mayence under her spell?

Alfred Hadlow looked and listened as if spell-bound. He lost not a word, a gesture, a glance, from the moment of her entrance to the final scene where dancers whirled about to the dreamy pulsations of music, and the gorgeous effulgence of innumerable lights detached Madame Claude, a gracious vision in silvery white, enveloped in the folds of a lace dress, wrought for a dethroned sovereign, and with marabout feathers curling about her like mist. Then the curtain swept down once more on the wonder-land of the stage, and Alfred Hadlow went home in a dream.

II.

Alfred Hadlow had drunk with thirsty lips from a sparkling chalice—the theatre. That magnet, Madame Claude, drew him again and again to hang entranced on her musical words, to devour her graceful form with the fervent homage of his regard as she moved amidst the harmony of magnificent stage scenery. Jane Shewring belonged to another world. If he thought of this sympathetic companion as sharing the intoxication he enjoyed, it was only to stifle the scarcely expressed wish. How incongruous would Jane have been amidst the fan flutter, the rustle, and sparkle of the Oriental Theatre! The actress having made that first impression in the simplicity of her début, was at liberty to launch into the full splendor of her répertoire.

Thus it happened a second theatre ticket found its way into Alfred's hand, not as the gift of his friend Jack Carter, but bought, somewhat rashly, of a speculator on the street. He had tasted of the rich strong wine of pleasure once; he had inhaled the opium fumes of self-forgetfulness in the larger sphere of the public spectacle, and what wonder if he longed to repeat the ecstasy? The theatre meant to him that goal of warmth, light, and recreation which the Pagliano is to the poor native copyist shivering through the day in the Florentine galleries, or the Odeon and the [illegible] to a Parisian artisan. He went home to dinner, made excuses for his absence, and, hastening to his room, dressed with far more care than on the previous evening. On his way to the theatre he bought a pair of fresh kid gloves and a flower for his button-hole. Jane received his apologies with a smile, but soon after, pleading headache, retired to her own chamber.

The ticket bought of the speculator, at a high price, entitled Alfred to a place among a throng of fashionable men, gathered to honor Madame Claude with their bold and public admiration. Their gossip fell unheeded on Alfred's ear, until a neighbor remarked to a companion,

"I will take you to the greenroom now."

Alfred Hadlow rose to his feet as if moved by a spring, and followed the two gentlemen. Was he completely mad? Novel emotions carry shy and timid natures to great lengths sometimes. He gained the stage-door, and threaded the labyrinth of machinery until the greenroom opened before him, thronged with votaries about the central star, Madame Claude, in a robe of pale blue velvet sown thickly with sparkling stones, and faced with satin of a soft apricot tint. Her shoulders and arms were bare, and of a pearly whiteness, halo of sapphires cast azure shadows on this dazzling skin. A golden spider, the body studded with gems, ornamented her hair. Nobody noticed Alfred, not even the party to whom he had attached himself. The public was aflame with enthusiasm, and, borne on the wave of popular demonstration, mere conventional barriers were swept away.

Alfred Hadlow touched the hand of Madame Claude, murmured his greeting in her ear tremulously and low, drank deep of the arch sweetness of her blue eyes, and basked for an ineffable moment in the light of her beauty. The actress smiled on him as on all the rest. What was the crowd to her save a cloud of moths scorching their wings in a candle? She gazed upon Alfred Hadlow with polite interest, and responded graciously to his words. Was it not her rôle to remember all faces, in event of requiring to again use a clever card, even as queens study the same diplomatic page to win popularity? The party of gentlemen again returned to their seats, and Alfred followed them. The play over, he sped home as if borne along by wings. A fever burned in his veins. How still and dark was the house of Jacob Shewring! How narrow and mean seemed the stairway! And Jane?

He entered his room, seated himself beside a table, and, supporting his chin on his hands, plunged his look into the depths of a mirror opposite. He saw a fine head covered with waving chestnut hair, a clean-cut face, somewhat narrow in outline and pale in hue, and a sensitive mouth. Alfred Hadlow thus beheld his own natural face in a glass without attempting to penetrate that mysterious shadow-land, the soul. An hour elapsed in this silent contemplation; then his cheek flushed, his lips smiled vaguely, and with the dreamy expression of a man who listens to a far-away echo of entrancing harmonies, he drew a sheet of paper toward him and began to write. The rhyme thus struck off was an ode to a star sometime descended to earth in guise of Madame Claude. He only sought his pillow toward dawn, and sleep came to him as a phase of delirium, in which he beheld the divinity of his waking thought ascending cloud heights, her azure draperies and jewels sending tremulous rays afar, as a planet is reflected in the limpid Mediterranean wave.

Next morning Mr. Shewring found Alfred diligent in his application at his desk. He was writing out his verses on a sheet of satin-smooth paper, held within his ledger, as a school-boy inscribes a doggerel for a mate under the master's eye. The poem finished, he signed his name. At the hour of luncheon Alfred hastened to a florist, instead of partaking of that meal as usual. Hot-house blossoms in a frosty month were costly, and the poet's slender purse bled for the cluster of creamy rose-buds he found all too unworthy of the acceptance of an actress. A yard of rich ribbon, wherewith to attach the envelope containing his verses, was further indispensable, and with the fragile gift carefully shielded from the bleak winter air in a fold of tissue-paper, he bent his steps toward the hotel of Madame Claude. A servant received the bouquet with a scarcely suppressed smirk; he had been carrying in similar offerings all the morning. Jane had never received more than a spring nosegay of violets from the realm of Flora; but she belonged to the every-day life.

Alfred Hadlow remained at home that evening, and as his fingers wandered over the piano keys an inspiration came to him, a ray of light pierced his brain. His hands dropped from the instrument, and he looked at Jane, seated quietly at her work. It seemed to him that she must read his wonderful secret in his eyes. He would write a play for Madame Claude.

Jane threaded her needle, and gave no sign of the heart-ache within her throbbing breast. Saints and martyrs in treading the fiery ploughshares of this world's trials sometimes deck bits of pasteboard with gay silks and wools beside the domestic hearth, instead of praying at way-side shrines, their crosses clasped to their breasts.

Alfred went to his room when the family retired for the night. Impatience to be alone consumed him. Oh, for a worthy form of outward expression in which to pour forth his soul! All his pulses beat in unison with the melody of his thoughts, and yet he had been so long dumb! Now in the stillness of midnight all his being became fused to mould the gold—or dross—of his work, like a sudden flame of previously pent-up fire.

He began his play with faltering pen and untrained eloquence enough, the author wholly untaught in the technical difficulties of the drama. Day and night he wrought, studied, pondered. He lived a double life. His Muse delighted in secrecy and subterfuge. On the surface he neglected no duty at the store, and spent the evening in the domestic circle of Jacob Shewring. In reality he sought libraries and book stalls, and devoured old plays by stealth. The household asleep, he rather stole forth like a thief to revel in the splendor of the Oriental Theatre for an hour, or worked on his play with fluctuations of hope and despair. The web once woven, he decked it with gay and sombre imagery; now erasing lines and parts with savage haste, and again heaping together words with a fluency which seemed nothing less than inspiration. Such as it was, Alfred Hadlow had put his very heart's blood in the task.

There came a gray dawn tinging the roofs of the town when the pen dropped from the poet's stiffened fingers: the play was finished.

III.

The voice of Madame Claude became audible.

"If it is a messenger from Hatter & Co., tell him I consent to have the new beaver bonnet named for me the Claude."

"But the gentleman does not come from Hatter & Co., madame. He is quite a different person."

"Ah! if it is the bootmaker, tell him the embroidered slipper is charming, and I shall be proud to christen it. By the bye, just deliver the same message concerning the new satin mantle, the reversible fan whip, and the laced bodice I am going out on a four-in-hand coach. So! these Americans attach my name to all the baubles of Vanity Fair, if it suits them. Assure them that their women are much prettier than I am, only do it nicely. They will not fail to swallow the bonbon, but mind they do not feel the hook inside it."

Alfred Hadlow stood in the waiting-room of Madame Claude's suite of apartments, his play tightly rolled in one hand, and this conversation was wafted to his unwilling ear from beyond a silk curtain. The words, distinct and hard as tiny ice pellets, made him cold. Do divinities converse thus of a morning? The voice paused suddenly, as if checked by a warning admonition, the curtain was swept aside, and the actress advanced toward him, a smiling, benignant lady. One of the Rubens portraits of the Louvre or the Dresden gallery, descending from the frame, could not be more transcendent in loveliness than was Madame Claude in the noonday. The sun smote golden sparkles from the hair of this modern Venus, shone on the ivory whiteness of brow and chin and throat, tinging her cheek with a rosy fire, and made the whole more glorious by reason of intensity of light. She wore a quaint costume of dark green velvet, the sleeves slashed and puffed, the ruff of lace inclosing her neck, while a wide Cavalier hat, tufted with emerald plumes, shaded one temple, and was looped back on the other, revealing the meshes of a gold net which confined her abundant tresses. A chain of massive links, such as Cesar Borgia once wore, was wound about her throat.

Alfred Hadlow forgot his carefully framed words in gazing at her. Madame Claude smiled her dimpling smile, full of infantile gayety and sweetness. She discerned the homage in the young man's eyes, and she enjoyed her triumph in the very fullness of life. She held all these mouthing, often stupid creatures in the rosy palm of her right hand, and she viewed them with a certain good-humored contempt. The courtesy with which she placed the intruder at his ease, and learned the object of his visit, was exquisite.

Alfred blessed this balm of womanly tact in his troubled heart, and presented his play. He was agitated, feverish, haggard; his dry lips occasionally refused their office of framing the words which choked him. Madame Claude listened with angelic patience and unruffled composure, even if the horses of her equipage were already prancing before the door to the delight of the street urchins.

The actress received the play, promised to read it, and give her decision if it was adapted to her poor abilities. She looked at her visitor meditatively, and then invited him to sup with her the following evening. "I shall be glad to add another poet to the number of my friends at table," she said, gently.

Alfred went away holding his head high. He already experienced the first triumph of success. He had gained an audience with the queen of his thought. He had not said all he intended to express, and yet he felt himself to be understood. Blissful certainty! His mood was gay and flighty until the next night, and when the house became silent at eleven o'clock, he glided out of the door. As well strive to hold quicksilver as to prevent his taking a place at the banquet of Madame Claude.

A gray figure emerged on the landing and Jane watched the door close without attempting to detain her recreant lover, whose conduct was so completely shrouded in mystery. Ah! what spell had bewitched Alfred? She wrung her hands in an agony of pain, and descended the stairway to wander about the house like a phantom. Doubt, fear, and a mortal jealousy stabbed the heart of quiet Jane, hitherto so confident of her share of happiness in this world. What was the danger hanging over them? Who was her rival? Jane did not dare to cry out, even to confess her perplexity and distress to her parents. Was not the heaviest portion of the burden now resting on her shoulders to make excuses for Alfred, and so smooth away daily collisions otherwise inevitable? Jacob Shewring was a man of decided nature, and his daughter foresaw the day when his ire would kindle, and the sharpness of his indignation might banish Alfred Hadlow forever from her sight. This crisis could not be far distant.

The minutes slipped into half hours, and Jane's dress swept the floor with a slight rustle as she paced the rooms uneasily. The young woman's patience might be heroic, yet curiosity added a keener pang to her unhappiness. What evil had befallen the man of her choice? Was she about to be smitten by some awful revelation? She pressed her forehead against the window pane and waited while the leaden moments went by. She was waiting, and for what? She did not know. Listening to every foot-fall in the street with a strained attention, and equally apprehensive of confronting her aroused parents, Jane Shewring kept her lonely vigil, with a prayer on her lips.

The object of her solicitude was seated at a table loaded with silver and crystal, flowers and fruit. His place had been indicated by a card, with a gilded pen designed upon it, and his name inscribed beneath. Alfred flushed and paled as he read. Madame Claude was seen at the best advantage when presiding over a little supper, that true field of the actress, where delicate viands and wines circulated, with a dew of epigram and laughter, which, in her presence, never was permitted to degenerate into license. Madame Claude wore a pink tinted satin, all garlanded with crushed roses. Pearls of milky lustre encircled her throat, and formed a crown on her blonde head. She was a rose of perfect beauty herself, softly alluring, coquettish, and brilliant by turns, the shimmer of her draperies and pearls was reflected in her cheeks and eyes, in the very depths of her dimples. These charms were shed with prodigality on her neighbor of the right hand. This neighbor was reputed to be an Austrian duke, travelling incognito, who wished to marry Madame Claude, and had followed her assiduously for a year. He was a tall, thin, elderly gentleman of dry aspect, with a bald spot on the top of his head, and urbane manners.

"Mr. Hadlow, the poet." Such was Alfred's introduction to the company, with an arch smile on the part of the hostess. "He has written an impossible play in my honor," she murmured to the Austrian behind her jewelled fan, and the nobleman elevated his eyebrows with a slightly satirical smile.

Why had she bidden Alfred Hadlow to this feast? Was it mere feminine caprice, or policy? As well question the wind in its errant course as this woman of the world. He found himself surrounded by artists, musicians, and actors. A dramatist waxed confidential over lobster salad and champagne. At the time when Jane Shewring pressed her brow against the window-pane, gazing blankly out into the darkness of night, Alfred Hadlow had risen to respond to the toast of poetry in this gay company, and whatever he said was received with a little ripple of encouraging applause.

At three o'clock in the morning he returned home, and confronted Jane on the landing, pale, in a gray gown, like a nun, with a candle in her hand. They looked at each other, and as an unwonted sternness crept into her white, set face, his eyes shifted and fell before her clear gaze.

"How will all this end?" she demanded, in a hollow whisper, and vanished before he could reply.

Alfred was aghast, and yet he soothed a guilty conscience with the thought that Jane would not blame him when she knew about his play written for Madame Claude. He must keep the secret until the actress confirmed his hopes by a favorable word. In the mean while his authorship hovered before his eyes like a cloud castle. Days passed before he ventured to seek a judgment. He watched letters in the hand of Jacob Shewring with a hungry gaze. Oh, if Madame Claude would write a line about his play! But Madame Claude did not write, or otherwise manifest her appreciation of the work. She had gone to charm the sister cities of Boston and Philadelphia.

The slow weeks which followed were a season of misery, reveries, doubts, and keen awakening to Alfred Hadlow. He maintained outward composure with the Shewrings by a painful effort, while he evaded all explanations with Jane, who grew thinner and paler each day. Suspense became intolerable. With night-fall despondency and disappointment plunged the poet in despair. He was like a child led into a realm of light only to be excluded in darkness afterward.

Ah! at last Madame Claude returned, and Alfred hastened to learn his fate from her lips. After some delay he was admitted to a small boudoir, where, in a half twilight formed by closely drawn curtains and great plants interlacing their tropical fronds above her head, Madame Claude reclined in an arm-chair. Her white peignoir was covered with waves of ivory-tinted lace fastened together with ruby knots, while her slender feet, incased in white satin slippers, rested on a crimson cushion, which seemed placed there to receive the homage of some suppliant suitor. A table beside her held jewel cases, books, and flowers. Adoration dawned in the face of Alfred Hadlow as he looked at this charming creature, who was about to deal him a terrible blow; the cruelty might be read in her blue eyes, in the silvery tones of her voice, in the very coldness of her smile, as she returned the manuscript of his play. The drama possessed merit, and with some modifications might be rendered acceptable at a future date.

"Perhaps you will write me another some time," she added, graciously.

Alfred Hadlow caught at such a straw as a woman's smile. The eddy of lashing waters was already about his feet, the thunder of the cataract was in his ears, such words leaped to his lips as he let himself drift on the tide. He never knew what he said. Madame Claude could discern danger signals in the eyes of mankind even without looking at them.

"Child, what should I do with your life's devotion?" she said, with a gesture that placed a gulf between herself and her visitor. "Listen: if I wear these gems on my farewell night, it will signify that I consent to become a duchess, and retire from the stage."

As she spoke she raised the lid of the jewel case, and suffered the necklet of brilliants to slide through her fingers. She smiled, but she also sighed. She had forgotten the existence of Alfred Hadlow, poet and dramatist, in some tender reverie of lost hope or awakened ambition. Blinded by this conviction, he groped his way out of her presence. When he reached the door he discovered he had forgotten his hat and cane, and returning for these articles to the hall, the words of Madame Claude again reached him:

"I am too soft-hearted with these tiresome authors. How much valuable time I waste on such people! Never admit that young man again."

Alfred Hadlow passed his hand across his brow like one awakening from heavy sleep, and left the hotel.

Once more the Oriental Theatre was thronged, and now to witness the final performance of Madame Claude. A man who could obtain only standing-room in an upper gallery bent forward eagerly as the actress advanced before the curtain at the close of the fifth act to make her pretty little farewell speech. A murmur of admiration burst from so undemonstrative a crowd as an American audience. The robe of amber silk and brocade was covered with a net-work of bugles which glittered like the chain-armor of an Amazon queen, bands of Etruscan gold encircled her arms, and confined her hair in a classical coiffure. These details of mere costume were lost, save as forming a harmonious whole, for she was one blaze of diamonds. The tiara, necklace, aigrettes, and bracelets of the Austrian duke sparkled like stars in the glow of the foot-lights and the luminous atmosphere of the theatre. As Alfred Hadlow, the man in the gallery, looked down, the splendor of the jewels dimmed for a moment the beauty of the woman, even as a planet crossing the sun's disk pales in contrast with the great central fire of the orb of day. Then she turned, bowed, and in the shadow of the great curtain the flame of the diamonds was quenched, while the loveliness of the wearer became once more triumphant.

Thus she passed on her way.

Alfred Hadlow went home. Jane Shewring, in her gray gown, candle in hand, met him on the landing with a grave, questioning look.

"Not to-night, Jane," he implored, hoarsely. "I will tell you all to-morrow."

He sat near the window of his chamber in the dark, and looked at the heavens, star-studded, until dawn. Then he burned his play in the fire.

The next evening tender confidences were exchanged in the front parlor, while Alfred held Jane's hand clasped in his own. She listened, spell-bound, bewildered, often pained, and yet with deep gratitude and peace welling up in her heart. Was not her rival a star, and already passing beyond the domestic firmament?

Mr Jack Carter strolled into the store next morning, hat tilted over one ear, and cigar in mouth.

"Made my fortune by clearing my client at Chicago," he proclaimed. "I say, Alfred, old man, did you use the theatre ticket?"

"Yes," replied Alfred.

"You enjoyed seeing the peerless Claude at the Oriental?"

"No," said Alfred, slowly.

"No!" repeated Jack, in astonishment. "Such is human gratitude! What has become of your poetical soul?"

"I have burned it up, I hope," said Alfred, with a strange smile. "Will you come to my wedding next month, Jack?"

"With pleasure, only—"

"Well?"

"Nothing—nothing at all, my respectable friend."

Mr Jack Carter lounged away again, ignorant that he had played the part of Mephistopheles. Alfred Hadlow was left at his desk, the open ledger before him. The lanterns swayed from the ceiling, and the little gods of jade and ivory laughed in their shrines of fragrant wood. All was as if the modern Venus had never come to dazzle and trouble obscure and happy lives with her radiance.

VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.

HEREAFTER.

WHEN the day is done, my darling,
We can rest;
And that will not be long now, dear,
For in the west
The sun is sinking low, and clouds
Of gold and gray,
In strange weird shapes, like spirits, watch
The dying day.

Long hours ago, like some great flow'r
I watched it bud,
And slow unfold, until it threw
A quiv'ring flood
Of slender golden stamens from
Its glowing heart,
And one by one cloud petals grew
And fell apart.
Long hours ago! Oh, love, if I
Could feel and know
When life, this weary life, that's yet
Too swift to go,
Has passed away, that there would come
A time to rest
As perfect as this hour, that brings
All that is best
And noblest in our natures out,
How gladly I
Would leave the years to come, and rest
Content to die!
Around me, all around, I see
Those that I love,
Who look beyond this narrow life
To one above,
And gladly onward, upward press
With fearless heart,
While I— O God, for faith to choose
That better part!

Far, far above, one tiny star
Has shyly crept
Into Night's bosom, and the wind
That lately slept
Awakes again, and one wild prayer
Of longing grief
It bears above: "O God, help Thou
Mine unbelief!"

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE community has not been accustomed to look upon hackmen as meek and long-suffering creatures. In a row of hackmen in front of a railway station there is nothing suggestive of mute endurance of wrongs. When a hackman's right of way is disputed by a stage-driver, the hackman does not seem to give himself up to silent grief. Sorrow that knows no utterance is not depicted in the faces of the hackmen who are to be found around the entrances to Central Park. Yet, according to an association of hackmen of this city, the life of the public hackman is made miserable by bad men who defraud him of his rights, and make him stagger under the weight of offenses committed by them. The worm will turn at last, and at one of the meetings of this association the seal of silence was removed from the lips of the members, and bitter words were outpoured. When a passenger is overcharged, said one of the speakers, it is some driver of a livery-stable carriage who cheats him. They are not hackmen who go down to the docks where the steamers come in, and who charge from five dollars to twenty for carrying an inexperienced tourist to a hotel a mile away; they are wicked men, whom the hackmen do not know. Nor are they hackmen who wait with their carriages at the doors of the Academy on masquerade nights, and pick the pockets of fatigued masqueraders while assisting them into the vehicles, and pay the policemen in counterfeit silver dollars for helping them: these are sinful persons whose deeds make the hackman's heart heavy within him. And the wrong-doing of all these reprobate persons is charged to the hackmen. Let all considerate persons try to discriminate between the good hackman and the other fellow, and be kind to the hackman.

An evening newspaper of this city has printed an account of a circus performance which was given recently in Paris, France. The entertainment began with an aerial act by a young gentleman of Gotham, who "fairly took the house by storm by his grace, agility, and daring." In the course of the performance another young New-Yorker won deafening applause by his marvellous bare-back riding, and was presented with the crown of the Société d'Encouragement. One of the performers was Count Fritz Metternich, who contented himself with appearing on a handsome black horse, and executing the *haute école*, and a baron was ring-master. The combination will not come this way, as it was made up of amateurs who took to the sawdust for the fun of it, and gave the gate-money to a worthy town charity.

Shall the wife of the Secretary of State, to shall the wife of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, stand next to the lady of the White House at receptions? The question, according to several writers in Washington, is discussed with considerable intensity of feeling by society at the capital. A prominent Senator, "whose judgment in matters of etiquette has never been disputed," is quoted as saying that it all depends on the fate of Senate bill No. 2. This measure provides that the members of the cabinet shall be eligible, in a certain order, to the office of acting President next after the President and Vice-President. It has yet to pass the House and receive the President's signature. If it becomes a law, says the Senator whose opinion is so highly valued, it will revolutionize official society in Washington; but until it does become a law "no one, not even the President, should reverse the code of etiquette by putting the cabinet above the Speaker and Senators on state occasions."

The London *World* says that at the funeral of the late Lord Grosvenor no paraphernalia of the undertaker's trade was to be seen. The coffin was of plain deal, an unornamented hearse conveyed it to the church, and on the next day the keepers on the estate carried it to its last resting-place, covered with wreaths and crosses of flowers. The funeral was in accordance with the recommendations of the Funeral Reform Association, and was "the more impressive by its intense simplicity."

An interesting question in connection with Mormonism is to be decided in a Georgia court. Two years ago a family in that State were converted to the Mormon faith. When the time arrived for them to set out for the West the mother had repented of her action, and she refused to go. She was left in Georgia, keeping her two-year-old child with her. The father became a Mormon preacher. Recently he returned to Georgia, demanded his wife's allegiance, and sought to get possession of the child through a writ of habeas corpus. The writ is resisted on the ground that by embracing Mormonism the father has demonstrated his unfitness to have control of the child.

At a recent meeting of the Thursday Evening Club, in Boston, Dr Bowditch, of Harvard College, exhibited a series of magnified impressions made by the pressure of finger-tips belonging to different persons. It was shown that the finger-tips are as distinctive as the face, and that they change less than the face in a given period. Dr. Bowditch showed impressions made with his own fingers fifteen years ago, and they differed but little from those freshly made by him. It is suggested that if every family would preserve impressions of the finger-tips of its individuals they would be valuable for purposes of identification in the event of a disappearance and a subsequent dispute as to identity.

Electric lighting is to be tried on a rather grand scale in Washington. Fifteen electric lights will be placed on the dome of the Capitol, 360 feet from the ground, ten at a height of 410 feet, on the Washington Monument, and five 150 feet in the air on the tower of the Smithsonian Institution. A large reflector on the Monument will throw a flood of light toward the White House. In Cincinnati, where the gas supply failed by reason of the flood, the electric light was used as a substitute in the theatres. While the arc light is not pleasant to the eye when used in-doors, it has the advantage of being easily and quickly brought into requisition. The pleasanter incandescent light requires almost as much time and labor as gas for its introduction to a building.

"Our churches are all under water," telegraphs the Mayor of Portsmouth, Ohio. The Baptists should be qualified to take the lead in this emergency.

A survey has just been made in the interest of the Palestine Canal Syndicate, and the engineer regards it as not improbable that within a few years the cry of "Low bridge!" will be heard from the gulf of Akaba to the valley of the Jordan.

In the region around Social Circle, a Georgia town, on a recent Saturday evening, a man was dealt a murderous blow from behind while he was sitting at his own fireside, one of his neighbors was mortally shot, and another was killed while acting as a peace-maker. Six men are to be tried for murder at the next session of the court. It looks as though there would be several vacancies in that Social Circle which nobody will be anxious to fill.

In the not very remote future the matter of rapid transit in this city will afford topics of exceeding interest to owners of real estate. A Commission, acting mainly under the rapid transit act of the Legislature of 1875, devoted thirty days, beginning in December last, to the question whether additional rapid transit facilities are needed. Having come to an affirmative decision, the Commission gave thirty days more to considering and adopting routes. The next—that is, the current—thirty days are to be devoted to settling upon the nature of the roads and the character of the motive power. Then the Commission is to have another thirty days in which to organize a company which shall have the right to construct, equip, and operate rapid transit lines on the routes adopted. A map of the city, with the proposed new roads lined off in black, resembles somewhat a drawing of a gridiron. Not every one of the routes will be valuable, but some of them will so strongly recommend themselves that—provided legal obstacles to building and working the lines are removed—there will be no trouble in getting the necessary capital. Indeed, some of them will be considered worth fighting for, even in an expensive way; and the litigation in legislatures, or both, that may be looked for will prove a matter of interest to New-Yorkers generally.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE POLICE PATROL AND RELIEF BOATS, CINCINNATI.—DRAWN BY H. F. FARNY.—[SEE PAGE 128.]

THOMAS CHENERY, LATE EDITOR OF THE LONDON "TIMES."—(See Page 130.)

THE LATE THOMAS KINSELLA.—Photographed by Aaya Pramgall.—(See Page 130.)

THE ICE-YACHT REGATTA AT POUGHKEEPSIE.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.—(See Page 130.)

[illegible] ACID PHOSPHATE AS AN APPETIZER.

[illegible] Howard City, Mich., says: "I am greatly pleased with it as a tonic; it is an agreeable and a good appetizer."—[*Adv.*]

A FAMILY necessity is the Bayberry Glycerine Soap, to be found at all druggists and dealers in toilet articles. It is the cheapest, purest, and most fragrant soap obtainable. Ask your Druggist, or send 30 cents in stamps, and we will at once send you a large cake. Address The Clinton M'f'g Co., 30 Vesey Street, New York.—[*Adv.*]

The reputation of Blackwell's Durham Long Cut, for pipe or cigarette smoking, is the result of studying how best to preserve the natural qualities of the leaf through its curative stages, and how to get it up for the smoker in its daintiest form. The trade mark of the Durham Bull is now the standard throughout the world for the very best smoking and cigarette tobacco.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

For CHILDREN is an OLD and WELL-TRIED REMEDY. It has stood the TEST of MANY YEARS, and NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL. It RELIEVES THE CHILD from pain, SOFTENS the GUMS, REDUCES INFLAMMATION, cures WIND COLIC, REGULATES the STOMACH and BOWELS, gives REST and HEALTH to the CHILD, and COMFORT to THE MOTHER. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

GREAT HORSE MEDICINE.

No horse need die of colic if Dr Tobias' Venetian Liniment is on hand when first taken. A single dose revives an overheated horse and puts new life into him. It quickly cures galls, sprains, old sores, scratches, sore throats, etc. The Derby Condition Powders are used by the best horsemen in the country. They are no cheap articles, but the best ingredients that can be purchased, and perfectly innocent.

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In your own community, wherever you are, can tell you—if you do not happen to know them yourself—of cases within his knowledge demonstrating that AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is an ever reliable and thorough purifier of the blood; one that will eradicate from the system every taint of Scrofulous, Mercurial, or Contagious Diseases, enrich impoverished blood, strengthen enfeebled vital organs, invigorate and build up the system, as is in the power of no other medicine.

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Has been nearly forty years standing the test of the world's use, and the best proofs that it has successfully met the requirements upon it are, that

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PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; six bottles for $5.

THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL

STATEMENT

OF THE

Connecticut Mutual LIFE Insurance Company

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

NET ASSETS, January 1, 1883,		$50,172,871.91
RECEIVED IN 1883,		
For Premiums....	$4,890,096.25	
For Interest and Rents,	2,766,912.45	
Profit and Loss.......	243 312.26	
		7,070,322.97
		$57,243,194.78

DISBURSED IN 1883.

To POLICY-HOLDERS.

For claims by death and matured endowments	$3,812,977.32	
Surplus returned to policy holders.	1,180,096.34	
Lapsed and surrendered Policies.	779,177.83	
TOTAL TO POLICY-HOLDERS..	$5,772,251.79	
EXPENSES		
Commissions to Agents, Salaries, Medical Examiners' fees, Printing, Advertising, Legal, Real Estate and all other Expenses	790,200.42	
TAXES.........	364,871.06	
		$6,927,923.35
BALANCE NET ASSETS, Dec. 31, 1883		$50,315,271.33

SCHEDULE OF ASSETS.

Loans upon Real Estate, first lien	$24,040,030.50
Loans upon Stocks and Bonds	405,296.41
Premium notes on Policies in force	2,003,206.80
Cost of Real Estate owned by the Comp'y.	12,101,253.26
Cost of United States Registered Bonds..	89,125.00
Cost of State Bonds	23,900.00
Cost of City Bonds	1,702,374.26
Cost of other Bonds	8,732,201.36
Cost of Bank Stock.	122,742.00
Cost of Railroad Stock.............	26,000.00
Cash in Bank	966,744.34
Balance due from agents.............	2,596.63
	$50,315,271.33

ADD		
Interest due and accrued.	$1,020,702.71	
Rents accrued,........	16,480.84	
Market value of stocks and bonds over cost, ...	200,037.21	
Net Premiums in course of collection, None		
Net deferred quarterly and semi-annual premiums, .	61,296.78	
		$1,298,520.14
GROSS ASSETS, December 31, 1883. .		$51,613,791.36
LIABILITIES:		
Amount required to re-insure all outstanding policies, net, assuming 4 per cent. interest.........	$47,706,413.00	
Additional reserve by Company's Standard, 3 per cent. on policies issued since April 1, 1882.....	37 382.00	
All other liabilities.......	740 831.95	
		$48,484,626.95
SURPLUS by Company's Standard		$3,128,276.47
SURPLUS by Conn. Standard, 4 per cent ...		3,064,206.47
SURPLUS by N. Y. Standard, 4½ per cent., over.		7,000,000.00

Ratio of expense of management to receipts in 1883....	8.0 per cent.
Policies in force Dec. 31, 1883, 62,000 insuring	$150,420,400.00

JACOB L. GREENE, President.

JOHN M. TAYLOR, Secretary.

PHILIP S. MILLER,

Gen'l Agent for New York City, Long Island, and New Jersey,

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BLOOD that is corrupted through disease is made pure, and blood weakened through diminution of the red corpuscles is made strong, by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

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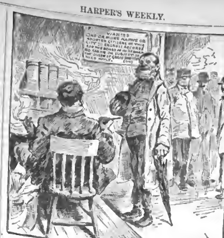

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"I have tested a package of Royal Baking Powder, which I purchased in the open market, and find it composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It is a cream of tartar powder of a high degree of merit, and does not contain either alum or phosphates, or other injurious substances.
"E. G. LOVE, Ph.D."

"It is a scientific fact that the Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure.
"H. A. MOTT, Ph.D."

"I have examined a package of Royal Baking Powder, purchased by myself in the market. I find it entirely free from alum, terra alba, or any other injurious substance.
"HENRY MORTON, Ph.D., President of Stevens Institute of Technology."

"I have analyzed a package of Royal Baking Powder. The materials of which it is composed are pure and wholesome.
"S. DANA HAYES, State Assayer, Mass."

"June 23, 1882.—We have made a careful analytical test of Royal Baking Powder, purchased by ourselves in the open market here, and in the original package. We find it to be a cream of tartar powder of the highest degree of strength, containing nothing but pure, wholesome, and useful ingredients.
"JNO. H. WRIGHT, M.D.,
"ALBERT MERRELL, M.D., } Analytical Chemists, St. Louis."

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NOTE.—The above DIAGRAM illustrates the comparative worth of various Baking Powders, as shown by Chemical Analysis and experiments made by Prof. Schedler. A one pound can of each powder was taken, the total leavening power or volume in each can calculated, the result being as indicated. This practical test for worth by Prof. Schedler only proves what every observant consumer of the Royal Baking Powder knows by practical experience, that, while it costs a few cents per pound more than the ordinary kinds, it is far more economical, and, besides, affords the advantage of better work.

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* While the diagram shows some of the alum powders to be of a higher degree of strength than other powders ranked below them, it is not to be taken as indicating that they have any value. All alum powders, no matter how high their strength, are to be avoided as dangerous.

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REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES.

A LETTER in the *Times*, dated in Washington, discusses carefully and plainly several possible Republican candidates for the Presidency. In its remarks upon Mr EDMUNDS, which are not especially friendly, occurs this sentence, "Politicians are not going to make a man President who will not serve them." This means, of course, mercenary politicians. But is it not tolerably clear that in this election a candidate who is distinctively known as the politicians' candidate would be the weakest of all candidates! Nothing is more obvious at this time, when the election of delegates to the National Convention is about beginning, than the reluctance of the friends of any candidate to have it understood that he is the man of the machine. It was totally different four years ago. The machine was then absolutely imperious and intolerant, and the New York branch of it undoubtedly went to Chicago convinced that its opponents would not dare at the last moment to resist its commands. The years 1880, 1881, and 1882 were as impressive years for the Republican machine as the years 1872 and 1873 for the Democratic TWEED Ring. If it has learned nothing, it is incredibly stupid. It would doubtless be generally conceded that if the result at Chicago this year should be an evident machine victory, the prospects of success at the polls would not be improved, and, on the other hand, that a nomination which was known to represent independence of the machine would be the strongest possible nomination.

The *Times* probably has no doubt that the President is the candidate of the New York machine, and is probably convinced that he could not carry the State. It holds doubtless with its correspondent that Mr EDMUNDS would not be in any proper sense a machine candidate. We presume, therefore, that in the actual situation in this State, it would consider Mr. EDMUNDS to be the stronger candidate of the two for New York, and for the reason that he would be more acceptable to the large and resolute body of independent Republican voters, some of whom might perhaps support Mr. ARTHUR as an alternative, but all of whom would certainly support Mr. EDMUNDS. This is equally true of other States. The feeling which at the last National Convention expressed itself so strongly and pointedly in the rule for district elections to this year's Convention is by no means spent, and he will be the strongest candidate who is universally known to be selected, not by a few bosses and State machines, but by the actual preference of the party. We have no doubt that Mr EDMUNDS is at this time the sober preference of the party as an inflexible Republican of spotless personal character, of unquestionable political record, of conceded ability, and of prolonged public experience, who, without trimming or demagoguery, is identified with no faction, and while sure to command the full party vote, would be entirely acceptable to independent voters. The statement of the correspondent of the *Times* that the feeling for him is chilled because he is believed to favor Mr. ARTHUR may be true of certain political quidnuncs in Washington, but it is certainly not true of those voters in the country at large who favor the Senator's nomination. He may think, as many Republicans think, that the President has held so safe and conservative a course as to make his nomination judicious. But that is not a view which would change the opinion of any sensible Republican who prefers Mr. EDMUNDS, and thinks him to be a candidate who would be much surer of election. Mr. EDMUNDS is obviously not seeking the nomination, and perhaps does not really desire it. But he is much too wise not to hold with Mr. LOWNDES that the Presidency is neither to be sought nor declined.

It will not be forgotten that the result of the election is not a foregone conclusion. The Presidential election is decided by States, and much the larger number of States have Democratic administrations. Even Ohio has elected a Democratic Governor and a Democratic Senator; and although New York rallied marvellously from the great defeat of 1882, it nevertheless elected Democratic State officers. Moreover, as we have often said, the Democrats will not raise the tariff issue. They will depend for success upon public willingness to change the party of administration after so long a term as that of the Republicans, and upon their alleged short-comings and extravagances. They will count also upon industrial depression and the want of a real issue. The vote is likely, therefore, to be close, and every element of strength must be considered and included in the Republican plan of campaign. If the politicians of whom the *Times* speaks are to have their way, they will imperil the party. They would make a mistake which, in the light of the last four years, they would have no excuse for making, if they should suppose that anybody whom they could contrive to nominate would be certainly elected.

THE COPYRIGHT DISCUSSION.

THE discussion which has been occasioned by Mr. DORSHEIMER'S International Copyright Bill has elicited a very proper correction of certain current misapprehensions in regard to the treaty which has been under consideration by the State Department. Messrs HENRY HOLT & Co and Mr S S CONANT have pointed out that the circular which supported the proposed treaty was, in good faith, an authors' circular, prepared, as Mr CONANT states, by Mr. HOWELLS, and not at the request of any publisher. It may be added that the expression of the views of the publishers as contained in the circular signed by them was due to the proper desire of the State Department to know the opinion of the publishing interest upon a question so important to it. The advantage of the negotiation upon the basis of the proposed treaty was that the treaty, waiving the question of abstract right, was a practical measure upon which interests usually supposed to be in conflict were agreed. It was accepted, with all reservations, as the best attainable arrangement at the time.

Messrs. D. APPLETON & Co. say, in reference to the DORSHEIMER bill, that if it "meets with the approval of the majority of Congress, we shall rejoice that this very important question is at last settled, and we think that this will also be the feeling of most of the publishing houses of this country." They are undoubtedly correct in this statement, and also in their denial of the publishers' opposition to the DORSHEIMER bill. But the condition mentioned by Messrs D APPLETON & Co. is very significant, namely, if the bill meets the approval of Congress. A bill may, indeed, become law. But although it may begin as the DORSHEIMER bill, which is, upon the whole, accepted by both authors and publishers, it is by no means sure to end as the DORSHEIMER bill. The Secretary of State writes that a simpler solution of the question than a treaty is an amendment of the present copyright law admitting a foreigner to the privilege when it is made reciprocal in his country. But this remark merely opens an inquiry into methods.

Is it more probable that a judicious arrangement upon the subject will be made by a promiscuous debate in Congress than by the conference of a few persons selected for the purpose? We have been inclined to think that when English and American authors and American publishers were agreed substantially upon a certain measure, not as recognizing the absolute right of authors—which the laws of neither country recognize—but as a satisfactory measure of present relief, there was greater probability of securing it by treaty than by Congressional debate. We have no pride of opinion in the matter, however, and we are entirely willing to see the debate justified as a surer and speedier method of securing the object in view. Yet until there is some proposition to recognize the rights of authors in a very different way from that of the statute of ANNE, or the decision in England, or the Constitution of the United States, we trust that the discussion will be kept where it belongs, upon the ground of expediency. Mr HENRY C. LEA, of Philadelphia, has written a brief pamphlet, in his clear and forcible manner, to show what may be called the high protective view of the question. Mr LEA agrees with MACAULAY that copyright is a monopoly which is to be regulated in the interest of the state—a doctrine which, however disagreeable to authors, and which, in the offensive sense of monopoly, we certainly do not admit, is nevertheless substantially the constitutional doctrine in this country.

GORDON AT KHARTOOM.

IF anybody supposed that General GORDON was going alone to Khartoom in order to declare relentless war upon El Mahdi, he was suddenly and completely undeceived by General GORDON'S proclamation recognizing El Mahdi as Sultan of Kordofan and remitting certain taxes, and still more by his apparent countenance of the slave-trade. Nobody, indeed, had the right to suppose that General GORDON was bent upon a hostile course. The British government has opposed the conquest of the Soodan. Its object has been to sustain Egyptian authority in Egypt, not to support Egyptian aggression. Its fault has been that it miscalculated the amount of military force necessary for this purpose, and it is now rapidly repairing this error, and it is doing all that any government could do.

The order of General GORDON in regard to the slave-trade, as Mr. GLADSTONE said in Parliament, can not be correctly understood until its precise terms are known. The London *Times* explains that as England controls the ports on the Red Sea from which the slaves are shipped, and as General GORDON himself has checked the supply of slaves from the Congo country, the proclamation is a mere form of words. Another and more probable explanation is that GORDON has announced that his present mission does not concern the slave-trade, and that the announcement is made because, while in no degree promoting the slave-traffic, it will hasten the pacification of the country. If, indeed, it should appear that he has actually encouraged the idea that England would renounce her active hostility to the slave-trade, General GORDON would not only have discredited his own previous course, but he would probably have overthrown the GLADSTONE government, which would, however, strenuously disclaim his action. Any opinion of importance upon this subject must necessarily be based upon later advices.

The Egyptian question, which is a very difficult one, is one of the legacies of the Jingo administration of Lord BEACONSFIELD. The bitter denunciations of Mr. GLADSTONE proceed from the old Jingo sentiment, which includes intense personal hatred of the Prime Minister. To that sentiment, whatever he says is hypocritical, and whatever he does is wrong. But the possible alternative of a Tory administration in England must be contemplated by the country with dismay. The Tory leader in the Peers, the cynical Lord SALISBURY, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL in the Commons, give assurance of a dismal interregnum should the GLADSTONE ministry be defeated. But the conviction that English prestige has been seriously wounded would produce an indignation that would not stay for an answer, and would suddenly overthrow the best government that England has known for many a year, and which is peculiarly necessary for her true interests at this time. The majority for the GLADSTONE government on the vote of direct censure was large enough to show that while there may be some dissatisfaction among the Liberals with some aspects of the policy of the cabinet, it is by no means enough, as Mr. GOSCHEN said, to justify the House in giving a blank check to Lord SALISBURY. Indeed, if matters go wrong in Egypt it is not because Mr. GLADSTONE wraps anything in mystery. The course taken is the course that the House approves, and whatever fault may be found with the delay, nothing would be now gained by committing it to other hands.

THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH.

THE postal telegraph bills have been presented, and eminent advocates have been heard in committee on all sides. The constitutionality of a government use or erection of a telegraph seems not to be seriously contested. The reasons for it which were urged last summer at the time of the strike are as strong and pertinent as ever. The objection that telegraphing is not a proper business for the government is pointless when it is conceded that expressing and letter-carrying are its proper business. Indeed, the true doctrine upon this subject is not theoretical, but practical. The question of any particular proposition of government aid is one of expediency, like that of the Ohio relief the other day. With our race and its traditions this will always be so, and the limited and proper functions of government are questions of political casuistry which practical statesmanship will disregard. JEFFERSON, the father of this speculative school, bought Louisiana without law or constitution, because he wisely thought it to be expedient for the common welfare. In the same way the government carries merchandise and books and letters, for reasons of the highest public expediency.

The public expediency must be incontestable, however, and that is the ground upon which Mr. EDMUNDS rests his plea for a government telegraph. "It seems to me for the best interests of the country that any appliance with which its welfare is so intimately connected as is the instantaneous transmission of intelligence should be subject to no censorship, to no corporate man's will, to no question of how it is going to affect stocks, or the standing of corporations or of persons, but it should be free to all men as the Post-office is, and subject to no more espionage than the Post-office." He said, also, that, in connection with great social questions and the increasing aggregation of wealth under corporate control, the government should undertake the business independently, subject to no contracts or arrangements with other parties. As the present company or companies would not think of complaining if a new company should be organized, so they could not complain of the government rivalry. It would be the object of the government, of course, as in the Post-office, with due regard to its purpose, to place the service upon a paying basis.

Two objections have been offered to this scheme. One is that, as the government telegraph would be offi-

cered and served by adherents of the administration at the time, it would be very unfair to expose all the telegrams of the opposite party to their observation. The remedy for this trouble is very simple. It is the extension of the reformed system of the civil service to the management of the telegraph, and this Mr. EDMUNDS proposes. The clerks would then be honest and efficient agents of the public service, and not adherents of the administration. The other objection is that the management of the telegraph would involve an immense increase of patronage. The remedy for this trouble is the same. The reformed system puts an end to patronage in its offensive sense. Government control of the telegraph is the only measure which the country can at once adopt against the recurrence of a disaster like that of last summer. Tribunals of appeal for differences of opinion between employers and employés require the assent and co-operation of both sides. But government control of a postal telegraph, like control of the carriage of letters, newspapers, and parcels, is a remedy at hand and practicable, and it is one which the country is apparently willing wisely to apply.

THE LASKER RESOLUTION

THE return of the LASKER resolution, under any pretense whatever, is a great impertinence. It is not, however, an incident to disturb diplomatic relations, although it may exasperate feeling, and any attempt to exaggerate its significance is as foolish as BISMARCK'S folly.

It is unfortunate that the moral value of the resolution was impaired by describing Herr LASKER as a member of the Reichstag, which he was not. This blunder indicated that the resolution was drawn and passed by the House without exact knowledge of the facts. Consequently it did not have an air of sincerity, but of that political and perfunctory purpose that is known as buncombe. Probably not a twentieth part of the members of the House who voted for the resolution knew anything whatever of Herr LASKER, even if they had ever heard of him, or of his significance in German politics. The resolution belonged to a bad class—which includes Mr. HEWITT'S O'DONNELL resolution—declarations which are adopted without thought or knowledge, and which are intrinsically false in the sense that they are chiefly intended, not for their ostensible purpose, but to produce a political effect at home.

The LASKER resolution was upon its face an expression of respect for a private German citizen—such a resolution as the German Reichstag might adopt in honor of the memory of WENDELL PHILLIPS. If the Reichstag should decline to receive it, it would be an act of flagrant discourtesy. And if some prince, or count, or other person, should intercept it upon its way to the Reichstag, the interference is a matter for the Reichstag to deal with. There is no root of difficulty between the countries in the affair; but it would not be without its benefit if it should teach Congress not to pass resolutions which show that they are drawn without adequate knowledge or with an ulterior object, and which therefore invite neglect, or contempt, or hostility.

CAPTAIN MILLER.

SECRETARY FOLGER was not melted by the rhetoric nor moved by the logic of Solicitor RAYNOR, and very wisely decided that if Mrs. MARY M. MILLER was found upon examination competent to command a steamer upon the Mississippi, a steamer she might command. Mrs. MILLER was duly examined, and satisfied the inspectors of her competency, and they thereupon issued to her a regular captain's license. Captain MILLER took the oath, and the great question is thus peacefully settled.

Does anybody suppose that this transaction involves any injury to the sphere of woman, to the relation of the sexes, or to the good order of society? The question is always argued as if there were an irresistible tendency upon the part of women to break away from the natural limitations and occupations of sex, and as if laws were necessary to restrict them to being women. It is indeed impossible to show in any country or at any time such a fell determination of the female sex. But the piteous argument still pleads on, Don't, for Heaven's sake, take down the bars, or women will cease to be women.

Those who share this sad apprehension should now watch closely, and see how many misguided young women, who might have adorned the German and afternoon teas and the opera-box, and have shopped daily for diamonds at TIFFANY'S, will now, in consequence of the reckless permission of Secretary FOLGER, take to commanding tug-boats in the harbor, and shipping as first-class sea-women at the offices in South Street.

REFORM IN BUFFALO.

THE first competitive examination for appointment in the municipal service of Buffalo was held a few days since. The position to be filled was a clerkship in the office of the City Engineer, and the examination seems to have been directed to the most obviously proper subjects, and to have been conducted in a wholly satisfactory manner. The number of applicants who presented themselves was fifteen, among whom were three ladies, one of whom was among the first to complete the answers to the examination.

The character of the examiners was the guarantee of perfect good faith, and it is ludicrous to suppose that this method of designating the probably fittest person for the place is not superior to that of certificates from a ward committee, or a nod from a boss. If the Engineer knows any young man or woman whom he thinks peculiarly fitted for the position, he has only to take care that the person makes application, and then the Engineer will have the opportunity of seeing in advance the comparative probability of the superiority of his favorite. Should he be among the three highest upon the list submitted, the Engineer would undoubtedly appoint him, but any one whom he selects finally obtains the place, not by reason of the result of the examination, which serves to baffle political and personal influence, but he is appointed because of a subsequent successful probation of two months.

The examiners in Buffalo mention one very desirable result of the examination, which is not often considered. The eligible list upon which are entered the names of those who have successfully passed the examination is a list of young men and women who have demonstrated their intelligence and capacity for a certain grade of clerkly service, and employers of all kinds would find the list most useful. A similar result has been reached in England, where the young women who have received certificates of proficiency at the University examinations have a great advantage over others in securing clerical positions. Buffalo is the home of Governor CLEVELAND and of Commissioner RICHMOND, and its Civil Service Reform Association is one of the most vigorous and efficient in the country.

DE LONG AND HIS COMRADES.

THE latest of the arctic heroes, DE LONG and some of his brave comrades, will have been laid to rest in their native land with solemn obsequies when this paper is issued. If any doubting observer should be disposed to ask, as he reads of the sacrifice in the lonely and silent polar sea, *cui bono?* he must remember that every example of unselfish devotion is an inspiration to heroic endeavor, and that the influence of brave consecration of life is not to be measured by material, immediate, and calculable results.

To seize the secret of the pole is to some temperaments an irresistible impulse, and if in the pursuit the extremity of human endurance and even death are encountered with the tranquil courage which belongs to the highest manhood, the lesson is not lost, and humanity is richer for the daring.

It need not be feared that the honors paid to DE LONG will tempt young men to rash and perilous and purposeless enterprises, nor supposed that denunciation of the polar voyage as folly and a wanton challenge of fate will deter those who delight in danger. The long story of arctic voyages is one of the most terrible and the most fascinating in literature, and not the least touching chapter in it will be that which tells of the tragedy of DE LONG and his comrades.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

THE annual report of the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum states that the total value of the property is $676,571 89, that there is no debt, and a small balance in the treasury. But, on the other hand, the accumulation of works of art is very much larger than the present building can accommodate, and the income is not large enough for a proper discharge of the duties of the Museum in its present condition, much less for its necessities in the immediate future. The Museum needs a larger building and an endowment which will secure an adequate permanent income.

The report naturally refers, and in a temperate tone, to the attacks upon the Museum and its director which have been lately the subject of a celebrated lawsuit. The trustees say:

"The members and officers of the Museum have one plain duty, to be themselves assured of the verity and correctness of the instruction they give to the public. In this we have always had the aid and advice of the ripest scholarship and most thorough experience in Europe and America. If the people to whom we offer instruction are prevented from receiving it by those who lack this aid and experience, which are our safe reliance in the conduct of the Museum, we can only regret it."

And the allusion to the subject concludes as follows:

"The jury's findings, made February 2, 1884, sustained the entire integrity of the CESNOLA collection, established the baselessness of each and every one of the charges, and vindicated the director from the alleged accusation that he, the discoverer of the Cypriote antiquities, had made fraudulent repairs and deceptive restorations [illegible] the progress of the trial the director has been subjected to [illegible] attacks on his [illegible] as well as his official character, the trustees deem it their duty, as it is their pleasure, to place on record here a hearty assurance to him of their unchanged and cordial confidence and esteem."

The acquisitions of the Museum during the year have been valuable and interesting. Mr. W. H. HUNTINGTON has given a unique collection of works of art, busts in bronze, porcelain pottery, and other materials; paintings, prints, engravings, medallions, and medals, specially referring to WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, and LAFAYETTE. The THOMAS collection has been also added to the Museum; and the devise of Mr. WILLARD will add a large and very valuable collection of architectural models, casts, photographs, engravings, etc. Mr. MARQUAND, to whom the Museum is already greatly indebted, has again signalized his generosity by a costly gift of a multitude of fac-simile reproductions of beautiful works in metal, a duplicate of the Kensington collection. The Museum is already one of the most interesting institutions in the city, and it is constantly increasing in interest and value.

PERSONAL.

A FASHIONABLE *restaurateur* near the Fifth Avenue has discovered a new cure for a distressing disease. On his printed bill of fare he announces that his ice-cream is highly recommended for "three essential qualities"—its purity, its cheapness, and its efficiency "as a relief for dyspepsia, in facilitating digestion."

—A distinguished citizen was about to sign a contract for building a new house, when his wife, to whom he was much attached, and who had interested herself deeply in the plans thereof, was gathered to her fathers. "Alas!" thought the architect, after reading in the newspapers the notice of her death, "the job will fall through; he will not have the heart to proceed with it." But the morning after the funeral the citizen called and said, "Go right ahead, and make it just as she would have wanted it." The architect is much impressed with "this beautiful tribute to her memory."

—A New-Yorker who paid a dollar and a half to be taken in a cab from Union Square to the Grand Central Depot, and only twenty-five cents to be taken in a cab from a railway depot in Boston to his hotel—the distance in the two cases being about the same—has acquired some respect for the Hub.

—Mr. HENRY BLACKBURN, author of *Academy Notes*, said while in this city that the London artists are awaiting with eagerness the passage of the proposed bill abolishing the duties on works of art imported into this country, and that as soon as the bill becomes a law they will empty the contents of their studios into the hold of the next steamer that leaves for New York.

—"For the last five or six years," observed a distinguished American architect, "I have been occupied almost exclusively with public buildings. I could count on the fingers of my right hand the private houses I have erected. My temper in consequence has become comparatively sweet, for nothing is so trying to an artist's soul as to be subjected to the æsthetic whims of charming women who desire his professional service."

—A metropolitan man of letters, whose bodily frame is not covered with a superabundance of flesh, has designed a model for a railway car, and intends to apply for a patent. Its chief feature is the plenitude of its upholstery, and its sole purpose to make comfortable the importunate bones of a seated thin man. No such car, he declares, is at present in existence.

—It is announced by a leading authority in the far West that "the fashionable thing in female beauty is ashes-of-roses complexion, with a slow walk."

—At a surprise party given recently in Binghamton, New York, "the fun was greatly enhanced" by the aid of masks and fancy costumes. "With fun, music, dancing, and other recreations," according to a local reporter, "a pleasant interval was passed; and then when masks were removed, and the identity was established, the fun grew fast and furious." It is needless to add that the company separated "at a late hour, having spent a most delightful evening."

—The Emir of Bokhara, in Turkistan, receives his visitors in a robe of rose-colored velvet studded with precious stones. He is gracious in his manners, but his reception-room contains no furniture, and its floor is covered with European carpets. His favorite gifts to the most distinguished guests are beautiful horses.

—JULIA HAWKINS, of Marshall, near Salisbury, England, has received a medal for her bravery in rescuing a boy who was being tossed and gored by a bull. The presentation was publicly made by the rector of the parish, the Rev. R. B. KENNARD, described as "the well-known breeder of short-horns." Mr. KENNARD, after praising the girl's courage and self-devotion, said that in risking her own life she had "established the most characteristic principle of Christianity."

—"When I was at Constantinople," remarked the Hon. G. J. GOSCHEN, "I had a conversation with a Turkish pasha, who said that the female slaves were treated with exceedingly great kindness in Turkish families, and that their morals were looked after much more satisfactorily than those of female servants in any European communities. I did not entirely agree with him."

—The climate of tropical Africa is deadly to white men. At four missions recently established in that country more than twenty white missionaries have died within the last five years, and almost every month news comes of severe illnesses; but during the whole of that time the colored missionaries from this country have been able to live and work there. Lord SHAFTESBURY uses this fact to support the late Rev. ROBERT MOFFAT'S assertion that "Africans must go to teach and save Africans."

—The most adroit smugglers in the world (Americans homeward-bound on Liverpool steam-ships excepted) are the smugglers of the St. Gothard Tunnel, who carry tobacco in hollow loaves of bread, and coffee and jewelry in hollow cabbages, pears, apples, potatoes, wheelbarrow handles, and bolstered legs. The custom-house officers do their best, but confess that the women smugglers, by reason of their keener wit and more voluminous garments, are often too much for them.

—The course of "International Exhibitions" does not always run smooth. The buildings for the exhibition at Nice are erected upon land formerly little better than waste, but now enhanced in value by the roads laid out, the trees planted, and the gas and water pipes introduced. Accordingly, the opponents of the exhibition charge that the affair was promoted by members of the city government who own the land.

—The Emperor of Germany, now in his eighty-eighth year, is not the only oldest inhabitant. On his hunting trips he frequently meets some hale old pensioner who fought in the war of liberation or marched against the French at Waterloo. The severe military discipline of Prussia does not seem to shorten the lives of her subjects.

—The traveller in Russian Central Asia pays for a camel about thirty dollars, for a horse from seven to fifty dollars, for a [illegible] from a dollar and a half to two dollars and a half, for a four-year-old ox five dollars and three-quarters, and for a luscious watermelon two cents.

—A foreign reviewer points out that it has been the fate of the pessimistic philosopher SCHOPENHAUER to be studied and exalted by those whom he had bitterly reviled. For women SCHOPENHAUER expressed boundless contempt. The tone of modern conversation had, he maintained, been hopelessly lowered by the free admission of women into society, and it could only have been in a paroxysm of madness that men had given to the "short-legged, narrow-shouldered sex" the epithet of "fair." Yet it was a woman, Miss HELEN ZIMMERN, who made him the subject of a book, and another woman, Miss ELIZABETH NEY, who produced the best portrait of him in clay. He abhorred WAGNER'S music and WAGNER'S principles, yet the Wagnerites claim that there exist between WAGNER'S musical system and SCHOPENHAUER'S philosophical system points of analogy sufficient almost to constitute an identity.

—The late Mr. JOSEPH R. BENJAMIN, who died recently in New London, Connecticut, in his seventieth year, is remembered in this office with affection and respect. For twenty years he filled a position in the composing room of HARPER & BROTHERS honorably to himself and most satisfactorily to his employers.

—The principal reformer of the religion of modern India was RAMMOHUN ROY, who, through the study of the Koran, was led to a hatred of idolatry and polytheism. He admired the teachings of Christ, but refused to accept Christianity. One of his books was entitled *The Precepts of Jesus, the Guide to Peace and Happiness*, and in the preface to it he wrote: "This simple code of religion and morality is so admirably calculated to elevate men's ideas to high and liberal notions of one God, who has originally subjected all living creatures, without distinction of caste, rank, or wealth, to change, disappointment, pain, and death, and has equally admitted all to be partakers of the bountiful mercies which He has lavished over nature, and is also so well fitted to regulate the conduct of the human race in the discharge of their various duties to God, to themselves, and society, that I can not but hope the best effects from its promulgation in its present form." Nevertheless he took his stand on the Vedas as the word of God divinely inspired, and therefore infallible.

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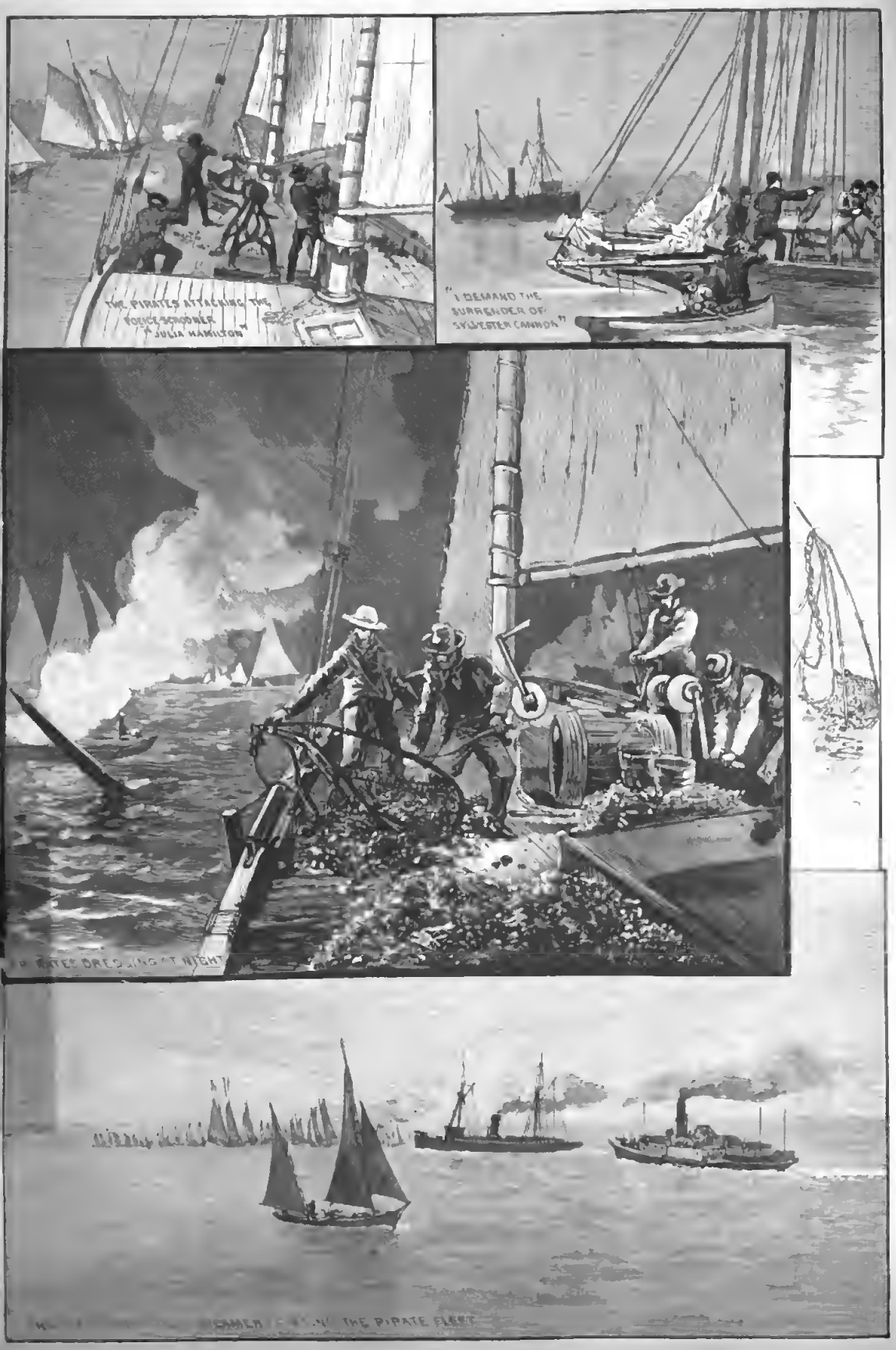


THE OYSTER WAR IN CHESAPEAKE BAY.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 136.]

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY TAYLOR AND MOSER.

THE BODIES LYING IN STATE AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.

THE ARCTIC TRAGEDY—LAST HONORS TO THE DEAD HEROES.

CATO'S SONG.

"Cato, have you quite forgotten
How you used among the cotton
Still to sing some pleasant strain?"
"Lor', miss, I can sing again."
And the clear voice clearer rang,
As he swung his hoe and sang

"Ef you wants de purest water,
Jist go up de mountain-side,
Whar de riber start his running
Down to catch de great sea tide.
Ef you want de reddest roses,
You will find dem nodding high,
Whar dem catch de blessed dew-drops,
Whar dem see de morning sky.

"Would you eat dem sweetest peaches,
Juicy, red, or yellow bright,
Den you hab to climb up for dem
Whar dey grow right in de light.
Ef you seek true friend or lober,
Upward too de road you take.
Hearts should neber trabel downward,
Else dey mighty apt to break.

"Ef you look for fame or glory,
You must climb up wid a will,
For 'tis jist de same old story—
Up, and up, and upward still.
We am born down in de valley,
But if heart and feet don't tire,
We can still be going upward,
Upward, higher, higher, higher.

"Higher! higher! higher! higher!"
And at every cotton hill
Well and swift he did his hoeing,
Singing louder, clearer still,
Till I heard the echoes ringing
In my spirit brave and strong,
Till I homeward turned me singing,
Singing over Cato's song.

THE ROMANCE OF AUGUSTA MURRAY.

VIRGINIA AND ITALY, 1774-1790.

Virginia society just before the Revolution was a brilliant affair. Men and women seemed to enjoy themselves in a spirit of abandon, as if they foresaw that the time was coming when there would be little enjoyment. Now and then the traits of the epoch culminated in particular incidents; we see the actors, share their emotions, and are surrounded by the actual atmosphere. This atmosphere the historians will not paint for us, much less the incidents, which are beneath the dignity of history.

One of these incidents is here outlined. It was a very brilliant pageant of the forgotten old times, and has the further attraction for the lovers of romance that it is connected with a curious history. Among the actors was a girl of eight, whom nobody noticed at the moment; and yet this child was to become the wife of a prince, and the possible mother of a line of kings.

In April, 1774, the good city of Williamsburg, in Virginia, was in enormous commotion. A great social event had just occurred, and this event the society reporter of the *Virginia Gazette* chronicled after the following fashion:

"Last evening the Right Honorable the Countess of Dunmore, with Lord Fincastle, the Honorable Alexander and John Murray, and the Ladies Catherine, Augusta, and Susan Murray, accompanied by Captain Foy and his lady, arrived at the Palace in this city, to the great joy of his Excellency the Governor and the inexpressible pleasure and satisfaction of the inhabitants, who made a general illumination upon the happy occasion, and with repeated acclamations welcomed her ladyship and family to Virginia."

The enthusiasm of the modern reporter was foreshadowed in this fine paragraph. The joy is great, the pleasure inexpressible, the occasion happy, and the ladies are welcomed with repeated acclamations. They seem to have deserved it. Her ladyship the Countess of Dunmore was a very different person from her forbidding spouse, the testy official covered with decorations, who kept the impulsive Virginians at arm's-length, and scowled at them from his "Palace" behind his red-coated guards. According to Gouverneur Morris, she was "a very elegant woman; she looks, speaks, and moves, and is, a lady." As to her daughters, the young Honorable Catherine, Augusta, and Susan, they are "fine, sprightly, sweet girls; goodness of heart flashes from them in every look."

The coaches containing the whole party move grandly along the great thoroughfare of Gloucester Street; the windows blaze with lights, bright smiles reply to the hurrahs, and his Excellency, it seems, ought to relax, and respond gratefully to the public rejoicing.

He does not respond, or even exhibit much pleasure, when the enthusiastic Virginians determine to offer him a supreme courtesy, a public "assembly" in honor of the happy occasion. It shall be a brilliant pageant, and the *élite* of society shall welcome the ladies. All is arranged, and the time is fixed for the last of May, but unfortunately an event takes place which threatens to mar the general joy. The wrong-headed people of Massachusetts have actually rebelled against the best of governments. They will not pay a trifling tax on tea to his Majesty's exchequer, and have proceeded to such lengths as to throw some chests of it overboard in Boston Harbor. Thereupon the Virginians declare that the act closing the said port is a blow at the liberties of America; that they will not use tea henceforth; and they fix a day for fasting and prayer to avert this oppression.

His Excellency Lord Dunmore then forgets the fine illumination, the inexpressible joy of the Virginians, and the repeated acclamations. He orders the Burgesses to appear before him, and when they obey he dissolves the House. They shall go home, and cease their treasonable proceedings—he is master.

Under these inauspicious circumstances one would suppose that the project of offering his Excellency and the ladies a ball would be abandoned. But the Virginians held to their resolution. The fine assembly should take place still. If war was to follow peace, one should go out and the other come in to music, and the music began. On the night succeeding the dissolution the capital blazed with lights, the finest representatives, men and women, of the fine old society attended *en grande tenue*, the Governor entered, and was received with profound respect, the ladies accompanying him with bows and smiles; the minuets bowed through their long mazes, and the night passed in that "fine revelry" so passionately loved by the joyous old society. About a year afterward the times had changed. There was no more bowing and smiling. His Excellency had seized the colonial arms and powder, planted cannon in front of his palace, and when Patrick Henry marched to attack him, he hastily left the capital. The elegant Lady Dunmore and her fine sprightly daughters were very unnecessarily hurried into their coach, as if the Virginians were ruffians, the carriage traversed Gloucester Street, the scene of the grand illumination, and the forlorn ladies, mother and daughters, took refuge on board an English man-of-war.

These incidents are related briefly, since they are well known. What is not so well known is the after life of one of those "fine, sprightly, sweet girls," who had been so much pleased with their Virginia reception. This was "the Lady Augusta Murray." At the time, according to the best accounts, she was about eight years of age, and what is known of her afterward fully agrees with the amiable character attributed to her by Gouverneur Morris. She was beautiful as a woman, and no doubt a sweet and attractive child. After the flight of the family from Williamsburg she never returned to the place; and after some months, during which Lord Dunmore's ships laid waste the banks of the Chesapeake, she was sent in one of them to New York, and thence home to England. When she re-appears upon the stage she is a beautiful woman, and has inspired an English prince with such passionate love that he declares he will kill himself if she does not marry him.

This ardent lover was Prince Frederick Augustus, sixth son of the King. He was about nineteen, and was traveling in Italy, where he made the acquaintance at Rome of Lady Augusta Murray, the child who had fled from Virginia eighteen years before. She was now about twenty-six, and not only beautiful, but full of "endearing qualities." Lady Dunmore was residing in Rome, and as a person of the highest quality was visited by the most distinguished representatives of English society who came to the city. The Prince came with the rest, and his romance with Augusta Murray duly followed. It seems from the very first to have been a passionate affair, in which the lover threw all reserve and moderation to the winds. He was not yet twenty, of delicate health, and enthusiastic in temperament. He paid his addresses with ardor, inspired the young lady with an attachment similar to his own, and proved the strength of his love by declaring that if she would not become his wife he would put an end to himself.

We are able to trace the steps in this curious love history in the letters of the lovers which have been preserved. They are extravagant, but in delightful contrast, from their truth and honest feeling, with the loose views of the relations of the sexes at the time. A genuine lover is passionately urging a good girl to become his wife, and though she loves him, she "refuses the proposal, showing him the personal disadvantages he will draw on himself." He is an English prince, and the marriage will excite the King's displeasure. This displeasure will be visited on *him*, and as his happiness is dear to her, she will not marry him. There is nothing to show that this was the device of a coquette designed to increase his passion. He had been urging her for four months, and the extent of his infatuation is shown by the paper, which he wrote and placed in her hands:

"On my knees before God our Creator, I, Augustus Frederick, promise thee, Augusta Murray, that I will take thee for my wife, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death us do part, to love but thee only, and no other, and may God forget me if I forget thee."

At last the young lady yields and consents to a private marriage. An English minister in Rome is to perform the ceremony, but the lady warns her lover that she will owe nothing to any sentiment on his part but love. "My own beloved Prince," she writes, "forgive me if I am warm upon this. I wish you to feel you owe me nothing, and whatever I owe you I wish to owe to your love and to your good opinion, but to no other principle." Still the passionate affair drags, and the lady persists in holding back. Then the enamored Prince quite loses his head, and bursts forth into extravagant protestations and rather comic threats. He has fasted for two days, and exclaims, "By all that is holy till when I am married *I will eat nothing*. I am resolute. Nothing in the world shall alter my determination. I must be married or die! Oh, Augusta, my soul! let us try, let me come. I fear nothing. What will become of me? I shall go mad, most undoubtedly!"

How to resist such a wild lover? The Lady Augusta catches the contagion, and instead of further opposing him, surrenders at discretion. Here is a specimen of the young lady's love-letters, which it seems a pity ever to have printed:

"My treasure, my dearest life and love, how can I refuse you? And yet, dare I trust to the happiness your letter promises me? You shall come if you wish it. You shall do as you like. My whole soul rejoices in the assurances of your love, and to your exertions I will trust. To be yours to-night seems a dream that I can not make out. The whole day I have been plunged in misery, and now to awake to joy is a felicity that is beyond my ideas of bliss. I am what you will. Your will must be mine, and no will can ever be dearer to me, more mine, than that of my Augustus, my lover, my all."

So the English clergyman came on the sly, and, unknown to Lady Dunmore, the lovers were married. The mother did not know that she had a royal son-in-law for months afterward, and seems to have had nothing to do with the affair from first to last. Of the Lady Augusta's sincerity in the whole transaction there appears to be no doubt. She was some years older than the Prince, but women of twenty-six who marry youths of twenty are not necessarily schemers. And the step was dangerous; there was the English Marriage Act, which declared void such marriages without the consent of the sovereign. Miss Augusta Murray thus ran a great risk, and had many unhappy trials to endure, which she must have foreseen.

The old King fell into a rage when the Prince came to England and bravely presented *his wife*. Steps were taken at once to declare the marriage void, and the Court of Arches did so declare it. It was told that the young husband wrote to the King, offering to relinquish his contingent claim to the throne if his marriage was sanctioned. It is certain, at least, that he acted like a gentleman, and refused to give up his wife under any circumstances. He "vehemently protested" that he would not accept the decision of the Court of Arches or of anybody, and he remained firm in his resolution to the end. The result was a species of compromise. The affinity of the lady to the royal family was finally recognized. The son of Augusta Murray, Sir Augustus D'Este, was to succeed to the crown of Hanover in the failure of male issue of the King and the Duke of Cumberland. But from all this nothing resulted. This son and his sister, the only children of Augustus and Augusta, died; and in 1830 the mother died also, at about the age of sixty-four.

It had been a curious and pathetic career, in which the heroine of the story had been entitled, it would seem, to the sympathies of all honest people. She had not entrapped the Prince, only yielded to her own heart. Everybody respected her, and denounced the English Marriage Act as a monstrous wrong. To presume to annul a formally solemnized marriage by act of Parliament was stigmatized as a gross enormity, and in the eyes of the people of England Augusta Murray was the lawful wife of the Prince Frederick Augustus. That conviction might have had important results under certain circumstances. The son of this marriage was a possible King of England, and the "fine, sprightly girl," who had so much pleased the Virginians in 1774, had before her the possibility of being a "queen-mother."

J. Esten Cooke.

POACHED OYSTERS.

The annual war between the State of Maryland and its refractory oystermen has broken out with signal force and fury. When the oystermen can reap their bivalvular harvest with as little trouble in the waters that are free as in the waters that are forbidden, it appears they do so. When the wild crop, so to speak, falls short, they invade the preserves, against the peace and dignity of the people of Maryland, and the statute in such case made and provided, and this is a bad season. Love laughs at locksmiths. It is difficult to believe that a man who gets his living catching oysters with tongs can laugh at anything. But in point of fact he does laugh at the laws of Maryland, and indeed the bard who sang "Carry me back to old Virginny" has chronicled his delight in his occupation, and told melodiously how he

"spent the live-long day
A-rolling among the oyster beds;
To me it was but play,"

or words to that effect. This year Maryland has risen in her might, not this time to spurn the Northern scum, but to avenge the ravishment of the preserved oysters which had been reposing in secluded creeks "under the protection of the law and in the gladsome light of jurisprudence," with a touching confidence in the Legislature which higher organisms can never attain. The piratical navy consists of some twenty-five or thirty oyster boats, of about ten tons each, and as like each other as so many peas. In order to make detection still more difficult, the crews are reported to smear the sails with mud, so that new cloths shall not betray them, and to array themselves in weird and wonderful garments. Apparently they are only liable to arrest when found actually engaged in dredging. If they are simply sailing the forbidden waters, they are yachtsmen taking their pleasure and carrying oyster tongs for bric-à-brac. When they are taken in the act of pulling up the wards of the State, they run into shallow water, if the pursuer be a steamboat, and subsequently emerge with an innocent air, and disguised in the wonderful garments which baffle identification. When they are pursued by sloops, they make for the Virginia waters, into which the writs of Maryland do not run. As their boats are always fast, by the same wonderful provision of nature by which a smuggler always outsails a revenue-cutter, a slaver a man-of-war, and a pickpocket runs away from a fat policeman, they commonly gain their refuge, and grin defiance upon their baffled pursuer.

This year the navy of Maryland has been put upon a war footing by the borrowing of two 6-pounders from the Naval Academy for two of the oyster boats of war, and a determined pursuit of the poachers has been undertaken. Emboldened by immunity, the poachers laid in shotguns and revolvers. It need hardly be added, considering that they were organized to resist the laws of an American State, that they have also relied upon their political "influence" to make sure that the commander of the State navy should look where they were not, and not where they were, as if they had been the business books of an eminent financier. In this reliance they have heretofore been justified. But this year the navy has been put under the command of a "theorist," who acknowledged no obligations to "the boys" who chose to break the laws which he absurdly assumed that it was his business to enforce. And, besides, the boys really presumed on their privileges by not only dredging with graceful candor under the guns of the navy, but also by assaulting the crew of a man-of-war which attempted to interrupt their proceedings. So that, even if the theorist had been a machinist, he would have been compelled to defend his flag, and so show the poachers of Maryland, as has lately been shown to the liquor dealers of New York in the person of Mr. McGlory, that there are lengths to which even a "boy" can not go with impunity.

A general engagement took place on Sunday, February 10. The government squadron, in making its way to the forbidden water, encountered a line of sloops loaded to the gunwale with oysters presumably poached, and were fortunate enough to find two sloops busily at work engaged in a simultaneous breakage of the eighth and fourth commandments, and the statutes of the State of Maryland passed to enforce the same. The sloops were confiscated, and the crews locked up to be dealt with according to law. The sad event has cast a deep gloom over the whole business of oyster-poaching.

THE MYSTERY OF SNAKE CHARMING.

The Eastern snake-charmer of to-day is only half a fraud. Among the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Persians the secret of snake charming by music has been held for ages in superstitious reverence as a power only to be acquired by enormous study, backed by supernatural favor. In India instances of music attracting snakes are very numerous, and the ordinary serpent-charmer relies upon the wide-spread belief in the power of melody to obtain some credence for the feats he affects to perform. As a general rule, it does not matter to the charmer that upon the premises where he operates a snake has never been seen, for he sits down at pipe, and in five minutes has captured in various corners of your room a dozen reptiles; indeed, if he could only have carried more concealed about him, he would have caught more. The sleight of hand with which the trick is performed constitutes its only claim to admiration. So notorious is the deception that the snakes, when caught, are never killed, as being the private property of the charmer.

The favorite snake for exhibition is the cobra, partly because of its more striking appearance, and partly because its deadly character being so well known, any trifling with it appears to the uninitiated public the more wonderful. In most cases the charmer, however, has rendered the reptiles perfectly harmless by drawing their poison-fangs, and the exhibition then becomes merely one of the snake's highly trained condition. On the other hand, however, it often happens that the basket contains the veritable death-dealer, and a cobra with his fangs undrawn is nearly always forth-coming if the temptation in money be sufficiently strong. Then, in the handling of the creature when once exposed, there is no hesitation, for hesitation means death, and in the swift seizure or sudden release there is daring of an exceptional kind. A cobra strikes, when it has really made up its mind to strike, with lightning rapidity, and to dodge lightning successfully requires considerable agility. The snake-charmers, however, when put upon their mettle, will grasp the erect cobra with impunity, owing solely to the superior speed of their movements, for by a feint they provoke the reptile to strike, and, before it can recover its attitude, seize it below the jaws. It is the same thing with the ichneumon or mongoose. For a long time it was believed that poison could not hurt a mongoose, until one was held while a cobra bit it; then the mongoose died in about four minutes, and it is only by superior agility that he can overcome the cobra in fair fight. And so in the case of the mongoose, the snake-charmer, when actually bitten, dies as rapidly as any other creature, and in spite of all the powers of his charms, roots, and snake-stones. There can be no remedy except instant amputation, and the snake-charmer himself knows this well. As a means of general security he confides in his dexterous sleight of hand, but in case of accident he carries a broad-bladed knife.

The Oriental has an inexhaustible appetite for entertainment, and provided it can be seen for nothing, and sitting, he will squat all day before a puppet-show. That the exhibition in question is a stale one matters nothing, and the same performer is therefore certain of a welcome as often as he chooses to come. This partially explains the extraordinary popularity of the snake-charmer's entertainment, for though, judged on its own merits, it has little in it either to arrest attention or to evoke admiration, the tubri-wallah's performance commands at all times an interested audience; for of all the many castes or tribes which pretend to power over the serpent world, the Sanyis, or tubri-wallahs, constitute the chief Indian snake-charming guild. He is, as a rule, a wild-looking creature (the snake-charmer), with his yellow cloths all fluttering about him, and his hair arranged in a strange confusion of coils and wisps, under and among rags of the same color—the professional hue—as he struts into a village piping on a reed stuck into a gourd, while his assistant, a small, unkempt morsel of human-

ity, labors in his wake, with a box of mysteries and a basketful of wonders.

Arrived at the well, the couple seat themselves, and the villagers collect to see the show. But first the performer has to insure some payment—a meal and a night's lodging at least—and this arranged satisfactorily, the proceedings begin. The same stupid old toothless cobra is hauled out of its basket, picked up and dropped a hundred times, as if it were a dangerous thing, and then, with a lenitorous ostentation of pluck and dexterity, finally seized by his neck, half throttled, and thrust back into his bag. This wonderful feat, enacted over and over again, with precisely the same "business" and pantomime, constitutes the first part of the entertainment, and then the wonder-worker proceeds to "charm." The old cobra, sick to death of what it has come to consider ill-timed foolery, is once more perked out from the bag, and while the magician plays upon his execrable pipe the poor battered reptile lifts a foot of its length off the ground, and, bestending its hood, sways gracefully to and fro in time with the music. The master sum requires an eye to keep his pupil at work, for it is evident that the cobra enjoys the melody, and that its motions are voluntary and naturally sympathetic. But except as an illustration of the power of music over the dreadful thing, the second part of the entertainment is as dull as the first.

There can be no doubt, however, that the terrific power given by nature to venomous snakes invests them, even for the most intelligent, with extraordinary interest, and any performance that requires the handling of them must have a corresponding excitement for others besides native villagers. In his fearless manipulations of the deadliest species the snake-charmer has a certain claim to respect—the same claim as have all exhibitors who, for the entertainment of their audience, trifle with sudden death. Yet as regards the supernatural power they profess to have over the creatures which they torment and play with, there is hardly another impostor even in the East, the home of impostures, so undeservedly supported by performance. The parade of fangless worms is almost enough, and in the never-failing crop of reptiles to be gathered by the pipe-player from among the furniture of a room or the shrubs in a garden there is only food for laughter.

PHIL ROBINSON.

THE HEALTH OF CITIES.

THE health of cities is a subject that grows in interest every year. We have at last caught the idea that diseases may be prevented, and that sickness is often only a proof of the want of common-sense, and hence in all great cities there is a constant labor to provide for sanitary reform. In most American cities it is sought for by an abundance of water, more or less pure, poured on to the streets by aqueducts built upon the plan of the Romans, by careful drainage, and some effort to enforce cleanliness and general prudence. It is quite probable that American cities to-day are far healthier than in the days of Washington and Adams. Philadelphia was a centre of fever and almost plague in the time of Franklin and Charles Brockden Brown. New York was never healthy. It was swept by the yellow fever, scourged by malaria. It was encircled by swamps, and drank brackish water. There was no careful record kept in those days, but we may be sure that the death rate was excessive, and that the harsh medical practice of the day swelled the number of the victims.

New York has shared in the sanitary progress of the larger cities of the world, and is less unhealthy than it was fifty years ago. Its swamps have been drained, its water is pure, its situation admirable for all the works of sanitary reform. Its physicians are less severe in treatment, its medicine of more exercise and air. Its people have learned something of the art of caring for their own health. And yet the records of disease and death show that the metropolis of the New World is left behind in the sanitary course by several cities of the Old. The carelessness of its city government sometimes converts it into a centre of disease. Its heats, unpaved streets, a scanty supply of water, defective drainage, [illegible] every [illegible] old [illegible] the [illegible] a long sudden infant life [illegible] precarious [illegible] requires pure air and gentle nourishment. In summer, and even winter, the noisome gases and deadly miasma of our crowded and neglected quarters are chiefly active in destroying the lives of children. Some improvement has been made within the past two or three years, some reform is granted to the cry of the indigent people. But the fact still remains that our death rate is excessive, and that even Boston and Philadelphia are more careful of the lives of their citizens than New York. [illegible] London, crowded and squalid [illegible] it is computed by Sir J. Bazalgette that twelve thousand lives have been saved annually in London alone by the sanitary reforms of the recent period.

It is to the working classes, the industrious and thriving, that this neglect of sanitary precautions comes with the most painful results. Disease and death rule in the crowded neighborhoods. But it is from thence that they are borne to the houses of the wealthy, and thus the carelessness of the city authorities brings grief and disaster to all classes alike. It is the interest of all to unite in demanding from the city officials new and almost undivided attention to the health of the people. Here we have an aim worthy of the labors of all, a party pledged to such an object would be certain to obtain a general support. Every parent and every honest man would vote for the candidate who promised health and life to the family and home.

The scourge of health is one that is in its infancy. The lingering barbarism of the past still covers cities and nations with disease. Cholera is nurtured in the foul water of Upper India, plague in the rags of the Syrian beggar, and yellow fever in the tainted harbors of Mexico and Cuba. But they have been banished from cities and countries where they once raged at intervals. The plague no longer visits Amsterdam, nor the yellow fever New York. New Orleans, since General Butler's purification, has been free from its horrors. There is an evident progress. The plagues that swept over the corrupt and overcrowded cities of antiquity have no parallel in our day. At Rome in the time of the Antonines ten thousand persons died in a day. The plague of the Middle Ages sometimes exterminated all the people of a city. China has known seasons of pestilence when myriads perished. These are the results of ignorance. The free schools of modern days have taught cleanliness and banished disease. Free thought is the parent of health, and we may well look forward to the time when the people of our cities shall select as their rulers or their servants men who can give their chief attention to the care of the public health.

EDWIN LAWRANCE.

SPORTS AT THE CARNIVAL.

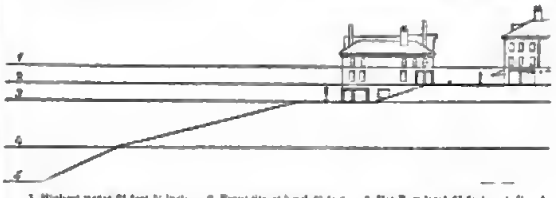
A New-Yorker's idea of a carnival is apt to be associated with the interior of a building like the Academy of Music, but our Canadian brothers' idea is not so poor up. The late Montreal Carnival, which, as far as we know, produced but a single though very deep regret—namely, that an untimely thaw should have attacked the ice palace—was characterized by a profusion of outdoor sports of a manly and wholesome sort, which one must have depicted in the spirit that animated them, and we sincerely condole with a multitude of our readers who would have liked to be there, but could not, especially with those almost hereditary sympathies are warm for tobogganing and curling. The "Welcome" inscribed upon the triumphal arch of one of the principal streets of Montreal has proven a "Highland welcome" to many thousand guests; and the delegation of New-Yorkers who shared in it were loath only to leave the festivities with which it was attended.

THE HEDGEHOG.

As he yawns and stretches his short legs for the first time since last year, the hedgehog's appearance in spring is not prepossessing. He resembles a spadeful of garden rubbish more than anything else. For one advantage of the spiky nature of his clothing is that, before taking up his winter-quarters, by rolling in heaps of leaves he can annex a considerable quantity of extraneous matter, which serves as a blanket during his retirement. His nest, moreover, is as substantial and as ill-constructed as a railway tunnel, and thus he makes shift to remedy Nature's negligence in supplying him with a more suit of clothes for winter wear. Poets and rustic legends, with their been eye for observing exactly those things in Nature which do not exist, credit the hedgehog's nest with the properties of an almanac.

"Observe which way the hedgehog builds her nest
To point the north, or south, or east, or west.
For 'tis true that common people say,
The wind all blow the quite contrary way."

Therefore you have only to wait in spring until the hedgehog explains, by walking out of his circular domicile, exactly which point is to be considered the "from," to be able to foretell the direction of the prevalent winds of the last season. The practical use of the knowledge is obvious. But this is the only good thing the poets have to say about the hedgehog. Its voice—which is perhaps not unlike the sound of a person snoring or breathing hard—has given almost universal umbrage to literature, being "nearly mistaken for the moaning of a disturbed spirit." Those who are familiar with disturbed spirits would no doubt see the resemblance at once. Shakespeare, too, had a great idea of the hedgehog's terrible voice. He estimates that "ten thousand swelling tonds, as many urchins, would make such a howling as this two-legged creature" [illegible] the hedgehog [illegible] Shakespeare, however, was a poet and not versed the lamentable rule of that guild in borrowing his predecessors' stories of animals and birds, with the usual lamentable results. As urchin, with him was something a little less supernatural than "nymphs" or fairies, just as a nightingale a [illegible] and a "night-raven" were as many stuff [illegible] of speech. Of the real creature he knew absolutely nothing, but if Shakespeare had possessed a back garden and had played a hedgehog there to test the sounds, he would perhaps have acquired some pieces of knowledge of the cause a hedgehog can make. The hedgehog's normal pace is about three [illegible] an hour. On a gravel path it [illegible] a [illegible] country, and on these occasions the scrunching was in which its spine feel scatter the pebbles about in its natural "spurts" after beetles would lead a stranger to imagine that three men and a tom-cat were trying to catch a runaway horse in the garden. Called upon to be heard, the [illegible] thousand hedgehogs even without the "swelling tonds," would have given the poet a practical idea to work upon without falling back upon the ancient "funeral and confused cries." The gravel path, indeed, seems to be the special province of the hedgehog. Thus Gilbert White "loved" them, because they ate up the plantain roots which disfigured his neat walks, though he admitted that their excursions were more extensive than the occasion required. This qualified praise, however, is all the good that has hitherto been recorded of the hedgehog. His whole history is a libel, and his very name an insult. He is no pig, but the relic of an ancient family, and his alleged connection with Brobdingnag rests on little else than malicious conjecture.



1. Highest water 71 feet ¼ inch. 2. Front Street level, 61 feet. 3. Bat Row level, 51 feet. 4. Canal or average level, 32 to 34 feet. 5. Low-water mark from which measurements are taken. The lowest water stage known was 1 foot 11 inches, in 1881.

SCALE OF WATER HEIGHTS AT CINCINNATI.

THE OHIO FLOODS.

SEVEN great snow-storms, five great rain-storms, and an extraordinary rise of temperature have combined to make the Ohio floods this year considerably superior to their predecessors of 1883. At Cincinnati, on the 14th of February, the Ohio River had risen seventy-one feet and three-quarters of an inch above low-water mark, and a map of the inundated districts would show that the area submerged is a great deal larger than that of last year; but as for the amount of human suffering entailed, who feels inclined to institute comparisons in the presence of so terrible a calamity?

The fortitude of the sufferers, however, has been remarkable, it has even expressed itself in humor. "Cincinnati," said an esteemed Cincinnatian the other day, "is the only great city in the world with seventy feet between high and low water marks. We are not inclined to be boastful of this, but the fact might as well be put down for what it is worth." People who feel like this when paddling in boats around their homes, to see how much furniture and how many weather-boards are left, are not of a kind to be daunted by adverse fate.

Of course the sufferers of last year's floods had its influence upon the perspective this year, and even the sufferers themselves found less excitement in the calamity than was experienced twelve months ago. On Sunday, the 10th of February, three days before the waters came to a stand, though crowds of people were watching the river, the interest of the scene palled with repetition. "It seemed almost natural," said one of the spectators, "to see only the roofs peering above the level waters, like the Westerner's dog out above the smooth prairie grass."

The profuse illustrations this week suggest the devastation caused by these great floods in a manner that needs no commentary. It is hope that next year the willful destruction of life for cots will not combine with such uncontrollable causes as early freezing weather, unusual abundance of snow, and continued thaws accompanied by rain, to produce a recurrence of these disasters that so appeal to the sympathies of all.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

WHEN two or three politicians gather together in Washington from remote parts of the Union, and do not register their names at the hotels in which they take rooms, it should be taken for granted that their visit "has no political significance." It used to be thought that those conclusions were not entirely unconnected with politics, but so often have the participants confessed destitution of political motives that it seems foolish to pursue a theory that has invariably led to disappointment.

Those in charge of one of the flood-relief boats reported that the inhabitants of a partly submerged Ohio town asked first for the news, next for ropes with which to anchor their houses, and then for something to eat.

It now appears that Keeper Murphy, from whom the murderous negro Hagg escaped, was in very little danger. He was the only man who understood the firing of his remarkable pistol, so he would not have encountered the risk of being shot if the negro had seen fit to take it from him.

Chroniclers of social events in the metropolis have been complimenting the "pretty people" on their exceptionally good looks of late, and it has been suggested that the season of fog has had a beneficial effect upon complexions generally.

It is the verdict of an English journal of mechanics that "the American locomotive of to-day is one of the most perfect pieces of mechanism wrought out by the hand and mind of man."

A strange disease has been prevailing of late in some parts of Connecticut. The pets were taken with sneezing, and then wandered gloomily about the country roads, sneezing continually day and night till they sneezed themselves to death. Cattle, sheep and other animals could be all numbered only with considerable effort, since the affected creatures were shy, suspicious, and figure-shots. It is estimated that in Windham County about a hundred cats perished. In Hartford the government claim to have made the startling discovery that the recent visitations of cholera were in some way dependent upon a cat disease. The discovery seems to rest upon the fact that the use of Ah mentioned were carried off by a plague two years ago, and the disease of Rome [illegible] similarly visited last June.

A bit of pun as to [illegible] long-lost privileges and penal [illegible] this may be found in the following, from a book printed two and a quarter centuries ago: "Albeit it is over bounte a part of the common law [illegible] in regard to social relations of life that, as often as every blasphemy was doth return, the lutes lose sole the privilege during the time it can smooth of making love to the men, which they do either by wooles or by hooker, as to them seemeth preferable, and, moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefit of the clergy who doth in anywise treat his proposal with slight or contumely."

In the course of their honey-moon week a Georgia couple killed and ate a dozen one hundred and twenty rabbits. How many young couples there are right here in New York who have so providently begun life without even a solitary rabbit salted down!

It seems that St. Valentine's Day, like most of the other marked days in the calendar, is not incapable of yielding tragedies which grow out of the manner of its observance. Two colored belles of Philadelphia received valentines of the so-called comic order, each received the other of sending her valentine, and Louisa lodged a pistol-ball in Barbara's neck.

The spectacle of beggars on horseback is half realized in Paris, where an old man in rags, crouched on the wreck of a steed begs for alms, and pleads his age and infirmities as an excuse for riding.

Ice-skating, a fascinating sport, and one that is rarely enjoyed because its requirements are so difficult to find, has prospered too much of late in Western New York, as ice-yachtsman received a wound from which he bled to death within a few minutes, and on the Hudson near Stag Stag a skipper and his passenger went under the ice with their skates on feet. They escaped with their lives, however, through the assistance of some other ice-yachtsmen who happened to be near

DOCTOR. "See strange figures, curious fancies, hey? Same old trouble, John, same old trouble—too much blood; blood to the head. This time, however, it has developed itself into what we call Egypto-Soudanis. A little free bleeding is what you need."

THE GREAT FLOODS IN THE WEST—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE DIS

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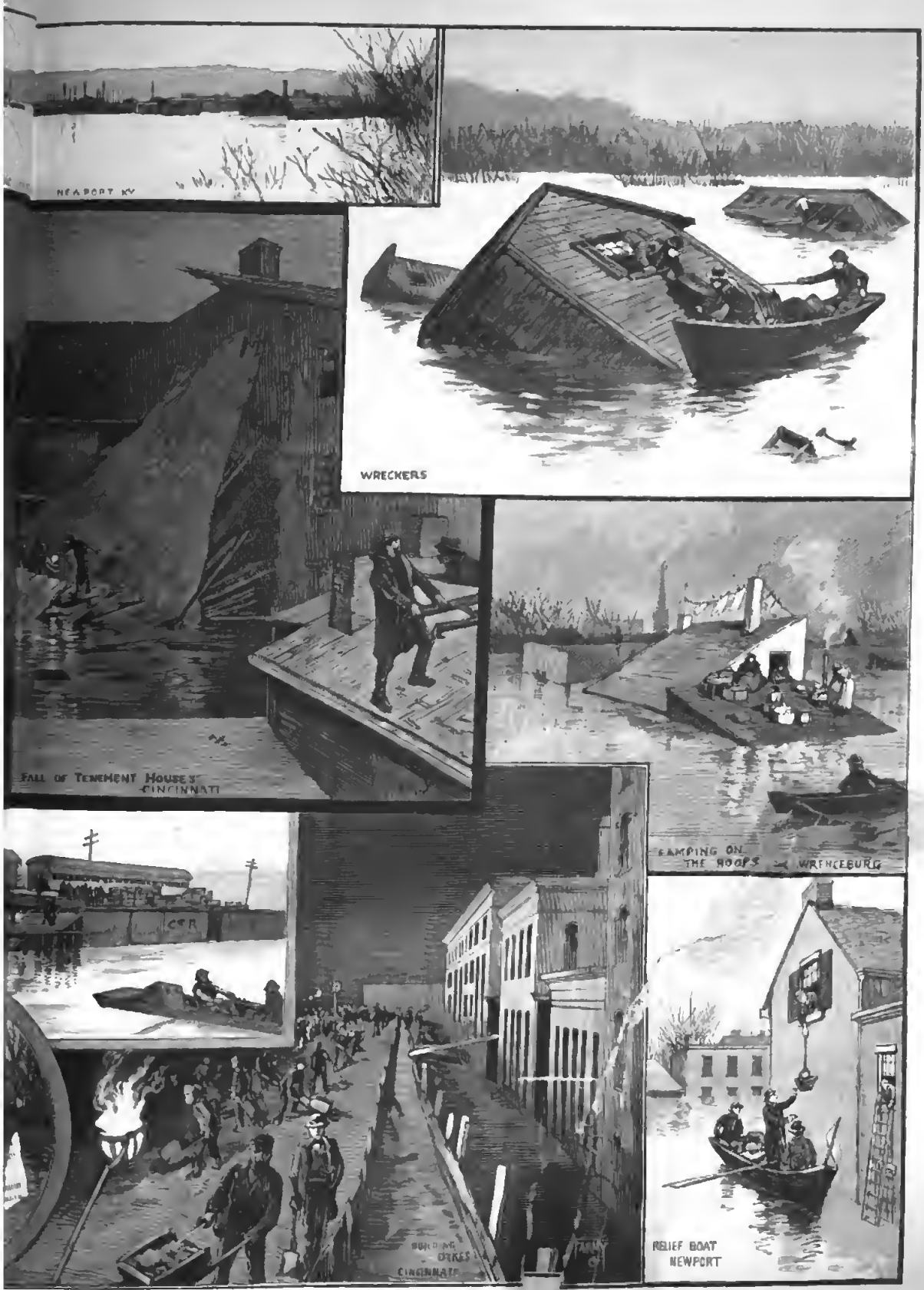


STER AT CINCINNATI AND ELSEWHERE.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 130.]

MY PRETTY CANARY

, my pretty canary, oh, my golden bird,
...ine in the sweetest song ever a mortal heard;
Thrilling and trilling and filling
The room with exquisite song;
From the sunrise till the sunset,
Singing the whole day long
...nging and singing and singing always a jubilant strain,
...ooling thy feathers and singing, eating and singing again.

...the weather be dark and rainy, if the weather be sunny and bright,
...the weather be warm or frosty, the weather is always right.
Chirping and chirruping and keeping
Thy voice in excellent tune,
As musical in December
As if December was June.
...rds of a different feather may fly far over the sea,
...winter or summer weather is "singing season" for thee.

, my pretty canary, oh, thy beautiful guest,
...ach me to sing, I pray thee: how shall I sing the best?—
Sing like a bird for my pleasure?
Sing full of joy like a bird?
Sing without stinting or measure,
Though the song should never be heard?
...g from my heart and my soul, counting the singing a duty,
...fo are spring to the light, blossoming into beauty?

...re birds wander and sing; thou with thy cage art content;
...ll pleased with its safety and love, well pleased with its food and content;
Well pleased if thy song can give joy
To listeners over the sunny,
And trusting their chirruping word
The sweetest and dearest of fame
...I so, my pretty canary, I'll sing in my own dear home,
...w and happier far than if I could wander and roam.

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE SECOND.

IN LONDON.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MISS REDWOOD.

I ...ot invited to Sir Jervis's house," Alban ...sued, "he treating the old savage as unceremoniously as he had treated me. 'That's an idle ...e of yours,' he said, looking at my sketch ...her ignorant people have made the same re...k,' I answered. He rode away like a man ...was not used to be spoken to in that man...r, and then thought better of it, and came back. ...you understand wood-engraving?' he asked. ...' 'And etching?' 'I have practiced etching myself.' 'Are you a Royal Academician?' ...n a drawing master at a ladies' school.' ...hose school?' 'Miss Ladd's.' 'Damn it, you ...w the girl who ought to have been my secre...y.' I am not quite sure whether you will take ...s a compliment—Sir Jervis appeared to view ...in the light of a reference to my respectabil...y. At any rate he went on with his questions. ...w long do you stop in these parts?' 'I ...en't made up my mind.' 'Look here. I want ...nsult you—are you listening?' 'No, I'm ...tching.' He burst into a horrid scream. I ...ll if he felt himself taken ill. 'Ill?' he said, ...'m laughing.' It was a diabolical laugh, in ...syllable—not 'ha! ha! ha!' only 'ha!'—and ...ade him look wonderfully like that eminent ...ch almost I persist in thinking he resembles. ...u're an impudent dog,' he said. 'Where do ...living?' He was so delighted when he heard ...y uncomfortable position in the kennel here ...n that he offered his hospitality on the spot. ...an't go to you in such a pig-sty as that,' ...aid; 'you must come to me. What's your ...?' 'Alban Morris. What's yours?' 'Jervis Redwood. Pack up your traps when you've ...your job, and come and try my kennel. ...e it in a corner of your drawing, and dev...lish, too.' I packed up my traps, and I tried ...kennel. And now you have had enough of Jervis Redwood."

"Not half enough!" Emily answered. "Your ...y leaves off just at the interesting moment. ...nt you to take me into Sir Jervis's house."

"And I want you, Miss Emily, to take me into ...reading-room of the Museum."

Emily's observation of him, when he alluded ...his way to her new employment, did not lead ...to form the same impression which had been ...duced on the servant. Instead of appearing ..."puzzled," his manner suggested that there ...some foregone conclusion in his mind, which ...was putting to the test.

"Is your reading a secret?" he asked.

"Not the least in the world! I am only reading old newspapers."

He repeated the last words to himself. "Old newspapers?" he said, as if he was not quite ...of having rightly understood her.

She tried to help him by a more definite reply. "I am looking through old newspapers," she ...ned, "beginning with the year eighteen hundred and seventy-six."

"And going back from that time," he asked, ...rly, "to earlier dates still?"

"No, just the contrary; advancing from 'seventy-six to the present time."

He suddenly turned pale, and tried to hide his ...from her by looking out of the window. For ...ment his agitation deprived him of his presence of mind. In that moment she saw that ...had alarmed him.

He was either unable or unwilling to speak again. The effect produced on Emily by the betrayal of emotion which had escaped him made her insensible to every consideration of prudence. "What have I said to frighten you?" she asked.

He tried to assume a tone of commonplace gallantry. "There are limits even to your power over me," he replied. "Whatever else you may do, you can never frighten me."

"Do you think I am the sort of person to be satisfied with such an answer as that?" she rejoined. "You might have found a better way of telling me that I have spoken indiscreetly."

"Severe—but I have deserved it," he said. "You did startle me, and I am a fool not to own it. Are you searching those old newspapers with any particular object in view?"

"Yes."

"May I know what it is?"

"May I know why I frightened you?"

He began to walk up and down the room again—then checked himself abruptly, and appealed to her mercy.

"Don't be hard on me," he pleaded. "I am so fond of you—oh, forgive me! I only mean that it distresses me to have any concealments from you. If I could open my whole heart at this moment, I should be a happier man."

She understood him and believed him. "My curiosity shall never embarrass you again," she answered, warmly. "I won't even remember that I wanted to hear how you got on in Sir Jervis's house."

His gratitude seized the opportunity of taking her harmlessly into his confidence. "As Sir Jervis's guest," he said, "my experience is at your service. Only tell me how I can interest you."

She suggested, with some hesitation, that Alban might tell her what happened at his first interview with Mrs. Rook. To her surprise and relief he at once complied with her wishes.

"We met," he said, "on the evening when I first entered the house. Sir Jervis took me into the dining-room, and there sat Miss Redwood, with a large black cat on her lap. Older than her brother, taller than her brother, leaner than her brother, with strange stony eyes, and a skin like parchment, she looked (if I may speak in contradictions) like a living corpse. I was presented, and the corpse revived. The last lingering relics of former good-breeding showed themselves faintly in her bow and in her smile. You will hear more of Miss Redwood presently. In the mean while Sir Jervis made me reward his hospitality by professional advice. He wished me to decide whether the artists whom he had employed to illustrate his wonderful book had cheated him by overcharges and bad work, and Mrs. Rook was sent to fetch the engravings from his study upstairs. You remember her petrified appearance when she first read the inscription on your locket? The same result followed when she found herself face to face with me. I saluted her civilly—she was deaf and blind to my politeness. Her master snatched the illustrations out of her hand, and told her to leave the room. She stood stock-still, staring helplessly. Sir Jervis looked round at his sister, and I followed his example. Miss Redwood was observing the housekeeper too attentively to notice anything else; her brother was obliged to speak to her. 'Try Rook with the bell,' he said. Miss Redwood took a fine old bronze hand-bell from the table at her side and rang it. At the shrill silvery sound of the bell Mrs. Rook put her hand to her head as if the ringing had hurt her, turned instantly, and left us. 'Nobody can manage Rook but my sister,' Sir Jervis explained; 'Rook is crazy.' Miss Redwood differed with him. 'No!' she said. Only one word, but there were volumes of contradiction in it. Sir Jervis looked at me slyly, meaning, perhaps, that he thought his sister crazy too. The dinner was brought in at the same moment, and my attention was diverted to Mrs. Rook's husband."

"What was he like?" Emily asked.

"I really can't tell you. he was one of those essentially commonplace persons whom one never looks at a second time. His dress was shabby, his head was bald, and his hands shook when he waited on us at table—and that is all I remember. Sir Jervis and I fed on salt fish, mutton, and beer. Miss Redwood had cold broth, with a wine-glassful of rum poured into it by Mr. Rook. 'She's got no stomach,' her brother informed me; 'hot things come up again ten minutes after they have gone down her throat; she lives on that beastly mixture, and calls it broth-grog!' Miss Redwood sipped her elixir of life, and occasionally looked at me with an appearance of interest which I was at a loss to understand. Dinner being over, she rang her antique bell. The shabby old man-servant answered her call. 'Where's your wife?' she inquired. 'Ill, ma'am.' She took Mr. Rook's arm to go out, and stopped as she passed me. 'Come to my room, if you please, sir, to-morrow at two o'clock,' she said. Sir Jervis explained again: 'She's all right in the morning' (he invariably called his sister 'she'), 'and gets patched up toward the afternoon of the day. Death has forgotten her—that's about the truth of it.' He lit his pipe, and pointed over the hieroglyphics found among the early cities of Yucatan. I lit my pipe, and read the dullest book I could find in the dining-room—a dreadful record of shipwrecks and disasters at sea. When the room was full of tobacco smoke we fell asleep in our chairs, and when we woke again we got up and went to bed. There is the true story of my first evening at Sir Jervis Redwood's house."

Emily begged him to go on. "You have interested me in Miss Redwood," she said. "You kept your appointment, of course?"

"I kept my appointment in no very pleasant humor. Encouraged by my favorable report of the illustrations which he had submitted to my judgment, Sir Jervis proposed to make me useful to him in a new capacity. 'You have nothing particular to do,' he said. 'Suppose you clean my pictures?' I gave him one of my black looks, and made no other reply. My interview with his sister tried my powers of self-command in another way. Miss Redwood declared her purpose in sending for me the moment I entered her room. Without any preliminary remarks—speaking slowly and emphatically, in a wonderfully strong voice for a woman of her age—she said: 'I have a favor to ask of you, sir. I want you to tell me what Mrs. Rook has done.' I was so staggered that I stared at her like a fool. She went on: 'I suspected Mrs. Rook, sir, of having guilty remembrances on her conscience, before she had been a week in our service.' Can you imagine my astonishment when I found that Miss Redwood's view of Mrs. Rook was my view? Finding that I still said nothing, the old lady entered into details: 'We arranged, sir' (she persisted in calling me 'sir,' with the formal politeness of the old school)—'we arranged, sir, that Mrs. Rook and her husband should occupy the bedroom next to mine, so that I might have her near me in case of my being taken ill in the night. She looked at the door between the two rooms—suspicious! She asked if there was any objection to her changing to another room—suspicious! She (or her husband) stuffed an old handkerchief into the key-hole, fearing, no doubt, that I might listen or peep—suspicious! suspicious! Pray take a seat, sir, and tell me which Mrs. Rook is guilty of—theft or murder?'"

"What a dreadful old woman!" Emily exclaimed. "How did you answer her?"

"I told her, with perfect truth, that I knew nothing of Mrs. Rook's secrets. Miss Redwood's humor took a satirical turn. 'Allow me to ask, sir, whether your eyes were shut when our housekeeper found herself unexpectedly in your presence?' I referred the old lady to her brother's opinion. 'Sir Jervis believes Mrs. Rook to be crazy,' I reminded her. 'Do you refuse to trust me, sir?' 'I have no information to give you, madam.' She waved her skinny old hand in the direction of the door. I made my bow, and retired. She called me back. 'Old women used to be prophets, sir, in the by-gone time,' she said. 'I will venture on a prediction. You will be the means of depriving us of the services of Mr. and Mrs. Rook. If you will be so good as to stay here a day or two longer, you will hear that those two people have given us notice to quit. It will be her doing, mind—he is a mere cipher. I wish you good morning.' Will you believe me, when I tell you that the prophecy was fulfilled?"

"Do you mean that they actually left the house?"

"They would certainly have left the house," Alban answered, "if Sir Jervis had not insisted on receiving the customary month's warning. He asserted his resolution by locking up the old husband in the pantry. His sister's suspicions never entered his head; the housekeeper's conduct (he said) simply proved that she was, what he had always considered her to be, crazy. 'A capital servant, in spite of that drawback,' he remarked; 'and, you will see, I shall bring her to her senses.' The impression produced on me was naturally of a very different kind. While I was still uncertain how to entrap Mrs. Rook into confirming my suspicions, she herself had saved me the trouble. She had placed her own guilty interpretation on my appearance in the house: I had driven her away!"

Emily remained true to her resolution not to let her curiosity embarrass Alban again. But the unexpressed question was in her thoughts—"Of what guilt does he suspect Mrs. Rook? And, when he first felt his suspicions, was my father in his mind?"

Alban proceeded:

"I had only to consider next whether I could hope to make my further discoveries if I continued to be Sir Jervis's guest. The object of my journey had been gained, and I had no desire to be employed as picture-cleaner. Miss Redwood assisted me in arriving at a decision. I was sent for to speak to her again. The success of her prophecy had raised her spirits. She asked, with ironical humility, if I proposed to honor them by still remaining their guest after the disturbance that I had provoked. I answered that I proposed to leave by the first train the next morning. 'Will it be convenient for you to travel to some place at a good distance from this part of the world?' she asked. I had my own reasons for going to London, and said so. 'Will you mention that to my brother this evening, just before we sit down to dinner?' she continued. 'And will you tell him plainly that you have no intention of returning to the north? I shall make use of Mrs. Rook's arm as usual, to help me down-stairs, and I will take care that she hears what you say. Without venturing on another prophecy, I will only hint to you that I have my own idea of what will happen, and I should like you to see for yourself, sir, whether my anticipations are realized.' Need I tell you that this strange old woman proved to be right once more? Mr. Rook was released; Mrs. Rook made humble apologies, and laid the whole blame on her husband's temper; and Sir Jervis bade me remark that his method had succeeded in bringing the housekeeper to her senses. Such were the results produced by the announcement of my departure for London, purposely made in Mrs. Rook's hearing. Do you agree with me that my journey to Northumberland has not been taken in vain?"

Once more Emily felt the necessity of controlling herself.

Alban had said that he had "reasons of his own for going to London." Could she venture to ask him what those reasons were? She could only persist in restraining her curiosity, and console herself that he would have mentioned his motive if he had been (as she had at one time supposed) concerned with herself. It was a wise decision. No earthly consideration would have induced Alban to answer her if she had put the question to him.

All doubt of the correctness of his own first impression was now at an end; he was convinced that Mrs. Rook had been an accomplice in the crime committed in 1877 at the village inn. His object in travelling to London was to consult the newspaper narrative of the murder. He too had been one of the readers at the Museum—had examined the back numbers of the newspaper—and had arrived at the conclusion that Emily's father had been the victim of the crime. Unless he found means to prevent it, her course of reading would take her from the year 1876 to the year 1877, and under that date she would see the fatal report heading the top of a column, and printed in conspicuous type.

In the mean while Emily had broken the silence, before it could lead to embarrassing results, by asking if Alban had seen Mrs. Rook again on the morning when he left Sir Jervis's house.

"I saw nobody," Alban replied, "but Sir Jervis himself. He still held to his idea of having his pictures cleaned for nothing. 'If you can't do it yourself,' he said, 'couldn't you teach my secretary?' He described the lady whom he has engaged in your place as 'a nasty middle-aged woman, with a perpetual cold in her head.' At the same time (he remarked) he was a friend to the women, 'because he got them cheap.' I declined to teach the unfortunate secretary the art of picture-cleaning. Finding me determined, Sir Jervis was quite ready to say good-by. But he made use of me to the last. He employed me as postman, and saved a stamp. The letter addressed to you arrived at breakfast-time. Sir Jervis said, 'You're going to London; suppose you take it with you?'"

"Did he tell you that there was a letter of his own inclosed in the envelope?"

"No. When he gave me the envelope it was already sealed."

Emily at once handed to him Sir Jervis's letter. "That will tell you who employs me at the Museum, and what my work is," she said.

He looked through the letter, and at once offered—eagerly offered—to help her.

"I have been a student in the reading-room at intervals for years past," he said. "Let me assist you and I shall have something to do in my holiday-time." He was so anxious to be of use that he interrupted her before she could thank him. "Let us take alternate years," he suggested. "Did you not tell me you were searching the newspapers published in eighteen hundred and twenty-six?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I will take the next year, you will take the year after, and so on."

"You are very kind," she answered, "but I should like to propose an improvement on your plan."

"What improvement?" he asked, rather sharply.

"If you will leave the five years from 'seventy-seven to 'eighty-one entirely to me," she resumed, "and take the next five years, reckoning backward from 'seventy-six, you will help me to better purpose. Sir Jervis expects me to look for reports of Central American explorations through the newspapers of the last forty years, and I have taken the liberty of limiting the heavy task imposed on me. When I report my progress to my employer I should like to say that I have got through ten years of the examination, instead of five. Do you see any objection to the arrangement I propose?"

He proved to be obstinate—incomprehensibly obstinate.

"Let us try my plan to begin with," he insisted. "While you are looking through 'seventy-six, let me be at work on 'seventy-seven. If you still prefer your own arrangement after that, I will follow your suggestion with pleasure. Is it agreed?"

Her acute perception—enlightened by his tone as well as by his words—detected something under the surface already.

"It isn't agreed until I understand you a little better," she quietly replied. "I fancy you have some object of your own in view."

She spoke with her usual directness of look and manner. He was evidently disconcerted. "What makes you think so?" he asked.

"My own experience of myself makes me think so," she answered. "If *I* had some object to gain, I should persist in carrying it out—like you."

"Does that mean, Miss Emily, that you refuse to give way?"

"No, Mr. Morris. I have made myself disagreeable, but I know when to stop. I trust you, and submit."

If he had been less deeply interested in the accomplishment of his merciful design, he might have viewed Emily's sudden submission with some distrust. As it was, his eagerness to prevent her from discovering the narrative of the murder hurried him into an act of indiscretion. He made an excuse to leave her immediately, in the fear that she might change her mind.

"I have inexcusably prolonged my visit," he said. "If I presume on your kindness in this way, how can I hope that you will receive me again? We meet to-morrow in the reading-room."

He hastened away, as if he was afraid to let her say a word in reply.

Emily reflected.

"Is there something he doesn't want me to see in the news of the year 'seventy-seven?" The one explanation which suggested itself to her mind assumed that form of expression. Her excitable temperament, always impatient of delay, urged her to discover the speediest means of setting even a momentary doubt at rest. She went to the Museum the next morning resolved to search the very volume which it had been Alban's special anxiety to prevent her from examining.

For two days they pursued their task together,

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1406.

seated at opposite desks. On the third day Emily was absent.

Was she ill?

She was at a library in the City, consulting the file of the *Times* for the year 1877.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARCH.

Two flowers out of one stem do grow,
Two flowers, both wholly sweet;
The rain may fall, the winds may blow,
They sigh, and sway, and meet.
Ah! Love's flower is most sweet.

March winds blow east and they blow west,
March winds they toss and chafe;
But close against my beating breast
Love's lily-flower grows safe—
Love's lily-flower grows safe.

The drifting clouds of March hang low,
The clouds hang low and sad;
Love's flower has constant sunshine, so
It's March is always glad:
Love's flower is always glad.

Blow, stormy March, blow hot or cold,
Blow from the east or west,
In storms Love's wings the closer fold
To hide within my breast.
Ah! Love in storms is best.

If Love with sunshine go away
Or for his freedom sigh,
What, then, poor heart? Ah, well-a-day!
My lily flower must die:
My Love, my Life must die.

FLOODS AND FORESTS.

It is not a matter of theory, but of demonstrated fact, that forests are the conservators of the water supply, acting, in effect, as does the bulk-head of a dam. In truth, however, the forests are more than bulk-heads; they are a whole board of public works acting to provide for the storage, maintenance, and proper distribution of an adequate supply of water for the entire surface of the earth. Agriculture, commerce, and health wait on the preservation of the forests; famine, pestilence, flood, and drought wait on their destruction.

All of this has been demonstrated in the Old World, which, having spent centuries in the destruction of its forests, is now anxiously guarding what remains, and vigorously replacing a portion of what has been taken away. In Germany, it is not too much to say, *every* individual tree has an official existence. Wood necessary for fuel or building purposes is supplied in abundance, but not until provision for an equal supply has been made by planting on reserve ground a number of trees, at the least equal in number to those cut down. By this judicious management several desirable results are brought about. The wood supply of Germany is greater than for centuries past, forest acreage is greater, available tillable land is constantly increasing in both value and quantity, floods in spring and droughts in summer are of marked infrequency, and climate is more stable and salubrious.

In France, where the rivers Rhone, Saône, and Durance, particularly the latter, had annually for nearly two centuries caused great destruction by flood, an experiment was tried. It was asserted that the cutting away of the forests had not only caused floods, but what was even worse, had resulted in the carrying away of the rich surface soil of the hill-sides, thus giving over to starvation thousands of farmers, who could not coax crops from land once fruitful. In the Haute and Basse Alps, where the Durance and its main tributaries rise, the most wanton destruction of forests had taken place. The Durance, a sickly stream in summer, was a fearful, roaring torrent in spring. Farming land all about it was of little value. In 1860 the first steps were taken; the mountains were generously replanted with trees. In 1875 the disastrous floods in the south of France occurred. Theretofore the Durance had been the most dangerous of the tributaries of the Rhone; that year it flowed placidly on its way. It had already become a river in summer, and was no longer a torrent in the spring. The experiment was successful.

Two states of Europe are belated in the matter of forest preservation, and the results are plainly to be seen. In Russia, selecting one example, the Volga is so scantily supplied with water as to have decreased alarmingly in volume. The Caspian Sea has, in consequence, had its level materially decreased. The Russian government is doing something, but not much, to preserve its forests, which are proportionately more necessary to Russia than to any other country of Europe. Spain is even more derelict than Russia, and one writer on the subject does not hesitate to say that Spain's sad political condition is due to her neglect of her forests.

In the face of this and a vast deal more testimony the destruction of forests goes on unabated in this country. The Hudson feels it, the Delaware feels it, the Ohio feels it, and the Mississippi, the Missouri, and what river does not feel it?

But even if the necessity for the preservation of forests were purely theoretical, it is so logical a theory that it ought to be given a trial. Rain falling on a forest trickles by way of leaves, twigs, branches, and trunks down into the soil among the roots, and finds its way to the natural underground reservoirs which supply the springs, which in their turn supply the little streams. Rain falling on the bare side of a hill flows immediately off, and as it increases as it goes, finally is strong enough to carry away some of the rich surface soil. Then the spring or winter floods carry off the water intended to be stored for the summer's use. Then, again, rain always falls more frequently over forests than over uncovered land, partly because the greater coolness of the forest tends to the condensation of passing clouds, and partly because the already charged clouds are attracted by the lofty trees. When rain has fallen on a forest, from one-half to one-third of the water is held by the leaves, and is given off again by evaporation, thus producing clouds which will soon give up the moisture again. At the same time, the water which reaches the earth is not retaken by the heat, but sinks into the ground. Finally, temperature is more equable in the forest than in the open, and consequently tracts of forest land exercise a tranquillizing influence to a great distance about them.

Another and sufficient reason for the preservation and regulation of forests is found in the fact that the wood supply of a country depends thereupon. By a proper system of replanting, the details of which several European states have carefully worked out, a plentiful supply of wood is compatible with forest preservation. Here is a sort of protection—self-protection—which the governing power of a nation may well interest itself in.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

FILTERS.

FILTERS are essentially of two kinds. In one, the process is mechanical, as in forcing a fluid through sand or sawdust in order to fit it for manufacturing processes, as water for steam boilers, or in rendering the wort for beer limpid.

The other is both a mechanical and a chemical process; it is what is necessary, but what is seldom properly accomplished, in a filter which professes to give us pure drinking-water. It is with this combined filtration and aeration of water for potable uses that we are concerned.

For purifying water on a large scale very expensive apparatus has been employed, especially in France. In one case, described in Dupasquier's elaborate work, an apparatus costing a million dollars was made to yield seventy thousand gallons of filtered Seine water daily. This, of course, was but a drop in the bucket toward the needs of Paris. Filtration on the large scale has in fact proved, thus far, too costly a process for the water supply of cities. Much is promised, indeed, by the new filter, an American invention, of which the essential principle is the frequent removal of the top of the filtering layer, and its consequent cleansing from impurities as fast as they are deposited from the water.

With filters on the small scale we may all be more or less concerned. For these sand and gravel are the best materials. Why are they the best? To answer this question let us consider a moment what filtration is, in what its purifying virtues consist.

In the first place, filtration involves *straining*, the mechanical detention and separation of such particles as can not pass through the interstices of the filter. This is what the apothecary does when he passes a solution through a filtering paper.

But this straining is not the whole of the filtration which we are considering. The really purifying filtration of water means much more than straining. It means the minute subdivision of the water, in the form of a thin film, and its exposure, in this finely divided state, to the oxygen of the air that is entangled in the minute interstices of the filter; the consequent oxygenating of the organic impurities that the water contains, and their transformation from noxious organic substances into harmless inorganic substances. This is oxidizing filtration; it is, in fact, a burning up of the impurities in solution. But the burning is done in water instead of in fire, and slowly instead of swiftly. And this oxidizing or aerating filtration can never be done rapidly.

We can now see why sand, because it divides the contained water so minutely, is a good substance for a filter. A [illegible] yard of sand contains a certain number of particles of a given fineness; the area of the surfaces of these particles amounts to about twenty-five hundred square yards. Suppose that this cube of twenty-seven square feet can hold one half its bulk in water; this would require each cubic foot of water to be diffused over a surface of about seventeen hundred square feet, making a film of but [illegible] of an inch in thickness. In this way the water is oxygenated, and this alone is true chemical filtration.

How shall we construct our filters for domestic use? On the larger scale, as for imperfectly purified tank water, begin the filtering bed with layers of gravel, each six inches thick. The gravel of the bottom layer should be the size of walnuts; of the next, the size of beans; the third, of pease; the fourth, of buckshot; top off with a layer of sand six inches deep. The sand should be changed frequently, as it soon becomes foul with the residual matter, and the whole bed remade every year or two, according to the amount of the service it is made to perform.

Now as to filters for domestic use, most of those offered are frauds; either they are mere strainers, and not filters at all in the sense explained, or they are otherwise so badly constructed as to be worthless. Agents carry around these wretched contrivances. They screw them to the faucets in the kitchen, and the water flows through them as fast as it enters. That delights the innocent housekeeper, and she pays an exorbitant price for the thing because it "filters" so rapidly. The fact is that it does not filter at all; it does nothing more than strain the water. The rapid filtration of drinking-water is an impossibility, as I have shown.

More than this, most of these machines can not even be opened and cleaned—the very first requisite of a rational filter.

I once saw the young mistress of a house confronted by one of these voluble agents. He had a spherical copper globe, four inches in diameter, which he called a filter. He screwed it to the faucet; he turned on the Croton water; it passed through in a full stream, like his own conversation. It was impossible to open, examine, or clean this mysterious hollow sphere, in which were inclosed, he said, powdered quartz, fine charcoal, and other filtering substances of great virtue. Any one who had any knowledge of the subject could see that the filter was useless. But the agent was voluble and eloquent; the foul Croton water poured through the hollow ball, and came out a little cleaner—just as much cleaner as it would be made by straining it through a linen towel. The filter was bought, in spite of marital remonstrances, at a price perhaps four times the cost of manufacture, and it was triumphantly affixed to the faucet by the mistress of the house. The natural consequences followed. The closed cavity of the ball retained the grosser impurities of the water. Such filtering substances as were sealed up in it soon lost their little power to purify, and began to putrefy instead. In a fortnight worms and maggots were crawling out of that inexpressible filter. The thing was hastily retired from service from that day forward, and the young wife, presumably wiser than she was, has never since that day even mentioned the subject of the favorite filter.

The practical points are: to use no filter of which every nook and corner is not easily accessible; to avoid filters in which substances that readily breed animal life are used; and never even to look at any filter, like the one just described, which lets the water run through in a full stream. So much in the way of caution. Here are some positive points. Silicated carbon is a substance which will not breed animal life in a filter; spongy iron is another; and the so-called *carbon block* filter is a good one, so far as this point is concerned.

But better than the toy filters which are generally offered to us is the simple and effective contrivance which is frequently used in France. It is constructed as follows: A two-gallon stone jar, rather tall and narrow, makes the best container. A keg of about equal size will answer as well, if it is kept constantly in use, so that the taste of the wood shall not get into the water. Put in a tin stop-cock within an inch of the bottom, and a little above this an earthenware plate pierced with small holes like a sieve. The conical shape of the jar or barrel will keep this in place if it is properly fitted. Upon this the filtering substances are laid. First, clean, dry, coarse sand, or clean, dry, small flint pebbles, to the depth of one inch; then a layer of sand of medium fineness an inch and a half thick; then a half inch layer of charcoal, broken up into small lumps; and then an inch layer of fine sand. The whole will settle together into a layer some three inches thick. Top off with pebbles as large as an egg, to prevent the water, when poured in, from displacing the filtering substances below. The whole apparatus should be snugly covered; and two or three times a year the charcoal should be changed, and the sand and pebbles thoroughly washed and dried in the sunlight. This apparatus will supply a household of ten or a dozen people with all the pure water they need. It is a practical contrivance worthy of the excellent housekeepers who use it, and it is one that can be made to order without much difficulty. As to the American full-stream filters, like that of our young housekeeper already described, it might do for a shot sieve, or a hatchway grating, or a coal screen, or a fire-board grate; but it will not give you pure water for drinking.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

TWIRLING PLANTS.

CABBAGES are not the silly things that most people suppose them to be. At any rate Dr. Darwin, in his work on plants, puts us on our guard against the risks we run by supercilious depreciation of even our humblest vegetables. The trodden worm, we all know, will turn, though it does not gain much good by doing so; and the long-suffering cabbage and the lily-hearted parsnip may some day, when we are least expecting it, join the headstrong onion and furious horse-radish in a general assault upon the human race. The horrors of a vegetable revolt can hardly be over-estimated. A cart-load of determined carrots would be a serious assailant, and the police would have a troublesome task of it to rescue a bystander if he were beset by a barrowful of mangel-wurzels.

Now is such a catastrophe as an insurrection in our nursery-gardens beyond the possibilities of botanical science; for if Dr. Darwin is correct—and he is seldom wrong—there is no knowing what plants may do in time.

We know already that vegetables are by no means the "inanimate" things we have hitherto thought them, and that they indulge in a great variety of movements which are regulated, not by any blind laws, but by the impulse or sensation of the moment. If the sun be let in suddenly upon their roots, they shrink away from it; if they are tickled with a feather, they giggle; if touched with caustic, they jerk from side to side. Take the liberty of handling some of their leaves, and they at once shut up; irritate others, and they become greatly excited. All these movements, we are told, are modifications of the great principle of "circular nutation," and further modifications may be gradually acquired by natural selection. The "circular nutation" is a capacity for spiral motion, which it has been discovered all parts of plants possess, and which they are perpetually exercising, from the sprouting of the seed to the maturity of the tree; and circumstances might easily occur to aggravate this normal revolving movement. Turnips, for instance, might suddenly take to whirling themselves round and round, so that it would be impossible to grow them on sloping ground, as their violent revolutions would soon twist them out of the earth, and the whole fieldful of roots would come rolling down hill together, or an avenue of trees might nutate so outrageously that it would be dangerous to pass under them while their roots, all working together like so many infuriated corkscrews underground, would keep our roadways in perpetual commotion.

Even as it is, the amount of vegetable movement which is constantly going on around us is almost too prodigious for complacent contemplation. No sooner does the seed sprout than the little radicle, or rootlet, begins to twist itself round and round, making an animated gimlet of itself to bore a hole in the earth. Having pierced the surface, it still continues to work its way down in ovals, gradually getting deeper and thicker and stronger. Long before this the stem also has sprouted from the seed, and it too has begun to gyrate, working its way up into the air by a series of ellipses, jerk by jerk, and every leaf it throws out, and each part of every leaf as it appears, commences at once in the same way to rotate. As a matter of fact, therefore, the earth on all sides of us is filled with roots that are continually screwing themselves through the soil, while all the branches overhead, and all the twigs upon the branches, and all the leaves upon the twigs are forever describing little circles as they grow. Why they do it no one knows, not even Dr. Darwin; but he describes the process of movement as being caused by the unequal expansion of the cells on the one side of the part affected or the other, causing "a minute earthquake" in the plant.

In climbing plants it manifestly helps the creeping parts immensely, while in others it gives every side of the leaf a fair share of all the different conditions of the surrounding atmosphere. That the roots benefit by this spiral method of progression it is hardly necessary to say, or else we might wonder at carpenters for using a gimlet or at ourselves for buying corkscrews. But there is another side to this habit of plants, and that is the relation which "circular" nutation bears to the voluntary movements of animals. When light strikes the side of a plant, or light changes into darkness, or when gravitation acts on a displaced part, the plant is at once enabled to move either to or from the exciting cause, just as suits its welfare best; and when night comes on, the vegetables go to sleep.

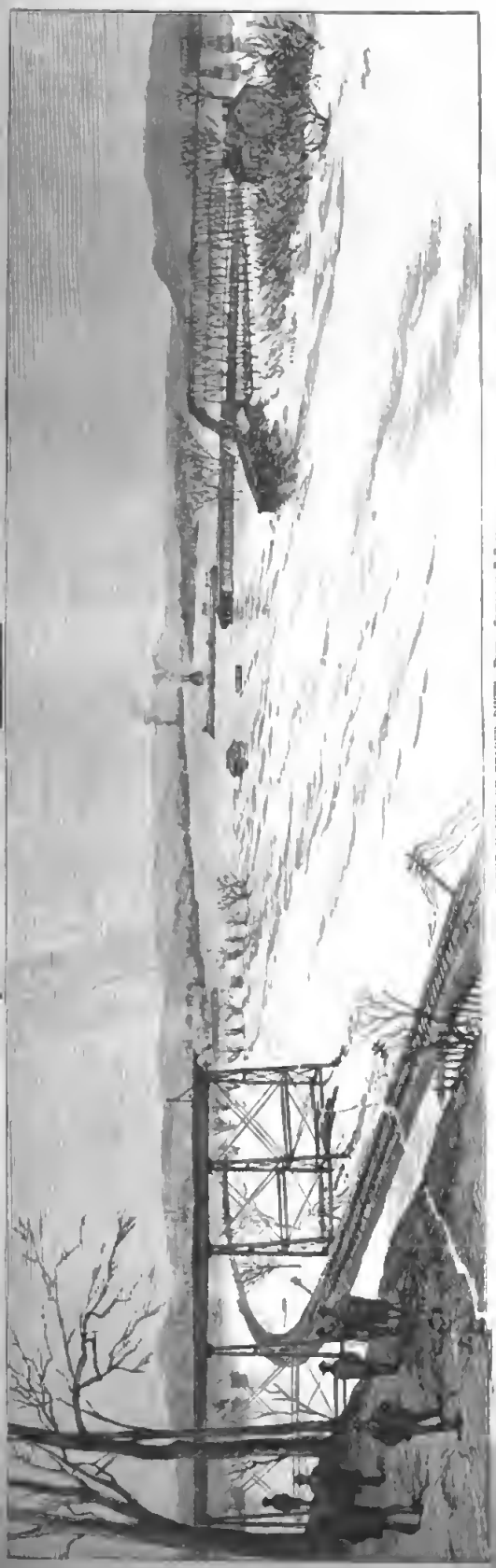
This is no figure of speech, for the sleep of plants is a very real thing indeed, amounting in many cases to a temporary suspension of all activity and the enjoyment of complete repose. They tuck their leaves round their stem, bend down their heads, and go fast asleep.

It is not, however, during their sleep that the vegetables of our fields and gardens resemble the lower orders of animals most closely, but during their waking hours, and Dr. Darwin's experiments have gone far to assure me that the plant has a brain. Its brain, curiously enough, is in the tip of its root; but the position of that important organ matters little so long as it performs its functions properly. And nothing could exceed the admirable punctuality and precision of the brain-tip in the roots of plants. If it be pressed or wounded, it immediately transmits an influence to the parts above it, which at once begin to move this way or that; and more than this, it can distinguish between a hard substance pressing it on one side and a softer one on the other, for it immediately warns the rest of the root to keep to the softer side.

The whole prosperity of the plant, in fact, depends upon the sagacity and vigilance of the brain-tip pioneer tip, and all the larger portions obey with punctual exactness the directions telegraphed to them from this extremity. It pushes its way, corkscrewing as it goes through the soil, and keeps on calling out, as it were, to the rest of the root to tell it which way to turn for most moisture, and which way for most light. "Look out," it cries, "for a big stone on the left," and the root looks out accordingly; or again the filament as it comes up the trembling radicle that a slug is eating the tip off, and the plant at once sends down another brain feeler to replace the leader that is being consumed. What curious difference is there in this behavior to that of the lower animals, the curious creatures of sea life, which are hardly one thing or the other, and where are we to draw the line of vegetable possibilities? Already we have carnivorous plants, which content themselves with insects; but suppose the taste spreads, and the man-eating trees are developed "by natural selection"?

It would be dangerous then to walk alone in a shrubbery of robust plants, and he would be a very bold man indeed who ventured without weapons into Epping Forest. We have all heard children speak of the trees which seemed to them, especially in the night, to wave their arms about in a threatening manner in front of the house, and to look mockingly at them through upper-story windows; but if the worst that is now threatened really befalls, we shall have to keep our windows strongly barred to prevent the poplars from coming into the nursery, and lock the garden gate at night to stop the ravening laurels from getting out into the streets.

With the same amount of intelligence that the root tip now possesses diffused in an equal or it may be in a greater degree over the whole plant, we shall require no microscope and none of the smoked glass diagrams which Dr. Darwin employed to observe and record their motions; for the botanical world will be in constant and manifest tumult, our gooseberry bushes struggling with each other, and our cabbages at open fisticuffs; a horsewhip or a bludgeon will be among the gardener's ordinary tools, and little children will never be allowed to go near any of the unchained plants. The intelligent turnip, when it sees the cook coming, will pull itself out of the ground and bolt off the premises, and carrots will require as much catching as larks.



WRECK OF BRIDGES AT THE MOUTH OF BEAVER RIVER.—From a Sketch by E. Bate.

THE WRECKAGE AT WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA.—From a Sketch by J. A. Fath.

THE WESTERN FLOODS.—[See Page 139.]

WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.—DRAWN BY TAYLOR AND MEEKER.—[SEE PAGE 139.]

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RUSSIAN GYPSIES.

Some of the gypsy women whom we saw in Moscow were evidently Russian, with more Slav than Zingane blood in their veins, while some are dark as Abyssinians, while all indulge freely in chains and jewelry, with bunches and sprays of roses and camellias, like their sisters in Spain, behind the right ear. Two men led with guitars, and the mandolins were also used. Some of their songs in gypsy language recalled, and were even essentially, the Gitana songs of Seville or the Havana; some were in Russian words, but with a character quite their own. One handsome woman, with black wavy hair parted slightly on one side, flashing eyes, and glistening white teeth, no longer young, but attractive in her intensity of sentiment and expression, sings to her guitar in a tenor voice, the lower notes of which are replete with the saddest memories. As she sighs out her love grief for one who never came, though she waited in the pitiless storm to meet him, she reminds me irresistibly of Doerble and Pasca. This is no feigning; this is no paid musician. Here is a genius breaking her heart, and sobbing out her swan-song oblivious of the mute crowd of men, whose scoffs and satire are silent in their absorbed admiration of her adorable art. Flowers are torn out of button-holes, bonbons are caused from the table, and cast at her feet, while she stands up dignified to acknowledge with a majestic bow the ovation proffered.

Our host most judiciously slashes on the strained nerves by calling upon Olga for a dance. Olga—whose eyes, and lithe figure dressed in a blue clinging silk, are all she has of beauty, for her mouth is too large, and her nose too long—protests to be shy. She can not dance. However, no refusal is accepted, and guitars and voices break out in a gypsy breakdown. Olga, spreading out her arms and fingers like a nautch girl, floats round the limited space assigned to her with a little scream, and her eyes turned up in ecstasy, and gradually works herself up, until, from her head downward, she is in motion. Her comrades urge her on, her audience applauds, till, with a muscular flutter which approaches tetanus, her shoulders and arms are quivering with spasmodic excitement. Short sharp cries, in harmony with the rapid music, issue from her lips, her face lights up with ecstatic joy. Suddenly she breaks off, the music ceases, and Olga reseats herself as if she had done nothing more laborious than take a cup of tea, or ask for the glass of champagne which our host pours out for her. Another girl dashed into the circle, and emulated the first in breakdown steps and rolling of the eyes; but her power of muscular quiverings was nothing like that displayed by the phenomenal Olga, who accordingly retained the honors of the evening. A beautiful duet followed this, sung by Doerble-Pasca with responsive murmurs from a fair-haired Russian girl; and we could have listened to more and more, as the mournful beauty of the strain had an indescribable attraction, had not mine host, certain we must have had enough of these *Bohemiennes*, driven us all off to a ball-room glittering with chandeliers and mirrors, in which a gorgeous supper table covered with silver and flowers awaited us, while the most luxurious entremets tempted appetite upon the sideboard.

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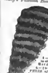
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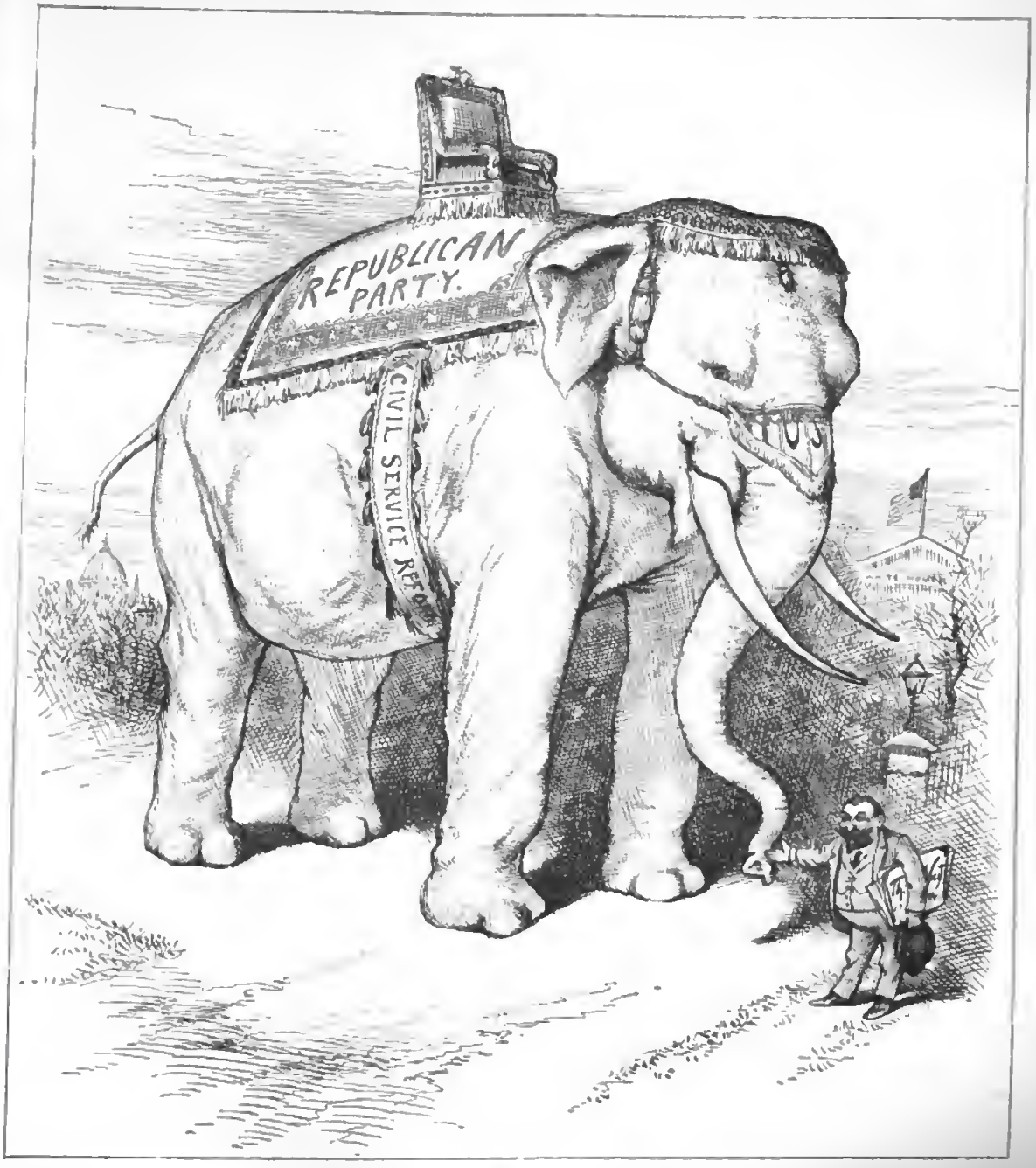

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THOMAS NAST.

The readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY *will extend a cordial welcome to* MR. THOMAS NAST *on his return to his old field of labor. They will be glad to learn that his sojourn in Europe, and his subsequent visit to the genial shores of Florida, have resulted in the complete restoration of his health, and that he re-enters the arena with renewed energy and zeal.*

It is significant that MR. NAST'S *first contribution to the* WEEKLY *in resuming his pencil should be in the cause of charity—an appeal to the hearts of his countrymen on behalf of the sufferers by the great floods and storms which have devastated the West and South. This admirable and touching picture, which must appeal forcibly to the sympathies of the whole people, is followed this week by a political cartoon, in which our readers will recognize the familiar figure of the Republican Elephant, treated in a manner at once retrospective and suggestive, recalling the principles by which the Republican Party has won the confidence of the country, and by strict adherence to which alone it can hope to retain that confidence in the future. Our readers will await with interest* MR. NAST'S *further delineations of the career of "the Sacred Elephant."*

"The most delightful of all the innocent pastimes of childhood is the perusal of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The issue for March 4 contains a delightful variety of reading matter.

"A CAT MAY LOOK AT A KING,"

is a charming bit of fun from the pen of EDWARD I. STEVENSON; LUCY C. LILLIE *entertains the little folk with an account of their pet and wonder,*

"MRS. TOM THUMB AT HOME";

ERNEST INGERSOLL *contributes two fresh chapters of his thrilling story, "The Ice Queen";* JAMES PAYN *adds to his "Peril and Privation" another story of "Arctic Travel";* EBEN E. REXFORD *relates "A Brave Deed: A Story of the Indian Troubles in Minnesota"; and* VICTOR SHERLEY *sets little fingers to work by telling their owners "How to Make Plaster Casts."*

The art work of this number is especially attractive, and includes drawings by FREDERICK S. CHURCH, T. DE THULSTRUP, *and other well-known artists. "They told us Spring was Coming," and* "A MARCH WIND," *are the titles of two beautiful engravings which adorn the eighth and ninth pages.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $1 50 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.*

REPUBLICAN COUNSELS.

THE Republican conference in New York following the dinner in Brooklyn is an expression of Republican opinion that the success of the party in the Presidential election of this year requires the nomination of a candidate who will command the support of independent voters, since they will unquestionably decide the election. The usual comment upon such a movement is that the President must be elected by a party, that the party is duly organized, that there can not be a party within a party, and that the only practicable way of proceeding is to follow ordinary party usage. The reply to this comment is that there is no proposition to depart from ordinary party usage. The Republicans who were represented at the conference are doing precisely what Messrs. O'BRIEN & Co. are doing. They have a very positive preference for a certain kind of candidate and for a certain party policy, and by every honorable means as Republicans within the Republican party they intend to make their preferences prevail. Messrs. O'BRIEN & Co. say, as they said in 1879 and in 1882, that the other Republicans are merely goody-goodies and canting soreheads, who will sniff and kick until election day comes, and then vote the straight ticket. The other Republicans are certainly not discomposed by hard names. They make no threats. They are wholly "regular." But they say plainly that the signs of the times and the lessons of experience can not be safely disregarded, and that unless the Republican nomination is the earnest of honest progress in reform, Republican success will be very doubtful.

Of these two Republican positions there is no question which is the sounder. It is conceded that the electoral vote of New York is most desirable, if not indispensable for success. Is it seriously contended, even by Messrs. O'BRIEN & Co., that any candidate who may be nominated by the Republican Convention will carry New York? Certainly no intelligent politician would make such an assertion. It follows, then, that there is some doubt; that a candidate might be nominated who would not command all the vote which is necessary to secure New York. The question, therefore, at once arises, what kind of candidate would be the most promising? Obviously the candidate who would provoke the least opposition, and who would unite the largest vote. This, however, could not be affirmed of any candidate who would necessarily alienate any considerable body of voters. Now it is perfectly clear that any candidate for whom the old familiar machine, of which Mr. O'BRIEN and his friends are such eminent members, should declare, would for that very reason repel a powerful and influential multitude of Republican and independent voters. And why? Because those Republicans and independents believe that the machine and its methods have betrayed the party heretofore by covering it with discredit, and so depriving it of support, and they would naturally suppose that any candidate whom the machine urges is a candidate friendly to the machine and its methods. Is that the way of success in a close election?

The friends of the machine would doubtless fall back upon their confidence that this would not be a practical difficulty if the nomination were once made. That is their constant and profound mistake. Such a view is in general true of the Democratic party, but not of the Republican. Did the goody-goodies acquiesce in 1879 at the State election? On the contrary, they did not support the head of the ticket, and their indifference and hostility defeated it so far as Republicans were concerned. Did the goody-goodies step up and vote the ticket like little men in 1882? Not by 192,000 majority. And has admiration for machine politics and purposes so increased since 1882 that in 1884 the feeling which was so effective against them two years ago may now be counted upon to sustain them? If action based upon this expectation is considered to be good politics in the councils of the machine, it is but the conclusive evidence of what wretched politicians the machine leaders are. Both in 1879 and in 1882 the blow that was struck by independent and honorable Republicans was not personal to the candidates, but to the thing that they represented. The recent impressive demonstration in Brooklyn and New York shows that the thing is not less obnoxious now than formerly. The demonstration is in effect an authoritative announcement to Republicans in other States that New York is not certain for any candidate who will not command the vote that was withheld in 1879 and in 1882. Moreover, it is not the declaration of parlor politicians, but of the most efficient body of political workers in the State, who have done quite as much to get out the Republican vote in the city of Brooklyn as ever the local machine did in the city of New York. Meanwhile, it is for every Republican, in this State and in other States, who sympathizes with the conviction and the purpose which were expressed at the conference, to take personal care that delegates of the same kind are sent to Chicago.

THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

MR. DORSHEIMER was defeated in his attempt to set a day for the consideration of his international copyright bill, although a majority supported the motion. The brief debate was very warm, and there were signs of a resolute opposition, but an opposition upon grounds which would question all copyright—a result which Mr. LEA forecasts in his little pamphlet. If the bill is to be rejected for the reasons alleged, all copyright should be denied. The natural public of an author consists of those to whom his language is native. If, therefore, it be expedient to grant him a limited copyright in order to encourage production, the grant should extend to all that public which is equally interested in the production. England and America, from the point of view of expediency, have a common interest in stimulating literary production. Upon the constitutional theory of copyright as a bounty to the author, to deny it to the English author, in order to supply his works to American readers cheaply and without compensation to him, is, upon that theory, to spend the capital, to kill the bird that lays the egg.

If there be a publishers' opposition in Washington to the DORSHEIMER bill, it is furtive, and seems to fear the light. Many of the leading and well known publishers have already declared their position upon the subject in their signatures to the circular favoring what is known as the HARPER treaty. Some of them have explained that they signed it, as the authors signed their circular, not as an ideal measure, but as the best attainable. The best friends of the DORSHEIMER bill have suggested certain amendments to that plan, and it is not to be supposed that any publishers who gave their names to the treaty proposition are opposing a bill which aims at the same general result. Neither is it to be expected that legislation which proceeds, as all copyright legislation in England and America does proceed, not upon a ground of special right, but upon considerations of public advantage, will entirely disregard the reader. For ourselves, we hold strictly to the author's right, which is practically denied by the statute of ANNE and the existing copyright laws. But we are not blind to the fact of that denial, and to the further fact that it makes the copyright question practically one of policy.

We trust, then, that any such opposition as that intimated to exist to the DORSHEIMER bill may be baffled, and that, with suitable amendments, it may be passed, to the credit of its author, and to the joint benefit of English writers and American readers. But it seems to us that the result of the debate will show a treaty to be as available a form of pressing the matter as a bill, and that no measure has been presented more careful or practical, nor any that is better adapted to the protection of foreign authors, than the HARPER treaty. It was substantially approved by the British Government, as any one may learn who will take the trouble to refer to Lord GRANVILLE'S letter on the subject, addressed to Mr. LOWELL in March, 1881. Lord GRANVILLE, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, wrote that if the United States considered that it would be desirable that the books of English authors should be manufactured in America, her Majesty's Government would agree to a stipulation to that end. Mr. DORSHEIMER is perhaps not aware that such a concession, together with the provision of six months as the period within which publication should be made, formed an essential part of the treaty which the English Government instructed its present Minister to the United States to negotiate. It would be well if Mr. DORSHEIMER'S opponents were equally to bear this fact in mind. It might have the effect on the one hand of mitigating the existing hostility to the measure, and on the other of paving the way to such amendment of the present bill as seems to be required to insure its passage and general approval. We hope sincerely that the DORSHEIMER bill will serve the common interest of the authors of the two countries as effectively as we believe the treaty would have served them.

THE ADIRONDACK WOODS STILL IN PERIL.

THE Adirondack reservation must not be lost by negligence or fatigue upon the part of its advocates. The legislative opponents of the proposed rescue of the woods will quietly delay and obstruct action in the hope of wearing out public interest and patience, and they must be made to feel that the public interest in the subject is not exhausted by the vigorous expression which has been given to it. It appears that the devastation of the forests by the lumbermen has been stimulated by their apprehension of public action. "An enormous army of hardy axe-men," says Mr MERRIAM, "is now making rapid and disastrous inroads upon our ill fated forests—forests which, owing to the character of the underlying soil and rock, neither time nor money can replace." The pecuniary injury to the lumber interest he thinks of trifling moment in comparison with the urgent necessity of saving the trees. If the great wilderness, the source of so many streams, the feeder of the Erie Canal, should become a desolate waste, "we deserve, and will doubtless receive, the heart-felt curses of our children."

The bill which has been reported from the Committee on Public Lands is wholly inadequate. It authorizes the State to acquire titles only as they may lapse from non payment of taxes, and it does not stop the lumbering which is producing the mischief. Every week the mischief increases, and the evil results become more imminent. The saving of the Adirondack forests is really a great and pressing public question. The reason is simple and obvious, that they are the reservoirs of the waterways of the State. The necessity is plain. Without delay their destruction must be arrested, and the method which will most promptly arrest it is the method which should be adopted.

The bill of the Chamber of Commerce provides such a method, and for an immediate investigation and report. Doubtless for a prompt and proper settlement the authority of the State must be invoked. The apprehension that jobbery may run riot in any scheme to secure the forests will be assiduously cultivated by those who are opposed to the project. But it is no more necessary than in the matter of the Niagara reservation, and nobody suspects or charges jobbery in that scheme. The lumber interest in the Adirondacks is large, and demands a consideration which it will, of course, receive. But it must not expect to control at its pleasure the settlement of a question which is not that of an industrial interest, however worthy, but of the whole commonwealth.

FIRST REPORT OF THE NEW YORK CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

THE first thing that strikes the reader of the admirable and interesting *First Annual Report of the Civil Service Commission of the State of New York* is that now for the first time the civil service of the State has been investigated and classified, and so brought into an orderly and intelligent system. The report is a simple and satisfactory business document, narrating in general what has been done by the Commission, stating the reason of the classification and of the rules, and making several wise recommendations. The Commission very properly decided, upon the completion of the classification, to open as large a part of the service as practicable to general competition, and the line which they have drawn seems to us well chosen. Thus with certain clerical positions they have included certain places in the canal service which require similar clerkly qualifications, and to these have been added, among others, guards in prisons and teachers in reformatories and asylums.

Of course such a position as that of guard in a prison

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requires physical and moral qualities rather than attainments in education. But it is a great mistake to suppose that therefore there may not be a better selection made by an honest comparison of applicants than by the mere personal favor of a political officer. Ample guarantees of character, temper, and temperament, a severe physical examination, and a light educational test, with the subsequent probation, offer a test by which the fittest men are much surer to be selected than under the old system, and as the keepers are selected from the guards, there is great inducement for worthy men to apply. For positions demanding professional or scientific attainments mechanical skill, or executive capacity, competition is open to some objection. The best men, for instance, will not be apt to compete when failure, however unjustly, may seem to imply professional incompetency. With sound discretion, therefore, the Commission leave to the appointing officer a choice of methods for filling such places, whether by competition, limited competition, or non competition. But in every case appointment can only follow a certificate of qualification from the Commission. The power of promotion is vested in the head of an office, and full records of efficiency and conduct are kept, and are accessible to the Commission.

We have mentioned these details as an illustration of the practical common-sense of the Commission, and of the general scheme which they have adopted. The reader sees at once from their report that they are not theoretical and visionary pedants, but sagacious men of affairs, who, with the Governor, thoroughly understand the nature of the work committed to them. The report points out the close and happy relation of the free schools to the reformed system of the public service, and to the repeated and utterly pointless sneer that it is a scheme to fill the service with college graduates and decayed clergymen, the report opposes the conclusive statistics of the New York Custom-house examinations, which show that sixty per cent of successful applicants were educated in the public schools, thirty-three per cent. in academies, and six and one-half per cent. in colleges. The recommendations of the Commission for making the reformed system mandatory in cities, and for extending its scope in the municipal service, and for selecting examiners in the State from persons not in the public service, have been urged by the Governor in a message, and bills have been accordingly introduced in the Legislature. If the action of the Republican Legislature upon the subject shall be guided by Mr. LITTLEJOHN'S theory that the reformed system and not the spoils system is a humbug and a fraud, it will do very little to help the election of a Republican President. Despite the prejudices of old politicians, there is no question upon which a clear affirmative and progressive attitude is more essential to Republican success than Civil Service Reform.

COPYRIGHT IN NEWS.

THE purpose of Mr. WATTERSON'S proposition to copyright news for a short time is fair enough so he states it—that collected news, the product of skilled labor and outlay, shall be exclusive for twenty-four hours to those who pay for it. If Mr. LOUNSBURY'S view of copyright be correct, that it extends merely to the literary form, there would be no difficulty in the way. But the essential value in news lies in the fact and not in the form, and the moment that it is published, in whatever form, the fact becomes the property of the public.

The *Herald* cites the precedent of the Stock and Gold Company, which acquired the exclusive right to use for a specified time certain financial news gathered in Europe and cabled to New York, where it was distributed to the company's customers. As soon as the reports appeared upon the authorized bulletins and tapes they were copied by the Manhattan Company. The Supreme Court enjoined the company on the ground that there was a common-law property in the news, and that there had not been such a publication as made the news public property.

But the simultaneous publication in newspapers in all parts of the country of certain pieces of news would be a publication which makes them public property, and it would be difficult, under the copyright laws, to prevent telegraphing the substance, not the form, of such news the moment that it appeared. Mr. LOUNSBURY shows that it is not the ideas and facts, but the form alone which is copyrighted. Historians, for instance, use the same material and deal with the same facts, yet BANCROFT and HILDRETH and BRYANT, all the writers who tell our story, each enjoys a separate copyright. News as published is a description of certain events. Can anything but the description be copyrighted?

AN UNEXPECTED REVOLT.

THE insurrection in the Republican County Committee simultaneously with the independent Republican conference is a very amusing and significant incident. Gentlemen who have hitherto found no difficulty in working with Mr. O'BRIEN are now actually talking of reform, and declaring that Mr. O'BRIEN'S "methods" endanger party success! The Brooklyn dinner and the independent conference did no more, and the revolt in the committee is the proof that they spoke only the truth.

The most cogent argument against Mr O'BRIEN seemed to be that if he were made an official representative of the party, many Republicans who have hitherto liberally aided the cause with money would decline to contribute further. What is that but saying that dissatisfaction with the old machine methods has become general, and that the honest sentiment of the party can no longer be safely defied?

That the opponents of Mr O'BRIEN in the committee may be really unchanged in their opinion, and that they regret the necessity of trying to throw him overboard, may be very true. But none the less their action shows their conviction that something must be done, and their consciousness that an army which shoots its leaders when they try to betray it is not an army to be trifled with.

THE HESSIANS IN THE REVOLUTION.

UNDER this title Mr. EDWARD J. LOWELL has written in the most attractive manner a chapter of American history which is practically new, but which is full of interest. The German mercenaries, as they were unfairly called—for it was not the soldiers but their princes and rulers who were mercenary—aided the British effort to subdue the colonies, as the French aided the colonists to resist.

Mr. LOWELL has consulted the copious German authorities, which are not familiar except to a few students, but a book contains all the necessary details, and he has given the clearest account of the chief movements in which the foreigners were concerned. Of these the most important was BURGOYNE'S expedition, and Mr. LOWELL gives to the story a vivid interest and charm.

A striking part of his book is the glimpse of the petty German courts whose masters sold their soldiers to the British government. These masters were wretched little tyrants, at once inhuman and contemptible, and although Mr. LOWELL does not devote much space to them, it is enough to make every reader grateful that the wars of NAPOLEON put an end to the miserable system of petty sovereignties. The book is not large, and it is a suitable addition to our best historical studies.

TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.

THE meeting to sustain the high license bill of Mr ROOSEVELT, like the previous one in favor of the bill to abolish the appointing power of the Aldermen, was a very significant indication of public opinion. It confirms what we have said of the promise of the movement. The argument that license is a recognition and regulation of vice, and therefore that there must be absolute prohibition or nothing, is one which it is easy to understand, but which it is needless to answer.

Legislation must always have strict regard to experience and to public opinion, for the vitality of laws is in public approval. There is really little question of that approval both of the high license bill and of the abolition of the Aldermen's veto upon appointments. The opposition to the latter is that of a body of politicians who live by patronage. They can command a large number of votes, but they are votes which represent obedience, not intelligence nor actual opinion.

The opposition to the high license bill is much of the same kind, except so far as it includes the absolute prohibitionists. The support of the bill comes from the great body of temperance people—a body composed of the moral intelligence of the community. The bill is supported by total abstinents, and by those who are not total abstinents. That is a test which is not asked. The object is to regulate the traffic to lessen drinks by the most practicable and effective means, as they have been proved by actual trials, and it would be unfortunate if the bill should be defeated by those who, while earnestly desiring to stay the ravages of intemperance, allow no distinction between moderation and excess.

TENNYSON AT HOME.

THE picture of TENNYSON in his library, upon another page of the WEEKLY, is very interesting. The poet is seated in a spacious library with a broad window, through which is seen a wide stretch of that English landscape which he has so often and so vividly described in lines which give to it a fresher charm. The room has an air of elegance which especially befits the poet, and his familiar face is raised with that intent and severely grave expression which recalls the Elizabethan Englishmen who look at us from the quaint ruff of RALEIGH or WALSINGHAM.

TENNYSON is now the most eminent figure in English literature, and he has written his name inefFaceably among the great English poets. His tone is so distinctively that of his time as BYRON'S or MILTON'S or the dramatists'. His verse truly mirrors his age both in the subtlety and humanity of the thought and the exquisiteness of the form, and it has given the key-note to the characteristic poetic expression of his generation. How rich it is without turgidity! how warm without sensuality! WORDSWORTH is not purer than TENNYSON, and whose melodious cadences are so enchanting?

That he should choose to be a peer as well as a poet need not trouble any lover of his poetry. The man for all time is in his verse, and that man is not changed under the colors of a nobleman. The room which is represented in this picture, like the old hall in SIDNEY'S Penshurst, will be a shrine of pilgrimage so long as it endures. For nearly sixty years the man who is now sitting there has been singing to his countrymen and to the English race. And for what ennobling strains, for what generous and lofty impulses, are they not indebted to ALFRED TENNYSON?

PERSONAL.

DR. W. A. HAMMOND is about to build a fifty-thousand-dollar house in Washington, D. C. The design will be Moorish, and the four walls will inclose a court-yard, tiled and glass-roofed, fifty feet square. He considers Washington the most eligible place of residence on the continent for a professional man of independent means, especially because of the constant presence of army and navy officers, and other agreeable gentlemen outside of the plutocracy.

—Mr. BRANDER MATTHEWS, author of the successful comedy *Margery's Lovers*, now playing in London, has the distinction of being accused of having plagiarized the plot and dialogue from a play which he never saw or heard of, which nobody in this country knows anything about, and which now turns out to have been written several years later than Mr. MATTHEWS'S play. But every successful dramatic author is sooner or later accused of plagiarism.

—The new editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, Mr ARTHUR MCLEAN, is a luminous example of the successful application of the principles of civil service reform. Ten years ago he was a reporter for the newspaper of which he has become editor in chief. His honorable promotion was won by capacity for the business of journalism and by tireless fidelity, and we expect to see the *Eagle* more prosperous than ever.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON to THOMAS CARLYLE, 1830: "Me wife and my blessed sister, dear ELIZABETH HAM—betrothed in better times to my brother CHARLES—my wife and this lovely nun do say that Mrs. CARLYLE must come hither also; that it will make her strong, and strengthen her days on the earth, and chest theirs also. Come, and make a home with me, and let us make a truth that is better than dreams. From this farm-house of mine you shall sally forth as God shall invite you, and 'lecture in the great cities.' You shall do it by proclamation of your own, or by the mediation of a committee, which will readily be found. Wife, mother, and sister shall nurse thy wife sumptuous, and you shall bring your republican barrels home as fast that she shall not sigh for the Old England. Eyes here do sparkle at the very thought. And my little placid Musketaquid River looked gayer to-day in the sun."

—It having been proposed to establish a new bishopric in England, the Bishop of Worcester expresses his opinion that the money might be better spent. It takes a good deal of cash, he says, to establish a bishopric, and in view of the small salaries received by many of the clergy, particularly in the agricultural districts, he thinks the money might be devoted to "a more useful purpose."

—The most conspicuous wreath on the coffin of the late Professor ARNOLD GUYOT was the one sent by the widow of the late Professor AGASSIZ in memory of the mutual friendship of the two great physicists.

—The post of consul at Algiers in the early days of the present century was not much coveted. The English consul to that city was often imprisoned and nearly starved, and his family turned out into the street. Once he wrote home that he was in danger of being burned to death, although "I fancy I am too lean to be roasted." On another occasion he was actually cut on pieces before the Dey.

—Professor W. W. GOODWIN, director of the American school at Athens, wants those who are to be teachers of Greek in our colleges to spend eight months in Greece in the study of Greece herself—her temples, the secret of her architecture, her battle-fields, and the sites of her famous cities—to live under the shadow of the dark Acropolis, in daily view of the stately Parthenon, and to speak modern Greek, "which differs less from the Greek of Xenophon, as regards the forms of the words, than that does from the Greek of Homer."

—From the London *Standard*: "The instincts of the Queen were not at fault, but rightly and wisely inspired her, when they led her to believe that *More Leaves from a Journal in the Highlands* would be welcomed by her people, and would serve to strengthen the bond of affection and loyalty which her private virtues, her scrupulous observance of her duty as constitutional sovereign, and her domestic sorrows had already woven between her and them."

—"I have no objection," writes a lady traveller, "to card-playing by those who can afford it, and in private, but to turn railway carriages into card-rooms is unfair to the travelling public generally, and must bring a great amount of misery on those with small incomes who indulge in the fascinating but fatal game of playing for money. I am sure many a hard-working little wife will heartily endorse my wish that gaming in railway carriages was illegal, and will say that it is cruel for any man who can afford to lose to play with a man who can not afford to lose, and whose losses fall most heavily on the wife and little ones at home."

—Referring to the death of Mr THOMAS CHENERY, the London *Times* remarks that the editor of a great journal must move and work in whatever concerns mankind for the moment, from a war to a whim, from a passing fancy or transient fashion to the greatest secular movements of humanity, from a great crime to a great catastrophe; the tragedy of life and its comedy, the victories of science and the achievements of literature, the vicissitudes of circumstances and the inexorable harvest of death—these, and much more than these, are threads in the web of which an editor's life is woven, and belong as much to his personal life as to the general history of his time.

—Mr JOHN BRIGHT has been reminding his political friends that in war the working man provides the most of the blood that is shed, and that upon him chiefly fall the poverty and misery which war occasions by the increase of taxes and the damage to industry. "Household suffrage in boroughs and counties will provide the means by which our people may defend themselves against these enormous evils."

—A noted authority on whist has been computing the value of shill at players of that game. From experiments made by matching two very skillful against two very unskillful players, and then reversing the hands and playing them over again (taking precautions to exclude playing the second time from memory), he arrives at the conclusion that, under the most favorable circumstances, power must results at whist may amount at nearly one point per rubber. But he adds that at whist clubs, where the great majority of players adhere to system, and where the personal skill of the players is above the average, the expectation on a rubber is very much less.

—Some private letters of the late M ROCHER, the friend and confidant of NAPOLEON III., are not flattering in their estimate of Prince NAPOLEON. The proper thing for him to do at the funeral of the Prince Imperial, according to M ROCHER, was to show himself on the steps of the church, with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor on his breast, and there to elicit cries of "Vive l'Empereur," even though he thereby incurred the penalty of immediate exile.

—The government cigar factory at Seville, Spain, is seven hundred feet long, and gives employment to 3500 women, 2000 of whom are in a single room, packed like sardines, and accompanied in some instances by babies not a month old, whose wailing in the stifling atmosphere interrupts the hum of conversation. The women receive fifty cents for a day's work of twelve hours, and their demeanor is not highly spoken of.

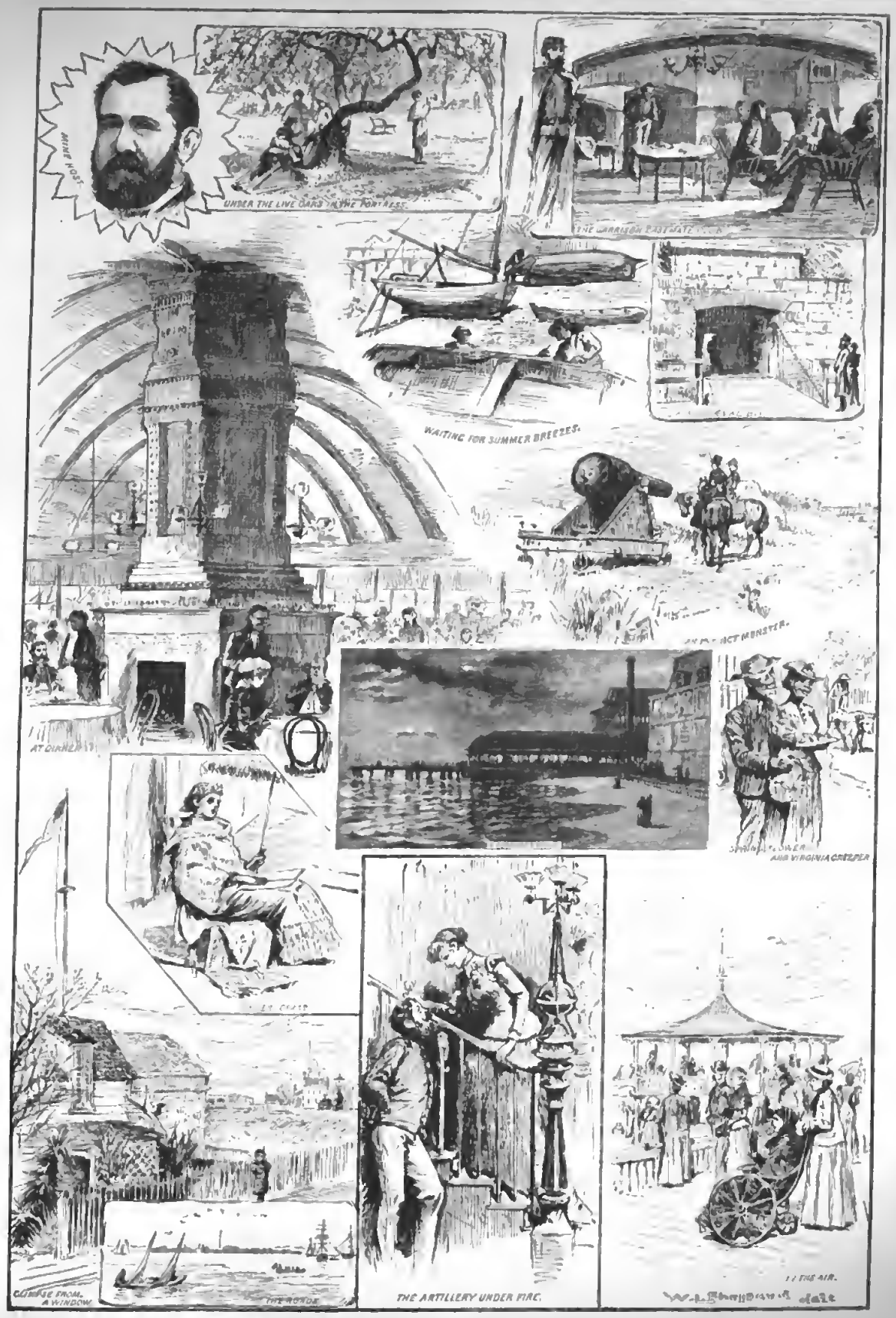
—An extraordinary action for libel was tried recently at Lincoln, England. Captain CHARLES BROOK, having lost his young wife, caused the following lines to be inscribed on a black-edged memorial card for circulation among his friends:

> "Farewell, dear husband and baby dear;
> I loved you faithful to the last;
> Cruel my mother has been of me,
> Which caused my days so short with thee.
> May the Lord have mercy on her soul,
> And change her wicked heart!"

The captain was sentenced by the court to pay one hundred dollars and costs for promulgating this opinion of his mother-in-law.

—Even the best domestic servants of to-day (observed a current essayist) are like shrubs in nursery gardens that are "shifted" periodically. They make little fibrous roots, but no tap-root. They feel, after a time, that they have exhausted the interest and the opportunities of the place they are in. Anxious to see a little more of life, they give notice with a heart made perfectly light by the consciousness that they will easily find another place at least equally pleasant, and promising for a time the charm of novelty.

BIRD'S-EYE MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN THE SOUDAN.—[See Page 134.]



WINTER SANITARIUMS—OLD POINT COMFORT.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPARD.—[SEE PAGE 159.]

THE SOUDAN

By GENERAL W. W. LORING.

That portion of Africa which lies between Korosko on the Nile, to latitude 22½° N., and Gondokoro, a military station on the White Nile, 1400 miles above Khartoum, 5° N., and between 20° and 45° E. longitude, the theatre of the "rebellion" of El Mahdi, is known to Egypt as the Soudan, although the name has been commonly applied to a larger region since the annexation of the Equatorial Basin by Ismail Pasha.

Separated from Lower Egypt by vast deserts and arid plains, now that military operations are occurring, it is well to notice the manner of reaching it. The route on the west is up the Nile from Assouan, around the great bend which borders Dongola to Abou-Hamed, Berber, and Khartoum. This route is not much used. The middle route is up the Nile to Korosko, from here the most frightful journey commences across the desert of Nubia, with but one watering-place (bitter and salt), a distance of 240 miles, by means of camels, to Abou-Hamed, then up the Nile 148 miles to Berber, and 200 from Berber by steamer to Khartoum, the capital of the Soudan, at the junction of the White and Blue Nile.

The most expeditious route is from Suez by the Red Sea, three days, to Suakin, twelve to fifteen days across an arid road, with few wells, to Berber, a distance of 300 miles. Another road into the interior is from Suakin to Cassalla, a large military station, and the second important town in the Soudan.

It is upon the great rivers, the White Nile, the Blue Nile, and Atbara, and their numerous and wide spreading branches, that are found great numbers of deltas of the richest alluvial soil, the larger portion made productive by copious rains; that which approaches Khartoum, the great centre of trade and commerce, is cultivated by irrigation through the slow process of the *shadoof* and *sackiah*. With the least cultivation the soil everywhere is productive in the date tree, cotton, doura (sorghum), wheat, sugar-cane, flax, and numerous native plants. The provinces which lie in this zone, and are populous and productive, are Kordofan, Sennaar, Dongola, Taka, and the country of Meroe and Berber, extending to Boghos and Gallibat on the frontier of Abyssinia, Darfour on the west, and the vast region of the Bahr-el-Ghazall on the south.

Anxious to bridge the deserts, and utilize this vast area of rich lands, the late Khedive projected a road of 1100 miles to penetrate into its immense resources, and, while cultivating the soil, to humanize the millions who live in idleness there. He had constructed over 200 miles of his road; it was then that this and many other grand projects of Ismail were abandoned, when English reform penetrated into Egypt, and forced this extraordinary man from his throne.

Since this event, England dictating the policy of Egypt, there has been only ruin, from the burning of Alexandria to the abandonment of the Soudan.

Those who believe in the right think that England, since her policy has always looked to the possession of Egypt, now that she is safely planted on the lower Nile, ought certainly to have had the magnanimity, while administering the one, to have thrown the broad ægis of her protecting power over the poor, miserable, and helpless people who inhabit this country, really the most oppressed and taxed of any people on the face of the earth.

They are now in revolt, and what civilized man attaches blame to them? The only regret experienced is that they are being plunged into anarchy and turbulence; and what little civilization in the last sixty years they have had beaten into them, while under a terrible despotism, will be lost in a still worse barbarism.

There are 200,000 acres cultivated in those provinces where they have rain, and in some portions, where they have not, by irrigation. Those engaged in it are permanently settled upon the soil. There are seventeen powerful tribes who from necessity lead a pastoral life, wandering according to the season of grasses, with their immense herds of camels, cattle, sheep, and goats, and depend upon the settlements for their grain.

The whole population is Mohammedan, as a rule, without knowing or giving much attention to the subject. Ignorant and superstitious, they easily become fanatical when there is plenty of plunder and very little fighting.

Khartoum, the capital, situated at the junction of the two rivers, is strongly fortified, has a few stone buildings, and miserable huts like other towns in the Soudan, with a population, it is said, now of over 50,000, mostly natives, and a few Europeans and Turks. It is to this, the capital, that El Mahdi, after overthrowing three *corps d'armée*, is now marching, and will soon enter—if the telegram is true that it is abandoned—as a triumphant conqueror.

An adventurer but a few years since, success has thrown a sort of religious sanctity around him, and has induced great numbers of savages to join him.

He has availed himself of a tradition, long since noticed in history, originating in the sect known as "the Shi-ites, which, under the Fatimite dynasty, overran Persia, and extended their sway into Egypt." They profess the belief that "Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammed, was as great if not greater than the Prophet"—a sort of impersonation of Divinity—and to this day visit his tomb in Persia instead of that at Medina.

The descendants of Ali were called "Imams" (Rectors). The twelfth Imam, named El Mahdi, the last male descendant, it was supposed did not die, but was concealed, to remain until the day of judgment, when he would appear in company with the Saviour, "who would then in his presence declare El Islam the true religion of the world."

Mohammed Ahmed is a black man with a streak of Arab blood, born at an insignificant village to the small island of Aboo, some distance up the White Nile. He professes to have been hid away where no human being could have ever discovered him, and hearing in his seclusion the story, now common among the Faithful, that the last day is near, and witnessing the general disorder around him, has no doubt thought it a good time to creep out of his hiding-place, and let the world know that the twelfth and real Imam was still living.

Should he crystallize his following into an established government at Khartoum, organize his armies, and send his emissaries into Mohammedan countries, particularly into Egypt and Arabia, to stir up the true believers, England must be prepared for still greater excitement in Egypt, and throughout North Africa, Arabia, Syria, Persia, and Turkey.

Tokar, the place recently surrendered, was a military station, and is a small watering-place, of 10,000 inhabitants, on the route to Cassalla, a large military station, and the second town in the Soudan. It is this that makes Tokar important. More than fifty miles from Suakin, it is near the village of Trinkitat, on the Red Sea.

Sinkat, the other village once so prominent, is about one hundred miles from Suakin. Guarding the wells on the route to Berber, so necessary to troops and caravans, makes it important. If the announcement is true that England intends to give up the Soudan, the march of General Graham must be partial. If Gordon had remained at Khartoum he might have extended it to Berber; it is possible he may be compelled to go there to save Gordon, should it prove true that the powerful tribe of Bishereens, heretofore friendly, are in revolt, as they cut his retreat from both Khartoum and Berber.

What could have been done by a comparatively small force a few months since will now require a large one. It is certain, however, if Graham meets any of the rabble, they will be disposed of without difficulty. It is doubtful whether they will meet the enemy; their policy is to draw him into the interior, and weary him out with desert travel.

Should England change her policy, and make this movement one to reconquer the Soudan, she can only do it by establishing stations on the different lines mentioned leading to Berber and Khartoum. As the question now stands, England narrows the circle of Egypt to Assouan. With a small force she can hold Egypt and the Canal; this secures a safe transit to the Indias, and incidentally enough of Egypt's rich lands to pay Egyptian bondholders.

No one acquainted with Egypt is disappointed that Gordon has failed; his declaration in favor of domestic slavery, which seems important to the civilized world, really there did not amount to much. Their *harem system* is but a hot-bed of slavery; every woman and servant in it is considered a slave, and no one has dared to interfere with it. It is not only a part of their interior economy, but it is their religion; to change it, it would be necessary to strike out an important law of the Prophet. They knew this, and therefore they did not value his proclamation, while he has received the odium of it at home. If Gordon had said to them, "You can go into Africa and bring to Khartoum a caravan of slaves," he might have captured the principal enthusiasts of El Mahdi; but the fact is, the rebellion has gone too far for mere words, and England must fight or withdraw into her small circle around her Canal.

THE HEART OF SAM NAYLOR.

A TALE OF THE BLACK COUNTRY.

Sam Naylor was the hero of Picardy Green. I do not know why it was called "Green." Perhaps there had been pleasant fields there once; but when Sam looked it over the long rows of blackened cottages it was covered with heaps of calcined shale and cinders. Massive brick furnaces stood in its centre, the cruel, flaring flames crawling up their sides, while from underneath trickled sluggishly the scoria used in making the black, ugly roads that intersected this acre of fire and desolation.

Its inhabitants were workers in coal and iron, and had long been regarded as a peculiarly wicked and degraded class. But whatever they were, Sam was king among them, and few men in Picardy Green would have cared to say "no" to Sam's "yes."

One morning in the autumn of 1880, when the sky was brightly blue above the black, fiery plain, Sam started for the works. He was a gigantic fellow, able to swing a hammer that no other man could lift, and as he stalked along in his leather suit, with an enormous bull-dog at his side, he was the very ideal of a modern Cyclops.

Passing through that part of the village where the few trades-people lived, he met a collier toward whom he had a particular dislike—a dislike which the men's dogs seemed to share, for while their masters only glowered at each other, the brutes flew to battle at once. In a very few minutes, however, the men were emulating them, and their blows and oaths mingled terribly with the hoarse growls and tearing of the animals.

The pitmen and ironmen of Picardy Green were ready fighters. No one minded their quarrels, and generally no one interfered. This morning, however, in the very height of his passion, Sam felt a grasp on his arm, and turning hastily, saw standing by him a girl who was an utter stranger to him. She was very pretty, with a serious, steadfast face, and a great deal of that quaint air which we are accustomed to call "Quakerish." But her eyes met Sam's with a look at once fearless and pitiful, and before he could speak she said:

"You must not fight—father says so. It is very wicked."

"Nay, there! Let-a-be, lass, or I'll trounce thee too. Tak' care o' Bully, he'll fly at thee. Gea away!"

"I will not go away until you stop fighting, and I am none afraid of your dog," and she chirruped to the fierce brute, and called him to her.

That Bully, after a moment's consideration, left his own private quarrel and went to the girl, with a shamefaced air, was a miracle that affected Sam beyond all arguments. He stood gazing stupidly at the girl, rubbing his eyes as if he doubted their truth, and then said, angrily, "This bangs a' I iver seed! Gea to t' pit now, Todd; I'll finish thy licking again."

Then Sam moved off the other way, and called his dog to follow him. But the animal was under the charm of the girl's eyes and hand, and he hesitated, upon which Sam gave him a furious kick. He had not calculated on farther interference; and when the girl blazed into a sudden scornful anger, and called him "a cowardly fellow," he had never in all his life been in such an uncomfortable, perplexing position.

In fact, he was conquered as well as his dog, and he walked away wondering and angry at this new power over him. Among the blazing furnaces, and in the midst of scarcely human toil, he felt the influence of those clear, searching eyes, and the touch of that soft, firm hand. What did it mean?

At the noon hour, when the men sat down to eat their bread and bacon, Sam contrived to get next to Ben Boocock. Ben was a fervent Methodist, and Sam thought him the likeliest person to feel interested in the suppression of a fight. Besides, Ben, before his conversion, had been a great admirer of Sam's special accomplishments, and since it, indeed, had often risked a blow in order to induce his old hero to "come to t' chapel." So he was well pleased to listen to Sam's tale, and to humor his interest in the girl who had so unexpectedly put a stop to the threshing he was giving Todd.

"Eh! she wor a spunky 'un, that wor she. Ther isn't a lad in t' shire would hae dared Sam Naylor that gate," said Ben. "I'll be bound it wur our new preacher's lile lass. I heard tell she wor a cere 'un. What wor she like, now, then?"

Sam had a very vivid memory of a grave, pretty face, with bands of brown hair brushed across a broad white brow; but his vocabulary of words suitable for such a conversation as this was a very meagre one. He could only say:

"She wor just bonnie, Ben, wi' a masterful way wi' her. I'll lay thee a pound she wur t' preacher's lass, for she said summat about her fayther. It's good for him he sent t' lass, an' didn't potter hissel' i' my affairs."

"He only came three days gone by. They say he axed Conference to send him here. He's been used to pit lads, an' thinks m'happen he can do summat for 'em."

That night, when the works loosed, Sam and Ben again fell into each other's company. As they passed down King Street, Sam said, "It wur just here I wor thrashing Todd when she touched me."

"An' that's preacher's house, an' yonder he comes hissel', an' I'd say for sure that the lile lass with him is the very yan ya mean, Sam."

"Ay, ay, that ou's her," and before the men could say more, Ben had greeted his new pastor.

The preacher was a man in the prime of life, and quite a match physically for Sam Naylor. Indeed, a dim doubt as to how a fight would have terminated in case the father instead of the daughter had chosen "to potter in his affairs" crossed Sam's mind. Perhaps if he had known at that time that the Rev. John Burslem had once wielded a heavier hammer than his own, he might have had still graver doubts.

He was annoyed at Ben stopping to speak to him; for the preacher had said, "Good-evening, Mr. Naylor," and offered his hand; and the courtesy had so pleased Sam that he felt constrained to accept it. Besides, little Mary Burslem had also said, "Good-evening, Mr Naylor," and the charm of her voice and eyes he could no more resist than could his dog, which had instantly bowed his great head to the touch of her small fingers.

Several pitmen passed, and looked curiously or insolently at the trio, but this circumstance only made Sam more pleasant with the preacher. He noted well every offender, and he mentally promised each of them "sich a topper of a lesson as he'd need nobbut yance."

So, for reasons easily understood, the meeting was rather a prolonged one. The preacher had discovered Sam's influence in the village, and longed to win so valuable a coadjutor. Ben Boocock was proud of his minister and proud of his friend, and proud also of the sensation that the two talking together were making in the village; and Sam was defiantly passive in the hands of Ben, "acause he wor bound to talk wi' outher Methody or divil wi'out axing cat or Christian about it."

Then the preacher had shaken hands with him, and called him "Mr. Naylor," and though Sam had said, "Nay, nay, I's plain Sam al'ays," he had secretly been very much pleased with the compliment. He was, indeed, too busy with his own peculiar position in the eyes of the men passing to understand very clearly what was being said about "a night school" and a "temperance lodge" and "Mr Naylor's influence"; but when little Mary Burslem added, at parting, "You must be sure to come, Mr Naylor," he heard her very clearly, and answered, shyly, "I'll come some neet, lass; see if I doan't."

Perhaps he was annoyed both at the promise and the meeting, for when Ben and he pursued their walk, Sam was surly and quiet. Bully divined at once his master's mood, and fell behind him, and Ben also saw that his friend would bear the intrusion of new ideas no further that night. So as they neared the wretched cottage of which Sam was master, Ben said, "Good-neet, Sam; I's see thee at works to-morn."

"Happen tha will, an' happen tha won't. I's gotten some fouk to settle up wi' to-neet. I'll niver let Jos Hewitt an' Jimmy Hirst look at me yon way."

"Thear, now! It's no tew-brekking to look. Niver mind their gangings on. I thowt thou wert above striving wi' fouk tied to gie warst o' it."

"Daf it, man, I wonn't mind thee! It wad be a rum go if Sam Naylor were to do what lile Ben Boocock towd him." And thus muttering, Sam shut the dirty little wicket with a bang, and left Ben standing outside it. Ben did not understand that this temper was a very natural reaction; he was much troubled, and feared he had in some way undone all the preacher's good influence.

But he would not have thought so if he could have seen Sam sitting on the dirty hearth-stone that made all that was home to the poor fellow. Indeed, it was the consideration of Sam's home that had first led the Rev John Burslem to believe the village bully a much nobler fellow than he appeared to be, and as this home was a peculiarly melancholy, dirty one, the preacher's reason needs some explanation.

He judged, then, from the following premises. Three years previously Sam's sister had been left by a frightful colliery accident helpless and homeless with five young children. "Helpless" was an adjective exactly suited to Martha Yatton. She was a sickly, slatternly woman, always ready to cry, and never for a moment forgetful of the great tragedy of her life. Crying women don't keep tidy houses or cook good meals. Besides, the children were both noisy and unruly.

But no one ever heard Sam complain. If ever he felt inclined to grumble, Martha's tears and moans reproved him; and as for the four lads, and the one delicate little lass who called him "uncle," he bore their quarrels and wants and sicknesses with a patience that won every one's admiration and respect.

This night things were no better and no worse than usual; Sam accepted the tardy meal, and bore with the usual noise and the usual complaining with his usual passive patience. Then, after his tea, he called Bully and went out. There was a high bank on one side of a filthy canal, covered with a kind of blackened grass, and here the men of the village were accustomed on summer evenings to congregate. Thirty or forty were sitting on the grass as he approached, all of them smoking, and most of them with their bull-dogs by their sides.

Evidently they had been talking of Sam, for, as he approached, a sudden silence fell on the group. Sam broke it by a word to Bully—a word which instantly threw the lounging, sneering men into commotion. Sam's dog was worrying Jimmy Hirst's dog, and the men were taking sides, and laying bets on the result. As the dogs bit and worried one another the excitement increased, for it was soon evident that the men were eager to take part in the fight.

A dumb devil possessed Sam; he did not deign to speak a word, but his looks and actions were a far more provoking challenge than any words could have been. In fact, it was Jimmy Hirst who uttered the first taunt and struck the first blow, but after it they fell thick and fast as hail. Again, in the midst of his passion, Sam was arrested. This time, however, by a clear strong voice outside the ring ordering him in peremptory tones, to "put down Jimmy Hirst."

"It's constable."

"It's Methody preacher."

Sam answered the command by dragging his opponent to the edge of the bank and flinging him into the canal beneath it. Instantly there was a clamor of voices.

"T' lad can't swim!"

"Shame, Sam Naylor! That's no fair play."

"It's plain murder!"

"Run for the constable!"

Then there was another plunge in the black, crawling water. The preacher had dived after the wounded, dazed collier. For a moment it was feared that neither would re-appear. The mud at the bottom was deep, and the man heavy and senseless with Sam's blows. But John Burslem knew his own skill and strength; in a few minutes Jimmy Hirst was safe upon the bank, and the constable had his hand on Sam's shoulder.

So Sam did not go to the works in the morning. He was in jail, with the prospect of the house of correction or tread-mill before him. But that fascination which Sam had always exercised over his companions now came to his help. They all declared that Sam had been provoked "beyond reason," and Jimmy Hirst did not think it prudent to make all Sam's admirers his enemies. He confessed in court that "he had called Sam a Methody, and struck the first blow."

The justice, an old-fashioned clergyman of the Church of England, decidedly opposed to "Dissent," admitted, with a queer smile of sympathy, the great provocation, and decided that Sam might be set at liberty on finding bonds for fifty pounds to keep the peace for six months.

Fifty pounds! Sam had not a sovereign in the world. To go to prison, to leave Martha and the children, to lose his work, his name—a score of frightful consequences rushed into his mind. He had come into a situation where sinews and inches were of no avail.

"Your honor—your reverence—" he said, with a choking voice, and then stopped, for the Rev John Burslem in a few words offered himself as the prisoner's bondsman, and was accepted.

Thus there was a double tie between the men. Sam had no great choice of words outside those pertaining to his work and sports; but his great dumb heart had received several new impressions, and feeling, sooner or later, breaks forth into speech. The preacher was always hurt at Sam's silence. He knew that his gratitude was struggling with a galling sense of humiliation and obligation.

But, for all this, he did not waste his opportu-

nity. Never had Sam Naylor heard such downright truths. All the accomplishments on which he prided himself, John Burslam proved to be utterly brutal and contemptible. Sam looked stealthily at his brawny arms, and felt ashamed for them. Bully's big jaws and mighty grip lost value in his eyes. When they passed the village ale-house and he heard his companions drinking his health, and roaring out rude songs in their *rude potens*, he had no sense of triumph in the honor. The fawning congratulations of the men he met, the secure as compliments of the women, scarcely affected him. His great dowsy soul was awakening, but awakening in the midst of a tempest of opposing feelings—a tempest in which all was darkness as well as tumult.

As they neared the preacher's house the door opened, and little Mary stood on the steps to welcome them. "Oh, Mr Naylor, I am so glad all is right!" she said, and offered him her hand. The August sunshine fell all over the white-robed girl, she seemed like an angel to Sam. He looked steadfastly at her a moment, and then threw his hands behind him. "Nay, nay," he stammered; "I'n none fit to touch thee, lass."

He turned suddenly up the street, and John let him go without protest. Silence was "the word in season" in this case. Sam's first thought was the ale-house, for he craved beer importunately. But he also craved solitude and quiet, and for once he dreaded the thought of the big arm-chair, and the crowd of men with their tipsy joker and songs.

While he hesitated he saw Mary Burslam standing between him and the open door of temptation. She stood in the bright sunshine, and her dress was whiter than its light, and her sweet serious face looked steadfastly at him. "A hallucination?" Of course it was a hallucination to me, or to any of my readers; but to Sam Naylor, so—it was real as life and death to him.

"*I'll never gen inside t' door again, see of I do!*" And with this homely promise on his lips Sam turned to his own house.

It was even more uncomfortable than usual, Martha had had good cause for weeping, and she was indulging it. Not even Sam's assurance that "it was all right" could comfort her. But her complaints fell on deaf ears. He drank the pot of tea she made for him, and then, shutting himself in the second room, tried to think over things. This event had, as it were, broken his life in two. The things that had been his glory never could be again. John Burslam's scorn had robbed them of all favor in his eyes. And yet they had been a power that it grieved him to relinquish. Who could take his place? That was a bitter thought. His obligation to the preacher galled him. "Why need him to tak' a hand i' my fight?" he demanded, angrily; and then the next moment he thought of Jimmy Hirst down coal, and of Sam Naylor in prison, with the gallows before him. He followed out these thoughts till he was in a tempest, and wanted beer more imperatively than ever. Then, swift as an arrow, and keener than keenest steel, his promise to Mary Burslam arrested him.

He might have reasoned that it was the ale-house he promised not to enter, and as have Martha fetch his beer home; but Sam was a straightforward sinner; he had not learned to play tricks with his conscience. He might have reasoned that it was not really Mary, and that a promise made to a fancy was not binding. But in all rude natures there is a strong sentiment of that spiritual something we call superstition, and though Sam could not define his ideas about Mary's appearance, he believed that in some mysterious way she had been permitted to warn him. His promise to her he regarded as irrevocable, unless he was prepared to face consequences he dared not take into consideration.

But the feelings I have endeavored to analyze attacked Sam in furious confusion. Remorse, anger, shame, pride, superstitious fear, reverent admiration, tortured and divided him. If it had been a physical pain, he could have understood it, but this inarticulate agony of the soul in all its senses conquered him. An night came on he put on his cap and went out to the gate, looking this way and that, like a man in extremity. There was no moon, but the furnaces threw large lustres to the sky and shifting lights across the black moor beyond the village, and there he went to fight out the battle raging within him.

After hours of anguish, he suddenly remembered John Burslam. "I'll gan to t' preacher; I'm fair dazed—that I am;" and he went straight to John's house, called him up, and poured out his whole heart to him. It was a queer confession, and many might have doubted Sam's sincerity, for wounded pride, sensual regrets, matters of drink and dog fighting, were queerly mixed with sorrow for his neglect of "a' that could mak' a man o' him," and his total forgetfulness of God.

But John had stood just where Sam was standing, and he quite understood him. He was holding Sam's hand and crying over it before he had finished. Through the still, solemn hours of midnight they talked together of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." I think of the Roman court and Paul before Agrippa, and then I think of John's humble little parlor, barely lit by its one poor candle, and I doubt which was the more august scene. And when the day broke, Sam went out from that solemn interview to begin a new life.

Yes, but not all at once. Men's purposes outrun their actions, and Sam had many a slip backward, though John walked continually by his side, giving him strength and comfort. One thing was greatly in Sam's favor, however, he never broke the promise he had made to that strange appearance of Mary Burslam, though often the mighty craving to do so was almost beyond his control. In that piteous midnight confession to John Burslam he had kept back this experience, as being too keenly personal to both; but one night, when almost overcome by his passion, he stumbled into John's parlor again, and covering his face with his hands, showed him only his poor stormy heart, and the angel who had hitherto kept him from breaking his promise.

John was neither angry nor incredulous. Methodist preachers half a century ago believed in the supernatural. The evidence of their faith was a miracle, and there were few of them that had not seen visions and dreamed dreams. He told Sam he believed that he had been met by some blessed keeper of souls, who, on account of his spiritual weakness, had taken the form most likely to influence him, and he warned him not to disobey the heavenly messenger. Materialists may scoff at such an argument; there were the plain laws of right and wrong, the promises and penalties of the Bible at his hand; why, then, bolster up a soul with a hallucination? Ah! John was a very humble Christian, he thought very lowly of his own powers of persuasion, and very much of God's ways, even though he did not understand them.

This conversation produced results little foreseen at the time. It first of all led John to consider the necessity of supplying nobler motives and objects to take the place of the rude sports which had hitherto filled up Sam's spare hours. Sam had evidently great mental as well as great physical powers, and on their cultivation John was a certain safeguard. But he did not enter on this plan with any great enthusiasm, indeed, he rather dreaded the duty which every day more importunately demanded his attention. He would rather have preached a sermon than sit watching Sam painfully strive to make straight lines and put books, and stumble through a child's lesson in reading and pronunciation.

But it was impossible not to sympathize with Sam's earnest efforts and his child-like pride in his successes, and in a year only a word of explanation now and then was needed, and John got rather to like hearing the young man read while he smoked his evening pipe. Then, as time passed, and Sam began to form opinions, there was many a mental tussle between them, and John, laughing pleasantly, very often admitted that master and scholar had been pretty evenly matched.

But when things had got thus far nearly two years had passed, and Sam Naylor was a very different character from the hero of the beginning of my tale. He had conquered his love for beer, and become a great man in the temperance lodge. Even those who had determined to cling to their beer pots till death parted them liked well to listen to Sam Naylor's racy pictorial speeches. He spared none of them, and they laughed heartily at each other's discomfiture. "It war as good as cock fighting nobbut to listen to 'im," was the general verdict, for Sam generally found among his audience an opponent whose rude eloquence, backed by the popular sympathy, was another of his steel. It was a great thing for this daunting soul that he had always been able to command respect.

At first his inches and sinews kept man from sitting readily or safely in the seat of the scornful, and the glances of the women Sam met for above noticing. Then, after he had publicly joined the Methodist congregation, a great deal of Christian courtesy fell to him as of right; for the men who began in the prayer-meetings to say "Mr Naylor" instantly used the plain-sum mark of respect outside the sacred walls. It helped him wonderfully. Any one could see that "Sam Naylor" and "Mr Naylor" were two different men.

In the third year of John Burslam's charge a great sorrow came to Picardy Green. The pots and iron works got into pecuniary difficulties, the mighty furnaces grew cold, and the white-faced grimy colliers hanged idly all day on the black banks of the useless canal. Five hundred families found themselves without bread. They had no money to move away, and, indeed, where should they go? It is not everywhere in England a collier or iron-worker can get employment. They could only walk sick hearts for the relighting of the furnaces and the re-opening of the pits. But when people have nothing saved, and no resources, famine comes with rapid steps. There was soon suffering and distress in every cottage, and hunger, cold, and care brought forth fever and pestilence.

It was in these days Sam became a hero. Not such a hero as Jack the Giant killer: anybody could be a hero with a "coat of darkness, shoes of swiftness, and cap of knowledge." Sam had to fight the pestilence almost without weapons—to go into rooms of anguish to meet an enemy he could not see, and often to obey orders which seemed to him both useless and cruel.

But it was not the least of his merits that he was willing to obey. John Burslam begged, in the large towns adjoining, food, medicine, and money, and it was Sam's work to use this help precisely as John directed him. To carry wailing children up and down a room hours at a time, to make porridge for hungry ones, to soothe heart-broken women, to control men frantic with fever, to strip himself of all his old pride in his manhood and do a woman's work with broom and pail in order to save life—these were the deeds of daring that made a gentleman of Sam Naylor,

> "For Sorrow gives the accolade
> (With the sharp edge of her blade)
> By which the noblest knights are made."

It was a great comfort to John Burslam that, before he left, the works had been able to resume operations. Sam had been promoted, the charge of his department having been given to him, with a salary of £150 a year. Even the manager too called him Mr Naylor. He moved into a better house, and the children went to school. Martha had a merino dress now for afternoons. Poor Martha! the one still in tears, and had fresh cause for them, for two of her lads and her only little lass had died of the fever, and she herself had barely escaped with her life. Still the poor weak creature had followed her brother upward, though at a very great distance.

At length the time came for John and Sam to say farewell. They parted in the little parlor which had been such a gate of heaven to one poor soul. A prayer, a blessing, a momentary clasp of a little white hand, and the memory of a pure calm face were all now left him of the preacher and his daughter. But even such intangible things are often mighty powers, and Sam's nature was one not that readily forgot.

Indeed, after a time, it pained him that he remembered so well, for it was hardly possible John should continue to meet his enthusiastic friendship with one equally demonstrative. He had been compelled to give to his new interests and cares all his active sympathies, and to leave the past with the past. But Sam was too earnest and loving to consider these things, and when John gradually began to write at longer and longer intervals, it grieved him sorely.

However, he was inventing his own sorrow. John's interest in him had not diminished, but his life was full of present duties, which every year had made graver and wider, until at length he had been selected as superintendent a theological school for the preparation of young men for the ministry. In this position he was frequently reminded, either by likeness or contrast, of that one who still cherished his memory at Picardy Green.

This remembrance seemed to press him with a peculiar strength one day, late at night, as Mary sat in the twilight sewing, he said, after a long silence: "I have been thinking all day of Mr Sam Naylor. I hardly know I was doing it, until I found myself writing his name over and over, while I talked with young Otley. It must have been Otley's appearance—such a big, manly fellow, but then Otley is a gentleman, and poor Sam was—"

"A gentleman, I am sure, father."

"So he was, Mary—so he was. A modest, brave man as ever lived. He ought to be here to-day—indeed he might."

Singularly enough, Mr Naylor's name was the first thing he saw in his morning paper. Mary, with a happy face, pointed out the paragraph. It was an account of a terrible colliery accident near Picardy, and it was Sam who had organized relief parties, and worked night and day himself, until the poor imprisoned souls had been delivered. The eulogium on his bravery and prudence was very pleasant to both father and daughter, and they looked at each other with full eyes.

"No wonder I was thinking so persistently of him all yesterday, Mary! What a noble soul! He is a born helper of men. He might be a preacher."

"If he has a call, father, he will hear it in God's time. Saving men's lives is a very good theological school, I think."

Still, after that, John could not dismiss the idea. He looked at the ardent man before him, and thought of that modest, loving soul that he had left to fight its way upward amid the depressing influences of Picardy Green, and a kind of remorse took possession of his sensitive conscience. So, "after many days," Sam got a wonderful letter, and then many letters, and the end was that within another year Sam was sitting again at his old pastor's feet.

Seven years make great changes in men, and it was seven years since these two had met. But the changes in Sam had all been good ones. There was still a kind of Dane complexity in his dress, speech, and manners, but his great heart had so managed and moulded his state, that frame that his presence was in every way winning.

To no one more so than to the sweet fair woman who had once so unceremoniously made her hand on his brutal arm ten years before. Who then could have foreseen the consequences of little Mary Burslam's interference? But in character as well as in events great things grow from little seeds.

This change in Mr Naylor's life introduced him to my personal knowledge. I was in Mary Burslam's Sunday-school class, and I loved her with a romantic affection. The instinctive prattlers of a child soon detected that Mr Naylor loved her also, and perhaps I should have learned to dislike him if Mary had not generously asked me often to her home, and made much of me before my rival. Before long I was reconciled to him, and a year afterward I was very proud of the part I took in their solemnly happy bridal.

Then they went away, and for a long time I watched the Minutes of Conference, and followed them over the map of England. But from my idols are we so easily weaned as from those of our childhood, and in newer loves and interests I quite forgot the Rev Samuel Naylor and his wife.

Ten years afterward I was going southward to see the great Exhibition of 1851. At the manufacturing town of S—— I had many friends, and I resolved to stay over one Sabbath day with them. They were Methodists of the strictest sect, and were full of joyful surprise and congratulation at my visit. I could not have come at a more fortunate time! It was a special providence, it was just wonderful! The great Mr Naylor was going to preach at Picardy Green the next day! Surely I had heard of Mr Naylor? And an old servant added, in his broad, honest patois, "Eh! but thaw wort a'ways a lass o good time, thaw wort."

We intended to have been there for the morning service, but one of our party was sick, and we were detained so long that it was six in the evening when we got within sight of the bare black moor and its smoking furnaces. Intersected by roads in every direction, every road was full of crowded vehicles, and men, women, and children on foot. They were all rushing for one spot, the large new chapel that Mr Naylor was opening for worship that day.

It had been crowded in the morning, but it was soon evident that it would not contain the half of the evening congregation. I do not know who proposed it, one has to get to be generally understood; I only followed a great crowd to the moor outside the town, and there I saw that a rude pulpit had been arranged by the aid of a wagon, some planks, and a little table.

A rude pulpit, but a wonderful service. I lean to a partiality for Charles Wesley's hymns, and especially when thousands sing them with all their heart in the manner of twilight. And then the moon rose, and the great furnaces leaped up fitfully, and between the two lights I saw the grandest figure of a man, bare-headed and open-armed; and his mighty voice had but one theme for the charmed multitude—the Christ of the poor and forsaken, the Christ of the slave and the prisoner, the Christ of the Magdalene and the poor Samaritan, the Christ whose pierced hands have broken for us the chains of sin and death.

I can see yet the crowds scattering slowly in the strangely mixed light, some silent, some talking earnestly, some weeping, a great many singing. East and west, north and south, they vanished into darkness, while I sat listening to what one said of the preacher.

"He might have the best circuit in England," said the enthusiastic little woman at my side.

"So he might, so he might, Lydia; but he's aiways most at home wi' coal an' iron lads. An' his wife (women-folk are much of a muchness)—but she's a cure 'im. Sam sha,' 'They love you, an' they know what you mean, husband, an' just bide where God put you.' I nobbut saw her yance, but it mak's me good only to think o' her."

I heard this without taking much heed of it, for I was thinking of those "two pierced hands of Christ," those wounded hands, so pitiful and yet so strong. Suddenly a little man jumped up from the road-side, and in a voice that was half singing and half crying said:

"Give me a lift, mester. If yo're been to t' meeting, yo' won't mind it. I'm nobbut going to Yorley Common; yo're mair int' road."

We took him up gladly, a little, sturdy, shabby man, who cried softly to himself most of the way.

"Not it's wi' fair joy," he explained as he left us. "Yo' see I've been wi' Sam Naylor, an' I've heard him preach, an' eh! but you were gran' words he said. Yance I can't hun *Methody* to shame him, an' he flung me into t' canal, an' mauet it drowned me, he did, sure."

"And he saved you right—that he did," said my friend, warmly.

"Ay, ay, but if I'd been drowned, then Sam 'ud have been hung—that's what I'm thinking on. Yo' see, lasha like God did hang a human for us comed here. Good-night, friend;" and the little man went tinging over Yorley Common.

I never forgot him, and years afterward, when the whole of this story came to my knowledge, I was very glad to have such a pleasant memory of little Jimmy Hirst.

IN CARNIVAL TIME.

Extant evening during Carnival week in New Orleans the "Zouis" that formed a feature of the processions were drawn back to the colored torch bearers to the points of departure, and the scenes that then took place were often more striking and picturesque than the procession itself. The negroes entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion, and the streets were crowded with spectators. Our artist shows a party of these torch bearers returning with the "Car of Juggernaut." They were dressed in red robes, carried immense flambeaux, and gave vent to their jollity by singing and shouting with all the strength of their lungs.

THE NEW ARMORY IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE NEW Armory of the First Regiment of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, of which we give a picture on page 160, was formally opened on the 22d of February, with appropriate festivities.

The building stands on the southeast corner of Broad and Callow hill streets. The base of the structure is of Lumberton granite, and this extends to the line of the first floor, above which brick is used. The superstructure is ornamented with dark red stretcher in red mortar. The wall at the top extends outward above the cornice with battlements. On each of the four corners of the Armory a round turret is built, and in the centre of the main front are two square towers. The doors and windows are trimmed with Marianville stone, which is in color somewhat similar to filter, and the effect is very pretty. The main entrance is on Broad Street, and is twelve feet wide and twenty-two feet high. There are also three entrances to the drill-room on Callowhill Street, and two on Carlton Street. These doors are also capacious, but not so large as the one on Broad Street. The drill-room, in the rear of the building, is a spacious apartment, 154 feet deep. The floor is of yellow pine, laid upon a solid bed of cement. Beneath the pavement, with an entrance from the cellar through a subterranean passage, which is guarded by massive iron doors, is the powder magazine.

In the front building a furnished basement contains the quartermaster's storage-rooms, toilet apartments, and accommodations for the general storage of the companies. On the main floor are rooms for the use of the regimental officers and the hall of the Veteran Corps, which is one of the finest apartments in the building. Of the company rooms four are located on the main floor and six on the second. The second floor also provides room for a well-appointed regimental kitchen, which, if necessary, may be used as a mess-room or a squad drill-room. The half-story, or attic, above will be used for storage and for the closets of the companies located on the second floor.

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LORD TENNYSON AT HOME.—[See Page 161.]

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IN CARNIVAL TIME—NEW ORLEANS.—DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.—[SEE PAGE 164.]

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE SECOND.

IN LONDON.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. ROOK.

Emily's first day in the City library proved to be a day wasted.

Still persuaded that there was something in the newspapers published under the date of the year seventy-seven which Alban was afraid to let her see, she began reading the back numbers at haphazard, without any definite idea of what she was looking for. Conscious of the error into which her own impatience had led her, she was at a loss how to retrace the false step that she had taken. But two alternatives presented themselves—either to abandon the hope of making any discovery, or to attempt to penetrate Alban's motives by means of pure guess-work, pursued in the dark.

How was the problem to be solved? This serious question troubled her all through the evening, and kept her awake when she went to bed. In despair of her capacity to remove the obstacle that stood in her way, she decided on resuming her regular work at the Museum, turned her pillow to get at the cool side of it, and made up her mind to go to sleep.

In the case of the wiser animals, the Person submits to Sleep. It is only the superior human being who uses the hopeless experiment of making Sleep submit to the Person. Wakeful on the warm side of the pillow, Emily remained wakeful on the cool side, thinking again and again of the interview with Alban which had ended so strangely.

Little by little her mind passed the limits which had restrained it thus far. Alban's conduct in keeping his secret, as the matter of the newspapers, now began to associate itself with Alban's conduct in keeping that other secret, which concealed from her his suspicions of Mr Rook.

She started up to her bed as the exact possibility occurred to her.

In speaking of the disaster which had compelled the landlord and landlady to close the inn, she had alluded to an inquest held on the body of the murdered man. Emily had heard of such proceedings being reported in the newspapers. Had something appeared in the report of the inquest at Zeeland which concerned Mrs. Rook? Had Alban discovered it? And in that discovery might the motive be found of which she was in search?

Led by the new light that had fallen on her, Emily returned to the library the next morning with a definite idea of what she had to look for. Incapable of giving exact dates, Cecilia had informed her that the crime was committed "in the autumn." The month to choose, in beginning her examination, was therefore the month of August.

No discovery rewarded her. She tried September, next—with the same unsatisfactory result. On Monday, the 1st of October, she met with some encouragement at last. At the top of a column appeared a telegraphic summary of all that was then known of the crime. In the number for the Wednesday following she found a full report of the proceedings at the inquest.

Passing over the preliminary remarks, Emily read the evidence with the closest attention.

The jury having viewed the body, and having visited an out-house in which the murder had been committed, the first witness called was Mr Benjamin Rook, landlord of the Hand-in-Hand inn.

On the morning of Saturday, September 29, 1877, two gentlemen presented themselves at Mr Rook's house, under circumstances which especially excited his attention.

The youngest of the two was short, and of fair complexion. He carried a knapsack, like a gentleman on a pedestrian excursion; his manners were pleasant, and he was decidedly good looking. His companion, older, taller, and darker—and a finer man altogether—leaned on his arm, and seemed to be exhausted. In every respect they were singularly unlike each other. The younger stranger (excepting little half whiskers) was clean shaved. The elder wore his whole beard. Not knowing their names, the landlord distinguished them, at the coroner's suggestion, as the fair gentleman and the dark gentleman.

It was raining when the two arrived at the inn. There were signs to the heavens of a stormy night.

On accosting the landlord, the fair gentleman volunteered the following statement.

Approaching the village, he had been startled by seeing the dark gentleman (a total stranger to him) stretched prostrate on the grass at the roadside—so far as he could judge, in a swoon. Having a flask with brandy in it, he revived the fainting man, and led him to the inn.

This statement was confirmed by a laborer who was on his way to the village at the time.

The dark gentleman endeavored to explain what had happened to him. He had, as he supposed, allowed too long a time to pass (after an early breakfast that morning) without taking food; he could only attribute the fainting fit to that cause. He was not liable to fainting fits. What purpose (if any) had brought him into the neighborhood of Zeeland, he did not state. He had no intention of remaining at the inn, except for refreshment; and he asked for a carriage to take him to the railway station.

The fair gentleman, seeing the signs of bad weather, desired to remain at Mr Rook's house for the night, and proposed to resume his walking tour the next day.

Excepting the case of supper, which could be easily provided, the landlord had no choice but to disappoint both his guests. In his small way of business, none of his customers wanted to hire a carriage—even if he could have afforded to keep one. As for beds, the few rooms which the inn contained were all engaged, including even the room occupied by himself and his wife. An exhibition of agricultural implements had been opened in the neighborhood only two days since, and a public competition between rival machines was to take place on the coming Monday. Not only was the Hand-in-Hand inn crowded, but even the accommodation offered by the nearest town had proved barely sufficient to meet the public demand.

The gentlemen looked at each other, and agreed that there was no help for it but to hurry the supper and walk to the railway station—a distance of between five and six miles—in time to catch the last train.

While the meal was being prepared, the rain held off for a while. The dark man asked his way to the post-office, and went out by himself.

He came back in about ten minutes, and sat down afterward to supper with his companion. Neither the landlord nor any other person in the public room noticed any change in him on his return. He was a grave, quiet sort of person, and (unlike the other one) not much of a talker.

As the darkness came on, the rain fell again heavily, and the heavens were black.

A flash of lightning startled the gentlemen when they went to the window to look out; the thunder-storm began. It was simply impossible that two strangers to the neighborhood could find their way to the station, through storm and darkness, in time to catch the train. With or without bedrooms, they must remain at the inn for the night.

Having already given up their own room to their lodgers, the landlord and landlady had no other place to sleep in than the kitchen. Next to the kitchen, and communicating with it by a door, was an out-house, used partly as a scullery, partly as a lumber-room. There was an old truckle-bed among the lumber, on which one of the gentlemen might rest. A mattress on the floor could be provided for the other. After adding a table and a basin for the purposes of the toilet, the accommodation which Mr Rook was able to offer came to an end.

The travellers agreed to occupy this make-shift bed-chamber.

It was then between nine and ten o'clock. The thunder-storm had passed away, but the rain continued to fall heavily. Soon after eleven the guests at the inn retired for the night. There was some little discussion between the two travellers as to which of them should take possession of the truckle-bed. It was put an end to by the fair gentleman, in his own pleasant way. He proposed to "toss up for it," and he lost. The dark gentleman went into the room first, the other following him after waiting awhile.

Having previously barred the second door of the out-house, which led into the yard, Mr Rook fastened the other door, the lock and bolts of which were on the side of the kitchen. He then secured the house door, and the shutters over the lower windows. Returning to the kitchen, he noticed that the time was ten minutes short of midnight. Soon afterward he and his wife went to bed.

Nothing happened to disturb Mr Rook during the night.

At a quarter to seven the next morning he got up, his wife being still asleep. He had been instructed to wake the gentlemen early, and he knocked at their door. Receiving an answer, after repeatedly knocking, he opened the door and stepped into the out-house.

At this point in his evidence the witness's recollections appeared to overpower him. "Give me a moment, gentlemen," he said to the jury. "I have had a dreadful fright, and I don't believe I shall get over it for the rest of my life."

The coroner helped him by a question: "What did you see when you opened the door?"

Mr Rook answered: "I saw the dark man stretched out on his bed—dead, with a frightful wound in his throat. I saw an open razor, stained with smears of blood, at his side."

"Did you notice the door leading into the yard?"

"It was wide open, sir. When I was able to look round me, the other traveller—I mean the man with the fair complexion, who carried the knapsack—was nowhere to be seen."

"What did you do, after making these discoveries?"

"I closed the yard door. Then I locked the other door, and put the key in my pocket. After that I roused the servant, and sent him to the constable—who lived near to us—while I ran for the doctor, whose house was at the other end of our village. The doctor sent his groom, on horseback, to the police office in the town. When I returned to the inn the constable was there, and he and the police took the matter into their own hands."

"You have nothing more to tell us?"

"Nothing more."

CHAPTER XXV.

"J. B."

Mr. Rook having completed his evidence, the police authorities were the next witnesses examined.

They had not found the slightest trace of any attempt to break into the house in the night. The murdered man's gold watch and chain were discovered under his pillow. On examining his clothes the money was found in his purse, and the gold studs and sleeve-buttons were left in his shirt. But his pocket-book (seen by witnesses who had not yet been examined) was missing. The search for visiting cards and letters had proved to be fruitless. Only the initials "J. B." were marked on his linen. He had brought no luggage with him to the inn. Nothing could be found which led to the discovery of his name or of the purpose which had taken him into that part of the country.

The police examined the out-house next. The result of this proceeding was to strengthen the circumstantial evidence against the missing man.

He must have carried away his knapsack when he took to flight, but he had been probably in too great a hurry to look for his razor case. It had fallen between the table and the wall. Of the two compartments which it contained, one had a razor in it, and one was empty. The blood-stained razor exactly fitted the second compartment, and the name of the Belgian city, "Liege," was engraved on both razors alike. After hearing the description of the suspected person, given by the landlord, the landlady, and the servant, and after seeing the beard and mustache of many years' growth on the face of the corpse, it was impossible to doubt that the razors belonged to the person who had appeared at the inn with a knapsack on his back.

The yard was the next place inspected. Footsteps were found on the muddy earth, up to the wall. But the road on the other side had been recently mended with stones, and the trace of the fugitive was lost. Casts had been taken of the footsteps; and an other means of discovery had been left untried. The authorities in London had also been communicated with by telegraph.

The doctor being called, described a personal peculiarity, which he had noticed at the post-mortem examination, and which might lead to the identification of the murdered man.

As to the cause of death, the witness said it could be stated in two words. The internal jugular vein had been cut through, with such violence, judging by the appearances, that the wound could not have been inflicted, in the act of suicide, by the hand of the deceased person. No other injuries, and no sign of disease, were found on the body. The one cause of death had been hemorrhage; and the one peculiarity which called for notice had been discovered in the mouth. Two of the front teeth in the upper jaw were false. They had been so admirably made to resemble the natural teeth on either side of them, in form and color, that the witness had only hit on the discovery by accidentally touching the inner side of the gum with one of his fingers.

The landlady was examined when the doctor had retired. Mrs. Rook was able, in answering questions put to her, to give important information in reference to the missing pocket-book.

Before retiring to rest, the two gentlemen had paid the bill—intending to leave the inn the first thing in the morning. The traveller with the knapsack paid his share in money. The other unfortunate gentleman looked into his purse, and found only a shilling and a sixpence in it. He asked Mrs. Rook if she could change a bank-note. She told him it could be done, provided the note was for no considerable sum of money. Upon this he opened his pocket book (which the witness described minutely), and turned over the contents on the table. After searching among many Bank of England notes, some in one pocket of the book and some in another, he found a note of the value of five pounds. He thoroughly settled his bill, and received the change from Mrs Rook—her husband being in another part of the room attending to the guests. She noticed a letter in an envelope, and a paper with writing on it, and a few cards, which looked like visiting-cards, among the bank notes which he had turned out on the table. When she returned to him with the change, he had just put them back and was closing the pocket-book. She saw him place it in one of the breast pockets of his coat.

The fellow traveller who had accompanied him to the inn was present all the time, sitting on the opposite side of the table. He made a remark when he saw the notes produced. He said, "Put all that money back; don't tempt a poor man like me." It was said laughing, as if by way of a joke.

Mrs. Rook had observed nothing more that night, had slept as soundly as usual, and had been awakened when her husband knocked at the out-house door, according to instructions received from the gentlemen overnight.

Three of the guests in the public room corroborated Mrs. Rook's evidence. They were respectable persons, well and widely known to that part of Hampshire. Besides these, there were two strangers staying in the house. They referred the coroner to their employers, eminent manufacturers at Sheffield and Wolverhampton, whose testimony spoke for itself.

The last witness called was a grocer in the village, who kept the post-office.

On the evening of the 29th a dark gentleman, wearing his beard, came into the shop, and asked for a letter addressed to "J. B., Post-office, Zeeland." The letter had arrived by that morning's post, and it was at once handed to the applicant. He stepped a little nearer to the light of the lamp at the inner end of the counter, and opened his letter and read it. It must have been short, for the reading was done in a moment. He seemed to think over it for a while, and then he turned round toward the shop door to go out. There was nothing to notice in his back or in his manner. The witness offered a remark on the weather, and the gentleman said, "Yes, it looks like a bad night," and so went out.

The postmaster's evidence was of importance in one respect: it suggested the motive which had brought the deceased to Zeeland. The letter addressed to "J. B." was, in all probability, the letter seen by Mrs Rook among the contents of the pocket-book spread out on the table.

The inquiry being, so far, at an end, the inquest was adjourned—on the chance of obtaining additional evidence when the reported proceedings were read by the public.

Consulting the next day's number of the newspaper, Emily discovered that the deceased person had been identified by a witness from London.

Henry Forth, gentleman's valet, being examined, made the following statement:

He had read the medical evidence contained in the report of the inquest, and believing that he could identify the deceased, had been sent by his present master to assist the object of the inquiry. Ten days since, being then out of place, he had answered an advertisement. The next day he was instructed to call at Tracey's Hotel, London, at six o'clock in the evening, and to ask for Mr. James Brown. Arriving at the hotel, he saw the gentleman for a few minutes only. Mr Brown had a friend with him. After glancing over the valet's references, he said: "I haven't time enough to speak to you this evening. Call here to-morrow morning at nine o'clock." The gentleman who was present laughed, and said, "You won't be up." Mr Brown answered, "That won't matter, the man can come to my bedroom, and let me see how he understands his duties, on trial." At nine the next morning Mr Brown was reported to be still in bed; and the witness was informed of the number of the room. He knocked at the door. A drowsy voice inside said something, which he interpreted as meaning "Come in." He went in. The toilet-table was as he left hand, and the bed (with the lower curtain drawn) was on his right. He saw on the table a tumbler with a little water in it, and with two false teeth in the water. Mr Brown started up in the bed, looked at him furiously, stared him for during to enter the room, and shouted to him to "get out." The witness, not accustomed to be treated in that way, felt naturally indignant, and at once withdrew—but not before he had plainly seen the vacant place which the false teeth had been made to fill. Perhaps Mr Brown had forgotten that he had left his teeth on the table. Or perhaps he (the valet) had misunderstood what had been said to him when he knocked at the door. Either way, it seemed to be plain enough that the gentleman resented the discovery of his false teeth by a stranger.

Having concluded his statement, the witness proceeded to identify the remains of the deceased.

He at once recognized the gentleman, named James Brown, whom he had twice seen—once in the evening, and again the next morning—at Tracey's Hotel. In answer to further inquiries, he declared that he knew nothing of the family or of the place of residence of the deceased. He complained to the proprietor of the hotel of the rude treatment that he had received, and asked if Mr Tracey knew anything of Mr James Brown. Mr Tracey knew nothing of him. On consulting the hotel book, it was found that he had given notice to leave that afternoon.

Before returning to London the witness produced references which gave him an excellent character. He also left the address of the master who had engaged him three days since.

The last precaution adopted was to have the face of the corpse photographed before the coffin was closed. On the same day the jury agreed on their verdict: "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."

Two days later Emily found a last allusion to the crime—extracted from the columns of the *South Hampshire Gazette*.

A relative of the deceased, seeing the report of the adjourned inquest, had appeared (accompanied by a medical gentleman), had seen the photograph, and had declared the identification by Henry Forth to be correct.

Among other particulars, now communicated for the first time, it was stated that the late Mr James Brown had been in reasonably sensitive on the subject of his false teeth, and that the one member of his family who knew of his wearing them was the relation who now claimed his remains.

The claim having been established to the satisfaction of the authorities, the corpse was removed by railroad the same day. No further light had been thrown on the murder. The handbill offering the reward, and describing the suspected man, had failed to procure of any assistance to the investigations of the police.

From that date, no further notice of the crime committed at the Hand-in-Hand inn appeared in the public journals.

Emily closed the volume which she had been consulting, and thankfully acknowledged the services of the librarian.

The non-venter had excited this gentleman's interest. Noticing how carefully she examined the numbers of the old newspaper, he looked at her from time to time, wondering whether it was good news or bad of which she was in search. She read steadily and continuously; but she never rewarded his curiosity by any outward sign of the impression that had been produced on her. When she left the room there was nothing to remark in her manner, she looked quietly thoughtful, and that was all.

The librarian smiled—amused by his own folly. Because a stranger's appearance had attracted him, he had taken it for granted that circumstances of romantic interest must be connected with her visit to the library. Far from mistaking him, as he supposed, his fancy might have been employed to better purpose if it had taken a higher flight, and had associated Emily with the

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1488.

fateful gloom of tragedy, in place of the brighter interest of romance.

There, among the ordinary readers of the day, was a dutiful and affectionate daughter following the dreadful story of the death of her father by murder, and believing it to be the story of a stranger—because the loved and trusted the person whose short-sighted mercy had deceived her. That very discovery, the dread of which had shaken the good doctor's firm nerves, had forced Allan to exclude from his confidence the woman whom he loved, and had driven the faithful old servant from the bedside of her dying mistress—that very discovery Emily had now made, with a face which never changed color, and a heart which beat at ease. Was the deception that had won this cruel victory over truth destined still to triumph in the days which were to come? Yes—if the life of earth is a foretaste of the life of hell. No—if a lie is a lie, be the merciful motive for the falsehood what it may. No—if all deceit contains in it the seed of retribution, to be ripened inexorably in the lapse of time.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SINGULAR ICE FORMATIONS.

The high easterly winds that prevailed early in the winter threw upon the shore of Lake Erie, near the Marblehead Light-house, vast quantities of ice, which at some points was piled up in fantastic shapes, forming arches, caves, and domes. In one place the ice was heaped up to the height of twenty-five feet, and extended about forty feet into the lake. Near the centre of the mass was a beautifully proportioned arch, five feet in height, with a number of crystal grottoes on one side. A striking peculiarity of this formation was the profile of a human face, the outlines being clearly defined, as may be seen in our illustration on page 160.

WINTER SANITARIUMS.

OLD POINT COMFORT.

Everybody is supposed to know something about Fortress Monroe, and to be well informed as to the history of that important little promontory on which this largest of our fortresses is situated, and which is known as Old Point Comfort. But it is curious how much we can contrive not to know of that which is near us, and as there are some New-Yorkers who have not seen the Brooklyn Bridge, it is to be feared that those wise ones who, when questioned about Fortress Monroe, pretend to know all about it, are ignorant of its position, and the interesting facts with which the past and present associate it. As to the connection of the Hygeia Hotel with the fortress, it is not long since one New-Yorker asked another if the Hygeia Hotel was at Newport News, and if boats ran across to the fort, and if the Navy-yard was a part of Fortress Monroe!

The facts are that the Hygeia Hotel is built on government land, with the fort immediately behind it. Newport News is beyond that broad indefinite water known as Hampton Roads, where the James River joins the broad Chesapeake, filled with a motley craft of memories, from Captain John Smith down to the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, and covered with the flags of all nations. There even comes to a line of steamers from Brazil to Newport News, or, more properly, to Newport's News, so called, in the first place, from the old English navigator Christopher Newport, and, later, Newport's *News*, in gratitude for the help sent to the starving colony of Jamestown. That was good "news" indeed. The hard old mother country—we might call her a step-mother country—allowed her poor colonists to nearly starve to death, and then sent them food.

That Old Point Comfort, dear to the heart of the storm-tossed and wind-driven, was a favorite watering-place for the Southern gentry as early as the year 1817, and until the war came with its disturbing influences it was the resort of a greater number of polished and fashionable people than any similar place on the Atlantic coast. A small hotel erected in 1867 was filled during the winter months with people from the North, and in the warm weather the Southerners began to drift back to their old summer quarters, although they did not like the memories connected with the neighboring fortress, which some of them called the "American Bastile." As all overcrowded hotels are apt to do, this one fell into bad repute. The food provided was poor and the attendance bad; but the bracing tonic of an atmosphere neither too hot nor too cold, the healthful recreation possible where sea and land are so intimately associated, the possibilities of sport where the wild duck flies and the sheep's-head swims, and perhaps the allurements of a military garrison with its pageantry of war, drew people to Old Point Comfort. At length an enterprising son of the Eastern Shore came, saw, and conquered the situation. He remodelled and enlarged the hotel, and perfected an excellent system of drainage, and from 1874 to the present time he has owned, kept, and constantly improved the present gigantic caravansary, which is so well adapted to the invalid or pleasure-seeker. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton in one of his novels draws an admirable picture of a valetudinarian who spent his life looking for a fine climate, and never found it. He should have taken him to Fortress Monroe. It is one of the pleasantest spots in the world, but one must breathe its delicious air, expand the lungs with its matchless ozone, and enjoy the brilliance of its sunlight to appreciate it. Standing on the top of the Hygeia Hotel, one is reminded of Artemus Ward's remark about the climate of Colorado. "This is good air," said he, "but it ought to be. I expect here is where they make it."

Mr Phoebus has surrounded his vast house with glass-inclosed piazzas, where in January one can bask in the sun and enjoy an atmosphere in which the mercury often rises to eighty degrees. The great breakfast-room, where there is room for a thousand people to eat an excellent breakfast, is like a conservatory, and every window looks upon the broad blue waters, filled with sails—those sails which are, as Kingsley says, "the loveliest things which man has made, and are worthy to be part of nature."

The pale and delicate woman, half killed by the rigors of the Northern winter, or the vicissitudes of a life of fashion to which she is unequal, here recovers her lost bloom. The puny children who have run the gauntlet of city life and infantile maladies "perk up" in the clear air of the Hygeia piazzas; and the bronchitian—to coin a word—stops coughing, and the epicurean forgets his nervous dyspepsia.

The guests at the Hygeia are not, however, all of the sick and sorry order. There are certain joyous personages whose object in life is still to enjoy it, who find the conditions of Old Point admirably adapted to their humor.

A lofty and beautiful ball-room has been prepared for them, the largest in the country, with the single exception of the superb room in the Seventh Regiment Armory in New York. This spacious room is shaped like a musk-melon or a sea-shell, and a rotund, bell-like window provides plenty of air for the dancers—for indeed half the room is window. Outside, almost within a biscuit's toss, the ships they "go a-sailing, a-sailing out to sea," and many a young tar stands on deck and wishes that he were waltzing with a pretty girl within the charmed inclosure of that brilliant ball-room. The officers come in to enamel the scene with their brilliant uniforms. The band is excellent, and plays every day.

What sort of breakfast or dinner do we get in that vast room that has seats for a thousand guests, and in its size and construction resembles the Rotunda at Washington? The table at the Hygeia Hotel has been criticised, and a mournful story was once told of an affectionate daughter who threw herself into her father's arms as he was setting out for New York and exclaimed, amid her sobs, "Send me, oh, send me, dear papa, a beefsteak!" But it must be remembered that an affectionate daughter who sits on the sands all the morning, under the warm sun which blesses Old Point Comfort, and who has her flirtations at the fort to attend to, who has to walk with her invalid mother through the eleven miles of sunny, glass-inclosed piazzas, and who must dance vigorously all the evening—that such a young person has probably a very good appetite, and needs beefsteaks.

Everybody gets ferociously hungry at this healthy spot, and doubtless in the past there have been times when the food was insufficient, and possibly bad. It is a hard thing to feed a thousand people well every day. But the cuisine is now admirable. So good are the oysters that one can well believe the statement of Captain John Smith, of Pocahontas fame, who said he once lived for ten days on the great-grandparents of these very bivalves. Then there are the finest of canvas-back ducks, fish that are the very poetry of the finny tribe—of course fresh; excellent English breakfast tea and brown clear coffee, with pitchers of foamy cream; good soups and sweet-potato pies and savory meats—real old Virginia hams, Maryland geese and turkeys—in fact, the table is made up of every creature's best, like Wordsworth's heroine, not jumbled as some have jumbled it, but served accurately and in order, as Uncle Sam Ward would desire it, and good enough even for him. In this matter of the cuisine it is said that Mr Phoebus has called to his aid Mr Catterson, of the Cooper House at Cooperstown, long renowned for its excellent table. Perhaps these well-experienced caterers know the secret of making the dinner a little better on a dull day; for lazy and unoccupied people must eat to amuse themselves. It is quite certain that on a stormy day the venison is more tender;

> "The joint is a picture for painters to study,
> The fat is so white and the lean is so ruddy;"

the canvas-back has merely flown through the kitchen, and yields its dainty blood like a martyr to the knife; the vegetables have a fresher flavor, and the macaroni rejoices in a touch more of Parmesan; the dessert shows a master touch, and the whole important periodicity of time which we call breakfast, dinner, and tea is brighter for the storm without. The cook has made sunshine in a shady place. For Fortress Monroe, although blessed with one of the most equable climates in the world, has occasionally a stormy day. Like Todgers's, as *Martin Chuzzlewit*, "it can do it when it chooses." On a certain 5th of January the wildest snow-storm that was ever seen occurred in this locality; the thermometer fell to four degrees above zero, and the campus of the fort, ever so green and sacred to a million flirtations, was as white as a table-cloth. "Oh," said one young lady, looking out of a window as from a prison wall, "see that beach—see the sands all covered with snow! And to think that the day before yesterday I was lying on those very sands, holding a pink and white striped parasol over my head!" Such, however, is the instability of the weather. But if cheerless without as this exceptional weather, how warm, comfortable, and protected was the air within the Hygeia Hotel! Even the consumptive did not breathe less freely, nor did the tired citizen feel the loss of his New York paper, for was not Phoebus there—Phoebus the jocular, Phoebus the cordial—greeting every new comer with a "Welcome to Old Point Comfort," which had an effect like a ton of coal or a mile of the tropics in warming one up? Did a poetic guest address him with the adjuration,

> "Phoebus, arise, and paint the sable skies
> With azure, white, and red,
> Give life to this dark world, which lieth dead,"

one might be quite sure that Mr Phoebus, fond of dropping into poetry in a friendly way, and blessed with a prodigious memory, would answer with a quotation quite as apt and far more amusing.

The "season" at the Hygeia Hotel is from the 1st of February to the last of April, then skies are clear, the weather is superb, the trees and shrubs and flowers put forth, the beach is covered with women and children, who bask in the sun and drink in the ozone, who make excursions by water, accompanied by devoted cavaliers, through the broad and sheltered roadstead, or drive to Hampton to see General Armstrong, busied with his earnest effort to help the African and the Indian, the Normal and Agricultural Institute. General Armstrong has the fine old French *émigré* face, and the deep-set eyes of an enthusiast. He is doing a great work for humanity. Not far from the hotel is the Soldiers' Home, where General Woodruff has his delightful quarters, and makes happy fourteen hundred veteran soldiers, who, with their cats, their parrots, and their reading room, recall the Chelsea pensioners and the Invalides in Paris. Who would not be an old soldier to enjoy so cozy a retreat?

The military post, our largest fortification, now used, amongst other things, as an artillery school, lies behind Mr. Phoebus's immense hotel, and with its church within the walls, its morning and evening drills, its spacious parade-ground, its moat, its well-turfed ramparts, is a perpetual help and pleasure to the visitor. Moonlight on these ramparts, with a well-drilled artillery officer, is said to be at once the most agreeable and the most dangerous battle-ground for a young and unsophisticated heart.

The best recommendation for the Hygeia Hotel is that one can spend there agreeably the two worst months of our Northern year—November and March. These ill-favored, sour-tempered, uncomfortable, and gloomy daughters of the year are exceptionally agreeable at Fortress Monroe. The autumn lingers late, and the spring comes early. For children all the conditions of life are simple, healthful, and happy; for the invalid there are unusual facilities and aids to comfort. Not only are the galleries fitted for the rolling-chair, but the grounds are laid out with especial thought for these helps to the feeble, while the air, Heaven's own gift, seems to inspire and to heal.

How to get there? That is an important question. From New York take the Pennsylvania Railroad at the foot of Desbrosses Street, and proceed to Baltimore. The best hour for starting is half past three in the afternoon. It is a journey of five hours to Baltimore. The parlor car goes directly to the steamer wharf, where is in waiting the best and most luxurious steamer in the country. The supper on board is worth eating, and the large comfortable state-room, with good French bed, reconciles the traveller to a night on Chesapeake Bay, which is not a rough sea. At half past eight the traveller is at the Hygeia, welcomed by Mr Phoebus.

There are rooms for everybody. Elevators run constantly. The whole house is clean and almost luxurious. No malarious disease has set its baleful foot on this well ventilated, carefully aired, and cleanly place. Every protection against fire is carefully provided, and on almost any day of the year flowers can be picked in the open air. The pansies at the Soldiers' Home were in blossom on the 3d of January, but perhaps of all months January is the least attractive at Fortress Monroe.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

"Slumming" is a fashionable pastime in London. It consists of visiting the homes of the poor, and making inquiries as to the conditions which surround them. The Prince of Wales has been slumming. New York has slums as well as London, and in these slums about half of the city's population live. The way was never clearer for imitators of the English.

Persons contemplating suicide give evidence frequently of thoughtful regard for those whom they are to leave behind. This they do in many ways, which could be enumerated were the topic pleasant to dwell upon. Almost invariably, also, they leave evidence of anxiety as to how the public shall regard them after they are gone—such as letters in which they try to justify the act they have in view. In these letters they often beg that they shall not be thought insane. Indeed, the fear of being called mad sometimes seems to have troubled them more than anything else. Now, in view of these facts, it is perhaps not too much to ask persons looking toward suicide that they will please not drown themselves in any of the Croton water reservoirs. They must know how strongly public sentiment is opposed to this method of taking themselves off, and if they disregard this sentiment, it may be necessary to conclude that they were not in their right minds.

It is proposed to build in Dakota a monument in memory of the Homestead Law and its author. The shaft is to be one hundred and sixty feet tall (a foot for each acre in a homestead entry), divided into five parts above the pedestal (one division for each year during which the settler must reside on his land in order to perfect his title), and erected on a pedestal forty feet square ("representing the four legal subdivisions of a homestead"—whatever they may be). A figure of Columbia delivering the patent to the settler will surmount the shaft. Statues of public men who were specially instrumental in securing the enactment of the law are to be grouped about the base. The association having the matter in charge asks Congress to grant a township of the public domain in aid of the fund.

In the course of an inquiry as to the damage suffered by a property owner in consequence of elevated railway trains passing near his buildings, it was claimed for the railway company that the trains were purifiers of the atmosphere. The theory advanced was that the moving cars produced currents which carried off the foul air. Any person who has inhaled the vapor distributed from the funnels of the elevated railway motors would be inclined, however, to choose the ordinary atmosphere of the avenues, if it were all the same to the railway company.

Pavilion Hill, an untenanted eminence on Staten Island, has been visited by a committee acting in the interest of a stock company that proposes to build a large crematory. It is said that if the incinerating furnace is located there, the smoke from its chimney will be visible from eight cities.

The librarian of the Congressional Library says that the ratio of the increase of copyrights from year to year is growing. Works of fiction lead, and theological books and other works on religious topics come next.

Two railway cars were blown from the track a few days ago by a Colorado wind-storm. Several passengers suffered slight injuries, but none was seriously hurt. If the possibility of such a mishap near the high curve of the elevated road at the upper end of Central Park should be realized, there would be a different story to tell.

The Mayor of Schenectady has joined the Church, patronized the Salvation Army, and refused to let *The Devil's Auction* be played in that city.

The Common Pleas Court sitting in Toledo, Ohio, has decided that slaves, being property, could not make a legal marriage contract, but that slave marriages were made valid in all cases in which the couple continued to live as husband and wife after the proclamation of freedom took effect.

The result of Dr Schliemann's excavations in the mound that was believed to have been the tomb of the Athenians slain on the plain of Marathon has been announced. He found nothing in the tumulus but fragments of pottery and glass arrow-heads.

The employés of the Boston, Hoosac Tunnel, and Western Railroad stand in mortal fear of locomotive No. 13. They say the number is unlucky, and in support of the assertion they can name three men who were killed by the locomotive within three weeks.

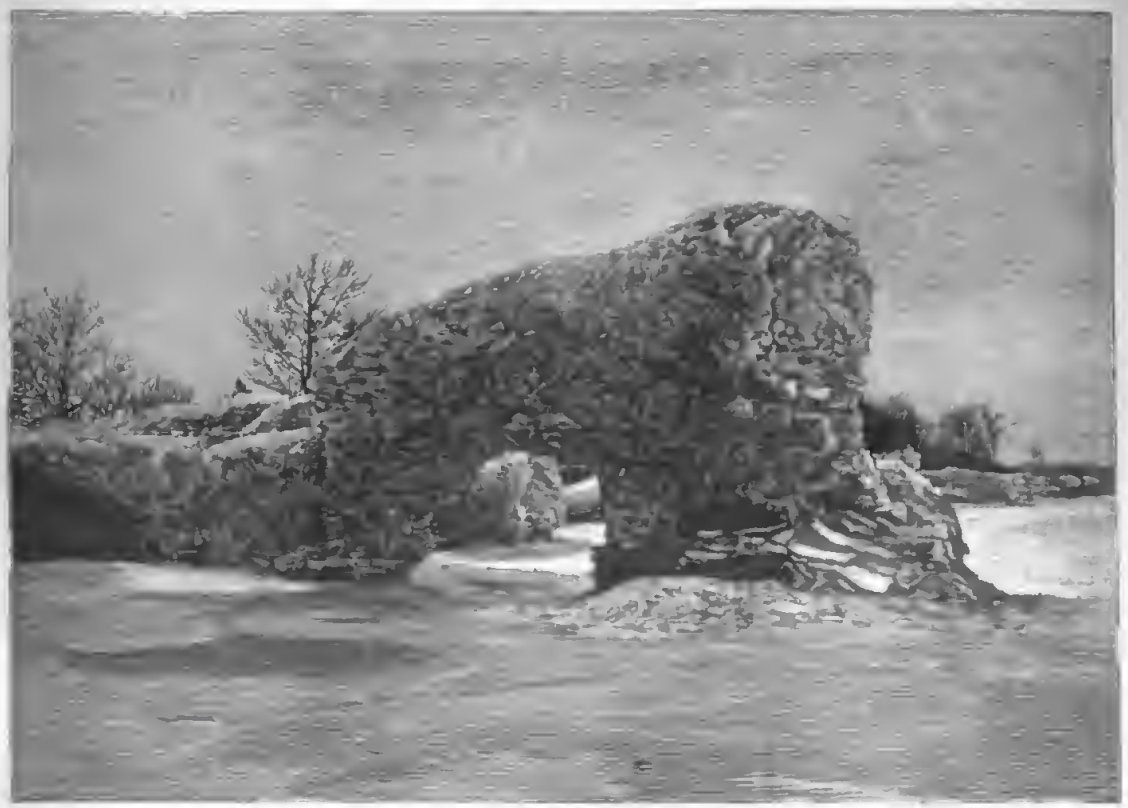
The failure of the Chagrin Falls Paper Company is announced. It seems that there is still something in a name.

It seems that the mother of Washington has been more unfortunate in respect to her monument than her illustrious son has been. More than fifty years ago the corner-stone of a monument in memory of Mary Washington was laid near her home in Virginia. A gentleman of this city was furnishing the money from his private means; but he failed in business, and died soon afterward, and the work was stopped. A bill has been offered in Congress to appropriate money for finishing the monument. There is little of the original work left, owing to the ravages of time and the relic-hunters.

LASKER(ATED).

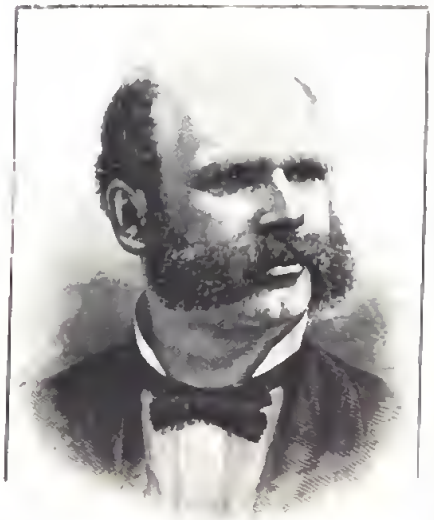
COLUMBIA. "I did it out of pure kind-heartedness and sympathy, uncle."

UNCLE SAM. "We'al, never you worry, dear. It will be a cold day when he gets any more."



SINGULAR ICE FORMATION ON LAKE ERIE.—From a Photograph by Bishop & Vetter.—[See Page 157.]

THE NEW ARMORY IN PHILADELPHIA.—Drawn by F. B. Schell.—[See Page 158.]



THE HON. W. B. SMITH, MAYOR-ELECT OF PHILADELPHIA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST.

MAYOR SMITH.

THE official returns of the recent election in Philadelphia show that Mr WILLIAM B. SMITH, the Republican President of the Select Council, was chosen MAYOR over SAMUEL G. King, the present Mayor, by a plurality of 9112. The contest was a very sharp one, and at times quite bitter, and all legitimate means were resorted to on both sides to gain the victory. Mayor King, the defeated candidate, had the support of the Democratic party, and also of the Committee of One Hundred. The Mayor-elect was very much pleased with his success, as a matter of course. Speaking to a reporter of the *Inquirer*, he said: "I shall endeavor so to conduct my administration that it may deserve the approval of all those whose approbation I ought to wish for. As a popular demonstration, the result is especially gratifying to me as the people's expression of their determination to have the man of their choice, even though it be alleged against him that he is of foreign birth. It is a re-affirmation of a grand principle of liberality which has done much to make this country what it is to-day."

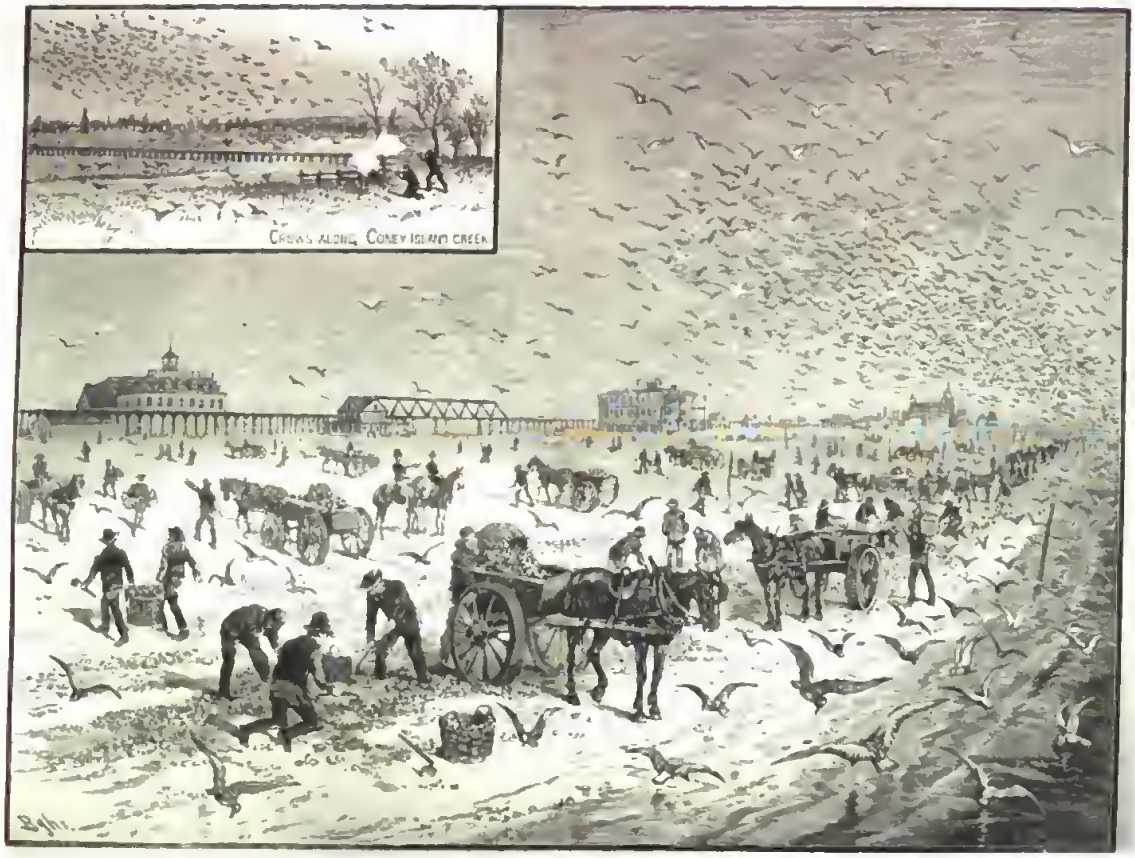
CAPTAIN MARY M MILLER.

ON the 16th ult. Mrs MARY M MILLER, of the Mississippi steamboat *Saline*, received her license from the United States inspectors of steam vessels at New Orleans, having satisfied them of her competency to command a steamer. Her license authorizes her to assume the command of the *Saline*, with permission to navigate the waters of the Mississippi, Red, Ouachita, and other Western rivers. Captain MILLER took the usual oath demanded of steamboat captains when licensed to pursue their calling, and she subscribed to the articles in a plain hand, "MARY M MILLER." Mrs. MILLER is quiet and unassuming in manner.

CAPTAIN MARY M. MILLER, OF THE STEAMBOAT "SALINE."
PHOTOGRAPHED BY WASHBURN, NEW ORLEANS.

SPORT ON CONEY ISLAND BEACH.

THE scene depicted below may now be witnessed every day when the tide is out. The clams



AFTER CLAMS ON CONEY ISLAND.—DRAWN BY ALBERT BERGERAS.

thrown up by the recent storms lie in great layers all along the Coney Island beach, and are gathered by farmers and fishermen, who drive their carts to the water's edge for that purpose. A curious and interesting feature of the scene is the multitude of sea-gulls that collect to feed upon the clams, undisturbed by the diggers.

Along Coney Island Creek, near Sheepshead Bay, thousands upon thousands of crows gather to feed on the dead clams and fish that strew the shore. They make good sport for the gunners, who sell them to taxidermists and milliners. Fine specimens bring from fifteen to twenty cents apiece. The crows are shy and hard to approach, and the gunners hide behind fences and bushes, waiting for them to settle within gunshot. A single shot will often bring down six or seven birds.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,

A VALUABLE REMEDY FOR GRAVEL.

Dr. T. H. Newland, Jr., St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used it in diseases of the urinary organs, such as gravel, and particularly spermatorrhœa, with very good results, and think it a very valuable remedy in those diseases."—[Adv.]

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR

May be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocoaine. Housekeepers should insist upon obtaining Burnett's Flavoring Extracts; they are the best.—[Adv.]

Don't wash the baby with any soap except the Bayberry Glycerine. It contains 50 % of pure glycerine, and is real skin and complexion soap. Ask your Druggist, or send 20 cents in stamps, and we will at once send you a large cake. Address The Clinton D'T'g Co., 20 Vesey Street, New York.—[Adv.]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[Adv.]

The purest fragrant, natural tobacco for the pipe or cigarette is Blackwell's Durham Long Cut. With no coloring in it, and only traces of the nitrates and nicotine, it is chemically the purest tobacco in the world, to say nothing of its delicious flavor and fragrance.—[Adv.]

We are pleased to state that Gen. Grant has nearly recovered from his rheumatic attack. He would have been well long ago if he had used Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment. It is called the Pain Reliever of the World.—[Adv.]

Beware.—$500 gold for a case of cough, cold, or asthma that Adamson's Botanic Balsam cannot cure. Depot 148 6th Ave., N. Y. Price 10c., 35c., 75c. Try it.—[Adv.]

Halford Sauce is invaluable for soups, hashes, etc. Halford Sauce blends admirably with all gravies.—[Adv.]

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are an effectual Cough Remedy. Sold only in boxes. Price 25c.—[Adv.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low-test, short-weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

One Price Only. Established 1836.

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Standard American and Spring-back Diaries on hand all the year. Leach's, Esterbrook's, Gillott's, Perry's, and Spencerian Steel Pens.

Fine Easter and Birthday Cards (Prang's and Marcus Ward's); also, Sunday School Reward Cards.

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GEO. HALBERT, Decorator,

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$3.00 DAILY AT HOME.

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ROMAN ART CO., 8 Union Square, N. Y.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

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Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

HAIR

Possesses a vitality of its own that often outlives the rest of the physical organism. More frequently, however, either through disease, inherent weakness, or age, it falls off, turns gray, or fades early.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Cures the diseases of the scalp and hair; strengthens hair that is naturally weak; nourishes and invigorates torpid hair roots, causing a new, vigorous, and luxuriant growth of hair on bald heads; and restores pristine freshness, color, and lustre to faded and gray hair.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is also a

Toilet Luxury

Superior to all other preparations for the dressing of the hair. It imparts pliancy, silken softness, lustre and luxuriance of growth, and not only cures Scald Head, Itching Humors, Tetter Sores, Dandruff, &c., but averts them, and prevents the hair falling off and turning gray.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists.

LOOK AT THIS!

Russia Leather

SAFETY PENCIL POCKET

FOR 10c. Holds 4 pens or pencils, and secures them in the pocket so that they cannot fall out. Is neat and durable, and ¼ former price. Cut shows less than ½ full size. Pocket to hold 8 pens, 15c. Agents wanted everywhere, and liberal discounts given. Sample pocket and special terms to agents sent by mail on receipt of price.

D. W. LAPHAM, Manufacturer,

3 John St., New York.

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Dye, Clean, and Refinish Dress Goods and Garments. Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, Robes, &c., of all fabrics, and of the most elaborate styles, cleaned or dyed successfully without ripping.

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Curtains, Window - Shades, Table - Covers, Carpets, &c., cleaned or dyed. Employing the best attainable skill and most improved appliances, and having systematized anew every department of our business, we can confidently promise the best results, and unusually prompt return of goods. Correspondence invited.

Goods received and returned by express and by mail.

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GRAPE MILK

(NON-ALCOHOLIC).

UNFERMENTED SPARKLING GRAPE JUICE.

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THE ACME LEVER

CUFF BUTTONS

Overcome all trouble with

STIFF CUFFS.

The most convenient, strong, reliable button made.

Ask your Jeweller for them.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, bile, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c. Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, Pharmacien de 1re Classe de la Faculté de Paris, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, 78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.

"HINTS ON EXPRESSION." Superb Crayon Studies of the Face, Eyes, Mouth, Nose, Ears, in various positions; Hair, Waves, Curls, backgrounds, etc. Fifty Illustrations. The A B C to Portrait Making, directions for self-practice. Price 50c. 500 copies sold first week. New methods of Drawing and Painting taught by mail; teachers wanted; stamp for catalogue. EUGENE PEARL, Artist, 23 Union Sq., N.Y.

FLOOD VIEWS 10 Chromo CARDS. Accurate sketches of Cincinnati and vicinity during Great Flood 1884, free by mail on receipt of 10 cents. Wm. DONALDSON & CO., 113 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

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If you cannot obtain them of your druggist, mail 25 cents to Messrs. Wanner & Beck, 161 Chambers Street New York, and they will send, postpaid, one package, elegantly put up in New English style box, enameled in beautiful golden colors.

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A POSITIVE CURE for every form of SKIN & BLOOD DISEASE. FROM PIMPLES to SCROFULA

ITCHING, Scaly, Pimply, Scrofulous, Inherited, Contagious, and Copper-colored Diseases of the Blood, Skin, and Scalp, with loss of Hair, are positively cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

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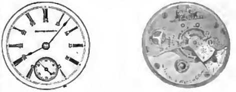

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COLUMBIA. "While I'm about it, I might as well RULE—*Britannia*."

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[WRITTEN TO MR. E. A. ABBEY'S PICTURE.]

OVER the threshold of his pleasant home
Set in green clearings passed the exiled Friend,
In simple trust, misdoubting not the end.
"Dear heart of mine!" he said, "the time has come
To trust the Lord for shelter." One long gaze
The goodwife turned on each familiar thing—
The lowing kine, the orchard blossoming,
The open door that showed the hearth-fire's blaze—
And calmly answered, "Yea, He will provide."
Silent and slow they crossed the homestead's bound,
Lingering the longest by their child's grave-mound.
"Move on, or stay and hang!" the sheriff cried.
They left behind them more than home or land,
And met and faces to an alien strand.

Safer with winds and waves than human wrath,
With ravening wolves than those whose zeal for God
Was cruelty to man, the exiles trod
Dreary leagues of forest without guide or path,
Or, launching frail boats on the uncharted sea,
Round storm vexed capes, whose teeth of granite ground
The waves to foam, their perilous way they wound.
Enduring all things so their souls were free.
Oh, true confessors, shaming them who did
Anew the wrong their Pilgrim fathers bore!
For yon the Mayflower spread her sail once more,
Freighted with souls, to all that duty bid
Faithful as they who sought an unknown land,
O'er wintry seas, from Holland's Hook of Sand!

Aquidneck's isle, Nantucket's lonely shores,
And Indian-haunted Narragansett saw
The wayworn travellers round their camp fires draw,
Or heard the plashing of their weary oars.
And every place whereon they rested grew
Happier for pure and gracious womanhood,
And men whose names for stainless honor stood,
Founders of States and rulers wise and true.
The Muse of history yet shall make amends
To those who freedom, peace, and justice taught,
Beyond their dark age led the van of thought,
And left unforfeited the name of Friends.
O mother State, how foiled was thy design!
The gain was theirs, the loss alone was thine.

John G. Whittier

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1884

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE time for the election of delegates to the national nominating conventions has come, and there is much speculation about probable and possible candidates for the Presidency. There is another point of interest, however, which has been somewhat overlooked, but which is very significant. This interesting point is the fact that while the position or platform of the Republican party for the canvass is practically determined, that of the Democratic party is wholly uncertain. The Republicans will favor encouragement to domestic industry, and a sincere support and extension of the reformed system of the civil service. They will need only to place upon such a platform a candidate who is known to represent it, and who would introduce character and ability into the canvass, to be fairly sure of success. But the Democrats are not only at sea, they are drifting upon a very stormy sea.

It is now evident that they can not as a party take the position which the election of Speaker CARLISLE was supposed to assure. On the contrary, the election of Mr. CARLISLE produced an immediate protest which threatened the unity of the party. From the hour of that election the party has been paralyzed. And while this situation revealed the impossibility of Democratic agreement upon a tariff policy, Democrats began to attack the reform bill in a spirit which plainly showed party hostility. The position, then, is plain. Success depends upon the independent vote. The independent vote universally regards civil service reform as the chief issue of the election, and a large part of it, out of Pennsylvania, favors reasonable revenue reform. The Democratic party, however, has succeeded in presenting itself at the opening of the active work of the canvass as hostile to the chief reform, and doubtful of the other. It seems, moreover, inclined to suppose that there is some mysterious virtue in the cry for "the old ticket." That is to say, it appears to think that the country wishes Mr. HENDRICKS for President—Mr. HENDRICKS, who is the most amiable and unmeaning of all political personages.

The explanation of this situation is that the Democratic party has ceased to represent anything whatever but opposition, not opposition upon a principle or a policy, but mere opposition to Republican measures because they are Republican. It is a wholly negative party, and this also is explicable. It is a political organization which has entirely outlived the situation in which it was organized, and after a prostration of a quarter of a century it is trying to adjust itself to a totally new situation, and in doing it to retain its old cohesion. In this effort it fails necessarily, because the mass of the party is inert, unsympathetic with genuine progress, and largely un-American. The intelligent and progressive element of the Democratic party does not lead the party. It is obliged to follow, and even to pander to party ignorance. Mr. HEWITT'S O'DONNELL resolution is the most striking recent illustration of this fact, and the defeat of Mr. PENDLETON in Ohio, the Democrat most conspicuously identified with civil service reform—although the interest of Governor CLEVELAND in the cause has been as signal and effective—shows in another form the real party servility to the same ignorant prejudice. It is now too late for the Democratic party to take a position upon either of the questions of the tariff or administrative reform which will satisfy intelligent independent voters that the causes in which they are interested would be safer in Democratic than in Republican hands. The advantage of position thus far is evidently with the Republicans.

THE FIRST REPORT OF THE NATIONAL CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

THE first report of the National Civil Service Commissioners is not only a summary of the work which has been accomplished under the act during the year, but it is very properly a general statement of many principles and truths which are familiar to those who have devoted care and attention to the subject, but which are new and unknown to a very large number of persons. It is in the large States and cities, where there is a vast concentration of patronage, that the abuses and dangers of the old spoils system are best known, because there the power of patronage to pervert parties from their just purpose and totally to demoralize politics is most familiar. But in some parts of the Southern and Western States, and even among some members of Congress, there is a desire of information and a half suspicion that the reform law is a mere party trick; and we can easily understand that the commission, having neither the time nor the clerical force to answer inquiries in detail, has thought it best to make a general and adequate reply in the report. This course has fortunately produced a manual of elementary principles as well as a report of operations, and the manual will throw a most instructive light upon the operations.

The reformed system now applies to about 14,000 places, and it can be extended at any time by a simple executive order. The experiment of a year has totally disposed of many of the stock objections and sneers at the system. It has not been a cover for Republican appointments, nor a scheme for the benefit of decayed clergymen and incapable college graduates, nor a reward for visionary impracticables. As has been shown at Albany—for the national law is in this point like the New York law—Republican clerks have been replaced under the law by Democratic clerks, and the great multitude of successful applicants are clever scholars of the common schools, not graduates of college. The history of a year shows, as we have always insisted, that the reform is especially a people's reform. It deposes bosses as the dictators of appointments in the public service, and opens the doors wide to all the people. An applicant depends solely upon his own merit, as proved upon a fair trial with others, and having honestly shown that merit, he has been honestly selected in order from the eligible list, when a vacancy has occurred, without the interference of any kind of personal or political favor or influence.

Thus under the reformed system the civil service becomes not the legion of a party paid from the public treasury, but an agency of all the people, embracing citizens of every party, sympathy, and opinion. This happily tends to break up the office-holding management of politics, and by putting an end to assessments upon public officers, to restore their self respect, and to make parties the instruments of policies and of the people, and not the machine of politicians. The report shows that the introduction of this system has been as practicable and effective as its principle is sound and truly democratic. Indeed, the simplicity and common-sense of the reformed system, as proved by actual experiment and recorded in this report, are so plain, and its advantages to the service and to politics and to the general welfare so obvious, that the country will undoubtedly require its continuance. The report is sent to Congress with a cordial message from the President, who says: "I avow my conviction that it [the reform law] will henceforth prove to be of still more signal benefit to the public service;" and the report praises the conduct of the President in befriending the reform. No friend of reform will forget that the President had it in his power, under the form of enforcing the law, to frustrate its purpose, and to discredit reform, but that he appointed a friendly commission, and has sustained their work. It is in certain acts outside of the reform law and the commission, such as the practical dismissal of admirable and efficient officers, like the late Naval Officer in New York and the Pension Agent in Philadelphia, merely because of the expiration of their terms, that he has shown a want of sympathy with reform. But his latest reported declaration that no public officer should be molested or feel himself imperiled by the expression of any personal preferences in regard to the election is manly and honorable.

THE LEGAL TENDER DECISION.

THE Supreme Court of the United States is composed of a body of very able lawyers and of conservative and patriotic men; and as there is at present no strong party feeling or pressure of any kind, their practically unanimous opinion upon any point involving important public interests must be regarded with great respect as of very great weight. The Court has just sustained the decision of 1871, which reversed that of 1870, which held that Congress had no constitutional power to issue legal-tender notes. In 1871 the court held substantially that the legal-tender act was a war measure, and justified by a great national exigency. It now holds—eight of the Justices agreeing against one—that always, and under all circumstances, Congress has power to issue legal tender notes. The ground of the opinion is that Congress is the legislature of a sovereign nation, that the power of such issue is a power belonging to all national sovereignties, and that it is not expressly withheld from Congress by the Constitution.

This view is surprising, because the words of the Constitution are that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." The decision of the Court would seem to be an assertion that the power of Congress is as supreme as that of Parliament, except that it can not exercise powers expressly withheld. This is a position apparently in conflict with the plain words of the Constitution, yet certain powers distinctly granted, with the authority to do whatever is necessary to carry out those powers, are held by the Court to legitimate its opinion.

The decision settles the question of the constitutionality of the legal tender acts, but it also recognizes in Congress the constitutional authority of indefinite inflation. The practical reply to the possible peril of such a recognition is that Congress would never have hesitated to use such authority if it had felt strong enough, and had believed that the exigency demanded the action. In an emergency Congress has always exercised supreme national powers, and the true conservative restraint upon its action lies in the intelligence and honesty of the country.

PROPOSALS FOR A NEW PARTY.

THE Massachusetts Reform Club, which consists largely of independent Republicans who are in sympathy with the recent conference in New York, proposes another conference to be held in New York in May. It is to be composed of Republican and Democratic friends of civil service reform, of the reduction of the revenue, and of the cessation of silver coinage; and the conference, if deemed expedient, is to nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency. There are a great many Republicans who are friendly to all these things, and many also who favor the extension of suffrage to women and a strict prohibitory policy. But this call raises a serious question. It is in substance a proposition to organize a new party by pooling certain issues. Is that wise? Does the situation favor such a movement?

Look at it in the interest of the first subject mentioned—that of civil service reform. The Republican party has begun such a reform most effectively, and it is prosecuting it honestly and earnestly, while the Democratic party, despite honorable and able Democrats who favor reform, would most certainly not advance reform should it come into power. Yet a division of the Republican party, or the withdrawal from it of the independent vote, would inevitably secure Democratic success. Would that in any way promote the interests of reform? The Free-soil Democrats and Conscience Whigs united to form the Republican party thirty years ago, because neither of the old parties would adopt the antislavery issue. But Republican civil service reformers have persuaded the party to adopt reform. If the evil against which the reform is directed is strong anywhere, it is strong in New York. But the last Republican Convention in New York resolved that "we rejoice in the successful inauguration of civil service reform, a result of Republican agitation and national progress, and insist that the work thus auspiciously begun shall be prosecuted to complete success." If the Whig National

Convention had adopted unanimously such a resolution in regard to the antislavery movement, and had shown its good faith, there would have been no Republican party formed in 1853. It will be time enough to consider whether a new party is necessary to secure reform when the Republican Convention has rejected it.

It would seem to be a strange imperiling of a prosperous cause by its own friends to attempt at this time the formation of a new party mainly for reform. Certainly the progress of the cause has been rapid beyond precedent. It is but four years this winter since its friends thought the time ripe for effective organization to affect public opinion. It is but two years ago last summer that they united upon the PENDLETON bill as their objective point, and a year ago that bill became law by the practical unanimity of Congress, and the law has been honestly enforced by a Republican Administration. Is this a situation which requires the formation of a new party to promote the reform? A conference of like-minded Republicans will be always pleasant, but a conference to contemplate a new party is evidently premature.

DYNAMITE CRIMES

WHEN the Confederate refugees in Canada, during our late civil war, tried to send pestilence into Northern communities by means of infected clothing, and dispatched a gang of robbers to St. Albans, in Vermont, and proposed to burn hotels in New York and in other towns and cities, there was a universal feeling of indignation among all loyal Americans, and an instinctive demand that England should not permit her provinces to be used as the base of such dastardly and cowardly crimes, which were meant wantonly to mutilate and murder the most innocent and helpless persons. It is not surprising, therefore, that when similar inhuman attempts were made to slaughter multitudes of innocent men, women, and children in London in order to show discontent with the English government, and when there is good reason to suppose that this country is the base of such crimes, that Englishmen should ask with indignant surprise whether honorable Americans are willing to allow such offenses, not against England only, but against humanity and civilization, to be matured and directed without protest upon American soil.

To a feeling of this kind on the part of a kindred people, or of any civilized nation, it is no answer to say that they have themselves not been disturbed under similar circumstances. Precedents for hostile indifference between nominally friendly nations can be always found, and there is scarcely any mean act possible to a nation that may not be justified by similar meanness on the part of other nations. When England raised the question whether her laws allowed her to stop the *Alabama*, we replied with justice that if the laws of a country did not enable it to deal honorably with a friendly nation, a failure to pass laws adequate for such a purpose would be properly regarded as evidence of unfriendliness. If England feels aggrieved by any hostile and murderous plots that are matured in this country, she has the right to call our attention to them, and it is our honorable duty to prevent crimes against the peaceful citizens of other countries, so far as we can do so without violating any principle of our well-established polity.

If upon such representation it should appear that our laws do not prevent offenses which are prohibitable without such violations of polity, we ought to make the laws effective to that end and within those limits. But the dynamite crimes, so far as appears, are individual. They are, indeed, probably sustained by a certain number of people in this country who are willing to aid in destroying helpless women in England so long as their own precious bodies are safe over three thousand miles of sea. Our laws permit such people to meet publicly and advocate assassination, as they permitted MOST to preach a general crusade against civilized order. But they would seize and punish any persons who were proved to be engaged in a conspiracy to carry out such doctrines, or any individuals who should be shown to be preparing weapons of any kind for criminal purposes abroad, or those who should attempt to ship them for such purposes. But our laws can not forbid free speech, nor prohibit the exportation of dangerous chemicals and weapons. Even treason in this country consists only in levying war against the government, or in giving aid to open enemies. There is no difference of feeling between intelligent Englishmen and Americans regarding these dynamite crimes. But their nature makes the suppression of them by laws which are not dangerous to reasonable liberty very difficult. Even England herself is thus far able to do nothing, although the crimes are committed upon her soil. Before asking us to prevent the export, ought not she to forbid the import of dangerous explosives? While she asks us to stop the contemplation of crime, she finds herself unable to prevent its commission. Any friendly representation, however, from the English Government will be received undoubtedly in the most friendly spirit by the Government and by public opinion in the United States.

THE QUEEN'S BOOK

A BOOK written by a QUEEN of England can not fail to be read with curiosity and a kind of pathetic sympathy due to a consciousness of the peculiar isolation of her position. This isolation is shown by certain errors of taste in the volume from her diary which is just published by the HARPERS. There was probably no person in England who could venture to suggest to the Queen that the publication of trivial details of daily life and the record of her interest in her servants' bumps and bruises could not be agreeable to intelligent Englishmen.

But the entire simplicity and good faith with which this is done is, as we say, pathetic, and wins a kindly sympathy for the lonely woman who does it. The discomfort for Englishmen arises from the fact that the lonely lady is the Queen, the ceremonial head of the state; and the more she is a mere ceremony, the more desirable it is that the dignity of the ceremony be preserved. A certain degree of glamour is indispensable to royalty, and to this a certain seclusion is necessary. But this is incompatible with the publication of a diary.

Yet the book will be widely read, and it will produce the same impression that the previous volume produced, that the author is a woman of simple tastes and of good feeling, with limited interests and strong domestic attachments. The profound regard for JOHN BROWN is grotesque, but it is evident that her interest in him was very sincere, and that, too, is an illustration of the solitude of royal life. Society, in the usual sense, is practically closed to sovereigns, and a familiar attendant may acquire a kind of intimacy which is denied to the highest nobleman in the realm. To those who see only what can be seen across the sea, it would seem that VICTORIA, more justly than ELIZABETH, will be known as the good Queen.

THE BANISHED QUAKERS.

IT is with great pleasure that we call attention to the poem of Mr. WHITTIER's which is printed at the head of these columns. He has seldom written more charming or more characteristic verses, which are most felicitously married to the pathetic and suggestive picture by Mr. ABBEY. The scene is one which no son of the Puritans is glad to remember, and which most vividly reminds us that it was liberty to worship God in their own way, not liberty for all men to worship as their conscience might dictate, that they sought.

Even as the Puritans drove the Quakers from New England, they had been driven by prelacy from old England; and the intolerance was not peculiar to New England, for New York also banished the Quakers. But even then, also, there was a higher strain in Puritanism. JOHN ROBINSON, the Puritan pastor at Leyden, begged his friends, as they sailed sadly for America, to remember that there was yet fresh truth to break forth from God's Word. If for a time his words were forgotten, they have been long remembered, and religious and political liberty have found no kindlier soil than that of New England.

LONGFELLOW, in "Evangeline," has commemorated the expulsion of the pastoral Acadians from their happy home, and WHITTIER has now touched the tale of that earlier exile with the tender grace of his genius. Both poets have taught us that romance in history is not an exotic, and the finest strains of each have been songs of their native land.

THE ROOT OF MUNICIPAL REFORM.

MR. ROOSEVELT's bill abolishing the confirmatory power of the Board of Aldermen was promptly passed by the Legislature, and, we trust, will have become a law when this paper is issued. It is the first step in a series of measures which, if urged with similar force, will be adopted, and which, in connection with the reformed method of minor appointment, will greatly correct the crying abuses of municipal administration.

There are certain supplementary measures which are necessary. These have been well stated by the *Herald*. The Mayor should have the effective power of removal; the departments should be single-headed; the heads should be appointive, except the Comptroller, and their official term should be conterminous with that of the Mayor. The reasons of these provisions are obvious, and their adoption would give coherency and efficiency to the new system.

Accordingly Mr. ROOSEVELT, in the House, has introduced a bill providing for the election of Comptroller, and Mr. RONN another providing for the spring election of Mayor and Aldermen, and Mr. GIBBS another requiring the appointment by the next Mayor of successors of the present heads of departments. The power of removal without a legal trial must be also secured, for without it there is no proper responsibility. The present system of removal of a subordinate officer only by a method which is practically a trial in court is absurd. Arbitrary removals of subordinates will cease just in the degree that it is clear that arbitrary appointments can not be made.

PERSONAL.

An American tourist, who had taken rooms for the summer in an old château at Boulogne-sur-Mer, France, was pleasantly surprised, on entering them, by the presence of two pictures by Mr. EYTINGE, which had evidently been reproduced by a firm of Paris publishers from illustrations in HARPER'S WEEKLY. The same tourist came across two more of Mr. EYTINGE's pictures in a tavern at Stratford-on-Avon, and another one in Brussels.

—One of our esteemed contemporaries in this city thinks that Mr. SEYMOUR HADEN's "best qualities are not art qualities, but those of etching", and this reminds us of an incident which took place at a club of etchers in Paris last summer. Among those present was M. GAILLARD, the well-known etcher, who when asked by an American guest why it was that the Parisian artists cared for an Englishman like SEYMOUR HADEN, answered: "Because he is such an artist" (Monsieur, c'est parce qu'il est tellement artiste).

—Mr. JOHN S. WISE, of Virginia, having been supposed by his friends to be about to fight a duel with a Virginian who had handled him pretty roughly in a newspaper, has addressed a card to the public, in which he asks: "What satisfaction can I secure from my opponent? I could not fight a duel. I do not wish his blood, and I should be as miserable as he is now if I shed it. With a sweet home filled with merry children, with enough to live comfortably, with a paying profession, I am happy, and want to live." Coming from this source, this presentation of the absurdity of duelling is a gratifying sign of the times.

—There are so many excellent actors in politics already, that the proposal to run Mr. HENRY IRVING for Parliament need not create surprise. It will be remembered that Mr. WILLIAM J. FLORENCE, another actor, has publicly expressed his willingness to accept a consulship, and Mr. S. G. W. BENJAMIN, an artist—all actors profess to be artists—seems to be filling the post of Minister to Persia to the entire satisfaction of his superior officers.

—At the first regular fortnightly meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club, Dr. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND spoke on the use and abuse of the brain. He believed it to be an abuse of a child's brain to send the child to school before it is ten years old, and advised parents to cultivate their children's powers of perception. It was well to show a child a picture, and let it tell how many things it saw there. One father had so trained his boy that after walking by a shop window the child could enumerate a hundred things he had seen behind the glass. Dr. HAMMOND claimed, as an anatomist, that the structure of a woman's brain was different from the structure of a man's brain, and that, therefore, the natural functions of the two must be dissimilar; but he disavowed any intention to pronounce either superior to the other. Mr. COURTLANDT PALMER, the president of the club, announced that next winter its scope would be considerably enlarged.

—GUSTAVE DORÉ's last large picture, the "Vale of Tears," was intended to be a rendering of the verse, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The background represents a shadowy valley, flanked by an enormous crag, at the entrance to which Christ stands clothed in white, bearing a cross, His hand raised as if in invitation to the great number of sorrowful figures who fill the foreground, representing almost every class of human sufferers—the aged, sick, maimed, halt, and blind—all looking toward Christ with the spirit that animates the faces in the foreground of RAPHAEL's "Transfiguration."

—BISMARCK, in a letter to his wife in 1851: "In the art of saying nothing in a great many words I am making rapid progress. I write many pages of letters which read like leading articles, and if MANTEUFFEL, after perusing them, can tell what they are about, he certainly knows more than I. Every one of us pretends that his colleagues are full of ideas and plans, and yet all the time the whole body of us know nothing, and each is aware that the others know nothing. No man, not even the most malicious skeptic of a democrat, can believe what charlatanism and big pretence is all this diplomacy." The candid statesman was then Councillor of Legation at Frankfort.

—A French Dominican monk, Père DIDON, has published in Paris a book about the Germans, in which he shows that the school and the barrack are the central points of German civilization. Their great pride, he says, is founded on their army and their universities. He commends the docility of the German students: "Much as I love and admire independence of spirit and character in the man who, by dint of labor and morality, light and virtue, has rendered himself worthy of it, by so much do I find stupid and deplorable that precocious Voltaireianism which produces critics and insurgents of twenty years of age."

—Referring to the present unpleasantness in the Soudan, an English journalist observes: "The public may regret the immoral tendencies of remote savages to slave-dealing, cannibalism, and other vices; but they are beyond the reach of our arms, and it is unwise to be enunciating moral axioms at the cost of perpetual war. Practical philanthropists had better confine their energies to practical measures for which they possess the requisite power. An enforced registration of the existing slaves, and a heavy taxation upon the possession of them, would do more than the millions of money and the thousands of lives wasted in the Soudan during the last fifteen years," to say nothing of the armies and bloodshed necessary to accomplish the enforcement.

—M. DE LESSEPS's friends are urging him, "as a last achievement," to undertake the construction of a tunnel under the English Channel, "thus uniting forever the interests of the two nations"—a sentiment that commends itself to after-dinner oratory.

—The *Saturday Review* sees in the United States a growing divergence and independence from England in literature and in life. "The English and the Americans are of one stock, but they are two peoples, and there is nothing to be gained by a pretense that the Americans are colonial or provincial. The colonial spirit has been invisible in the United States for fifty years, and the provincial spirit died during the war of the rebellion. The conditions of life in the United States, the climate, the blending of customs brought from other lands than England—these unite in making the American unlike the Englishman." Nevertheless there is a growing Anglomaniaism in fashionable circles in New York city.

—Mr. BROADHURST, M.P., in an address at the opening of a workmen's club, did not speak as a teetotaler, because he was not one; but maintained that if a man wanted alcohol he should have it at home. If a workman told him that alcohol was necessary to sustain physical exertion, he should say that, so far as his own experience went, it was not necessary. He had worked ten years ago as a journeyman stone-mason on some of the largest buildings in the land, and his work was of no light order. He found he could get through with it much better without beer, and that he left off in the evening much stronger and less tired than when he had taken beer during his working hours. Although his employment at present was of a different character, it was not less arduous, and he could express his honest belief that it would be impossible for him to sustain himself during the usual hard day's work of a Member of Parliament if he were not almost a teetotaler.

—The Pope complains that in France "the work of dissolution" wrought by the sophists and philosophers of the last century has been "revived and prosecuted by the sectaries of the present time."

—The late actress JOSEPHINE GALLMEYER refused on a certain occasion to appear in a new piece. Her manager thereupon showed her the contract which she had made with him, and which nothing could break but death or marriage. To spite him, she married on the very next day the most unprepossessing and nearly useless member of her company—a man whom she never shook hands with before or after. Notwithstanding her large earnings on the stage, she died in poverty and in debt.

—In a vigorous editorial on "Woman's Work," the Wareham (Massachusetts) *News* takes the bull by the horns as follows: "While the husband is toiling from Monday morning till Saturday night to furnish the means of living, the wives and daughters, as well as the sons, should do something practical with their own hands to save expenses and help in the good work. We have too many wasteful Bridgets in the kitchen, reckless Susans in the laundry, and girlish waitresses, chamber-maids, and seamstresses in other parts of the house. People of wealth may employ servants and seamstresses, and devote themselves to art [illegible] the elegancies of life; but [illegible] the husband is earning [illegible] the sweat of his face, no hands in the household [illegible] idle. We must come to this if men without money are to marry, and if the household is to eat its daily bread honestly acquired. No young man, starting in life without a cash capital, can honestly earn enough to keep a wife and family in idleness, and pay Irish and German servants to wait upon them."

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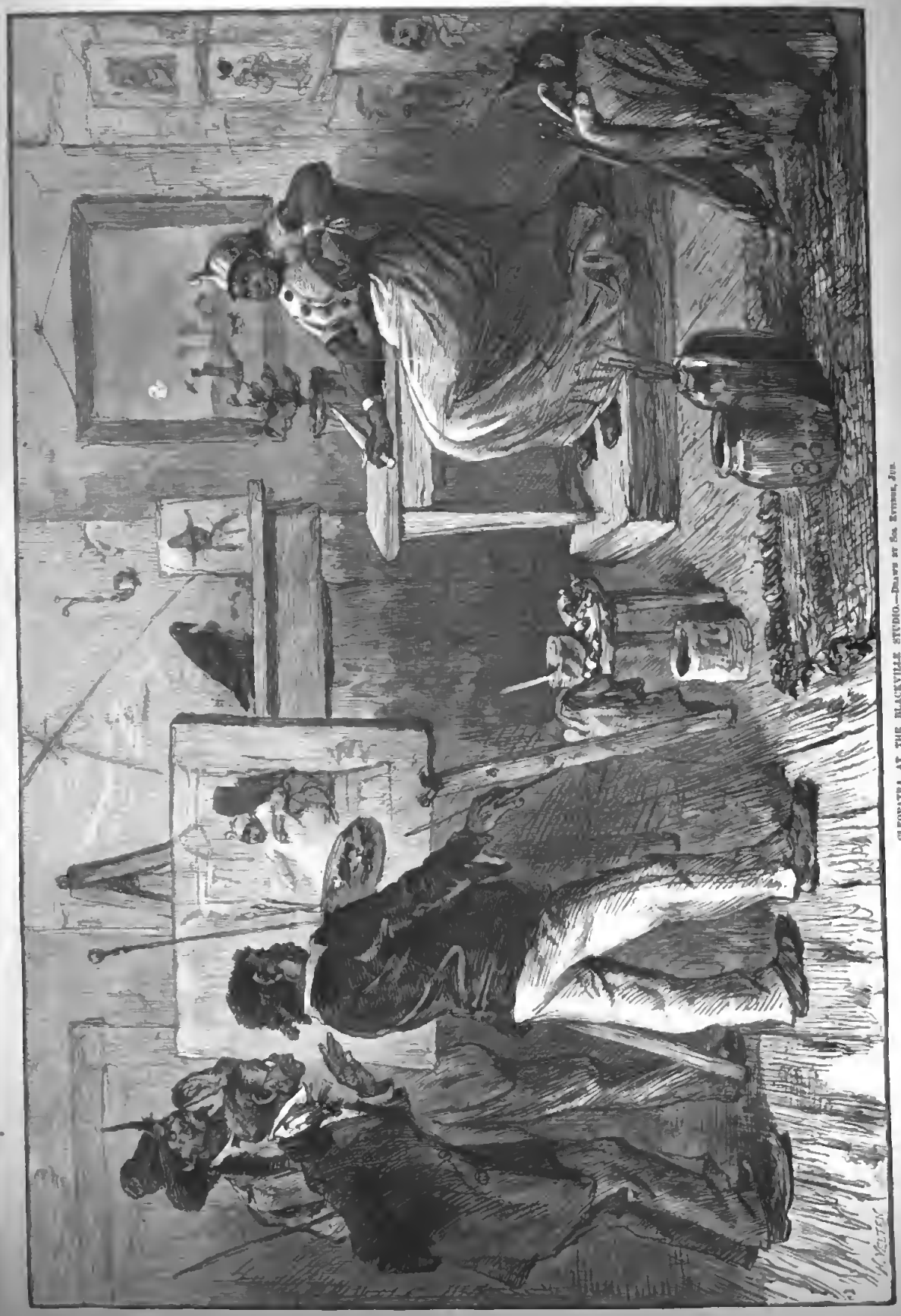

CLEOPATRA AT THE BLACKVILLE STUDIO.—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.

"Jes fetch a little mo' languish in yo' eye, Miss Lillie."

A BREAK IN THE LEVEE—GIVING THE ALARM.

BUILDING A LEVEE.

THE MISSISSIPPI LEVEES.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 170.]

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WAXING AND WANING.

Hope and the sun are like as one—
  Both largest when they rise:
They shrink alike from morn till noon,
  As life grows old and wise.

With what unbounded hope the boy
  Begins his world career!
How wondrous large and bright with joy
  Do rising suns appear!

But as the suns grow less and less,
  And paler, as they climb
The vacant sky, so we confess
  The cold deceits of time.

Our boyhood hopes will shrink and fade
  As boyhood drifts away,
And one by one to rest are laid
  The failures of the day.

And yet the sun at noon that turns
  Its downward course will grow and grow,
Till in the west it rolls and burns
  As large as half a day ago.

So, as we near that other sphere,
  The early hope revives,
That all we thought was ours here
  May be, in other lives.

MISSISSIPPI LEVEES.

To one accustomed to the precipitous heights of the Palisades and rocky and wood-clad ruggedness characterizing the shores of the lower Hudson Highlands and most of our Northern rivers, the contrast is indeed surprising upon first viewing that stretch of scenery, of low lying but highly cultivated land on either side of the Mississippi near New Orleans, called the Lower Coast. The pictures presented are charming enough in themselves, but so strangely inverted does everything appear that a sense of intense weirdness and unreality pervades the most commonplace objects to one to whose mind the word coast brings up a memory of lofty headlands, rocky promontories, and rolling vessels.

To the traveller on shipboard the horizon on either side is apparently girded by a thread, on which is strung in almost endless succession the forms of low-roofed planters' residences, numberless orange groves, moss-draped cypress-trees, with here and there the bulky shape of a plantation chimney trailing its smoke to the horizon across the sunset sky. Everything stands up tall, distinct; there appear to be no backgrounds. All objects are silhouettes. The great artist Turner is said to have experienced during his later years an aberration of sight which elongated entirely out of proportion all perpendicular objects in his paintings. What delight would he not have experienced in overcoming with his altered vision those endless lines of levees, those slender threads of tremendous converging perspective!

At high water periods, when your steamer is floating on a level ten feet higher than the land on either side, and the fields beyond, instead of sloping up, are in reality lower still, you get somewhat of an impression that the world must somehow be rounding off suddenly in that neighborhood.

When a landing is required, your river steamer, however large or stately, needs no dock. She glides gracefully to the levee, until her forward guards brush the grassy top, then lowers her great gang-plank, and the landing is made. This levee on which you have landed is a great bulwark of earth, grass-covered, solid, and compact, a barrier in flood times to the river's assaults, protecting the rich plantations on either side for 1800 miles, the building of which has cost over $20,000,000.

On one side of you is the great broad river, with its swiftly rushing current, its wavelets breaking within a foot of the levee top; on the other are spread below beautiful plantations, with their clustering labourers' quarters and busy mills and hundreds of workers afield. It is too charming a picture of thrift and industry to be lying at the mercy of that mighty flood already flecking the bank with its foam.

Notwithstanding the apparent security of those afield, they keep a sharp eye on the treacherous river, and guards are vigilantly patrolling it for miles. If a leak is found on the inside of the levee near the base, it is a craw-fish or land-crab hole. If it runs clear water, the danger is not immediate. If it is muddy, the earth inside is crumbling; the hole in the river must be felt for, and stopped with a sand-bag, or a cup-shaped earth barrier built up on the land side as high as the river level without.

Should a break be too large for the watcher to close alone, or the levee show signs of caving, the alarm is instantly given. Whistles are blown, the bells ring out a wild alarm, all work on the plantation is stopped, and from every direction the hands come running to the threatened spot, bringing whatever implement they have with which to meet the common foe. Stakes are driven in the crumbling earth, willow branches, boards, drift wood, packed with earth—anything is used that will hold back the water for a short space, until the more permanent earth-filled gunny-bags can be brought and packed in layers against the tide. The danger at that one spot is then over, unless the river is still rising, when, if the whole line of levee in the threatened district can not be carefully watched and re-enforced, one of those great crevasses is formed which inundate for miles those beautiful lands, carrying distress or ruin through hundreds of plantations, and filling our journals with tales of misery and privation.

Some of the larger levees have all the lines, angles, and strength of veritable fortifications. Convict labor frequently renders the State good service in building these works, their encampments and those engaged on the work, as at the great Scott Levee, presenting very animated scenes. Armed guards keep a vigilant watch on the workers, and generally have one or more dogs beside them should a man break for the woods, and a boat at hand should he take to the water, while attempting an escape. The convicts are not always aware of the location of these guards, as they are generally concealed in a shallow rifle-pit commanding the most likely points of escape.

J. O. Davidson.

A WORTHLESS FELLOW.

There was a rumor afloat at the fort that Tom O'Halloran was to be discharged from the regiment for drunkenness, and everybody was sorry for it. Even though those were stirring days, and every man and woman had their heads and their hearts full of the expedition against the Indians for which the regiment was preparing, yet each had a thought of pity for Tom, a word of kindness for Tom's mother. They had, after a fashion, belonged to the regiment longer than any officer or soldier now included in it, for Tom's father had been band-master from the early days of the war to his death, which occurred just after Tom was enrolled as a private, some five years since; while Mrs. O'Halloran, whose patience and faithfulness as a nurse were beyond praise, was endeared to almost every officer's family by some battle with death which they had fought together. They had more than their share of Irish beauty, those two, and the gray eyes which laughed or flashed under Tom's dark brown were, his defenders said, very like those which looked at the world with such gentle kindness from beneath his mother's white hair. He was a strong, clever young Irishman, with an aptitude for doing well anything that he was set to do, from fighting to masonry, but with a passion for drink which his mother's prayers, his Colonel's warnings, and his own resolutions were powerless to overcome. Clever and handsome and brave as he was, and "Child of the Regiment," as he was jokingly called, his officers would scarcely have had such patience with his always recurring escapades if it had not been for his mother, whose love for him was so devoted, and whose faith in his promises of reform so unwavering, that the hardest hearts (and soldiers' hearts are not very hard ones) always yielded to her entreaty for another chance for her boy.

But this time things looked very serious for poor Tom. He had been drunk while on duty as a sentry, and being in a quarrelsome humor, had been with difficulty prevented from knocking down the officer of the day who had ordered him under arrest. Within a week a large portion of the regiment was to start on an expedition of several months, and as Tom's company was among those which were to go, the Colonel had been heard to say that patience in his case had reached its limit, for a drunken soldier could endanger an army, and nobody could possibly rely upon Tom's sobriety from one hour to another. Punishment and warnings had alike failed a hundred times, and Tom must be left behind and discharged. I think the good Colonel, under whose bluff aspect was hidden a very kindly heart, was quite conscious that he was in disfavor with all the ladies, and many of the officers, that day, and it was even whispered that he had been repulsed with great disorder in an attempt to prove to Mrs. Colonel that he was right in his resolution. At all events, he carried rather a gloomy countenance about his duties, and it was with lagging footsteps that, toward sunday, he entered the little hospital. There was only one patient at present, but he was one who would never leave it alive, a man who had been a good soldier, and the Colonel's orderly for years.

A little old woman with a white apron and a quaint cap rose from beside the bed where poor Butler lay—a pale little woman, with a look of patient trouble in her soft eyes that touched the Colonel more than vehement reproaches, for this was Mrs. O'Halloran, and to him, as to most of the officers, she was the old and tried friend of many an illness and anxiety, rather than merely the mother of a private soldier who was in a scrape. The room was as neat and pleasant, the bed and the patient as well cared for, as though his nurse had no thought but his welfare, and the sight of this also touched the Colonel, who would have done his duty under any circumstances, and who respected the evidence of such a character in others.

"Butler must not talk much, if you please, Colonel," Mrs. O'Halloran said, as she left the room and sat down on the lowest step of the hall stair, for she was trembling so that she could scarcely stand.

After a few moments the Colonel came slowly out. He was surprised that Butler had not interceded for Tom, because he knew the man's liking for the nurse, who, as a special favor, had been allowed him, instead of the usual hospital steward, and that he might reasonably expect to be heard with patience at least by his old master.

"You know what I would say, Colonel," Mrs. O'Halloran began, rising and clasping her own kind hands. "My heart has been breaking to say it this long day, but I could not leave Butler."

"Does Butler know anything of this affair?"

"No, sir. Sure I could not trouble a dying man, who has been a good friend to Tom, and his father before him, this many a day."

"I wish Tom had your sense of duty, Mrs. O'Halloran!" cried the Colonel, with a sudden dimness in his keen eyes, as he thought of the mother's agony of suspense that she had concealed for the good of her patient.

"I knew that I could see you when you came to see Butler, as you always do, Colonel," she said, simply; and then, while the slow tears of age crept down her pale face, "Colonel, it is good and kind you have been to my poor boy many and many a time, and surely he has tried your kindness! But his heart is set on going to this fighting, and if you turn him out of the regiment now, the regiment that has been his home since he was a little lad, sure, sir, you will ruin his life entirely, and he so young. He is a brave boy too, is my Tom, Colonel, and I have a feeling here" (pressing a trembling hand against her heart) "that if you take him with you, he will do something to make you and his regiment proud of him."

It was weak logic, but the brave, pathetic old eyes, the passionate pleading of the faltering voice, made it very eloquent, and though the Colonel told himself that he was a fool, he knew that he was yielding.

"Take him with you this once! Give him this one more chance!" she implored. "Sure, Colonel, the God of the widow will not let any harm come to you, because you heard the widow's prayer."

"Very well, Mrs. O'Halloran, for your sake Tom shall have another trial, but I shall keep my eye on him, and if he does any harm, it shall only be to himself," cried the Colonel, with a sense of apologizing to his conscience. "The son of such a mother as you are ought to be better stuff than hopeless drunkards are made of."

"God bless you, sir, for sure and sure!"—catching his hand and kissing it. "His mother knows Tom O'Halloran better than himself does, and you will be glad of this day's mercy as long as you live, Colonel."

The sun had risen on such hopes and such confidence, such light hearts and such gay laughter, on a well-ordered, well-appointed regiment that scorned its foes and believed in its own invincibleness. The sun was sinking, at the June day's close, on a couple of hundred exhausted men huddled together within a rampart of saddles and dead horses on the bare crown of a steep hill, whose base was surrounded by howling savages, who stretched in dusky hordes, it seemed to the tired eyes that watched them, endlessly through the valley beyond the little river. They had been surrounded and slaughtered by overwhelming numbers, and the remnant still alive were worn not only with fatigue, heat, hunger, discouragement, but most of all by thirst. The steep sides of the hill were strewn with bodies; for the Indians, with the recklessness of triumph, had charged almost up to the rifles several times, and none of that weary band could say but what the next charge might be successful, though each man vowed silently to himself that his own weapon should prevent his becoming a prisoner if he survived his comrades.

They were not quite hopeless, however, for they knew that within twenty-four hours' march of them were re-enforcements of such extent that at their approach the Indians would vanish, and that if they could but maintain their position, by sunset to-morrow they would be safe. But in the mean time, though hunger and fatigue could be endured, thirst was maddening, and the wounded, who lay in the centre of the little circle, would not live until morning without water, the surgeon said. The Colonel and two or three of the surviving officers, who had been holding a council (if such could be called anything so ceremonious as the opinion that they must defend themselves while there was life left), looked hopelessly at each other when the surgeon made his report, and then, with the energy of desperation, the Colonel sprang to his feet. They were all lying flat behind their rampart to protect themselves against occasional volleys fired by the Indians from an opposite but less high hill.

"Boys!" said the Colonel, and between fatigue and sorrow (for had he not seen his best friends die that day?) the strong, kindly voice was sorely shaken, "you have done to-day all that brave men could. You are tired and hungry and grieved. Your Colonel will not order you to do him an extra service, but the surgeon has told us that our wounded will die of thirst before morning unless they have water. Boys, there is a little stream at the foot of this hill. Will any of you volunteer to bring some for your comrades?"

There was a moment's silence, for all the men knew that the service he asked was a desperate one. The stream lay within the Indian line—if anything so irregular could be called a line—and they were physically so tired that exertion, much less daring, seemed impossible. Only a moment, and then a tall young man jumped up in his place, a couple of yards from the Colonel's side, and waved his cap over his head.

"I will go, Colonel!" cried Tom O'Halloran's cheery voice. "Friends, who will help to bring some water for those who have not been as lucky as we have?"

Soldiers only need a leader to do a gallant thing, and in two moments more eight men—the Colonel would not permit more to go—crept out over the rampart, every second man carrying a tin bucket, and the others acting as guards. Very breathlessly their comrades waited the result, and the Colonel clinched his hands in helpless grief when he heard the firing that told they had been attacked. But they came back presently—seven of them, wonderful to say—with water enough to give everybody a drink, and to keep the wounded supplied for several hours, and the only missing man was Tom O'Halloran.

"His mother said that he would make the regiment proud of him," murmured the Colonel to the officer beside him, and neither was ashamed of the tears on his cheek.

It was not a night on which it was possible for a commanding officer, however tired, to sleep; and two hours later, when all had been quiet for over an hour, and in the dusky skies the stars were shining brilliantly, the Colonel moved noiselessly across the sleeping men to a sentry who for some five minutes had been fixedly watching something on the other side of the defenses.

"What is it?" he asked, in a sharp whisper.

"I think it is one of our men, Colonel, but I am not sure," answered the soldier, pointing to a dark form crawling on hands and knees, with many pauses, near the top of the hill.

"Who goes there?" cried the Colonel.

"Tom," came a faint reply; and in an instant, forgetting that it was his duty as commander not needlessly to expose his life, the Colonel was over the defenses, and kneeling beside bleeding, ghastly, but living Tom O'Halloran.

"Good God! my boy, how did you get here? We thought you were dead!"

"So did I, Colonel, twice," murmured Tom, with a gleam that was half fun, half tenderness, in his dim eyes. "But I promised my mother to go back to her, and I was not going to break her heart just when I had done something at last to make her a little proud of her worthless fellow!"

You all know that they were rescued next day, "all that was left of them"; but I think you will be glad to hear that Tom O'Halloran kept his promise to his mother, and lived, though he lost a leg, and was otherwise so injured that he will never be a strong man again. But he is the hero of his regiment, and whether a desire to live up to his own place in men's esteem helped him, or whether the good in his nature would have triumphed sooner or later without the assistance of his heroism, is a question the Colonel is fond of arguing, always ending by inviting his auditor, if a stranger, to go with him to the regimental hospital, where Tom has become a model book-keeper and steward and the best of sons to his happy and proud old mother.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

SPRING WATER.

There is a common notion that spring water is pretty much the same everywhere, that its composition varies much less than that of water from other sources. It is true that in general spring water is the best drinking water. But there are very wide differences in the quality of different springs, and especially in the quantity and quality of the various mineral substances which they contain. The main distinction is into hard and soft waters. The hard waters are those which contain lime and magnesian salts, and consequently will not form a lather with soap until after the soap has decomposed these salts. The "soap test" for hardness consists in employing a solution of soap of a given strength, and ascertaining how much of this must be added to a given quantity of water to form a lather which will last a given time. Hard water may be softened to a considerable extent by boiling it—in some cases an economical expedient. There are hard waters that require seventeen times as much soap to make a lather as soft water requires. The soap thus wasted in using hard water costs the community an enormous sum annually.

Soft water is comparatively free from lime, and from the magnesian salts. The effects of its habitual use on health and growth are still an unsettled question. Of French recruits, says Galton, a larger number from soft than from hard water districts were rejected on examination. But this proves nothing, for the rejection might have been due to other physiological causes. And, "on the other hand, Highlanders are a stalwart race, and the water they have is mostly soft water." In the United States, ever since measurements have been made, the tallest American-born soldiers have come from Kentucky. Then follow, in the order of average statures, the men of Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, California, Nevada, Indiana, and Virginia. In no other States does the average stature run over five feet eight inches. In Kentucky, it may be added, the ailment of stone in the bladder is frequent, presumably on account of the prevalence of magnesian salts in the drinking water.

The terms "hard water" and "soft water" need a little more careful definition than they commonly receive. There are many kinds of hard waters. One kind is that which flows from strata that contain much magnesia. This tends in some cases to produce goitre, a disease of which the chief cause is indeed a very different one, namely, insufficient exposure to sunlight, as among the inhabitants of that rather gloomy tract of the river Rhone, the Valais, just above Lake Geneva. Still the ailment has been traced, in parts of France and England (in the latter it is called "Derbyshire neck"), to the use of hard magnesian waters.

This, happily, is in this country not a danger to health worth mentioning. In general the hard waters that come from the chalk and limestone formations are the best; those from clay soil, from surface soils and from loose sand, or from soft sandstones, are apt to be impurer. Water that flows from granite rock is generally both soft and pure. But some of the most famous and efficient mineral springs, as those of Carlsbad and Marienbad, come from the granite, and are highly charged with constituents of the granite in solution.

Springs are seldom abundant enough to form the direct supply of a city: it would be better for us if they were. The impurities of city drinking water are generally contracted in the streams, ponds, and reservoirs through which they must pass before reaching the consumer. But there are fortunate exceptions to this rule. The city of Vienna has a new supply from the Kaiserbrunn and the Sixtensquelle, fifty-eight miles from the capital. Besançon, in eastern France, is thus entirely supplied, and from one of the most beautiful springs that I have ever seen—the Source d'Arcier. It pours out of a mountain-side 780 feet above sea-level, and sixty-seven feet above the ancient city of Besançon, which it now supplies for the second time in the course of seventeen hundred years. When the Emperor Marcus

Aurelius, in the second century, occupied this province he constructed an aqueduct, which still exists. Its tight brick vaulting is still as perfect in many parts of its ten miles' course as when it led the waters of Arcus ("The Arches," so called from the brick arches over which the canal was partly carried) to the Roman citizens of Vesontio.

About forty years ago the people of Besançon built the modern aqueduct over nearly the same course as that of Marcus Aurelius. The spring, or subterranean river rather, breaks at a single bound from the limestone rock, deep in an ancient wood. Its leap is like that of the "mighty fountain" in Coleridge's "Kubla Khan." But the torrent is intercepted by a dam, which turns into the mouth of the aqueduct a supply sufficient for sixty thousand people. Caught up by the engineering works the moment it leaves the rock, and before any contamination from air or soil can occur, the water reaches the city as cool and limpid as when it springs from the mountain-side. The living spring actually flows in the old town. It is almost at an unvarying temperature, and the only fault that is found with it is that during long-continued rains it is slightly turbid. The surplus water rushes down the hill-side at Arcier in a beautiful cascade, and pours into the river Doubs, the *Dubis* of the Roman wine and water drinkers' time. TITUS MUNSON COAN.

CITY GOVERNMENTS AND THE POOR.

THE part that a city government may take in preventing want and suffering is very great: it refutes Johnson and Goldsmith. The city government may "cause or cure" disease, produce general discomfort, neglect cleanliness; live by fraud and bribery, by sectarian influence, or other bad influences. It may raise the price of rents and provisions by excessive taxation, and drive the working-men from the city by its wasteful ness, or confine them to single rooms and crowded tenement houses. Or it may do the very opposite of all this, and prove the benefactor of its people. It may rule economically, and yet provide clean streets, healthy quarters for those who live by labor, watch over them, and prevent discomfort. It may provide parks, gardens, and amusements for the poor, and make their homes often more comfortable than palaces.

This will be the aim of the city of the future, and it is in part the cure for those pressing evils that have always haunted life in great cities. The city government can do much to soften the pressure of poverty, and give pleasant homes to those who labor, and it is already felt that this power has never yet been properly exercised. In most large cities, and particularly in New York, the chief attention of officials and politicians has been given to the finer parts of the town. The Fifth Avenue is at least swept and tended; the side streets are left in strange neglect. It is sometimes impossible to pass through them without discomfort. The seeds of disease are left to foster in the crowded haunts of the industrious. In summer painful odors sweep over them. No parks or open spaces are provided for children and the sick. There are no recreations for the poor. The parks and boulevards are far away, and seem only meant for the wealthy. The eastern side of New York, with its great industrial population, may well sink into the condition of East London, if something is not done to give its people free air and a more hopeful life.

In most cities there are already traces of a new progress. There is a plain desire to provide for the comfort of the many rather than of the few. In London the use of scientific drainage and various sanitary precautions has made it the healthiest of cities. Once it was one of the least healthy. But with all its vice, poverty, want, despair, London shows a far lower death rate than New York. Its example is encouraging to those who study public health. One chief aim of European philanthropy is to provide comfortable homes for those who labor. Large blocks of buildings are erected in convenient situations. They are fire-proof, and almost indestructible. The rooms are rented at moderate rates; the comfort and good order of the community are in every way consulted. Another important element of the scheme is to give amusement and recreation to the poor. Lectures, free libraries, parks, gardens, play grounds of the public schools, even gymnastic and athletic exercises, are employed to stir the sluggishness of want. Hope and pleasure are given to many who had never apparently known their names. In Paris the Municipal Council has recently established a large number of free libraries in connection with the communal schools. The books are lent for short periods. In London churchyards are turned into parks and play-grounds for children. A "winter garden," a "magnificent" free library and reading-room, a profusion of plants and flowers, a gymnasium and pleasant walks in the winter garden, are to be given by private benevolence to the poor of East London.

In New York we have little to hope for from our city government. It has long proved the scourge rather than the protector of the city. It has loaded it with an immense debt, on which it pays $8,000,000 a year interest, and has left the working classes without comfortable homes, or any means of recreation; many it has driven from the city, many it shuts up in crowded garrets and uncleanly lodgings. Possibly our city government may be improved hereafter; but at present we must look to private benevolence to soften some of the pains of toil. Already we have the germs of a free library founded by some benevolent citizens. We have accomplished women and energetic men anxious to help the poor. Our charitable societies are numberless. They want only a general union to become singularly useful. Shall we not have a winter garden, plants, flowers, and walks, on the east side of our city, as is planned in East London, and houses for the industrious as pleasant and safe as those founded by the Peabody estate? Is it not possible to make New York one of the healthiest of cities? and, indeed, to what better subject can the rising intellect of the time be turned than the best mode of governing cities?

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

THE TIME OF PILGRIMS.

MARCH is the month of the pilgrims' return. In the East, to-day, millions of people—Hindoo and Muhammedan, men, women, and children—are toiling on their homeward way from Mecca and Medina in Arabia, and the Ganges shrines in India, to all the quarters of the compass. No European has ever yet started with a party of Arabic devotees from their homes, travelled with them as they travelled, lived as they lived, and followed the wonderful pilgrim story through from first to last. The narrative of the journey would be equally picturesque and interesting, abounding in passages of quaint adventure and deep pathos. Whether in India one set out from the rajah's palace or the ryot's hut, there is but one road to follow, that which from time immemorial has been consecrated by pilgrims' feet, and which leads the pious wayfarer to Benares, Allahabad, and Gaya, and passed by the way side a thousand sacred shrines. In the circumstances of the journey there would be a vast difference, for with the noble cortége would be witnessed the astonishing combination of magnificence and squalor that marks the devotional progress of a Hindoo prince. All day long there would be the stately procession of gorgeously bedizened ox-wagons and horsemen, the whole household and retinue of the rajah on journey, the clamor of greedy votaries of the temples and fakirs, the pompous display of wealth and rank and piety, boastful pride and superstitious humility. All night long from the splendid tents would come the sounds of barbarous sleep-murdering music, the tinkling of ankle bells, and the vociferated demands and thanks of the pious and the poor who crowd without. With the poor man the traveller would see the same sight exactly, hear the same sounds, visit the same precise spots; but he would be on foot, a staff in his hand, a bag of parched grain at his back, ever accompanied by the moving dust, with cripples and sick and mendicants jostling along together. The day would pass in monotonous trudging, broken at times by a halt before a shrine, with noisy invocations, and the night be spent under the sky in weary sleep.

Between the two extremes, however, there is a vast body of pilgrims—the middle class of Hindoos—who look forward to the all-important journey as a household holiday, both enjoyable to the present and advantageous to the future. The women and children will all take part in it, and year after year money is put by and preparations made for the great undertaking. Months are occupied in the actual travelling to and fro, and if sickness intervene the whole family will remain at one or other of the sacred places until recovery or death sets them free again. Throughout the long journey will be sprinkled episodes of adventure from wild beasts and robbers, many laughter-moving incidents also, but just as many miserable scenes of death and crime, with perhaps on the road or at some halting-place an outbreak of one of those awful epidemics which so frequently attack the pilgrim swarms. But every day is brightened for all alike with the ever-present thought that each step in advance is a step nearer to their thrones of grace, and every step on the homeward way made easy by the knowledge of the good deed done and the happiness stored up in recompense hereafter.

Turning to the Mohammedans, we find the scene almost the same. Similar differences of rank and circumstances, with their attendant incidents of luxury or misery, mark the onward course of the never-resting crowd, and the same episodes of life, tragic or comic, break the monotony of the pilgrimage.

In tracing the course of a party of the Faithful from their homes to the supreme mosque the narrative, however, would exceed in adventurous variety, and even in picturesque romance, the record of the Hindoos' pious journey. For the Hindoo is of India only, and though he may have wandered for an interval, he returns to his country, so that his pilgrimage commences and ends within the limits of Hindostan. These are, it is true, vast enough; but to the empire of Mohammed there are no limits save those of the earth. Upon Mecca converge all the roads of Africa, Europe, and Asia. Travel is not forbidden to Mohammedans, and they have therefore spread far and wide; but once in his life every man hopes to turn his feet toward the City of the Prophet, to win eternal paradise by seeing "that stone and well" before he dies; and from China and Central Africa, the Asiatic khanates and the Eastern seas, perennial streams of pilgrims are forever in flow and ebb. The undertaking, however, though in itself a formidable one, has lost something of its terrors for the greater number of the pious by the conveniences offered by enterprising contractors and ship-owners, which greatly alleviate both the danger and hardships of the journey. Whole caravans—thousands of men and women together—are now provisioned and carried by contract from place to place on land, while regular halting-stages, with lodging accommodation and traders' stores, enable the wayfarers to recruit their strength and replenish their stock of small luxuries at convenient intervals. Turks, negroes, and Malays, men from Greece and Barbary, Central Africa and Palestine, Malacca and Syria—all the countries and islands where Islam has its followers—crowd together at the sea-port nearest Mecca, and for weeks the ships have been busy discharging and embarking their motley freights.

Sometimes the pilgrims have to take passage by vessels not intended solely for their benefit, and this phase of their journey has therefore become familiar to us. With a gravity and persistence that nothing will disturb, the devout Mohammedans attempt all day and night to take advantage of the conveniences and comforts designed for the better-paying class of passengers, encroaching on parts of the ship sacred to Europeans or the officers, solemnly spreading their prayer carpets, to the disturbance of the greater number, hanging up their clothes to dry on all the ropes that ought to be least interfered with, and congregating, smoking, and cooking always to the windward. These manœuvres exasperate the ship's officers, crew, and passengers alike; but the imperturbable Moslem continues in his course, loftily disregarding all minor considerations in the one great fact that he is on the way himself to certain and eternal paradise. There is, however, an aspect of this pilgrim life on board a passenger steamer that appeals strongly to Western imagination. Life is with most of us a term of hurry and bustle, marked here and there with certain chief events; but to these Mohammedans, black and brown, crouching together on the forecastle of the steamer, life grows up to and sinks down from one great central incident—the crisis of their lives—the pilgrimage to Mecca. When the pilgrim is on his way to and from the Holy City, it is a great act he is performing, and let the passengers on the poop laugh as they may, and the quartermaster curl as he chooses, the pilgrim cares little. Whatever is to be will be, and—Inshallah!—so long as he gets to Mecca and safe home again, the rest of the world may go where it pleases. PHIL ROBINSON.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

JUMBO eats onions, drinks whiskey, and chews tobacco. It is but justice to him, however, to remember that he doesn't further complicate his breath by chewing cloves.

One of the pretty customs brought to this country from the Old World is that of setting out a sheaf of grain on the top of a long pole as a holiday offering to the birds. A Minnesota newspaper says that this custom is quite generally observed throughout the western part of that State, which is settled by immigrants who came from the northern countries of Europe.

At the time of this writing the British pashas in Egypt are hopeful, it is said, of capturing Osman Digna. After they have succeeded they can enjoy their *Osman Dig*.

The spring-time awakening of Mother Earth was duly celebrated this year by the Titans of modern Gotham. It happened, however, that the evening of the celebration was one of the coldest of the season; and while the demi-gods were going through the forms of welcoming the spring, the ears of belated persons returning home on foot were becoming inflexible, the frost was creaking under the wheels of vehicles, and frozen-up water pipes were bursting throughout the city.

In the Krupp Steel Ordnance Works, at Essen, a steam-hammer is in course of construction which will dwarf the fifty-ton machine called "Unser Fritz." The new hammer will weigh about one hundred and fifty tons, and will cost over $2,500,000. The old one weighs fifty tons. It is said that when the Emperor William visited the works in 1877 this ponderous piece of machinery attracted his attention, and he was told by Mr. Krupp that the machinist handled it with such precision that an object placed where it seemed as though it must be ground to powder would not be touched. The Emperor thereupon laid his diamond-studded watch on the spot indicated, and bade the workman set the hammer in motion. He hesitated. "Fritz, let fly," said Krupp to the workman. The ponderous hammer came down, and the watch was untouched. The Emperor gave the watch to the machinist, and the owner of the works added a thousand marks to the present.

It is proposed by an Ohio man to prevent future floods in the valley of the Ohio River by digging an enormous drain from Wellsville to Lake Erie. The river at that point, he says, is considerably higher than the lake. He thinks the cost of the work would not greatly exceed the damage done by the recent flood.

It seems a pity that the Credit Valley Railway should be a finished and utilized thoroughfare in Canada—the name would be so appropriate for some one of the many unfinished and unsurveyed railroads on this side of the international line.

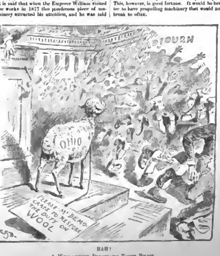
In consequence of instructions issued by the Postmaster-General, persons presenting money orders for payment in this city must be identified to the satisfaction of the pay clerk. The difficulty that many persons will experience in hunting up a friend who is known to the pay clerk, and who has leisure for going to the post-office and making the identification satisfactory, will be apt to make the money-order business rather slow after a while.

A lady whose given name is Jesse was drawn as a juryman in Brooklyn. In a note to the judge she wrote that, although it is leap-year, she feared she would be challenged if she should attempt to serve.

The cable announces that the English detectives are "trying to find a cabman who drove three men from America with a suspicious-looking trunk to a certain house in London just previous to the explosion at the Victoria Station." The cabman who could drive three men from America to London in such weather as has been reported of late by masters of incoming vessels would not have much difficulty in keeping away from the detectives.

Two of the National Guard colonels who signed the circular, recently issued, attacking the uniformed veteran organizations, have reconsidered their action, and come to the conclusion that it was not wise. It is predicted by prominent veteran militiamen that the rank and file of several regiments which have leaned rather heavily on the veterans for financial support will persuade their commanding officers to withdraw their signatures from the offending document.

Doubtless there are competent engineers at work on a problem that has presented itself with unusual frequency in the past six months—that of rendering the propellers of steam-ships less liable to break down. During much of that period there has been at least one of the large passenger steam-ships making its way across the Atlantic under sail in consequence of a disabled screw. Though there has been an unusual amount of stormy weather, the disabled craft have without exception come safely into port. This, however, is good fortune. It would be better to have propelling machinery that would not break so often.



BAH!

A WELL-DEFINED DEMOCRATIC TARIFF POLICY.

"Ba! ba! Ohio sheep, have you any wool?"
"Ay, merry sirs, I've two bags full
Either will suit Democratic tariff grade—
One for protection, and one for free trade."

BANISHED FROM MASSACHUSETTS, 1660.—Dra

E. A. Abbey.—[See Poem by J. G. Whittier, Page 166.]

"TAKE CARE."

When a shadow is on your heart,
And you know not the reason why,
When the tear unbidden will start,
And unbidden will come the sigh,
Take care!
Watch, for there's cause for fear;
Watch, for an enemy's near;
Watch as the little bird watches
When the sparrow-hawk's in the air.

When the hope in your life turns pale,
And your courage dies vaguely out,
When you feel that the staff may fail
You have trusted without a doubt,
Take care!
The shadow of sorrow is long;
Watch, there is something wrong;
Watch as the pilot watches
When a storm is in the air.

There's a feeling you know not whence,
A whisper you know not where,
That says to some innermost sense,
Of which you are dimly aware,
Take care!
Fly to your covert, fly,
And danger may pass you by:
Fly as the hart to the mountain
When the hounds are scenting the air.

When the love that was strong turns weak,
The love you have trusted long,
And you feel that you need not speak,
That whatever you say is wrong,
Take care!
And hide you a little while
From the smile that is only guile,
And watch as the little bird watches
When the sparrow-hawk's in the air.

A foe that is fair and open
You may fight and keep your place,
But who can fight with a shadow
That never will show its face?
Take care!
When you fear, and you know not why,
When you fail, though you bravely try,
Then watch as the little bird watches
When the sparrow hawk's in the air.

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE SECOND.

IN LONDON.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MOTHER EVE.

The servant received Emily, on her return to the cottage, with a sly smile. "Here he is again, miss, waiting to see you."

She opened the parlor door, and revealed Alban Morris, as restless as ever, walking up and down the room.

"When I missed you at the Museum, I was afraid you might be ill," he said. "Ought I to have gone away when my anxiety was relieved? Shall I go away now?"

"You must take a chair, Mr. Morris, and hear what I have to say for myself. When you left me after your last visit, I suppose I felt the force of example. At any rate, I, like you, had my suspicions. I have been trying to confirm them—and I have failed."

He paused, with the chair in his hand. "Suspicious of me?" he asked.

"Certainly. Can you guess how I have been employed for the last two days? No, not even your ingenuity can do that. I have been hard at work, in another reading-room, consulting the same back numbers of the same newspaper which you have been examining at the British Museum. There is my confession; and now we will have some tea."

She moved to the fire-place to ring the bell, and failed to see the effect produced on Alban by those lightly uttered words. The common phrase is the only phrase that can describe it. He was thunder-struck.

"Yes," she resumed, "I have read the report of the inquest. If I know nothing else, I know that the murder at the inn can't be the discovery which you are bent on keeping from me. Don't be alarmed for the preservation of your secret. I am too much discouraged to try again."

The servant interrupted them by answering the bell. Alban once more escaped detection. Emily gave her orders with an approach to the old gayety of her school-days. "Tea, as soon as possible; and let us have the new cake. Are you too much of a man, Mr. Morris, to like cake?"

In his state of agitation he was unreasonably irritated by that playful question. "There is one thing I like better than cake," he said; "and that one thing is a plain explanation."

His tone puzzled her. "Have I said anything to offend you?" she asked. "Surely you can make allowance for a girl's curiosity? Oh, you shall have your explanation; and, what is more, you shall have it without reserve."

She was as good as her word. What she had thought, and what she had planned, when he left her after his last visit, was frankly and fully told. "If you wonder how I discovered the library," she went on, "I must refer you to my aunt's lawyer, Mr. Mool in the City—and I wrote to him to help me. I don't consider that my time has been wasted. Mr. Morris, we owe an apology to Mrs. Rook."

Alban's astonishment, when he heard this, forced its way to expression in words. "What can you possibly mean?" he asked.

The tea was brought in before Emily could reply. She filled the cups, and sighed as she looked at the cake. "If Cecilia was here, how she would enjoy it!" With that complimentary tribute to her friend, she handed a slice to Alban. He never even noticed it.

"We have both of us behaved most unkindly to Mrs. Rook," she resumed. "I can excuse your not seeing it; for I should not have seen it either, but for the newspaper. While I was reading, I had an opportunity of thinking over what we said and did, when the poor woman's behavior so needlessly offended us. I was too excited to think, at the time—and, besides, I had been upset, only the night before, by what Miss Jethro said to me."

Alban started. He remembered Miss Jethro as the teacher who had suddenly left the school, under mysterious circumstances. "What has she to do with it?" he asked.

"Nothing at all," Emily answered. "She spoke to me of her own private affairs. A long story, and you wouldn't be interested in it. Let me finish what I had to say. Mrs. Rook was naturally reminded of the murder when she heard that my name was Brown; and she must certainly have been struck, as I was, by the coincidence of my father's death taking place at the same time when his unfortunate namesake was killed. Doesn't this sufficiently account for her agitation when she looked at the locket? We first took her by surprise, and then we suspected her of Heaven knows what, because the poor creature didn't happen to have her wits about her, and to remember at the right moment what a very common name 'Brown' is. Don't you see it as I do?"

"I see that you have arrived at a remarkable change of opinion since we spoke of the subject in the garden at school."

"In my place you would have changed your opinion too. I shall write to Mrs. Rook by to-morrow's post."

Alban heard her with dismay. "Pray be guided by my advice!" he said, earnestly. "Pray don't write that letter!"

"Why not?"

It was too late to recall the words which he had rashly allowed to escape him. How could he reply?

To own that he had not only read what Emily had read, but had carefully copied the whole narrative, and considered it at his leisure, was simply impossible after what he had now heard. Her innocent defense of Sir Jervis's housekeeper (ignoring former conclusions at which she had herself arrived) had actually relieved him of the last doubt left in his mind. Reading of the removal of the remains of the murdered man by a "relative," he had asked himself why that "relative" had not been named. And he had concluded that some private and pressing reason for concealment had been urged, which the coroner and the reporters received with sympathy and submission. He was now able to trace back the concealment to the "relation" whose name had been suppressed, and whose object had evidently been to prevent Emily from discovering the terrible circumstances under which her father had met with his death. Her peace of mind depended absolutely on Alban's discretion. Silence was a mercy, and silence was a lie; and he—a stranger—had no choice left but to feel the family compassion, and to become an accomplice in the family fraud.

In the mean while Emily reminded him that he had not yet answered her.

"Isn't the imprudence of writing to such a person plain enough to speak for itself?" he suggested, cautiously.

"Not to me."

She made that reply rather obstinately. Alban seemed (in her view) to be trying to prevent her from atoning for an act of injustice. Besides, he despised her cake. "I want to know why you object," she said, taking back the neglected slice, and eating it herself.

"I object," Alban answered, "because Mrs. Rook is a coarse, presuming woman. She may pervert your letter to some use of her own, which you may have reason to regret."

"Is that all?"

"Isn't it enough?"

"It may be enough for you. When I have done a person an injury, and wish to make an apology, I don't think it necessary to inquire whether the person's manners happen to be vulgar or not."

Alban's patience was still equal to any demands that she could make on it. "I can only offer you advice which is honestly intended for your own good," he gently replied.

"You would have more influence over me, Mr. Morris, if you were a little readier to take me into your confidence. I dare say I am wrong, but I don't like following advice which is given to me in the dark."

It was impossible to offend him. "Very naturally," he said; "I don't blame you."

Her color deepened, and her voice rose. Alban's patient adherence to his own view—so courteously and considerately urged—was beginning to try her temper. "In plain words," she rejoined, "I am to believe that you can't be mistaken in your judgment of another person."

There was a ring at the door of the cottage while she was speaking. But she was too warmly interested in confuting Alban to notice it.

He was quite willing to be confuted. Even when she lost her temper, she was still interesting to him. "I don't expect you to think me infallible," he said. "Perhaps you will remember that I have had some experience. I am unfortunately older than you are."

"Oh, if wisdom comes with age," she smartly reminded him, "your friend Miss Redwood is old enough to be your mother—and she suspected Mrs. Rook of murder because the poor woman looked at a door, and disliked being in the next room to a fidgety old maid."

Alban's manner changed; he shrank from that chance allusion to doubts and fears which he dare not acknowledge. "Let us talk of something else," he said.

She looked at him with a saucy smile. "Have I driven you into a corner at last? And is that your way of getting out of it?"

Even his endurance failed. "Are you trying to provoke me?" he asked. "Are you no better than other women? I wouldn't have believed it of you, Emily."

"Emily?" She repeated the name in a tone of surprise, which reminded him that he had addressed her with familiarity at a most inappropriate time—the time when they were on the point of a quarrel. He felt the implied reproach too keenly to be able to answer her with composure.

"I think of Emily—I love Emily—my one hope is that Emily may love me. Oh, my dear, is there no excuse if I forget to call you 'Miss' when you distress me?"

All that was tender and true in her nature secretly took his part. She would have followed that better impulse, if he had only been calm enough to understand her momentary silence, and to give her time. But the temper of a gentle and generous man, once roused, is slow to subside. Alban abruptly left his chair. "I had better go," he said.

"As you please," she answered. "Whether you go, Mr. Morris, or whether you stay, I shall write to Mrs. Rook."

The ring at the bell was followed by the appearance of a visitor. Dr. Allday opened the door just in time to hear Emily's last words. Her vehemence seemed to amuse him.

"Who is Mrs. Rook?" he asked.

"A most respectable person," Emily answered, indignantly; "housekeeper to Sir Jervis Redwood. You needn't sneer at her, Dr. Allday. She has not always been in service—she was landlady of the inn at Zeeland."

The doctor, about to put his hat on a chair, paused. The inn at Zeeland reminded him of the handbill, and of the visit of Miss Jethro.

"Why are you so hot over it?" he inquired.

"Because I detest prejudice." With this assertion of liberal feeling she pointed to Alban, standing quietly apart at the further end of the room. "There is the most prejudiced man living—he hates Mrs. Rook. Would you like to be introduced to him? You're a philosopher; you may do him some good. Dr. Allday—Mr. Alban Morris."

The doctor recognized the man with the felt hat and the objectionable beard, whose personal appearance had not impressed him favorably.

Although they may hesitate to acknowledge it, there are respectable Englishmen still left who regard a felt hat and a beard as symbols of republican disaffection to the altar and the throne. Dr. Allday's manner might have expressed this curious form of patriotic feeling, but for the associations which Emily had revived. In his present frame of mind he was outwardly courteous, because he was inwardly suspicious. Mrs. Rook had been described to him as formerly landlady of the inn at Zeeland. Were there reasons for Mr. Morris's hostile feeling toward this woman, which might be referable to the crime committed in her house, and which might threaten Emily's tranquillity if they were made known? It would not be amiss to see a little more of Mr. Morris on the first convenient occasion.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, sir."

"You are very kind, Dr. Allday."

The exchange of polite conventionalities having been accomplished, Alban approached Emily to take his leave, with mingled feelings of regret and anxiety—regret for having allowed himself to speak harshly, anxiety to part with her in kindness.

"Will you forgive me for differing from you?" It was all he could venture to say in the presence of a stranger.

"Oh yes," she said, quietly.

"Will you think again, before you decide?"

"Certainly, Mr. Morris. But it won't alter my opinion, if I do."

The doctor, hearing what passed between them, frowned. On what subject had they been differing? And what opinion did Emily decline to alter?

Alban gave it up. He took her hand gently. "Shall I see you at the Museum to-morrow?" he asked.

She was politely indifferent to the last. "Yes—unless something happens to keep me at home."

The doctor's eyebrows still expressed disapproval. For what object was the meeting proposed? And why at a museum?

"Good afternoon, Dr. Allday."

"Good afternoon, sir."

For a moment after Alban's departure the doctor stood irresolute. Arriving suddenly at a decision, he snatched up his hat and turned to Emily in a hurry.

"I bring you news, my dear, which will surprise you. Who do you think has just left my house? Mrs. Ellmother! Don't interrupt me. She has made up her mind to go out to service again—tired of leading an idle life—that's her own account of it—and asks me to act as her reference."

"Did you consent?"

"Consent! If I act as her reference, I shall be asked how she came to leave her last place. A nice dilemma! Either I must own that she deserted her mistress on her death-bed, or tell a lie. When I put it to her in that way, she walked out of the house in dead silence. If she applies to you next, receive her as I did, or decline to see her, which would be better still."

"Why am I to decline to see her?"

"In consequence of her behavior to your aunt, to be sure. Now I have said all I wanted to say, and I have no time to spare for answering idle questions. Good-by."

Socially speaking, doctors try the patience of their nearest and dearest friends in this respect—they are almost always in a hurry. Dr. Allday's precipitate departure did not tend to soothe Emily's irritated nerves. She began to find excuses for Mrs. Ellmother in a spirit of pure contradiction. The old servant's behavior might admit of justification; a friendly welcome might persuade her to explain herself. "If she applies to me," Emily determined, "I shall certainly receive her."

Having arrived at this resolution, her mind reverted to Alban.

Some of the sharp things she had said to him, subjected to after-reflection in solitude, failed to justify themselves. Her better sense began to reproach her. She tried to silence that unwelcome monitor by laying the blame on Alban. Why had he been so patient and so good? What harm was there in his calling her "Emily"? If he had told her to call *him* by his Christian name, she might have done it. How noble he looked when he got up to go away; he was actually handsome. Women may say what they please and write what they please: their natural instinct is to find their master in a man—especially when they like him. Sinking lower and lower in her own estimation, Emily tried to turn the current of her thoughts in another direction. She took up a book, opened it, looked into it, threw it across the room.

If Alban had returned at that moment, resolved on a reconciliation—if he had said, "My dear, I want to see you like yourself again; will you give me a kiss, and make it up?"—would he have left her crying when he went away? She was crying now.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MENTOR AND TELEMACHUS.

If Emily's eyes could have followed Alban as her thoughts were following him, she would have seen him stop before he reached the end of the road in which the cottage stood. His heart was full of tenderness and sorrow; the longing to return to her was more than he could resist. It would be easy to wait, within view of the gate, until the doctor's visit came to an end. He had just decided to go back and keep watch, when he heard rapid footsteps approaching. There (devil take him!) was the doctor himself.

"I have something to say to you, Mr. Morris. Which way are you walking?"

"Any way," Alban answered, not very graciously.

"Then let us take the turning that leads to my house. It's not customary for strangers, especially when they happen to be Englishmen, to place confidence in each other. Let me set the example of violating that rule. I want to speak to you about Miss Emily. May I take your arm? Thank you. At my age, girls in general, unless they are my patients, are not objects of interest to me. But that girl at the cottage—I dare say I am in my dotage—I tell you, sir, she has bewitched me. Upon my soul, I could hardly be more anxious about her if I was her father. And, mind, I am not an affectionate man by nature. Are you anxious about her too?"

"Yes."

"In what way?"

"In what way are you anxious, Dr. Allday?"

The doctor smiled grimly. "You don't trust me? Well, I have promised to set the example. Keep your mask on, sir; mine is off, come what may of it. But observe: if you repeat what I am going to say—"

Alban would hear no more. "Whatever you may say, Dr. Allday, is trusted to my honor. If you doubt my honor, be so good as to let go of my arm. I am not walking your way."

The doctor's hand tightened its grasp. "That little flourish of temper, my dear sir, is all I want to set me at my ease. I feel I have got hold of the right man. Now answer me this. Have you ever heard of a person named Miss Jethro?"

Alban suddenly came to a stand-still.

"All right!" said the doctor. "I couldn't have wished for a more satisfactory reply."

"Wait a minute," Alban interposed. "I know Miss Jethro as a teacher at Miss Ladd's school, who left her situation suddenly—and I know no more."

The doctor's peculiar smile made its appearance again.

"Speaking in the vulgar tongue," he said, "you seem to be in a hurry to wash your hands of Miss Jethro."

"I have no reason to feel any interest in her," Alban replied.

"Don't be too sure of that, my friend. I have something to tell you which may alter your opinion. That ex-teacher at the school, sir, knows how the late Mr. Brown met his death, and how his daughter has been deceived about it. Ha, Mr. Morris, your face answers for you! You are as anxious about Emily as I am: we have the same object in view; and we must take care not to get in each other's way. Here is my house. Let us go in, and make a clean breast of it on both sides."

Established in the safe seclusion of his study, the doctor still set the example of speaking without reserve. In clear and rapid narrative he placed the whole of his experience of Miss Jethro and of Emily before his guest. Alban was not a man to leave this generous proof of confidence in him without an adequate return. The two thoroughly understood one another before they had been an hour together.

Dr. Allday summed up the result.

"We only differ in opinion on one point," he said. "We both think it likely (from our experience of the women) that the suspected murderer had an accomplice. I say the guilty person is Miss Jethro. You say—Mrs. Rook."

"When you have read my copy of the report,"

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1408.

Alban answered, "I think you will arrive at my conclusion. Mrs Rook might have entered the out-house in which the two men slept at any time during the night while her husband was asleep. The jury believed her when she declared that she never woke till the morning. I don't."

"I am open to conviction, Mr Morris. Now about the future. Do you mean to go on with your inquiries?"

"Even if I had no other motive than mere curiosity," Alban answered, "I think I should go on. But I have a more urgent purpose in view. All that I have done thus far has been done in Emily's interests. My object from the first has been to preserve her from any association—in the past or in the future—with the woman whom I believe to have been concerned in her father's death. As I have already told you, she is innocently doing all she can, poor thing, to put obstacles in my way."

"Yes, yes," said the doctor; "she means to write to Mrs Rook—and you have nearly quarrelled about it. Trust me to take that matter in hand. I don't regard it as serious. But I am mortally afraid of what you are doing in Emily's interests. I wish you would give it up."

"Why?"

"Because I see a danger. Thanks to Emily's implicit trust in her aunt (which we neither of us rated at its true importance), she is as innocent of suspicion as ever. But the chances next time may be against us. How do you know to what length your curiosity may lead you? Or on what shocking discoveries you may not blunder, with the best intentions? Some unforeseen accident may open her eyes to the truth before you can prevent it. I seem to surprise you."

"You do, indeed, surprise me."

"In the old story, my dear sir, Mentor sometimes surprised Telemachus. I am Mentor, without being, I hope, quite so long winded as that respectable philosopher. Let me put it in two words. Emily's happiness is precious to you. Take care you are not made the means of wrecking it! Will you consent to a sacrifice for her sake?"

"I will do anything for her sake."

"Will you give up your inquiries?"

"From this moment I have done with them."

"Mr Morris, you are the best friend she has."

"The next best friend to you, doctor."

In that fond persuasion they parted, too eagerly devoted to Emily's welfare to look at the prospect before them in its least hopeful aspect. Both clever men, neither one nor the other asked himself if any human resistance has ever yet obstructed the progress of truth—when truth has once begun to force its way to the light.

For the second time Alban stopped on his way home. The longing to be reconciled with Emily was not to be resisted. He returned to the cottage only to find disappointment waiting for him. The servant reported that her young mistress had gone to bed with a bad headache.

Alban waited a day in the hope that Emily might write to him. No letter arrived. He repeated his visit the next morning. Fortune was still against him. On this occasion Emily was engaged.

"Engaged with a visitor?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. A young lady named Miss De Sor."

Where had he heard that name before? He remembered immediately that he had heard it at the school. Miss De Sor was the unattractive new pupil, whom the girls called Francine. Alban looked at the parlor window as he left the cottage. It was of serious importance that he should set himself right with Emily. "And mere gossip," he thought, contemptuously, "stands in my way."

If he had been less absorbed in his own interests, he might have remembered that mere gossip is not always to be despised. It has worked fatal mischief in its time.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SNOW-STORMS IN THE WEST.

The present protracted winter, with its sudden vicissitudes, its delusive thaws, and frequent snow-storms, has produced enough discomfort and inconvenience even in the cities on our Eastern sea-board. But, as usual, the full severity of the season has been felt more disastrously in the West. In the mountainous regions of Nevada and California tempests of terrific violence have swept over lofty peaks, and filled with deep piles of snow the valleys and cañons. The warm sunny days which have followed each downfall of wet and heavy snow have caused an unexampled number of avalanches that wrought terrible destruction. In the mining districts the works around the mines have in many instances been swept away, and miles of snow-sheds demolished; the sides of the mountains were stripped bare by the sliding masses that hurled giant trees, rocks, and dwellings into the cañons, burying the stream beneath two hundred feet of snow. In our own State the most severe storm of the season was that which ushered in March. A complete embargo was placed on railway travel by the roads running westward. A strong wind accompanied the fall of snow, and the drifts along the line of some tracks averaged ten to twenty feet in height. In one place a train of forty cars was snowed under; between Saratoga and Round Lake eight passenger trains were stalled, and the railroad companies could not get force enough to shovel out the drifts. To add to the trouble, the snow was flying so thick that signals were invisible, nor could the engineer on the snow plough, which was attempting to clear the track, see ten feet before him. Further west, where the wind was more violent, and the fall more heavy, similar scenes occurred, and similar delays of the mail and other trains took place. The last blizzard which struck us started from the plains of Texas, and made a bee-line for the Jersey coast, then passed over New York, and turned seaward at New Brunswick, to spend its force on the bosom of the Atlantic. The storm of the 10th of January was especially destructive. At Pittsburgh the snow was deeper than was ever before known, a strong north wind drifting it over the track and into the cuttings. A score of snow ploughs and three thousand men set to work to keep the lines open, yet the roads were blocked for ten to twelve hours, and many trains were abandoned. A few days previously the Southern States were visited by the heaviest snow-storm they had experienced since 1857; on the Missouri Pacific a stock train blockaded in a drift lost by exposure a hundred mules; near Chicago twenty cars loaded with live stock were snowed under, and all attempts to reach the poor creatures were fruitless.

AMONG THE DEAD.

My soul is sad to-day, I know not why;
Against my will, the brown leaves swirling round
Carry my eyes down with them to the ground;
I can not see the blue, unclouded sky.

Against my will, before my vision waves
The hazy drapery of the golden air,
In semblance of such veils as mourners wear
Going with measured pace about new graves.

Sad cadences in mighty billows surge
Around me like the billows of a sea
Of melody; but still the melody
Taketh the solemn beauty of a dirge.

I call on Memory, and would fain go back
With her to the glad season of my youth;
But straggling progress do we make, in sooth,
Because of graves that lie across the track.

Well, it is well if sometimes we be led
To sit in spirit by some grassy mound,
Or strew some tender thoughts, for flowers, around
The quiet resting-places of our dead.

If I, in truth, might lay my tired head
Down softly on the grave I love the best,
As if it were upon my mother's breast,
I know my sad soul would be comforted.

THE PEOPLE'S CHURCH, BOSTON.

On page 177 we give a picture of the new People's Church, which was recently dedicated in Boston, Massachusetts. This house of worship, which stands on Columbus Avenue, with a parsonage and chapel attached, has been erected through the indomitable energy and perseverance of the Rev. J. W. Hamilton, a Methodist clergyman. The sums contributed for the work were for the most part small, and came from nearly all the New England States. Mr Hamilton has been enabled to carry on his work by special permission from the Conferences, which have, contrary to the usual course, recognizing the importance and magnitude of his work, permitted him to remain in Boston for several years. This gentleman, after many discouragements and losses, has finally secured the completion of what will prove an excellent monument to his zeal and courage. The corner-stone of the chapel was laid in 1877, Mr Moody, the evangelist, Phillips Brooks, Episcopalian, and the late Rev Dr Manning, Congregationalist, assisting at the service.

The interior of the church differs from the ordinary house of worship. Instead of pews, it has single folding chairs, provided with hat and umbrella racks, arranged in a semicircular form on a gradually sloping floor resembling the auditorium of a theatre. The church itself seats 2000 people, and the chapel, which can be thrown open so as to make one large hall, seats 250 more, thus giving a total seating capacity of 2250.

The edifice contains a window in memory of the pastor's wife, given by the women of Boston. Mrs. Hamilton died about a year ago.

This is the People's Church in name and in fact. No pew system of any kind exists. All seats are free, and the membership of the church rests upon a broad and catholic basis.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

Our Haunted Houses.—False Ghosts.—A Royal Dramatist.—"Judgments."—Dredging for Xerxes.—Barbarous Tastes.—The late Mr Hayward.

There was once a gourmand who used to be moved to tears by the spectacle of a goose or a turkey badly carved. He thought it such wicked waste of good material. The same sort of regret affects me when I see an excellent subject for a striking book spoiled in the "treatment." No one loves a ghost story better than I do, or strives more honestly to believe in it, and consequently no one looked forward with greater expectation to the publication of the *Haunted Homes of Great Britain* that has just been given to the world.

Unhappily the goose has been spoiled by the carver, and the work is a failure. It would seem almost impossible to turn out seventy ghost stories founded on fact and not one of them worth reading; but the feat has in this case been accomplished. The editor seems to have thought that the style of his book would best suit the matter by being as much like "dry bones" as possible. The stories are so short that they read like paragraphs, and are told in the baldest manner; and one can honestly say in their favor that not one of them would frighten a child of eight. On the other hand, as a ghost guide-book the volume is valuable, and nervous persons will know what houses in every county to avoid.

By some "arrangement," I suppose, with a Berlin house the publishers have contrived that "The White Lady of Baireuth" should appear coincidently to a Berlin sentinel; her advance (winding) sheets were doubtless sent out before the day of publication. She is supposed to herald the demise of the head of the Hohenzollerns, and as he is eighty-seven, her reputation is not likely to suffer much; indeed, as the Emperor believes in her, it is only too probable that the prophecy will bring her own fulfillment. This lady is nearly six hundred years old, and if she has not "all her faculties about her" (as is always said of very elderly people), she certainly still "walks" without assistance.

It would be a curious speculation, but not, perhaps, altogether a barren one, to consider how far the theory of ancestral apparitions has assisted the hereditary and aristocratic system. It is true that there have been a few vulgar ghosts, but, as is fitting, they have had no great reputation, and have much "suffered from exposure." The Cock Lane ghost, once so famous, is now only used for the purpose of jeering at the philosophers who believed in it, while the apparition of Mrs. Veal has been exploded in a still more lamentable fashion. It is well known that Defoe composed it for a publisher who wanted to get rid of his edition of *Drelincourt on Death*; he makes the denizen of the other world solemnly advise those she has left behind her to "try Drelincourt"; no other devotional work, she assures them, is to be compared to it for saving souls, and the ingenious device was completely successful.

Defoe was wise, for the object he had in view, to make his ghost a middle-class one; but the one only an invention. Genuine ghosts are almost always aristocratic, and, as I am about to say, what belief there is in them helps to strengthen the feudal feeling. There must, argue the believers, be something of virtue in a long line of ancestors, since that, and that *only*, moves spiritual beings to come from the world beyond the grave to visit us poor mortals.

It is shocking to remark that the author of *Alice in Wonderland* has in his latest volume (*Rhyme and Reason*) striven to popularize apparitions. He asserts that villa residences are haunted quite as much as feudal castles, not, however, so numerously; he speaks of a modest tenement of £60 a year or so as "a one-ghost house," and, with all his humor, he has perhaps never made use of a more happy expression.

Writers of fiction and poets have long complained of the unequal competition to which they are exposed with members of royal families. It is getting quite exceptional for a reigning house to have no authors among them, and their Royal Highnesses are now taking to the dramatic line. Prince Nicholas, of Montenegro, has brought out a play on the Cettinje boards entitled *The Empress of the Balkans*, and described as "a national and patriotic drama." This seems to me a really good stroke of business, for even if he does not make much profit by the performance, he will thus disseminate good political principles—*i. e.*, attachment to the reigning dynasty—and advertise himself not only as the author of the piece in question, but as the most admirable of (half) sovereigns. If the necessity should ever arise (which Heaven forbid!) to regenerate the flagging loyalty of this country, it will still remain for one of the Princesses of the Blood to bring out a melodrama at the Surrey Theatre, in which all the good people shall be royalists, and all the villains republicans.

While ghosts frequent only "the best circles," "warnings" and "terrible examples" often take place in the lower. Cobblers and tailors who commit perjury, while they invoke dumbness upon themselves if they are not speaking truth, have their wish (like the Artful Dodger, who wanted to see his prosecutor) "immediately gratified;" and washer-women are struck dead for "taking their davies" that no towels are missing from their list of articles from the mangle. A soldier at Gosport hospital was reported last week (by the newspapers, not the doctor) to have been struck with blindness immediately on having invoked that catastrophe upon himself. The authorities have since written to say, however, that the soldier is a particularly well-behaved one, never, or hardly ever, used "a big, big D," and has only got a sty in his eye.

There is an old story of a scion of a sporting family who had a toy tandem given him. The first horse was called Xerxes, after a famous race-horse that his father owned; and the second horse the child himself, unconscious of the name being historical, christened "Arter Xerxes," because it came after him. Both names have disappeared from the newspapers for many years, but we are now going to explore the Gulf of Salamis "arter" Xerxes and his sunken fleet. What a flood of classical lore will be poured out upon us if anything comes out of these dredging experiments! How Teucer and Ajax, of whom we flattered ourselves we had heard the last at Dr Swishem's, will once more put in their claims upon our attention! I look forward with apprehension to a series of archæological articles in the leading journal, beginning with, "Every one who is acquainted with the nature of a trireme," or, "It was on the 20th October exactly 2363 years ago," etc. This will be worse than Lord Randolph Churchill.

Though our date is no longer B.C., certain barbarous tastes and instincts still survive among us which would much better befit that epoch than our own. We have, it is true, no gladiatorial shows, but a large concourse of apparently respectable people can, it seems, be attracted by the spectacle of seeing a husband shoot a potato on his wife's forehead with a rifle bullet. Not content with her survival from this perilous feat, they absolutely permitted the man to repeat it while lying on his back, when, as they could not but have expected, he shot her. "Upon this the audience dispersed," with the comfortable conviction, no doubt, that they had really got their money's worth. This happened at Leicester, A.D. 1884.

A collier having eloped with a friend's wife, writes to him to say: "I have asked Sarah whether she would like to go back to you, and she says, 'I would rather die first.' Under these circumstances kindly send me a note, signed by your own hand, stating that you are willing for me to make her and the children a comfortable home, on the receipt of which I will forward you ten shillings in cash." To this the husband has replied that he is willing to come to terms "at the figure named." What a favorable contrast does this present to the tardy and expensive proceedings of our divorce courts!

A great and long-enduring light of London life has gone out. Mr Abraham Hayward has been for so many years a prominent figure in literary, political, and fashionable society, that though in the course of things his decease must soon have happened, one can hardly picture its effect. He had been so long amongst us that it almost seemed it must be so forever. He was a very constant contributor to the heavy guns of periodical literature, especially the *Quarterly*, and wrote a great number of the "social articles" in the *Times*. Lord Beaconsfield, when Mr Disraeli, enjoyed and profited by his friendship, but lost it through one of his characteristic epigrams. In allusion to Mr Hayward's never having written a whole book of his own (except a translation of *Faust*), though he contributed so much to periodicals, he once called him "the louse of literature." This pretty speech was conveyed to Mr Hayward by the good natured friend to whom it was confided, with consequences such as might have been predicted. Of Mr Hayward society may well observe that it could have "better afforded to lose a far greater man."

R. Kemble, of London.

FROM DAMASCUS TO JOBAR.

To visit Jobar we leave Damascus by Bab Tûma, and, instead of following the Aleppo road, turn to the right, and are quickly among the orchards. The sun can not penetrate the thickness of shade on our path, and the trees are heavy with peaches, apricots, plums, and walnuts. Here and there a garden is full of a picking party. Half a dozen are holding an enormous sheet, while two or three among the branches are shaking down the golden fruit. Some is being carried away on donkeys, to be sold at three farthings a pound, and the rest is crushed into a pulp and rolled out thin on boards, to dry in the sun into apricot paste. This industry employs an immense number of hands throughout the month of June, both in preparing the paste and in making the cases for exportation, in dexterous packing, and in porterage by camel and mule to the coast. Now we are forced to stand by, that a Bedouin family may pass on camels and donkeys, since a camel recognizes no rule of the road, but always swings down the middle with a sovereign contempt of all creation. The Bedouin girls laugh at our discomfiture, but it is easy to forgive them, for the pleasure of seeing a happy woman's face.

The Bedaweeyeh, either young or old, have an unvarying expression of content on their brown and tattooed lips, and our idea of a *girl* could be with difficulty associated with any other Eastern females, though we can apply it at once to the mischievous and merry-looking daughters of the desert. In less than half an hour we enter the village and seek the Jews' Quarter, a small square of low houses built round an open court, one side of which is occupied by the Synagogue of St. George.

It would be rash to attempt an accurate enumeration of the number of churches in Syria dedicated to the redoubtable soldier-saint, who appears at one period to have occupied the position almost of patron saint to Syria. There are at least half a dozen, we believe, within a day's ride of Damascus, each claiming the honor of containing his bones. The synagogue of Jobar is nearly subterranean, but the Jews do not take the trouble to keep it lighted. An old lady is always ready to show its mysteries to visitors, and a small crowd will probably jostle and fight to follow the strangers in. An oblong slab covering a tomb, supposed to be that of Elijah, is the centre of attraction at the western end of the church, a tall and mean pulpit occupies the middle of the aisle, and the Books of the Law are kept at the eastern extremity. These are under lock and key in cupboards let into the wall, whose doors are inscribed in Hebrew with holy words, and they are further inclosed in card-board and velvet cases embossed with silver. These cases open like oysters, and the scrolls of the law are revealed, written in beautiful manuscript, but not highly illuminated.

A door to the right gives access to a dark staircase, and, with a rush-light and a Jew, we may descend, barefooted, to the tomb of St. George. The Israelite prostrates himself and kisses the mark on the marble floor which is the only sign of the sepulchre; and having seen all that is to be seen, we may remount. As we emerge from the church a franc will buy a fervent blessing in the name of the God of Abraham, and a dozen invitations will be proffered to rest awhile in the dim interiors of the houses round the quadrangle, just visible through the doorways crowded with holiday-makers.

THE NEW COTTON EXCHANGE.

Another towering building is about to be added to the list of those great piles which, within the past decade—indeed, within the past lustrum—have transformed the lower part of Manhattan Island almost beyond recognition. In bulk the new Cotton Exchange, which is to be erected after the designs of Mr George B. Post, will not rival the enormous Produce Exchange—indeed, its largest dimension on the ground is not so great as the smallest dimension of that structure—but it will attain a height of nine stories, counting the Exchange Room, the ceiling of which is thirty-five feet high, as two stories, and its tower,

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THE NEW COTTON EXCHANGE, NEW YORK.—FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DRAWING.

one hundred and sixty feet high, and its color, the yellow of buff brick and buff terra-cotta, with roof of deep red slate, will make it very conspicuous among our commercial palaces.

The new building occupies one of those irregular plots which are so common down-town and so infrequent up-town, and which invite, and indeed force, some variety of architectural treatment, and give so much of "bits" of architecture. The new structure is opposite the commonplace brown-stone front behind which the Cotton Exchange now transacts its great and growing business, the open space miscalled Hanover Square intervening. The site is an irregular quadrangle, of which no two sides are parallel, eighty-nine feet on Hanover Square by eighty-seven on Beaver Street, and one hundred and sixteen feet on William Street. The angle at the corner of William and Beaver streets is rounded, and the principal entrance to the Exchange is placed at this corner. The basement of the building throughout is of an oolitic limestone from Kentucky, very light, and slightly yellowish in color, and used in massive blocks. At the rounded corner the stone is used throughout the principal story also, this part of the building being the base of a tower which is detached on the Beaver Street side, just above the Exchange Room, by a recess, similar to the recessions of the front shown in the Mills Building and in the Post Building, for the practical purpose of giving better light than could otherwise be had for the offices above, as well as for the architectural advantage of an emphatic division of the structural masses. The recess here is twenty-eight feet in width and nineteen in depth. The other side of the tower, that on William Street, is not detached from the main building, but merely relieved by a slight projection, until the cornice is cleared, when it becomes a complete tower, and is crowned with a steep hooded roof which dominates the whole building. The main entrance at the corner is very simply and massively treated in large blocks, with deeply bevelled joints, the entrance arch having no extrados, or exterior bounding line, but the voussoirs continuing to the horizontal joints of the wall.

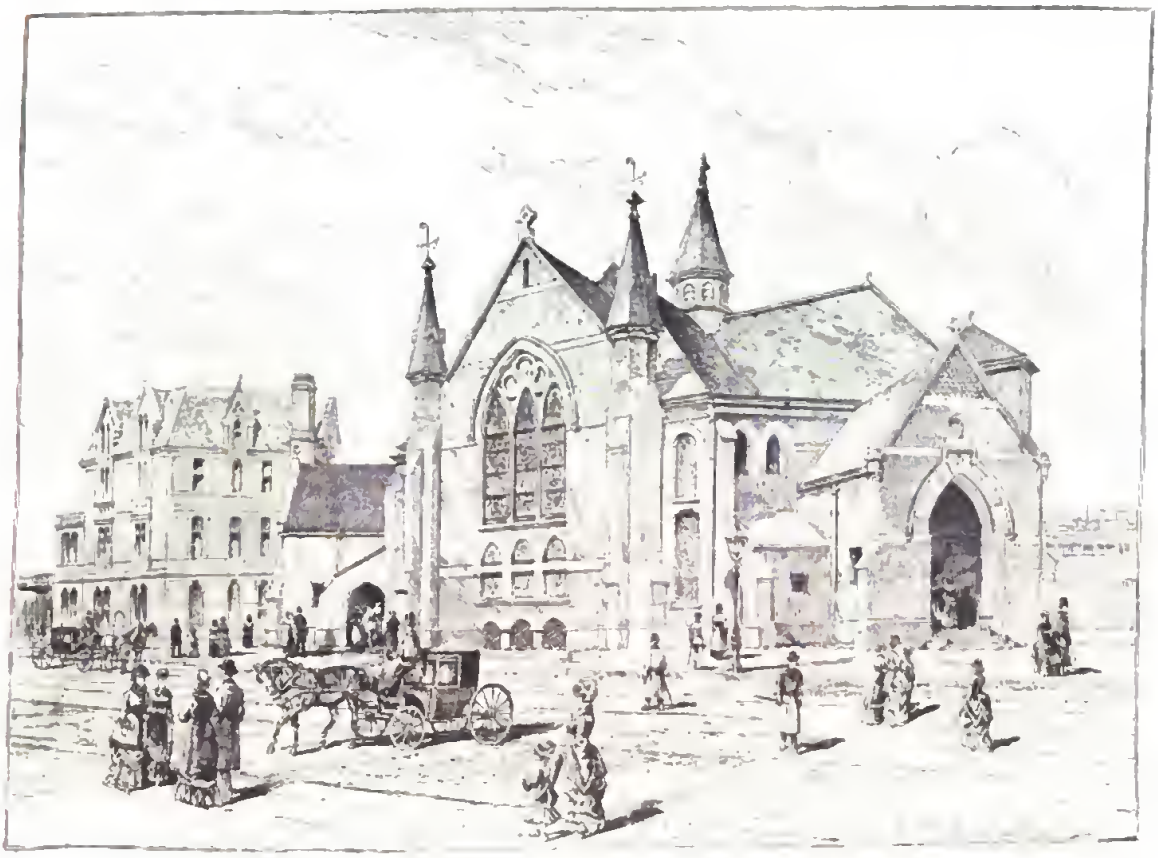
The long front, that on William Street, has simple square-headed openings in the ground floor. The principal story has three large round arches, filled above the heavy transom which corresponds to the line of the interior gallery with stained glass, and below the transom of each is a pair of smaller arched openings, the spandrels filled with decoration in terra-cotta. A heavy entablature divides this story from the office floors above. There are four of these, grouped in two divisions of two stories each, separated from each other by an entablature four feet in height, and with pilasters running through each division. Above the main cornice comes a parapet story with dormer-windows, and above this the steeply pitched Mansard roof.

The Beaver Street front in the principal story, instead of the double windows under an inclosing arch, has in the centre three arches under a very large relieving arch, the spandrels of the smaller arches enriched, as before, with ornaments in terra-cotta, and the tympanum of the great arch filled, as before, with stained glass. The corresponding space on one side is taken up by the corner tower, the arch of the main entrance rising into the principal story, flanked by arches similar to the tripled arches of this front and the doubled arches of the William Street front, while above them, in the space corresponding to the gallery of the Exchange, is a row of square openings filled with stained glass, and covered by flat arches with very deep transoms. On the other side of the large central window are two openings in each of the divisions made by the gallery, the lower arched and the upper flat-lintelled. The central wall ceases above the Exchange Room, giving place to the recess. The other continues with the same treatment as that of the William Street front, the wall at the left becoming the tower, and that at the right being crowned with a steep hipped-roof.

The third front, that on Hanover Square, is similar to that on Beaver Street, showing the same triple windows under a great arch, at the opposite end of the long Exchange Room. As there is no recess on this side, the additional wall becomes a central bay, slightly projected from the sides, and crowned by a large curved pediment, which is the principal feature of this front.

The Exchange Room occupies nearly the whole area of the building—all but the elevators and stairways which give access to the upper floors. It is divided, by the columns which carry the walls above, into a central space—a nave, so to speak—with a great window at either end, and two aisles, the ceiling of the latter being three feet lower than that of the central space. There are three pairs of the great columns, and the room is thus divided longitudinally into five bays, the columns being encased in piers, with arches turned between them—a disposition which gives an opportunity for an impressive and dignified treatment of the interior.

THE RECENT SNOW-STORMS ON THE PLAINS—A RAILWAY TRAIN IN A BLIZZARD.—[See Page 176.]



THE PEOPLE'S CHURCH, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. W. BLACK & CO.—[SEE PAGE 175.]

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ADVANTAGEOUS IN DYSPEPSIA.

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This is to certify that I have used for ten years Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment, and during that time I have not paid $5 for a doctor's bill. I have used it for pains and aches, dysentery, sore throats, cuts, and bruises, and by its use have saved several children's lives when attacked by croup. To the public I say, only try it and you will find its value.

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Sold by all druggists at 25 and 50 cents.—[*Adv.*]

Something New.—*The Family Circle*, a sixteen-page illustrated weekly journal for the home, will shortly be issued in Detroit. Every reader of this paper who sends his or her name to the publishers of *The Family Circle*, at Detroit, will receive the paper free for six weeks, six numbers in all. If you have friends who like good reading send their names with your own. $10 a week given for interesting bits of reading-matter, either original or selected, and $500 a month to club raisers. Address your post card, The Family Circle, Detroit, Mich.—[*Adv.*]

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Cocoaine, a compound of Cocoanut Oil, beautifies the hair and is sure to allay all itching and irritation of the scalp. The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and strength.—[*Adv.*]

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Angostura Bitters is a household word all over the world. For over 50 years it has advertised itself by its merits. It is now advertised to warn the public against counterfeits. The genuine article is manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

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PROPOSALS FOR PURCHASE OF VESSELS.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
Washington, March 1, 1884.

In accordance with the provisions of the 5th section of the act of Congress making appropriations to supply deficiencies approved March 3, 1883, sealed proposals will be received at the Navy Department until noon on Saturday, May 3, 1884, at which time and place they will be opened, for the purchase of certain vessels which have been stricken from the Navy Register, under authority of an act of Congress approved August 5, 1882, and which it is deemed for the best interests of the United States to sell.

The vessels offered, their appraised value and their locality, are the Niagara, at Boston, Mass., $34,000; Phelps, at New London, Conn., $62,700; Tallapoosa, $84,000, and Ticonderoga $8,000, at New York; Supply Fleet at League Island, Penn.; Pawnee $5,000, at Port Royal, S. C.; Benicia $14,000, and Cyane $12,000, at Mare Island, Cal.

Proposals must be submitted in a sealed envelope, addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C., and endorsed "proposals for the purchase of vessels," so as to distinguish them from other communications. No offer for more than one vessel should be included within one proposal.

The vessels will be sold, for cash, to the person or persons, or corporation or corporations, offering the highest price therefor above the appraised value thereof. Each bid or proposal must be accompanied by a deposit in cash or satisfactory certified check of not less than ten per cent of the amount of the offer or proposal, and also a bond with a penal sum equal to the whole amount of the offer, with two or more sureties, to be approved by the Secretary of the Navy, conditioned for the payment of the remaining ninety per cent of the amount of such offer or proposal within thirty days from the date of its acceptance. In case default is made in the payment of the remaining ninety per cent, or any part thereof, within that time said cash deposit of ten per cent shall be considered as forfeited to the Government, and shall be applied as directed in the act of March 3, 1883. All deposits and bonds of bidders whose proposals shall not be accepted, will be returned to them within seven days after the opening of the proposals.

On application to the Department a printed list will be furnished, giving general information concerning the vessels, also forms of bids and bonds which must be used by bidders. The vessels can be examined at any time by applying to the Commandants of the Navy Yards.

The purchasers must remove the vessels purchased from the limits of the Yard within such reasonable time as may be fixed by the Department.

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That mine is worth a million down—that is, it is *to-day*
What it might root to-morrow, though, I couldn't exactly say

A boy in old Connecticut—this dream I used to hold
What if the cellar of our house should spring a leak with gold,
And I from there at any time a shining lump could bring?—
I've got a cellar in this rock that's just that sort o' thing.

The sum my father slaved himself for twenty years to pay
I've taken out of that there hole in less than half a day;
If I could lead him up yon path, I'd make him smile, at least;
But his old labor-hardened hands are mouldering in the East.

I'd pack my mother up this hill, and open to her view
Enough to give a benefit to all the poor she knew;
I'd pan a heap w' happiness out of her dear old face;
But mother's struck a lead of gold in quite a different place.

My gal? Well, maybe this is soft, but since the question's put
(I wouldn't tell that to any one except "a trusty foot"),
We used to climb these Eastern hills (she was a charming wench)
And prospect on what we would do when I had "struck it rich."

[illegible] and Board of [illegible] a wealthy bank,
Will [illegible] if to [illegible] and to [illegible] to thank,
But nothing makes my heart beat [illegible]—and I am growing old,
With not a thing to lose or leave except this pale of gold

But I have learned a thing or two I know, as sure as fate,
When we lock up our lives for wealth, the gold key comes too late,
And that I'm poorer now than through those happy days in which
I owned a heart, and did not know that I *had* struck it rich!

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THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE.

THE presentation of Mr. TILDEN's name as a candidate for the Democratic nomination is significant, because it is the conviction of the larger number of Democrats that he is by far the most available candidate. This conviction rests upon several considerations, partly practical and partly sentimental. It is curious that the chief sentimental view is that he was wronged in 1876. But the attempt to depict him as a patriotic martyr in view of the literary bureau and the cipher dispatches is one of the comedies of politics. The one thing which was to be commended in Mr. TILDEN's conduct during the angry difference of the count of 1876 was his refusal to attempt to disturb the settlement made by Congress. But this is the very thing which seems least to please his most vociferous admirers. Both he and Mr. RANDALL had it in their power seriously to disturb the peace of the country under the pretense of rectifying a wrong. They both refused, and all honest Americans acknowledge the patriotism of their course. The reasons which induced them to adopt that course we do not discuss. The decision was the important thing. We have no doubt, indeed, that the decision was based upon a consciousness of the want of a clear and definite right to take any other course. The sound and deliberate conviction of intelligent citizens undoubtedly was that it was impossible to determine the result satisfactorily in any other way than that which was adopted.

But Mr. TILDEN's party have carefully fostered a theory of his magnanimous acquiescence in a great wrong, and they hold that there is a profound national desire to show that the wrong is not "condoned." In this view they are unquestionably mistaken, and his actual candidacy would be greeted with such a plain statement of the whole cipher business that the glamor of disinterested and lofty patriotism would vanish utterly. Mr. TILDEN would also be offered as a candidate who in himself represents reform. On the contrary, there is no more eminent representative of the old school of personal and spoils politics which it is the business of reform to correct. We doubt if any revenue reformer or civil service reformer or financial reformer would trust Mr. TILDEN to promote any reform of system whatever. His letter of acceptance in 1876 is conclusive upon this point. Undoubtedly he thinks it unadvisable to appoint dishonest or incompetent men, or to connive at corruption in administration. But there is nothing in what he has said or done which reveals any hostility to the systems which logically and experimentally produce dishonesty and incompetency. He is most friendly to such candidates as Mr. PAYNE and Mr. RANDALL, gentlemen who are not revenue reformers, and one of whom ostentatiously flouts reform in the civil service. Mr. TILDEN is, indeed, an adherent and eulogist of what are called Jeffersonian principles. Jeffersonian principles to-day, however, are merely a name for vague professions. JEFFERSON was the father of "strict construction." But the great act of his administration was the acquisition of Louisiana, and he confessed that it was unconstitutional.

Indeed, it is the very haziness and indefiniteness of Mr. TILDEN's position upon every issue which has finally made him a conspicuous candidate. His party took a distinct position in the election of Speaker CARLISLE, and it has been shuffling out of it ever since. Mr. TILDEN's present prominence is due to the consciousness of his party that a definite policy upon any subject is inexpedient for it, and that he is an eminent Democrat who represents nothing but himself. This may, indeed, be satisfactory to many persons who think him a man of sound judgment and of administrative skill. But to no patriot will Mr. TILDEN's course in the war seem patriotic, and to no man who contemns tricky and subterranean politics will the literary bureau and the cipher dispatches commend themselves as becoming a self-respecting citizen. It is not pleasant to recur to these incidents in the career of a public man already old and infirm. But when those who are supposed to be his nearest friends announce that the drift of his party is toward his nomination, his candidacy justly becomes a subject of public comment. It seems to be an unkindness upon the part of his friends not to insist upon the inopportunity of his nomination, and upon the desirability of his declination should it be offered to him. His nomination might be more easily accomplished than that of any other man. But his candidacy would not be the strongest for his party.

DEMOCRATIC REFORMERS.

THERE are many Democrats who hold equally with many Republicans that reform in the civil service is a question of immediate and pressing necessity. Like many Republicans, also, those Democrats are not yet willing to take the risk of attempting the organization of a new party especially for that purpose—an enterprise, indeed, which, in the present friendly and progressive attitude of the Republican party toward reform, would be foolish for Republicans. Nevertheless, the Republicans who are friendly to reform have spoken plainly at the Brooklyn dinner and at the subsequent conference, and have organized themselves to influence the action of their National Convention in the selection of a candidate who will be acceptable to the independent Republican voters as sure to continue the good work that has been begun.

Why should not the reform Democrats take a similar course, and by some emphatic public expression of their sense of the importance of the issue, and of the necessity of attracting the reform vote, which is larger every year, influence the action of their party to the same general end? So far as this question is concerned, there would then be a friendly rivalry between the parties, and the party relations of reformers be made much easier. The situation upon this point, indeed, undeniably favors the Republicans. Their platform will unquestionably express a frank and hearty adhesion to the system which is already in operation, and no candidate who does not honorably and distinctly commit himself to its enforcement will secure the whole Republican and independent vote. We doubt, indeed, whether any candidate who has been prominently mentioned does not understand this. Whatever his former views may have been, he now sees that this reform has become the policy of the party, and he would probably support it, as old Whigs who had thought the antislavery movement extreme and unwise adhered as Republicans to the antislavery policy.

The Republican reformers have been able to win their party and the administration to their views. They have been, of course, favored by the situation. The Democratic reformers have in Governor CLEVELAND of New York a most powerful and efficient ally. But he is rather ostracized by his party, which, as a party, has been gradually arraying itself against reform. The one thing which reform Democrats have not tried is a plain declaration that the party can not command its whole vote should it practically reject reform. This notice, seriously and strongly given, could not but have an excellent effect upon the cause, and it would make the subsequent course of reform Democrats easier.

NON-RESIDENT CLERKS.

ONE of the most preposterous acts of that preposterous body the Board of Aldermen of New York is its passage over the Mayor's veto of the resolution forbidding the Comptroller to pay the salaries of non-resident office-holders. The law has already designated the administrative officers who are to be considered "local" because of the obvious convenience or necessity of their residence in the county or city in which their duties are to be performed. These officers are judges of county courts, recorders of cities, surrogates, justices of the peace, commissioners of deeds, and notaries public, also sheriffs, county clerks, coroners, district attorneys, city marshals, the clerk of Oyer and Terminer and General Sessions in New York, the registrar and police justices in New York and their clerks. The express mention of these officers shows that other employés are not in any legal sense "local" so as to require their residence in the city.

In fact, a large number of the clerks and employés in public offices live in the neighborhood of the city, in the suburban counties, or in New Jersey, because it is more economical for them to live there. If they are negligent of their work they are properly subject to discipline, and if they find that living in the neighborhood, whether in New Jersey, or on Long or Staten islands, or in Westchester, interferes with the prompt and proper discharge of their duty, they will govern themselves accordingly. The pretense for the bill is that a municipal employé should spend his money in the city where he earns it, which is simply a despotic and absurd attempt to restrict his proper liberty. The employé must be made to hire his house of the "city property-owner" at an enormous rent in order that the owner may pay his taxes. This is true turtle-soup wisdom.

The real reason for this non-resident regulation is that the employé who lives out of town can not readily be made to work for his boss in the city. To the aldermen the public service is a term meaning patronage for private purposes, and when they say that justice, equity, and all the cardinal virtues require that the employé should live in town, they mean only that nobody who can not "run wid der masheen" should be employed in the city. The New York aldermen more than justify all the contemptuous fun which has long been made of city dignitaries, and they lose no time in offering by their conduct every reason for the prompt passage of the bill which forbids them to interfere with the Mayor's appointments.

THE LASKER RESOLUTION.

THE German minister has offered to return to Secretary FRELINGHUYSEN the resolution of respect for the memory of Mr. EDWARD LASKER which Prince BISMARCK declined to present to the Reichstag because, as he explains, to do so would be in his judgment officially to "indorse, myself, and also to indorse with his Majesty the Emperor, on opinion which I am unable to recognize as just." To the offer of return of the resolution Secretary FRELINGHUYSEN makes the conclusive and dignified reply that "the President can not be supposed to have any wish in respect to what the German Government may do in regard to the disposition of the copy of the resolution of the House of Representatives after it has been decided that it can not be transmitted to the body for which it was courteously intended."

This is the natural and proper end of the incident. It leaves the German Chancellor in the position of rejecting a courtesy which, so far as appears, was kindly meant, and he is obviously wrong in supposing that his transmission of the resolution involved or implied his acquiescence in the estimate which it expressed of Mr. LASKER's public services. If President GARFIELD had been succeeded by a Democrat, and a Democratic Secretary of State had declined to transmit to Congress a resolution from the German Reichstag expressing sympathy for his loss and admiration for his services on the ground that the Secretary did not think that his services were commendable, he would have been laughed out of office by his countrymen. Nevertheless a nation can not insist that its expressions of sympathy for a foreigner shall be accepted by the Legislature of his country. If they are refused, it is a sign of foolish trifling with the international good will, but it is not worth while to scold the responsible minister by whom the refusal may have been dictated.

Mr. HISCOCK's resolution, therefore, is to be regretted, because every such expression of feeling is inexpedient if it can not be followed up and made effective. The resolution laments that the political system of Germany permits a single officer, whom it calls "a single too-powerful subject," to prevent an expression of sympathy from reaching the Reichstag, and thus to injure the dignity both of the crown and of the assembly. And then, what? It is certainly not expedient for the legislature of one country to comment sharply upon the political institutions of another, and to do nothing more. If the Reichstag should assume to decide that the action of any member of the American cabinet compromised the rights of the Executive or of Congress, we should all be more amused than angry, not because BISMARCK is like a member of the cabinet, but because of the lecture. In this instance the duty of the House was discharged in expressing its respect for the services and character of Mr. LASKER. If any imperial officer intercepted the expression upon its way to the Reichstag, it is for the Reichstag, not for the House of Representatives, to deal with him. The whole matter, including Mr. HISCOCK's resolution, has been referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. But that committee will hardly report the repetition of a resolution which, so far as it expresses the feeling of the House, has been already unanimously adopted, and which it has no means of laying officially before the Reichstag.

"AS YOU WERE!"

IF the object of the late reorganization of the Republican party in the city of New York was to escape the machine, it is extremely comical to see that the result is the complete restoration of the familiar power. In a great city there are many details of work in preparing for an election and at the polls which naturally fall into the hands of those who can turn the work to personal account, and as the "workers" hold that except for their labors the vote would not be brought out, they also naturally feel that they give the party its success, and are effectively the party. They claim their reward, and it is to furnish that reward that the whole system of patronage is maintained.

But the mistake which "the workers" make is to sup-

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pose that the vote which they bring out is really the decisive vote. When a party represents an absorbing issue, like the prosecution of the war, every vote that the "workers" bring undoubtedly swells the whole party vote. But in a time of relaxed party spirit and party allegiance like the present, the ways of "the workers," and the notion that they do really control the party, cause it to lose very many more votes than they can furnish. If the friends of Mr. O'Brien are shrewd they must see that his success, however personally agreeable, is not of advantage to the party. "The workers" were full of activity in 1882, and scorned a great deal at their opponents in the party who wore clean clothes. They brought out all their vote, and a ludicrous show they made.

The spirit of 1882 is still abroad. The Republican party will win in 1884 not in the degree that "the workers" bring out their vote, but just in the degree that intelligent and independent Republicans believe that doubtful rings do not control the party. We do not suppose, indeed, that the Republican party will be judged by solitary incidents like the late organization of the city committee in New York. But the frequent multiplication of such incidents would have a most prejudicial effect. Meanwhile everybody familiar with city politics must laugh again as he reads the names of the gentlemen who have kindly taken charge of the local machinery.

A GOOD SIGN FOR HIGH LICENSE.

There is no steadier friend of temperance than the Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler. He has been long one of the most eloquent and forcible advocates of prohibition. But he now writes a frank and excellent letter to say that as a prohibitionist he wishes to see the Roosevelt high license bill passed and enforced. He is persuaded that the system of licensing saloons can not be at once prevented, and that any proper scheme which will reduce their number is a forward step toward the suppression of the traffic. Moreover, so many good citizens are confident that high license will diminish drunkenness and lessen crime that Dr. Cuyler thinks the experiment ought to be fairly tried, although he is not sanguine of the result.

This is a very significant sign, for it is those who share Dr. Cuyler's views, and who would suppress the traffic altogether, who have been the most resolute opponents of license as a compromise with sin, if not a direct pandering to vice. The strongest enemies of Mr. Roosevelt's bill in the Legislature have been the prohibitionists. This position of all or none in a reform like the temperance movement seems to us unwise, because it dispenses with all the advantages of progressive warfare. Practically the position unites the prohibitionists and the liquor interest against a first great step toward the reduction of the evil.

Dr. Cuyler favors the system of local option as the most effective method of dealing with the dram-shop, and we know it to have been exceedingly beneficial in rural communities. In the city of New York we do not think that it would be very effective. But we gladly record the fact of Dr. Cuyler's support of the Roosevelt bill, without any renunciation of his own views as a suppressionist, because it shows that a strong support may be anticipated from the strongest temperance men for a system of high license stringently enforced.

LONGFELLOW IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

It is pleasant to see how widely and sincerely our Longfellow is honored. His bust has just been placed in Westminster Abbey, with addresses from the British Foreign Secretary, Lord Granville, and from Longfellow's friend, neighbor, and brother poet, Mr. Lowell; and the Consul-General of Brazil transmits to the Cambridge Memorial Committee the amount of contributions made in the empire, headed by the Emperor, and in transmitting it the consul writes a very friendly and appreciative letter.

It is a kindly recognition of a gentle and beautiful genius, and it shows how deeply into the hearts of readers everywhere his pure and tender song had sunk. He was himself the singer of "the simple and heart-felt lay" that he described; and he too will be remembered, although of a very different strain, among "the grand old masters" and "the bards sublime" of his melodious verse.

The Cambridge memorial movement advances slowly, but its progress is no measure of the universal regard for the poet. His children have given the ground, and there should be little delay in raising a statue. Cambridge is our most ancient seat of literature, and it is especially fitting that in Cambridge should stand the statue of the most popular and best-beloved of American authors.

PRISON LABOR.

The question of contract labor in the prisons has been wretchedly mismanaged at Albany. Legislation based upon an effort to pander to ignorant prejudice can not be good legislation, and the proposition of the Democratic Legislature last year to submit the question to the people was a mere shirking of legislative duty. It succeeded in eliciting an expression of opinion from a majority of less than half the voters in the State in favor of abolishing the contract system. The present Legislature appointed a commission to report not later than the 1st of March upon the best system of convict labor; but pending its report a bill was "rushed through" abolishing the contract system, and the term of the commission expired without a report.

The Governor has vetoed the bill for the prolongation of the term of the commission upon the ground that it had already expired; and he has signed the bill abolishing the contract system, and he proposes that, if the commission be revived, its duty should be limited to devising a substitute for the contract system. The mistake in all these proceedings is the assumption that the vote of last year should be regarded as a deliberate and binding renunciation of the contract system. It was, at best, a very doubtful and suspicious expression in favor of such a renunciation. But it was very properly regarded as an instruction to the Legislature to investigate the subject carefully. The action which has been taken, however, disposes without serious thought, and in a loose and bungling manner, of one of the most important of public questions; and as the Republicans control the Legislature, it leaves them in the position of overthrowing the present convict labor system without providing a substitute, and of greatly increasing taxation to sustain the prisons.

The commission will be probably re-appointed. But as the contract system is abolished, their duty must be limited to proposing a substitute for it. The commission, if constituted as before, will certainly not forget that the guiding principle of a convict labor system is not how much money can be made out of the prisoners, but how they can best be reformed; and even if they can report only a substitute for the contract system, they can discuss the whole subject of convict labor, and recommend a sound contract system if they should think it the true policy.

THE NEGLIGENCE OF CONGRESS.

A very much more immediately pressing subject of Congressional legislation than a modification of the tariff is the bill for regulating the count of the electoral vote. It has passed the Senate unanimously, and there is no good reason why it should not be called up and passed with the same unanimity in the House. In the mysterious snarl of the rules of procedure it may be difficult to reach it. But if the Republican and Democratic leaders wished to pass it, it would not be long delayed.

The neglect of the Library question also is shameful. The immense and valuable library of Congress is stacked and piled, and a large part of it is accessible, if at all, only with great difficulty. The collection is rapidly increasing, and there can be no decent or tolerable accommodation for it until a proper building is provided. But Congress dawdles and dawdles, and nothing is done.

These are illustrations of the penalties that are paid for the advantages of party government. These advantages are undeniable. But among the disadvantages is the fact that legislation has chief regard to party benefit and not to the public welfare, and that party spirit blinds partisans to the fact that to promote the public welfare is the best way to secure party advantage.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

Mr. Chamberlain, the President of the Board of Trade in England, who is regarded as the most radical member of the Gladstone Ministry, begins a recent article upon "Labourers' and Artisans' Dwellings" in the *Fortnightly Review* with the remark that "social reform is in the air," and he proceeds to make a statement which shows why it is so. "Never before," he says, "was luxurious living so general and wanton in its display, and never before was the misery of the poor more intense, or the conditions of their daily life more hopeless and more degraded. In the course of the last twenty years it is estimated that the annual income of the nation has increased by six hundred millions, but there are still nearly a million persons constantly in receipt of parish relief, and millions more are always on the verge of this necessity." In the *Nineteenth Century* an article by four writers upon "Common-sense and the Dwellings of the Poor" agrees that "*things are very bad, and something must be done.*"

At the same time it appears from a letter from London to the *Tribune* that Mr. Giffen, President of the Statistical Society, states in his inaugural address at the fiftieth session of the society that the workman of to-day receives from thirty to one hundred per cent. more money for twenty per cent. less work than he did fifty years ago; that is, he is paid from half as much more to double as much for the same work; and the purchasing power of his money has not diminished, according to Mr. Giffen, for prices are much the same as they were. Wheat, sugar, and clothing are cheaper, and although meat is dearer, yet fifty years ago meat was seldom seen on working men's tables. Rents are somewhat higher, but Mr. Giffen thinks that such increase in one or two articles is insufficient to neutralize the general advantage which the working man has gained. Moreover, the gain from the vast increase of public expenditure for sanitary, educational, and similar purposes is immense.

This last fact is the most suggestive and encouraging in the whole discussion. Whatever Mr. Giffen's statistics may seem to prove, there is an enormous and menacing social problem in vast destitution and pauperism and ignorance and even brutality, and the promising sign of the times is that this fact is acknowledged, and that the most intelligent and resolute inquiry is directed to it. This is true both of England and of this country. But here it is unpleasant to see the increasing taste for a merely ostentatious display of wealth and an extravagance of luxury which are not only essentially vulgar, but demoralizing and full of ill presage. The rich man in New York the moderation of whose house and manner of living should reprove the Corinthian level which is so often emulated would be a true public benefactor, and a seasonable meditation for Lent would be reflection upon the folly of a merely costly and extravagant society.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Frederick E. Church, the distinguished artist, has been in Mexico for his health since last November, and will stay there until early summer. The change of air has benefited him, but he is unable to do any work of importance. One of his latest letters describes with enthusiasm some valley scenery in that country.

—Experience of a governess: "It was once my unfortunate lot to reside in a clergyman's family as governess-housekeeper. I say unfortunate, because during that period my life was made a misery. The children were looked upon by their parents as perfect angels, consequently, if their iron wills were thwarted by word or deed, they would use their flippant tongues and lusty limbs in the most unseemly manner, occasionally giving sly kicks, while one young gentleman of tender reasons once gave me so severe and sudden a slap upon my back in passing down-stairs that I fell head first."

—In an interesting address on "The Education of the Women of the South," before the Louisiana Educational Society of New Orleans, the Rev. A. D. Mayo said that before the war Northern women did not appreciate the brain power and heart's devotion of Southern women who managed the domestic affairs of a large plantation; that during the war Northern women heard of Southern women's bravery, patriotism, and tenderness through the letters written home from Southern hospitals and battle-fields, and that since the war late links had been numerous, many Southern women having become wives at the North, and many Northern women wives at the South.

—Under the title of the "Grolier Club" a few gentlemen prominent as bibliophiles, publishers, practical designers, printers, etchers, binders, or lithographers have associated themselves for "the study and promotion of the arts entering into the production of books," taking their name from the distinguished statesman, bibliophile, and bookbinder of the sixteenth century, Jean Grolier de Servier.

—The late Prince Henry of the Netherlands was persuaded by M. de Lesseps to build as a speculation a handsome hotel at Port Said at a cost of about $750,000; and when, not long afterward, the speculation had failed, the French engineer offered to buy the property for one-tenth of that sum. The Prince's executors indignantly declared that they would sooner blow it up with dynamite, and the British government became the purchaser. A recent visitor at Port Said predicts that this well-built house and its extensive out-buildings will prove an excellent investment for its present owner.

—Dr. Bradley, Dean Stanley's successor, advises school-teachers to give their young pupils full accounts from time to time of any great or marked public events that are taking place, so that they may feel that the horizon of their interests is something larger than that of the school-room and the play-ground. "I venture to recall," he says, "as a good deed of my own, my having at much pains and trouble conveyed to a night's rough quarters in London as many as possible of my young Rugby pupils, in order that they might tell their children's children that they had looked on the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington."

—Says the *Quarterly Review*: "Although the President of the United States has not been all which Washington and Hamilton, Madison and Jay, intended him to be, nothing has occurred in America to be compared with the distortion which the Presidency suffered at the hands of its copyists on the European continent. The imitators of the Constitution of the United States have sometimes made the historical mistake of confounding the later working of some of its parts with that originally intended by its founders. And sometimes they have fallen into the practical error of attempting to combine its characteristics with some of the modern characteristics of the British Constitution. For instance, the constitutional king in France, according to M. Thiers, reigns but does not govern. President Grévy neither reigns nor governs. The President of the United States governs, but he does not reign."

—A foreign critic sums up Mozart as follows: "Mozart alone among operatic composers has been able to preserve precisely the balance between the vocal and the orchestral portion of his work; to weave the orchestra into the whole design, and give individual expression to various instruments, without hampering and overweighting the singers. Even in Beethoven's one exquisite opera the balance is sometimes lost, the singers being much smothered in the elaborateness of the accompaniment; and in much of recent German opera the balance is so entirely lost that the result is really an orchestral composition, with explanatory comments by the singers."

—Elizabeth Rowley, an English school girl, eight years old, has died of inflammation of the brain, and Dr. Mobley, her physician, expresses the opinion that her lessons in school and the hours of study were too great for a healthy child to bear, and that the mental strain she underwent hastened her death.

—Mr. Henry Stanley, as seen some time ago by a traveller on the Congo: "Here he was, seated on his camp chair, his pipe in his mouth, and a semicircle of grinning kinglets squatting in front of him, some of them smoking long-stemmed, little-bowled pipes in complacent silence, and others putting many questions as to his recent journey to Europe, and receiving his replies with expressions of incredulous wonder, tapping their open mouths with their hands. Stanley sat leisurely chatting and smoking, his face lighting up with amusement at their naïve remarks, while the bearing of his head still retained that somewhat proud carriage which inspired these African chieftains with a real respect for his wishes, and a desire to retain his friendship."

—Queen Margherita of Italy is represented to have talked with some ladies at a court ball "with all the gentle graciousness of manner for which she is distinguished," and to have danced with the German ambassador, while King Humbert "looked well and animated."

—According to Mr. Labouchere, an English Premier in the inculcation of a cabinet is seldom his own master. Every influence is brought to bear upon him to satisfy this or that ambition, and to accept as his colleague this or that man because he is the representative of some great family, or has been a nonentity in some former administration.

—There is a certain form of emotion, says Professor Tyndall, called intellectual pleasure, which may be excited by poetry, literature, nature, or art; but I doubt whether among the pleasures of the intellect there is any more pure and concentrated than that experienced by the scientific man when a difficulty which has challenged the human mind for ages melts before his eyes, and recrystallizes as an illustration of natural law.

—Cardinal Newman closes a magazine article on the inspiration of the Bible by declaring that he had "unreservedly submitted what I have written to the judgment of the Holy See, being more desirous that the question should be satisfactorily answered than that my own answer should prove to be in every respect the right one."

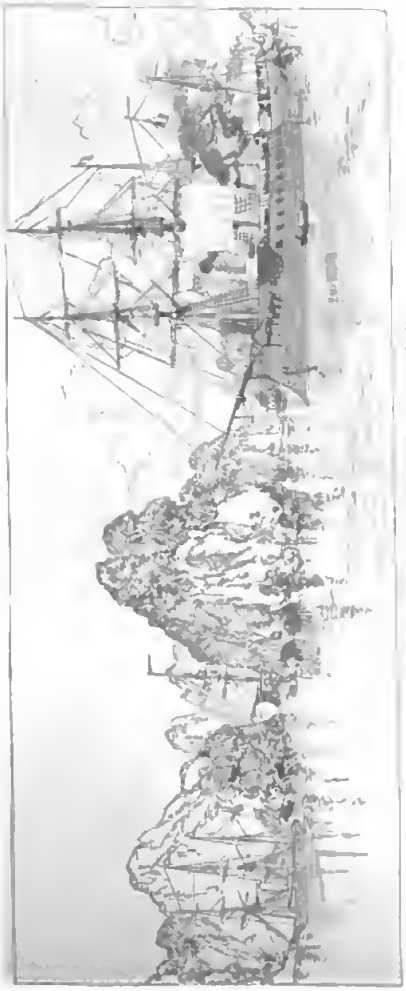
—Mr. Richard A. Proctor reminds his readers that the late distinguished American scientist, Professor Draper, "whose loss followed so quickly and so sadly the severance on that of his honored father," produced photographic plates showing stars which can not be seen through the telescope by which those photographs were taken.

—Professor Huxley relates that forty years ago, when he began his medical studies, it was possible for a medical student to go to London and spend two years and six months of the time of his compulsory three years' "walking the hospitals" in idleness or worse, and then, by putting himself in the hands of a judicious "grinder" for the remaining six months, he could pass triumphantly through the ordeal of one hour's viva voce examination, which was all that was absolutely necessary to enable him to be turned loose upon the public, like Death on a pale horse, conquering and to conquer, with the full sanction of the law, as a "qualified practitioner." But "it is difficult to imagine at present such a state of things." In the leading medical colleges of New York it is yearly more difficult to obtain a degree.

—Mr. Charles T. Congdon, discussing the question how far it is worth while to pry into the private lives of those whose writings have arrested attention or won admiration, concludes that of very few men of genius can it be said that a minute knowledge of their lives is necessary for a satisfactory elucidation of their works. Of the greatest of them, we know already that they are human: the world is no stranger to their weaknesses, their irritability, their jealousies, their indolence, or possibly their sensuality and selfishness. Enough of these things comes down to us by tradition. Moreover, something is due to writers in return for the services which often, amid many difficulties and through much discouragement, they have rendered to their fellow-creatures. Dr. Johnson put the whole matter succinctly when, upon the death of Goldsmith, he said, "Let not his frailties be remembered; he was a very great man."

HAI-PHONG—VIEW FROM THE RIVER.

AN ANAMITE HOME.

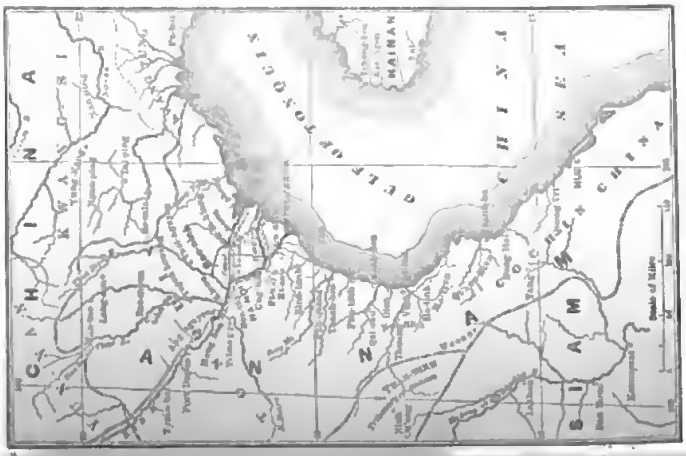


FRENCH SHIPS OF WAR IN THE HARBOR OF HA-LONG.

A MOUNTAIN BATTERY.

ANAMITE TIRAILLEURS.

THE FRENCH INVASION OF TONQUIN.—[See Page 197.]



MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR.

SKETCHES AT ATLANTIC CITY.—DRAWN BY F. B. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 190.]

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OUT OF MOURNING.

Heard we gladly, "out of mourning,"
When bright Belle and Blanche
Chose at last for their adorning
Hues of almond branch.
Blue of iris, gule of roses,
Cross Care's sable line;
Sorrow's marble cup incloses
Consolation's wine.

And the low chant, "out of mourning,"
Heralds brook-sung Spring
'Neath the rugged March wind's warning
Gleams her emerald ring.
Silver crown with sapphire eyelets,
Cestus rich with pearls,
April's feet, dew-washed, the violets
Wipe upon their curls.

Out of mourning! From their weaving,
Sisters of the Cloud,
O'er bold deserts, wild storms cleaving,
Bring the Rainbow's shroud—
Violet, deep blue, azure, golden,
Orange, burning red—
Shroud that Light and Life have holden
For the Darkness, dead.

Out of mourning! Life-long vernal
Love's "blue flower" gleams
On the border of th' eternal
Garment "without seams";
And forever "out of mourning"—
Sackcloth, ashes, earth,
Drop at threshold of the dawning
And celestial birth.

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE SECOND.

IN LONDON.

CHAPTER XXVIII

FRANCINE

"You're surprised to see me, of course?" Saluting Emily in those terms, Francine looked round the parlor with an air of satirical curiosity. "Dear me, what a little place to live in!"

"What brings you to London?" Emily inquired.

"You ought to know, my dear, without asking. Why did I try to make friends with you at school? And why have I been trying ever since? Because I hate you—I mean because I can't resist you—no! I mean because I hate myself for liking you. Oh, never mind my reasons. I insisted on going to London with Miss Ladd, when that horrid woman announced that she had an appointment with her lawyer. I said, 'I want to see Emily.' 'Emily doesn't like you.' 'I don't care whether she likes me or not, I want to see her.' That's the way we snap at each other; and that's how I always carry my point. Here I am, till my duenna finishes her business and fetches me. What a prospect for You! Have you got any cold meat in the house? I'm not a glutton like Cecilia, but I'm afraid I shall want some lunch."

"Don't talk in that way, Francine."

"Do you mean to say you're glad to see me?"

"If you were only a little less hard and bitter, I should always be glad to see you."

"You darling! (excuse my impetuosity). What are you looking at? My new dress? Do you envy me?"

"No; I admire the color—that's all."

Francine rose, and shook out her dress, and showed it from every point of view. "See how it's made. Paris of course. Money, my dear; money will do anything—except making one learn one's lessons."

"Are you not getting on any better, Francine?"

"Worse, my worst friend—worse. One of the masters, I am happy to say, has flatly refused to teach me any longer. 'Pupils without brains I am accustomed to,' he said in his broken English; 'but a pupil with no heart is beyond my endurance.' Ha! ha! the mouldy old refugee has an eye for character, though. No heart—there I am, described in two words."

"And proud of it," Emily remarked.

"Yes—proud of it. Stop! let me do myself justice. You consider tears a sign that one has some heart, don't you? I was very near crying last Sunday. A popular preacher did it; no less a person than Mr. Mirabel—you look as if you had heard of him."

"I have heard of him from Cecilia."

"Is she at Brighton? Then there's one fool more in a fashionable watering-place. Oh, she's in Switzerland, is she? I don't care where she is; I only care about Mr. Mirabel. We all heard he was at Brighton for his health, and was going to preach. Didn't we cram the church! As to describing him, I give it up. He is the only little man I ever admired—hair as long as mine, and the sort of beard you see in pictures. I wish I had his fair complexion and his white hands. We were all in love with him—or with his voice, which was it?—when he began to read the commandments. I wish I could imitate him when he came to the fifth commandment. He began in his deepest bass voice: 'Honor thy father—' He stopped, and looked up to heaven as if he saw the rest of it there. He went on, with a tremendous emphasis on the next word. 'And thy mother,' he said (as if that was quite a different thing), in a tearful, fluty, quivering voice, which was a compliment to mothers in itself. We all felt it, mothers or not. But the great sensation was when he got into the pulpit. The manner in which he dropped on his knees, and hid his face in his hands, and showed his beautiful rings, was, as a young lady said behind me, simply seraphic. We understood his celebrity from that moment. I wonder whether I can remember the sermon?"

"You needn't attempt it on my account," Emily said.

"My dear, don't be obstinate. Wait till you hear him."

"I am quite content to wait."

"Ah! you're just in the right state of mind to be converted; you're in a fair way to become one of his greatest admirers. They say he is so agreeable in private life; I am dying to know him. Do I hear a ring at the bell? Is somebody else coming to see you?"

The servant brought in a card and a message. "The person will call again, miss."

Emily looked at the name written on the card. "Mrs. Ellmother!" she exclaimed.

"What an extraordinary name!" cried Francine. "Who is she?"

"My aunt's old servant."

"Does she want a situation?"

Emily looked at some lines of writing at the back of the card. Dr. Allday had rightly foreseen events. Rejected by the doctor, Mrs. Ellmother had no alternative but to ask Emily to help her.

"If she is out of place," Francine went on, "she may be just the sort of person I am looking for."

"You?" Emily asked, in astonishment.

Francine refused to explain until she got an answer to her question. "Tell me first," she said, "is Mrs. Ellmother engaged?"

"No; she wants an engagement, and she asks me to be her reference."

"Is she sober, honest, middle-aged, clean, steady, good-tempered, industrious?" Francine rattled on. "Has she all the virtues, and none of the vices? Is she not too good-looking, and has she no male followers? In one terrible word, will she satisfy Miss Ladd?"

"What has Miss Ladd to do with it?"

"How stupid you are, Emily! Do put the woman's card down on the table, and listen to me. Haven't I told you that one of my masters has declined to have anything more to do with me? Doesn't that help you to understand how I get on with the rest of them? I am no longer Miss Ladd's pupil, my dear. Thanks to my laziness and my temper, I am to be raised to the dignity of 'a parlor boarder.' In other words, I am to be a young lady who patronizes the school, with a room of my own and a servant of my own. All provided for by a private arrangement between my father and Miss Ladd before I left the West Indies. My mother was at the bottom of it, I have not the least doubt. You don't appear to understand me."

"I don't indeed!"

Francine considered a little. "Perhaps they were fond of you at home," she suggested.

"Say they loved me, Francine—and I loved them."

"Ah, my position is just the reverse of yours. Now they have got rid of me, they don't want me back again at home. I know as well what my mother said to my father as if I had heard her. 'Francine will never get on at school at her age. Try her, by all means, but make some other arrangement with Miss Ladd in case of a failure, or she will be returned on our hands like a bad shilling.' There is my mother, my anxious, affectionate mother, hit off to a T."

"She is your mother, Francine; don't forget that."

"Oh no, I won't forget it. My cat is my kitten's mother. There, there, I won't shock your sensibilities. Let us get back to matter of fact. When I begin my new life Miss Ladd makes one condition. My maid is to be a model of discretion—an elderly woman, not a skittish young person who will only encourage me. I must submit to the elderly woman, or I shall be sent back to the West Indies after all. How long did Mrs. Ellmother live with your aunt?"

"Twenty-five years, and more."

"Good heavens! it's a lifetime. Why isn't this amazing creature living with you, now that your aunt is dead? Did you send her away?"

"Certainly not."

"Then why did she go?"

"I don't know."

"Do you mean that she went away without a word of explanation?"

"Yes, that is exactly what I mean."

"When did she go? As soon as your aunt was dead?"

"That doesn't matter, Francine."

"In plain English, you won't tell me? I am all on fire with curiosity—and that is how you put me out?"

She seated herself by Emily on the sofa, and put her arm in an outburst of affection round Emily's waist. "My dear, if you have the slightest regard for me, let us have the woman in here when she comes back for her answer. Somebody must satisfy me. I mean to make Mrs. Ellmother explain herself."

"I don't think you will succeed, Francine."

"Wait a little, and you will see. By-the-bye, it is understood that my new position at the school gives me the privilege of accepting invitations. Do you know any nice people to whom you can introduce me?"

"I am the last person in the world who has a chance of helping you," Emily answered. "Excepting good Dr. Allday—" On the point of adding the name of Alban Morris, she checked herself without knowing why, and substituted the name of her school friend. "—and not forgetting Cecilia," she resumed, "I know nobody."

"Cecilia's a fool," Francine remarked, gravely; "but now I think of it, she may be worth cultivating. Her father is a Member of Parliament—and didn't I hear that he has a fine place in the country? You see, Emily, I may expect to be married (with my money), if I can only get into good society. (Don't suppose I am dependent on my father; my marriage portion is provided for in my uncle's will.) Cecilia may really be of some use to me. Why shouldn't I make a friend of her, and get introduced to her father—in the autumn, you know, when the house is full of company? Have you any idea when she is coming back?"

"No."

"Do you think of writing to her?"

"Of course."

"Give her my kind love, and say I hope she enjoys Switzerland."

"Francine, you are positively shameless! After calling my dearest friend a fool and a glutton, you send her your love for your own selfish ends, and you expect me to help you in deceiving her. I won't do it."

"Keep your temper, my child. We are all selfish, you little goose. The only difference is, some of us own it, and some of us don't. I shall find my own way to Cecilia's good graces quite easily: the way is through her mouth. You mentioned a certain Dr. Allday. Does he give parties? And do the right sort of men go to them? Hush! I think I hear the bell again. Go to the door, and see who it is."

Emily waited, without taking any notice of this suggestion. The servant announced that "the person had called again to know if there was any answer."

"Show her in here," Emily said.

The servant withdrew, and came back again. "The person doesn't wish to intrude, miss; it will be quite sufficient if you will send a message by me."

Emily crossed the room to the door.

"Come in, Mrs. Ellmother," she said. "You have been too long away already. Pray come in."

CHAPTER XXIX

"GOOSEY."

Mrs. Ellmother reluctantly entered the room.

Since Emily had seen her last, her personal appearance doubly justified the nickname by which her late mistress had distinguished her. The old servant was worn and wasted; her gown hung loose on her angular body; the big bones of her face stood out more prominently than ever. She took Emily's offered hand doubtingly. "I hope I see you well, miss," she said, with hardly a vestige left of her former firmness of voice and manner.

"I am afraid you have been suffering from illness," Emily answered, gently.

"It's the life I'm leading that wears me down; I want work and change."

Making that reply, she looked round, and discovered Francine observing her with undisguised curiosity. "You have got company with you," she said to Emily; "I had better go away, and come back another time."

Francine stopped her before she could open the door. "You mustn't go away; I wish to speak to you."

"About what, miss?"

The eyes of the two women met—one, near the end of her life, concealing under a rugged surface a nature sensitively affectionate and incorruptibly true; the other, young in years, without the virtues of youth, hard in manner and hard at heart. In silence on either side, they stood face to face—strangers brought together by the force of circumstances, working inexorably toward their hidden end.

Emily introduced Mrs. Ellmother to Francine. "It may be worth your while," she hinted, "to hear what this young lady has to say."

Mrs. Ellmother listened, with little appearance of interest in anything that a stranger might have to say; her eyes rested on the card which contained her written request to Emily. Francine, watching her closely, understood what was passing in her mind. It might be worth while to conciliate the old woman by a little act of attention. Turning to Emily, Francine pointed to the card lying on the table. "You have not attended yet to Mrs. Ellmother's request," she said.

Emily at once assured Mrs. Ellmother that the request was granted. "But is it wise," she asked, "to go out to service again at your age?"

"I have been used to service all my life, Miss Emily—that's one reason. And service may help me to get rid of my own thoughts—that's another. If you can find me a situation somewhere, you will be doing me a good turn."

"Is it useless to suggest that you might come back and live with me?" Emily ventured to say.

Mrs. Ellmother's head sank on her breast. "Thank you kindly, miss; it is useless."

"Why is it useless?" Francine asked.

Mrs. Ellmother was silent.

"Miss De Sor is speaking to you," Emily reminded her.

"Am I to answer Miss De Sor?"

Attentively observing what passed, and placing her own construction on looks and tones, it suddenly struck Francine that Emily herself might be in Mrs. Ellmother's confidence, and that she might have reasons of her own for assuming ignorance when awkward questions were asked. For the moment, at least, Francine decided on keeping her suspicions to herself.

"I may, perhaps, offer you the employment you want," she said to Mrs. Ellmother. "I am staying at Brighton for the present with the lady who was Miss Emily's school-mistress, and I am in need of a maid. Would you be willing to consider it if I proposed to engage you?"

"Yes, miss."

"In that case you can hardly object to the customary inquiry. Why did you leave your last place?"

Mrs. Ellmother appealed to Emily. "Did you tell this young lady how long I remained in my last place?"

Melancholy remembrances had been revived in Emily by the turn which the talk had now taken. Francine's cat-like patience, stealthily feeling its way to its end, jarred on her nerves. "Yes," she said; "in justice to you I have mentioned your long term of service."

Mrs. Ellmother addressed Francine. "You know, miss, that I served my late mistress for over twenty-five years. Will you please remember that, and let it be a reason for not asking me why I left my place?"

Francine smiled compassionately. "My good creature, you have mentioned the very reason why I should ask! You live five-and-twenty years with your mistress, and then suddenly leave her, and you expect me to pass over this extraordinary proceeding without inquiry. Take a little time to think."

"I want no time to think. What I had in my mind when I left Miss Letitia is something which I refuse to explain, miss, to you or to anybody."

She recovered some of her old firmness when she made that reply. Francine saw the necessity of yielding—for the time at least. Emily remained silent, oppressed by remembrance of the doubts and fears which had darkened the last miserable days of her aunt's illness. She began already to regret having made Francine and Mrs. Ellmother known to each other.

"I won't dwell on what appears to be a painful subject," Francine graciously resumed. "I meant no offense. You are not angry, I hope?"

"Sorry, miss. I might have been angry at one time. That time is over."

It was said sadly and resignedly. Emily heard the answer. Her heart ached as she looked at the old servant, and thought of the contrast between past and present. With what a hearty welcome this broken woman had been used to receive her at the by-gone holiday time! Her eyes moistened. She felt the merciless persistency of Francine as if it had been an insult offered to herself. "Give it up," she said, sharply.

"Leave me, my dear, to manage my own business," Francine replied. "About your qualifications," she continued, turning coolly to Mrs. Ellmother. "Can you dress hair?"

"Yes."

"I ought to tell you," Francine insisted, "that I am very particular about my hair."

"My mistress was very particular about her hair," Mrs. Ellmother answered.

"Are you a good needle-woman?"

"As good as ever I was—with the help of my spectacles."

Francine turned to Emily. "See how well we will get on together! We are beginning to understand each other already. I am an odd creature, Mrs. Ellmother. Sometimes I take sudden likings to persons. I have taken a liking to you. Do you begin to think a little better of me than you did? I hope you will produce the right impression on Miss Ladd; you shall have every assistance that I can give. I will beg Miss Ladd as a favor to me not to ask you that one forbidden question."

Poor Mrs. Ellmother, puzzled by the sudden appearance of Francine in the character of an eccentric young lady, the creature of genial impulse, thought it right to express her gratitude for the promised interference in her favor. "That's kind of you, miss," she said.

"No, no, only just. I ought to tell you there's one thing Miss Ladd is strict about—sweethearts. Are you quite sure," Francine inquired, jocosely, "that you can answer for yourself in that particular?"

This effort of humor produced its intended effect. Mrs. Ellmother, thrown off her guard, actually smiled. "Lord, miss, what will you say next!"

"My good soul, I will say something next that is more to the purpose. If Miss Ladd asks me why you have so unaccountably refused to be a servant again in this house, I shall take care to say that it is certainly not out of dislike to Miss Emily."

"You need say nothing of the sort," Emily quietly remarked.

"And still less," Francine proceeded, without noticing the interruption—"still less through any disagreeable remembrances of Miss Emily's aunt."

Mrs. Ellmother saw the trap that had been set for her. "It won't do, miss," she said.

"What won't do?"

"Trying to pump me."

Francine burst out laughing. Emily noticed an artificial ring in her gayety, which suggested that she was exasperated rather than amused by the repulse which had baffled her curiosity once more.

Mrs. Ellmother reminded the merry young lady that the proposed arrangement between them had not been concluded yet. "Am I to understand, miss, that you will keep a place open for me in your service?"

"You are to understand," Francine answered, sharply, "that I must have Miss Ladd's approval before I can engage you. Suppose you come to Brighton? I will pay your fare, of course."

"Never mind my fare, miss. Will you give up pumping?"

"Make your mind easy. It's quite useless to attempt pumping you. When will you come?"

Mrs. Ellmother pleaded for a little delay. "I'm altering my gowns," she said. "I get thinner and thinner—don't I, Miss Emily? My work won't be done before Thursday."

"Let us say Friday, then," Francine proposed.

"Friday!" Mrs. Ellmother exclaimed. "You forget that Friday is an unlucky day."

"I forgot that, certainly. How can you be so absurdly superstitious?"

"You may call it what you like, miss. I have good reason to think as I do. I was married on a Friday, and a bitter, bad marriage it turned out

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to be. Superstitious, indeed! You don't know what my experience has been. My only sister was one of a party of thirteen at dinner, and she died within a year. If we are to get on together nicely, I'll take that journey on Saturday, if you please."

"Anything to satisfy you," Francine agreed. "There is the address. Come in the middle of the day, and we will give you your dinner. No fear of our being thirteen in number. What will you do if you have the misfortune to spill the salt?"

"Take a pinch between my finger and thumb, and throw it over my left shoulder," Mrs. Ellmother answered, gravely. "Good-day, miss."

"Good-day."

Emily followed the departing visitor out to the hall. She had seen and heard enough to decide her on trying to break off the proposed negotiation, with the one kind purpose of protecting Mrs. Ellmother against the pitiless curiosity of Francine.

"Do you think you and that young lady are likely to get on well together?" she asked.

"I have told you already, Miss Emily, I want to get away from my own home and my own thoughts; I don't care where I go, so long as I do that." Having answered in those words, Mrs. Ellmother opened the door, and waited awhile, thinking. "I wonder whether the dead know what is going on in the world they have left?" she said, looking at Emily. "If they do, there's one among them knows my thoughts, and feels for me. Good-by, miss—and don't think worse of me than I deserve."

Emily went back to the parlor. The only resource left was to plead with Francine for mercy to Mrs. Ellmother.

"Do you really mean to give it up?" she asked.

"To give up—what? 'Pumping,' as that obstinate old creature calls it?"

Emily persisted. "Don't worry the poor old soul. However strangely she may have left my aunt and me, her motives are kind and good; I am sure of that. Will you let her keep her harmless little secret?"

"Oh, of course!"

"I don't believe you, Francine."

"Don't you? I am like Cecilia: I am getting hungry. Shall we have some lunch?"

"You hard-hearted creature!"

"Does that mean—no luncheon until I have owned the truth? Suppose you own the truth? I won't tell Mrs. Ellmother that you have betrayed her."

"For the last time, Francine—I know no more about it than you do. If you persist in taking your own view, you as good as tell me I lie, and you will oblige me to leave the room."

Even Francine's obstinacy was compelled to give way, so far as appearances went. Still possessed by the delusion that Emily was deceiving her, she was now animated by a stronger motive than mere curiosity. Her sense of her own importance imperatively urged her to prove that she was not a person who could be deceived with impunity.

"I beg your pardon," she said, with humility. "But I must positively have it out with Mrs. Ellmother. She has been more than a match for me; my turn next. I mean to get the better of her, and I shall succeed."

"I have already told you, Francine—you will fail."

"My dear, I am a dunce, and I don't deny it. But let me tell you one thing. I haven't lived all my life in the West Indies, among black servants, without learning something."

"What do you mean?"

"More, my clever friend, than you are likely to guess. In the mean time don't forget the duties of hospitality. Ring the bell for luncheon."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FRENCH IN TONQUIN.

In a previous issue of the WEEKLY we gave an account of the advance of the French on Ha-noi, the capital of Tonquin, and illustrated it by some views of that little-known city. Since that date several important events have taken place—the capture of Sontay by the forces under the command of Admiral COURBET on the 16th of December, and of Bac-ninh on the 12th inst. This town, situated on the right bank of the Red River delta, with its fortress, is one of the keys of the delta, but it and the ports surrounding it were captured after a desperate resistance. After the fall of this stronghold the French flotilla cleared the region near Ha-noi and Hai-phong (the latter being the port from which the steamer sails for Canton) of the so-called pirates, and a body of Yellow Flags was organized to act against the hostile Black Flags. But even when France was in possession of Sontay it would be impossible to hold the country so long as the strong place of Bac-ninh was in the hands of the enemy. Bac-ninh is one of the gates to China, and it was from this town that the Chinese forces might have been expected to attack the French line of communication if any serious resistance were made by the empire. All negotiations between the French and Chinese governments having fallen through, the French commanders were ordered to prepare to occupy the place. General MILLOT was sent out to take the chief command. The French gun-boats, according to advices from London, under date March 1, occupied the extreme post of the Tonquinese army on the Long-koi River, ten miles below Bac-ninh, and it was further stated that thirty thousand Chinese troops had entered the citadel. General MILLOT at the same time pushed forward from Ha-noi with the land forces, and encountered no opposition.

The Chinese had endeavored to bar the direct road by a series of intrenchments and redoubts, but the general, avoiding this direct route, after surmounting three of the palisaded ditches, turned to the right along the canal, and telegraphed to General NEGRIER to advance from Hai-dzuong, and effect a junction with his forces. Bac-ninh itself, like the other fortresses in Tonquin, was erected in the last century by French engineers, and is of the old VAUBAN type. The garrison consisted of Chinese troops, who had been strongly re-enforced from over the border. The town round the citadel consists of five or six thousand thatched houses.

Although the country around Bac-ninh presented admirable facilities for a strong defense, the French troops apparently encountered very little opposition in the capture of the town. The Chinese, demoralized by the turning movements of the combined French columns, abandoned their positions, and fled by the Thai-nguyen road. Their loss is said to have been heavy. A KRUPP battery and much ammunition were found in the citadel.

THE HON. E. H. FUNSTON.

THIS gentleman, who was recently elected to Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. HASKELL, was born in 1837 in Clark County, Ohio, where he resided until he reached the age of twenty-six years. He was educated at the New Carlisle Academy. On the breaking out of the war he enlisted in the army, and served four years as a lieutenant in the Sixteenth Ohio Battery of Light Artillery. In 1867 he removed to Kansas, bought a farm of raw prairie land in Allen County, where he now resides, and by his intelligent industry has made it one of the finest farms in the State. Mr. FUNSTON has always been a Republican, was a member of the Lower House of the Legislature in 1873-4-5, and was Speaker of the House in 1875. He was elected to the State Senate in 1880. Mr. FUNSTON's majority over his Democratic competitor in the recent election was about 3000.

BISHOP CLARKSON.

THE Right Rev. ROBERT HARPER CLARKSON, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Nebraska, who died at his home in Omaha on the 10th inst., was of English descent, and was born at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, in the year 1826. Many of his ancestors were also ministers, his grandfather and great-grandfather both being clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the former having resided and officiated as such in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The Bishop was educated for the Church. After graduating from a Pennsylvania college he went to the theological school of St. James's College, in Maryland, from which he received a diploma in 1848. Soon afterward he was appointed Rector of St. James's Episcopal Church, in Chicago, and he held that position until 1865. He had endeared himself to the people of St. James's Church, and left them only from a sense of duty to accept the important charge of Bishop of Nebraska and Dakota. He removed to Omaha in November of that year, and resided there until his death. He was chiefly instrumental in establishing about fifty Episcopal churches in his diocese. For about twenty-five years he held the position of Trustee of the Racine and Nashotah colleges, in Wisconsin. He was married in 1849 to MELISSA MCPHERSON, of Hagerstown, Maryland. He had two daughters. Bishop CLARKSON was admired for his abilities and high sense of honor, and his genial personal qualities made him a popular favorite everywhere.

ICEBERGS AT SEA.

THE extraordinary winter through which we have just passed—unless it is a delusive hope that suggests the expression "passed"—seems to be the prelude to an extraordinary spring. The ice of the North is making its appearance in the ocean at an unusually early period. The transatlantic steamers have encountered at this time of the season icebergs in vast numbers and of unusual size. The steamer *Gloucester* passed twenty-three icebergs, and met several fields of ice which compelled it to deviate from its course. The *Abyssinia*, which arrived at this port on the 7th of this month, saw on one occasion no less than seventy icebergs. They were of all imaginable shapes: huge peaks of glittering translucency towered up far above the mast-heads of the vessel, while from crag to crag of the precipitous islands of ice flocks of sea-birds screamed and flew. The sun was bright and the sky unclouded, and the sides of the massive bergs were lit up by the solar beams with marvellous effect. The route followed by the ship was thickly strewn by lesser fragments of ice, small, indeed, by comparison with the others, but still large enough to deserve the name of islands. Over these outer obstacles the waves broke in foam and surf, while in the distance could be heard the loud splash of water as some gigantic mountain peak swung headlong downward when the melting of the subaqueous portions rendered it top-heavy. Often the falling mass would strike some other berg, and detach enormous fragments to increase the amount of floating débris.

The steamer *Normannia* reported, February 28, that she had steamed along a solid wall of ice for a distance of 110 miles, while a number of icebergs were in sight extending as far as eye could reach. The telegraph steamer *Minia*, from Falmouth to St. Pierre Miquelon, had to heave to under an iceberg four miles in circumference. In fact, every arrival reports an unusual number of bergs, many of them much further south than is usual. The loss of ships and lives in the ice-fields must be unusually large, and many vessels are reported to be caught in the ice-fields. The earliness of the ice movement is unparalleled. Field ice was encountered on January 28, and on the 31st the *Britannic* met heavy fields. The first victim was the *Notting Hill*, which on February 2 ran into a heavy pack, and then struck a submerged iceberg. She managed to keep afloat till the *State of Nebraska* hove in sight and rescued the crew. The first large berg was met by the *Ludgate Hill* on February 9, and from that date all the later reports confirm the presence of heavy packs of field ice and large icebergs north of latitude forty-two degrees, and between forty-eight and fifty degrees longitude. The ice this year is heavier than in last year, and having reached the lower latitudes several days earlier, renders any northerly course dangerous in the highest degree.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A WRITER who was admitted to Osman Digna's camp found the famous chief sitting on the ground, and wearing only a very dirty shirt and a straw cap. "He appeared to me," says the writer, "to be a very common sort of man." It could hardly have been expected that in such a uniform Osman would appear as gorgeous as a brigadier-general of militia.

It was an Irish night-watchman at Castle Garden who reported to his superior that there were so many immigrants in the rotunda that there "wasn't even standing-room for them to lie down."

The Eliot Bible which brought nearly a thousand dollars at the recent Murphy library sale had once been sold at considerably above a round thousand, and had once been bought for a song at the stand of a dealer in second-hand books.

A writer in London says it has been discovered that it is impossible to dine and go to the theatre on the same evening. There are at least two reasons why it is not possible to do both: the evening is too short, and dinner incapacitates the partaker for theatre-going. To be sure, he might go and listen and look on in a quiet and stupid way, but after dining well he is far too sluggish to be brilliant in conversation while the play is going on, and to be in the necessary degree a nuisance to the unfashionable people in the pit. So he stays his appetite with shreds of viands, and appears at the theatre cheery of voice and full of wit. After the theatre comes supper, which is something quite substantial, and is served a little after midnight.

There is in Western Massachusetts a class of mendicants called cider beggars. Whether they beg anything but cider is not stated. It is presumable, however, that they do; but if they do not they can dispose of their solution of the problem of life at sound figures to persons who stand ready to forego cider and live in untroubled retirement.

A newspaper of Georgia says that there have been comparatively few marriages this year within the field of its observations. It being leap-year, says this journal, the ladies are afraid to marry, lest it should be thought that they popped the question. Less sensitive to public opinion are the fifty young women who recently sailed from England for New Caledonia to be married to well-conducted convicts. In France, it seems, there is a considerable number of young men who do not consider themselves bound by leap-year etiquette; for Mlle. Dairo, the country girl who recently won the 100,000-franc lottery prize, has already received more than a hundred offers of marriage.

In a barber's shop of this city a music-box is kept playing. It is a tiny and low-toned affair, and does not interfere with the conversation.

Variety has been imparted to social gossip in Baltimore by a romance which began in a court-room and ended at the altar. Last spring a number of persons began an action to break the will of a resident who had died possessed of great wealth. One of the interested persons was a physician, and his pretty daughter was a regular attendant in court. A young member of the Corn and Flour Exchange was in the jury box, and it was remarked that he evinced deeper interest in the fair daughter of the medical litigant than in the testimony as to the decedent's mental condition at the time of signing his last will and testament. The verdict implied that the old gentleman was of utterly unsound mind when he forgot to name the doctor in the document. In an application for a new trial it was claimed that the susceptible juror had said to one of the eleven other intelligent men, "What a chance a young fellow would have if he gave a verdict in her favor!" and, "How can we bring in a verdict against such a pretty girl?" It was, moreover, shown that after the will had been set aside this young juror and the doctor's daughter were married, and that their engagement dated from a blissful moment prior to the making of the verdict. The Court, however, held that there was not sufficient ground for granting a new trial.

Opponents of the new Mexican treaty said that it proposed to admit to the United States an already formidable crop in exchange for a few agricultural implements, and a long list of mechanical contrivances, such as accordions, music-boxes, and similar devices. Now that the treaty is ratified, it is to be hoped that the Mexican traders will avail themselves of the free trade in accordions to the full extent to which the populace will submit without revolution. In that way the treaty can be made a great success in the estimation of everybody north of the Rio Grande.

The quality of Oscar Wilde's wit seems to be improving. He has recently said that the national occupation in America is train-catching.

In Delaware a murderer was sentenced to be hanged on the 14th of the present month. Three days before the time set for the execution the Governor respited him till the year 1940. The condemned man is twenty-six years of age. At the expiration of the lease of life granted him he will be eighty-two years old if he is then living. As he must enter upon the intervening period of fifty-six years in prison and under sentence of death, the chances of his dying on the scaffold are very small.

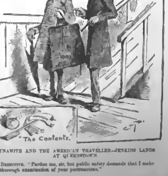
Tricycles are utilized in London for the distribution of papers to newsboys at different points in the city. The machines easily carry from four hundred to five hundred papers, and it is said that their drivers get about more quickly than they could with the horses and carts generally used for that purpose.

A marine insurance company has kept tally of the number of steam-ship shafts broken at sea in the past three years. The tally stood at two hundred and ten a few days ago. In some instances the mishap resulted in the loss of the vessel, and in many cases there was serious delay. An officer of the company recommends that constructors, engineers, captains, and owners of steam-ships turn their attention to devising some adequate means of temporarily repairing broken shafts at sea.

The cyclone pits which the Western farmers are building are described as being in size proportionate to the number of persons in the family. A pit ten feet square and sunk to the depth of twenty feet is the average size. About four feet below the surface heavy timbers are placed over the hole, earth is thrown on and made even with the surface around, and at the southwest corner an opening three feet square is left. In these places of refuge the farmers expect to find safety in any gale that doesn't blow the wells out of the ground.

The Treasury Department has learned that foreign brokers are making heavy purchases in the United States of trade dollars at a discount of ten per cent, or more, and propose to dispose of them at their nominal value to emigrants about to sail for this country.

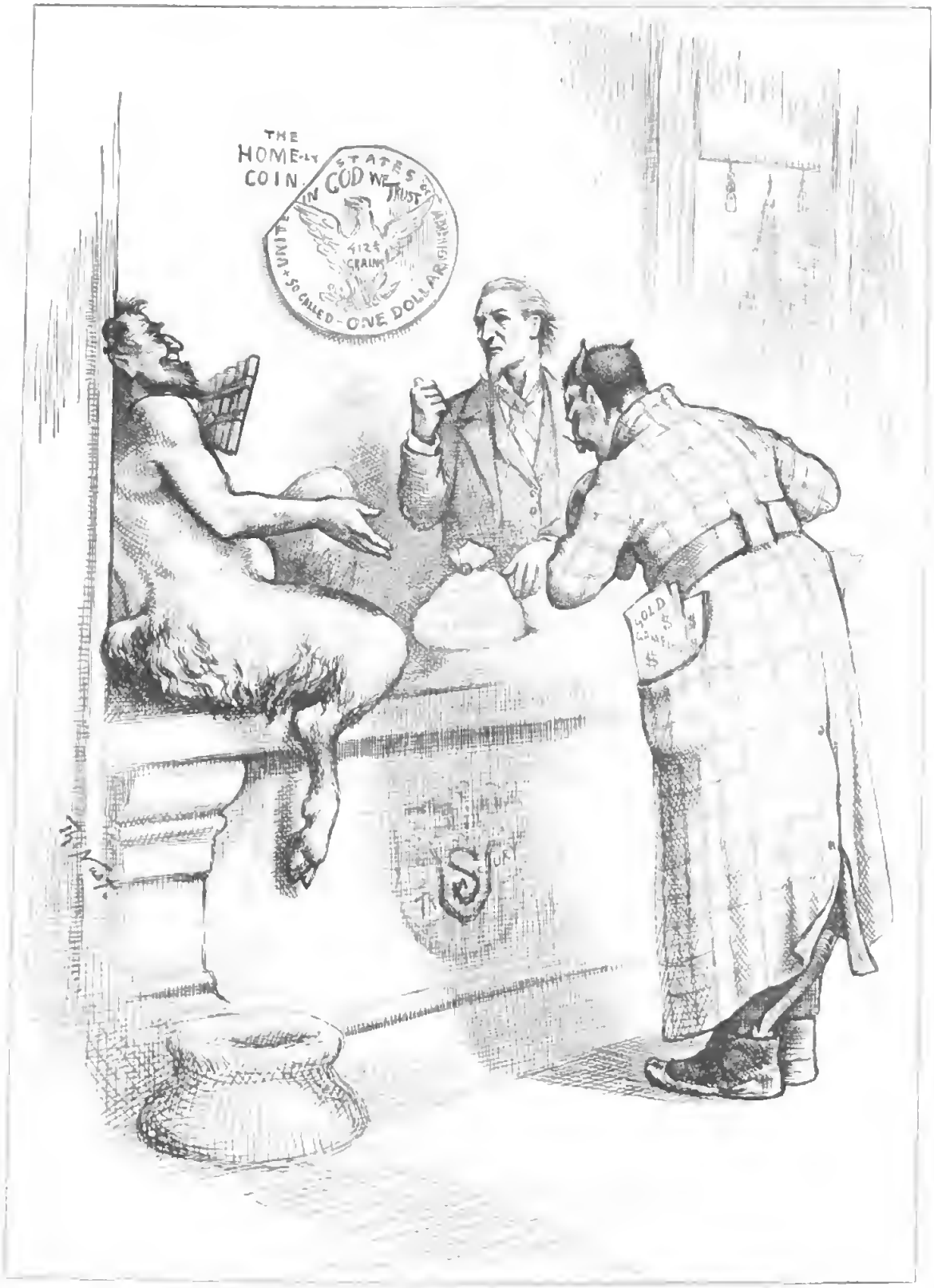
To prevent conductors from pocketing fares, the passenger agent of a Western railroad made a rule that they must give to each person paying fare on a train a check for five cents, redeemable at any station. Passengers who are disposed to be frugal can profit a little by this rule. A man who made a round trip recently over part of the road paid his fare from station to station, and at the end he had acquired conductor's checks amounting to $3 80. The fares had cost him thirty cents more than the regular price of a ticket for the whole distance; so his actual saving was $3 50. The conductor would hardly have taken that much.



DYNAMITE AND THE AMERICAN TRAVELLER—JENKINS LANDS AT QUEENSTOWN.

DETECTIVE. "Pardon me, sir, but public safety demands that I make a thorough examination of your portmanteau."

SCENERY IN THE TRACK OF EUROPEAN STEAMERS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 191.]



THE SILVER DELUSION.

($1,500,000 IN GOLD SENT ABROAD MARCH 8.)

PAN(IC) IN WALL STREET. "Uncle Sam, in God you *trust*, but you will have to *pay* this gentleman, if you don't repeal that Bland Silver Act."

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WINTER SANITARIUMS.

ATLANTIC CITY.

ATLANTIC CITY, formerly considered the especial adjunct of Philadelphia as a watering place, has now become the property of the whole world as a winter sanitarium. By the long arm of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which is stretched out to help the lame and the lazy as well as the energetic and the healthful, the most delicate invalid may travel in comfort from New York to Atlantic City in four hours. The coast of New Jersey is becoming our Torquay, our Riviera. But the unfortunate geographical peculiarity from which we suffer—that of being on the cold side of the continent—prevents our finding at Atlantic City the primroses and camellias of Torquay, or the orange gardens of Nice, to which our latitude entitles us. An inner bend of the much-quoted Gulf Stream (which by its fervid embrace makes Devonshire so floral and so temperate in winter) has, however, done something for Atlantic City. To its influence we must attribute the geniality and curious softness of atmosphere which greets the new-comer at this favored spot. The mean temperature in January is 38°, and often at mid-day stands at 50° in the coldest months of our Northern year. Unlike the other sanitariums of which we have spoken, which have comparatively few outside attractions, Atlantic City is a city indeed. One forgets that it is a town of only six thousand inhabitants, and on arriving one is reminded of the English Brighton. It has street railways, omnibus lines, immense avenues (some of them a hundred feet wide, with ambitious names), dozens of hotels, handsome private villas, churches of all denominations, schools, shops, winter parlors, casinos, club houses, libraries, etc. It is, indeed, a lesser Newport run out into the sea, and it is almost impossible to believe that twenty-five years ago the greater portion of it was an uninhabited island, or a chain of sand hills thrown up by the waves of the sea.

An unexpected suggestion of the prosperity and progressiveness of the town is the long line of piers, which stretches out into the boiling surf. Here one may walk and watch the waves as they roll in, and lay a hand upon the mane of the sea monster. Down in the deep clear water the finny inhabitants are as busy in their element as we are in ours, although they are probably not looking for their lost nervous energy. The sea is sublime, majestic, and full of roar at Atlantic City as it is everywhere.

"The Brighton" having been recommended as the largest, most fashionable, and most comfortable of the hotels, we find there "warm luxurious rooms, elevators, gas, and electric bells, hot and cold baths, billiard-rooms, and wide and sheltered porches for exercise." It stands very near the water, and if the view seems at first a little dreary, it soon grows more fair. The long stretch of sandy beach, and the occasional group of poorish houses, with here and there a fine one, may be uninteresting on a gloomy day, but when the sun shines all dreariness disappears, the ocean sparkles like a huge diamond, and the groups of health seekers wander along the sand, or, seeking out convenient hollows, wrap themselves in fur cloaks and lie for hours in the dry and warm sun-bath, taking in ozone at every breath.

"The Brighton" is a gay house, and all the usual panaceas for *ennui* are at hand. Dancing and music may be enjoyed, card rooms are convenient, and indeed every facility for killing time is furnished. The proprietors, besides, humor that whim of civilization which has ordained that civilized man shall dine at seven o'clock. The breakfast hour also is neither too early nor too rigidly interpreted. The Philadelphia market supplies the table, and it goes without saying that the butter and poultry are above reproach.

A very comfortable hotel, called "The Dennis," kept by Mr JAMES H BORTON, a Quaker, is much in favor with Philadelphians. It is a delightfully clean house, with a fine lookout across the water, and its large glass-inclosed verandas are peculiarly adapted to the uses of invalids and children. An early dinner and substantial tea are given, and the food, though plain, is uncommonly good. During the late severe storm Atlantic City suffered severely. The summer visitor will remember the beach front between North Carolina and Illinois avenues, and the houses and photograph galleries that stood there. They are now a mass of ruins. The heavy gale that blew from the south on January 8 drove in a tide that flooded a portion of the town, carried away the board walks, and broke in the doors of the bathing-houses in front of "The Brighton." A famous ocean pier, which had withstood many a storm, was swept away, and of AITERBACH's boarding-house not one trace remains. Restaurants and bath-houses and photographic galleries, still redolent of summer flirtations, all went before the raging flood, and the beach itself lost one hundred and fifty feet of valuable front. The track of the South Atlantic Railroad was washed away, and the drift ice carried a portion of the West Jersey track lower down on the fields.

But this storm was an unusual one, and it is not probable that another like it will occur again in a hundred years. The group of people who watched it were none the worse for it, nor have they abated their walks or drives since. By February the splendid if terrifying pageant of crested waves was forgotten, and now that March has come the gay groups crowd again the board walk to the light-house, where on a sunny day, when the genial air brings pleasant greetings from the sea, all gather who have the power to move.

Atlantic City is an especial home for those who suffer from rheumatism, and for some inscrutable reason they find their pains relax when at this singular place. Perhaps it is owing to the fact that the winds from the landward must pass long distances over the dry and porous sand. It is said that the beach at Atlantic City trends to the west, so that it faces more to the southward than the sister beaches. The south and east winds are warmed by their passage across the Gulf Stream; and therefore the captious, impatient invalid can rise in the morning free from that pinching pain which makes him so speak in uncomplimentary terms of the thermometer.

People recover quickly here from surgical operations, which is a very valuable proof of the cleanness of the atmosphere, which should dispel any fear which may beset the casual observer that the drainage is not perfect.

It would seem at first as if an adequate system of drainage on this flat sandy island were impossible. As it is, every effort is made that the most thorough knowledge of sanitary laws can prompt to secure the health of the vast numbers who seek a winter home here. They do not depend for drinking-water upon the earth, but collect rain-water in cemented cisterns, and cleansing filters are attached to all the reservoirs. It has been urged against some of the large hotels at Atlantic City that they are not carefully drained; but we believe that no such charge is well founded, and we know that it can not be sustained against the Brighton or the Dennis.

We might describe the Carrollton, the Sea-side House, the Colonnade, the Haddon House, the Mansion House (which last is in the centre of the city), but we advise our readers to go and see for themselves.

There are many who are not sent to Atlantic City by their physicians for lung trouble, valvular disease of the heart, "malaria"—whatever that may be—or nervous prostration—the disease of civilization—and the question may be asked, What shall such do to amuse themselves? Dyspeptics can and should walk on the ocean promenade along the entire city front—a board walk, with the Atlantic for a plaything. This, if less stately than the Esplanade at Brighton, is quite as enjoyable. Then there are weekly balls at the various houses for gay and nimble-footed dancers, a museum, an aquarium, a skating rink, and if the weather is favorable, a sea-voyage to Brigantine Beach, ten miles off, is a pleasant excursion.

To those who can climb two hundred and twenty-eight steps, the ascent of the Absecom Light-house will repay a visit. One sees there what the world looks like to a sea-gull; and a grand waste of waters it seems indeed. This splendid and beneficent light is one of Fox's hydraulic float lights. The height of the tower is 167 feet, and is of great importance to the mariner. It is visible twenty six miles out at sea, and for all who go down to the sea in ships it is a blessing.

On shore there is the "Winter Ocean Parlor," or Casino, between Indiana and Illinois avenues, extending back from the board walk. It contains a smoking-room for gentlemen and a warm parlor for ladies, and is a sort of agreeable club-room or lounging-place. Here, if one chooses, can be given a private entertainment in the evening, and this Winter Ocean Parlor, which affords a somewhere to go, an object and an end to an otherwise purposeless stroll, might suggest to the proprietors of the sanitariums of which we have written the wisdom of providing some such pleasure-place for the social meeting of their guests.

We confess to not liking Atlantic City in the summer. It has a frequent visitation from that noisome insect the mosquito, and the drives are not as pleasant as those of some other sea-side places. But in winter it offers unusual advantages. Its healthful climate has gained for it the favor of physicians, whose recommendation has created for it a permanent population, and its proximity to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York not only insures to it a brilliant society, but enables it to offer to visitors many of the attractions and diversions peculiar to large cities.

One can go a-shopping in Atlantic City, find books, papers, small wares, material for embroidery, painting, and drawing; can visit a circulating library, or take an interest in the church of his choice, get acquainted with the minister, and help along the good work. A town of six thousand inhabitants must produce a wealth of shops, which, if made attractive, can not fail to help along a winter sanitarium.

The physicians of Philadelphia have made Atlantic City what it is—a famous sanitarium. Overtaxed brains are ordered hither by Dr S. WEIR MITCHELL, the man who has the honor of having discovered the "rest cure." He and his learned congeners have found that many chronic diseases result from nervous exhaustion. The sufferer from incipient paralysis or brain-softening is ordered to Atlantic City for six months, and in many instances returns to his home cured. It was N. P. WILLIS who first said that "consumption was curable if the patient could stop consuming." The once dreaded disease to which every New England woman resigned herself, fifty years ago, if her lungs began to trouble her, is as curable now as the measles, if taken in time. Pulmonary and bronchial troubles are much alleviated by the warmed ozone of Atlantic City. All chest diseases, however, require a constant and sensible medical inspection, for if the sea is not beneficial, the mountains may be.

An institution for invalid women at Atlantic City, under the wise care of Philadelphia physicians, furnishes a noble record of this highly recommended air, and at the Children's Sea-shore Home many children have been cared for and restored to health. Sleep and a good appetite almost immediately follow a visit to Atlantic City. Indeed, the healthy visitor who goes down for a change of air and scene feels immediate improvement of appetite, and so healthily somnolent that even CLARK RUSSELL's exciting stories will not keep him awake between the hours of three and six of an afternoon. This is a sure sign that the nerves are being well rested and fed. It is a great thing to get an abundant supply of nerve food without the use of medicine, the falsely stimulating effect of which must be followed by a corresponding exhaustion. To another highly respected physician, Dr JAMES DARRACH, of Germantown, belongs the honor of having relieved many patients suffering from hay fever and autumnal catarrh, by sending them to Atlantic City. The Rev. Mr. BEECHER and Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES had a witty correspondence on the subject of hay fever a few years since, in which the latter declared that there was no cure for the disease "but six feet of gravel." The Twin Mountain House and Atlantic City, however, have answered back that it may be alleviated.

It is believed by many scientists and students of hygiene that the air at Atlantic City is "hostile to physical debility," and that to those who suffer from our great American complaint, nervous prostration, whether brought on by overwork or by our changeful climate, it promises not only recuperation, but a permanent re-establishment of health.

THE TENDER CONSCIENCE OF MR. BOBBERTS.

By SHERWOOD BONNER.

I.

IT was about the third year o' my marriage with Jed Burridge that the rust got inter the wheat, an' what wasn't rust was cheat. People saw the bread a-slippin' out o' ther mouths instid of *inter* them, an' every man on the Nine-mile was as blue as a wet hen. Talk ran high about emigratin' to Kansas, which was represented as overflowin' with milk an' honey, free fur all who was a-longin' fer that Scriptural food.

Nobody grumbled more than our nighest neighbor, Mr So-so Bobberts. Israel was his proper name, but some wag hed giv him the nickname of "So-so," an' of co'se it stuck to him like a burr. It riz from his habit of never comin' out with a square yes or no on any p'int, nor, so to speak, of givin' any satisfactory praise or dispraise to things of God or the devil. Everything was from fair to middlin', like an average cotton bale. He was mighty low once, an' the doctor had about given him up.

"How do you stand with God?" says Preacher Snowden, a-bendin' over him, an' shoutin' loud inter his deefenin' ear.

"So-so," growls Mr Bobberts, true to hisself to the last. He never was one fur gilt-edge speech, an' didn't want ter ornament his dyin' bed with anything uncommon.

However, he didn't die this turn, but was soon round, peart as ever, seemin' ter think he had outwitted death fur good. Truth is, he's one of the tough kind that's hard ter kill, not a ounce o' adipose on his bones. He is long an' lean an' lank an' ribby as the sea sand, as the poetry book says. On top o' that long body o' his is set the littlest head ever I see on a mature adult person—not much bigger than a billiard ball, an' nigh about as smooth, if you could ketch him on a summer's day coolin' off under a tree, with his wig hangin' in the branches above. His face is smooth-shaved, an' has a kind o' scorched look, as if it had been held over a blaze till the red was burnt in, an' with glitterin' little black eyes an' a tight mouth, he is altogether a cur'us-lookin' old critter.

'Fore I begin my story proper, mebbe I ought ter go back to the fust thrashin'-machine that was ever brought to the Nine-mile. It was a sort of triangular purchase, Mr Bobberts leadin' off, an' persuadin' two neighbors, John Raney an' Farmer Sweet, to club in with him, it bein' too expensive for any one man ter buy. Everybody was surprised at such a j'inin' of forces, for John an' Farmer Sweet was jolly, slap-dash kind o' fellers, spendin' their money free as words, an' fonder of a good laugh than of daily bread, while Mr Bobberts was as close as a chestnut, an' never could sense a joke. Howsomever, the thrasher was bought, an' a contract made settin' forth that the machine was to be controlled equally by the three, an' that in any question concernin' it *the majority was ter rule*.

One day Mr Bobberts, John Raney, an' Farmer Sweet was hard at work in the fust-named's ten acre field. Mr B. was mortal cross that day, an' his helpers wasn't feelin' very lovin'. Noon-time brought Cissy Bobberts with two tin buckets containin' a snack. "Maw says you are to come up to the house, paw," says she; "there's some hot gingerbread fur you."

Bobberts walked off very prompt, an' the two men that was left looked at each other an' groaned.

"Did I ever tell you about my grandfather?" said John Raney to Farmer Sweet.

"Didn't know you had a grandfather."

"Well, I did, an' I can tell you he was a man among men. On one occasion my mother, who was a gret person for puttin' on *style*, had invited a lot of town folks out to a dinner. It was to be a big affair. Ovens an' skillets an' pots an' pans was all full. As luck would have it, my grandfather was buildin' a mill in the vicinity, an' he had a good force o' laborers employed—some twenty men or more—an' among 'em half a dozen black fellows that he had picked up in town. Jest as dinner was about to be dished up, in stalked the old man as solemn as a turkey gobbler, an' after him six negroes, each with a brand-new wooden tray balanced on his head. 'Fill 'em up, boys,' says he, in a voice to make your hair stand on end; an' at the word, in a twinklin', the dishes was piled up on the trays—venison an' pig, an' roast turkey an' fried chicken, an' vegetables an' pies of every name an' natur'—a clean sweep, even to the salt pork that was mixed in with the 'fresh,' for old acquaintance' sake. Not so much as a cooky was left to tell the tale. Mis' Jacob Price, who was a-cookin' fur my mother that day, was so overcome at seein' the company dinner hurricaned away in such a fashion that she jest sunk inter a chair, an' set there like a wax figger, big-eyed an' tongue-tied. An' when the six Africans had marched out, all on the broad grin, my grandpa turned to Mis' Price, an' says he, 'I've got twenty men a-laborin' at my mill, an' they deserve a good dinner, fur they've earned it. An' as fer them lazy women at the house'—here he p'inted with his thumb over his shoulder very contemptuous—'let 'em come out an' cook another dinner, or go home a-fastin'.'"

Mr Sweet took a thoughtful pull at the buttermilk jug. "Must he' had a good deal of whiskey in him, your grandpa so ter," said he, "before he ventured so far with a woman of your mother's spunk."

"Well, maybe," returned the other, cautiously. "They do say he subsisted mainly on whiskey well into the nineties."

Both men laughed, an' dived further into their tin buckets, in hopes of findin' a stray doughnut or a cold pie.

"Well, I must say," cried Farmer Sweet, "I wish your grandfather had been round the Bobberts kitchen this day; we might 'ha' had something fit for a Christian stomach."

"Old Bobberts is a close hand," said John Raney, "no doubt of that."

"No doubt at all," said the farmer. "I don't quite see, John, how we came to be associated with him in buyin' this machine."

"Because we were a precious pair of fools," said Mr Raney, cheerfully.

"An' then," cried Farmer Sweet, "fur all the old 'coon was so crazy for the machine, an' pestered us to death to go thirds with him, you can't make him own now that he likes the old thrasher, or feels in any way beholden to us. 'Twas only this mornin' I says to him, 'Well, farmer, how d'ye like the machine, now you've seen her a-goin'?' 'Oh, so-so,' says he. 'Pho,' says I, 'you ought ter come out stronger than that, Mr. Bobberts. Think what a savin' of labor it is.' 'Well,' says he, jest for pure contrariness, 'I ain't shu' but that I like the old was best; it was more sociable like. Now, you see, the neighbors will all be a wantin' ter borrow the machine, an' we may regret ever a purchasin' of it.' An' then he sithed, as hypocritical as a preacher at a strange funeral."

John Raney was the greatest fellow fur a joke on the perarer, an' a wicked thought come a-jumpin' inter his mind.

"Say," cried he, "I ain't overproud of ownin' anything along with old Bobberts. Let's burn up the whole rig, an' clear out."

"Burn her?" said Farmer Sweet, his eyes a-startin'; "arter all the money we've put in her?"

"We'd never ha' got much satisfaction out of her," said Raney. "Bobberts would always want her just when our wheat was ready; an' what a joke it would be on him jest ter take him at his word fur once, an' tell him we thought the old way was best as well as he."

Farmer Sweet begun ter laugh. "All right," said he; "go ahead."

An' then an' there them two men act'ally did set fire ter that thrashin'-machine. I mustn't forget ter say that some folks always declared that the fire was an accident, an' that them two men made up the tale of burnin' it themselves jest ter devil Mr Bobberts.

When Bobberts came out an' saw the thing in a blaze, it set him in the biggest rage ever seen on the Nine-mile.

"We thought you would like it," says Farmer Sweet, artless as a baby, "seein' how you liked the machine only so-so, an' thought the old ways was the best."

"How dared you meddle with my property?" howls Mr. Bobberts.

"Majority rules," says John Raney, cool as Christmas.

Then Mr Bobberts up an' struck John, an' John hit back with such good-will that it ended in a fight that came near endin' Mr Bobberts.

Well, well, it was a good many years ago that this happened, an' nobody supposed Mr Bobberts was layin' up anything ag'inst John Raney. He was very friendly with both him an' Farmer Sweet, an' I did hear that they had paid him back every cent of the money he had put inter the machine. They was willin' ter pay fur their joke after they had their fun out of it, an' it was considered very handsome of them on the perarer.

II.

As I was a-sayin', a bad year came fur the farmers. Nobody felt like makin' much o' Christmas. We hadn't any fatted calves, an' all the turkeys an' general fowls had been traded fur store goods. So when the news came that Preacher Snowden was goin' ter spend Christmas on the Nine-mile it was quite a question where he would put up, for he was pretty fond of the flesh-pots. He took his dram before sermon an' after; but he was a good Hard-shell Baptist, and sound on the doctrine. But I must say it always went agin me ter hear him say that hell was paved with infants' skulls not a span long.

He was the curiousest preacher I ever sat under. He would take a text, an' stick to it pretty well for a while, considerin' he hadn't no eddication; but when the exhortin' mood came on him, an' he got good warmed up, he would drop chapter an' verse, an' wander wild an' free, as the song say. He had a way, too, of pickin' out some text an' makin' it mean something entirely different from what you had always supposed. In fact, such was that old man's contrariness an' pig-headedness an' conceit of himself that he made nothin' of arguin' ag'inst the Scripter. I s'pose he ain't the only man who ever thought he knew more than the Lord who made him, but he was the fust ever I see who brazenly owned to much in the pulpit, an' with the Bible open before him.

He was sot agin new fangled notions, Preacher Snowden was, an' made nuthin' of declarin' that temperance societies an' Sunday-schools had sent more people to hell than ever they kept out of it. I never had anything effect me like that; an' as fur Jed Burridge, he jest muttered in his whiskers, "God help the people in this country if they're got to set under *your* preachin'!" An' then, without a word to me, Jed jammed his hat on his head an' walked out, gloomy as a hearse. "I couldn't set thar an' stand that," he remarked to me, apologetic, when I j'ined him in the church-yard after preachin' was over.

There was a sort of relief on the Nine-mile when we heard that the preacher had invited himself ter pass Christmas with Brother Bobberts. Ill-natured folks said his reason fur stoppin' there was because Mr Bobberts never had j'ined the temperance craze. He knew he could git his toddy in that house, while in most of the others he would have ter fall back on hot coffee an' herb tea.

The day before Christmas Mr. So-an Bobberts walked inter John Raney's store. I forgot ter say that John had give up farmin' some time before, an' had gone inter town an' engaged in the drug business. He had jest got married to one o' the Biscoe girls, and everybody had a good word for the young couple.

Well, in tromped Mr Bobberts, his hat set back on his head, his ears wrapped in a woollen comforter, his waggin whip in his hand, an' his mouth spread very affable, as if once in his life things was a leetle better than "so-so."

"I want ter buy some whiskey," says he. "Got to entertain a preacher at my house, an' soothe him a Christmas eggnog."

"All right," says John Raney; "half a gallon, I suppose?"

Now the p'int o' that remark was this: there was a law in the State forbiddin' any drug man ter sell less than half a gallon o' whiskey. This was ter put a stop to indiscriminate dram-drinkin' an' treatin' on the part o' the boys.

"Half a gallon," says Bobberts; "an' it seems as if that's a sight o' whiskey fur a sober man like me ter be luggin' home."

"Oh, it'll keep," says John; "an' it's handy ter have in the house in case o' snake bites."

"As to its keepin'," said Mr Bobberts, very grim, "Preacher Snowden purposes ter pass some days—" An' here he paused very eloquent.

"Precisely," says John, with a laugh an' a wink. Then he filled up the jug very deft an' handed it ter the old man.

"Hope your health is good this winter?" he remarked.

"So-so," says Mr Bobberts, with a nod. Then he clomb inter his waggin an' druv away very swift.

Some four hours later a figger that looked like the wrack o' Mr Bobberts appeared in John Raney's store. His hat was off, an' his head was partly wrapped in the woollen comforter, with bare places showin' through; his coat was tore, an' in his hand he held jest the handle o' the whiskey jug—nothin' but the handle.

"What on the earth has happened?" cried John, an' the men all crowded round.

Bobberts toppled over into a cheer, and it was some minutes before he found his breath. But at last he come out with a blood-curdlin' story of havin' been set on by tramps while joggin' along the lonesomest part o' the road. They robbed him, an' they fit him, an' they stole his whiskey an' broke his jug. That set the old man lookin' as pitiful as Moses in the bulrushes. He wasn't very popular, but nobody could help expressin' a sympathy fur him, an' feelin' run high agin the tramps. Some o' the young fellers was fur startin' out ter hunt them up; but it was late an' cold, an' it ain't so easy ter catch a thief who has his wits about him. Mr Bobberts set by the stove until he recovered himself, an' then he crys, with a grin, "Well, I s'pose I'll have ter git some more whiskey, an' I 'ain't got a cent left."

"You can have it on time," says John, very generous. "Half a gallon?"

He shook his head. "No," says he; "this has been a mighty bad year on us farmers, John, an' I can't afford another half-gallon, but I'll buy a quart, if you'll sell it ter me."

This was a sort of dilemma for John. On the one hand was his old neighbor, whom he truly wanted to oblige; on the other, the law.

"Seems ter me, John," says Farmer Bobberts, "you might do me a good turn, seein' as it's Christmas time."

John was a knittin' his brows, but of a sudden his face lit up. "Tell you what I'll do," says he. "I'll sell you a quart, an' *add* it ter the half-gallon, so I can put down on my book a sale of *three* quarts, don't you see. That 'll make it all right with the law, an' satisfy you too, Mr Bobberts."

"Just so," said the old man. An' after a little more talk he pocketed his quart of whiskey an' druv off for the second time.

Ther was quite a turnout at the meetin'-house next day ter hear Father Snowden preach. He was in one of his belligerent fits, an' it was judged Brother Bobberts's eggnog had been uncommon strong. He took a good Christmas text, an' preached along fur a while very decorous, then, all of a suddint, off he branched.

Says he, a slappin' his hands on the Bible, "Ther is some things, my brethren, in this sacred book as must not be took too literal. We hear a great deal, fur instance, about not seein' the mote in your brother's eye on account o' the beam in your own. That's a very pretty figger, but it won't hold water. I've got my faults, huge as the mountains, an' plentiful as the leaves; *but what would I be wuth as a preacher if I made a umbreller of* 'em ter prevent my seein' the faults o' my fellow-sinners? It is my mission ter find out the wickedness an' the misdoin's of my brethren in the Lord, an' it's every Christian man's duty ter go and do likewise. It's the protection of society an' the bulwark of liberty. Ther was once a feller who was set ter guard a treasure. His name was Argus, an' he had as many eyes as ther are freckles on a turkey's egg, or spots on a peacock's tail. An' when one o' them eyes was closed in sleep, the others would be wide awake. Always on the look-out; couldn't ketch him nappin'. An' so the sinner in this world must be made ter feel that Argus is a watchin' of him. Whenever eye is shet, Brother Bobberts's is open; when Brother Bobberts is takin' a rest, Jed Burridge is a-watchin' out. An' so it goes. Look out, sinner, no escape fur you! An we'll hope ter blot out the uncountable stars or close the twinklin' eyes of men.

"An' ther's no use, my brethren, in a-wrestlin' an' a-strugglin' an' a-gnashin' your teeth because of the beam in your own eye. Some good brother is overlookin' you, an' the fust thing you know, it 'll be h'isted inter eternity. An' you needn't be afeard of peerin' at the mote in your brother's eye. P'r'aps it ain't so much of a mote after all, an' it's your bounden duty to lend a hand to cast it out."

Havin' settled this, the preacher wandered to other p'ints, an' I must say he give us a very entertainin' discourse. Some folks smiled, an' some looked sour. An' as fur Mr Bobberts, he set thar an' groaned an' tilted as if some powerful concern was on his mind. On the way home he j'ined me, an' we walked to the corner together.

"I'm worried in my mind, Mis' Burridge," sez he.

"Is it the mote or the beam, Mr. Bobberts?" sez I, airy like, feelin' a jovial Christmas spirit coursin' through my veins.

"Some subjects shouldn't be turned inter lightsomeness," he replied, lookin' at me quite grim. "Things looks dark an' dreitful to my mind, an' it wouldn't surprise me if the end of this sinful world was close at hand."

"Shu!" sez Jed Burridge.

"You had better be prepared, Brother Burridge. Ther's no use in a blindin' your eyes an' a-hardenin' your heart. Preacher Snowden was talkin' last night—an' a powerful man he is in argument an' logic. He took up that mysterious part of Scripter called Revelation, an' he made it all as clear as crystal. Seven seals was broke by the angel, an' seven mighty events in the world's history has to correspond with them seals. Ther has been already a earthquake, an' a great fire, an' a pestilence, an' other things of marvellous import. But one is left ter come to pass, an' that is predicted, Mis' Burridge. When you see a comet big as a locomotive light in them heavens, with a tail streamin' like a blazin' rope across the sky, then have your account ready. For the world's book will be closed, an' 'The End' writ on the last page."

"You make my blood run cold, Mr Bobberts," sez I.

"Well," says he, "I don't want ter have anything on my conscience when that awful day rolls round."

Ter this good hour I 'ain't been able ter make up my mind whether Mr Bobberts was a talkin' hypocritical, or whether his mind was truly upset. At any rate, before the week was out he had distinguished himself by the most extraordinary piece of meanness ever committed on the Nine-mile. *He had gone ter town an' informed on John Raney for sellin' him less than half a gallon o' whiskey.* An' the fine was three hundred dollars.

Gracious! gracious! what a-buzzin' and a-talkin' that was over the perarer! Nothin' else was spoke of far an' wide; an' finally such was the general dissatisfaction that some o' the neighbors got together an' went ter see Mr Bobberts in a remonstratin' spirit. They found the old man with his Bible on his knees, a-lookin' very pious. He was quite willin' ter talk, but he was as set as a rooted rock. He said he couldn't 'a rested with that sin o' John Raney's on his conscience; that he had broke the law of man, which was only second to that of God.

"But he broke it for *you*, old man," cried Roland Selph, "out o' pure consideration an' generous-heartedness."

"That's neither here nor thar," says old So-an, firm as Brutus. "It only makes my duty the unpleasanter. But I never was a flincher, an' I shan't take up that line now."

"Why didn't you inform on some of your own sins while you was about it?" cries Reuben Thing.

"I 'ain't broke no laws," says Mr Bobberts. "My sins is between me an' my heavenly Father, an' any of you as feels a call to do so can inform on me in your communications with Him."

After this ther didn't seem ter be much more ter say, so the boys winked at each other an' took their leave; but they agreed that old Bobberts was an ugly lookin' lot for a converted Christian whose conscience was too tender for every-day use.

"Think of his callin' it a matter of conscience!" cried Roland, very disgusted.

"Pooh!" says Jed Burridge, "it's revenge, nothin' more nor less. An' I do hope old Bobberts will be come up with—I reely do."

III.

"I tell you, judge, it's the wickedest, cruelest, most unjust thing; an' if you make my husband pay that money, I shall think you just as bad as old Bobberts. There!"

"My dear child! my dear Leila!"—and Judge Wimbleton waved his fat hands most expostulatory—"I am not responsible. It's the law—the law, Leila."

"Well, the law is a fool!" she cried, her black eyes snappin', for Leila Raney hadn't lost any of the temper she had as Leila Biscoe.

"I know it," says Judge Wimbleton, very mild. "I've often thought that law was one thing an' justice another. But ther ain't any other way of settlin' human affairs. We must have a rule to go by, an' follow it to the letter. If every man was ter give his own meanin' ter the laws of the land, the result would be chaos, turbulence, revolution."

Much Leila cared for his long words. "What's that ter me," she cried, "when I see my John worried out of his senses about that awful fine? You know, judge, we are just startin' in life; it took every cent we could get together ter pay for our little house an' start John's business. It will just cripple him, cripple him fur life, ter pay out that money now; an' all ter satisfy the spite of a cross old man. For John did nothin' wrong. He sold Mr Bobberts three quarts of whiskey."

"Leila, there's no use insistin' on that. The facts are there. Mr. Bobberts in his charge declares on oath that John Raney sold him one quart of whiskey. Ter prove this, half a dozen witnesses hold themselves ready. Now the law is explicit, an' doesn't go into motives nor private feelin's. I must expound that law, an' I am just as helpless as you are."

"Helpless!" cries Leila. "Well, I vow ter Heaven I won't *be* helpless! If you had seen my poor boy, as I did, a-settin' with his head in his hand, lookin' as if his heart was broke! 'We'll have ter sell the cow,' says he, 'an' put a mortgage on our house. It's hard work payin' off a mortgage. Maybe we'll leave it as a blessed heritance to our children.'"

An' here a great sob choked Leila's words, an' she turned as red as a hundred roses, fur her first baby wasn't to come until June.

Judge Wimbleton wasn't a particularly soft man, but somethin' warmed the cockles of his heart, an' he got up an' took Leila by the hand.

"Leila," sez he, "old So-an Bobberts is a beast. Now that's my candid opinion. But my opinion ain't wuth a row of pins when it comes to the law. All I can do is to make the fine as small as may be. But if old Bobberts could be induced to withdraw his charge, the whole thing would fall to the ground."

She threw up her head. "I'll try to make him withdraw it," sez she.

"He's a hard man to deal with," sez Judge Wimbleton.

"Perhaps he won't be a match for Leila Raney," an' she laughed out like a bird. "Fair means an' foul, judge—I'll try both."

"All's fair in war," sez the judge, with a soothin' smile.

From that time Leila Raney was simply possessed with the desire, someway, somehow, to get the better of Bobberts. All her seekin's an' questionin's was long in vain, until one day chance—or Providence, maybe—set her on the right track.

Leila had been persuaded to attend a rag tackin' at Sister Weeden's, out on the perarer; an' when she got thar the women's tongues were a-clattering equal to a hotel dish-washin'.

"We was just a talkin' of you, Leila," said Mis' Amos Burridge, who was very out-spoken, "an' a-sympathizin' with you an' John."

"Well," says Leila, forcin' a smile, "the axe 'ain't fallen yet, an' maybe it never will."

"Get the Lord on your side," says Sister Charity Hackleton, "an' you need not fear the power of man."

"I'm sure He ought to be on our side," cries Leila, "for it's a wicked piece of work to take the bread out of our mouths."

"It's a pity that your husband should sell liquor," said Marthy Hatfield, a little black-eyed spitfire of a woman.

"Well, he don't drink it," answers Leila, very dry.

"Neither would my husband drink it," cries Martha, "if it wasn't fur certain folks I could name a-temptin' him an' treatin' him an' a-sellin' him liquor on credit."

"If it's my husband you're slappin' at," says Leila, "I can tell you he has sold no liquor on credit to Jim Hatfield, for I know his books as well as he knows them himself, an' your husband's name is not on them. Besides, John knows that Jim has joined the Sons o' Temperance, an' he is too good to tempt any man to drink who is trying to git shet of the habit."

"Too good!" sniffs the other; "that's all you know about him. I've got proof of what I say: jugs an' bottles that come from John Raney's usually have his name pasted on the sides."

"What do you mean?" an' up jumped Leila, quick as a mad cat.

But Marthy shet her lips very resolute. "I 'ain't no more ter say," she cried; "I've said too much already. If you're satisfied with your husband, I am with mine." An' with that she fell ter tearin' rags so vigorous that the dust flew out an' set us all ter coughin'. Sister Weeden, who was ever fur pourin' oil on troubled waters, proposed that we should sing a hymn as soon as we had calmed the tumult in our throats, an' soon the rafters was a-ringin' to the tune of

"With cherubim and seraphim,
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Went flyin' all abroad."

Well, well, these two women watched each other out of the corners of their eyes all the rest o' the day, but ther was no more disputin'.

When Leila got home, first thing she did was ter ask her husband if he had been sellin' Jim Hatfield any whiskey lately.

"Not a pint," says John—"not since I heard he j'ined the Sons o' Temperance."

"You are positive?"

"Just as positive as that I've got the prettiest wife in the State," said John, kissin' her; fur he had determined to chirk up before Leila, seein' as how his depression weighed on her. Leila, on her side, wouldn't dampen John's spirits by tellin' of the false charge against him; but she made up her mind to get to the bottom of the matter.

The next day she started off on a second tramp to the Nine-mile, this time bound for the Hatfield house. When she got inside the gate her foot struck somethin' that gave her a start. It was a bit of broken jug, with John Raney's name printed very distinct on the label.

"So Marthy told the truth!" she muttered, an' her feelin's softened considerable, while at the same time she was plunged inter deeper perplexity.

Mis' Hatfield had jest got through her mornin's work, an' was sitting down rockin' her baby, when she saw Leila standin' in the doorway. Surprised enough she was; but havin' to be perlite in her own house, she asked her in, an' handed her a cheer.

"I want ter say in the beginnin', Marthy," says Leila, "that I done you an injustice yesterday, an' I ask your pardon."

Marthy looked all taken aback hearin' Leila speak so gentle, but she couldn't help feelin' mollified.

"I'm glad to hear such words," says she, very hearty. "Our Father in heaven knows I wouldn't speak untrue on such a subject. It's too painful."

"Well, Marthy, I'm in a bewilderment, and I jest call on you as one woman to a sister woman to help me out of it. Now you made a charge against my husband, and I want you ter take it back. Tell me then—did you ever hear of John Raney tellin' a lie?"

"I've heern of his bein' a great joker," says Marthy, cautious like, "but as for tellin' a lie—no."

"His jokes have no malice in them," says Leila, "an' it ain't in his blood to lie. An' I tell you solemn that John *gave me his word* that he 'ain't sold your husband one drop o' whiskey since he united with the Sons o' Temperance. To make surer than sure I went over his books myself, an' Jim's name ain't down for a thing except some quinine an' a bottle of soothin' syrup."

"Then where did he get it?" cries Marthy Hatfield.

"What made you suspicion John?"

The tears come to Marthy's eyes.

"As long as you've come to me so frank an' friendly, Leila Raney," says she, "I'll tell you all about it, though it looks like a mean thing to do agin my own husband. They would turn him out of the Church if it was found out, and that would just be the ruin of poor Jim."

"Don't you be afraid, Marthy. Jim is too good a fellow for the Lord ter let go of."

"This is how it was. The day before Christmas Jim went ter town to get some things. There was shoes for Phil, an' a cap for the baby, an' a calico frock fur me, an' a new hat for himself, an' a roast of fresh, an' a pint of cranberries, an' a pound of fine-cut tobakker, an' a box o' snuff an' some candy fur the children's stockin's. Looks like a good deal fur poor folks ter be a buyin', but Jim had been so good about not drinkin' that we had more Christmas money than we have ever had since I've been married. Jim was in fine spirits, an' I hadn't a shadder of mistrust of him. I went about my work singin'—you know how a woman feels when a great load has been lifted from her shoulders"—an' Leila nodded very sympathetic.

"It was the day old Mother Burridge got her dreadful fall, and they sent fur me ter come over. I was lookin' out fur Jim, an' about noon he passed by, with old man Bobberts."

"With Mr Bobberts?" cried Leila, starting up.

"Yes; an' I run out ter the gate ter meet them. Jim was as sober a man as ever drew breath. I told him where he would find his dinner, an' that I wouldn't be home until late; that maybe I would have ter stay all night; an' that, considering the uncertainty, he needn't come after me, as one of the boys would see me home. Howsomever, I got home about sundown, an' what d'ye think was the sight that met my eyes, Leila Raney? There was the room in a mess, the fire burned out, the smell of whiskey everywhere, a broken jug on the floor, two glasses on the table, an' my husband stretched out on the sofa a-sleepin' the sleep of drunkenness! I flung the jug out-of-doors, but not before I saw that it had John Raney's name on it. I was that nervous that I jest sat down an' cried myself sick. I knew that he must have got the liquor on credit, fur there, in a little pile, was everything I had sent fur, even to the candy; an' buyin' them must 'a took the last nickel. I called my little boy, an' asked him if he could tell me who had been with his pa; an' he said that before he went to school, Phil Oglesby had been hangin' round, mighty anxious ter see Jim; so I s'pose he an' Jim got drunk together, for, you know, Phil is the most drinkin' man on the perarer. I taxed Jim with it when he came ter himself, but not a word could I get out of him; an' a sorry Christmas broke fur us, all because *somebody* let my poor weak husband have a jug of whiskey."

"I wouldn't have my husband suspected of it, for the world!" cries Leila. "This must be cleared up."

She was so excited she could hardly speak. Her cheeks was on fire, an' a curious triumphant sort of look was a glitterin' in her eyes.

"May I see your husband, Marthy? Don't be afraid. I'll not let out a word of what you've told me. But I must have a talk with Jim. Where is he?"

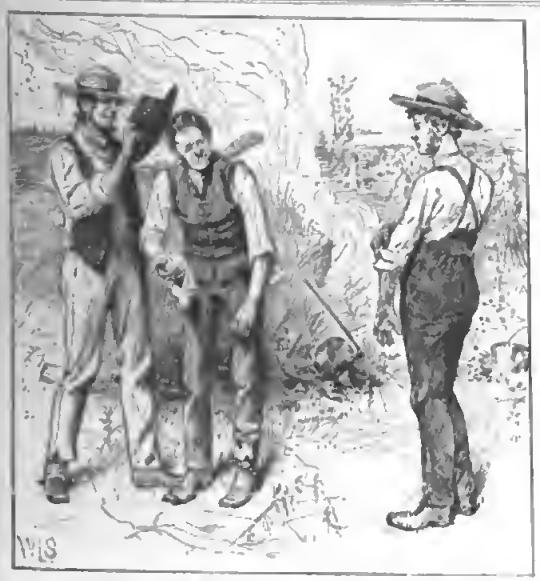
"He is fixin' the fence behind the barn, an' of course you can see him, if you're a mind ter. But— Dear sakes! do look at her!"

For Leila had tore out of the house without waitin' ter hear the end of what Marthy was a-sayin'.

She found Mr Hatfield nailin' an old plank across a broken place in the fence.

"Good-mornin', Jim," says she, collectin' herself, and smilin' very friendly.

Leila had a pretty coaxin' way when she liked; and Jim was in a good humor before she said another word. Not that he was a hard man ter deal with. He was a good-lookin' young fellow, with a weak mouth, an' a bright open [illegible] made him only too [illegible] in town.



"IT ENDED IN A FIGHT THAT CAME NEAR ENDIN' MR. BOBBERTS."

"Old Bobberts did lie ter you!" he cried, speakin' very fast, ex if afraid ter trust himself, "an' I'm the man that can prove it. He caught up with me ex I was ridin' out of town, an' we went on home together. We got ter discussin' a horse trade that had been off an' on between us for a year an' more. He wanted ter buy the bay mare I was ridin', an' offered me this time something like a fair price. I was willin' ter sell it I could make a good bargain; so when we got to my house I invited him ter come in and talk it over. After chattin' quite a spell by the fire the old man declared it was dry work talkin', an' the fast thing I knew he whipped out ter his wagon an' fetched in the whiskey jug." Here Mr Hatfield paused, an' a deep flush spread over his face. "I know you'll despise me," said he.

"Not a bit of it!" cries Leila. "Why, Mr Hatfield, do you think I'm never been tempted an' fallen? Time an' time again

"SHE HAD CAUGHT JIM HATFIELD'S ARM."

"Mr Hatfield," says Leila, "you know my husband is in trouble, an' I'm tryin' my best ter help him out of it. An' I think anybody that's his friend or mine ought ter be willin' ter help me."

"Ter be sure," says Jim; "ter be sure."

"You see, it's this way," says Leila, speakin' very rapid. "Old Mr Bobberts bought half a gallon of whiskey *the day before Christmas*, an' a few hours later came into town with what you men would call a cock and bull story, of havin' been set on by tramps an' robbed of it. So, pleadin' his poverty, he persuaded my husband to let him have a quart, an' seein' as the two purchases were only a few hours apart, John didn't consider that he broke the law in puttin' them down ex one. But, lo an' behold! Mr Bobberts's conscience was so very tender that he informed on John, an' unless we can see some way out of it, he will have ter pay a big fine."

"It was a mean trick," said Mr Hatfield, with a slow shake of the head; "a powerful mean trick."

"So it was," says Leila; "an' I'll tell you my opinion, Mr Hatfield. It is that Mr Bobberts never saw so much ex the back of a tramp. I believe that half gallon of whiskey went in quite another way, an' I've reason to think that you can tell me how it went."

"Tramp!" cries Mr Hatfield, very nervous. "I can't give you no information, an' if I could, I don't see how it would bear on the case."

"Just this way. Mr. Bobberts pretends it was his conscience made him inform on John. Now if I could prove that he had told a lie—not to mince words with you—and threaten to expose him to the community, I might force him to withdraw his charge against John, and that would end the matter."

"Who said so?" cries Hatfield, very much startled. "Who said so?"

"Judge Wimbleton said so, and oh, Jim, if you could help me in any way to turn the tables on that wicked old man, I do beg and pray and beseech you not to hold your tongue."

Tears were streamin' down Leila's face, an' she had caught Jim Hatfield's arm between her little brown hands.

"I can't stand this, Leila," said he. "I'll tell you what I know, though it's givin' myself away, an' I'll lose my seat in church."

"Maybe you'll gain a higher seat in God's church," says Leila, very soft, lifin' her black eyes on his with such a look of pity and friendliness as went right to his heart.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

"BOBBERTS TOPPLED OVER IN A CHAIR."

I'm ashamed not to give way to this wicked, evil tempter of mine, an' the very next hour perhaps I'll be blazin' out at somebody as if I were a heathen instead of a Christian. But we must never give up, Jim, to pray an' to hope an' to strive against our sins is what we must do."

Her words sounded so brave an' kind that Jim was just overcome; an' before he knew it he blurted out, "I wish my wife would talk to me that way."

"She has many burdens," says Leila, "you must help her bear them. She must lean on you, not you on her."

"I'll do my best," said the young man, "an' if they turn me out of church this time, I'll get in again after a year's probation."

"But you have not told me all," says Leila.

"There ain't much more to tell. Of course we drank a good deal of whiskey—at least I did—though I noticed after a time that Mr Bobberts didn't drink much. An' all the while he was talkin' about the bay mare, tryin' ter jew me down on my price. Finally he drew up a paper which he wanted me ter sign. I looked it over, an' wasn't too drunk ter see that in that contract I should come out at the little end of the horn. Then I got fightin' mad. I broke the jug on the floor, an' went for old Bobberts tooth an' nail."

"An' he got the worst of it," said Leila, with a laugh.

"That's the whole of the story. Of course I held my tongue in my own mistrust, not knowin' I might 'a helped John by comin' out with it. But you're welcome to publish it now, an' if I'm disgraced, why, I'll just try ter live it down."

"Mebbe it won't be necessary to publish it, Mr Hatfield," says Leila. "I think if I go to Mr Bobberts, an' say, 'Sir, on a certain day you tempted a young man to drink whiskey, you tried to cheat in a horse trade, an' you told a string of lies, all of which I can prove,' *I think*," crim Leila, almost dancin' with joy—"I think I can twist him round my little finger. An' I'll agree to be silent if he'll withdraw his charge against my husband, for Heaven knows I'm not desirous of puttin' disgrace on any poor critter made in God's image."

Three persons now knew a secret, but it was kept as close as wax. When the court met in the spring, John Raney's case was the first ter be called. The court-room was packed an' jammed, an' the very windows was filled with boys hangin' on by their eyelids.

An' then an' there, before the whole assemblage, Mr Bobberts rix up an' withdrew the charge against Mr Raney. Judge Wimbleton looked mightily pleased, an' exchanged some very knowin' glances with John Raney. As far Leila, she sparkled like a diamond, but she hadn't much ter say, then or after. When asked how such an unexpected ending was brought about, she would only laugh, an' say from first to last all was owin' to the tender conscience of Mr Bobberts.

THE LATE BISHOP CLARKSON.—Photo. by Sarony.—[See Page 197.]

THE HON. R. H. PUXSTON.—Photo. by Adams.—[See Page 197.]

"OBSTRUCTIONS" IN FIRE-ARMS.

It need scarcely be said that an exact knowledge of the conditions under which fire-arms may be discharged with safety is of the first importance to every user of them; but there are many conditions—somewhat unusual ones, it is true, and all the more important on that account—which possess the greatest interest, and respecting which there is, even among habitual users of guns, an astonishing lack of reliable information.

It might be difficult to find that reader who has not at some time or other heard his enthusiastic sportsman friend assert that *his* weapon was about "the best gun in the State"; that he could "shoot *everything* out of *her*," etc. As is well known, rifles, shot-guns, and pistols do very, very often bear wretchedly abusive treatment, showing no outward sign; but in very many instances the presence (at a distance from the regular projectile) of a very little foreign matter in a gun-barrel at the instant of discharge wrecks the arm, and sends jagged fragments of the barrel into human flesh. Comrade Eckenrode, a Pennsylvania sportsman, last year fired into the air a rattlesnake thirteen inches long, which had unwisely crawled at lunch-time into his loaded gun, and the gun stood the strange charge nobly; but explosion or any other accidents to regular loads are carefully avoided by those who value guns and lives.

A month or two since, "C. W. T." printed in a first-class journal devoted to field-sports the following:

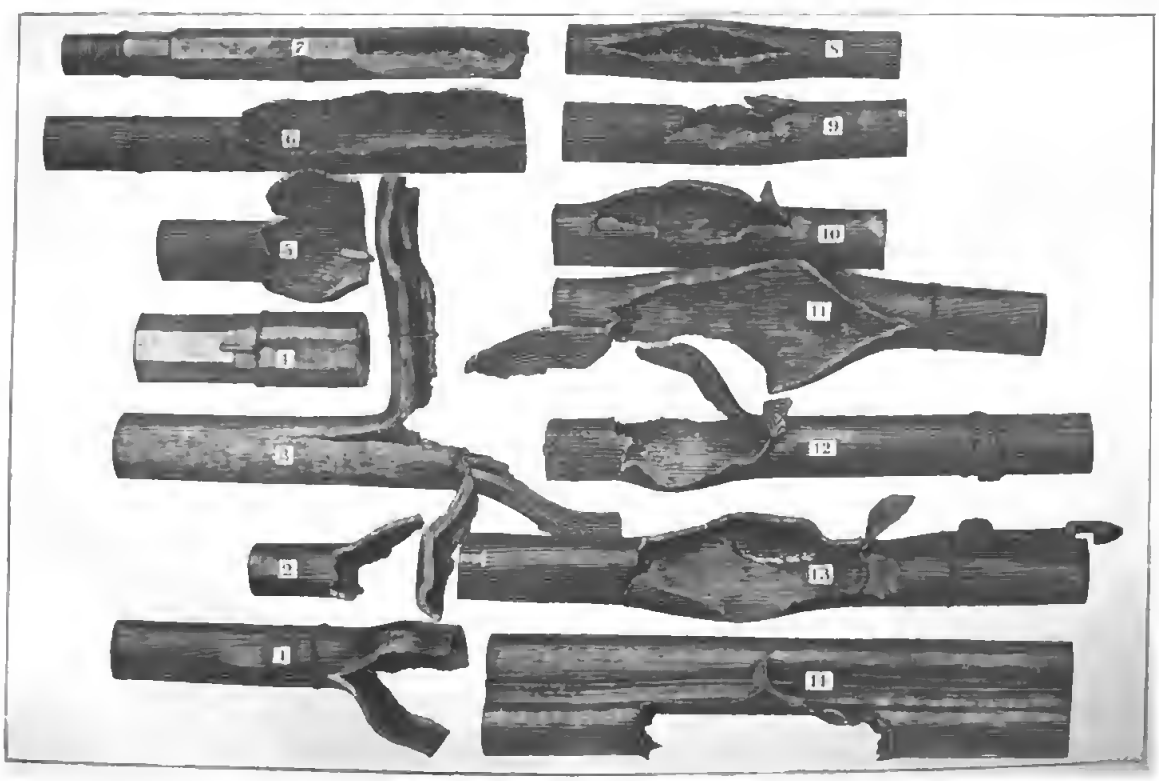
"Old-model powder-and-ball pistols of the Colt or Waterbury pattern, that had bullets stick in the barrel from not having enough powder in the chamber, I have seen. The invariable rule was to blow the stuck bullet out with the next loaded chamber that rotated in a line with the hammer. Flobert rifles and pistols of 6, 9, and 11 mm. calibre often have balls stick in the barrels that have not had enough fulminate to blow them clear; yet the next strong cartridge is used to shoot them out."

That this writer's ideas were incorrect was evident enough. I had tested the matter twenty years ago, and again two years ago; but, engaged with some protracted and interesting experiments in gunnery, I was moved a third time to test the "stuck"-ball matter, as well as the effect of other "obstructions." I may remark that, before sending the results here illustrated to the photographer, I submitted the entire newspaper clipping referred to to Colonel S. C. Lyman, U. S. A., commanding Frankford Arsenal, and, in reply, he said:

"C. W. T.'s experience relative to the 'shooting out' of jammed projectiles in gun-barrels is entirely opposed to that of the service. The most common form of casualty in the field is the 'swelling,' or even bursting, of the rifle-barrel due to the jamming of the bullet.

"In most cases this jamming is due to 'rag' tomponing—sometimes to dirt in the barrel. In several instances the 'cause' was found to be the following: occasionally a cartridge would pass the loading-machine without receiving its powder charge, fired in the gun, the primer fulminate had just sufficient energy to drive the ball into the barrel; the next cartridge inserted—being all right—produced a burst gun by its projectile 'jamming' against the wedged bullet."

The service "Springfield" has been subjected at various times to crucial tests of every necessary character, but, so far as I am aware, the particular weapons with which I have experimented have not before been subjected to formal systematic tests of this character. Not a week passes that some careless or unlucky man does not discharge a fire-arm in which somewhere—usually at or near the muzzle—there is a "stuck" bullet, or rags, or sand, or mud, or snow. The weapons here illustrated were all loaded in the usual manner, with ordinary and proper loads—the revolver, rifles, and the muskets with appropriate bullets, and the shot-guns with shot—and the "obstructions" were *in addition* to those loads; and further, these "obstructions" were in all cases merely such as *might* occur in ordinary field-sports or in military service. None of these "obstructions" was "wedged" with or accompanied by any other substance, with the single and important exception that in the case of the No. 12 of the engraving (a United States rifled musket) an ordinary gun wad was inserted, and on this wad the wet sand rested; but all of the "stuck" bullets against which these loads were fired were *firmly* "stuck," so that it was difficult to move them with the ramrod. All of them were naked bullets. The material which for brevity's sake I call "sand," it is necessary to explain, was not a sticky mass; it was earth from a cellar, moist earth—clayey, but rendered light and porous by the presence in it of sand and cinders. I have many specimens of shot-guns—in some of which there is now manifest a criminal thinness of metal—burst by firing the ordinary load against some apparently trifling obstruction, and, indeed, even arms of the finest class are (sometimes by repeated "proofs," but oftener by abuse) found oftentimes to succumb to strains of a merely ordinary character, owing to what is called "fatigue" of the metal. Overproving or continued overloading may, and, I think, very often does, thus so



EFFECTS OF OBSTRUCTIONS IN GUN BARRELS.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5. United States Musket, Belgian Cadet Musket, "Mississippi Rifle," W. Derringer Sporting Rifle, and Prussian Musket—burst by a bullet "stuck" at muzzle. 6, 7. Shot-guns—snow at muzzle. 7. Remington Navy Revolver—a bullet "stuck" two inches from muzzle. 9. Cadet Musket—"stuck" bullet, middle of barrel. 10, 11. United States Rifled Muskets—wet sand at muzzle. 12, 13, 14. United States Rifled Musket, Prussian Musket, and Webley Breech-loading Laminated Steel Shot-gun—sand at the muzzle.

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overstrain the originally tenacious metal as easily to induce it to give way at some time thereafter while it is being fired with a charge even smaller than common.

By some young and careless writers it is assumed that the space in a gun-barrel between the normal cartridge and some "obstruction"—say a "stuck" bullet twenty-five inches distant—is what is known in ordnance circles as "air space." This is an error, air space properly so called does not burst guns, though ninety-eight apportionments out of every hundred are apt to declare that it will. But "obstructions"—bullets, rags, mud, snow, and especially wet sand—are exceedingly likely to bulge or rupture any ordinary gun-barrel. WILLIAM McK. HEATH.

WELLS THAT NEVER FREEZE.

Nature's wells are deep below,
Deep below the line of frost and snow;
They are clear and sparkling, cool and sweet,
Clear and sparkling underneath our feet.
Cool through all the summer's heat,
Free through winter's frost and snow,
For the wells that Nature digs
Are below the line of change,
Deep, deep below.

Nature's wells are never dry
When the August sun is blazing high
They are deep and cool, they are cool and deep,
And in rocky cisterns moisture keep
For the tiniest seeds that sleep,
For the roots of mighty trees,
For the thirsty lips that know
Nature's wells are far below
The line of change.

My life's wells lie far below,
Far below the line of frost and snow,
Safely hid within my home they lie,
Deep and still and sweet beneath Love's sky
Frost and heat and wind pass by,
Life has drought and frost outside,
But the household wells still flow
Clear and sweet and far below
The line of change.

For home's wells are never dry
Outside oft the conflict waxes high,
And a bitter drought is in the strife,
Or a frost ties fast the hopes of life;
Then, at home, by side of child and wife,
Are the wells that never fail,
Are the household wells that flow
Sweet and deep and clear, below
The line of change.

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WASHINGTON, *March 1, 1884.*

In accordance with the provisions of the 5th section of the act of Congress making appropriations to supply deficiencies approved March 3, 1883, sealed proposals will be received at the Navy Department until noon on Saturday, May 3, 1884, at which time and place they will be opened, for the purchase of certain vessels which have been stricken from the Navy Register under authority of an act of Congress approved August 5, 1882, and which it is deemed for the best interests of the United States to sell.

The vessels offered, their appraised value and their locality, are the Niagara, at Boston, Mass., $54,000; Phelan, at New London, Conn., $37,500; Colorado $34,500 and Ticonderoga $34,000, at New York; Supply $1,000, at League Island, Penn.; Pawnee $6,000, at Port Royal, S. C.; Benicia $14,000, and Cyane $14,000, at Mare Island, Cal.

Proposals must be submitted in a sealed envelope, addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C., and endorsed "proposals for the purchase of vessels," so as to distinguish them from other communications. No offer for more than one vessel should be included within one proposal.

The vessels will be sold, for cash, to the person or persons, or corporation or corporations, offering the highest prices therefor above the appraised value thereof. Each bid or proposal must be accompanied by a deposit in cash (or satisfactory certified check) of not less than ten per cent. of the amount of the offer or proposal, and also a bond with a penal sum equal to the whole amount of the offer, with two or more sureties, to be approved by the Secretary of the Navy, conditional for the payment of the remaining ninety per cent. of the amount of such offer or proposal within thirty days from the date of its acceptance. In case default is made in the payment of the remaining ninety per cent., or any part thereof, within that time said cash deposit of ten per cent. shall be considered as forfeited to the Government, and shall be applied as directed in the act of March 3, 1883. All deposits and bonds of bidders, whose proposals shall not be accepted, will be returned to them within seven days after the opening of the proposals.

On application to the Department, a printed list will be furnished, giving general information concerning the vessels; also forms of bids and bonds which must be used by bidders. The vessels can be examined at any time by applying to the Commandants of the Navy Yards.

The purchasers must remove the vessels purchased from the limits of the Yard within such reasonable time as may be fixed by the Department.

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Secretary of the Navy.

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By REINHOLD TUTTLE. Illustrated;

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Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton,
By C. KEGAN PAUL. With Portrait;

The Second War for Independence,
By Colonel HIGGINSON. Illustrated;

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By R. R. BOWKER. Illustrated;

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A Poem. By HELEN W. LUDLOW. Illustrated;

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By Prof. W. P. TROWBRIDGE;

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JUDITH SHAKESPEARE—Part IV. By WILLIAM BLACK. Illustrated by E. A. ABBEY;
NATURE'S SERIAL STORY—V. By E. P. ROE. Illustrated by WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON and FREDERICK DIELMAN;

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Poems
By R. H. DODGE, LAURA M. MARQUAND, G. T. LANIGAN, and H. H.

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Courthope's Addison.—Society People.—Wendell Phillips.—The Wail of Sir Lepel.

Editor's Literary Record.

Editor's Historical Record.

Editor's Drawer.
How shall we Greet the Spring?—Mental Images.—A Reminiscence of Poe.—A Chinese "Woodman, spare that Tree."—An Old French Epigram.—Primavera (E. R. [illegible]).—A Group of Anecdotes.—Another Story of General Burdon.—A Queer Parrot.—Anecdote of Webster.—Lines.

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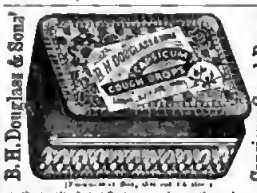

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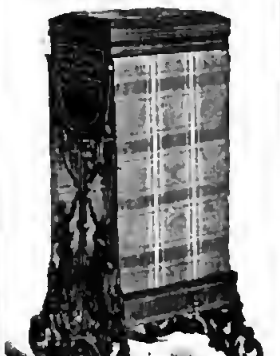

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 1423.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1884.

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The issue of this charming periodical for March 25 contains a rare collection of stories, viz.,

"RACKET,"

by SHERRY DARE, *"A Strange Discovery," by* HENRY FRITH, *Part III of "The Fair for Sick Dolls," Chapters XXI and XXII of "The Ice Queen," and an amusing sketch by* ALLAN FORMAN, *entitled "How Much Does a Horse Know?"*

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MR. BLAINE AS A CANDIDATE.

EX-GOVERNOR CLAFLIN, of Massachusetts, is reported as saying in a recent interview in New York that "Mr. BLAINE could not carry Massachusetts. He has a very small following there. I should be afraid the State would go Democratic if he was nominated. His nomination would also mean defeat in the nation." Ex-Governor CLAFLIN is what is called a "regular Republican," not an "Independent." But he says, "If satisfactory nominations are made, our Independents will stay with us; if not, they will scatter their vote." On the same day that the *Tribune* published this report of Ex-Governor CLAFLIN'S views, the *Herald* said, in its Washington correspondence: "On the Republican side there is among the closest political calculators a growing disposition to leave Mr. BLAINE out of the list of possibilities, on the ground that his nomination would, for various reasons, imperil the success of the party." In regard to these suggestions we have received several letters from sincere and earnest Republicans asking how and why it is that the one possible candidate mentioned whose name excites enthusiasm among his supporters, an unswerving Republican, a man of brilliant parts, and personally charming and accomplished, of the most marked taste and talent for public affairs, of recognized political ability, and of long and varied public experience, should seem to be a seriously objectionable candidate to the Independent voters.

The question is of the highest importance, because the vote of New York is usually thought to be indispensable to Republican success, and that vote will be undoubtedly determined by the Independent voters. It is not enough for success to demonstrate—even if that were possible—that this or that man could be nominated at Chicago. It must be shown also that he could probably carry New York. Ex-Governor CLAFLIN says that Mr. BLAINE could not carry Massachusetts. We presume that few well-informed Republicans suppose that he could carry New York. Such a hope could be cherished only by an enthusiasm which is sure that any candidate who should be nominated by the Republicans at Chicago would be approved by New York. The reasons for this conviction in regard to the unavailability of Mr. BLAINE are various, and among them, as affecting the politicians, must be included the fact that Mr. BLAINE, although himself the author of the phrase "Stalwart," is especially obnoxious to Stalwarts in New York, as chiefly instrumental in the great Stalwart humiliation of 1881. This feeling would make hearty support of his candidacy very difficult for many Republicans of that "stripe." They would not protest or bolt, but they would see with equanimity the failure of Mr. BLAINE to reach the goal which Mr. CONKLING could not win. But the graver reasons which would alienate the controlling Independent vote are of another kind, and of a kind which would make the campaign a prolonged defense, when such a necessity would be disastrous.

These reasons, as we understand them, are, first, the character of the disclosures in 1876 regarding the railway transactions. The whole story would be told again, and would require explanations which would be no more satisfactory to Independent voters now than they were when first made eight years ago. The second reason is apprehension of a "vigorous," or "brilliant," or "dashing" and restless foreign policy, which under existing circumstances would probably lead to undesirable foreign complications. The third reason is an apparent want of sympathy with administrative reform, which has never received any hearty support from Mr. BLAINE, which is, indeed, hostile to the school of politics in which he is held to be a master, and which has been contemptuously assailed by his near friends. To these reasons may be added the fact that many of the Independent voters in New York are friendly to revenue reform, while Mr. BLAINE is a pronounced protectionist. These and such as these are the considerations that explain the unavailability for New York of the candidacy of Mr. BLAINE, and similar reasons doubtless alienate the feeling of Massachusetts voters as described by Ex-Governor CLAFLIN. These reasons ought not to be disregarded, because they are not of a kind to be overcome by an enthusiastic party hurrah. We state them frankly because, although the conviction of his extreme unavailability as a candidate is very widely felt, it is not often nor plainly expressed. Those who, like ourselves, earnestly desire Republican success must not shut their eyes and ears, nor encourage others to do so. A nomination often determines the result of an election, and the nomination should be made, therefore, only upon the most careful comparison of views, and the most explicit statement of actual opinion and feeling. No Republican candidate can carry New York who does not unite in his cordial support the three great sections of Republican voters, the Independents, the Half Breeds, and the Stalwarts. Any Republican anywhere in the country who knows what those words describe, and who recalls the Republican result in New York in 1879 and 1882, can decide for himself whether Mr. BLAINE would be an available Republican candidate for New York, and whether, therefore, his nomination would increase the chances of continued Republican control of the national administration.

ENGLAND IN EGYPT.

IT is painful to read the accounts of Mr. GLADSTONE'S illness and to know that amid the immense perplexities which now envelop the British government its chief is no longer young, nor sure of that vigor which he has so long enjoyed, and which is now so especially necessary. The rumors of dissensions in the cabinet and of a possible dissolution of Parliament indicate an internal disturbance which at such a time, if it exist at all, can not fail to be serious. The Egyptian complication is exceedingly grave and embarrassing, and no middle course seems to be practicable. The experience of two years has clearly demonstrated that a policy of mere suggestion to the local government upon the part of England is useless. To sketch a constitutional system and to offer it to a country like Egypt, and then to withdraw, is merely to confound confusion and produce infinite mischief.

If England has any right to be in Egypt at all, she is bound to vindicate that right by governing the country so as to preserve order. It is a responsibility which she can not honorably decline, and as order is impossible without tranquillity in the Soudan, she must occupy Egypt to control Egyptian policy toward the Soudan, or she must restore absolute tranquillity in that obscure region, and still remain to see that Egypt respects the settlement. The present English operations in Egypt are carried on upon the sole responsibility of England, and that must be the method until she can withdraw without leaving anarchy behind her. She has gone too far to pursue any other course. It is evident that, should England actually quit the country, El Mahdi would advance virtually unresisted down the valley of the Nile. The Egyptian soldiers are apparently terrorized by the might of his mere name, and would offer no effective opposition.

The retirement of England from Egypt, however, would involve so vast a pecuniary loss that such a measure will not be contemplated with equanimity, nor would English pride acquiesce in such a seeming surrender to semi-barbarous foes. It is therefore a matter of great interest to know what plan Mr. GLADSTONE would propose, because he is understood to be averse to a vigorous occupation of the country. Yet it must not be forgotten that he is a statesman of comprehensive sagacity, and that he will propose no policy without giving reasons which will demand careful consideration. The whole situation in Egypt is not of his making, and it is one that must be peculiarly distasteful to him. It may very well be that it is one also which demands for its effective treatment a policy which he can not approve except on a dire necessity. But he is not a man to yield his matured convictions, and should a difference in the cabinet become pronounced and incapable of adjustment, there is little doubt that he would appeal to the country. The *Daily News* hopes that the close of his career will be worthy of him. Of that it need have no fear. Mere defeat certainly would not make it unworthy. Sir ROBERT PEEL was overthrown by a coalition, but he was never greater nor more respected than when he had ceased to hold office. Mr. GLADSTONE'S course will be watched with profound interest.

"TRICKS THAT ARE VAIN."

IT is evidently very hard for the Stalwart Republican politicians to understand that no nonsense will be tolerated by the National Convention, or by the voters in the election of national delegates. The Stalwarts, notwithstanding the buying up of the votes of States that could give no majority for the candidate, were unable to control the last National Convention, and they will never come so near to that control again. Their present purpose, of course, is Cowrs and a market. They wish to carry as many votes to Chicago as possible in order to command better bargains. This may be cunning for themselves, but it is very unwise for the party.

The purpose of the action of the last Convention is plain. It was to secure in the Convention of this year a representation of the real sentiment of the party, to be ascertained by the election of district delegates within the districts. Any effort to baffle this purpose, to secure delegates by tricks and knavery, will certainly recoil upon the perpetrators. In every such instance the contest will be carried up to the Convention, and unless it is a strongly Stalwart Convention, which is not probable, the judgment will not help that interest. Wherever that wing of the party can fairly carry a district, there is nothing to be said, and there will be no resistance to the choice of an honest district convention. But, on the other hand, there will be no acquiescence whatever in results produced by the familiar tricks. The fewer forged telegrams there are in the local conventions, the better for the nomination and for the election.

A little incident in Suffolk County in this State is instructive upon this point. To control the county convention which was to send delegates to the district convention, it was necessary to manage the convention of one of the towns. According to the report in the *Times*, a gentleman from the Brooklyn Navy-yard appeared, and before all the town delegates arrived he had settled the election of delegates to the county convention. When the remaining delegates appeared, and proposed to the gentleman to begin again, and to let the whole town convention select the county delegates, he blandly regretted his inability to do so, upon which a second convention was held, and other delegates chosen. It turned out that the town delegation controlled the county convention, and in order to secure Stalwart district delegates it was necessary to control the town. But the Brooklyn gentleman's delegation was declined by the county convention, and anti-Stalwart representatives were elected to the district convention. It is interesting to know that this was the county and the district of Mr. STEPHEN B. FRENCH, who is not wholly unconnected with the nomination of Mr. FOLGER in 1882, and that his acting lieutenant in the county convention was Mr. E. A. CARPENTER, a strenuous supporter of the restoration of Messrs. PLATT and CONKLING in the Legislature of 1881. This is the kind of performance which, should it become general, will give the State of New York to the Democratic candidate.

ALDERMEN EXEUNT.

BY his approval of the ROOSEVELT bill abolishing the confirming power of the Board of Aldermen of New York, Governor CLEVELAND has added another to his strong claims to the gratitude of all good citizens. It is long since New York has had a Governor whose official action was so little affected by mere party considerations; and Governor CLEVELAND'S removal of the District Attorney of Queens County on the eve of the last election, and his signing the ROOSEVELT bill in quiet defiance of the strong opposition in his own party, are proofs of a public courage which is both refreshing and rare. The statement with which the Governor accompanies his signature is an admirable document, which effectually disposes of all the objections that have been offered to the bill—objections which, whether honestly or dishonestly urged, show a singular misconception of the principles of popular government.

The essential point of the bill is a change of method of appointment. That is all. The people of the State, who have the power in framing a city charter to decide in what way the people of the city shall appoint certain officers, had decided that they should elect a Mayor and Aldermen who should appoint. As that scheme has not worked well, they have now decided that the people shall elect a Mayor who shall appoint. To say that the change deprives the people of power is simply absurd. It is merely a modification of the method of exercising the power. Moreover, the old system of aldermanic interference enabled the minority of voters to defeat the will of the majority, because the Aldermen are elected by districts, and the aggregate vote of the districts furnishing a majority of the board may be very much smaller than that which furnishes a minority.

To the remark that the unrestricted appointing power of the Mayor makes him a despot, a dictator, a tyrant, who can perpetuate his term and his authority, the Governor conclusively replies that such a remark "concedes either that the people are vile,

or that self government is a deplorable failure." He expresses his readiness to approve other bills re-arranging the terms of officers, and providing other safeguards, such as those which are already matured. Mr. ROOSEVELT in all this legislation has earned a most enviable distinction. His courage, his spirit, his tenacity, and his clear head have served the city well. He is an excellent representative of the Young Republicanism which proposes to commend the party to public favor not by old party cries, and appeals to mere party spirit, but by remedying proved wrongs, correcting flagrant abuses, and showing that the party uses administrative power for the public benefit.

THE REFORM LEGISLATURE.

THE Republican Legislature of New York can do the State and its party, and consequently the country, no better service than to continue the good work which it has begun, and so secure for itself the distinctive name of the Reform Legislature. The adverse vote upon the proposition to make the civil service reform mandatory in cities was a blunder which was fortunately repaired upon a motion to reconsider, and the bill was passed in the Assembly by the significant vote of 82 to 32. Of the affirmative vote 17 were Democrats, and of the negative 5 were Republicans. The bill now enforces the law in all cities of more than 20,000 inhabitants, instead of leaving the reform to the discretion of the Mayor.

Mr. HUSTED unfortunately succeeded in exempting the Police Department from the operation of the law—a provision which is only mischievous, and for which he did not give even a plausible reason. It is true that physical qualifications are very important in determining the selection of policemen. But not only would that be no bar to a proper examination, but in fact they are selected now not for physical but political qualifications. The bill as passed, however, is a great step forward, because the reformed system is especially desirable in the municipal service. The good work has not stopped here. The prompt passage of Mr. GIBBS's bill providing for a popular election in November to fill the offices of Comptroller and of President of the Board of Aldermen shows an excellent disposition, and a third bill providing for the appointment by the next and not by the present Mayor of a Commissioner of Public Works and a Corporation Counsel is so reasonable that, although it will doubtless meet opposition because of the great patronage of the Public Works Department, it will probably pass.

The pending bills introduced by Mr. ROOSEVELT to regulate the city departments, and to stay the enormous waste and corruption in them, are the completion of the system begun by the abolition of the Aldermen's veto upon appointments, of which we speak elsewhere. The passage of these bills without serious modification, with the one already approved, and the amended and strengthened reform act, will have made this a triumphant session for Republican prestige. It will have shown how amenable the party action is to progressive party sentiment, and it will have commended it very strongly to the continued confidence of independent and intelligent citizens everywhere.

VIEWS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

IN a letter to the Elmira *Sunday Telegram*, Senator MITCHELL, of Pennsylvania, says:

"It is my judgment that the Republican party will be most certainly enabled to succeed in November by the selection of a candidate whose public character gives the strongest assurance that he will, as President, faithfully carry forward the reforms sought by the independent Republicans in 1882—a practical reform of the civil service by reign of law, and popular control of the party, looking to this object. The masses are not office-seekers; but few of them can be office-holders. All of them must desire and cherish wise, honest, faithful administration; and that party will be strongest in this country in the future which most strongly supports this plan of appointments to office, so far as practicable, by operation of law. The struggles for office within a party weaken more than they strengthen it; and so far as the responsibility for choice can be cast upon the law, the responsibility and blame must fall upon that, and not upon those who hold public place and dispense patronage by party support."

These are sentiments worthy of the warmest approval by all Republicans, and it is not strange that Senator MITCHELL's colleague, Senator CAMERON, thought that it was high time to come home if a Pennsylvania Senator was uttering such views. In no State is there a more resolute body of independent and progressive Republicans than in Pennsylvania, as they have often shown, and Senator MITCHELL undoubtedly speaks for them. The old machine wishes to select the distinct delegates at the State Convention; but its plans will be probably foiled. Messrs. MAY in Philadelphia and MAGEE in Pittsburgh are Cameronian lieutenants who have apparently been baffled by Mr. MCMANUS, a local leader in Philadelphia who was a very effective foe of the third term plot four years ago.

The independent vote in Pennsylvania is hardly less necessary to success in that State than in New York. Senator MITCHELL says that Mr. BLAINE is very popular in the State, and that upon a platform strongly pledged to the civil service reform policy he would be elected. But if his nomination would probably arouse old animosities, the Senator thinks that it would be unwise. Of Mr. EDMUNDS he says that if he would accept the nomination he would certainly be elected, "for no man in the United States to-day stands forth more clearly and strongly for a practical civil service reform, and for all the great principles of the party, as evidenced by character and public record, than he." To this we might add that while Mr. EDMUNDS is obviously not seeking the nomination, and probably not really desiring it, he would unquestionably accept it, and to no candidate yet mentioned would there be so little opposition, and of none so general and profound an approval.

CONGRESS AND THE SARATOGA MONUMENT.

MR. SHERMAN, from the Senate Committee on the Library, has reported favorably the application for a grant of $40,000 to complete the Saratoga Monument. The expenditure upon the work thus far seems to the committee judicious and economical. The shaft is completed, but statues, tablets, and other additions are yet necessary properly to finish the memorial.

The argument for the grant is very strong. As the report truly says: "The battle of Saratoga was beyond doubt the most momentous battle of the Revolutionary war, and most decisive in results. It peculiarly combined the soldiers from colonies north and south, and united them more than ever. Its victory led instantly to the alliance with France. In every respect the event appeals to Congress for special recognition of its historic import."

The commemoration of such a victory is properly a national case. The State and citizens of New York have already paid more than half of the cost, and it is but a part of the resulting sum which is necessary that the association asks from Congress. The Field of the Groomed Arms, as HALLECK called it, is a national field. New York was the scene of BURGOYNE's surrender, but every one of the united colonies was as vitally interested in it as New York, and its patriotic and proper commemoration is most justly an interest of the United States.

THEODORE WINTHROP.

The Life and Poems of Theodore Winthrop, edited by his sister, will recall to many a reader the surprise and delight with which his brilliant books were received after his heroic death in the very beginning of the war. The volume is composed mainly of his letters and diaries, and of the poems, which are all brief except the "Two Worlds," which is "a kind of novel in blank verse," and which shows the strong story-telling tendency of his mind.

The letters reveal the eager, restless, serious, half-melancholy temperament which is still more evident in the verses. He saw much of Europe and of America, beating about, with delicate health and sensitive temper, to find what he could best do, and always surely drifting to the literary activity in which his true talent lay. He had a certain gayety of manner and a quick humor, but he was a man of singular earnestness and of deep human sympathy. A shrewd observer of men and manners, his varied experience would long have served his imagination in his literary career had not all ended so soon.

But perhaps the highest and most permanent value of this book will be its revelation of the quality of the youth who defended the Union to the death because the Union was the hope of liberty. In how many of them the soul of SIDNEY and of WARREN re-appeared! And how much energy, training, capacity, and moral power, which would have been invaluable to the country had they lived, were lost to it in their death! But the service, however brief, was as great in the field as it could have been elsewhere and at any time; and every detail of the worth of a young man like THEODORE WINTHROP deepens our sense of the cost of the great victory. This volume will show how faithfully he followed SIDNEY's counsel to the poet to look in his own heart and write; and if a certain sadness lingers upon the reader's mind as he closes the book, it is not that the life was not noble and nobly ended, but that it ended when apparently the true beginning, so long and ardently desired, was at hand.

PERSONAL.

MR. PARES GODWIN, who, in connection with several other gentlemen, recently bought a controlling interest in the *Commercial Advertiser*, assumes the editorship of that journal this week. Mr. GODWIN is a profound thinker, a forcible writer, and an experienced journalist, and in his hands the *Commercial Advertiser*, which thirty years ago had a literary, political, and financial reputation second to that of no newspaper in the country, is likely to resume its old laurels.

—There seems to be no end to news about *The Broad Winners*. It is now announced that MM. HACHETTE & Co., of Paris, will publish a French translation of that brilliant novel, the translator being Madame LE BARON.

—The new proprietor of the *Albany Evening Journal*, Mr. W. J. ARBEN, is well known in this city, and among his warmest friends are the members of the Artists' Fund Society, to whom he gave that grand excursion a few summers ago. He announces his aim "to maintain the prestige of the Albany *Evening Journal*, and to strengthen its influence, especially with the Republican party." We believe that for the accomplishment of such a purpose the paper has fallen into the right hands.

—Major-General GODFREY WEITZEL, who died in Philadelphia on the 19th of March, was a distinguished soldier of the war for the Union. In acknowledgment of many gallant exploits he was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and during the siege of Port Hudson his victorious troops were under fire forty days in the open air and with insufficient food. He occupied JEFF DAVIS's house in Richmond, subsequently to his triumphal entrance into that city on the 3d of April, 1865. At the time of his death he was a lieutenant-colonel in the regular army.

—Archbishop GIBBONS, of Baltimore, having returned home from a visit to Rome, reports that at the conferences recently held there one of the chief subjects was "the higher education of the clergy, especially with regard to the physical sciences, so that pastors may be better prepared to refute the errors of modern scientists who pretend to discover a want of harmony between science and revelation."

—General LOGAN, according to a Washington correspondent, has lived for twelve years in two modest rooms at a boarding house in that city, and is one of the most happy and fortunate of men. "In 1853 he married Miss MARY CUSHMAN, of Shawneetown, Illinois, and she has proved a most valuable helpmeet, being as good a politician as himself, if not a better, and a lady of great refinement as well as intellectual force. There is no woman in public life who possesses more admirable traits than Mrs LOGAN, and, what is unusual, her popularity with her own sex is quite as great as with the other."

—Professor W. M. GREW, the Oriental scholar of Princeton, has been invited to visit the University of Edinburgh next summer to receive the honorary degree of D.D. He expects to accept the invitation, as his duties will call him to Europe about that time.

—According to the Rev. Dr. SCHAFF, "CALVIN, who burned SERVETUS, is not only the greatest theologian among the Reformers, but surpassed them all in zeal for purity of doctrine and holiness of life."

—There is a colporteur among the immigrants at Castle Garden who speaks thirteen languages.

—In the Jane D. Kent Day Nursery, Philadelphia, about sixteen children, from three months to nine years old, are received daily, nursed, fed, and amused, while their mothers earn bread outside. Swings, hobby horses, toy wagons, tin soldiers, romping, sleeping, and screaming are among the attractions. At 6.30 A.M. the mothers come to take the babies home, and pay six cents apiece for the service rendered. This is an improvement on the old plan of locking up children in a room, and letting them run the risk of crying themselves sick and burning themselves to death.

—A Philadelphia colored caterer boasts that twelve years ago he served a dinner for Attorney-General BRAWNER at which one of the dishes was a capon goose stuffed with truffles, and brought, ready for cooking, all the way from France in an air tight can.

—An esteemed Chicago contemporary calls Mr JOSEPH COOK "flippant and reckless" because in a recent lecture in Boston he informed his hearers that as all railroad trains entering Chicago the conductors and brakemen announced twenty minutes' stop for dinners. "This," says our contemporary, with disgust, "was received as the utterance of a sot."

—At one of the hostels in the Soudan the native horsemen retreated three miles on a gallop before any one was caught. The first prisoner was a woman, who, her sex unrecognizable, escaped through the first line of the British, and being discovered and spared by the second, displayed her savage gratitude by firing a musket after the men who had saved her.

—Lady JANE MANNERS complains that in Scotch and English country houses nowadays there is altogether too much eating. "A succession of meals, each partaking more or less of the character of a dinner, occupies the attention of the guests, with brief intervals," from the time they leave their beds until they seek them again. Bread and butter, milk tea or spirits, on rising; hot and cold meats at 10 A.M.; the same with all sorts of puddings and jellies, at 2 P.M.; tea, crumpets, and muffins at 5 P.M.; afterward dinner and supper. She is decidedly of opinion that the thing is overdone.

—A memorial to CHARLES DICKENS having been proposed in London, one of his friends sends to a newspaper a passage from the novelist's last will: "I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works."

—Mrs GLADSTONE has written the following letter to an East Indian: "Dear Sir,—On the part of my two daughters and myself I thank you heartily for your kind presents. The Indian hats are beautiful, and the crimson trousing dress by your mother does not escape our attention. We value it all very much, and, perhaps, more than all, your most kind words about my husband and family. Pray accept our best and warmest gratitude. With best wishes for yourself and your kind mother, I remain, sir, yours truly, CATHARINE GLADSTONE."

—An Italian pedestrian has performed the remarkable feat of walking or running from Caserta to Naples in an hour and fourteen minutes. The railroad cars do the distance in an hour, though this need not say much for them. Of course the pedestrian "intends soon to start for America."

—An officer of Princeton College has made a careful computation of the cost of living there. He finds that a student's necessary expenses are only two hundred and thirty dollars a year, exclusive of bills for clothes; and that with the best board, the best rooms, and the most generous subscriptions to the various class sports and occasional excursions, the expenses need not exceed seven hundred and thirty dollars a year. A fair average, he says, is four hundred and thirty dollars a year.

—Dr SCHWEINFURTH writes that the project of establishing in Cairo a home for freed women slaves meets with general approbation in that city, even from quarters where much sympathy on questions connected with slavery was not to be expected.

—Lady BRASSEY, of the yacht *Sunbeam*, is a woman of wide sympathies. While on her way to Egypt she was presented with "a pretty long-haired pig, almost as small as my Rew Island favorite," by the inhabitants of Navarino. "He is the quaintest little animal imaginable," she says. "He sits up like a dog, and was discovered after lunch to-day comfortably ensconced among the pillows on the sofa. He is about half the size of my favorite old pug Fellow, and has very sharp teeth of his own."

—From the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*: "The Mormons now boast that in the south they have secured a splendid field for converts, and that they are gaining new members throughout the mountainous regions of North Carolina, Tennessee, and Georgia. Miss KATE FIELD, in a letter to the Boston *Herald*, has given a vivid and touching picture of the condition of those unfortunate Southerners who have been lured away from their homes by Mormon elders and missionaries. These missionaries should be prohibited and prevented from securing converts in the South."

—BRAHMS married at twenty-five, in opposition to his mother's wishes, a lady whose position was unusually frivolous, and who had not the slightest idea of economy. Without means to meet his ordinary expenses, he wrote novels and articles for the newspapers and the reviews so incessantly that his wife said she seldom or never saw him for five minutes until two or three o'clock in the morning. The pair became estranged irremediably.

—Remarks by a contemporaneous essayist: "It has been said that no matter how humble the dwelling, wherever a young man and a young woman who love each other make their home it is paradise. Experience shows that those who determine to live with simplicity, and to exercise self-denial for the sake of each other, may enjoy the perpetual feast of mutual affection without spending largely. But it is easier to begin married life in an economical manner than to retrench later."

—Signor SALVINI is playing his Shakespearean rôles in London with success, although the critic of the *Standard* sees in the magnificent declamation and perfect knowledge of stage resource of his King Lear "much to admire, but little to move."

—At the unveiling of LOWELL'S bust in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey Mr J. R. LOWELL delivered a characteristically subtle and appropriate address. Though there is no Academy in England answerable to that of France, yet admission to Westminster Abbey forms, he said, a test of literary existence perhaps as effectual. "The only warrant of permanence in literature is a certain distinction in style—something quite indefinable, like the distinction of good-breeding; and it seems to me that the distinction of style is eminently found in the poet whom we are met here in some sense to celebrate to-day."

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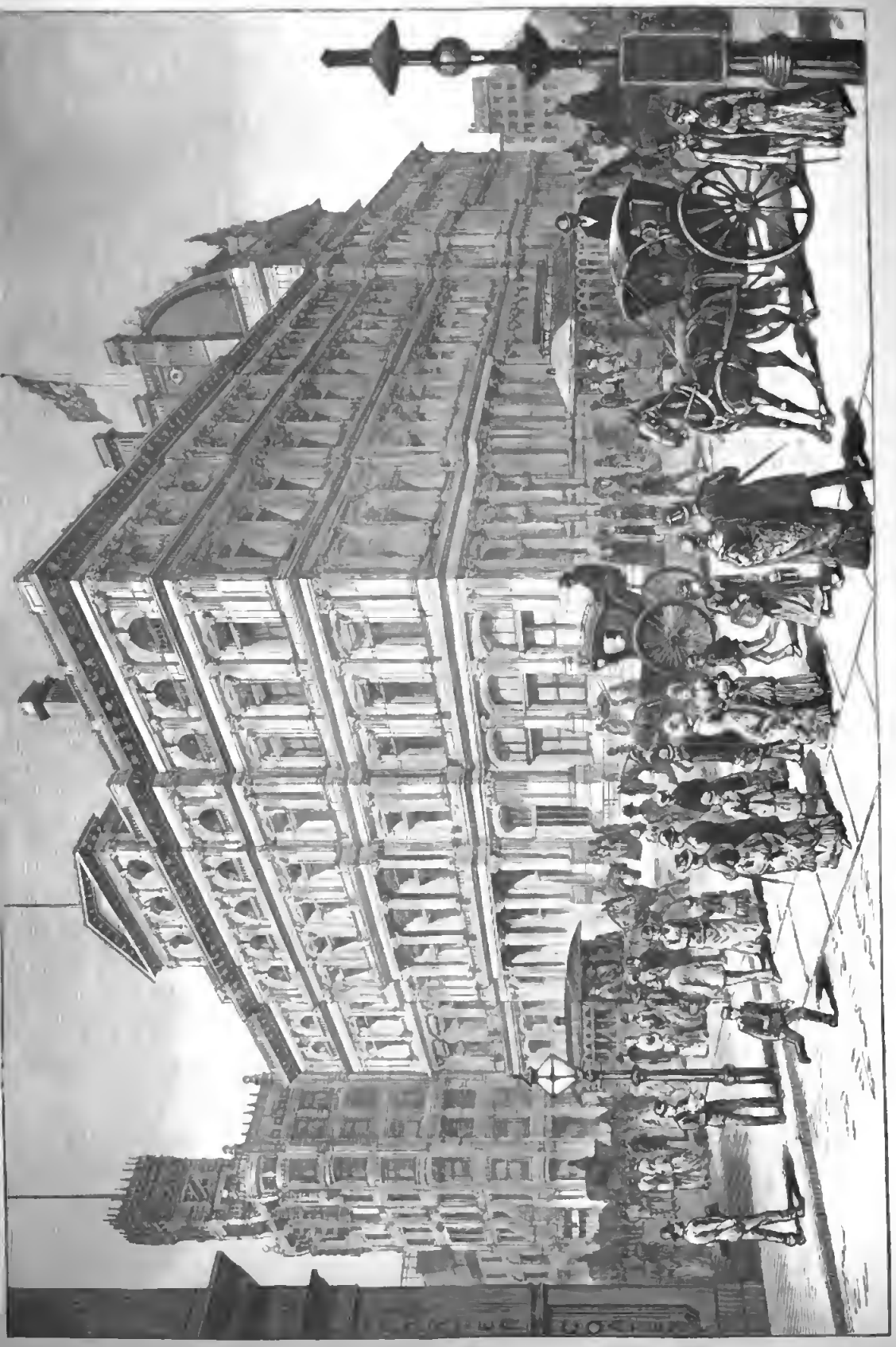

THE NEW PHILADELPHIA POST-OFFICE.—DRAWN BY F. B. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 208.]

THE NEW DYNAMITE GUN.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[See Page 203.]

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MIMOSA.

In the nature of things it was evident that when the Norves decided to go to Mount Aubert we should go there too, for we belong to a class commonly called parasites, and at the time the Noyes held out the best chances for our development. So on we followed, I rowing and protesting that Mount Aubert was too far away; that I cared nothing about seeing the place (which was by no means true, as summer after summer had heard me long for the reputed breezes of Mount Aubert); that of all people I hated the Norves most. Did I not know why we went? Was not Bertie Norves considered a capital parti, and had not my amiable and interested step-mother done her best to rid herself of me?

Yes, I was twenty-six that summer, and it was high time I stepped out of the way, for there were three girls younger than myself to launch upon the world, and the fact of there being an elder unmarried sister in the family was enough to cause them to be eyed with suspicion.

The Norves had taken a large plain brown cottage near the sea, and, fortunately for my step-mother's plans, the one adjoining was at our disposal. So there we came in July, having left scorching heat to town a day or two before, and the fresh breezes restored or to good-nature.

Oh, beautiful Mount Aubert! shall I ever forget my first sight of you? The sun was setting over the bay, the crimson-gold lights shading off behind the Gobero Mountains, and up from the waters in front of our cottage arose the five islands with their dark green foliage. Never, never will any spot be to me what you are, and the thought of your exquisite beauty steals over me at twilight with a pleasure that is born of pain. For long those ten months the thoughts and feelings of a lifetime seemed to be compressed, and to them I trace the rising of all my hopes—the setting of them too. I use by nature sensitive to a fault, and then, before life's lesson had dawned upon me, this trait was attaining a degree bordering on morbidness. But on the glorious evening, as I stood on our cottage piazza, the whole world seemed too beautiful, too tempting, and I sighed aloud, "Oh that I might die in such a place!"

"And why not prefer living, home of all places in the world?"

Bertie Noyes stood before me, an amused look in his eyes. I drew back instantly. Here was the serpent in my Eden. Of all persons on the world Bertie Noyes was the last to understand a craving for death, a longing to be gone, and consider no more the earth. His was one of those happy, cheerful natures that seem born to make others smile, and to cast off all weary, heart-sick thoughts that might oppress them. Kind, joyous Bertie! He saw that something indefinable had crept over my spirit, and, with a smile, said,

"Come, Miss Loring, we will go down on the rocks for five minutes to watch the light. Then you can pride yourself upon having been the first of the family to explore."

Without hesitation I followed him through the grass, down a path, and then we clambered to the top of a large rock putting out into the waters. The sight was indeed lovely—one to entwine itself closely about one's heart, not to impose and awe by its sublimity.

"Miss Loring, you've no idea what treats there are in store for you," said Bertie, giving me a kind look. "I will constitute myself your guide over Mount Aubert, by sea and mountain, with pleasure."

A vision of my step-mother, my three sisters, and what was expected of me arose before my mind, and with a curt "Thanks, I can guide myself," I walked back toward the cottage.

Bertie looked rather surprised at my rudeness, but finally followed me, thoughtfully relieving me of no few useless parasols.

Step-mother and sisters were all on the piazza to meet me. I had been gone ten minutes. Strange how suddenly I was missed! The light in my step-mother's eyes changed from that of intense indignation to that of satisfaction when she saw who was my companion. It was difficult for her to reconcile her respect for "the proprieties" with her only too well known (to me) gratification at seeing Bertie Norves by my side.

"My dear daughter"—hung the eldest, I was usually so addressed on occasions—"I wondered very much where you could be. Thank you so very much, Mr. Norves, for bringing my little truant home. I hope you did not find her wandering about alone," and Mrs. Loring gave me a playful tap to indicate her forbearance with my naive and girlish ways.

"I am the culprit, I fear, Mrs. Loring," said Bertie, preparing to depart; "for I enticed Miss Nona down on the rocks to watch the light over the Gobero Mountains. Being neighbors, I hope to see much of you," and with a graceful bow he was gone.

Mrs. Loring gave me a look of supreme content, and Nettie, my favorite sister, slipped her hand in mine. I was indignant beyond expression, and shaking Nettie off, entered the cottage. Here I found everything still in confusion, and Mrs Loring soon bustled in, to set things all wrong that eventually they might be right. All that evening she exasperated me beyond measure by her stolen glances; and in the morning, when I heard Bertie Noyes's voice outside inquiring for me, the delight to her eyes drove me to my room with a headache, which prevented my accompanying Mr Noyes and the girls on a few miles' tramp up some mountain.

By degrees I think even she saw the utter futility of planning for me, and with only an occasional pull up, I was allowed to go my own way. And that was a very sweet way indeed. I would wander off in the morning, sometimes accompanying the girls in their tramps (for, thank fortune, we were all good walkers, and had been blessed with health); sometimes take a boat and row over to the islands, spending the day there, until hunger warned me to return; and in the evening I would retire to a sheltered spot on the rocks under the shadow of the cliffs, and give myself up to the melancholy pleasure of reviewing my life, until, utterly broken in spirit, I would retire to my room. A very unsociable, morbid being I was, and I have often wondered how the others tolerated me; and especially strange did Bertie Noyes's friendship seem to me. For his friendship I did gain, and at one time I thought—nay, I hoped—it was going to be something more; but that is past. We made friends one evening about ten days after our arrival at Mount Aubert. I had had a bad headache all day, consequent upon Mr. Noyes's proposal to my sisters and myself of a walk up Brown Mountain, and had found my favorite nook in the rocks occupied, or that by evening my mind was in a state of revolt against the world in general. I knew the girls had returned from their mountain expedition, for I had heard them laughingly bid Bertie Noyes good-by not an hour before, but I felt in no mood for their society; so, slipping quietly out of the cottage with a shawl on my arm, I hastened to the Indian encampment, hoping that I might not be too late for a canoe. Louis, my favorite among the Indians (if you can call a man who confesses to having had red hair in his youth an Indian), was standing on the beach.

"A canoe?" he asked, as I approached. "Yes, I got him. You want one too?"

Not being a paddler myself, I assented, and Louis pulled up one of his smaller canoes, placing oars in the bottom of it.

Just as I stepped in, a voice behind me exclaimed, "I'll paddle Miss Loring, Louis," and before I could speak, Bertie Noyes was in the canoe, and we were half a dozen yards from land.

"Now don't be indignant, Miss Loring; only tell me where you want to go, and I'll promise not to speak one word without permission."

"Around Bald Island," I replied, leaning my head back on my shawl and resigning myself. If he insisted upon being my companion, how could I help it? He should have no enjoyment out of it, at any rate, I determined, and plenty of work. So on we glided, or and out of the many yachts congregated in the harbor, past the lion of shore, till we found ourselves near Bald Island.

"Shall we land?" asked my silent boatman. I replied in the affirmative.

How weird it seemed to be gliding over the waters in perfect silence, drifting like a second Elaine! and Bertie being behind me, I could indulge the sweet fancy that I was alone. We landed, and Bertie, pulling, or he supposed, the canoe firmly on shore, joined me in a walk to the top of the island.

"May I talk to you now, Miss Nona?"

"Yes, if you have anything worth saying."

Bertie gave me a queer smile; then, extending his hand, said, "Miss Nona, have I offended you this evening in taking possession of you and your canoe?"

"Oh no"—disregarding his hand.

"And may I speak to you or I would to a friend?—though you don't act much like one," putting his hand in his pocket.

"I am friendly enough to you, Mr Noyes, our acquaintance is by no means intimate."

"I want to ask why you act so this way. Now, frankly, Miss Nona, I have found you pleasant enough when alone, but, by George! you are stiff and hard to talk to when with others. Have I offended you?"

"No."

"Then why do you always refuse to go with me? When your sisters join me in tramps, you always have a headache. There must be some reason."

"Oh, the beautiful night!" I exclaimed, rather irrelevantly, it must be confessed, to which Bertie replied by actually seizing my hand.

"Answer me, Miss Nona. I care more for your good opinion than for that of others."

"Pshaw!" I exclaimed, the color of mortification springing to my cheeks. Did he think me a fool? I was not to be flattered in that way, simple as I looked.

"I shall return to the canoe," I continued, quite angrily. "I have no intention of being laughed at."

I retraced my steps, Bertie following. To our consternation, the canoe had drifted away, and it was now long past sunset. I must confess that for a moment I accused Bertie of purposely playing me this trick, but his astonishment was equal to mine.

"I am indeed sorry," was all he said; but he gave me a reproachful look, or though reading my unspoken thought. I could not blame him then, poor fellow.

"What me I to do?" I cried. "Oh, I wish you had never come!"

"Dear Miss Nona, I will help you, and we shall be home again before long," and he pulled off his coat, wrapping me up in it most tenderly. Then he attached his handkerchief to a long stick, and placed it in my hands.

"I will go to the other side of the island, and look out for a passing boat," he said. "Keep your eye on this side, and shout as loud as you can when you see one." And he was off.

A terrible hour succeeded, one of anxiety and fear, and my courage was fast failing, when a cheery voice sounded just above me:

"Help is coming, Miss Nona!" and down rushed Bertie, waving his hat. And, sure enough, a boat appeared, rounding the point, and coming to our rescue. As I stepped into it, Bertie held out his hand. "Surely we are friends now, Miss Nona?"

I did not refuse him, and from that moment a mutual liking sprang up between us. And it was not very long before he put my friendship to the test.

Although we were in the midst of cottages and hotels, I had never made acquaintance with any of the inmates; indeed, I had shrunk from doing so. My sisters had often joined in expeditions from the different hotels, had spent many an evening dancing or walking on the piazzas, but as for I had kept myself religiously aloof, not caring to drive all their pleasure away by my melancholy presence. One day Bertie joined me on the rocks—our usual starting point for any walk—and seating himself beside me, said, "Now I am going to ask a favor of you, Miss Nona." My expression was doubtless that of intense anxiety, for Bertie continued, re-assuringly: "Oh, it is not a labor of Hercules, don't look so frightened. It is the sacrifice of a very wrong principle of yours—that of exclusiveness."

I drew away. He did not understand my motive, I was sure. Again I was to be misunderstood, and find my friend but common clay, and influenced by the opinion of others.

"Do not look so offended. After all, it can scarcely be a principle—only a freak. Now, Miss Nona, I want you to promise to go where I will and with whom I will for once. Am I a despot?" and he smiled, while his kind brown eyes gazed inquiringly upon me.

"You are very much, Mr. Noyes," I replied; "but I suppose I not in your debt. Where and with whom am I to go? I will pay what I owe you."

A cloud crossed his forehead.

"So you will not do me a favor, only pay your debts? Never mind, then, Miss Nona. Shall we spend the afternoon here? Give me your Browning, I will read that deliciously harmonious poem, 'Abt Vogler,' to you."

"No," I cried; "you know I could not accept your gift. Come, I will go with you where you will, and with whom you will."

Bertie gave me a grateful look, and, making no reply, led the way toward "Roman's," the fashionable hotel of the place. I followed blindly, suppressing or best I could the tears that choked me, and was very near turning back when I saw the crowd gathered on the piazza. However, my word was given; nothing should make me break that. So we ascended the steps, and approaching a small group at one end, Bertie presented me. I heard no names; my mind seemed a blank until I heard Bertie say: "Miss Loring has consented to join us all. I hope Glen Brook is our destination." The company agreed, and we started off. There were ten of us, and after we were fully on our way, I found courage enough to examine my companions. Mr and Mrs. Payne had gone on first, three or four young people following closely behind them; then came Miss Coles with her attendant, Mr Kaye, talking deeply on metaphysical subjects; then Bertie and I.

"Was I very cruel, Miss Nona?" whispered he, as the others walked on.

"Not very," I replied, rather reluctantly; "but it is a great proof of friendship."

"And I take it so."

Just then we heard a voice calling to us from behind, and, turning, perceived some one walking very fast to overtake us.

"I concluded to come, after all," said a very sweet voice with a slight accent. "May I walk with you, or Mrs. Payne is too fast an for me to join her?"

"We are very glad of your company, Miss—" began Bertie.

"Dale," replied she, smiling sweetly, the dimples chasing each other over her cheeks. And so Anita Dale came among us, the fairest, brightest friend I ever had. She was half French, and her accent was one of her charms. I remember exactly how she looked that very day in her gray and scarlet mountain suit, and I think the memory will never pass from me. Not tall or slight, but rather full, as foreign girls often are, with golden hair dancing in the sun. She always gave me a feeling of trust, of perfect honesty, and I never knew her do aught to contradict it.

As she walked with us, her flat, flower covered hat slipping continually to one side, displaying the wavy gold of her hair, her blue eyes glancing from Bertie to me, her smile sweet and friendly, her firm, quick step, all interested and fascinated me. Bertie too felt her influence, and talked as I had never heard him. The two talks seemed but a step, interested and entertained or we were all the way. At the brook we found Miss Coles and Mr Kaye waiting for us. The others had gone on, so these two, not unwilling to have a comfortable resting place while their learned courtship continued, had volunteered to wait for us laggards.

Our walk up Glen Brook was prolonged indefinitely; indeed, the cooling shade of the trees, the music of the running waters, all had such delight for us that we concluded to remain until evening, and walk home by moonlight. No one would be anxious at our non-arrival, for the rule of Mount Aubert was to be bound by none, and often parties going out for a morning climb had extended it to an all-day's expedition. As to supper, we all agreed that that was a consideration unworthy of man or a higher animal. So there we stand, beguiling time with singing from Miss Dale, and a sweet, pathetic tenor, Mr Jasper, while bright, energetic little Miss Allen gave or gleaned stories by the dozen. One couple, certainly old enough to know better, seized the opportunity to lose themselves in the woods, from which perilous position they were finally extricated, and our classically beautiful chaperon, Mrs. Payne, dispensed smiles and pleasant words to all. It was a day in a hundred, and I, even I, enjoyed it. Seldom was I addressed, but I absorbed all the beauty and wit around me, until I almost felt myself a part of it. They were kind, very kind, to me, and one of the last remarks made, or Bertie and I left them that evening at "Roman's," was,

"Now, Miss Loring, he sure you go with us again."

The last was from Bertie: "I will call for you, then, to-morrow evening to seven, Miss Dale."

Somehow this jarred upon me, for it was by silence that I responded to Bertie's "Is not Miss Dale like a strong, purifying mountain breeze?" and yet I agreed with him. "She reminds me," he continued, half musing, "of what an eminent man said of Lessing in a lecture I heard last winter, of the influence upon people, and—"

"Here we are at the cottage! Good night, Mr Norves," I replied, my heart too full for words. And or I left him.

The next morning I did not go to our usual trysting place on the rocks. One, two, even three days went by; then Bertie came for me. And then I knew how dear he had grown.

He proposed a drive to one of the "Heads," that we might have a scramble once more over the cliffs. His manner was strangely different; there was a shadow, a nameless something, between us.

"Mr Norves," I began three times before he heard me, "what is it? Why are we so unable to comprehend each other to-day?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Nona; I believe I am easily distrust."

"*Distrust*" he called what to me was utter indifference.

"Can I help you? Are you in any trouble?"

He did not answer, for we had reached our destination, and helping me out of the wagon, we crossed the field in silence. Once on the cliff, sheltered in a ledge, he turned quietly toward me.

"Can you help me? Am I in any trouble? Yes, to both. The trouble I can not quite define. Do I know it myself by name? You can help me, Miss Nona. Will you?"

"Willingly," I replied, a chill as of presentiment running over me. "What can I do?"

"You can give me a wife's love. That surely will be my strongthold and comfort."

Oh, what terrible agony I suffered in that moment! Bertie's love, his tender care, around me. Surely it was my guardian angel offering me this. To reclaim me from the morbid, melancholy state into which I had fallen was this blessed boon sent to me. Now I could hold up my head, and consider myself born to some purpose. The cup was sweet; for that reason I dashed it from my lips. What was I that I could hope to make his life happy? Did I not know there was that within me which would wear out his love, would shadow his whole existence, and in time make him curse the day upon which he met me! Had I a strong or noble character? Was I worthy or capable of responsibilities that had wearied and worn out the lives of better and stronger than I? With my whole heart I held my arms out to him; with my whole mind I cast him from me. He did not love me. I felt it; I knew it. What was I to come between him and happiness? His love for me! Ay, he had spoken of mine for him, not of life for me. So I sat, my hands trembling, my heart fluttering, and, as I spoke, feeling made my voice grow hard and cold.

"Yes," I replied, "you do need a wife's love to be a comfort to you. As your friend, I tell you so. As your friend, I add, we will forget this."

Bertie could not credit me.

"Nona, you refuse me, then?"

"Mr Norves, you are sadly in error. You have no love for me, only a friend's pity. And now let us consider the subject ended."

"I do not consider it so," he replied, eagerly; "not until you tell me positively that you refuse me, once for all."

"I do."

We reached home some way after that, how, I could not tell, though I heard the birds sing and smelled the sweet fragrance of the pine trees or we passed. And now, whenever I inhale the sadly loved perfume of the pine, I am carried back to the day when I was spared the misery of wrecking two lives. Why had he asked me? I questioned continually. It was not until later that I comprehended the wherefore.

Bertie had grown a dear companion, and his nature, being affectionate and sympathetic, responded to the warm and longing in me for true, heart-born friendship. He understood my thoughts (differing so widely from his) from that very intuitive sympathy that was part of him, and he had accustomed himself to consider me as necessary to his enjoyment. Suddenly he was conscious of a deeper, more engrossing feeling, and what wonder that he mistook this indefinable something to be love for me? Was he not used to me? Strange, however, that it did not occur to him that when Anita Dale called he was willing—ay, more than willing—to leave my side. Could it, then, be love for me that filled his heart? No; after the first intoxicating moment I knew it could not be. I was nothing in my own sight; I must never hope to be aught in the sight of others.

Bertie gradually realized the truth of my words. The awakening was rapid. Strong, noble Anita, you were his true soul companion; you could elevate and comfort, while being a power with him. She told me of her happiness herself; and though my heart was bleeding, I found words to tell her what I was sure the world has to him.

"And I am his friend," I ended, "and yours now, forever."

That day I wandered down on the rocks far from home, near Osborne's Point, where the waves dashed up around me. As I mus there, idly throwing stones into the water, half fearful of wounding the ripples, the air seemed to grow colder, and the sun to hide itself. I looked up, and behold the islands wrapped in clouds of dun colored mist, a pale, faint tinge of pink resting on the edge. On this army of clouds came, by degrees embracing island after island, and reaching to the coast; then, when enveloped in this beautiful mist, I laid my head down, and wept as I had not wept for many a day.

The mist grew wilder and wilder, the waves dashing and crashing themselves beneath my feet. Then a mad impulse to throw myself to their midst came upon me. Their cold embrace would calm my poor heart, would still forever the terrible agony that was surging in my brain.

I did not stop to think of suffering, of wickedness—no, for surely in that one moment, when my feet led me to the very edge of the rock, and met me down from that height, I was mad.

I awoke to consciousness, for even that step had failed to give me the hoped-for release, and Anita's sweet face was bending over me

"Dear me!" she whispered; "was it not a blessed thing that Bertie and I were so near when you fell from the rocks?"

So *he* had saved me! The life was a gift to me now from *him!* I would take it so, and when he came in, earnest and grave, the resolution to make my life worthy his gift had formed itself in my mind.

No longer Mimosa, I would be active, working, that my life should have a purpose. And it came to me once that perhaps I might give to others the benefit of a lesson learned by me, and casting aside the habit of introspection, pour forth unto all the world the blessed truths that all sorrow is sent for our good.

THE LIGHT HEART.

My siller an' gold I hae had to tine,
An' lost are the lands that ance were mine;
The stranger sits down in my father's ha'—
For when ye begin, 'tis easy to fa'
If my heart werna light, I think I wad dee;
But when I was poorest it aye said to me:
"There's your wark: begin it!
He's worth gold can win it;
Penny's always penny's brither;
A guid penny brings anither."
Sae rather than cry, Alas an' alack!
I'm doing my best to win a' things back

Many guid friends I had seen on a day,
But they went wi' the siller an' land away
When I needed nae help, I had plenty o' proffer;
When I needed help maist, I hadna an offer
If my heart werna light, I think I'd been dead,
But aye when I fretted it cheerily said:
"There's your wark: begin it!
Friendship!—you maun win it.
If first to yoursel you'll be true,
True friends you'll find mair than enow.
For friendship gie friendship, not siller an' gold."
An' I'm thankfu' I did just what I was told.

Sometimes the days are eerie an' dreary;
Sometimes my wark is lonesome an' weary;
I mind o' the feasting, dancing, an' daffing,
The music an' love, the sunshine an' laughing;
An' I think if my heart werna light I wad greet;
But aye it maks answer, sae couthie an' sweet:
"Say it's dark above ye,
Say there's nane to love ye,
Plenty o' folk are glad an' dear,
Plenty o' folk hae gold an' gear.
It's mean for yoursel to be always repining,
For somewhere on earth the sun is aye shining."

Sae I winna be sorry for a' that is gane;
Murky or sunny, I'll never complain
As lang as my heart is sae canty an' light;
Nae matter what comes, a' is sure to be right.
If fashed for mysel, then for ithers I'll say,
On somebody's head there is sunshine to-day.
Busy the lee-lang day,
Singing the hours away;
Never was I sae happy before;
Never for gold or siller in store
Wad I gie up the cheerfu' leal friend at my side,
For hadna my heart been sae light I had died.

THE DYNAMITE GUN

Ever since dynamite came into use the possibility of employing it as a substitute for gunpowder in shell firing has been discussed. The fatal obstacle at the threshold of all experiments and all projects of experiment seemed to be that the charge of powder propelling the shell would, by its sudden action, explode the dynamite before it could leave the gun, and destroy everything around it. Most experiments made on a large scale in this direction have, in fact, ended disastrously. The question arose, Must the use of this powerful explosive in artillery be abandoned? Could not some other propelling power, operating with a less violent initial shock, be substituted? The thought occurred that compressed air would furnish the needed substitute, and out of that conception has resulted the present dynamite gun.

The illustrations which we publish on page 201 show the manner in which this idea has thus far been worked out. The first point to attract attention is the great length of the gun, which is built of brass, and rests on a steel-ribbed truss. A gun tube forty feet long and only four inches in diameter at muzzle, has this form of construction is necessary in order to get the full advantage of the projective force of the compressed air, which is low compared with that of the gases evolved from gunpowder. The initial and sustained action is less in the former case, but is compensated for by its longer continuance. The compressed air is admitted from the strong air reservoir into the gun tube behind the projectile by a simple pressure of the gunner's finger. A dynamite gun of two inches' bore, now undergoing experiments by artillery officers at Fort Hamilton, has been used with a pressure of about 500 pounds to the square inch; a four-inch gun, in process of construction, is expected to sustain 2000 pounds to the square inch, and it is believed that a pressure of 3000 pounds will eventually be employed. That is only another form of saying that a projectile with a barrel of 100 pounds of dynamite may be thrown a mile, or even two miles, with sufficient accuracy to make it a most formidable implement of destruction on land or sea.

The projectile, which has an elongated shape, is of metal, inclosing and protecting the charge of dynamite, while the explosion is produced by a percussion fuse in the head of the projectile, on striking its object. Attached to the base is a wooden sabot, a frustum of a cone. This is designed to act like the feathers on an arrow

While this system is capable theoretically of application wherever artillery is employed, its readiest and most effective use will doubtless be as a powerful auxiliary in river and harbor defence, in siege operations, and on shipboard. The guns are so light that a small launch, fifty or sixty feet long, could carry two of them, each capable of throwing a hundred pounds of dynamite at every discharge. For siege operations this gun must also be desirable, because it is so easily transported. If necessary, it can be taken apart and carried about piecemeal, and, with this extreme portability, it can be placed in position in the parallels in a single night, whereas it might be the labor of weeks to bring up and plant an ordinary siege-gun of large calibre. It would be easy to put the condensing engines and the air reservoirs under ground, where they could not be reached by hostile fire. Objections may be made to the use of this extra apparatus in artillery, but, as a fact, steam-engines are required now in the handling of the heaviest modern ordnance, and on shipboard only a small extra engine would be needed, connecting with the vessel's boilers.

A consideration of high importance for our own country is the rapidity and slight cost with which these dynamite guns can be built. Such works as the Delamater could turn out a gun a day, carriage and all complete, after the plant was once established, which would be a matter of a month at most. It should be clearly understood, however, that these dynamite guns, after all, would be only an auxiliary of defense, not superseding the necessity for additional heavy modern ordnance. Still, with the great length of time required for supplying heavy guns for our coasts and harbors, the speed and the light expense with which these dynamite guns could be manufactured must cause the present experiments with them to have great public interest and importance.

The gun now at Fort Hamilton has been fired with a charge of sand, in lieu of dynamite, to test the ballistic qualities, at a target on the slopes of Fort Wadsworth, a distance of 2100 yards, with a pressure of 420 pounds to the square inch. The results have been entirely satisfactory as to the fine firing, but somewhat unsatisfactory in the matter of range. This is ascribable to the hand valve, which makes the pressure somewhat irregular. The larger gun now under construction will have an automatic valve for admitting uniformly the compressed air, and this, if it fulfils expectations, should give even greater accuracy than powder guns as to range. At South Norwalk and Detroit more than a hundred dynamite charges, it is said, have been fired in the two-inch gun. Since much must still be done in the way of experiment by private enterprise, the government should undoubtedly extend all needed facilities for that purpose.

DUTCH COSTUMES

The most peculiar costumes are to be found among the islanders of the north of Holland. Some of the women are dressed in garments which give them the appearance of a semi-barbarous race; while the men are mostly attired in enormously wide breeches and loosely fitting jackets made of exceedingly coarse and strong materials.

The male peasants of Zealand usually wear jackets and knee breeches of black velveteen, gray worsted stockings, scarlet waistcoats, closed entirely to the throat, and bearing in front a row of silver buttons as closely set together as it is possible for them to be, while two large silver bosses are attached to a belt round the waist.

The partiality for buttons exhibited by the Zeelanders is remarkable. To judge from the number they wear on their garments, one would suppose dressing and undressing to be with them an exceedingly tedious process.

I have read of an eccentric Dutchman, the master of a fishing smack, who used to pride himself on wearing a suit of coarse blue serge, the coat of which he described as having been buttoned with *rijksdaalders* (coins worth about a dollar each), the waistcoat with *gulden*, the trousers with *half gulden*, and the waistband with *kwartjes* (about the size of an English sixpence). Then his check shirt had for buttons *dubbeltjes* (silver twopences); he wore two large silver coins, instead of buckles, on his shoes, and a *rijksdaalder* in front of his hat.

THE PHILADELPHIA POST-OFFICE.

This magnificent granite building, erected for the post-office, the United States courts, and other departments of the general government, stands at the corner of Chestnut and Ninth streets, fronting on the latter. The façade presents a stretch of nearly five hundred feet of massive masonry, with 118 windows, 180 Ionic fluted shafts, and ten immense doorways, porticoed with large granite columns standing in groups of two at each side. The central part of the front rises to the height of five stories, the upper story forming a part of the dome, which is heavy, but not high. This central part is five windows wide down to the great central portico inclosing the three central doors, which have also a window at each side. It projects somewhat beyond the rest of the building. On each side of the centre are three sections, each varying in projection.

A special feature of the Ninth Street façade is the colossal allegorical group in marble crowning the central pavilion. One can not but regret that the height at which it is placed renders it difficult to obtain a satisfactory view of it from the street.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

It is estimated that the *Jeannette* expedition will have cost the government over a quarter of a million dollars when all the bills chargeable under this head have been paid.

The country will please tread lightly. Mr. Keely has discharged all his assistants, and locked himself up with the disjoined parts of his motor.

It is strange that they should prefer the Frenchy name of Dynamiteurs to the plain American name of O'Dynamiters.

A company has been organized in Philadelphia to catch porpoises. It is claimed that by making the most of every part the company will make each creature yield a little over twenty-five dollars. The probable catch is put at forty a day, and the net profit for the season at a hundred and sixty thousand dollars—not counting the value of such bonitos and sharks as may be caught with the porpoises.

"I, Nikanor, am come with Herakleia—drunk." Such is the translation of a line which Professor Sayce has found scrawled in Greek on the ruins of the temple of Seti, at Abydos, and archæologists are disputing as to which person was the intoxicated one. It may be supposed that the temple was at that time in use as a police station, that Nikanor was a policeman, and that Herakleia was his prisoner. Upon this hypothesis it may be reasonably held that Nikanor was drunk, and Herakleia had suffered a stroke of apoplexy in the street.

It turns out that El Mahdi has eighteen wives. He is the man whom General Gordon was going to send home by moral suasion.

A London jeweller has taken to making bracelets and a number of similar ornaments of iron. The articles are said to possess much beauty of both design and execution, but rich people will not buy them because they fear they will become common, and poor people stand shy of them because they are so dreadfully cheap.

Walk-around-and-Talk is the name of a Sioux Indian girl now in this city. She was named after a book agent that once visited the tribe.

In France a company has been organized to provide facilities for finding and restoring to their owners articles lost in trains, cabs, and elsewhere. Each subscriber's name is to be registered against a number in a book, and that number is to be marked on such articles as he thinks he may lose. It is expected that finders will send the articles found to an office of the company. A firm of locksmiths in London has long followed a similar system for the restoration of lost rings of keys.

Addressing a congregation in Baltimore on his return from Rome, Archbishop Gibbons said that the more he saw of Europe the more grateful was he that he was an American citizen. In the course of his address he presented these contrasts: "When I contemplate the standing armies of over a million soldiers in each of the principal countries of Europe, when I consider what an enormous drain these armies are on the resources of a country, and what a frightful source of immorality, when I consider that they are a constant menace to their neighbors and incentive to war, and when I consider that the subject of war engages so much of the attention of the cabinets of Europe; and when, on the other hand, I look upon our own country, with its fifty-five millions of inhabitants, and its little army of twenty-five thousand men scattered along our frontiers; when I consider that it needs its every citizen in a soldier without being confined in a barracks, and is ready to defend and to die for his country, . . .—I bless God for the favors He has vouchsafed us."

An "old member" in Congress is represented as having said to a Washington reporter, in an awful whisper and a melodramatic way: "There are lots of members of the House you couldn't get to sit there" (*i. e.*, in a line of seats alluded to as Fatality Row). "When the seats are drawn at the opening of each Congress, some of the members who know of the fatality that hangs about those seats are uncomfortable until they are all gone, for fear it will fall to their lot to get one; and when it comes to choosing between those and the otherwise less desirable seats in the rear, they always take a back seat." Only the novices fresh from their constituents sit in those seats. As the country grows, and the fatality which attaches to this row of chairs becomes known, it will probably be a common thing to see a row of Congressmen sitting on a fence in the neighborhood of the Capitol, and declaring that the country will not catch them throwing away their lives by sitting on Fatality Row.

The cable has announced that the young gentlemen of Paris have revolted against the regulation evening dress suit, and are arraying themselves in blue and brass as to their bodies, and pearl gray as to their legs. It is the opinion of tailors here that inasmuch as London sets the fashion in men's dress for Paris as well as for New York, the puny effort of the young Parisians to raise themselves above the level of claw-hammer-coated nothingness must fail. If there are any young gentlemen on this side of the water who feel as though they must appear in blue and brass, they can join a militia company and affect aversion for all civic gatherings.

It is not necessary to proclaim it in Boston, Philadelphia, and other sister cities, but it seems to be a fact that grand opera can't quite hold its own with the circus in this metropolis of ours. There are a good many worthy and wealthy people here who are capable of appreciating to the utmost the masterly flip-flaps executed in the tan of the circus ring, but who are a little uncertain when to applaud at the opera. To an equal if not greater extent this is undoubtedly true of every other city in the United States; only New York is put to a disadvantage by being subjected to the test, while no other city is in danger of being placed in a position where it must honestly show its preference or practice self-denial for appearance' sake. Love of the circus is a national weakness—or characteristic, rather—and it is so general among the best men and women of the land that the circus ring has been the abode of moral shows quite as much as, if not rather more than, the operatic stage has been. If it is said on the other side of the water that Americans are incapable of appreciating the opera, it is also said on this side that Europeans are not capable of fully appreciating the circus. But our cousins need not so remain, for a few wealthy and agile young men from the New World are even now engaged not only in teaching the people of Europe to love the circus, but in giving them instructions in the tricks of the sawdust landscape. Accounts of their flattering success were printed in this country a few weeks ago. No wonder that the circus is popular at home.

DIME EDUCATION.

PHILANTHROPICAL OLD GENTLEMAN. "That's it, my little men—studying hard, I see. Nothing like history. Suppose you tell me something about James the First?"

BOY. "He wasn't called on *first* in this book. His name was Jesse, and he was a buster. Wasn't he, Sid?"

SID. "You bet—every time!"

THE FLOODS IN THE TECHE COUNTRY, LOUISIANA.—From a Sketch by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 207.]

A FOX-HUNTER.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 207.]

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THE GRATEFUL HEART.

A PRAYER.

[On commencing my Eightieth Year.]

I.

Each morn I offer up a Grateful Heart
For Life and Health and Strength,
Bright Age and Hope:
And I behold Death's shining dart
(Poised at full length)
As through faith's telescope;
For I feel sure the Power that made
The substance rules the Essence and the Shade.

II.

O Life! from what far date—
Impossible to dream
As count the motes that in each solar beam
For centuries back might fade or concentrate.
O Life! thy wondrous gift
To me, if accidental, is the same;
And I a Grateful Heart uplift
Before a visionary altar-flame.
My spirit and my blood,
Pure and impure, they are my best,
And would be perfect if they could.

III.

But Life, how art thou multiplied
When sterling Health is thine heirloom!
It is the tree in constant bloom,
With fruit forever close beside

And if rare strength be also thine,
Thou shouldst with grateful heart-throb feel
Thou hast within thee means to shine
Beyond the warrior's burnished steel.

Then for the Right courageous ever be;
Pray for a will to back thy noblest hope,
Strive for the utmost good within thy scope,
Parading never false humility.

IV.

But if bright Age through lengthened years
O'erarch thee in a rainbow span,
Pray to work ever—white-hair'd man!—
With aims ne'er dashed by tears or fears,
Glad to live on, unwilling yet to die,
But ready for the hour,
As of a soft, revivifying shower,
With hopes beyond, chastened by resignation,
Here to await, or dart above yon sky
(Like a child reaching at a star,
Naught for man's hope can be too far),
Dust unto dust, or realized aspiration
With thy last smile, thy last faint sigh,
Be trustful in Life's grand Infinity

RICHARD HENGIST HORNE

December 31, 1883.

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "MY LADY'S MONEY," "THE MOONSTONE," "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE SECOND.

IN LONDON

CHAPTER XXX.

LADY DORIS.

The arrival of Miss Ladd some time before she had been expected interrupted the two girls at a critical moment. She had hurried over her business in London, eager to pass the rest of the day with her favorite pupil. Emily's affectionate welcome was, in some degree at least, inspired by a sensation of relief. To feel herself in the embrace of the warm-hearted school-mistress was like finding a refuge from Francine

When the hour of departure arrived, Miss Ladd invited Emily to Brighton for the second time. "On the last occasion, my dear, you wrote me an excuse; I won't be treated in that way again. If you can't return with us now, come to-morrow." She added, in a whisper, "Otherwise, I shall think you include me in your dislike of Francine."

There was no resisting this. It was arranged that Emily should go to Brighton on the next day

Left by herself, her thoughts might have reverted to Mrs. Ellmother's doubtful prospects, and to Francine's strange allusion to her life in the West Indies, but for the arrival of two letters by the afternoon post. The handwriting of one of them was unknown to her. She opened that one first. It was an answer to the letter of apology, which she had persisted in writing to Mrs. Rook. Happily for herself, Alban's influence had not been without its effect, after his departure. She had written kindly, but she had written briefly at the same time.

Mrs Rook's reply presented a nicely compounded mixture of gratitude and grief. The gratitude was addressed to Emily as a matter of course. The grief related to her "excellent master." Sir Jervis's strength had suddenly failed. His medical attendant, being summoned, had expressed no surprise. "My patient is over seventy years of age," the doctor remarked. "He will sit up late at night, writing his book; and he refuses to take exercise, till headache and giddiness force him to try the fresh air As the necessary result, he has broken down at last. It may end in paralysis, or it may end in death." Reporting this expression of medical opinion, Mrs. Rook's letter glided imperceptibly from respectful sympathy to modest regard for her own interests in the future. It might be the sad fate of her husband and herself to be thrown on the world again. If necessity brought them to London, would "kind Miss Emily grant her the honor of an interview, and favor a poor unlucky woman with a word of advice?"

"She may pervert your letter to some use of her own, which you may have reason to regret." Did Emily remember Alban's warning words? No; she accepted Mrs. Rook's reply as a gratifying tribute to the justice of her own opinions.

Having proposed to write to Alban, feeling penitently that she had been in the wrong, she was now readier than ever to send him a letter, feeling compassionately that she had been in the right. Besides, it was due to the faithful friend, who was still working for her in the reading room, that he should be informed of Sir Jervis's illness. Whether the old man lived or whether he died, his literary labors were fatally interrupted in either case, and one of the consequences would be the termination of her employment at the Museum. Although the second of the two letters which she had received was addressed to her in Cecilia's handwriting, Emily waited to read it until she had first written to Alban. "He will come to-morrow," she thought, "and we shall both make apologies. I shall regret that I was angry with him, and he will regret that he was mistaken in his judgment of Mrs Rook. We shall be as good friends again as ever"

In this happy frame of mind she opened Cecilia's letter. It was full of good news from first to last.

The invalid sister had made such rapid progress toward recovery that the travellers had arranged to set forth on their journey back to England in a fortnight. "My one regret," Cecilia added, "is the parting with Lady Doris. She and her husband are going to Genoa, where they will embark in Lord Janeaway's yacht for a cruise in the Mediterranean When we have said that miserable word good-by, oh, Emily, what a hurry I shall be in to get back to you! Those allusions to your lonely life are so dreadful, my dear, that I have destroyed your letter; it is enough to break one's heart only to look at it. When once I get to London, there shall be no more solitude for my poor afflicted friend Papa will be free from his Parliamentary duties in August, and he has promised to have the house full of delightful people to meet you Who do you think will be one of our guests? He is illustrious, he is fascinating; he deserves a line all to himself, thus

"The Reverend Miles Mirabel!!

"Lady Doris has discovered that the country parsonage in which this brilliant clergyman submits to exist is only twelve miles away from our house. She has written to Mr Mirabel to introduce me, and to mention the date of my return We will have some fun with the popular preacher—we will both fall in love with him together

"Is there anybody to whom you would like me to send an invitation? Shall we have Mr Alban Morris? Now I know how kindly he took care of you at the railway station, your good opinion of him is my opinion. Your letter also mentions a doctor Is he nice? and do you think he will let me eat pastry if we have him too? I am so overflowing with hospitality (all for your sake) that I am ready to invite anybody and everybody to cheer you and make you happy again Would you like to meet Miss Ladd and the whole school?

"As to our amusements, make your mind easy

"I have come to a distinct understanding with papa that we are to have dances every evening—except when we try a little concert as a change Private theatricals are to follow, when we want another change after the dancing and the music. No early rising, no fixed hour for breakfast, everything that is most exquisitely delicious at dinner, and, to crown all, your room next to mine, for delightful midnight gossipings, when we ought to be in bed. What do you say, darling, to the programme?

"A last piece of news, and I have done

"I have actually had a proposal of marriage, from a young gentleman who sits opposite to me at the *table d'hôte* When I tell you that he has white eyelashes, and red hands, and such enormous front teeth that he can't shut his mouth, you will not need to be told that I refused him This vindictive person has abused me ever since in a most shameful manner I heard him last night under my window trying to set one of his friends against me 'Keep [illegible] of her, my dear fellow; she's the most heartless creature living' The friend took my part, he said, 'I don't agree with you, the young lady is a person of great sensibility' 'Nonsense,' says my amiable lover; 'she eats too much—her sensibility is all stomach' There's a wretch for you What a shameful advantage to take of sitting opposite to me at dinner! Good-by, my love, till we meet soon, and are as happy together as the day is long."

Emily kissed the signature. At that moment of all others Cecilia was such a refreshing contrast to Francine.

Before putting the letter away, she looked again at that part of it which mentioned Lady Doris's introduction of Cecilia to Mr Mirabel. "I don't feel the slightest interest in Mr Mirabel," she thought, smiling, as the idea occurred to her, "and I need never have known him but for Lady Doris, who is a perfect stranger to me."

She had just placed the letter in her desk when a visitor was announced. Dr Allday presented himself (in a hurry, as usual).

"Another patient waiting?" Emily asked, mischievously "No time to spare again?"

"Not a moment," the old gentleman answered. "Have you heard from Mrs Ellmother?"

"Yes."

"You don't mean to say you have answered her?"

"I have done better than that, doctor—I have seen her this morning."

"And consented to be her reference, of course?"

"How well you know me!"

Dr Allday was a philosopher: he kept his temper "Just what I might have expected," he said. "Eve and the apple. Only forbid a woman to do anything, and she does it directly—because you have forbidden her. I'll try the other way with you now, Miss Emily There was something else that I meant to have forbidden."

"What was it?"

"May I make a special request?"

"Certainly."

"Oh, my dear, write to Mrs Rook. I beg and entreat of you, write to Mrs Rook."

Emily's playful manner suddenly disappeared. Ignoring the doctor's little outbreak of humor, she waited in grave surprise until it was his pleasure to explain himself

Dr Allday, on his side, ignored the ominous change in Emily: he went on as pleasantly as ever "Mr Morris and I have had a long talk about you, my dear. Mr Morris is a capital fellow; I recommend him as a sweetheart. I also back him in the matter of Mrs. Rook. What's the matter now? You're as red as a rose. Temper again, eh?"

"Hatred of meanness," Emily answered, indignantly. "I despise a man who plots behind my back to get another man to help him. Oh, how I have been mistaken in Alban Morris!"

"Oh, how little you know of the best friend you have!" cried the doctor, imitating her. "Girls are all alike; the only man they can understand is the man who flatters them. Will you oblige me by writing to Mrs. Rook?"

Emily made an attempt to match the doctor with his own weapons. "Your little joke comes too late," she said, satirically "There is Mrs. Rook's answer Read it, and—" she checked herself even in her anger she was incapable of speaking ungenerously to the old man who had so warmly befriended her "I won't say to you," she resumed, "what I might have said to another person."

"Shall I say it for you?" asked the incorrigible doctor. "'Read it, and be ashamed of yourself,' that was what you had in your mind, isn't it? Anything to please you, my dear" He put on his spectacles read the letter, and handed it back to Emily with an impenetrable countenance. "What do you think of my new spectacles?" he asked, as he took the glasses off his nose "In the experience of thirty years I have had three grateful patients" He put the spectacles back in the case "This comes from the third. Very gratifying—very gratifying"

Emily's sense of honor was not the uppermost sense in her at that moment. She pointed with a peremptory forefinger to Mrs Rook's letter "Have you nothing to say about that?"

The doctor had so little to say about it that he was able to express himself in one word.

"Humbug!"

He took his hat, nodded kindly to Emily, and hurried away to feverish pulses waiting to be felt, and to furred tongues that were ashamed to show themselves.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MOIRA.

When Alban presented himself the next morning, the hours of the night had exercised their tranquillizing influence over Emily. She remembered, sorrowfully, how Dr Allday had disturbed her belief in the man who loved her, no feeling of irritation remained Alban noticed that her manner was unusually subdued she received him with her customary grace, but not with her customary smile

"Are you not well?" he asked.

"I am a little out of spirits," she replied "A disappointment—that is all"

He waited a moment, apparently in the expectation that she might tell him what the disappointment was. She remained silent, and she looked away from him Was he in any way answerable for the depression of spirits to which she alluded? The doubt occurred to him, but he said nothing.

"I suppose you have received my letter?" she resumed

"I have come here to thank you for your letter"

"It was my duty to tell you of Sir Jervis's illness, I deserve no thanks."

"You have written to me so kindly," Alban reminded her, "you have referred to our difference of opinion, the last time I was here, so gently and so forgivingly—"

"If I had written a little later," she interposed, "the tone of my letter might have been less agreeable to you I happened to send it to the post before I received a visit from a friend of yours—a friend who had something to say to me after consulting with you"

"Do you mean Dr. Allday?"

"Yes"

"What did he say?"

"What you wished him to say. He did his best, he was as obstinate and unfeeling as you could possibly wish him to be, but he was too late. I have written to Mrs Rook, and I have received a reply" She spoke sadly, not angrily, and pointed to the letter lying on her desk.

Alban understood he looked at her in despair "Is that wretched woman doomed to set us at variance every time we meet!" he exclaimed.

Emily silently held out the letter.

He refused to take it. "The wrong you have done me is not to be set right in that way," he said. "You believe the doctor's visit was arranged between us I never knew that he intended to call on you; I had no interest in sending him here, and I have no wish to offer an opinion on your correspondence with Mrs. Rook."

"I don't understand you."

"You will understand me when I tell you how my conversation with Dr Allday ended. I have done with interference, I have done with advice. Whatever my doubts may be, all further effort on my part to justify them—all further inquiries, no matter in what direction, are at an end: I make the sacrifice for your sake. No! I must repeat what you said to me just now: I deserve no thanks. What I have done has been done in deference to Dr. Allday, against my own convictions, in spite of my own fears. Ridiculous convictions! ridiculous fears! Men with morbid minds are their own tormentors. It doesn't matter how I suffer, so long as you are at ease. I shall never thwart you or vex you again. Have you a better opinion of me now?"

She made the best of all answers—she gave him her hand.

"May I kiss it?" he asked, as timidly as if he had been a boy addressing his first sweetheart.

She was half inclined to laugh and half inclined to cry "Yes, if you like," she said, softly.

"Will you let me come and see you again?"

"Gladly—when I return to London."

"You are going away?"

"I am going to Brighton this afternoon, to stay with Miss Ladd."

It was hard to lose her on the happy day when they understood each other at last. An expression of disappointment passed over his face. He rose, and walked restlessly to the window. "Miss Ladd?" he repeated, turning to Emily as if an idea had struck him. "Did I hear at the school that Miss De Sor was to spend the holidays under the care of Miss Ladd?"

"Yes."

"The same young lady," he went on, "who paid you a visit yesterday morning?"

"The same."

That haunting distrust of the future, which he had first betrayed and then affected to ridicule, exercised its depressing influence over his better sense. He was unreasonable enough to feel doubtful of Francine simply because she was a stranger

"Miss De Sor is a new friend of yours," he said. "Do you like her?"

It was not an easy question to answer, without entering into particulars which Emily's delicacy of feeling warned her to avoid. "I must know a little more of Miss De Sor," she said, "before I can decide."

Alban's misgivings were encouraged by this evasive reply He began to regret having left the cottage on the previous day when he had heard that Emily was engaged. He might have sent in his card, and might have been admitted. It was an opportunity lost of observing Francine. On the one occasion when he had spoken to her—that is to say, on the morning of her first day at school, when they had accidentally met at the summer house—she had left a disagreeable impression on his mind. He had not thought of her since, but he remembered now that he had disliked her.

"Is any day fixed for your return to London?" he asked.

"Not yet," she said. "I hardly know how long my visit will be"

"In little [illegible] than a fortnight," he continued, "I shall return to my classes they will be dreary classes without you. Miss De Sor goes back to the school with Miss Ladd, I suppose?"

Emily was at a loss to account for the depression in his looks and tones while he was making these unimportant inquiries. She tried to rouse him by speaking lightly in reply

"Miss De Sor returns in quite a new character, she is to be a guest instead of a pupil Do you wish to be better acquainted with her?"

"Yes," he said, gravely, "now I know that she is a friend of yours." He returned to his place near her "A pleasant visit makes the days pass quickly" he resumed "You may remain at Brighton longer than you anticipate, and we may not meet again for some time to come. If anything happens—"

"Do you mean anything serious?" she asked

"No, no! I only mean—if I can be of any service In that case, will you write to me?"

"You know I will!"

She looked at him anxiously He had completely failed to hide from her the uneasy state of [illegible] mind a man less capable of concealment of feeling never lived. "You are anxious, and out of spirits," she said, gently. "Is it my fault?"

"Your fault? Oh, don't think that! I have my dull days and my bright days, and just now my barometer is down at dull." His voice faltered in spite of his efforts to control it, he gave up the struggle, and took his hat to go. "Do you remember, Emily, what I once said to you in the garden at school? I still believe there is a time of fulfillment to come in our two lives" He suddenly checked himself, as if there had been something in his mind to which he hesitated to give expression, and held out his hand to bid her good-by

"You said something more to me," she reminded him. "You said, 'Happen what may in the interval, I trust the future.' Do you feel the same trust still?"

He sighed, drew her to him gently, and kissed her on the forehead. Was that his only reply? Before she was calm enough to speak to him, he was gone.

On the same day Emily was at Brighton.

Francine happened to be alone in the drawing-room. Her first proceeding, when Emily was shown in, was to stop the servant.

"Have you taken my letter to the post?"

"Yes, miss."

"It doesn't matter." She dismissed the servant by a gesture, and burst into such effusive hospitality that she actually insisted on kissing Emily. "Do you know what I have been doing?" she said. "I have been writing to Cecilia—directing to the care of her father at the House of Commons. I stupidly forgot that you would be able to give me the right address in Switzerland. You don't object, I hope, to my making

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1400.

myself agreeable to our dear, beautiful, greedy girl? It is of such importance to me to surround myself with influential friends—and, of course, I have given her your love. Don't look disgusted! Come and see your room.—Oh, never mind Miss Ladd. You will see her when she wakes. Ill? Is that sort of old woman ever ill? She's only taking her nap after bathing. Bathing in the sea at her age! How she must frighten the fishes!"

Having seen her own bed-chamber, Emily was next introduced to the room occupied by Francine.

One object that she noticed in it caused her some little surprise, not unmingled with disgust. She discovered on the toilet-table a coarsely caricatured portrait of Mrs. Ellmother. It was a sketch in pencil—wretchedly drawn, but spitefully successful as a likeness. "I didn't know you were an artist," Emily remarked, with an ironical emphasis on the last word. Francine laughed scornfully, crumpled the drawing up in her hand, and threw it into the waste-paper basket.

"You satirical creature!" she burst out, gayly. "If you had lived a dull life at San Domingo, you would have taken to spoiling paper too. I might really have turned out an artist if I had been clever and industrious like you. As it was, I learned a little drawing—and got tired of it. I tried modelling in wax—and got tired of it. Who do you think was my teacher? One of our slaves."

"A slave!" Emily exclaimed.

"Yes, a mulatto, if you wish me to be particular; the daughter of an English father and a negro mother. In her young time (at least she said so herself) she was quite a beauty, in her particular style. Her master's favorite, he educated her himself. Besides drawing, and painting, and modelling in wax, she could sing and play—all the accomplishments thrown away on a slave! When her owner died, my uncle bought her at the sale of the property."

A word of natural compassion escaped Emily—to Francine's surprise.

"Oh, my dear, you needn't pity her! Sappho (that was her name) fetched a high price, even when she was no longer young. She came to us by inheritance, with the estates and the rest of it, and took a fancy to me when she found I didn't get on well with my father and mother. 'I owe it to my father and mother,' she used to say, 'that I am a slave. When I see affectionate daughters, it wrings my heart.' Sappho was a strange compound. A woman with a white side to her character, and a black side. For weeks together she would be a civilized being. Then she used to relapse, and become as complete a negress as her mother. At the risk of her life she stole away on those occasions into the interior of the island, and looked on, in hiding, at the horrid witchcrafts and idolatries of the blacks; they would have murdered a half-blood, prying into their ceremonies, if they had discovered her. I followed her once as far as I dared. The frightful yellings and drummings in the darkness of the forest frightened me. The blacks suspected her, and it came to my ears. I gave her the warning that saved her life (I don't know what I should have done without Sappho to amuse me); and from that time I do believe the curious creature loved me. You see I can speak generously even of a slave!"

"I wonder you didn't bring her with you to England," Emily said.

"In the first place," Francine answered, "she was my father's property, not mine. In the second place, she's dead. Poisoned, as the other half-bloods supposed, by some enemy among the blacks. She said herself she was under a spell."

"What did she mean?"

Francine was not interested enough in the subject to explain. "Stupid superstition, my dear. The negro side of Sappho was uppermost when she was dying—there is the explanation. Be off with you! I hear the old woman on the stairs. Meet her before she can come in here. My bedroom is my only refuge from Miss Ladd."

On the morning of the last day in the week Emily had a little talk in private with her old school-mistress. Miss Ladd listened to what she had to say of Mrs. Ellmother, and did her best to relieve Emily's anxiety. "I think you are mistaken, my child, in supposing that Francine is in earnest. Her great fault is that she is hardly ever in earnest. You can trust to my discretion; leave the rest to your aunt's old servant and to me."

Mrs. Ellmother arrived punctual to the appointed time. She was shown into Miss Ladd's own room. Francine—ostentatiously resolved to take no personal part in the affair—went out for a walk. Emily waited to hear the result.

After a long interval Miss Ladd returned to the drawing-room, and announced that she had sanctioned the engagement of Mrs. Ellmother.

"I have considered your wishes in this respect," she said. "It is arranged that a week's notice on either side shall end the term of service after the first month. I did not feel justified in doing more than that. Mrs. Ellmother is such a respectable woman, she is so well known to you, and she was so long in your aunt's service, that I am bound to consider the importance of securing a person who is exactly fitted to attend on such a girl as Francine. In one word, I can trust Mrs. Ellmother."

"When does she enter on her service?" Emily inquired.

"On the day after we return to the school," Miss Ladd replied. "You will be glad to see her, I am sure. I will send her here."

"One word more before you go," Emily said. "Did you ask her why she left my aunt?"

"My dear child, a woman who has been five-and-twenty years in one place is entitled to keep her own secrets. I understand that she had her reasons, and that she doesn't think it necessary to mention them to anybody. Never trust people by halves—especially when they are people like Mrs. Ellmother."

It was too late now to raise any objections. Emily could only hope that Francine's curiosity would wear itself out with the lapse of time. It was a relief, rather than a disappointment, to discover that Mrs. Ellmother was in a hurry to get back to London by the next train. She had found an opportunity of letting her lodgings, and she was eager to conclude the bargain. "You see I couldn't say Yes," she explained, "till I knew whether I was to get this one place or not—and the person wants to go in to-night."

Emily stopped her at the door. "Promise to write, and tell me how you get on with Miss De Sor."

"You say that, Miss Emily, as if you didn't feel hopeful about me."

"I say it because I feel interested about you. Promise to write."

Mrs. Ellmother promised, and hastened away. Emily looked after her from the window as long as she was in view. "I wish I could feel sure of Francine," she said to herself.

"In what way?" asked the hard voice of Francine, speaking at the door.

It was not in Emily's frank and fearless nature to shrink from a plain reply. She completed her half-formed thought without a moment's hesitation.

"I wish I could feel sure," she answered, "that you will be kind to Mrs. Ellmother."

"Are you afraid I shall make her life one scene of torment?" Francine asked, with her keenest irony. "How can I answer for myself? I can't look into the future."

"For once in your life can you be in earnest?" Emily said.

"For once in your life can you take a joke?" Francine replied.

Emily said no more. She privately resolved to shorten her visit to Brighton.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POT-HUNTERS.

The attention which within a few years has been given to gunning by a large class of people has brought to the fore the professional gunner or guide. When this demand first arose the earlier recruits were men well advanced in years, who in their youth gained their training as gunners for the market. This class is fast disappearing. In its place a very different order of men has been produced. The original lot were—and what few are left are—simple, guileless, genial characters, endowed with a conscience and desire to do their best for their clients. The new race, while not deficient in technical skill, have lost all the interesting characteristics of their predecessors, and developed into the professional "sporting man," with all his faults and vices many times exaggerated. With the disappearance of the original professional gunner, the old-time sportsman is passing away. Possibly with the gunners of the present *régime* the guide of to-day is a more congenial companion. Were it not so he would not exist. The gunners referred to in this brief article are the expert, simple, highly trained men, the original founders of the order. Only within a very few years, comparatively speaking, have they had an existence. So rapid, however, is our development that within this brief period they have been thrust one side, and a new race has taken their place.

This older set had incontestably the advantage, inasmuch as their opportunities for studying the habits of game were so very much more extensive. Where a hundred birds or other game were found then, but one can be found to-day. Moreover, that eighth sense, called instinct or prescience, was very acutely developed in these men. In the younger generation it is wanting. Cupidity and trickery have taken its place. This quality of instinct or prescience the former called "luck." Indeed, this is the name given to it by the world in general. That it is not mere hazard, but the working of a force of which we are entirely unconscious, was often seen in the case of these professional gunners. Given two of these of an equal intelligence and skill, equally well equipped, start them both under precisely the same conditions: one will invariably be the more "lucky," or, in other words, he is more keenly endowed than his companion with this quality called "instinct," this eighth sense, which unconsciously impels him in a direction in which game will be found in greater abundance. Those who have observed closely or had much intercourse with the professional gunner of the past can not fail to have noted the existence of this peculiarity, and its stronger development in him than in any other class of men.

In addition to a phenomenal skill and dexterity in the use of his gun, rusty and tied up with strings, he had a high sense of humor and Rabelaisian wit, which gave great interest and point to all his sayings and doings. One of these in particular, *facile princeps* in his profession, and not unknown to fame, in order to repair the ravages of time, equipped himself with a full set of false teeth. He was in his day a noted trapper. He averred—and it is his word which must be taken for the truth of the statement—that by an ingenious attachment to his false teeth (which he called his "jaws") it was his custom to use them at night as a trap with which to capture mice. The grotesqueness of this performance gave him much delight. He has devoted many an hour, awaiting the coming of birds, to a description of the mice struggling between the edges of the upper and lower teeth.

He was a man entirely insensible to the rigors of the weather. On a certain occasion, however, he was observed, under circumstances which hardly warranted it, to betray evidences of acute suffering from the cold. He could not himself for some time account for so unusual an occurrence. Suddenly he put his hand to his mouth, and exclaimed, "That's what's the matter; I've come away and forgotten my jaws"—his false teeth. He immediately put up his sail and started for home to get his dental equipment. On his return, having accomplished his purpose, although the cold became more intense every hour, he was apparently the only thoroughly comfortable person in the group. Probably this is the first instance on record where a set of false teeth has served the purpose of an extra supply of clothing.

A few years more will see the last of this older race of gunners. The new school will doubtless have their professional stories to relate to their patrons. They can not, however, fail to lack the picturesque grotesqueness of those of their far abler and more interesting predecessors.

GASTON FAY.

THE NEW SPEAKER.

The successor of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Brand, G.C.B., in the Speakership of the British House of Commons, is Mr. Arthur Wellesley Peel, M.P. for Warwick. Mr. Arthur Peel, who is the youngest son of the late Sir Robert Peel, Prime Minister, was born in August, 1829, and was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1852, and was second class in the mathematical school. His name appears on the rolls of the Inner Temple as a student, but he was never called to the bar. He unsuccessfully contested Coventry in 1863, but in 1865 he was returned as a Liberal for Warwick, for which borough he has sat since. He was Secretary to the Poor Law Board from December, 1868, to January, 1871; Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade from the latter date to August, 1873; and then Secretary to the Treasury until February, 1874. He was also Under Secretary of State for the Home Department from April to December, 1880. He married, in 1862, the eldest daughter of William Stratford Dugdale, of Merevale, Warwickshire. His country residence is The Lodge, Sandy, Bedfordshire.

Mr. Labouchere says of the new Speaker, in London *Truth*: "He is a handsome gentleman, of imposing stature; but the effect of his full-bottomed wig is spoiled by his beard. When sitting in his chair he looks exactly like one of the sculptured warriors of Nineveh." We give his portrait on page 209.

A FLOOD SCENE ON THE TECHE.

The Teche country of southwestern Louisiana is a region of surprises to even the most cynical of sight-seers, for here Nature at last seems determined to show that even man's exaggerations and her own wonders can be for once brought together in a great harmonious whole.

For miles above Morgan City the shores are low and flat, and as uninteresting, from a pictorial point of view, as the great covered wharves and the immense skeleton-like iron railroad bridge that spans the river at this point. The sun beats down as the steamer pushes along the glassy surface of the water, and there appears to be no relief, when suddenly the shores converge, the banks rise higher, clumps of trees appear, and before you fully realize it you are at the entrance of the Bayou Teche. The change of scenery is magical and complete. At the very entrance, on the point of land to the right, are two mound-like elevations, grass-covered, delightfully green, a quaint old building stands beside, mossy-roofed, and over all spread the branches of some giant live-oaks. Their full-leaved boughs, glistening in the sun, cast shadows as cool, dark, and inviting as some rocky cavern, and from beneath trickles a rivulet to the water's edge.

The Teche is but a few hundred feet wide at this point, but the navigable waters extend for 110 miles north, and pass through a country as rich in natural products and beautiful in scenery as any on earth. The grandest of live-oaks, with their patriarchal beards of Spanish moss, stand in thousands along its banks, and but half conceal vistas of cultivated fields beyond.

The finest sugar plantations meet the eye at frequent intervals, and every bend of the river discloses new scenes of agricultural beauty and thrift.

Scores of populous towns nestle among the oaks upon its banks, while the bridges that span the stream seem endless. Some of these, at your approach, break in the middle, and tossing themselves upward, hold their giant arms aloft as the steamboat passes under; while others are veritable floating rafts, which break likewise in mid-section, but fold back their portals mysteriously on the tide.

Long rafts of timber from the clearings further up follow the river's serpentine course to the saw-mills nearer its mouth, and huge stern-wheelers crowd your craft under the spreading oaks as they pass continually, almost hidden beneath their loads of sugar and cotton. It is a land filled with beauty and abundance—a beauty so strange and weird that the great poet Longfellow was enabled to give us, by his reflection alone, in a few masterly touches, a perfect outline of it in that saddest of poems, the story of Evangeline. Every line and word of that plaintive tale brings up in the memory of one who has seen the place new recollections of its dreamy bayous and velvety prairies, yet the great master never visited the land of which he sings.

"Not far to the southward, on the banks of the Teche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
Beautiful is the land with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

And yet these garden spots, these store-houses where Nature has thrown down and heaped up in strange confusion her richest treasures, these broad loamy prairies, those velvety hills beneath which man finds untold millions of tons of the finest salt, whose surface yields the sweetest of sugars, whose forests of oaks are the growth of centuries, where cotton and rice alike flourish—are retarded in their proper development by the floods, those treacherous outbreaks of the Mississippi which, though occurring hundreds of miles away, wind their sinuous course through forest and channel to submerge the finest of these lands.

The visitor will see on trees, houses, and fences the water-marks of former flood years—a levelling line truer than can be made by engineer or instrument. The accounts of the sufferings of those in the Atchafalaya and Teche districts, described by those who accompanied the *Times-Democrat* relief steamer on her errand of mercy and succor, form a terrible chapter of suffering. Whole districts were inundated, crops ruined, herds destroyed. For weeks no communication was had but by boats, and a village scene in which the principal avenues were but canals, as depicted on page 204, was one too familiar to strike as strange the imagination of any but a visitor.

J. O. DAVIDSON.

RICHARD HENGIST HORNE.

When Richard Hengist Horne closed his eyes to earthly things, on the 17th inst., he was the oldest English writer of any note. Little is known of his life, the year of his birth being stated as 1802 or 1803, nor of his family, except that his father died in his childhood, and that, his mother marrying again, he was placed at Sandhurst College, where he was trained for a military life, in the expectation of securing a cadetship in the service of the East India Company. Failing in this, he became a midshipman in the Mexican navy, which was then engaged in a struggle with Spain, was a sharer in several sea fights, and was present at the storming of San Juan de Ulloa. The independence of Mexico being achieved, he returned to England by the way of the United States, and his small patrimony having been wasted by one of his guardians, he was left to his own devices. They appear to have drawn him toward literature, but in what direction at the start we are left to conjecture, for bibliography, which enables us to trace the career of many lesser writers, does not enable us to trace him beyond 1837, when he published his first, and in some respects his greatest work, *Cosmo de' Medici*. It was followed in 1838 by *The Death of Marlowe*, in 1840 by *Gregory the Seventh*, in 1843 by the epic of *Orion*, and in 1848 by the mystery of *Judas Iscariot*. Besides these volumes, to which his maturest powers were deliberately put forth, and which constitute his chief claim to remembrance, he wrote largely in prose in less ambitious fields, impelled thereto, without doubt,

"By that eternal want of pence
Which vexes public men."

Well known as an author, he numbered among his personal friends such men as Thackeray, Dickens, Jerrold, Browning, Procter, Hunt, and Lytton Bulwer, and such women as Mary Russell Mitford and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. He shared with Miss Mitford the distinction of being one of the most helpful literary advisers of Miss Barrett, who was his co-laborer on *The New Spirit of the Age*, and whose letters to him during the progress of that work and of *Chaucer Modernized* (1840), in which she also assisted him, are the only specimens of her correspondence that have yet been given to the world. He was a member of the company of amateurs who played in *Not so Bad as We Seem* for the Guild of Literature and Art, and for years it was his last appearance in England, for at the age of fifty his old spirit of adventure seized him, and he emigrated to Australia, where, beginning as a digger in the gold fields, he acted as Chief of the Mounted Police, and afterward as Gold Commissioner. He returned to England fourteen years ago, apparently not much enriched with this world's goods, and had his early place accorded to him by the generation of poets that had grown up since his departure. Loyal to the fame that he won in his manhood by *Cosmo de' Medici* and *Orion*, they made pilgrimages to his modest apartments near Regent's Park, and were graciously welcomed by the old poet, whose heart was as young as theirs despite his silver hair, and whose spirit was as indomitable as when he saw Orion's morn after morn in his youth.

Richard Hengist Horne shares the fate of Walter Savage Landor in that he has a great reputation but no readers. When I say no readers I do not forget that his writings are occasionally to be found in the libraries of students, as the writings of Beddoes and Bailey are. I merely mean that he is not read as all poets would wish to be read. His reputation is confined to the closet, because the form of verse by which it was won is essentially obsolete. He did not, he would not, perceive that the dramatic spirit which he sought to revive had long since departed from English poetry. The history of the drama of his own time, acted and unacted, taught him nothing. He maintained that his last tragedy (*Laura Dibalzo*, 1880), like all his previous dramas, was systematically constructed for stage representation—a few speeches being, as usual, cut down to square with the imperative clock. "But until we have a national theatre, as in Paris, which shall not be of necessity a commercial speculation, there is no hope for us." If he had been born two centuries earlier, there would have been another great English dramatist. As it is, we can only say that the last of the Elizabethans has died in Richard Hengist Horne.

R. H. STODDARD.

THE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THE PARK AVENUE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THIS fine edifice, which stands on the corner of Park Avenue and Eighty-sixth Street, in this city, was dedicated on March 23. It has been designed by its architects, J. C. CADY & Co., to meet the needs of a large and active church, which has a numerous attendance upon its various services, and is engaged in many forms of Christian and charitable work, especially among the poor.

The building is especially interesting to a careful study of these various wants, and a solution of the difficult problem which they present. The result is a building quite different from the ordinary church type, and which, while losing nothing in dignity and impressiveness, expresses the social and active features that are really characteristic of the church. The seats in the auditorium are all within easy range of the speaker's eye. Columns and arches are so arranged that the view from the seats is not interfered with, while a spacious and social effect is gained. The organ, singers' gallery, and pulpit fill the front of the audience room. These three features, important in the prayer and praise of the congregation, are emphasized as an effective whole, and suggest praise and worship. The large Sunday school hall, accommodating many hundred scholars, opens directly into the gallery of the audience-room.

The seating capacity of the auditorium will accommodate nearly one thousand people. In the rear of the main portion of the church, and connecting with it, is a well proportioned parsonage, with all modern improvements. The general architectural style is a phase of Old English, combining the sturdy Norman characteristics with the quaint rich detail of baronial times. This is seen in the treatment of the massive rock faced wall of the exterior, and the contrasting effect of the great columns and arches of the interior with the rich masses of detail which they inclose.

This is the third church building that has been erected by this society. The first was in 1837, when the original John Street Church—the first Methodist church edifice built in this country—was removed from "Bowery Village" to "Yorkville," and rebuilt upon what is now Eighty-sixth Street, between Park and Lexington avenues.

The second, a plain brick structure on the same site, was built in 1858. The congregation has grown, with the progress of the "up-town" movement of our population, into possibly the largest of its denomination in the city.

The church has had twenty-eight pastors during the forty-seven years of its existence, and four of them—the late Rev. Drs. A. M. OSBORN and STEPHEN D. BROWN, the Rev. ALBERT B. VAIL, D.D., and the present pastor—have each served the church during two pastoral terms.

The Park Avenue Methodist Church may be regarded as a typical Methodist society. The membership is gathered from the intelligent middle classes of society, who are in the Church to work for the advancement of the doctrines in which they have been educated and for the elevation of humanity. As a society, they have been distinguished for many years by the intelligent work which they have pursued among the people of this city, and for the support they have given to charitable purposes.

The men who have assumed the responsibilities of this enterprise know what it is to plan heroic things, and then execute them. They deserve well from all friends of New York Methodism and New York Christianity.

The pastor, the Rev. A. J. PALMER, holds an important relation to this enterprise. The youngest enlisted soldier in the Northern armies for the maintenance of the government, and one of the most noted survivors of Libby Prison, he has that personal magnetism, coming from a combination of self-reliance and self-forgetfulness, which eminently qualifies him to hold together and inspire a society in accomplish whatever tasks they may undertake.

THE OLD PENN HOUSE; BUILT IN LETITIA STREET, PHILADELPHIA, 1682; REMOVED TO FAIRMOUNT PARK, 1883.

R. H. HORNE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ELLIOTT & FRY, LONDON. (SEE PAGE 207.)

ARTHUR WELLESLEY PEEL, THE NEW SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—(SEE PAGE 207.)

THE ARCADE RAILWAY.

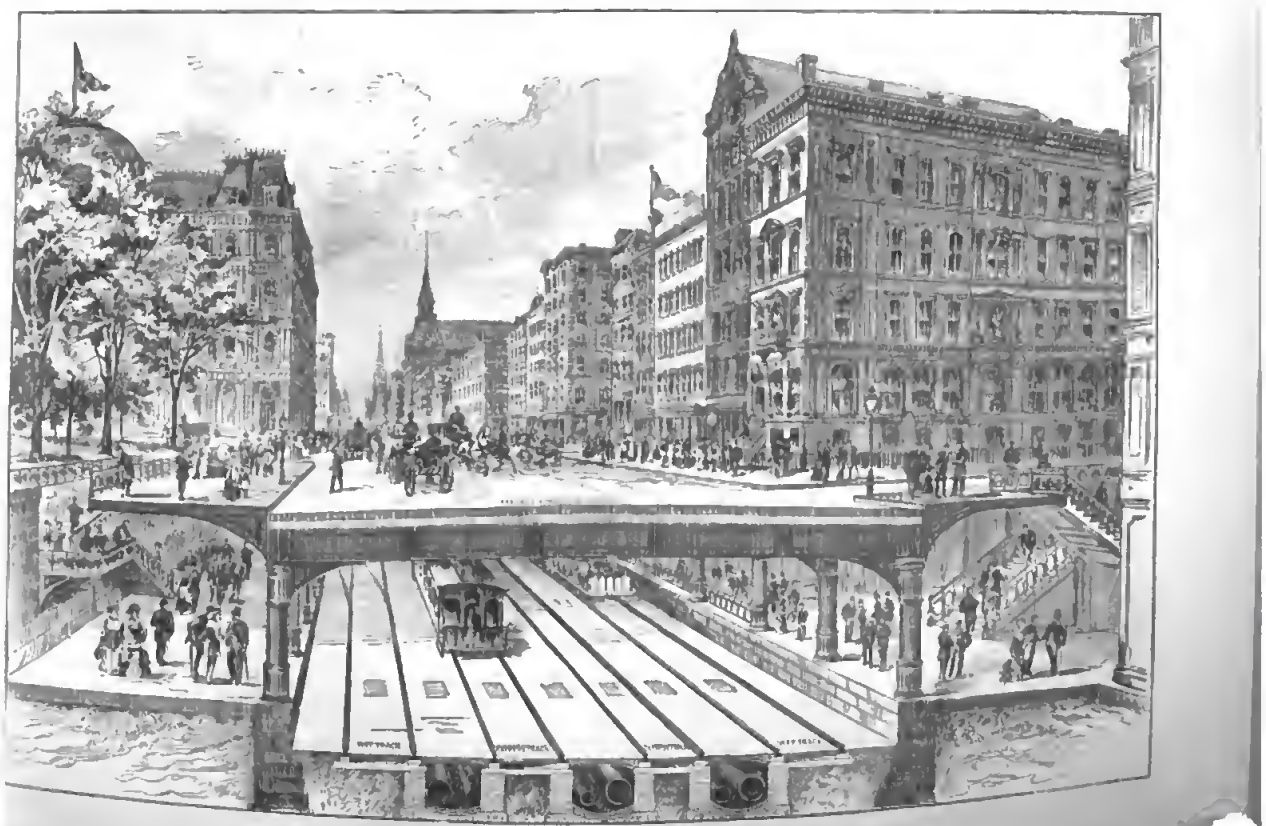
Those who from a long residence in New York have witnessed the gradual development of the facilities for transit between the lower portions of the city where business is concentrated and the upper portions devoted to residences, can not fail to contrast, with feelings of satisfaction, the conveniences, comforts, and saving of time now daily enjoyed, with the vexatious delays, the crowding, jolting, scrambling experience of the old omnibus days, when men were often obliged to walk several blocks uptown in the morning to meet one of these public conveyances which was not already too much crowded to permit one more squeezing in. It is nevertheless apparent to every one that even the present improved facilities of transit do not satisfy the public wants. New York is peculiarly situated topographically. A long neck of land by which the land approach to the lower part of the city is restricted to a comparatively narrow tract of several miles in length is flanked by broad areas of water across which common bridges are impracticable, and which, except in the direction of Brooklyn, present almost impassable barriers to extension, as well as serious obstacles to the movements of the immense throngs of people who daily come and go for business or pleasure.

To these peculiar conditions of topography is to be added another no less controlling in its influence on the question of transit, the fact that the business heart of the city is at the very extremity of this neck of land. The banks, the large mercantile houses, the insurance offices, the principal law offices, shipping offices, government offices, are all there firmly established.

Another and not by any means insignificant fact connected with the daily to-pouring and out-pouring of the human streams to and from this busy centre consists in the architectural changes which are taking place, the substitution of capacious high buildings for the lower and more irregularly built structures of the past. In this respect it may be said that the "elevator" has added several stories to the business portion of the city, thus causing a new and unexpected accumulation of people in many down-town districts during business hours.

It is not strange that this concentration of activity at the central point of a great and rapidly growing city should cause a corresponding crowding of the streets with vehicles and foot-passengers, and give rise to a demand for more rapid communication between the upper and lower parts of the city, or between the country and the heart of the town. The elevated roads do not fulfill this end. Although a very great and now indispensable way of communication, they can hardly be said to furnish *rapid* transit. They make too many stops, run too slowly, and pass too far from the main railroad connections to accommodate the public to the best advantage. A sub-surface road is the only one which will permit sufficient speed of movement to be really a rapid transit road. Under these points of view the Arcade Railway, the general design of which may be seen on the illustration presented on this page, seems to offer great advantages. It is proposed to add a story to Broadway, not above, but below the present surface of the street. The general plans seem to have been studied with great care, and are designed to provide not only through trains running at high speed, but slower trains on separate tracks for local accommodation and freight. Provision is also made for sewers, gas, and water mains in side channels, and also for well-lighted subway sidewalks. The present street surface and sidewalks are retained at their present grades, but are to be rebuilt, as the work progresses, in an improved manner, and will form a covering for the subways underneath. In an engineering point of view the work seems to present no extraordinary difficulties.

The progress of engineering science has been such during the last few years that with a liberal use of iron, and improved facilities for quarrying, blasting, and bridging, undertakings which a few years ago would have appeared impracticable now come within the scope of the most ordinary engineering practice. Broadway is not only the apparent but the real main artery of the city, and yet its narrow width in of itself sufficient to discourage any attempt to place along its course an elevated road or surface tracks. It is thus to a great extent left without the facilities of local communication which are enjoyed by other and less important streets; and it is in fact so far removed from the main lines of through transit on each side that this famous street is undoubtedly losing its prestige. The construction of the arcade subway, with its four lines of railroad and its sidewalks, would not only render more valuable the basement stories of all buildings along Broadway, but would, in the opinion of the engineers who have examined the plans, practically add a story to these buildings, since vaults and cellar basement rooms could be placed at still lower levels. According to these plans Broadway is practically made a street of two stories, the upper for carriages and pedestrians, and the lower being



THE PROJECTED ARCADE RAILWAY UNDER BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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devoted principally to railways. The methods and processes of construction have evidently been studied with a view to the least possible interruption of the ordinary traffic of the streets. It would be fatal to such an enterprise to propose a mode of construction which would require any portion of the streets to be closed during the process of excavation and the erection of the iron columns and girders on which the upper street is to rest. The designers have overcome this first and most serious obstacle at the outset by an ingenious method of proceeding, which constitutes one of the strongest guarantees of success. This consists in constructing, in advance of the work, as the excavations and other sub-surface works proceed, a false street 500 or 1000 feet in length, its grade being only four feet above the present grade, and its parts being portable, so that it can be pieced out or lengthened at the advancing end, and shortened at the following end as the arcade is finished underneath.

This plan permits of all excavations and other work for the lower story of the street to be conducted under cover of these bridges, while the latter form a temporary street, for a short distance, only a few feet above the present level, with easy approaches for the temporary passage of vehicles. All the material excavated, and the material required for the construction of the sub-surface roadway, is to be transported through the subway itself as it advances, thus avoiding serious obstruction of whatever kind in the street above.

It is stated in the report of the engineers that all the buildings built within the last twenty years have their foundations below the lowest excavations required. In case it should be found necessary, however, to extend such foundations downward, there is abundant experience to show that this can be done without difficulty.

Taken in all its features, this project in its engineering aspects, and its apparent advantages for rapid transit, combined with local and freighting facilities, is the only one which seems to meet the pressing needs of the present and the almost position demands of the future.

The indorsement which it has received from many eminent engineers as to its entire practicability renders its success a matter of finance—of cost, equipment, maintenance, and current expense—against receipts for transport of passengers and freight.

Its effect on Broadway, if we accept the conclusions arrived at by the designers, which do not appear to be exaggerated, will be to improve this important street in such a way as to restore and make permanent its old-time pre-eminence.

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In accordance with the provisions of the 5th section of the act of Congress making appropriations to supply deficiencies approved March 3, 1883, sealed proposals will be received at the Navy Department until noon on Saturday, May 3, 1884, at which time and place they will be opened, for the purchase of certain vessels which have been stricken from the Navy Register, under authority of an act of Congress approved August 5, 1882, and which it is deemed for the best interests of the United States to sell.

The vessels offered, their appraised value and their locality, are the Niagara, at Boston, Mass., $94,791; Florida, at New London, Conn., $62,701; Colorado $64,700, and Ticonderoga $34,000, at New York; Supply $885, at League Island, Penn.; Powhatan $6,901, at Port Royal, S.C.; Benicia $14,000, and Cyane $12,000, at Mare Island, Cal.

Proposals must be submitted in a sealed envelope, addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D.C., and endorsed "proposals for the purchase of vessels," so as to distinguish them from other communications. No offer for more than one vessel should be included within one proposal.

The vessels will be sold, for cash, to the person or persons, or corporation or corporations, offering the highest prices therefor above the appraised value thereof. Each bid or proposal must be accompanied by a deposit in cash (or satisfactory certified check) of not less than ten per cent. of the amount of the offer or proposal, and also a bond with a penal sum equal to the whole amount of the offer, with two or more sureties, to be approved by the Secretary of the Navy, conditioned for the payment of the remaining ninety per cent. of the amount of such offer or proposal within thirty days from the date of its acceptance. In case default is made in the payment of the remaining ninety per cent., or any part thereof, within that time, said cash deposit of ten per cent. shall be considered as forfeited to the Government, and shall be applied as directed in the act of March 3, 1883. All deposits and bonds of bidders, whose proposals shall not be accepted, will be returned to them within seven days after the opening of the proposals.

On application to the Department, a printed list will be furnished, giving general information concerning the vessels; also forms of bids and bonds which must be used by bidders. The vessels can be examined at any time by applying to the Commandants of the Navy Yards.

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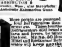

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STATEMENT OF THE
EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,
For the year ending December 31, 1883.

Ledger Assets, Jan. 1, 1883		$46,829,[illegible] 34
INCOME.		
Premiums	$10,727,847 [illegible]	
Interest, Rents, and Realized Net Profit on Investments and on Sales of Real Estate	2,742,[illegible] 73	13,[illegible] 40
		$60,[illegible] 23
DISBURSEMENTS.		
Claims by Death and Matured Endowments		$3,[illegible] 07
Dividends, Surrender Values, and Annuities		2,[illegible] 94
Discounted Endowments		[illegible]
Total Paid Policy Holders		$6,[illegible] 06
Dividend on Capital		7,000 00
Commissions, Advertising, Postage, and Exchange		1,[illegible]
General Expenses		[illegible]
State, County and City Taxes		[illegible]
Total Disbursements		$[illegible] 49
Net Cash Assets, Dec. 31, 1883		$[illegible] 73
ASSETS.		
Bonds and Mortgages		$13,072,941 20
New York Real Estate, including the Equitable Building and purchases under foreclosure		[illegible]
United States Stocks, State Stocks, City Stocks and Stocks authorized by the laws of the State of New York		15,341 [illegible] 12
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (market value, $[illegible])		[illegible]
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure and Society's Buildings in other cities		[illegible]
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies, at interest*		[illegible]
(*A large portion of this amount was in transit and has been since invested.)		
Commuted Commissions		[illegible]
Due from Agents on account of Premiums		[illegible]
		$[illegible]
Market value of Stocks and Bonds over cost		[illegible]
Interest and Rents due and accrued		[illegible]
Premiums due and in process of collection (less premiums paid in advance, $[illegible])		[illegible]
Deferred Premiums		[illegible]
Total Assets, Dec. 31, 1883		$[illegible]
Total Liabilities, including valuation at [illegible] per cent		[illegible]
Total Undivided Surplus		$[illegible]
Upon the New York standard of 4½ per cent interest the Surplus is		$[illegible]
Of which the proportion contributed (as computed) by Policies in general class is $[illegible]		
Of which the proportion contributed (as computed) by Policies in Tontine class is $[illegible]		
New Assurance in 1883		$[illegible]
Total Assurance		[illegible]

From the undivided surplus contributed by policies in the General class a reversionary dividend will be declared, available on settlement of next annual premium, to ordinary participating policies. From the undivided surplus contributed by policies in the Tontine class the amounts applicable to policies maturing within the current year will be duly declared, as their respective annual premiums become due.

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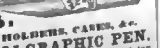
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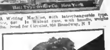

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 1424.

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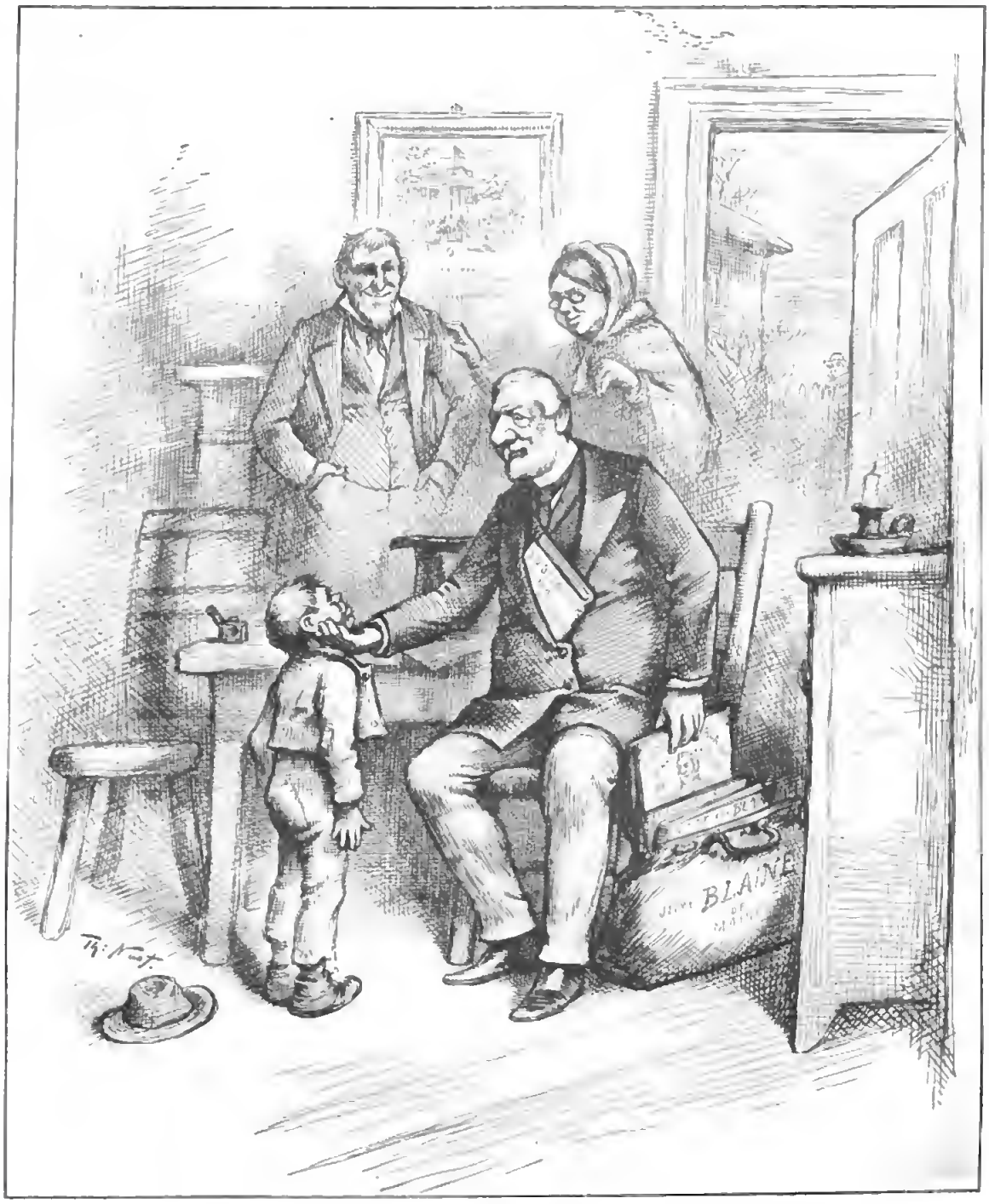

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1884.

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"THE DAY THAT JERRY REFORMED,"

a story for All-fools Day; there is a humorous sketch by ALLAN FORMAN, *entitled "Mr. Thompson and His Namesake"*; LUCY C. LILLIE *contributes an admirable article, entitled "The Queen's Grandchildren"*; *there are poems by* JOSEPHINE POLLARD *and* CLARA BROUGHTON; *and* E. CLOCK *contributes a mechanical article that will keep the boys busy, entitled "How to Make a Photographic Camera for Ten Cents."*

The following artists, MESSRS. WELDON, GRAHAM, J. C. BEARD, SOL EYTINGE, *and* PALMER COX, *contribute to the pictorial effect and the fun of this number. The sixth page contains two beautiful imaginative sketches by* JESSIE SHEPHERD.

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THE DEMOCRATIC SCHISM.

THE reluctance of the Democratic Representatives in Congress to go into a caucus upon the tariff bill was very significant. The bill of Mr. MORRISON merely reduces certain rates of duty. It is not a distinctively free-trade measure, and it recognizes the principle of protection. But it has produced a rupture in the Democratic party which no caucus action can heal, and it has probably destroyed the chance of Democratic success in the Presidential election. The reason is evident. It is that the MORRISON bill, although not a distinctively free-trade measure, nor hostile to the principle of protection, is yet the work of those who are known to be free-traders. The MORRISON bill is only a red hood, but to the sensitive eye of protective Democrats it is the wolf that it covers. The gentlemen who succeeded in making Mr. CARLISLE Speaker are Democrats, but they hold that Democracy to-day means nothing if not free trade, and just in the degree that they are believed to be honest they are fatally obnoxious to a large part of their own party.

The practical result of the situation in which the Democratic party is now involved, unless the Republicans are stupid beyond belief, will be defeat at the election, and party reconstruction or fresh political re-adjustment. The only Democrats who hold to a clear and intelligible principle are the Democratic free-traders or revenue reformers, and in the end they are certain to prevail over the motley Democratic crew who have no principle whatever, and whose politics consist in "shinning round" to find some Republican offense, gravely declaring that the mission of the party is to reform abuses and purge the government of corruption. The steady Democratic votes in State Legislatures against reform, with the revelations that have been just officially made of the kind of purity and intelligence and economy that prevail in the municipal administration of New York, which is overwhelmingly and characteristically a Democratic government, are the best commentary upon this programme of reform.

It is now so clear that a large body of Democrats are resolutely bent upon a policy tending to free trade that the more conservative element of the party will see its defeat with indifference, and do nothing to prevent it. The nomination of a man of pronounced views, like Mr. CARLISLE or Mr. MORRISON, would be accepted by an influential part of the party as a surrender without a battle. Even the selection of a protectionist like Mr. PAYNE, while it would conceal the situation somewhat, could not allay the uneasy conviction of Democratic protectionists that the vital and progressive element of their party, while it would acquiesce in the nomination, would still continue the struggle in the Congressional districts, and would, in fact, not relinquish it until the free-trade tendency was established in actual legislation. This is to say that the situation is one in which a large and important body of Democrats fear the success of their own party. It is not a new situation. There were hosts of such Democrats during the war and in the elections of 1868 and 1872. The reasons then were different; but the fact in each case shows a profound conviction of the unquestionable truth that, despite much that Republicans themselves deplore, and many differences of opinion among Republicans, the Republican party, upon the whole, represents the real American principle, character, and intelligence, and may be most trusted to administer the government with that temperate and wise spirit of reform which the best interests of the American people require.

PREPARING FOR THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE local elections of delegates and the general consent of published Republican opinion in Pennsylvania and Ohio already shed light upon the actual Republican situation. It must be accepted as tolerably evident that neither of those States will favor the nomination of the President at Chicago. The reasons of the fact are not our present concern, but the fact itself is of a significance which the Republicans who desire that nomination should not disregard. With New York doubtful at the election, should a majority of the delegates from the State favor the President's nomination, and with Pennsylvania and Ohio opposed to the nomination, the wisdom of such a selection becomes plainly extremely doubtful. It may be a matter of surprise and regret that his prudent, tranquil, and, upon the whole, satisfactory administration has not commended the President more closely as a candidate to the two great central States beyond New York. But, we repeat, the fact is the important consideration.

It becomes expedient, therefore, for his friends to consider who would be their alternative choice in the Convention, and can they doubt that it must be some one who would certainly carry the State of New York, and to whom no reasonable opposition could be offered in Pennsylvania or Ohio? This being conceded, is it not equally clear that nobody could carry New York who is not acceptable to the Independents, and that the best candidate for Pennsylvania and Ohio would be one who would not arouse the old differences in the party, and who would not be thrown upon the defensive? If the view taken elsewhere be correct, that there is a deep Democratic distrust of Democratic success, and that many Democrats would see with equanimity a Republican elected, is it not the dictate of the simplest good sense to select a candidate who, while an undoubted Republican, would be a Republican whose career would least arouse personal opposition, and least excite apprehension for the future?

There are Democrats who already say privately, and say sincerely, that if the Republicans will but nominate a candidate who will not in himself excite opposition, they would be surprised and delighted at the issue of the canvass. Such Democrats mean not that they would necessarily vote for the Republican, but that they would not vote against him, and they would take this course, as Republicans took a similar course in New York in 1882, with the hope of regenerating their party. The advantage of this situation, however, would be entirely lost to the Republicans if the inference should be drawn that it would enable them to elect anybody whom they might nominate. This conclusion would be absurd. There are candidates who might be selected who would make it impossible for many of the Democrats of whom we speak not to support their own party candidate, and who would as certainly alienate the Independent vote, which is indispensable, and which it would be suicidal to drive away. The conditions of Republican success, although very simple and very obvious, can not be too often reiterated, and the vote necessary for success is not to be stampeded for any candidate, but it can be certainly won by ordinary sagacity.

A NATURAL PROTEST.

A DEMOCRATIC district committee in the city of New York has resolved that it will support no candidate for office who will not "pledge himself to work for the repeal of all civil service laws and acts." By civil service laws the committee means, of course, civil service reform laws. The first reason alleged for this action is that these laws are intended to steal from the people their "civil political rights." On the contrary, these laws break up the system which admits to the service only the favorites of politicians, and they give every honest and capable man an equal chance, whether he has the favor of politicians or not. Under the system which the committee approves at least ninety or ninety-five per cent. of the people are hopelessly excluded from the enjoyment of their equal right to enter the public service.

The second reason alleged is that the reform laws were passed by a Republican Congress for the purpose of keeping Republicans in office when it was expected that a Democratic President would be elected. The fact is that the acts were prepared by Democrats and Republicans together. They were supported in Congress by Democrats and Republicans, and they were adopted by a vote of both parties. In the State of New York they have no more faithful and efficient friend than the Democratic Governor, and the majority of the admirable State Commission is Democratic. The Democratic mistake has been just such party hostility as that shown by this committee, and by the party action in Ohio, and the adverse votes in the Legislatures of New York and Massachusetts. The reform acts do not retain Republican officers, because the power of removal is untouched by them. They certainly did not retain the Republicans whom Comptroller CHAPIN, of New York, has dismissed.

The last reason alleged is that not five members of the Legislature could pass the examinations required by the Commission. Let the committee be content to speak for itself. It ventures an ignorant assertion, which is ridiculously untrue. The examinations are very simple and reasonable, and exclude no competent man from the service. They serve as barriers to prevent this committee or any other set of politicians from thrusting their henchmen into public employment as a reward for personal and party service, and at the expense of honest and industrious tax-payers. There is no reason why hard-working men should be called upon to support either the bummers and tools or the members of district committees. The public service is not the property of trading politicians, but of the whole people. The people pay for it, and they are entitled to have in it men who mind their own business and properly earn their money, and such men the reform acts secure.

A NATIONAL SHAME.

IN the year of a Presidential election the appropriations for the support of the government are apt to be arbitrarily and unwisely reduced, because the parties desire to make a reputation for economy, and for a sensitive regard for what is called, with the true demagogic twang, "the people's money." There is no point at which this cutting down is more certain than the appropriation for the Indian service, and there is none where it works more cruel mischief, or is more essentially extravagant. Secretary TELLER'S estimates for the Indians have been reduced, but probably the larger part of the committee that votes the reduction has no adequate knowledge of the subject, and could give no better reason than the impatient feeling that the Indians are vermin and a nuisance, and that the only good Indian is a dead Indian.

Senator DAWES went out last summer as chairman of a committee to the Sioux reservation, and his report is, we believe, now in press. It will doubtless well reward careful study as a statement of one instance of the abominable bad faith of our treatment of the Indians. CHARLES SUMNER denounced the support of slavery in Kansas as "the crime against Kansas." That crime has been terribly expiated, but the crime against the Indians is still proceeding, and no one can know its details without the conviction that American rebuke of English government in Ireland is ridiculous so long as we are nationally responsible for the treachery of our Indian relations. The absolute general indifference to the subject is a public shame. But the facts may well temper our complacent national vanity as a just people. We make treaties with Indians which we do not pretend to keep. We turn them ruthlessly out of house and home when under our encouragement they have them. We make them dependent upon us, and starve them. Cruel individual crimes against them we do not redress. We have now surrounded them on all sides, and are constantly invading the land which we have guaranteed to them, and stealing it. There is nothing like a comprehensive, intelligent, and honest Indian policy, and the Interior Department, when endeavoring to pursue an honorable course, is constantly baffled by Congress.

The reasons of the general public indifference are obvious. The Indians are few; they are out of sight; they are partly uncivilized; they speak a strange language; they are not voters; they can not reward advocacy of their rights; and they are pressed by greedy and unscrupulous enterprise, and seem to offer, as in the Sioux reservation, which is a hundred and sixty miles long by a hundred miles wide, a hopeless obstruction to advancing civilization and prosperity. But it is not necessary that they should obstruct, and it is necessary that they should be treated honorably and wisely. Congress will take that course when public opinion requires it, and the Indian Rights Association, which was formed last year in Philadelphia—the city of brotherly love, in which the parent anti-slavery society, the first in the world, was formed before the Revolution—proposes to make an appeal to the opinion of the country, and serve as the medium between that opinion and Congress. One good effect of Congressional consciousness that there is a public opinion sincerely bent upon justice to the Indians may be seen in the passage by the Senate of the bill allotting land in severalty to the Indians upon the reservations, and extending over the Indians the protection of State and territorial laws. It is quite time that it was understood that there is still an oppressed race in this country whose wrongs it is the duty of every honorable American to see righted.

THE GOOD WORK AT ALBANY.

The good work goes bravely on at Albany. Mr Gibbs's bill which gives the Mayor of New York who will be elected this year the appointment of the Commissioner of Public Works and the Corporation Counsel has passed the Senate, and we hope will have passed the Assembly when this paper is issued. Senators Robb, of New York, and Newbold, of Dutchess, who are Democrats, voted for the bill, and there is certainly no reason why Democrats should not support it as well as Republicans.

The principle of the bill, as of all the city reform bills, is in no sense partisan. It is a sound principle of administration, and if the Democrats, as they insist, can always elect their municipal candidates by overwhelming majorities, they can always choose a Democratic Mayor, who shall be held immediately responsible to the people, and trades between Republican and Democratic bosses can be seriously obstructed, and, with an honest enforcement of the reformed system of appointments, made practically impossible. Mr. J. J. O'Brien, the recently elected chairman of the Republican Committee in the city, is understood to be in sympathy with the Democratic hostility to these bills. But the real line of division upon the subject is not between parties, but between honest, industrious, and tax-paying citizens and political shysters, in both parties, who wish to plunder the public treasury for party and personal advantage.

Messrs. Robb and Newbold, by sustaining the city reform bills, do their party a service which the Democrats who oppose the bills can not understand. It is such Democrats as they and the Governor who give their party all the chance which it has to carry the State at the election. It is because the Democrats who are generally sent from the city to the Legislature, and who oppose everything that looks to honest and economical government, are believed really to represent the spirit which controls the party, that intelligent and industrious citizens distrust it so profoundly. If Governor Cleveland and Messrs. Robb and Newbold were representatives of their party, instead of exceptions in it, who get scarcely a word of hearty praise from the Democratic press, the Republicans would have serious reason to be dismayed.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

The *Commercial Advertiser* is one of the old institutions of New York, and for many years, under the editorial control of Colonel William L. Stone and of Francis Hall, it was a conservative authority and a welcome family visitor. It has now passed under the control of a company of which Parke Godwin is president, and without changing its political sympathies and general character of bright and comprehensive news-monger, it proposes to move in the van of the intelligent and independent press of the country.

Every addition to that power, which is already great, is a subject of general congratulation. The day of the mere party "organ" is passing, and has, indeed, largely disappeared. Its tone survives mainly in the published interviews of party politicians who talk as the old party papers used to talk. These gentlemen say, for instance, "The wisdom of the Convention will select the best man, and the nominee of the Convention is my candidate." That it is their business to help the wisdom of the Convention to select a candidate whom they can heartily, not formally, support, and whose election is therefore so much the surer, does not seem to occur to these excellent persons.

This, however, is the duty and the pleasure of the independent, not the neutral or the indifferent, press. The power of the newspaper was never so great in this country as now, and its vigorous independence is the explanation. The strongest and most influential criticism and censure of party action comes from the press of the party, and it is much more from the press than from the delegates that a National Convention learns the real opinion and tendency of its own party. We cordially congratulate the renewed *Commercial* upon its admirable inaugural, and upon its pleasant prospects.

HASTY-PUDDING AND BOATS.

The "Hasty-pudding Club," a venerable body, but of ever young soul, at Harvard College, is to produce a musical burlesque of *Hernani* at the theatre of the old Union League Club, on Madison Square, on the evenings of the 3d and 4th of April. There is a list of patronesses of which any club might well be proud, and the young amateurs are of an excellent reputation. They act and sing in aid of the University Boat Club. "Row, brothers, row," is the inspiring melody of their song, to which they hope to win many an old college boy, with his wife and children and all his relations, to contribute golden notes.

THE SITUATION IN THE SOUDAN.

Should bad news reach England from Khartoum, a dissolution of Parliament would seem to be inevitable. It is seldom that so much is put at stake upon the fate of one man, and he so little known to the general public, as was intrusted by England to General Gordon. His solitary journey through a hostile wilderness to a remote town in mid-Africa was an exceedingly romantic incident, and his safe arrival and a certain Oriental tone in his proclamations made a profound impression.

But the exact situation, beyond the two successful engagements of the British force near the shore of the Red Sea, is unknown. Even the consequences of those battles are not known, and the problem of the Soudan is unsolved. At the same time, Mr. Gladstone is undoubtedly ill, and there are strongly divided counsels in the British cabinet. What seems to be clear in the confusion is that circumstances quite beyond their control have forced the Gladstone government to a course which it would never have originated, and that the honorable policy is to occupy Egypt effectively.

Whatever the issue of the complication may be, should Mr. Gladstone retire from the head of the government, England would feel a fatal loss. There is no Tory leader whose accession would inspire confidence that the difficult questions would be wisely treated, and no Liberal who could fill the place of Gladstone. His age and natural decline of physical vigor are a grave misfortune to his country. His mental grasp and force happily seem to be in no degree relaxed. But no loss in this emergency would be so great as the loss of his counsel and leadership.

AN IMPORTANT COPYRIGHT DECISION.

A copyright decision interesting and important to authors has just been made in Chicago. The story of *The Bread-Winners* has attracted a great deal of attention in this country and England both during its serial publication in the *Century* magazine and in the volume issued under copyright by Harper & Brothers.

A Swedish weekly paper in Chicago, the *Gamla Och Nya Hemlandet*, naturally thought that the story would be extremely interesting to its readers, but apparently forgot that the right of publication belonged to the author and his publishers—that, in fact, it was their property, and was entitled to protection by law against appropriation in any form by unauthorized persons. It was very important to know whether authors and owners of copyrights had protection against unauthorized translations, and this is the very principle which has been now settled.

The Circuit Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois has decided that copyright within the country which it covers includes translations published within the same country. Under a decree of the court, and by the consent of all parties in interest, the Swedish paper was permitted to continue the publication of the translation, on publishing at the head of every issue of the story that it is a translation by permission of the holders of the copyright, and undertaking to make certain reparation, and to pay costs. Upon such an agreement they are released from all claim for damages. The point settled by this decree is one of great value both to authors and publishers.

MEDIÆVAL LEGISLATION.

There is a difference of opinion in England upon the scope of the law punishing blasphemy. Mr. Leslie Stephen thinks that it would include Mr. Herbert Spencer, and that he might be fined and imprisoned under the existing law. Lord Coleridge, on the other hand, holds that the law contemplates only indecent and ribald treatment of religious doctrines and sacred names. But whatever opinion may be entertained of Mr. Spencer and his views, no sensible man would suppose that the way to deal with his opinions is to fine and imprison him and burn his books. England usually prefers to allow bad laws to become obsolete, but a law subject to such an interpretation should be repealed.

A law equally mistaken in its principle exists in Ohio—a law which prohibits the intermarriage of white and colored persons, and which enacts a penalty for performing the marriage ceremony for such persons. There is also a law which provides separate schools for colored children. These laws a member of the Legislature has introduced a bill to repeal. In a State like Ohio there ought to be no question of the repeal. The stigma cast by such a law of marriage upon the colored citizens of the State is certainly an injustice of which they may rightfully complain. The warmest advocates of such restrictions always "give away" their case by emphasizing the repulsiveness of such unions. Very well, then, let them alone. No law is necessary to prevent people from doing what they strongly dislike to do. If there be such an instinctive repulsion, the law is absurdly superfluous. If there be none, the law is a flagrant outrage of the liberty of the citizen. Assuming the ill effects to the community of such unions, which must be the only rational plea for the prohibition, as there is no disposition toward them, the law is simply impertinent.

Such laws are the relics of a dark age from which we have happily emerged, and they should be obliterated from the statute-book, because they are a formal and official public proclamation of a feeling which the body of the laws and the spirit of the community do not recognize. That a law of Ohio should prohibit a citizen and a voter from honorably marrying any innocent person who desires to marry him is a fact which has a remote and pernicious influence and effect. The citizen of Copiah County, in Mississippi, could well say that the feeling which dictates such a law is that which, peculiarly exasperated, led to the massacre in that county. Those who disable the colored citizen so far as to disable him in marriage differ in degree only from those who disable him at the polls. Ohio certainly should not give aid and comfort to the enemies of the colored citizen. It is not enough that such a law be left to become obsolete; it should be repealed.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. P. L. Collins, the writer of the interesting article on the Dead-letter Office printed in another part of this paper, has for several years held an important and responsible position in that Department. Her fine culture, varied attainments, and the skill and ability displayed in the performance of the difficult and intricate duties of the service have won for her high and well-deserved repute. No one is better qualified than Mrs. Collins to give our readers an insight into the workings of this important branch of our postal service.

—The recent election of Mr Colin Hunter as an Associate of the Royal Academy was pleasantly signalized by a dinner given in his honor at the Reform Club by his old friend Mr William Black. The company brought together by Mr Black comprised, besides Mr Hunter, Mr Robert Browning, Mr Bret Harte, Mr Andrew Lang, Mr W. Herries Pollock, the new editor of the *Saturday Review*, Mr W. M. S. Ralston, Mr Hill, and Mr Robinson, of the *Daily News*, Mr Orchardson, R.A., Mr Briton Riviere, R.A., Mr L. Alma-Tadema, R.A., Mr Pettie, R.A., Mr T. Faed, R.A., Mr E. D. J. Wilson, of the *Times*, Mr E. W. Gosse, Mr Boughton, A.R.A., Mr Comyns Carr, Mr Theodore Watts, Mr E. A. Abbey, Mr William Ingram, Mr Austin Dobson, Mr Alfred Parsons, Mr Frederick Macmillan, Mr J. F. Pratt, and Mr. James Walker. There were no speeches, but in an informal way the company conveyed to the new Associate their hearty good wishes for his future prosperity.

—The Easter cards issued this year by Messrs. Prang & Co., of Boston, are of exquisite design and execution. Among the artists represented are Miss F. Bridges, Miss L. B. Humphrey, Mrs. O. E. Whitney, Miss L. M. Curtis, Miss Alice C. Swan, Mrs. E. T. Fisher, Mr W. Hamilton Gibson, and Mr Walter Satterlee. Besides the colored cards, there are two series of "Easter cards of ye Olden Time," the designs for which were made from the best examples of typography, book illustration, and page ornaments of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. They are printed in red and black.

—The *Academy* finds it "pleasing to learn from Mr Clarence Deming," an American journalist, that Mr Bradlaugh's "whole appearance and rhetoric constantly suggest Mr Beecher."

—Miss Mary Grace Walker has written a poem about Mr Browning, whose voice, she says, "first fell upon me as the sound of many waters. All my soul was stirred to listen, and, if haply I might, as I heard, fathom some measure of its depths profound."

—An admirer of the late François Lenormant finds him possessing a claim on the grateful remembrance of all who are interested in the history of man, because he was not only a scholar, but also a popularizer of the knowledge which scholars too often can not or will not communicate to the many.

—"I only ask," writes Mr Edward A. Freeman, "that Mr. Bradley or anybody else, before he reports opinions or statements of mine, would look to my own writings to see what my opinions and statements really are."

—Mr Andrew Lang, one of the most cultivated and agreeable of the English essayists who have come into prominence during the last few years, has accepted the editorship of the English edition of Harper's Magazine.

—From a sermon by a modern divine: "Wealth does not release its possessor from the obligation to work, but only enables him to do unpaid work, for society. The only difference ethically between the rich man and the poor man seems to be this, that the poor man receives his wages at the end of the week, and does not get them unless his work is first done, whereas the rich man receives his wages first, and is bound, as a matter of honor, to earn them afterward."

—In describing the amusements of the people Mr Walter Besant declares that the working-man can not play any game at all, neither cricket nor foot-ball. Nor does he run, leap, or practise athletics of any kind. He can not swim; he can not dance.

—Professor Rein defends the Japanese from some of their critics. They are a race of children—harmless, confiding, gay, and inclined at all ages to childish games; easily interested in anything new, even to the point of enthusiasm, but, when only half acquainted with it, becoming speedily weary of it. Though the wife is still only "the first servant of the household," yet a knowledge of the better notions of Europeans is tending to raise her in her husband's estimation.

—Mrs. Georgina Weldon has begun suit against Dr. Forbes Winslow because he wrote to her husband: "I have been to your house this morning, and have seen Mrs. Weldon, and I think it is my duty to inform you that it is imperative that immediate steps should be taken to secure her," that is, to put her in a lunatic asylum. Mrs. Weldon, who conducts her case in person, maintains that she is the victim of a studious effort to destroy her reputation and her liberty.

—An English woman writes: "Women's efforts in art are more appreciated than they suppose. In the matter of training they have equal advantages with men in the schools of art all over the United Kingdom; and in various branches of artistic decoration, design, art needle-work, and other remunerative employments they have the field entirely to themselves."

—A Scottish school-master has invented a novel punishment for incorrigible youngsters. He keeps a bottle of castor-oil in a convenient spot, and, when occasion arises, lubricates the face and the interior of the œsophagus of the offending pupil. The school trustees are after him.

—Says the *Spectator*: "The word 'ratting' is certainly not an honorific word. Why it should be thought in any way discreditable to the rats that they desert, as they are said to do, a ship about to sink or a house about to fall, we can not imagine. Men always apply the term 'ratting,' however, to cases in which they think that there is a certain reproach in the use of it; that is, they take the metaphor from the action of creatures quite free from any sort of tie to stand by a cause. That is very hard upon the rats."

—We could all eat with horn spoons instead of silver (observes a contemporaneous philosopher), and give the difference to the poor; but, if we did, civilization would be lost under an ocean of manufactured pauperism. Did not a clergyman in Elizabeth's reign denounce the monstrous luxury of using any forks at all, when God had so visibly given man five fingers to eat with?

—The late Augustus Schell was the son of an old New York merchant who fought in the war of 1812. Thirty years ago he was associated in politics with such men as William L. Marcy and Daniel S. Dickinson, and more recently has been the warm personal friend and coadjutor of Mr John Kelly, and one of the most influential members of the leading Democratic conventions. He was a bondsman of Jefferson Davis in 1866, a Presidential Elector in 1876, a candidate for Mayor of New York city in 1878, a director in several great business corporations, and a man of many friends.

—"I remember," says an esteemed correspondent, "to have swallowed an old copper cent, when a boy, thirty years ago. It stuck in my throat, and gave me a good deal of pain, in the course of which I ran to my grandmother's room, where of course I awakened the most active sympathy of the old lady and one of her neighbors. The remedies suggested were widely various, and I often laugh to think of the most vigorous of them. It was mentioned by my grandmother's visitor, not exactly as a prescription, but as a possible resource in the emergency. She wanted to know if it would not be expedient to dissolve the cent by giving me 'some acid.'"

—A Maryland gentleman informs the writer of this paragraph that it is impossible even for epicures to distinguish a red-headed duck from a canvas-back duck when either is brought on the table with its head cut off, and that when he has been out shooting it is his custom to present any canvas-backs he may have killed to his friends, they appreciating the compliment, and he and his family enjoying red-headed ducks worth $1 50 a pair just as much as canvas-back ducks worth $5 a pair. Such information, however, need not be too highly prized by the managers of hotels and restaurants.

—Prince Leopold, the Duke of Albany, the fourth and youngest son of Queen Victoria, died suddenly at Cannes on the 28th of March, as he was on the point of starting for Darmstadt to attend the wedding of his niece, the Princess Victoria of Hesse. He was in his thirty-first year. A portrait of the Prince was given in Harper's Weekly for June 19, 1880.

—Mr. William T. Walters, of Baltimore, has added to his collection of oil-paintings a splendid example of Corot's genius, which alone would justify that artist's great reputation. The subject is St. Sebastian, wounded by arrows in a forest glen, and attended by two sympathizing women, one of whom tenderly plucks a dart from his shoulder, while two cherubs hover in the air; and the little descriptive pamphlet, issued by Mr. Walters, Delacroix calls it "the most sincerely religious picture of the nineteenth century." We have seen many pictures of the sixteenth century not half so religious; for in this work the sentiment of the landscape plays so important a part that without it the story told by the figures would seem almost as trivial as it usually seems in the hands of the old masters.

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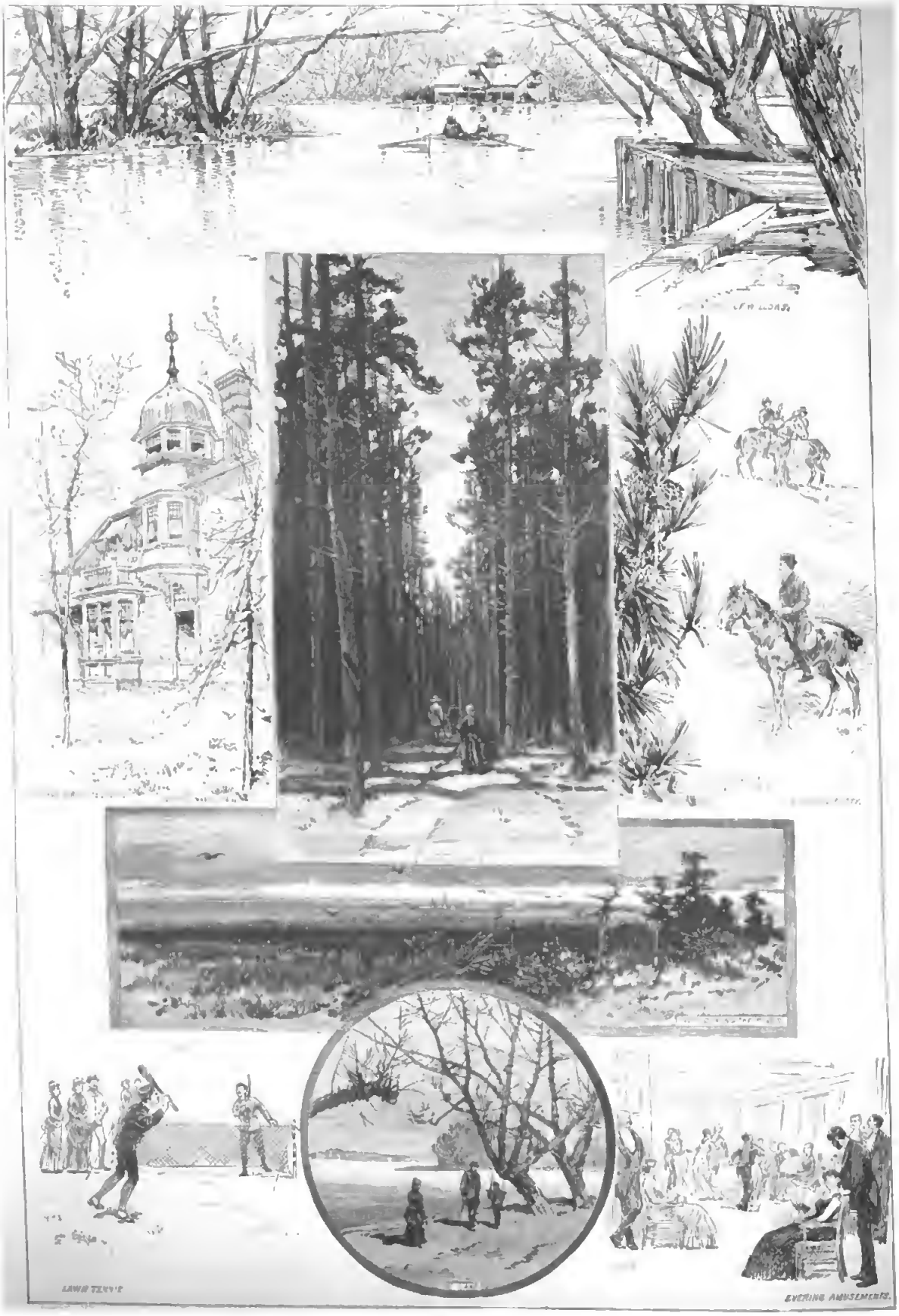

WINTER SANITARIUMS, III.—LAKEWOOD, NEW JERSEY.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 219.]

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GEORGE FULLER.—Photo. by Black.—[See Page 219.]

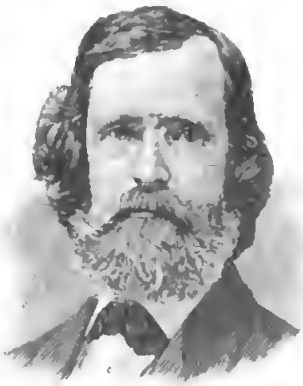
JOHN J. CISCO.—Photo. by Brady.

AUGUSTUS SCHELL.—Photo. by Dale.—[See Page 219.]

BISHOP KAVANAUGH.

The Rev. Herman Hinds Kavanaugh, D.D., also died at Columbus, Mississippi, on the 19th of March, was one of the ablest divines of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. He was eighty-two years old at the time of his death, had been sixty years in the ministry, and thirty years a bishop.

He was born in Clark County, Kentucky, in 1802, and in his youth received his first training as a printer. In his sixteenth year he joined the Methodist Church; five years later he was received into the Kentucky Conference. From that time until his death he was one of the most active and influential members of the Methodist ministry. Possessing great physical endurance, and effective as a preacher, his career was one of wonderful success both in the pastorate and the episcopate. Two years ago he spent a year in California and Oregon, preaching with the same power as in his younger days.



THE REV. EZRA ABBOT, D.D.—[See Page 219.]

THE REV. H. H. KAVANAUGH, D.D.

JOHN J. CISCO.

The eminent banker and financier died on Sunday, March 23, at the age of seventy-eight. He had been known in this city for the last twenty years as one of the leading bankers in Wall Street, and previous to that time he had established a high reputation as a financier by twelve years' service as financial agent of the national government in New York. Mr. Cisco began business as a tailor, and after a few years established himself as a cloth merchant. President Pierce made him financial agent of the United States in 1852. On the inauguration of President Lincoln, Mr. Cisco tendered his resignation, but, at the President's earnest request consented to retain the office for a time. He was influential in placing the first national loan. In 1864 he established the banking house of John J. Cisco & Son, in Wall Street. Mr. Cisco had been a member of Trinity Church for twenty-five years.

A GUSTY DAY IN APRIL.—Drawn by A. Berghaus.

APRIL.

After the windy Winter came pale Spring;
And Love, like Earth, was in an April mood:
A petted Child-Love, who could weep or sing,
Sport in the sunshine, or in shadows brood.
A petted Child-Love too,
Full of important bliss, of fear, and doubt,
Who from some happy dream could wake and pout.

Light flocks of birds, untamable and free,
Cleave the clear air with prophesying song;
The flag flowers by the sedge shook happily,
The meadow-sweet grew cheerily among
The long, sweet, daisied grass;
And Love, untamable as birds, as free,
Was wondrous sweet, and sad, now full of glee.

One day the skies were blue, and twittering birds
With glancing wings flitted from tree to tree:
Then Love drew close with glad and tender words,
And singing through the woods he went with me.
But ever clouds and pain
Could teach him to complain. Ah me! ah me!
They who serve Love shall sorrow often see.

At length, when silver rains had washed her fair,
April dried all her tears; in robes of green,
With hyacinths upon her breast and hair,
Sweet singing in the meadows, she was seen.
Then Love said, with a smile,
"Lo! April kisses May; be glad with me."
And I forgot his faults. Ah me! ah me!
They who serve Love both blind and deaf must be.

THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

After the White House and the Capitol, there is perhaps no place in Washington so much visited by the ordinary sight-seer as the Dead-letter Office. A large proportion of our fifty millions seems to have a general and indefinite idea that the great machinery of the government is located here, that it is a huge motor the throbs of whose pulsating engines is felt from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But beyond that all is vague and misty. The Treasury is a term for our bullion; the Patent-office shows that we are not dullards in the matter of invention; the War, State, and Navy departments suggest that we have a foreign policy, a place among the powers of the world, and soldiers and sailors when required. But there is nothing personal in all this: it awakens a national pride, and that is all. The casual visitor returns to his home a truer patriot than ever, and reads with a new gusto and enthusiasm all about the surrender of Cornwallis, following it up with the story of the cotton bales on that historic 8th of January, when, as a certain Fourth of July orator declared, "The bold and haughty lion crouched and quailed before our victorious eagle."

However, as we said, the pivotal point of interest is the Dead-letter Office. A letter has a peculiar interest to every individual. A mysterious attraction belongs to that small sealed missive. Sometimes it is clumsy and soiled, and the address smothered under innumerable postmarks; sometimes it is a dainty affair, with monogram, coat of arms, or soul-stirring motto; sometimes it is fresh from the hand of the writer; and again it is worn with long journeyings over land and sea.

The Post-office Department is a pile of glittering white marble, imposing enough to be the head-quarters of our immense mail service; and it is somewhat strange that the proverbial American curiosity hunter on a tour of investigation does not pry into the contract offices, stamp division, supply bureau, etc.; but whatever may be the cause, the tide of visitors ebbs and flows with unbroken regularity only through the departmental Valhalla.

For the first eleven years of the existence of this bureau the records of the office were kept in a single small book, and showed that 365 valuable letters were received during that time. For the fiscal year ending July 1, 1882, 3,288,580 dead letters were received, 362,620 unmailable, and 11,711 blanks, and more than 40,000 bearing requests were returned to the writers.

Dead letters proper are such as have been correctly addressed, forwarded to their destination, there advertised, and unclaimed. The "unmailable" comprises several classes: those that have some deficiency in the address, such as have been held for postage, entirely blank, insufficiently paid to foreign countries not included in the Postal Union, those addressed to hotels and unclaimed, fictitious, and initial letters, amounting in all to an average of 60,000 per month. The blank letters, of which there are about 1000 per month, have proven upon investigation to be the most valuable as a class that come to the office. They contain more money, checks, drafts, and notes than any others. The majority of the short-paid foreign letters belong to Australia. Since our international postal arrangements now extend nearly all over the civilized world, and postage is not compulsory, this class does not greatly swell the number of the unmailable.

Many people seem to imagine that the duty of the clerks in this office is to open letters, leisurely inspect the contents, and return them to the writers. What a stupendous mistake this is will be readily discerned by a superficial glance at the actual state of affairs. The employés occupy, in addition to the main office, sixty feet long by forty feet wide, a gallery extending entirely around it, and furnished with a double row of desks, and half a dozen smaller rooms. The work is divided systematically, and a certain proportion of clerks assigned to each subdivision: for instance, the division of dead letters proper, the money branch, the property branch, and the unmailable, while to some is allotted the task of simply returning letters.

About $50,000 per annum finds its way here, most of which is restored to its rightful owners; but in case of utter failure to do this, it is turned into the Treasury to the credit of the Post-office Department.

The property branch shows many curious things; here, as in the money division, every effort is made to place an article in the hands of the owner, but this is often not only a serious and perplexing matter, but absolutely impossible. At intervals of two years a sale of the accumulation takes place. The catalogue of the last comprised several thousand articles.

The entrance to the Dead-letter Office is its museum. There are some things which nobody would buy, and some which the office did not care to sell; and glass cases around the walls contain the rejected and despised, as well as those esteemed above a monetary value. For instance, an immense can is suspended in juxtaposition to an array of bottles containing respectively cologne, salad oil, beer, and poison. There are huge platters fit for Christmas turkeys, and a beam of wood that might be poetically suggestive of the Yule-log if it were not keeping company with a skull, a clothes-wringer, an alligator's skin, a horned frog, and serpents in a state of such beastly intoxication that they will never wriggle again, for they live and move and have their being in alcohol. There are boxes of wedding cake tied with satin ribbon, "Jumbo" babies, birds' nests, artificial roses so exquisite one might fancy them a cluster freshly plucked, dolls enough to fill many a child-mother's arms, and scrap albums enough, when supplemented by pots of paste, to make the same class supremely happy, while driving the same number of tidy housewives to desperation. The array of combs is sufficient to represent every manufacturer, and to straighten all the tangled hair in Christendom. There are pots of cacti well fortified for any manner of defense, which arrived at the office brown, angry, and bristling; but lo! when they had been given of that which they love—brown earth, a sunny window, and plentiful drink—they burst into gorgeous blossoms of tropical richness. A coat of more colors than Joseph's, and much more bizarre in design than any that could have been constructed in those primitive times, was a puzzle even to the white-haired lady who lives among these curiosities, until one day a gentleman came in who, upon glancing at it, exclaimed, "How in the world did that Sandwich-Islander lose his coat?" He then explained that this garment, which is made of cotton cloth, printed over with cards, kings, aces, diamonds, hearts, and spades, as if they had been thrown pell-mell upon its surface, is sought after by those people with much eagerness, and that they send to the United States and have them manufactured, the possession of one being considered quite a distinction.

Perhaps it will give a better idea of what beasts of burden poor Uncle Sam's mail bags are if, in addition to what has been mentioned, we add that this museum also contains horned frogs received alive, a case of bees as full of sting, if not of honey, as if they were abroad in a clover field, two centipedes, a patent hitching post, Chinese MSS., samples of barbed wire fence, a sausage grinder, a thermometer, a tidy, a tambourine, sets of false teeth without number, army badges, a wash-board, an umbrella, a ring set with amethysts and diamonds, a beautiful collection of minerals, and one of coins that would make any collector perish with envy, a miniature cotton bale, and hundreds of other things for which, generally speaking, the mail would scarcely be considered the legitimate means of transportation.

The Dead-letter Office is sometimes facetiously called "Botany Bay," and again it is dubbed "Siberian Mines." However appropriate or inappropriate these titles may be, it bears the reputation of being one of the best conducted bureaus under the government, and if it is also one of the hardest worked perhaps one implies the other.

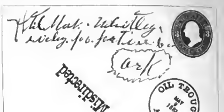
One branch of the work which always seems to particularly interest outsiders is the "blind reading," or supplying addresses to misdirected letters. Only "live" letters, or such as have come directly from the mailing offices on account of this deficiency, are treated in this manner. All carrier offices make a daily return of such matter, but the bulk of this class of matter is received from New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Atlanta, Washington, and Chicago. Sometimes the errors so numerous occur from ignorance, but quite as often from carelessness, and not unfrequently the address is wholly illegible, except to the eye of an expert. In this way 100,000 letters are annually sent forward to their proper destination with the seal unbroken. The difficulties that compass this branch of the service can scarcely be understood save by one who has made a study of it. For instance, a letter is addressed, "Mr Charles Ball, No. 42 Gregory Street, Newport, Mon." Where shall it be sent—north, east, south, or west? Alas! there is not only a Newport by the sea, but "seas" of Newports, or there might as well be, for the Postal Guide gives twenty-three; but the numbered street narrows the matter considerably, since only two Newports are large enough for this distinction. But that "Mon"—what does it mean? A dead-letter lynx, if she had time to stop, would tell you in a second; but she hasn't. She silently adds to this superscription, "Monmouth Co., England," and sends the delayed missive on its long journey.

"Mr Thomas Richards, corner Main and Eagle streets, City." Doubtless Mr Richards is very well known to his correspondent, and his local habitation also; but sixty-four cities claim the honor of a Main Street, and twenty-three wish to suggest the unblinking upward look of the eagle; therefore this address is slightly ambiguous. But the ferret family are never discouraged; they run their fingers through their bangs while they momentarily meditate, they snatch down a big book, then a little one, then a middle-sized one. Not a clew. No? Oh, certainly; is it in the city of Buffalo that Eagle Street swoops across Main, and makes a corner where else should Mr Thomas Richards reside? When the ferrets went to school they must have been like the cute little froggies of classic story, that learned every lesson well, and forgot never a one.

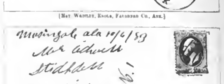
Again, a heavy cream-laid envelope, addressed in a bold, handsome hand to "Mr Herbert Coolidge, 77 Rock Street, Providence, R. I.," arrives at the Dead-letter Office direct from Providence, Rhode Island, whose careful postmaster has had stamped upon it, "No such street in Providence." The "blind-reader" is not discouraged by so small a circumstance as this, nor by the knowledge that the entire State of Rhode Island repudiates Mr Coolidge. That such a person exists must be quite certain. Granting this, he is to be found—that is all. Let us see: this letter was posted at Springfield, Massachusetts. Perhaps the writer has inadvertently written his own number and street, which often happens; but no, there is no Rock Street in Springfield. Twelve large cities have Rock Streets, but they do not belong to the old Bay State. The ferrets never guess; they are logical or nothing. Therefore they reason. The process is instantaneous, but it is none the less accurate and conclusive. This letter was written in Massachusetts; it belongs to Massachusetts, for Coolidge is an old Boston name. Fly for the Boston Directory: "Herbert Coolidge, 78 Kilby Street." Far-fetched but true was the inference that to this gentleman the letter belonged. When a risk is taken, as in this case, a printed slip is attached to the envelope requesting its return to the office after the delivery of the contents.

"Miss Lily A——, No 436 Magazine Street, between Ninth and Tenth." Good as far as it goes, but fifty-six cities lay claim to a Ninth, and fifty-one to a Tenth Street, while eleven rejoice in a thoroughfare known as Magazine. Only two of the latter, however, have a Ninth and Tenth, Louisville and St. Louis, and the numbers in St. Louis do not run so high; hence the conclusion is inevitable that Miss Lily abides in Louisville. It is quite visible to these "blind-readers" that "Ramsey, South Co., Ind.," means "Ramsey, Kossuth County," in that State; that Señor Don José Miguel Rodrigo's mail, addressed Padilla, should go to Mexico; that "Hermosa, N. M.," is intended for "Sonora, Mexico"; that "Des Moines, Prairie Co., Nebr.," should be interpreted "Belcher, Arkansas," since Nebraska has no Prairie County, but Arkansas is the only State that has, within which Des Moines also exists, but has no office, its mail being deliverable from Belcher.

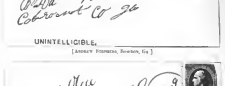
But the proficiency of those who decipher illegible addresses will be shown best by the following fac-similes, with the "blind-reader's" translation underneath each. The words "unintelligible," "misdirected," etc., are stamped on the envelope by the puzzled postmasters.



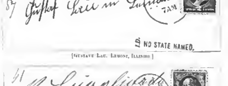
[Mat Whitley, Enola, Faulkner Co., Ark.]



[Andrew Stephens, Bowdon, Ga.]



[Gustave Lau, Lemont, Illinois.]



[563 Tchoupitoulas St., New Orleans, La.]

Sometimes the postmasters make queer work of these letters. A Kentucky postmaster returned one with this information: "Sir i have made the Nessesary inquiry for the addressed person on this letter and i have not found him non here in this county nor no such here as Wm. Nichols."

An Arkansas postmaster writes: "I have never sent no Letters from this office all the letters that has Been sent to this office has Been delivered to their address there is no person of that name IN this county I have lived hear for 25 years and never saw this Letter til Last Saturday nor heard of that name Before this the 14 of Feb 1881."

It is impossible in a brief article to do justice to the skillful, faithful work done in this office. I have attempted only to call attention to certain salient points which seem at a glance to attract the interest of the ordinary visitor.

P. L. Collins.

WINTER SANITARIUMS.

LAKEWOOD.

THERE is a disease abroad among the prosperous citizens of New York called the disease of overcivilization. It has been known to attack the inhabitants of London, Paris, perhaps even Pekin and Philadelphia. It comes from too much crowding, too much comfort, too much furnace heat, too much sewer gas, and other such luxuries. The first victims of these features of civilization are generally women and children. The pale cheek, the lack-lustre eye, the dull headache, the feeling of lassitude, the sometimes more dangerous symptom of alternate fever and chill, greet paterfamilias on his return to the luxurious home which his industry and success in business have furnished for his drooping family. He, poor man, has had perhaps a hard day's work, softened by thought of the contentment and cheerfulness that reign at home. He has had a "change of air," and he goes home, well and hearty, to find his delicately nurtured children fading away before his eyes. He sees his wife pressing her hand to her brow; she has a headache. He asks himself, anxiously, "What is left out of this luxurious house?" It is one important gas—the breath of the country, the forest, and the sea.

"Malaria" fills the home; and not only this incomprehensible disease which afflicts so many prosperous people in cities, but the more easily understood and equally fatal maladies of the throat and lungs complicate matters. A man is troubled with a little tickling in the narrow channel below the palate. He coughs and coughs, finally eats a bronchial troche, laughs at himself, and coughs again. This goes on until he and the tickling and the cough have become altogether too intimate. He consents to see the family doctor, who says to him: "Very red spot down there; inflammation of the bronchial membrane. Better go out of town for a while." He goes with inconvenience to Florida, and gets well before he has reached Savannah. So much for change of air.

All physicians have long since understood the difficulty of curing people in the same breathed-over atmosphere in which they have been ill. No matter what system of ventilation or what sanitary conditions are observed, there is nothing like change of air.

Out of the absolute demand of the human body for fresh air has resulted the winter sanitarium. It is not necessarily a place for very sick people, for such are more comfortable at home, but for those who, like Lady Clara Vere de Vere, are "sickening of a vague disease." Near to New York, almost within the sound of its bells, has grown up within four years the fashionable and popular colony of Lakewood, to which the vast pine reserves of New Jersey, sheltering in its balsamic bosom a pretty little lake, gave the name and its *raison d'être*. Man goes back to the forest whenever he can; it is his primeval instinct. A certain tree has lately been discovered to be the best physician. The Italians are planting the eucalyptus now all over the Roman Campagna in deference to this idea; and this friendly vegetable chemist deliberately, like Queen Eleanor, sucks the poison from the wounded ground, carries it up to the invisible angel of the air, who converts it in mysterious alembics into good and healthy breathing matter. In New Jersey for generations these pine trees have been garnering up the best of gases for the poor unfortunates of Philadelphia and New York. They kept the secret of their apothecary's shop until Mr. KIMBALL, the Columbus of Lakewood, driving out of town in pursuit of health, found it under these delicious, fragrant, and patient trees, which have been called monotonous, ugly, and scrubby.

But on what tree ever grew such valuable fruit? The neighboring peach orchards are not so remunerative as these long-despised scrubby pines will soon be. A company was formed, the lake cleared of stumps, roads laid out over the flat and easily managed soil of New Jersey, and a large long parallelogram of a hotel built, in every room of which the blessed sun can pour his vivifying beams, and provided with those best of ventilators, a good chimney and an open fireplace. Cleanliness and good air, comfortable beds, a set of handsomely furnished parlors, a great wood fire in the office, around which the newly arrived travellers group themselves and the old residents linger in the evening, are some of the results of the combined wisdom and capital of a few Wall Street gentlemen of wealth, who are now reaping a rich reward from their health-giving enterprise.

Lakewood is in that little bend of the coast which at Atlantic City receives the kiss of the Gulf Stream. Its climate is delightful, and owing to its sheltered position, several degrees warmer than that of New York. Like Devonshire, in England, it is shut in from the north and west, and is only reached from the "sweet south," over a sand bank. The pine forest, curiously intersected with roads deftly constructed, affords a drive of two or three hours through vast cathedral aisles of slender and Gothic shapes. Silence, the eloquent silence of nature, and an ever-increasing sense of the balsamic and nutritious atmosphere, soothe the irritated nerve, remove the languor, and beguile away the headache. It becomes a pleasure to breathe, a luxury to live. On the fifth day of December there was a blaze of sunshine which was worthy of the summer. At the hotel a spirit of quietude seemed to possess the soul; invalid ladies in their rolling chairs were moved up and down the piazzas, the rooms, full of blossoming plants and singing birds, were thrown open to the balmy air; and children, with their long curls floating, danced up and down in the grounds. The ocean, nine miles off, sent a salt reminder of himself to strengthen the pines. The quality of the air was wonderful—clear, bracing, and health-giving—and when the weather is cold, shelter may always be had in the pines, and within-doors there are wood fires, fed liberally with the scrub oak which abounds, and cheerful company. The house is heated in the halls by steam, and the piazzas inclosed by glass, so that even on a rainy or snowy day the most delicate persons can exercise without danger.

It has been urged by a traveller that the wood-boxes outside the door of each bedroom have made Lakewood. There is, indeed, a wealth of beneficence in the very idea of being allowed to replenish one's own fire, and these wood-boxes, with their neat kindlings and their well-worn logs, are so opportune and generous that they seem to be a perennial Christmas present. Even the disturbed citizen, who, finding perfectly well, has been brought to Lakewood by his wife or daughter, or perhaps by the vision of a pair of bright eyes, and who, in the interregnum of devotion, finds life stupid, is appeased by the wood-box. There is a future for him, with a newspaper and a cigar, one which he can light up at least with a wood fire. Cupid, with his usual observance of the fashions, has found himself afflicted with the disease of civilization. He too has gone to Lakewood for treatment. So long as it is not frozen over, the lake is very pleasant to row upon. There are good boats, and with youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm, they are easily managed. A bowling-alley and a billiard-room afford other facilities for getting rid of a morning. And what a place it is for long walks! One can easily get lost in the woods, and two have been known to find it not more difficult. There are treasures of moss and berries and laurel and evergreen and checkerberry to be sought after, and sheltered seats under the pines. These old guardians of the soil seem a special providence to a *tête-à-tête*. Nature is always sympathetic under such trying circumstances, and every wanderer is found before dinner or tea.

When the lake is frozen over there is excellent skating, and here also two are needed to execute the "figure of eight."

There are excellent horses and carriages at Lakewood, and the drives to Toms River, to the model farm of JOHN P. HAINES, Esq., well repays a visit; or a drive to Freehold, or through the pines, north, south, and west, or to the ocean, can not fail of being beneficial and pleasant. There is no scenery to admire, no possible excitement, nothing to look at except the sunset; but it is strange how soon one forgets, in the bliss of the air, that any such things are necessary. Life in the hotel resembles life on shipboard, and the proprietors, in adding to their house, have concluded to provide more facilities for amusement. A large parlor for dancing, music, dramatic readings, concerts, and charades will gratify a great want, but so fashionable and popular is the Laurel House that in the season one must secure a room two or three weeks before it will be needed.

The tables are served by neat-handed maidens from New Hampshire, each one with her abundant hair *à la Langtry*, and a demure white apron over a neat merino gown. A few men assist at the tables, and every one is low-voiced, respectful, and attentive. The food might be better and more abundant, although the milk (from the HAINES prize cows) is delicious, the bread good, and the coffee excellent; but one does miss the turkey roasted before the fire, the broiled chicken, the partridge, and the game of the Jersey coast. The meats have a taste of being steamed, and present one universal flavor. The proprietors should respect that magnificent appetite which their woods evoke, and grant to its imperial demands a very good dinner. Some colored cooks from Baltimore or Philadelphia, a French cook to prepare those *entremets* which the invalid likes, or even a very good Yankee *cordon bleu*, with the added luxury, so easily obtained, of fresh fish and oysters, would add very much to the pleasures of Lakewood; for when people are lazy they are amused with good food, and when they are recovering from an illness, and the appetite is capricious, they need it.

The *modus operandi* of getting to a place should be plainly stated in any such paper as this. Trains leave New York, *via* Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, Long Branch Division, foot of Liberty Street, three times daily, 8.15 A.M., 1.30 P.M., and 4.30 P.M., reaching Lakewood in two hours. The last-mentioned train is the most agreeable, a parlor car going through without change. Three hundred guests can be well accommodated at the Laurel House, and it is only fair to say that it is generally full from January to June.

Physicians are united in recommending Lakewood, and even go so far as to declare that the quiet there, which some people call stupidity, is a part of that "knitting up of the ravelled sleave of care" which perhaps is the best medicine for the overoxygenated brain.

But the breath of the pines is the real antidote. Seventeen thousand acres of pine forest, a sandy soil, a sheltered locality, wood fires, and the not too near but healthful neighborhood of the Atlantic—these are real and constitutional correctives of malaria, that inexplicable and dangerous genie whom modern civilization has let out of his box, but who, like his prototype in the *Arabian Nights*, refuses to be put back again. The fact that driving in the pine forests imparts a most splendid color to the cheek and adds a new brilliancy to the eyes may not be unworthy of the attention of those ladies who seek a change of air.

For children Lakewood is an admirable place. The early hours, the neatness, equable air, and good milk, the whole of New Jersey for a playground out-of-doors and the long glass-covered piazzas within (a group of pretty children dancing through these by moonlight to their own singing remains a picture in the memory)—all make it a paradise for city children. They row or go skating on the lake, they take donkey rides, and long rambles in search of nuts and other woodland treasures, and they seem never to be either noisy or discontented.

For young people who have reached the ring-dove period of human life there are horseback rides and long, quiet drives. Many young men take down their dog-carts and phaetons, tilburys, and buggies; the small village cart is not unknown, nor is the local barouche and victoria overlooked.

All these luxuries are, of course, costly. The Laurel House is as expensive as houses of its kind usually are. To build a Newport in the wilderness has cost money, and as there is no competition, one must pay for the delicious air of Lakewood.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

No economical question has come to the front more resolutely of late than the question how to deal with the traffic in intoxicating liquors. It has evidently "come to stay," and will be an increasingly perplexing element in all political calculations. Like the slavery agitation, it takes strong hold on the moral convictions of multitudes.

Thirty-two years ago the original "Maine law" for the suppression of tippling-houses was enacted (by a Democratic Legislature) in a State whose population were mainly total abstainers from alcoholic beverages. The stringent prohibitory legislation of Maine was speedily followed by that of eight or nine other States; in some of them it has been repealed, but to-day the principle of prohibition remains ingrafted on the statute-books of Maine, Vermont, and Kansas. There is also a local prohibitory act in force in Vineland, New Jersey, and in many towns and counties of Georgia, South Carolina, and perhaps some other States. The constitutionality of prohibition has been repeatedly affirmed in the highest courts. It stands, just as the license system stands, on the same foundation with quarantine regulations, or with the law forbidding powder mills in the heart of a city. If the commonwealth finds the dram-shop a fruitful source of pauperism and crime, it has a clear, undeniable right either to limit it or to suppress it entirely. "Salus populi suprema lex."

About the constitutionality of prohibitory legislation there is no serious dispute; the real difficulty is with regard to its practicability and the possibility of enforcing it. A dead law is as useless and indecorous as a dead man. The experience of Maine, Vermont, and Kansas has established one fact—that the enforcement of suppressive laws depends entirely upon the wishes of the majority in the different localities. Wherever the local public sentiment elects magistrates who will enforce the law, it is fairly enforced; this is the case in very many localities of those three States, especially in the rural districts. Wherever the majority choose officers who will wink at the violation of the law, either in part or wholly, there prohibition is practically a dead letter. For example, the public authorities of the city of Bangor, Maine, created at one time no small scandal by permitting the dram-shops to keep open doors, and it is charged against the present authorities of Portland that they allow no small amount of liquor-selling to go unpunished. In the river towns of Kansas the same state of things exists. The written law of a whole State is the actually enforced law of such portions of the State as decree its enforcement by their ballots. That this is not the most healthful mode of dealing with the solemnization of law goes without saying.

Those facts seem to point clearly to the rightfulness and expediency of one method of dealing with the dram-shop, and that is the method of *local control*. That principle is as essentially democratic as was the original "town-meeting" of primitive New England, which lies at the foundation of our whole structure of government. If the citizens of any township or municipality regard the existence of tippling-houses as inimical to their best interest, they should be permitted either to limit them by a high license fee or to prohibit them altogether. Because the city of Trenton desires to license dram-shops, that is no reason why the community of Vineland, in the same State, should be compelled to live under a license law. In New York city the excise system has notoriously failed to exert any repressive control of the business of grog-selling; but that fact should not prevent the inhabitants of any township or village in Oneida County from excluding every house of public temptation from their borders. "Those who dance must pay the fiddler" (and New York pays roundly); but it is hard that a community who abhor the dance should not be allowed to clear out the frolic and the fiddler too.

This just and republican principle of local control is now being fairly tested in Georgia and South Carolina—where the whiskey shops have proved so dangerous and demoralizing to both negroes and poor whites. The counties and the incorporated towns who petition for the privilege receive from the State Legislature the legal right to suppress tippling-houses under severe penalties. This local prohibition has been voted for in many localities; its permanent enforcement will depend entirely on the stamina of the people and their elected authorities. As an honest experiment of self-government in a peculiarly difficult direction, it is of prodigious importance; its *educating* influence on the people can not well be overestimated. Its success will be a priceless blessing to the South.

The method of "high license fees" has been adopted in Illinois and in Iowa and some other portions of the West. This system closes up a great number of haunts of temptation to the working classes, and is to that degree beneficial. Better this "half a loaf" than a whole liquor cask without any bung. The friends of order and morality will make a serious mistake if they do not aid in the enforcement of this experimental legislation. If it works well, it may be a stepping-stone toward the more complete abatement of a colossal evil.

One significant fact must not be lost sight of: the restrictive legislation against dram-shops has seldom or never been gained by the creation of a "third party." The Legislatures that have passed prohibitory enactments (general or local) have either been decidedly Democratic, as in Maine, Georgia, and South Carolina, or else decidedly Republican, as in Vermont and in Kansas. A third party, founded on this single idea, has never attained to the control of a majority. It is not even a "make-weight" in legislation, for it so seldom succeeds in electing members of legislative bodies. The temperance idea is asserting an increasingly powerful influence within both the great parties; but it is not likely to create a permanent and dominant third party in any State of our Union.

THEO. L. CUYLER.

GEORGE FULLER.

THE late GEORGE FULLER, of Boston, whose portrait is given on page 217, exerted a wide-spread influence on the art of this country, and was in some respects the most remarkable artist that it has produced. He was a man of commanding genius, and, like more than one of the greatest French artists of this century, he achieved his reputation only at the close of his career.

The great distinction of FULLER's art lies in its imaginative quality, and in the powerful poetic sentiment which inspires it. His romanticism was veiled in a treatment both subtle and enchanting, and almost every canvas that he has left has an irresistible fascination.

GEORGE FULLER was in his sixty-second year, and his loss is the more deeply felt because he was convinced, and he in turn convinced all that knew him, that he was only entering upon the fullness of his powers, and that all that had gone before was but preliminary to the real achievements of his artistic ambition.

BREAKING OUT THROUGH THE ICE.

ON page 221 we present the picture of a stirring scene which took place on the 10th of last month in the harbor of St. Johns, Newfoundland, when the St. Johns and Dundee sealing fleet broke its way out through the heavy ice, and took its departure for arctic waters. The fleet was led by the *Arctic*, of Dundee, the largest sealing and whaling vessel afloat. The sight was one not easily to be forgotten. Crowds of people skated alongside the vessels, bidding good-by to their friends on board. The possibility that some ship belonging to this fleet may fall in with the members of the GREELY party somewhere in the Arctic regions, adds interest to the incident depicted by our artist.

DR. EZRA ABBOT.

ON Friday, the 21st of March, at half past five in the evening, passed away quietly and peacefully as he had lived one of the greatest scholars of the age. On Tuesday, a bright spring day, his remains were brought to Appleton Chapel of the University of Cambridge, and after appropriate addresses and prayers were committed to mother earth in Mount Auburn Cemetery, in the presence of a large number of friends from home and from a distance.

Dr. EZRA ABBOT, Bussey Professor of New Testament Criticism and Interpretation, was born April 28, 1819, in a little village in Maine, was graduated at Bowdoin College, taught school, was made Assistant Librarian of Harvard College, and at last Professor in the Divinity School. He continued to perform his duties till within a few weeks before his death, although his physical sufferings from asthma and an internal disorder had reduced him to a mere shadow.

Dr. ABBOT was one of the most modest and retiring of men, who spent his life in his study, and whose chief delight was the pursuit of truth. He had an extraordinary knowledge of books, and as librarian introduced a most thorough system of cataloguing. His chief department was Biblical literature. He was *facile princeps* in textual criticism. No American scholar was his equal, and scarcely a European scholar his superior, in the knowledge of ancient manuscripts, versions, and patristic quotations of the Greek Testament. His very last labor was a complete classified list of all the uncial and cursive MSS., which he furnished for a revised edition of SCHAFF's *Companion to the Greek Testament* (published by the HARPERS), and the reading of proof for Dr. GREGORY's forth-coming *Prolegomena* to TISCHENDORF's last edition. His knowledge was thorough and accurate. He had a microscopic eye for the smallest details. His judgment was clear, calm, and judicial. He was one of the most faithful and useful members of the American Bible Revision Committee, and suggested many happy improvements of text and rendering. He was ever ready in the most unselfish spirit to give to others the benefit of his rare information. He edited with Dr. HACKETT, and greatly improved, the American edition of SMITH's *Bible Dictionary*, in four volumes (1869–70), wrote one of the best vindications of the Johannean authorship of the fourth Gospel (1880), revised and completed HUDSON's *Critical Greek and English Concordance of the New Testament* (seventh edition, 1882), contributed the article on the text of the New Testament to SCHAFF's *Religious Encyclopædia*, and prepared a considerable portion of GREGORY's *Prolegomena* to TISCHENDORF's Greek Testament, which, when published, will be a permanent monument to American scholarship. Personally Dr. ABBOT was one of the purest, most conscientious, amiable, and generous of men, of a reverent and devout mind and tender heart. Altogether his loss is irreparable, and his place as a master of textual criticism will remain vacant for a long time.

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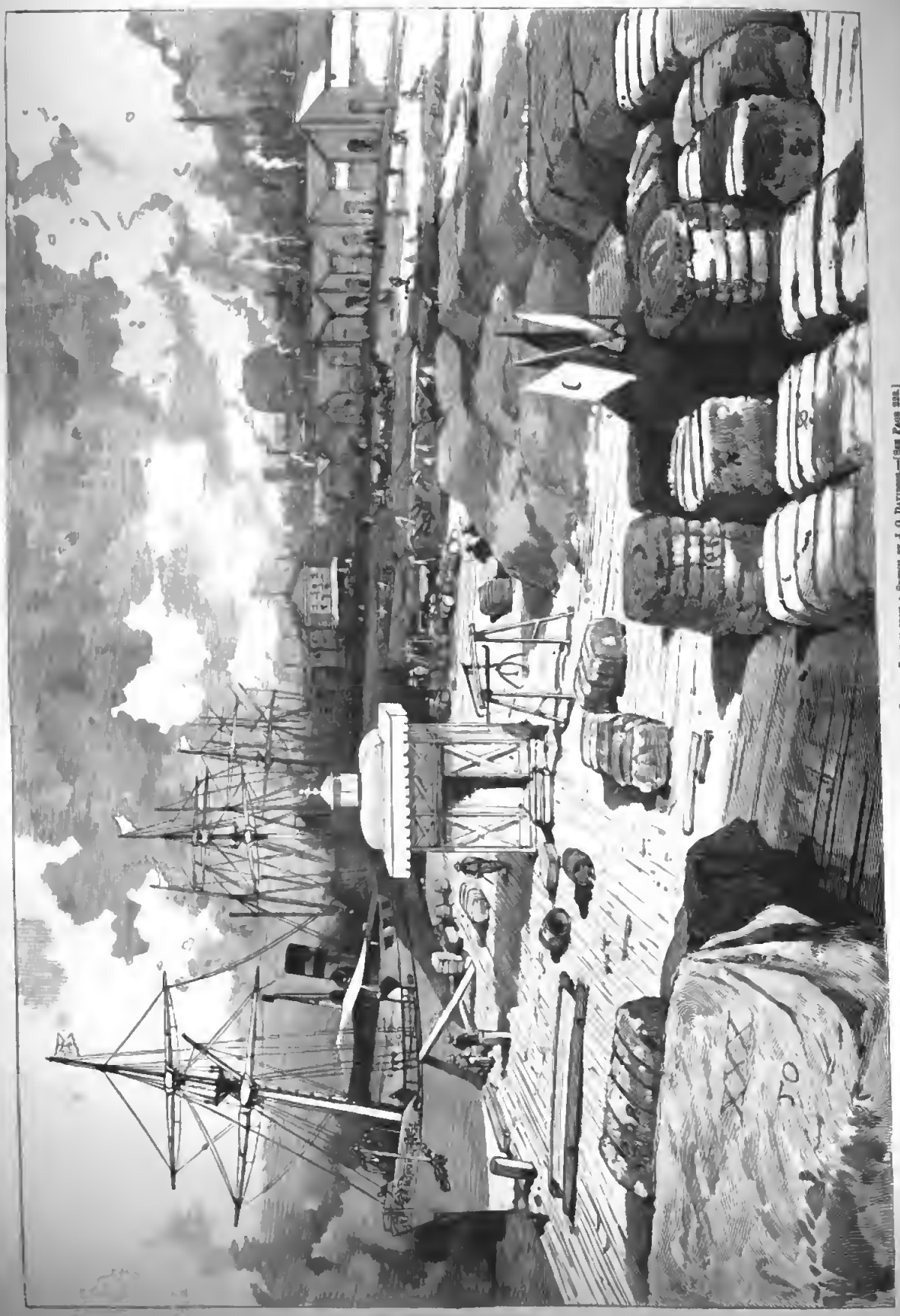

THE NEW ORLEANS LEVEES.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM FROM A SKETCH BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 225.]

BREAKING OUT THROUGH THE ICE—THE SEALING FLEET LEAVING ST JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN FROM A SKETCH BY J. W. HAYWARD.—[SEE PAGE 219.]

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"I SAY NO;"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE THIRD.

THE SPELL.

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN THE GRAY ROOM.

The house inhabited by Miss Ladd and her pupils had been built in the early part of the present century, by a wealthy merchant proud of his money, and eager to distinguish himself as the owner of the largest country-seat in the neighborhood.

After his death Miss Ladd had taken Netherwoods (as the place was called), finding her own house insufficient for the accommodation of the increasing number of her pupils. A lease was granted to her on moderate terms. Netherwoods failed to attract persons of distinction in search of a country residence. The grounds were beautiful; but an landed property—not even a park—was attached to the house. Excepting the few acres on which the building stood, the surrounding land belonged to a retired naval officer of old family, who resented the attempt of a merchant of low birth to assume the position of a gentleman. No matter what proposals might be made to the admiral, he refused them all. The privilege of shooting was not one of the attractions offered to tenants; the country presented no facilities for hunting; and the only stream in the neighborhood was not preserved. In consequence of these drawbacks, the merchant's representatives had to choose between a proposal to use Netherwoods as a lunatic asylum, or to accept as tenant the respectable mistress of a fashionable and prosperous school. They decided in favor of Miss Ladd.

The contemplated change in Francine's position was accomplished, in that vast house, without inconvenience. There were rooms unoccupied, even when the limit assigned to the number of pupils had been reached. On the re-opening of the school Francine was offered her choice between two rooms on one of the upper stories and two on the ground floor. She chose these last.

Her sitting room and bedroom, situated at the back of the house, communicated with each other. The sitting room, ornamented with a pretty paper of delicate gray, and furnished with curtains of the same color, had been accordingly named "The Gray Room." It had a French window, which opened on the terrace overlooking the garden and the grounds. Some fine old engravings from the grand landscapes of Claude (part of a collection of prints possessed by Miss Ladd's father) hung on the walls. The carpet was in harmony with the curtains, and the furniture was of light-colored wood, which helped the general effect of subdued brightness that made the charm of the room. "If you are not happy here," Miss Ladd said, "I despair of you." And Francine answered, "Yes, it's very pretty; but I wish it was not so small."

On the twelfth of August the regular routine of the school was resumed. Alban Morris found two strangers in his class, to fill the vacancies left by Emily and Cecilia. Mrs. Ellmother was duly established in her new place. She produced an unfavorable impression in the servants' hall, not for the handsome chief house-maid explained) because she was ugly and old, but because the man "a person who didn't talk." The prejudice against habitual silence, among the lower order of the people, is almost as invincible as the prejudice against red hair.

In the evening, on that first day of renewed studies—while the girls were in the grounds, after tea—Francine had at last completed the arrangement of her rooms, and had dismissed Mrs. Ellmother (kept hard at work since the morning) to take a little rest. Standing alone at her window, the West Indian heiress wondered what she had better do next. She glanced at the girls on the lawn, and decided that they were unworthy of serious notice on the part of a person so specially favored as herself. She turned sideways, and looked along the length of the terrace. At the far end a tall man was slowly pacing to and fro, with his head down and his hands in his pockets. Francine recognized the rude drawing master, who had torn up his view of the village, after she had saved it from being thrown into the pond.

She stepped out on the terrace, and called to him. He stopped, and looked up.

"Do you want me?" he called back.

"Of course I do."

She advanced a little to meet him, and offered encouragement under the form of a hard stare. Although her manners might be unpleasant, he had claims on the indulgence of a young lady who was at a loss how to employ her idle time. In the first place, he was a man. In the second place, he was not as old as the music master, or as ugly as the dancing master. In the third place, he was an adjutant of Emily; and the opportunity of trying to shake his allegiance by means of a flirtation, in Emily's absence, was too good an opportunity to be lost.

"Do you remember how rude you were to me on the day when we were sketching in the summer house?" Francine asked, with anspish playfulness. "I expect you to make yourself agreeable this time—I am going to pay you a compliment."

He waited, with exasperating composure, to hear what the proposed compliment might be. The furrow between his eyebrows looked deeper than ever. There were signs of secret trouble in that dark face, so grimly and so resolutely composed. The school, without Emily, presented the severest trial of endurance that he had encountered since the day when he had been deserted and disgraced by his affianced wife.

"You are an artist," Francine proceeded, "and therefore a person of taste. I want to have your opinion of my sitting-room. Criticism is invited, pray come in."

He seemed to be unwilling to accept the invitation, then altered his mind, and followed Francine. She had visited Emily, she was, perhaps, in a fair way to become Emily's friend. He remembered that he had already lost an opportunity of studying her character, and—if he saw the necessity—of warning Emily not to encourage the advances of Miss De Sor.

"Very pretty," he remarked, looking round the room—without appearing to care for anything in it except the prints.

Francine was bent on fascinating him. She raised her eyebrows and lifted her hands in playful remonstrance. "Do remember it's my room," she said, "and take some little interest in it for my sake."

"What do you want me to say?" he asked.

"Come and sit down by me." She made room for him on the sofa. Her one favorite aspiration—the longing to excite envy in others—expressed itself in her next words. "Say something pretty," she answered, "say you would like to have such a room as this."

"I should like to have your photo," he remarked. "Will that do?"

"It wouldn't do—from anybody else. Ah, Mr Morris, I know why you are not as nice as you might be! You are not happy. The school has lost its one attraction in losing our dear Emily. You feel it—I know you feel it." She assumed this expression of sympathy to produce the right effect by a sigh. "What would I not give to inspire such devotion as yours! I don't envy Emily; I only wish—" She paused in confusion, and opened her fan. "Isn't it pretty?" she said, with an unmistakable appearance of changing the subject. Alban behaved like a monster; he began to talk of the weather.

"I think this is the hottest day we have had," he said, "no wonder you want your fan. Netherwoods is an airless place at this season of the year."

She controlled her temper. "I do indeed feel the heat," she admitted, with a resignation which gently reproved him. "It is so heavy and oppressive here, after Brighton. Perhaps my sad life, far away from home and friends, makes me sensitive to trifles. Do you think so, Mr Morris?"

The merciless man said he thought it was the situation of the house. "Miss Ladd took the place in the spring," he said, "and only discovered the one objection to it some months afterward. We are in the highest part of the valley here, but, you see, it's a valley surrounded by hills, and on three sides the hills are near us. All very well in winter, but in summer I have known girls in this school go out of health in the relaxing atmosphere that they have been sent home again."

Francine suddenly showed an interest in what he was saying. If he had cared to observe her closely—if he had only looked at her—he must have noticed it.

"Do you mean that the girls were really ill?" she asked.

"No. They slept badly—lost appetite—started at trifling noises. In short, their nerves were out of order."

"Did they get well again at home, in another air?"

"Not a doubt of it," he answered, beginning to get weary of the subject. "May I look at your books?"

Francine's interest in the influence of different atmospheres on health was not exhausted yet. "Do you know where the girls lived when they were at home?" she required.

"I know where one of them lived. She was the best pupil I ever had—and I remember she lived in Yorkshire." He was so weary of the idle curiosity—as it appeared to him—which persisted in asking trifling questions, that he left his seat and crossed the room. "May I look at your books?" he repeated.

"Oh yes."

The conversation was suspended for a while. The lady thought, "I should like to box his ears!" The gentleman thought, "She's only an inquisitive fool, after all!" His examination of her books confirmed him in the delusion that there was really nothing in Francine's character which rendered it necessary to caution Emily against the advances of her new friend. Turning away from the book-case he made the first excuse that occurred to him for putting an end to the interview.

"I must beg you to let me return to my duties, Miss De Sor. I have to correct the young ladies' drawings before they begin again to-morrow."

Francine's wounded vanity made a last expiring attempt to steal the heart of Emily's lover.

"You remind me that I have a favor to ask," she said. "I don't attend the other classes, but I should so like to join your class! May I?" She looked up at him with a languishing appearance of entreaty which sorely tried Alban's capacity to keep his face in serious order. He acknowledged the compliment paid to him in studiously commonplace terms, and got a little nearer to the open window. Francine's obstinacy was not conquered yet.

"My education has been badly neglected," she continued, "but I have had some little instruction in drawing. You will not find me so ignorant as some of the other girls." She waited a little, anticipating a few complimentary words. Alban waited also—in silence. "I shall look forward with pleasure to my lessons under such an artist as yourself," she went on, and waited again, and was disappointed again. "Perhaps," she resumed, "I may become your favorite pupil—who knows?"

"Who indeed?"

It was not much to say, when he spoke at last, but it was enough to encourage Francine. She called him "Dear Mr Morris", she pleaded for permission to take her first lesson immediately, she clasped her hands—"Please say Yes."

"I can't say Yes till you have complied with the rules."

"Are they your rules?"

She looked at him with eyes which expressed the readiest submission—in that case. He entirely failed to see it, he said they were Miss Ladd's rules—and wished her good-evening.

She watched him, walking away down the terrace. How was he paid? Did he receive a yearly salary, or did he get a little extra money for each new pupil who took drawing lessons? In this last case Francine saw her opportunity (in the popular phrase) of being even with him. "You brute! catch me attending your class!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SAN DOMINGO.

The night was oppressively hot. Finding it impossible to sleep, Francine lay quietly in her bed, thinking. The subject of her reflections was a person who occupied the humble position of her new servant.

Mrs. Ellmother looked wretchedly ill. Mrs. Ellmother had told Emily that her object in returning to domestic service was to try if change would relieve her from the oppression of her own thoughts. Mrs. Ellmother believed in vulgar superstitions which declared Friday to be an unlucky day, and which recommended throwing a pinch over your left shoulder if you happened to spill the salt.

In themselves these were trifling recollections; but they assumed a certain importance, derived from the associations which they called forth. They reminded Francine, by some mental process which she was at a loss to trace, of Sappho the slave, and of her life at San Domingo.

She struck a light, and unlocked her writing-desk. From one of the drawers she took out an old household account-book.

The first page contained some entries, relating to domestic expenses, in her own handwriting. They recalled one of her efforts to occupy her idle time by relieving her mother of the cares of housekeeping. For a day or two she had persevered, and then she had ceased to feel any interest in her new employment. The remainder of the book was completely filled up in a beautifully clear handwriting, beginning on the second page. A title had been found for the manuscript by Francine. She had written at the top of the page, "Sappho's Nonsense."

After reading the first few sentences she rapidly turned over the leaves, and stopped at a blank space near the end of the book. Here again she had added a title. This time it implied a compliment to the writer. The page was headed, "Sappho's Sense."

She read this latter part of the manuscript with the closest attention.

"I entreat my kind and dear young mistress not to suppose that I believe in witchcraft, after such an education as I have received. When I wrote down, at your bidding, all that I had told you by word of mouth, I can not imagine what delusion possessed me. You say I have a negro side to my character, which I inherit from my mother. Did you mean this, dear mistress, as a joke? I am almost afraid that it is sometimes not far off from the truth.

"Let me be careful, however, to avoid leading you into a mistake. It is really true that the man-slave I spoke of died pine and die, after the spell had been cast on him by my witch-mother's image of wax. But I ought also to have told you that circumstances favored the working of the spell; the fatal end was not brought about by supernatural means.

"The poor wretch was not in good health at the time, and our owner had occasion to employ him on a valley of the island for ruined. I have been told, and can well believe, that the climate there is different from the climate on the coast—in which the unfortunate slave had been accustomed to live. The overseer wouldn't believe him when he said the valley air would be his death, and the negroes, who might otherwise have helped him, all avoided a man whom they knew to be under the spell.

"This, you see, accounts for what might appear incredible to civilized persons. If you will do me a favor, your will burn this little book as soon as you have read what I have written here. If my request is not granted, I can only implore you to let no eyes but your own see these pages. My life might be in danger if the blacks knew what I have now told you, in the interests of truth."

Francine closed the book, and locked it up again in her desk. "Now I know," she said to herself, "what reminded me of San Domingo."

When Francine rang her bell the next morning, so long a time elapsed without producing an answer that she began to think of sending one of the house-servants to make inquiries. Before she could decide, Mrs. Ellmother presented herself, and offered her apologies.

"It's the first time I have overslept myself, miss, since I was a girl. Please to excuse me; it shan't happen again."

"Do you find that the air here makes you drowsy?" Francine asked.

Mrs. Ellmother shook her head. "I didn't get to sleep," she said, "till morning, and so I was too heavy to be up in time. But air has got nothing to do with it. Gentlefolks may have their whims and fancies. All air is the same to people like me."

"You enjoy good health, Mrs. Ellmother."

"Why not, miss? I have never had a doctor."

"Oh! That's your opinion of doctors, is it?"

"I won't have anything to do with them—if that's what you mean by my opinion," Mrs Ellmother answered, doggedly. "How will you have your hair dress?"

"The same as yesterday. Have you seen anything of Miss Emily? She went back to London the day after you left us."

"I haven't been in London. I'm thankful to say my lodgings are let to a good tenant."

"Then where have you lived while you were waiting to come here?"

"I had only one place to go to, miss; I went to the village where I was born. A friend found a corner for me. Ah, dear heart, it's a pleasant place there."

"A place like this?"

"Lord help you! As little like this as chalk is to cheese. A fine big moor, miss, in Cumberland, without a tree in sight—look where you may. Something like a wind, I can tell you, when it takes to blowing there."

"Have you never been in this part of the country?"

"Not I! When I left the North, my own mistress took me to Canada. Talk about air! If there was anything in it, the people in that air ought to live to be a hundred. I liked Canada."

"And who was your next mistress?"

Thus far Mrs. Ellmother had been ready enough to talk. Had she failed to hear what Francine had just said to her? or had she some reason for feeling reluctant to answer? In any case, a spirit of taciturnity took sudden possession of her. She was silent.

Francine (as usual) persisted. "Was your next place in service with Miss Emily's aunt?"

"Yes."

"Did the old lady always live in London?"

"No."

"What part of the country did she live in?"

"Kent."

"Among the hop gardens?"

"No."

"In what other part, then?"

"Isle of Thanet."

"Near the sea-coast?"

"Yes."

Even Francine could insist no longer. Mrs. Ellmother's reserve had awaken her—for that day at least. "Go into the hall," she said, "and see if there are any letters for me in the rack."

There was one letter bearing the Swan post-mark. Simple Cecilia was flattered and delighted by the charming manner in which Francine had written to her. She looked forward with impatience to the time when their present acquaintance might ripen into friendship. Would "dear Miss De Sor" waive all ceremony and consent to be a guest (later in the autumn) at her father's house? Circumstances connected with her sister's health would delay their return to England for a little while. By the end of the month she hoped to be at home again, and to hear if Francine was disengaged. Her address in England was Monkscourt Park, Hants.

Having read the letter, Francine drew a moral from it. "There is great use in a fool, when one knows how to manage her."

Having little appetite for her breakfast, she tried the experiment of a walk on the terrace. Alban Morris was right; the air at Netherwoods in summer-time was relaxing. The morning mist still hung over the lowest part of the valley, between the village and the hills beyond. A little exercise produced a feeling of fatigue. Francine returned to her room and trifled with her tea and toast.

Her next proceeding was to open her writing-desk and look into the old account-book once more. While it lay open on her lap she recalled what had passed that morning between Mrs. Ellmother and herself.

The old woman had been born and bred in the North on an open moor. She had been removed to the keen air of Canada when she left her birthplace. She had been in service after that on the breezy outward coast of Kent. Would the change to the climate of Netherwoods produce any effect on Mrs Ellmother? At her age, and with her seasoned constitution, would she feel it as those school-girls had felt it—especially that one among them who lived in the bracing air of the North, the air of Yorkshire?

Weary of solitary thinking on one subject, Francine returned to the terrace with a vague idea of finding something to amuse her—that is to say, something she could turn into ridicule—if she joined the girls.

The next morning Mrs. Ellmother answered her mistress's bell without delay. "You have slept better this time," Francine said.

"No, miss. When I did get to sleep I was troubled by dreams. Another bad night—and no mistake!"

"I suspect your mind is not quite at ease," Francine suggested.

"Why do you suspect that, if you please?"

"You talked, when I met you at Miss Emily's, of wanting to get away from your own thoughts. Has the change to this place helped you?"

"It hasn't helped me as I expected. Some people's thoughts stick fast."

"Remorseful thoughts?" Francine inquired.

Mrs. Ellmother held up her forefinger, and shook it with a gesture of reproof. "I thought we agreed, miss, that there was to be no prying."

The business of the toilet proceeded in silence.

A week passed. During an interval in the labors of the school Miss Ladd knocked at the door of Francine's room.

"I want to speak to you, my dear, about Mrs.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1409.

Ellmother. Have you noticed that she doesn't seem to be in good health?"

"She looks rather pale, Miss Ladd."

"It's more serious than that, Francine. The servants tell me that she has hardly any appetite. She herself acknowledges that she sleeps badly. I noticed her yesterday evening in the garden under the school-room window. One of the girls dropped a dictionary. She started at that slight noise as if it terrified her. Her nerves are seriously out of order. Can you prevail upon her to see the doctor?"

Francine hesitated, and made an excuse. "I think she would be much more likely, Miss Ladd, to listen to you. Do you mind speaking to her?"

"Certainly not."

Mrs. Ellmother was immediately sent for. "What is your pleasure, miss?" she said to Francine.

Miss Ladd interposed. "It is I who wish to speak to you, Mrs. Ellmother. For some days past I have been sorry to see you looking so ill."

"I never was ill in my life, ma'am."

Miss Ladd gently persisted. "I hear that you have lost your appetite."

"I never was a great eater, ma'am."

It was evidently useless to risk any further allusion to Mrs. Ellmother's symptoms. Miss Ladd tried another method of persuasion. "I dare say I may be mistaken," she said; "but I do really feel anxious about you. To set my mind at rest, will you see the doctor?"

"The doctor! Do you think I'm going to begin taking physic at my time of life? Lord, ma'am! you do amuse me—you do indeed!" She burst into a sudden fit of laughter—the hysterical laughter which is on the verge of tears. With a desperate effort she controlled herself. "Please don't make a fool of me again," she said, and left the room.

"What do you think now?" Miss Ladd asked.

Francine appeared to be still on her guard. "I don't know what to think," she said, evasively.

Miss Ladd looked at her in silent surprise, and withdrew.

Left by herself, Francine sat with her elbows on the table and her face in her hands, absorbed in thought. After a long interval she opened her desk—and hesitated. She took a sheet of note-paper—and paused, as if still in doubt. She snatched up her pen, with a sudden recovery of resolution—and addressed these lines to the landlady of a hotel in London:

"When I was placed under your care, on the night of my arrival from the West Indies, you kindly said I might ask you for any little service which might be within your power. I shall be greatly obliged to you if you can obtain for me, and send to this place, a supply of artists' modelling wax—sufficient for the production of a small image."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRECIOUS STONES, PAST AND PRESENT.

We can imitate and do imitate those exquisite crystals called precious stones, some of them with astonishing exactness; but after all is done there still remains something lacking in the artificial stone. Wise men may elaborate a prosaic chemistry, producing crystals which they declare to be fac-similes of nature's delightful gems; but the world will not accept the ruddy residue of a crucible full of oxides as rubies, or the shining fragments of calcined bisulphides as emeralds. No crucible yet constructed can hold a native sapphire, and all the alchemy of man directed to this point has failed to extort from carbon the secret of its diamond—the little crystal that earth with all her chemistry has made so few of since first heat and water, Nature's gemsmiths, joined their forces to produce the glittering stones. They placed under requisition every kingdom of created things, and in a laboratory in mid-earth set in joint motion all the powers that move the volcano and the earthquake, that re-fashion the world's form and substance, that govern all the stately procession of natural phenomena. Yet with all this Titanic labor, this monstrous co-operation of forces, Nature formed only here and there a diamond, and here and there a ruby. Masses of quartz crystals of every exquisite tint, amethystine and blue, more beautiful, perhaps, in delicacy of hue than gems themselves, were sown among the rocks and scattered along the sands, but only to tell us how near Nature came to making her jewels common, and how, just when the last touch was needed, she withheld her hand, that men should confess the supreme triumphs of her art were indeed "precious."

Ages ago, when the list of minerals was much less complete than at present, men were admitted merely to the knowledge of the imperfect gems, and treasured therefore stones which, though very beautiful, are no longer among the highest prized. For emerald they had only malachite, for sapphires lapis-lazuli and jaspers; agates, carnelians, alabaster, onyx, and beryl all ranked as precious stones. Knowledge, however, advanced with science, and men found that the minerals they had thought so rare abounded in the secret treasure-houses of the rocks, and so from the crowns of princes these painted stones came to pave the palace floors, and instead of being held in reverence as mysterious substances armed with strange powers, were utilized for the adornment of household furniture. Arabesques of dainty minerals appeared on the temple walls of the East; and in costlier edifices of every nation the quasi-precious stones of former days lent their colors to give relief and grace to the severer beauties of architecture.

A new treasure-trove had, indeed, been discovered. Nature, it was found, had carried her chemistry further toward the perfection of hue and brilliancy than in her rock masses and pebbles, and on these stones, which to this day constitute the ideal standards of worth and beauty, came to be the supreme representatives of wealth.

But there are surprises yet in store for humanity, and one by one, it may be, the ruby, the emerald, and the rest will decline to the second rank, just as the onyx and the turquoise have already done, in the presence of further revelations of the earth's crystals. Again and again, even within the present century, the gem markets have borne witness to sudden revolutions in fashion and unexpected changes of taste; but these are to be traced to the fact of allied crystals having depreciated by their abundant appearance the worth of their nobler relatives. Diamonds are now all of one kind—a genus without species, a species without varieties—for though there are a dozen sorts, each differing from the other in beauty and value, the original diamond—of the pure water of the Brazilian or Eastern stone—still commands universal homage. If, however, the other varieties, which differ from their splendid prototype only microscopically, were any day to be made worthless by their profusion, the king of the gems itself would seem to dim in lustre. If nature, exasperated by the efforts of men, were, in revenge, to disclose to the prying pickaxe a solid rock of "Cape" diamond, or a lode of beryl-emerald, the markets for the true gems would be glutted with a jewel so near the truth that the truth itself would come to be held less precious.

Already the fanciful beauties and powers which our forefathers imputed to gems are obscured and discredited. What husband, suspecting an unfaithful wife, would nowadays smuggle emeralds into her food? what wife, seeking to redeem a drunken husband, would secrete amethysts in his liquor? or what mother, to preserve her children from the evil-eye, administer sapphires in the medicine of the nursery? The onyx has lost the latch-keys of the dream gates, and no oracle now speaks from the opal. We shall have to look very long indeed into the aquamarina before we read another's thoughts in it; and the diamond sparkles as brightly for the knave as for the honest man. Eastern people still venerate, while they delight in, the quaint phantasies of the mineral world—the hieroglyphic agate and luck-assuring "cat's-eye," the ominous moonstone, the unlucky tourmaline, and the carbuncle all aglow with malignant fire. Does not Siam administer justice to the snake world by the light of the great diamond on his throne? and what would Yama be without its kanthi stone? The jewelled rocks of Ceylon contain within them a mythology of vastest extent and wildest exuberance, and the streams of Burmah are strewn with sapphires—white, blue, and black—and lustred rubies and mimic amethysts, to all of which attach the same superstitions and traditions that are claimed by the more splendid treasures of the Indian mountains and rivers. All the human affections and passions are under the influence of gems, and each gem has again its tutelary spirits who direct its powers for good or evil. From the cradle to the grave, in sickness or in health, in prosperity or adversity, the Oriental may take counsel of a jewel or seek its help, and no circumstance of his life is without its precedent of subjection to the potent agencies of the "precious stones."

In the West these supernatural potencies of the mere minerals have been dispersed by ruthless chemistry. Men and women have grown out of the fancies that invested impossible substances with impossible influences. Who believes nowadays that serpents are blinded by emeralds, or that the blood red of the carbuncle will kindle into angry recognition of a murderer's presence? Science has discovered to us the true origin and nature of amber, and we no longer attribute to the coral the mystic properties our forefathers were familiar with. How many of my readers are acquainted with the virtues of the various bird-stones which a past superstition supposed to exist in the aetites, chelidone, halcyonite, or alectrion—the precious stones which the eagle, swallow, kingfisher, and cock were supposed to carry in their heads? or would any one go about now killing toads in the hope of finding bufonite inside their skulls? or sacrifice a horse to arrive at that philosopher's stone the [illegible] compelling toll? Outside the nonsense pages, [illegible] verse, the garuda-stone, the precious product of the vulture-king of the East, has no potentialities of transformation, at any rate for the Western world, and even Schamir, the wonder-working pebble found by Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, in a moor-hen's nest, has no more credit with a nineteenth century rabbi than the peep-stones [illegible] of Joseph Smith have with the Senator from Vermont. Newton has spoken profanely of the diamond as an "unctuous substance coagulated," and popularized science nowadays pretends to sneer at the glory of diamonds as "only a form of charcoal, after all." Chemists set down on paper exactly how many acids and vapors acting upon how many salts and alkalies would produce (if the elements would lend all their aid in a supreme effort of creative force) a precious stone, but by their labored explanations they themselves bear witness to the dignity of the gems which they long to imitate.

New influences, moreover, have gathered round the royal crystals. While the emerald has disclosed to the inquirer after its composition a valuable fact of the action of gases, the diamond has lent itself to boring rocks. A hollow cylinder, edged with diamonds, and revolving rapidly, ate its way in a single hour through a rock which, by any other known means, it would have taken two days to pierce, and the diamonds that had done it were found to be absolutely unaltered by the tremendous friction—too proud, as it were, to confess even to the blunting of a single edge on their surface. But it is not for the chemical properties or their existence in human industries that precious stones will maintain their hold upon the imaginations of men. In the weakness of our nature we must have an ideal of beauty from which to deduce our standards of worth, and as yet we have found nothing to excel the colorless crystal we call a diamond. Ever since it was known to man it has reigned supreme over the fancy, and whatever the race, whether in the East or the West, the diamond has never been supplanted as the most beautiful thing vouchsafed to humanity. The historical gems—"the royal stones," as they are called—of exceptional size and fabulous value, do not alone claim this pre-eminence, for the smallest fragment that suffices to give a glimpse of the prismatic glories of the larger stones is treasured. With other gems size often—in emeralds in the East, notably—establishes a claim to value, but the diamond disdains honor for the mere material virtue of bulk. The boasted gem of the Borneo chief, three times the dimensions of the Koh-i-noor, collapsed on inspection to a third-rate stone. It had size and weight, and was certainly a diamond, but the stone had no soul. It was a dead diamond. If all crystals had been in the same way judged merely by color and magnitude, we should have had no lack of gems; but then neither beautiful legends nor the homage of men would have gathered round the exquisite things, and the mysterious depths of translucency, tones of pure color, and wondrous lustre would never have been known to us in the supreme combination of the perfect gem of modern days.

THE NEW ORLEANS LEVEES.

Our illustration on page 220 shows how New Orleans is protected by her gigantic levees against the danger of overflow from the river. These levees have a gradual slope toward the city, so that the drays can be driven directly to the water's edge for the purpose of loading or unloading the ships and steamboats that lie alongside.

FOR THE OHIO SUFFERERS.

On the 17th ult. the citizens of Sedgwick County, Kansas, dispatched from the town of Winchester a train of thirty-one freight cars, loaded with grain, to the relief of the sufferers by the floods in the valley of the Ohio. The cars were rudely but effectively decorated with designs in color, some of which are shown in our illustration on page 224. The citizens of Ohio contributed largely to the relief of their Kansas brethren during the drought of 1874, and their generous gifts are now returned with interest.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

In the House of Representatives, a few days ago, Mr. Long, of Massachusetts, characterized whiskey as "the dynamite of human civilization." Certainly it is largely used for making bombs—though the name of the product is usually spelled the other way—and the chief demand for it comes from the same race that is trying to do harm with the other kind of dynamite.

There are said to be some three hundred Buddhists in Paris. They have taken steps toward the building of a temple. The faith came to them not directly from the East, but by way of London, where it has been rather fashionable for some time.

Here is a story about Jumbo which may contain a hint that will be prized by persons who wish to show that mountain of amiableness some delicate evidences of their regard. When Superintendent Tallett, R.S.P.C.A., was on duty at the London Zoological Gardens during the preparations for Jumbo's departure for America, an old lady came very early in the morning, bringing the elephant some hot-house grapes, raisins, apples, oranges, and other things which she thought would be acceptable to him, all in a nice basket tied up with ribbons. Before he had more than tasted of the fruit the grateful creature seized the basket and devoured it, ribbons and all, greatly to the old lady's disappointment. Mr. Tallett explained that the basket was quite like his natural diet of twigs and that sort of food, and the old lady appealed to him to tell her of something which the good elephant would prize as a real treat before starting for the strange country across the sea. After running over a list of delicacies in his mind, Mr. Tallett replied that some old birch brooms would undoubtedly prove acceptable morsels. The old lady drove sadly away, and did not return.

A Philadelphia boy tied turkey wings to his little sister's arms, fastened an old umbrella over her, and started her from a second-story balcony. While the doctors were putting her in splints the ingenious urchin explained that the invention would have proved a success if the little girl had only flapped her wings. The boy should be taken into partnership by Keely, not so much for his inventive genius as for his cheerfulness in the presence of doubters.

Toward the close of the performance in the Metropolitan Opera-house a few evenings ago a person arose in his seat, faced one of the parterre boxes, and said: "Will the ladies and gentlemen in that box be kind enough to keep quiet, so that those who desire to hear the opera may do so?" A storm of applause swept over the house, there was no further interruption of the performance, and when the curtain had fallen many persons waited to grasp the hand of the stranger who had spoken out. It is understood that he is a mere attorney, who went to the opera house with the mercenary idea of getting the worth of his money, and it seems that the thousands who applauded are of equally low breeding. What do these persons think opera was invented for, anyhow?

A new Chinese question has arisen. It seems that dried lizards are imported from China to be used in the preparation of certain Chinese medicines. The Collector of Customs in San Francisco is in doubt as to the proper classification of these desiccated reptiles, and has asked the Secretary of the Treasury for information. It is claimed by the importer that the lizards should be admitted as "dried insects," but a lizard is no more an insect than a crocodile is. The matter will probably be laid before the savants of the Smithsonian Institution.

The Democratic party seems to be improving. In former years it has lost its chances of success by unanimously blundering on to the wrong side of questions. This year it has blundered into a disagreement which makes it impossible for all the party to be on the wrong side. Thus the present dilemma really contains something for Democrats to be thankful for. The fact, however, that Democratic blunders are invariably sufficient to insure defeat is what makes them characteristic and distinctive.

The London *Lancet* (medical) advises Mr. Gladstone to take a peerage.

In a Tennessee jail one of the prisoners held the jailer while two other prisoners escaped. Then the first prisoner let the jailer fall on the floor, and hurried along to hold any others of the authorities that the fugitives might happen upon.

The irony of fate, imbittered almost beyond parallel, was illustrated recently at Nantucket. In the waters off the south side of the island a monster whale was sporting. He blew the water high into the air, and with his tail he lashed the brine almost into the eyes of the old whalemen on shore. But alas! there was no whaling gear on Nantucket.

The irreligious might have called it a raffle for a preacher, but it was carried out with exceeding solemnity, and beyond question with the deepest religious feeling. It was the selection of a pastor according to the method of those plain and earnest Christians, the Mennonites, in a Pennsylvania town. The church was thronged. There were twenty candidates for the ministry. At the conclusion of the sermon three ministers carried into an anteroom as many books of like appearance as there were candidates, and in one of the books they put a slip of paper containing the words, "Ein Diener des Wort." Then the books were brought back and placed on a table, and each of the candidates came forward, picked up a book, and returned to his seat. A bishop of the Church began at one end of the line of candidates, and opened each man's book. The eleventh book opened contained the slip giving its holder the title of minister of the Gospel. During the fifteen minutes occupied by the ceremony a solemn hush rested upon the congregation.

TARIFF (WHITE)WASHING

"A mighty small wash for such a big blow-out!"

UNCLE ABRAM MAKES A DISCOVERY AND HEARS A VOICE

"April fool, Unc' Abram!"
"G'long, goof'nut'n trash, you's a fool ev'y minnit in de year!"

DEPARTURE OF THE "CORN TRAIN" FROM WICHITA, KANSAS.—From a Sketch by M. Worrall.—[See Page 223.]

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THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB HOUSE.

It is remarkable that most of our large cities have as yet nothing worthy of the name of a first-class gymnasium, roomy, airy, and well appointed, and provided with a judicious and competent director. And this is the more strange when such an institution would pay as handsomely, as Dr. SARGENT (now of the Hemenway Gymnasium at Harvard) proved so conclusively in the few months he directed the Fifth Avenue Gymnasium in New York. The park grounds, the grounds of the Manhattan and a few other athletic clubs, with their vacant lots and temporary sheds, and a cluster of pseudo-looking boat-houses by the Harlem, do something for the New York youth actively inclined. But these are closed many months in the year, and are of no use in the evenings, the only time when most young men can get away from work. The principal gymnasium in New York to-day is down in a cellar, and so shut in by bulkheads that the sun has to make violent effort to get in at all, while the accommodations are indifferent—nothing to what they should be. Boston, with her Young Men's Christian Union Gymnasium, and the new one of the Young Men's Christian Association, is far behind, though hopelessly behind where she will probably be twenty years hence. It is not too much to say that attractive and well-equipped gymnasia scattered through the wards of our cities, and made convenient to all, would, if well managed and well led, not only pay roundly in money, but would save many youth from moral and physical ruin, whose evenings are now spent in wasting their strength instead of recruiting it.

There is that, too, about several hundred young men neatly clad in light exercising costume, and going through a wide variety of exercise, athletic, gymnastic, and acrobatic, in a room broad, bright, and comfortable, which itself tends to fascinate, and to make one feel, no matter how old he is, like getting off his coat and vest and going to work. Whoever happens into the Hemenway Gymnasium at five o'clock any afternoon during term-time can not fail to be impressed with this; one is it odd that, commodious as that massive building is, the report of the second winter meeting of the Harvard Athletic Association in it the other day said that "the audience, which completely packed the building, contained a large proportion of ladies."

One of our oldest and most prosperous athletic clubs, one of national reputation—the New York Athletic—aware from long experience of the need of better accommodations, is erecting at the south-west corner of Sixth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, in this city, a building solely for club purposes. As will be seen, it is four stories high, and in the style of the Italian Renaissance, extending seventy-five feet on Sixth Avenue, and ninety-five on Fifty-fifth Street. The material is Colchangh brick with terra-cotta trimmings. The entrance porch, which is on Fifty-fifth Street, is of red granite, with polished shafts to columns, and alternate stones of polished pilasters. Stout brick walls, cast-iron columns, rolled iron girders, and heavy beams render the building durable and almost fire-proof.

The basement, which is ten feet six inches between joists, contains six bowling alleys, the two next the side street being partitioned off from the others to be used privately on occasions, and to be accessible from a private entrance. There is also a shooting-range under the Fifty-fifth Street sidewalk, and a laundry, boilers, coal, etc., under that on Sixth Avenue.

Of the first story, which is thirteen feet high, a large space—sixty six feet by twenty—is occupied by a swimming-bath. There is also a Turco-Russian bath, with hot water, steam, and the usual appliances for scrubbing, cooling, and rubbing, and with dressing and lounging rooms. The office and committee-room are also on this floor.

The second story has the reception hall, parlor, reading-room, billiard-rooms, public and private, the restaurant, and the serving-rooms attached.

The next floor contains a thousand lockers, a lavatory, water-closets, douche-room, receptions and sparring rooms, all to be used in connection with the gymnasium.

The fourth or principal floor of the house is very high and airy, being twenty-two feet to the ceiling. Its entire area is to be occupied by the gymnasium, fitted with the most approved appliances, care being taken to omit much of the useless lumber which so hampered the gymnasia of the past. Ample light will pour in from the many side windows and a great skylight. This apartment will be reached by the main stairs and by a private fire-proof staircase.

Twelve feet and a half above this floor a balcony six feet wide is to run close around the hall, like that at Harvard, and is, like that, to be used exclusively as a running track. It will be supported from the roof timbers by suspension rods. The track will be of about twenty-two laps to the mile. Janitor's apartments and the kitchen will occupy a small superstructure on the roof.

The rooms will be finished in ash, cherry, and Georgia pine. The swimming bath and the rooms of the Turco-Russian bath are to have tiled floors, faced with enamelled brick and tiles. CHARLES W. CLINTON is the architect. The building is to cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and to be finished on the 1st of November next. The club is in a highly flourishing condition, having a present membership of fifteen hundred, with three hundred more knocking for admission. WILLIAM R. TRAVERS is the President. The initiation fee is fifty dollars, and the annual due thirty dollars.

It will thus be seen that this large and prosperous club will have one of the most attractive gymnastic club buildings in the world, easy of access to much of the city by two of the elevated roads, in the westhaver quarter, and near the Central Park. Everything which experience and thought can suggest and money provide to each member of the club in a first-class gymnasium is here.

At present 1500 will enjoy it; ten years hence, perhaps 3000. But what of the other hundred thousand youth in this great city who need it as much, or even more? Anchored all day behind bench, desk, or counter, frequently in rooms poorly lit and poorly ventilated, not breathing one full breath perhaps in twenty-four hours, often not walking even two miles in a day, or even able to, riding to and from work in cars where, as in the Third Avenue line at six o'clock in the afternoon, the air is often positively foul—where are all these to get capacious lungs, sound vitality, pure blood, and all else that keeps away sickness, and brings buoyancy of spirit and the feeling of equality to whatever one may have to do? Well, but most of these can not afford to pay thirty dollars a year besides the endless demand they already have for each hard-earned dollar. High as the price may seem, can they not really afford it if by so doing they are led into habits which build health and vigor, and send them in their work hale and in fine condition, instead of too often half built, half hearted, and fearing that they will soon join the prematurely gray army so numerous in our cities, about whom HENRY STEVENS had so much to say in his late visit to our land. Nearly two million people use the elevated railroads each year. But ten cents a day means more than thirty dollars a year, and it would be a downright blessing to the vast majority of our citizens if they saved half that thirty dollars and spent the other half on good shoe leather. And need it cost so much? This building is elaborate and luxurious, while the practical part of it should be bad, tidy, roomy, and comfortable, for a third of the outlay by each member. ARCHIBALD MACLAREN, of the Oxford University Gymnasium, says that a gymnasium eighty by forty feet should accommodate a thousand men. There are many halls in not cities fifty by one hundred feet in buildings con-

THE BUILDING FOR THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.—CHARLES W. CLINTON, ARCHITECT.

THE ORIGINAL BUILDING.

THE PRESENT BUILDING.

THE NEW YORK HALL OF RECORDS.—[See Page 226.]

venient of access, and having ample room for bathing and dressing rooms, and all that is necessary to comfort, which for a very few hundred dollars could be fitted with all the apparatus needed for almost any kind of exercise.

A dollar a month from each member ought to pay all expenses of rent, light, fuel, care of the place, and, most important of all, the salary of a competent and judicious instructor. We do not need athletes and acrobats; indeed, they are the ones who generally need exercise least. But it would be a measureless blessing to any city if its youth were all sound, vigorous, and well built, handy in their movements, hearty and untiring at their work, aware that these good things are not to be had without seeking for them, any more than is mental progress or result in any direction, acquainted with right care of their bodies, and willing and glad to give the really short time needed daily to getting and keeping them. With sensible exercise in good air, with the resulting perfect digestion, sound and ample sleep, one can work almost as hard as he likes throughout the daylight, and have good ground to hope that he will come up to his seventy-ninth birthday in as full vigor and the possession of all his powers as David Dudley Field did to his the other day, as that other tireless worker, Emerson, did two years earlier, or as Bancroft did three years earlier yet.

Look into the lives of these men, and you find them to-day taking their vigorous daily exercise as surely as they take their breakfast, and taking it for the same reason we urge it—because it pays. Indeed, Mr. Bancroft said recently he believed he could ride horseback a whole day and be none the worse for it. The rules these men have discovered and lived up to we want scattered broadcast throughout our land, known and followed by every man, woman, and child whose life is now confined, sedentary, and consequently unnatural. Dearth of capable teachers who shall rightly train our bodies there certainly is, but once make the demand sharp, clear, and strong, and it will soon breed good teachers. A thousand men like Sargent could in a year train millions, and with as gratifying results as have marked his recent years. Meanwhile secure if possible the preliminary medical examination he insists on to see where one is weak, if anywhere. Let the earlier days be spent in strengthening up the weak and undeveloped parts, then divide the day's exercise equally among all parts, and the man will soon find how to become well built, and will get a welcome strength and heartiness to which he has till now been a stranger. He who faithfully devotes a while daily to any study expects to get on at it long even before a year is out. He who uses daily and equally well-chosen means to improve his body may as surely look for pleasant results, and she who does likewise will find a like gratifying effect in her case, as not a few of our more favored young ladies have already proved, and are still proving daily.

William Blaikie.

A CITY LANDMARK GOING.

To make room for the New York approach to the Brooklyn Bridge, the Hall of Records in the Park must soon be torn down. The old building has an interesting history, especially in connection with the war for independence. It was built in 1757-8 for a common jail. It was of stone, three stories high, about sixty by fifty feet, with a diagonal roof running to a peak, and crowned with a cupola, in which there was a bell for fire and other alarms. West of the jail, on the site of the present City Hall, was the almshouse, and after the Revolution another prison—the Bridewell—was put up between the almshouse and Broadway. When the jail (Hall of Records) was finished, the stocks, pillory, whipping-post, and cage were set up in front of it, and in the rear was the gallows.

During the British occupation the jail was used for "the provost," or military prison, where rebel soldiers and civilians were confined and inhumanly treated. The keeper was an Irishman named William Cunningham, with the rank of Provost-Marshal. It is said that in some of the many petty conflicts between the Sons of Liberty and the loyalists concerning the liberty pole so often set up on the Park and so often cut down this Cunningham, who was then a sergeant in the British army, was caught and severely whipped. When he had an opportunity, as the chief jailer over American prisoners, he took ample revenge for his whipping. An eye-witness says the new jail, or provost, was destined for the more notorious rebels. On the right of the main door was Captain Cunningham's quarters, and opposite was the guard-room. Within the first barrier was Sergeant O'Keefe's apartment, and sentinels were posted everywhere. One room, used by the more distinguished prisoners, such as Ethan Allen, was derisively named Congress Hall. Prisoners were so closely packed that, when weary of lying on one side on the bare floors, they turned by squads to the command, "Right—left." Cunningham stole or destroyed the luxuries sent to prisoners by outside friends, and mocked at the protests of his victims. He would parade the prisoners to show his power, and point out to his friends this or that one as "the infernal rebel," etc. One of his characteristic outrages was at the execution of Captain Nathan Hale (though he was not his jailer). Hale was hung from a tree on Beekman Hill (about Fifty-first Street and East River), Lord Howe having his quarters in the Beekman mansion. Hale was refused a minister, refused a Bible, or time to pray; but he had written letters to his mother, his sister, and his sweetheart, and these letters were torn up before the writer's eyes by the infamous captain of the provost.

When the British left New York, November 25, 1783, the provost was the last place given up. Cunningham had taken care to escape early, leaving O'Keefe in charge. As the Americans came down Chatham Street, O'Keefe threw his great bunch of keys on the floor, and joined the rear of the English army, then marching down Broadway. He left in the jail only a few petty criminals, all the political prisoners had been set free some time before.

Not long after the Revolution the jail became a prison for debtors only. When the Doctors' Riot occurred in 1778, this jail served as a place of refuge for the hospital physicians, who were pursued with murderous intent by a furious mob. For many years the bell on the jail was the main reliance for fire alarms. In 1827 Governor Ogden, of New Jersey, was a prisoner for debt; and while the soldiers and citizens were celebrating Washington's birthday the irate Governor held a scroll from his grated window on which was written, "Blood and thunder! is this Liberty?" which secured for him hearty cheers, and a futile proposition to set him free.

About fifty years ago the columns at either end (now standing) and the broad steps were added, and the cupola removed. With the abolition of imprisonment for debt the edifice was taken for public offices, and within a few years was occupied solely by the Register, or keeper of lists to and transfers and mortgages of real estate, and of late chattel mortgages. There are several thousand volumes of these records, beginning (in Dutch) about 240 years ago. The last "improvement" made to the old building was done in Tweed's days by Andy Garvey, who put on a useless upper story, or half story, and a very poor tin roof, but the perfectly good copper roof, which had served for many years, was stolen. The original building was very substantial, and the stone floor is now, after the wear of seven generations, almost as good as when first laid down.

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Taken internally in cases of dysentery, diarrhœa, sea-sickness, cholera, cramp, colic, cramps, and sick-headache, its soothing and penetrating qualities are immediately felt. It is perfectly innocent to take internally.
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Extirpates from the blood the germs of disease implanted by excesses in living, and by disorder of the digestive functions,
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Cures all maladies resultant from vitiation of the blood, the most fruitful cause of disease.
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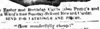
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PROPOSALS FOR PURCHASE OF VESSELS.
NAVY DEPARTMENT.
Washington, March 1, 1884.
In accordance with the provisions of the 5th section of the act of Congress making appropriations to supply deficiencies approved March 3, 1883, sealed proposals will be received at the Navy Department until noon on Saturday, May 3, 1884, at which time and place they will be opened, for the purchase of certain vessels which have been stricken from the Navy Register under authority of an act of Congress approved August 5, 1882, and which it is deemed for the best interests of the United States to sell.
The vessels offered, their appraised value and their locality, are the Niagara, at Boston, Mass., [illegible]; Florida, at New London, Conn., [illegible]; Colorado [illegible], and Ticonderoga [illegible], at New York; Supply [illegible], at League Island, Penn.; Pawnee [illegible], at Port Royal, S. C.; Benicia $14,000, and Cyane [illegible], at Mare Island, Cal.
Proposals must be submitted in a sealed envelope, addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C., and endorsed "proposals for the purchase of vessels," so as to distinguish them from other communications. No offer for more than one vessel should be included within one proposal.
The vessels will be sold, for cash, to the person or persons, or corporation or corporations, offering the highest prices therefor above the appraised value thereof. Each bid or proposal must be accompanied by a deposit in cash (or satisfactory certified check) of not less than ten per cent. of the amount of the offer or proposal, and also a bond with a penal sum equal to the whole amount of the offer, with two or more sureties, to be approved by the Secretary of the Navy, conditioned for the payment of the remaining ninety per cent. of the amount of such offer or proposal within thirty days from the date of its acceptance. In case default is made in the payment of the remaining ninety per cent., or any part thereof, within that time, said cash deposit of ten per cent. shall be considered as forfeited to the Government, and shall be applied as directed in the act of March 3, 1883. All deposits and bonds of bidders, whose proposals shall not be accepted, will be returned to them within seven days after the opening of the proposals.
On application to the Department, a printed list will be furnished, giving general information concerning the vessels; also forms of bids and bonds which must be used by bidders. The vessels can be examined at any time by applying to the Commandants of the Navy Yards.
The purchasers must remove the vessels purchased from the limits of the Yard within such reasonable time as may be fixed by the Department.
WILLIAM E. CHANDLER,
Secretary of the Navy.

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STATEMENT OF THE

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

For the year ending December 31, 1883.

Ledger Assets, Jan. 1, 1883		$45,020,581.84
INCOME.		
Premiums	$10,727,847.00	
Interest, Rents and Realized Net Profit on Investments and on Sales of Real Estate	2,743,028.73	13,470,875.06
		$58,491,456.90
DISBURSEMENTS.		
Claims by Death and Matured Endowments		$3,420,014.07
Dividends, Surrender Values, and Annuities		2,900,592.94
Discounted Endowments		148,453.73
Total Paid Policy Holders		$6,471,060.54
Dividend on Capital		7,000.00
Commissions, Advertising, Postage, and Exchange		1,010,130.05
General Expenses		973,016.05
State County and City Taxes		107,103.11
Total Disbursements		$8,567,000.40
Net Cash Assets, Dec. 31, 1883		$50,432,249.79
ASSETS.		
Bonds and Mortgages		$18,072,041.20
New York Real Estate, including the Equitable Building and purchases under foreclosure		6,819,037.00
United States Stocks, State Stocks, City Stocks, and Stocks authorized by the laws of the State of New York		15,043,915.12
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (market value $10,006,452.00)		8,130,000.00
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure and Society's Buildings in other cities		3,027,553.00
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies, at interest*		2,970,900.20
(*A large portion of this amount was in transit and has been since invested.)		
Commuted Commissions		312,545.19
Due from Agents on account of Premiums		270,217.18
		$50,432,249.79
Market value of Stocks and Bonds over cost		718,891.93
Interest and Rents due and accrued		451,398.44
Premiums due and in process of collection (less premiums paid in advance, $25,342.00)		446,126.00
Deferred Premiums		933,353.00
Total Assets, Dec. 31, 1883		$53,030,041.70
Total Liabilities, including valuation at four per cent		44,914,032.44
Total Undivided Surplus		$9,115,909.26
Upon the New York standard of 4½ per cent. interest, the Surplus is		12,109,176.79
Of which the proportion contributed (as computed) by Policies in general class, is $6,020,323.79		
Of which the proportion contributed (as computed) by Policies in Tontine class is $3,049,285.06		
New Assurance in 1883		$91,120,756
Total Assurance		275,160,680

From the undivided surplus, contributed by policies in the General class, reversionary dividends will be declared, available on settlement of next annual premium, to ordinary participating policies. From the undivided surplus contributed by policies in the Tontine class, the amounts applicable to policies maturing within the current year will be duly declared, as their respective annual premiums become due.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1884.

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THE CINCINNATI RIOTS—BREAKING IN THE GATES OF THE JAIL.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. H. PARRY.—[SEE PAGE 241.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1884.

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"ANGELO; A STORY OF SICILY,"

by E. M. TRAUBAUD; "*The Phantom Dog*," *by* MARGARET ETTMOR; "*Catching a Puffing Pig*," *by* A. W. ROBERTS; "*Building The Tower of Babel*," *by* ARTHUR LINDLEY; *and* "*A Prison Within a Prison*," *by* ELLA ROGERS CHURCH.

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THE CINCINNATI RIOT

THE story of the riot in Cincinnati is very simple and very familiar. In Cincinnati the miscarriage of criminal justice, which is everywhere only too apparent, has been long disgraceful. A flagrant instance of this miscarriage had just occurred in the failure of a jury to convict a notorious and self-confessed murderer, and a public meeting was held to protest against the wrong. Strong resolutions were adopted, and passions were excited, and a cry, "To the jail!" in which several other criminals were confined, was raised, and a mob was quickly rallied. The rest, of course, followed. Before morning the worst and most dangerous elements of the population were in full activity. The frenzy of crime which seizes such a crowd led it to fire and pillage. The military force was summoned to stay the mad destruction. But inadequate provision for such an emergency, or the want of skillful direction of the forces, enabled the riot to acquire a terrible momentum, and for a day the city seemed to be almost at the mercy of the mob, and the terror to have recalled that of the GORDON riots in London.

At an enormous cost of life and property, the burning of public buildings, and the destruction of valuable records, the riot was suppressed. But its significance is unmistakable. There would have been no riot except for the public meeting, and the meeting would not have been called but for the notorious and habitual failure of criminal administration. That is the real cause of the outbreak, and that is due, not to general suffrage, but to the neglect of intelligent persons to use the suffrage properly. The warning is plain, and it is universal. If intelligent citizens permit the whole initiatory duty of politics to be performed by venal politicians, if they allow them to dictate city charters and municipal legislation, and nominate candidates for office, including the lower and higher courts of law, and if the intelligent citizens merely ratify this work at the polls, content to "stand by" their party, violence and riot and rapine and murder, upon no greater occasion than that offered by the meeting in Cincinnati, will follow. The danger of a popular government is not the ignorance and recklessness of the criminal classes, it is the indifference of the intelligent classes. Such indifference as that which was shown by the Republicans of the city of New York in the late reorganization of the party is the cause of such bloody outbreaks as that in Cincinnati.

Bemoaning universal suffrage will not avail, nor merely denouncing Communism. When a Communistic or any other dangerous tendency appears, the first proper question is what produces it, and the first determination should be to treat the cause as well as the consequence. The miscarriage of criminal justice must be remedied in the first place by a system which will free the officers of courts from any kind of dependence upon criminal classes, and by the prompt est public censure of those in whose hands justice fails. Laws which make conviction for heinous crimes difficult, if not impossible, should be modified, and the execution of laws should be swift and sure and solemn. An ample and thoroughly efficient militia system is not less indispensable. The knowledge of an effective force at hand to keep order if need be is in itself a bulwark of public peace and order. The mob in this country is in no just sense the people. An idle, lazy, reckless crowd, with which thieves and murderers and rascals of every kind and degree associate themselves, and which, if unexpected, swells to a maddened mob, dealing terror and ruin on every side, is not the American people, and those who call it so are merely panders to the spirit of crime. The recent events at Cincinnati will remind other cities that to leave their government to the discretion of those whom they do not trust nor respect is not a joke and a disgrace; it is an immediate and appalling danger.

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED

SINCE the Democrats in Congress do not wish to take up the tariff as a serious question to be treated upon some intelligible principle, why should they not at least get the credit of some good and useful legislation by passing the bills which have already unanimously passed the Senate, and which will be of much greater benefit to the country than any tariff bill which they will probably pass—the bills providing for the Presidential succession and for counting the electoral vote by Congress. They are not partisan bills. They will not benefit one party more than the other. But they are acts which would save the country from great apprehension and from the chance of great disaster. Their passage would be a public service to which the party could "point with pride," and which would dispose of a very troublesome and constantly recurring question.

The disposition of parliamentary bodies to resolve themselves into debating clubs instead of practical business agencies is productive of enormous mischief and expense, and the difficulty with which they can be brought to adopt measures of useful legislation, unless they are whipped into it by an immediate and imperious public opinion, is extraordinary. They tangle themselves in rules of procedure which can be learned only by laborious study, and retained only by a tenacious memory, and so place themselves at the mercy of a few sharp and sometimes designing men, without whose favor legislative business can not proceed. A man with a cynical sense of humor can not look upon such a spectacle without the most satirical laughter, which is the tone of CARLYLE's comments upon parliamentary government, or, as he called it, government by talk and wind. He never seems to have asked himself whether government is not practically an alternative, and whether, because government by the talk of many has its disadvantages, government by the will of one, who makes himself governor by force or by traditional consent, is necessarily better.

The House would silence such cynics for a time by a stroke of real and beneficent legislation such as we suggest, and as often as the sneer returned it could pass some other good bill. The Presidential election exposes the business and the peace of the country to very unnecessary disturbance, not because of the hurra of the campaign, but because of the universal consciousness that the simple determination of the result may precipitate the country into civil war. That is the plain statement of the fact, and the danger arises not from the nature of popular institutions, nor from the passions of the election, but simply from neglect to provide a form upon which, as the action of the Senate shows, there is no difficulty in agreeing. It is by this kind of wisdom that a popular government is tested. Great emergencies develop great character and heroism. But if a popular legislature neglects those little acts which, although mere forms and regulations in themselves, yet secure the smooth working of a government at its most vital point, that of the transfer of the supreme executive authority, then a popular legislature reveals the essential weakness of a popular system. It is that kind of wisdom in legislation, as much as the heroism of citizens in the field, which justifies the republic.

PRESIDENTIAL PREFERENCES IN NEW YORK.

THE New York *Herald* has made an interesting inquiry into the views of the members of the New York Legislature upon the subject of Presidential preferences, the tariff, and civil service reform. Among the Republican Senators, 6 prefer Mr. EDMUNDS as a candidate, 3 Mr. ARTHUR, 2 Mr. BLAINE, 1 Mr. SHERMAN, 1 General SHERMAN, 1 General HAWLEY, and 4 are non-committal. Among the Assemblymen whose choice is reported, 26 are for Mr. EDMUNDS, 10 for Mr. BLAINE, 7 for Mr. ARTHUR, 1 for Mr. HARRISON, and 1 for JOHN J. O'BRIEN, which last choice gives rather a *bouffe* air to the whole statement. Of the 10 whose first choice is Mr. BLAINE, 4 named Mr. EDMUNDS as their second choice. Of the 26 whose first choice is Mr. EDMUNDS, 6 name Mr. BLAINE for second. Of Mr. ARTHUR'S 7, there are 2 who name Mr. EDMUNDS as their second choice, and 1 names Mr. BLAINE. Mr. ROOSEVELT, of New York, is first for Mr. EDMUNDS, then for General HAWLEY. Mr. LITTLEJOHN, of Oswego, is first for Mr. BLAINE, and has no second choice. Mr. HUSTED reports his distrust for a high tariff and for civil service reform, but he expressed no preference among Presidential candidates.

The *Herald*'s report is doubtless a fair representation of the general current of Republican preference in the Legislature, and that shows the general drift of Republican sentiment in the State. The replies upon the question of reform show how strongly favorable is the general feeling. Older politicians, however, like Mr. LITTLEJOHN, are naturally opposed to it. They think it a "beautiful theory," as emancipation was thought to be thirty years ago, but wholly impracticable, as emancipation also was. The universal Republican sentiment, as shown by the *Herald*'s report, is friendly to the protection of American industry, and very suspicious of any tariff legislation at this time. Mr. ROOSEVELT, who is not a protectionist in the usual sense, would have raw materials upon the free list, and free ships; but he reports his district as disposed to protection of the industrial interests of New York, and hostile to free trade or sweeping tariff reduction. His statement may be accepted as conclusive upon the general party position upon the question of the tariff.

There are, of course, many members of the Assembly whose views are not reported, but the small number upon the list who prefer Mr. ARTHUR is very significant. Unless the Assembly singularly misrepresents the sentiment of the districts, it is tolerably clear that he will hardly have a majority of the national delegates from the State in his favor. The Assemblymen, indeed, in expressing their preferences, probably consider availability, and it is the consciousness that there is a very strong opposition in the State to the nomination of the President which affects their expression. This opposition is due to the feeling that Mr. ARTHUR represents the system and the men that in the opinion of a great body of Republicans must bear the responsibility of GARFIELD'S death. That Mr. ARTHUR'S administration may have been prudent, wise, and pacific, that his general course has cost him the favor of General GRANT and Mr. CONKLING, and that, like other men, in wholly changed circumstances he may have altered many of his views, and so far favored reform as not to have repelled reformers—all this is of no avail. That he aided the enemies of GARFIELD, and was the chief beneficiary of his death, is the conclusive consideration, and this is so strong that there is no doubt that the Convention would seriously imperil the vote of New York by nominating a President whose administration it will yet be constrained honestly to praise. The preponderating legislative voice for EDMUNDS is the expression of the confidence that his nomination, much more than that of any candidate who has been mentioned, would secure the most united and the largest vote in New York. In Massachusetts the canvass of the *Advertiser* shows that of 471 prominent Republicans, 359 prefer EDMUNDS, 73 prefer ARTHUR, and 25 BLAINE. For second choice, 87 name ARTHUR, 75 EDMUNDS, 20 BLAINE. Mr. EDMUNDS'S strength is undeniable. He unites eminent public ability and service with the greatest availability—a very unusual combination in a Presidential candidate.

THE RESIGNATION OF MR. SARGENT.

MR. SARGENT has declined the Russian mission, and, resigning his post at Berlin, will return to this country, alleging his fears of the Russian climate and urgent private business as the reasons. Under the circumstances, his course is not surprising. If, as is stated, the appropriation for the German mission will be omitted by Congress, and if, as was also stated with an air of authority, the mission at Berlin would be left vacant for some time after Mr. SARGENT'S departure for St. Petersburg as a sign of the dissatisfaction of our government with recent acts upon the part of the German Chancellor, Mr. SARGENT could well say that his continuance at Berlin for a time, with the complete and public approval of his conduct by the government, would be a very much more emphatic and significant sign of displeasure. He was unquestionably, so far as appears, although enjoying the complete approbation of his government, transferred under fire. He has been driven out by the Chancellor.

It is quite proper when a government is informed that its minister to another government is a person not agreeable to that government, that it should change its representative, in order not to embarrass the transaction of business. But this is not that situation. A year ago, indeed, Mr. SARGENT was admonished by the State Department that he had gone too far in making a certain statement to the German Minister of Foreign Affairs, and he was instructed to explain. The Foreign Minister received the explanation, and told him that he had already heard from Washington of the Department's disapproval. Mr. SARGENT might have resigned upon this, but he did not; and if the knowledge of the home admonition emboldened BISMARCK to take the course he did, yet from that moment the home government sustained Mr. SARGENT, and publicly and significantly approved his course in the LASKER incident.

The admonition of a year ago, therefore, was not regarded by him as a reason of resignation. There was no representation to our government that he was

an unacceptable minister. But he is roundly abused in German official newspapers, and in the very act of commending him his government transfers him to another post. Nor can the government plead that negotiations were not practicable under him if it proposes to stop all negotiation by practically closing the legation. The whole transaction seems to us unfortunate, especially if the transfer to St. Petersburg was made without consultation with Mr. SARGENT. He knew better than it could be known at Washington the exact situation in Berlin. If he could be no longer useful he would have said so, and after a delay sufficient to show that the government was willing to submit to inconvenience in order to testify its approval, he might have resigned, or have been transferred, as he should elect. But the LASKER incident was scarcely closed when the transfer was made. Further disclosures may throw new light upon the transfer and resignation, which, as at present understood, injure the excellent impression produced by the management of the LASKER incident by the State Department.

MR. LEYPOLDT AND MR. TRÜBNER.

Two gentlemen well known as publishers and bibliographers recently died upon the same day, Mr. FREDERICK LEYPOLDT in New York and Mr. NICHOLAS TRÜBNER in London. Mr. LEYPOLDT'S name was very familiar a few years ago in the firm of LEYPOLDT & HOLT. He was earnestly devoted to the work of his life, which was bibliography in the largest sense, and *The American Catalogue* is a monument of his knowledge, research, and zeal. To the end he was closely devoted to his useful literary labor, and his death was hastened by his industry.

Mr. TRÜBNER, like Mr. LEYPOLDT, was of German birth. He was of the same general tastes, even to the interest in American literature, to which he also published *A Bibliographical Guide*. He was deeply interested in the literature of the Orient, and established the *American and Oriental Literary Record*. Mr. TRÜBNER was a diligent student, and a welcome contributor to periodicals upon the subjects of his study.

Both of these gentlemen were modest and faithful soldiers in the great army of letters, serving for love of the good cause, and serving effectively. The high prizes in that service are not very many, says THACKERAY; but single-hearted devotion and a constant labor that lightens the labors of others win prizes of another kind—the sincere respect and regard of all who know the fidelity and its result.

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

THE English Foreign Office has been instructed to obtain information from America in regard to the importation into England of American adulterated butter and cheese. There is already trouble with Germany about alleged diseased American pork. But American beef and grain are as yet unsuspected.

It was a singular blunder to attempt to introduce the much-celebrated oleo as ordinary butter. Butter is made from bovine fat in the form of cream; oleo is made from the purest bovine fat in a different deposit. But the word which describes it has acquired a most unsavory reputation, and bread and oleo excite very different emotions from the familiar and homely words bread and butter.

The revelations which are occasionally made of the actual nature of the sugar and coffee and other condiments and spices, and even necessaries, which are sold in the New York market, suggest an uneasy suspicion that some tricks may be played with exported butter and cheese. The land of the wooden nutmeg and of the artificial ham would certainly seem to Sir LEPEL GRIFFIN capable of adulterating even the homely cheese. Let us hope that the result of the proposed investigation will not be such as to gratify that stern censor of a not wholly perfect America.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

THE Republican Conference Committee which represents the Independent Republican movement in New York and other States is very actively and effectively at work. It represents a power which the old machines necessarily respect, however much they may detest it, and which will be a chief force in determining the nomination at Chicago. Its latest circular urges special attention to the primaries to prepare for the district and State conventions, to secure delegates who are in sympathy with the progressive spirit of the party, and it requests such communications, especially from doubtful States, as will enable the committee to lay before the National Convention authoritative expressions of Republican sentiment.

The committee say, with perfect truth:

> "It is universally recognized that success in New York State next fall is vital to Republican success in the country at large. The State can be carried by the Republicans if such candidates are chosen as will deserve to be elected, men whose names will be a warrant, beyond even the pledges of the best party platform, that the cause of administrative reform will be advanced till the separation of the public service from partisan politics is made final and complete. The State can not be carried by any candidate, whatever his popularity in certain districts, who has used, or who might, if elected, use, the patronage of office as a reward for personal or party service, or whose past record would put the party on the defensive, and compel a campaign of apology or vindication."

This statement, which will not be denied, will have great weight with the Convention, which will know that it proceeds from men who have always had the courage of their convictions, and who represent the spirit which produced the amazing result of the election of 1882 in New York.

The Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, a journal which is edited by the chairman of the New York Republican Committee, says that the Independent Republicans are united in their determination not to vote for Democrats, although they have decided preferences among Republican candidates. If, however, from those Republican candidates some one should be selected who is peculiarly obnoxious to the independent sentiment, and Governor CLEVELAND, for instance, should be nominated by the Democrats, the *Commercial* would certainly find that the independent vote would not be unitedly cast for the obnoxious candidate. We say it certainly not as a threat, but as a truth. Practical politicians will coolly consider, not who can be nominated, but who can be elected, and in deciding that question they will carefully look at the facts. If the total vote of a State, for instance, is one million, so nearly divided between the parties that the Republican balance of power is held even by 10,000 voters, these voters must be secured if the party is to succeed. To foam at them as an impracticable minority seeking to dictate is a course curiously unbecoming to practical politicians. This, we have no doubt, is the wise view that will be taken by the Convention, and, if we are correct, a nomination will be made which will certainly unite all Republicans in their determination not to vote for Democrats.

FROM KHARTOOM.

THE news from General GORDON at Khartoom is always a series of obscure reports, but there seems to be no doubt that he has been defeated in an engagement with the forces of El Mahdi, and that there was treachery among some of his commanders. It is reported also that the inhabitants of Khartoom remain friendly to him. But if the news as reported be correct, he must have lost his prestige, and the loss of that is the loss of all.

He went as a minister of peace, who was to succeed by wise concessions, and to pacify the Soudan without an army. But this report leaves him merely a defeated general who can hardly resume the part of benign pacificator. He must now succeed like other generals, and he has apparently no dependence but the wretched and cowardly Egyptians. The British operations upon the shore of the Red Sea are suspended by the intense heat. El Mahdi's lieutenant has been twice defeated by the British, and had GORDON succeeded in his battle, the British prestige would have been very strong.

But it is impossible to say how much has been actually accomplished, or what the issue of the complicated situation will be. The best-informed Englishmen in Egypt have little doubt that England must substantially control the country or withdraw altogether, and now that Mr. GLADSTONE is better, we may justly anticipate a statement of the general policy and expectation of the Government. Yet any fatal disaster to General GORDON might easily "precipitate a crisis" in the ministry, and even exclude from power the party and the leaders who are most friendly to Ireland, who would enlarge the franchise, and who detest a Jingo foreign policy.

VIVISECTION

THE question of vivisection has not awakened the same interest in this country as in England, where the current literature of the subject is very large, and many distinguished men and women have contributed to the discussion. Mr. FREEMAN, the historian, recently points out that physiology is the only branch of science which it has been found necessary to bring under the restraint of the law. The "scientific freedom" of the philologer or the astronomer is left absolutely free, but the scientific freedom of the physiologist has to be fettered by act of Parliament. "That is to say, in the pursuit of other studies there is no inherent danger of moral evil; in the pursuit of physiology there is."

The *Spectator*, commenting upon Mr. FREEMAN'S letter, denies altogether the right to put animals to torture even in the confident hope of lessening human suffering. No humane man would torture another to obtain a remedy for the toothache. Why, then, a dog or a cat? Their lives are not so valuable, but their sufferings are just as severe, and count for even a larger proportion of their whole experience.

It is remarked also that the English clergy are, as a body, indifferent to the subject. A gentleman writes from Dublin that it "is not only that none, or hardly any of them, contributes to the funds of the society I have named, but I have never heard, and I have never met any one who has ever heard, a single sentence, in a single sermon, by either Roman Catholic or Protestant, inculcating mercy to animals, or pointing out the duty of endeavoring to mitigate their sufferings." Mr. FREEMAN'S point is very strong, that the fact of the restraining law shows the great abuse of the power of subjecting animals to torture professedly to advance knowledge. It certainly does not advance humanity, and schools of experimental torture of domestic animals may very readily produce as much moral harm as scientific benefit.

PERSONAL.

THE joke perpetrated upon Mr. Mark Twain on April-Fools' Day was entirely successful, and Mr. GEORGE W. CABLE, of New Orleans, who conceived it, together with the one hundred and forty-nine other literary gentlemen who abetted it, may join hands with the historic Captain C. C. DUNCAN, of the *Innocents Abroad*, in manifestations of glee. Knowing Mr. Twain's special and oft-expressed horror of the autograph collector, they resolved to make one hundred and fifty simultaneous requests for his signature, and so to arrange matters that the requests should reach him on April-Fools' Day. The distinguished author is said to have uttered some emphatic remarks in his library at Hartford, beside the stacks of letters that hid the entire top of the large table.

—General W. W. LORING, of Egyptian celebrity, is one of four survivors of his battalion in the Texas revolution, when Texas obtained her freedom from Mexico. The Texans propose to have a grand celebration of their natal day this month at Austin, and General LORING expects to put in an appearance.

—A New York man of letters observes: "I am brought often into business relations with a man who offends me greatly. Without being in any respect personally distasteful to me, he has a way of putting his hand on my arm and slightly stroking it whenever he thinks he has a communication of importance to make. He is a good fellow, and I don't like to wound his feelings, but I shall be compelled to ask him to stop touching me. I fully appreciate THACKERAY'S condition when he was made so angry by the car conductor who had tapped him on the shoulder for his ticket. I don't think I am over-sensitive, but I want Tom, Dick, and Harry to keep their hands off my person."

—A difference between the finest new houses in Boston and the finest new houses in New York—and a very interesting difference—is that while in the latter the custom is to call upon the professional decorators to finish the interior, in the former it is usual to let the architects of the edifices do the inside not less than the outside. "This is architect's work," a Bostonian will say, rather proudly, while showing you through his new house, implying that the results are in consequence more artistic and solid. Of course in New York also the same state of things exists in some instances—notably, perhaps, in such houses as those of Mr. C. T. BARNEY and Mr. W. J. HUTCHINSON—but it is much less common here than at the Hub.

—EDWARD EGGLESTON is ransacking the private libraries of Georgia for facts relating to the discovery and early settlement of America. His daughter, Miss ALLEGRA EGGLESTON, who has done some excellent work in oil painting, is probably the best wood-carver among American women. She has recently carved some superb panels representing scenes in MILTON'S "Lycidas," which will be exhibited this spring at one of the annual exhibitions.

—JAMES R. ROBINSON, an artist, owed a creditor $3,000, and the latter kindly consented to make an arrangement by which ROBINSON should paint for him one hundred oil pictures, at the rate of twenty a year. After painting seven pictures, ROBINSON'S eyesight failed him, and his creditor sued for breach of contract.

—EDMOND ABOUT, as man of letters and journalist, has made a million of dollars by his novels, his essays, and, most of all, his newspaper.

—The dramatic critic of the leading daily journals of New York is a better man than he used to be. His ideal of personal behavior is higher. He no longer cherishes an ambition to sup with actors and actresses. He has a sense of responsibility to the public. He wishes to contract no social debts that must be met by newspaper puffery. He refuses to be under obligation to anybody. He holds himself free to be the unembarrassed mouth-piece of his convictions. It was not always so in "the good old days."

—Mr. RICHARD GRANT WHITE having asserted that a sense of humor is the rarest of qualities in woman, Miss ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS replies that "the rarest of all things is a woman without humor," and fortifies her statement by many references to classic and contemporaneous literature, "of course not intending to commemorate the women who have unconsciously made themselves ridiculous." If, however, Mr. WHITE intended to say that few women have the *sense* of humor—the power of perceiving the humorousness of the things that they themselves say or do—"he is right, to a certain extent."

—Mr. BRANDER MATTHEWS'S brochure, *Documents in the Case*, in which he demonstrates that the rabbled charge of plagiarism against his play, *Margery's Lovers*, was absolutely destitute of foundation, is unnecessary. Nobody who knew him was even tempted to believe the silly accusation, and if anybody who did not know him had been led into doing him that injustice, he has friends enough among the writers for the press to set the erring one straight.

—KARL HILLEBRAND: "Modern novels, though apparently differing as much from one another as ZOLA'S from HOWELLS'S, have the same family feature—discontent with the world as it is. How morose at bottom are all the novels of George Eliot in what one might call their key-note! how bitter CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S! how infinitely sad Miss FORSTER'S *Among the Hills!* All great narrators of former times, from HOMER to CERVANTES, and from CHAUCER to WALTER SCOTT, enchain our hearts by their good humor."

—Is smoking injurious to health? inquires a recent essayist. "Smoking is and is not injurious. In New England it has with truth been alleged that the thirst induced by it is an active incentive to alcoholic excess and its attendant evils. On the other hand, among Asiatic nations, the reverse holds good. Mr. LANE, the translator of the *Arabian Nights*, noticed while in the East that smoking appeared to possess a soothing effect, attended with slight exhilaration, and that it supplied the place of alcoholic beverages. It is to climate, temperament, and bodily constitution, acting and reacting upon each other, that we may trace so opposite an effect."

—Can it be said (asks a clever writer) that there is nothing in the newspapers, when advertisers are always to the fore, providing matter for admiration, wonder, amusement, or speculation?

—General BEAUREGARD, according to one of his friends, had, during the war, a great deal of the sanguine and excitable nature of a Frenchman; and this quality, together with his never-failing and always expressed belief that the course which he advocated would be followed by complete and overwhelming success, undoubtedly jarred upon the nerves of the elderly Anglo-Saxon military men DAVIS, LEE, and JOHNSTON, and created in their minds a feeling of distrust.

—"A very harmless type of autograph hunter is the 'sweet girl graduate,' whose scented missive takes wing from some suburban academy," says a late writer. "If you put your name on that harmless-looking little card with the bevelled gilt edges, you will bring the whole school down upon you within a month."

—JULIAN HAWTHORNE: "In America and Germany—but more in America than in Germany—children are urged and stimulated to 'grow up' almost before they have been short-coated. It looks as if we felt the innocence and naturalness of our children to be a rebuke to us, and wished to do away with it in short order. I do not mean to say that the only medicine that can cure this malady is children's literature of the right kind; wise parents are also very useful though not, perhaps, so generally available. Children derive more genuine enjoyment and profit from a good book than most grown people are susceptible of: they see what is described, and themselves enact and perfect the characters of the story as it goes along."

—It is not perhaps generally known that New York has a veritable college of music, where there are no less than ten free endowments for pupils who evince remarkable talent, and are not able to pursue their studies without extraneous help. The distinguished leader EDWARD EBERHARDT has now systematically arranged at his Conservatory in Twenty-third Street a course of instruction combining all the improved methods of ancient and modern art, which is fully attainable free of charge to those who, by careful selection and subsequent training, seem capable of reaching the highest grade in their profession.

—There is a form of deception, observes a contemporaneous philosopher, with which so-called good-natured people, if they are good letter-writers, are not seldom associated. This is "drawing up" letters for their less-gifted acquaintances to copy and send out as their own. A girl of good family and large fortune was won over to accept for a husband a young gentleman of small means and not much principle mainly by the eloquent, poetical, very charming letters he addressed to her, nearly if not quite all of which were composed by a clever, brilliant friend who had never seen her. When the marriage proved very far from happy, and the real scribe had a wife and children of his own, we have reason to believe that he deeply regretted the part he had played in deluding a confiding girl.

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BARRICADE ON COURT AND CANAL STREETS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOURSICH & GRIME.

FIRING THE JAIL WITH PETROLEUM.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. H. FARRY

THE CINCINNATI RIOTS.—(SEE PAGE 281.)

AN ALLIGATOR TRAP.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.

CATCHING ALLIGATORS.

ALTHOUGH I had gone on many an alligator hunt, of which the object was the killing of these hideous saurians, either for their teeth and hides, or for the purpose of ridding some locality of a pest, I had never assisted in the capturing of one alive, nor had I until very recently any idea of how such captures were effected. Full-grown alligators of from eight to twelve feet in length are common enough in "zoos" and menageries, and in Florida nearly every curiosity shop is provided with a tank in which good-sized specimens are kept and exhibited as advertisements. In regard to these the majority of visitors who have given the subject any consideration whatever have vaguely imagined that they were captured when very young, and allowed to attain their present size in captivity. Some such impression that had lingered in my own mind was thoroughly dispelled one bright January morning as I walked along Bay Street in Jacksonville. Before the doors of one of the many curiosity shops something that excited the lively curiosity of a great crowd of people was being unloaded from a cart. The something proved to be an immense alligator, the largest, as I was afterward told, ever captured alive, measuring thirteen feet four inches from the end of his ugly snout to the tip of his tail, and weighing a trifle over eight hundred pounds.

He was so bound with ropes as to be perfectly helpless, and a gang of stout negroes lifted him from the cart, and carried him to the tank fitted for his reception at the rear of the shop, as they would a great log of wood. In this case the reptile had most evidently not been caught young and brought up by hand, for he bore many marks of a recent violent struggle, and a wiry little old man in torn and muddy clothes, who directed his transfer from cart to tank, was pointed out to me as the captor, and also as the most successful alligator-hunter in Florida. In personal appearance this man was so insignificant that it seemed impossible that any of the stories told of him could be true. He was nearly seventy years of age, so small and spare that his weight could not have been over a hundred and twenty pounds, and he had the sallow, colorless complexion peculiar to the "poor whites," or "crackers," of Florida. Although he had the reputation of being very taciturn upon all matters relating to his business, and the exploits which he regarded in a most matter-of-fact light, upon this occasion he was so elated over the success of this his most notable capture that for once his tongue was loosed, and after the trophy of his skill was safely lodged in its tank, and the crowd had dispersed, I succeeded in drawing from him the following facts.

"Wa'al, mister, long's yours ain't in the business, nor likely to go into it on your own account, I don't mind telling you how big 'gators is caught. Some fellers makes traps; like er not you've seen 'em in some of the creeks pettin' in from the St. John's. They drives a ring of stout stakes in the water, clos on the bank, with an opening on one side. On the side nearest the bank they bends down a sapling with a noose to the end of it, an' jest inside the noose, in the water, they fixes a bait that 'll spring the sapling when it's touched. That yanks the 'gator's head up in the air, an' afore he can git clar they has him bound fast with ropes. That ain't my way, though. Hit's too much work a fixing of the trap; you has ter wait too long a watchin' fer the 'gators to come along an' stick ther snouts into it, an' then they'm too all-fired lively with

ther tails, when they heads is cotched, to suit me. Sometimes I fixes a noose so to the end of a spring sapling acrost a runway when it comes handy an' I've cotched a right smart of 'em that er way too, but I generally goes fer 'em in ther holes, an' digs 'em out.

"You know 'gators allus has holes clos in under the bank. They begins in the water, but a leetle back they kinder raises, so's when he's in, he's half outen the water an' half in. Soon's cool weather comes on, 'long in December, therm gits into ther holes an' lies thar quiet like, 'cept on bright warm days, when they come out an' suns. A curus thing is that they allus goes in backwards, an' lies with thar noses p'intin' towards the opening. Wa'al, 'long in the fall I watches the 'gators putty clus, an' spots ther runways an' places whar they're mos' likely to make holes, so by time cool weather sets in I has a dozen or twenty marked. Then when I wants a 'gator I goes fer him an' digs him out.

"How do I manage hit? Why hit's easy 'nuff when you knows how. I uster to take Mandy, my hoss, along, but he's got har 'nuff now to go huntin' fer hisself, so I goes alone mos' generally. I cotched that thar feller all alone. Not a soul seed him twel I had him tied up an' ready fer market. When I had Mandy along he usen to punch a fence rail into ther hole, an' into ther 'gator's mouth. 'Gator'd grab it, an' hang on like death, an' never let up on his holt long's yer kep' movin' ther rail a leetle. While he was kep' busy an' amoosed like that er way, I'd dig down into him, an' fust thing he'd know I'd hev a rope round his head an' fore-paws. Then I'd dig along back twel I'd git to his hind-paws an' git 'em tied up. But look out fer his tail! When he gits that er loose, thar's gwine ter be fun, an' mud's gwine ter fly, you bet!

"Yes, sir, thar yere feller give me a tussle. Mandy warn't along, an' I tackled him all alone. When I first jabbed the rail down his throat he begun to yank his head this side an' that, twel I 'lowed I was the tail-end of a threshin' machine. But I hung on, an' kep' a-proddin' of him, kase I 'lowed he mought taken it into his head to come outen. When he begun fer to back, I begun fer to dig, an' 'twarn't more than three hours afore I had him dug outen thar, and tied up snug as yer please.

"Yas, 'gators is mighty peart with ther tails, but they can't do nothin' much with thar jaws. Them's their weak p'int. Why, sir, I kin cotch that thar 'gator by the end of his jaws with my han's, when hit's mouth's shet, an' hold hit shet spite of all he kin do; but keep outen the way of his tail, for yer mought jes as well hev a cannon-ball strike yer.

"Does catching 'gators pay? Wa'al, ef a man 'tends to business, he kin make livin' wages at hit. I got twenty-five dollars for this yere feller, an' prices range 'cordin' to size—so much a foot generally—'bout a dollar to a dollar and a half a foot, fer anything five foot long an' over.

"Little ones? Them I cotches by the hundred in scoop-nets, or digs 'em outen 'long with their mammy. They fotches 'bout a quarter apiece when trade's good. Mos' folkses hain't no idee how to care fer 'em when they gets 'em, an' heaps fer 'em dies outen sheer starvation. You've got to feed 'em like they was young kittens, and feed 'em in the water. They won't eat nothin' 'less they kin put their heads under water. Feed 'em on bits of raw meat, and put hit right clus to ther noses so's they kin smell hit. They can't find nothin' fer theirselfs of you throw hit into the water.

"Skins an' teeth? No, ther hain't much doing in them now. Since you Yankee fellers has got to making celluloid teeth and imitation 'gator leather, prices is 'way down; 'bout thirty-five or forty cents is all the hunter gits fer prime hides, nothin' taken less than seven foot long neither."

Before I left the old hunter he had agreed to send me word when he discovered another exceptionally large alligator, and promised to show me how to "jab" a fence rail down its throat in a manner that would induce him to "hang on an' keep him amoosed."

After keeping the big alligator in a tank for a week or so, and thereby attracting many customers to his shop, the curiosity man sold him to a travelling showman for seventy-five dollars, and Mr. 'Gator is now being exhibited to admiring crowds in the smaller towns of the Southern States.

The curiosity man wishes me to say that he will furnish good healthy alligators, sound in wind and limb, boxed for shipment to any part of the world, and of any size under ten feet long, for two dollars per lineal foot. KIRK MUNROE.

A MISUNDERSTANDING

HARRY BAVANT sat in his London hotel gazing at the picture of a very charming girl—a girl with hair of the lovely Titian shade, and a pleasant way of reddening like the morning under her golden veil. In fact, every one who saw the lighting up of this fair face behind the warm drooping curls, decided that Arabella Kester was a beauty.

But this night, if Harry's thoughts were of love, Arabella's were of laces and ribbons. Her mother sat watching her among them, turning nervously in her fingers, as she did so, a letter. This letter necessarily came within Arabella's vision, but it did not occur to her that it could be connected with her affairs. Therefore, when Mrs. Kester said, "Bella, I want to speak to you about this letter," she looked up with surprise.

"Whom is it from, mamma?"

"Harry Bavant."

"Oh!"

"Oh!—Is that all you have to say? He asks to come here, and you ought to feel delighted."

"Why? I have not any remembrance of him—except as a great awkward boy, whose freckles I despised."

"You know that it has always been understood that Harry and you would marry, and if your poor dear father had not gone—gone to a better place—he would insist on your keeping the contract with Harry."

"A boy-and-girl contract!—nobody keeps such things, mamma."

"Only a year ago you allowed your picture to be taken for him. Come, come, Bella, you were seventeen then."

"But at Newport last summer I saw people a great deal nicer than Harry."

"How can you know that? You have not seen Harry since he was fourteen, and then you were only eight. You have forgotten him."

"Why did he never send me his likeness? Of course because he is ugly. Handsome men always keep a case of photographs to give away. Augustus Meyer did. He was always handing them round."

"Augustus Meyer! Bella, I am really ashamed of you."

"Mamma dear, don't, if you please, spoil my pleasure with this old skeleton of an engagement. I am going to Aunt Lucy's, and I intend to forget Harry in a dozen handsomer people."

"Then, Arabella, if you will not be influenced by honor, I must ask you to consider your *interest*. The Bavant estate has a heavy mortgage on our property. Old Silas Bavant and your father loved each other, and there were few words about it after the loan. 'The youngsters will marry,' he said, 'and all we have will be theirs.' Your father and Silas Bavant are both dead, but nothing has been done for the release of Kester. I suppose Harry could call in the mortgage and interest any day if he chose."

"And I am to be looked upon as principal and interest! No, mamma; I would not marry Harry on any account now."

"That is mean of you, Bella, for he has never said one word about the mortgage. Besides, I heard that he has also inherited from an uncle whom he had never seen a vast estate in Louisiana, or Mexico—I can't remember clearly, but some out-of-the-way place. It was his mother's brother, I think, or else his—"

"Never mind who, mamma; it makes no difference to me. Here, kiss me, and come upstairs and see Désirée pack my trunks. We won't have Harry Bavant spoil our last evening."

Mamma yielded, and among trunks and toilets, and then over their cup of tea, Arabella easily turned the current of their conversation away from Harry Bavant. "I don't suppose you will like Aunt Lucy, Bella; but she entertains nice people, and your cousins Jessie and Agnes are—well enough, considering. They won't like you, dear—they have mouse-colored hair and weak eyes—but they will pretend to, and that answers very well. I hope you will have a real good time; indeed I do."

"Thank you, mamma."

"If you really thank me, Bella, just read Harry's letter some time. See, I will slip it in among your laces. I want you to understand what a manly, outspoken message he sends you."

Arabella made a little grimace, but promised, and so the argument for Mr. Bavant closed.

About the same hour next evening Miss Kester and her maid and her trunks arrived at a large mansion on New York's most aristocratic avenue. Her aunt and cousins met her with evident pleasure. She had come in a fortunate hour, for both Agnes and Jessie had just been acknowledged betrothed maidens.

If ever a woman is amiable, it is when talking over her own love affairs, and as Bella listened sympathetically to her cousins, they were quite willing to acknowledge her beauty, and quite eager to be really kind to "the pretty little thing." So they took her to operas, balls, and dinners, and gave her splendid entertainments at their own house, and Bella thoroughly enjoyed it all.

But after three months of constant amusement and adulation she began to feel the very extravagance of her pleasure monotonous. She was half inclined one day to write to mamma and ask to be sent for home. One ball was just like another ball, and fine ladies and gentlemen were all cut after the same pattern. In this querulous mood Désirée said something about her laces, and Bella walked to her wardrobe to examine them. She lifted the crumpled tulles and sets, one by one, and at the bottom of the drawer lay a letter.

Harry's letter, of course. She had forgotten it until it stared at her in that complaining way. "Get what you think best, Désirée." And so she dismissed her laces, and lifting Harry's letter, sat down to read it. It was a noble letter. Amid all the charms of Europe, in his travels through Tartary, China, India, and the fallen cities of Africa, he had kept her memory pure and fresh in his heart. His boyish love had strengthened with his years, and, more than ever, little Bella Kester was the idol of his hopes and dreams.

In her present mood this letter touched Bella strangely. "I tire of a lover in a month," she said. "How is it that Harry has liked me for more than ten years? I really think I should like to see him again."

Just here Agnes interrupted her reverie. "Cousin Bella, mamma says you must really try and go to Madame Rives's. She has sent an urgent dissent from your refusal."

"Very well, I will go. I have not worn my maize silk yet, and I may as well show it once. I think I shall return home next week."

While this decision was being made, Madame Rives was discussing its probability with her grand-nephew, a fine-looking man, who smiled at his aunt's anxiety to introduce to him the belle of the season, but who, it was easy to see, desired, for some reason or other, to meet her. Bella meant this to be her last appearance, and she was determined that her exit should be a brilliant one. Fortunately the new maize silk had as yet an untried charm. Désirée had held up her hands in dismay at its union with Bella's peculiar style of beauty; but Bella liked to feel that she could dare an unusual toilet, and triumph over it.

"Would not mademoiselle at least soften the effect with white tulle?"

No, she was tired to death of white and blue; she had studied the clouds at sunset, and she knew what combinations were possible and effective.

So it came to pass that night that every one wondered wherein lay the charm of Arabella's beauty. It lay in the shimmering silk that clothed her in the hue of sunshine, and in the great masses of scarlet japonicas and carnations, which gave to this luminous drapery and to her bright golden hair the warm splendor of a tropic noon.

Madame was delighted with her appearance. She had fixed on this young girl for her grand-nephew's wife, and she was grateful to her for doing such credit to her taste and judgment.

"This is my long-absent nephew, Mr. Fontaine," she said, proudly, leading Bella up to that gentleman.

Bella had passed scathless through many an introduction, but this time she was smitten. She quite lost her self-possession, trembled, and yet longed to meet again the dark, handsome eyes which had stolen away her heart. It was evidently a case of mutual attraction, and Mr. Fontaine in many a pleasant way made Bella aware of this during the next few days. She was sorry now that she had announced her intention of returning home, but was still immensely consoled by a whispered request from Mr. Fontaine to visit her within a short time at Kester.

During the journey home she made up her mind that under no circumstances whatever would she now marry Harry Bavant. In Mr. Fontaine she had met her ideal, and she was determined to be faithful to it. Mrs. Kester made a holiday of Bella's return, and there were many confidential chats between mother and daughter, but in none of them did Bella name Mr. Fontaine. If he kept the promise of his eyes and lips, her mother would soon hear from him; if not, she wanted no explanation and no sympathy.

In a few days Mrs. Kester came to Bella one afternoon with an open letter in her hand. Bella was practicing, and she bent toward her music with an air of enthusiastic study, but with a beating heart and flushing cheeks. *The letter*, of course. Mr. Fontaine had written, doubtless, to ask her mother's permission to visit Kester.

"Arabella."

"Yes, mamma dear."

"Here is a letter—such a delightful letter—from Harry."

There was a confused jingling of flats and sharps, and a little annoyed shrug of Bella's pretty shoulders. Her eyes were dim with tears. For a moment she could not speak.

"He is coming here, he says—let me see what day," and the handsome little widow turned the letter inquisitively.

Bella rose from the piano, and coming to her mother's side, looked over the letter with her.

"'*Dear mamma*'! What impudence! How can you suffer such an address?"

"Nonsense, Bella! He always called me 'Mamma Kester.' He never knew his own mother, poor fellow."

"And '*Yours affectionately, Harry*'! Mamma, I am quite sure I never could respect such a familiar young man. I don't want him to come here, mamma. I shall like some one else much better."

"Perhaps you do like some one else better."

"Perhaps I do. I am sure Harry had better not come. Write and say so, mamma."

"Indeed, miss, I will do nothing of the kind. I like Harry. He will always be welcome in my house."

Mrs. Kester turned angrily away, and Bella went to her own room sorely disappointed. But she was a girl of resources. This Harry Bavant had shown himself, in that one letter she had read from him, romantically self-denying and chivalrous. Why not write and tell him the truth? She had noticed that his letter was addressed from a well-known hotel in Philadelphia. The plan was worth thinking over, and the result of an hour's thought was the following note:

"MR. BAVANT,—I think it is best to be quite sincere with you. I have not the slightest wish to renew, on the basis you wish, our acquaintance of ten years ago, and I ask you to spare me the annoyance of telling you this personally. Of course mamma knows nothing of this appeal to your generosity, and I hope you will be able to pursue such a course as will not further embarrass me. I am really sorry to write in this way, but sincerity is always best at the last.

"ARABELLA KESTER."

Then she sealed it, and dispatched Désirée with it to the village post-office. "I might have written a nicer letter; but then, if I had said one kind word, he would have ventured on it. Give lovers an inch, and they'll take hold the circumference of the world." And with such reflections Bella satisfied herself.

The next evening she said, "Mamma, have you written yet to Mr. Bavant?"

"Oh, Bella, I forgot; you know the Baileys have been here all day; but I will do it at once."

"I dare say he is already offended at your delay."

Mrs. Kester deigned no reply to this suggestion at that time, but two days afterward she said, in a voice of peculiar annoyance, "It really seems as if you were right, Bella; here is a most extraordinary letter from Harry, and the long and the short of it is that 'he thinks perhaps he had better not trespass on Miss Bella with the worn-out claim of so old an attachment.' I think his behavior is simply disgraceful, and—"

"Never mind, mamma. I dare say he has seen some other girl, or else he expected us to go with a great company to meet him, or perhaps he has heard of the mortgage." Then Bella's conscience hurt her, and she began to try and persuade Mrs. Kester that Harry's course was best for all.

It was not a thing easy to do. Women of forty do not see events with the eyes of eighteen. The connection had been in every way desirable, and she really liked Harry; and then the unexplained annoyance of his sudden coolness. Upon the whole, the mother felt it a very mysterious and vexing affair.

Bella was not altogether satisfied with herself, especially as the weeks went on and no word came from Mr. Fontaine. "Perhaps, after all, it might have been well to have been on with the new love before she was off with the old." But she never gave such thoughts a minute's grace; they were treason to that splendid, fickle lover who still filled her heart and her imagination.

The remainder of the winter passed rather drearily away, and Bella did not find the spring as pleasant as poets say it is. It was late and cold and wet; she went little out, and on the plea of "not feeling very well," sat in her own room and brooded over her disappointment, until she really looked sufficiently pale and languid for the most love-sick maiden.

This was the second phase of her misfortune; she was rather glad of her delicate, frail aspect. If Mr. Fontaine should meet her now, he would at least see that she had suffered from his falsehood. For the summer days were coming, and it was not improbable they might meet at Newport. Madame Rives had a cottage there, and, if not gone abroad again, her nephew would of course visit her. This hope enabled Bella to take the proper interest in the preparation of her costumes, and they reached Newport rather early in the season.

Bella had reasons for being early on the ground; among others, it would give her more opportunities for cultivating Madame Rives's friendship. But though madame had been so demonstrative in her affection only a few months before, she was now only coldly courteous. Bella had often been a little impatient with her mother's worry and wonder about Harry Bavant's sudden coolness; now Mrs. Kester had ample opportunities of returning her indifference with regard to Madame Rives's sudden coolness.

One morning Mrs. Kester went out early to make some purchases, and staid much longer than Bella had anticipated. A strange, restless feeling took possession of her; she felt that some crisis in her life was approaching, but could not define its character. She went frequently to the windows, and, reversing the blinds, looked anxiously out. At last she saw Mrs. Kester coming down the road, walking very slowly, and talking with eager pleasure to—yes, she was sure of it—Mr. Fontaine.

Would he come in? She looked in her glass, and then anxiously at the couple, now standing at the gate. No; he bade Mrs. Kester good-morning, and strolled leisurely away toward Madame Rives's cottage. Bella's eyes were full of tears; she could scarcely bear to look upon her mother's radiant face.

"Bella! Bella! whom do you think I met?"

"*Whom?*" rather crossly.

"I met Harry—dear Harry. He was just as kind and fond of me as ever, and as handsome!"

"Was that 'Harry' that walked with you to the gate?"

"Certainly it was. He says I must call him Fontaine now. Indeed, he looked very queerly at me when I called him Bavant; says he had to take his uncle's name with the estate; thought I knew it. There's a whole parish, or town, or something or other, called Fontaine."

"Oh, never mind that, mamma. Do you really mean that Harry Bavant and Harry Fontaine are the same person?"

"Just the same, dear. Harry is just the same handsome, frank fellow he always was. Called me 'mamma' just as he used to do."

Bella had nothing more to say. She was made utterly miserable by the thoughts that crowded on her. She begged to be left alone, and then, burying her face in her pillow, began to think over everything in its worst light. She who loved Harry so well had absolutely written to request him not to come and see her. What would he think of her writing at all to him? It was an unladylike thing to do, and she had been sorely punished for it. And then, too, he must think her only a silly flirt, for certainly she had let him see that his attentions were pleasant to her; and she had really been so true to him! Oh dear! what should she do? Write again? That could not be thought of. She really believed she would die of grief and mortification.

But while the poor girl was thus sobbing out her distress, a new hope had come into her lover's heart. If Mrs. Kester did not know that Harry Bavant and Harry Fontaine were identical, it was most likely that Bella was also ignorant, and that dreadful letter could be explained on grounds very flattering to him. It did not take him long to put a few important facts together.

"Aunt," he said, excitedly, coming into madame's morning room, "I have just met Mamma Kester, and she did not know that I had changed my name. I thought you had written and explained everything the day Bella left New York."

Madame pushed some papers about nervously.

"Harry, to tell the truth, I did half write the letter, and then your cousin Lamont and her children came to pay me a week's visit, and I forgot it until the following day. Then I said to myself, 'What is the difference? Harry is going there, and I shall only spoil a pretty surprise.'"

"But I did not go at once; I was detained by business in Philadelphia. I thought you had written, and merely wrote to announce my visit. By return I received Miss Bella's cool request not to come."

"But why did you not sign yourself Fontaine?"

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"I wrote to Mrs. Kester; to her I had always been 'Harry,' and I was afraid she would think me eager to forget the good old name, or else ambitious of bringing to the front my new estates and importance. You see, aunt, I was in a peculiar position for a modest man."

"Well, I don't take any blame to myself, Harry. I was always against your deceiving Bella. A straight line in love as well as in geometry is decidedly best. I have not forgotten how you asked me leading questions about Miss Kester, and how you allowed me to introduce to you as a perfect stranger a young lady whom you had selected for your wife when she was in short frocks and ankle-tights. If your little plans have gone a-gley, Harry, you deserve it, sir."

"Suppose I go at once, aunt, and explain things to Bella?"

"I dare say the little darling has been sobbing herself sick with annoyance. How can you expect her to rush to an explanation with a headache and red eyes? I should wait until this evening, if I were you."

Harry thought over this advice about three minutes, then put on his hat and went straight to Mrs. Kester's. The next scene in the little drama was Désirée standing beside Bella with Mr. Fontaine's card in her hand, on which was pencilled an urgent request for an interview. Bella raised her tumbled, bright little head from among her pillows, read the eager words and made a rapid step to the looking-glass. Meanwhile Désirée was explaining the merits of the white mull morning dress, and Bella saw the possibilities of the case at once.

Désirée estimated rightly: the snowy mull with its soft lace trimmings and pale pink bows set off admirably the careless coils of Bella's bright hair and the tender dewy beauty of her violet eyes. Harry went mentally down on his knees before this beautiful, half reproachful vision, and said a great many more abject things of himself than there was any occasion for. But it was easy for a man to imagine himself a dreadful culprit with Bella's sorrowful little face beside him. However, after two hours' conversation he got partially through his confession, and Bella tremblingly began hers.

Two more hours passed away, and she had been so often interrupted by Harry that it was determined to defer the rest of the explanation until evening; but somehow the affair grew so tangled that it never was unravelled until the following Christmas-eve, when the happy marriage bells rung out, and Harry and Bella had forever more but one life and one heart.

VIRGINIA FUN AND FROLIC IN THE REVOLUTION.

Our American historical writers appear [illegible] the "dignity of the subject" [illegible] when they come to the Revolution. The men and events of the time are treated from the grandiose, not the familiar point of view, and yet this familiar and intimate view would be better. Every-day life is largely comedy, and it is [illegible] life which we wish to see, [illegible] the drama and the [illegible].

There is a great deal of [illegible] the Virginia annals. The [illegible] determined, [illegible] and the [illegible] fun and frolic breaks out in a thousand directions [illegible] grave historical narratives. [illegible] rebellion, the [illegible] Bird of Westover, are all [illegible] elegant. Life, in fact, seems to have been easy and happy in these "good old times." [illegible] of its sunshine. The whole population of Virginia, from the [illegible] [illegible]

The festivities of the time [illegible] Captain [illegible] [illegible] to a [illegible] full of handsome silk stockings of the value of [illegible]. This was toward the middle of the century. A generation afterward the Virginians are still [illegible] themselves. At Norfolk the good people celebrate the "anniversary of St. Tammany, the tutelar saint of the American colonies." This saint, who is popularly supposed to be of Northern origin and traditions, is evidently a Southern saint also. In his honor a salute of twenty-one cannon is fired, and the "sons of the saint" give a grand entertainment—a ball, which is opened by "one of our burgesses, accoutred in the ancient habit of this country"—leggings, moccasins, war paint, and all! It was an occasion of the fullest enjoyment. The "fair bosoms of the ladies" are "animated with a generous love of their country"; and at four in the morning the sons of St. Tammany "encircled their king, and practised the ancient mysterious war-dance." After which grotesque ceremony the sons of the saint disperse.

This is on tide-water. On the border, in the Shenandoah Valley, the same mirth marks the times. The lower valley was settled by Scotch-Irish Presbyterians and German Lutherans, and these good people break out into the wildest frolic on occasion. When a wedding takes place the young men "run for the bottle," that proceeding being a steeple-chase toward the house of the bride, where a ribbon-decked bottle of rum rewards the foremost. At the wedding the groomsmen are "decorated with badges and white aprons beautifully embroidered," and wait on the bride. Their chief duty is to see that her slipper is not stolen from her foot. If any one succeeded in drawing it off, the groomsmen forfeited a bottle of wine, and the bride could not dance until it was restored. A primitive ceremony wound up the evening, which the old border historian thus describes: "When the bride and groom were bedded the young people were admitted into the room. A stocking rolled into a ball was given to the young females, who, one after the other, would go to the foot of the bed, stand with their backs toward it, and throw the stocking over their shoulders at the bride's head, and the first that succeeded in touching her cap or head was the next to be married. The young men then threw the stocking at the groom's head in like manner with the like motive. Hence the utmost eagerness and dexterity were used in throwing the stocking. This practice, as well as that of stealing the bride's shoe, was common to all the Germans."

These good fatherland customs are pleasant to read of, but at times the full demon of comedy intruded on the peaceful scene. One would scarcely suppose that the grave and serious Scotch-Irish Presbyterians would engage in these scenes full of the most grotesque comedy, or rather farce. The stage was the little border capital of Winchester, where the population largely consisted of Dutch and Irish. Let worthy old Samuel Kercheval, the historian of the valley, describe what he actually witnessed: "It was customary for the Dutch on St. Patrick's Day to exhibit the effigy of the saint with a string of Irish potatoes around his neck, and his wife, Sheeley, with her apron loaded also with potatoes. This was always followed by a riot. The Irish resented the indignity offered to their saint and his lady spouse, and a battle followed. On St. Michael's Day the Irish would retort, and exhibit the saint with a rope of sauer-kraut about his neck. Then all the town went pell-mell, and many a black eye, bloody nose, and broken head was the result. The author [illegible] of these [illegible] the [illegible] Revolution."

[illegible]

The [illegible] and New Light [illegible]

[illegible] Bishop Meade [illegible] and others of a similar character in the old records. The worthy parsons in the pulpit and expressed themselves without reserve. One of them wrote to England in favor of a Virginia bishop which was greatly resented. If one were sent, he added, it would "make hell tremble." And excellent Parson Thruston, when he was insulted during the performance of his holy functions by a layman present, stripped off his black gown, exclaimed, "Lie there, Divinity, while I thrash Rascality," and silenced his adversary by the carnal weapon, his fist.

This mirth, high spirits, courage, and genius for retort is seen as plainly in the women and girls and boys. When Tarleton, who had been defeated and pursued by Colonel Washington, said that he would be "happy to see Colonel Washington," the lady whom he thus taunted replied, "If you had looked behind you at the Cowpens you would have enjoyed that pleasure." And many other stories are told showing the same tendency to fun and satire. One of these relates also to Tarleton. He had plundered a homestead, and carried off all the fowls but an aged drake, when the indignant lady of the house mounted a negro boy on a horse with the drake slung at his back, directing him to go to Colonel Tarleton, present her compliments, and say that there was "something which he had forgotten."

When the dire edict of the Burgesses went forth that no more tea must be used in Virginia, after the closing of Boston port, the ladies acquiesced, but did so with humorous sorrow. The sorrow and patriotism both appear in the poetry of the period. It was fearful to be deprived of their tea-cups, but no good Virginian could thenceforth use the hateful commodity. Read "A Lady's Adieu to her Tea Table," in the *Virginia Gazette*:

> "Farewell the Tea Board, with its gaudy equipage
> Of Cups and Saucers, Cream Bucket, Sugar Tongs;
> The pretty Tea Chest also, lately stored
> With Hyson, Congou, and best Double Fine.
> Full many a joyous moment have I sat by ye,
> Hearing the girls tattle, the old maids talk scandal,
> And the spruce coxcomb laugh at maybe nothing.
> No more shall I dish out the once loved liquor,
> Because I am taught, and I believe it true,
> *Its use will fasten slavish chains upon my country.*"

The young lady who produced this "effusion" must have been very pretty, since she wrote so badly; but one can see that she was in earnest—that the girls must tattle, the old maids talk scandal, and the coxcombs simper henceforth without their tea.

These [illegible] made determined [illegible]. When [illegible] raided through [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] on the sword-belt [illegible] her own hands, and [illegible] when some British [illegible] manse-house, brewed punch in the great family punch bowl, and [illegible] young lady of the establishment to kneel and drink "Success to [illegible]," the glass in her [illegible] "Success to Washington!" The [illegible] preserved in the family [illegible]. And the boys of the epoch were [illegible] brave as the girls. [illegible] at home when the [illegible] Williamsburgh they formed [illegible] and marched, with [illegible] a hen a lady possessed [illegible] her two boys [illegible] to nursery discipline [illegible] weeping and wailing [illegible] field of Mars. But [illegible] with Washington.

It is [illegible] recall these trifles [illegible] real historic significance [illegible] may appear beneath [illegible]. They are very characteristic [illegible] Virginians, whose [illegible] are all their own. [illegible] very strong in this old [illegible] right was strong [illegible] Revolution were at [illegible] Established Church, [illegible] without hesitating when [illegible] invaded. The spirit [illegible] motto of the Culpepper Minute-men, "Don't tread on me"; and [illegible] they met the redcoat [illegible] did not flag between Bunker Hill and Yorktown.

J. Esten Cooke.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

[illegible] The Railway Collie, [illegible] Bread and Apples as [illegible].

A [illegible] a dissentient voice [illegible] tribute to the merits [illegible] the mole Detraction [illegible] up its little mounds [illegible] thing generally be[illegible] and skepticism, [illegible] one hear it assert[illegible] nothing so very ex[illegible] man (the speak[illegible] to retail taxes and [illegible] be received by the [illegible] London or anywhere [illegible] sort of people who [illegible], as may be im[illegible], they are not [illegible] another week they [illegible] thousands. Sooner [illegible] man, these wags [illegible] the cause of Virtue, and [illegible] world to raise a [illegible], they are making [illegible] of General Gordon's "paltering with the slave trade." I notice this especially, [illegible] during the American [illegible] on the side of the slave-holders. It is a satisfaction, however, to reflect that General Gordon is a person who, always being actuated by the sense of duty, does not care two straws whether the sympathies of "the drawing rooms and the clubs" are with him or not.

This indifference to opinion is rare. It has often been a weakness of great minds to know what the world at large really thinks of them. Lord Brougham is said to have been so consumed with curiosity upon this point as to have made a feint of dying in order to study his own obituaries. The scheme was so far successful that he found them much more eulogistic than he would have done twenty years afterward, when he died in real earnest. His device, however, spoiled the market for all imitators. All the journals now insist on waiting till the breath is out of his body before commenting upon any eminent personage. The temptation to do otherwise, and get twelve hours' start of a contemporary, is considerable; but they have always resisted it. Columns and columns of type, set up on this or that sick man's account, from the Prince of Wales downward, have had to be "distributed" regardless of expense. Nothing is done without the doctor's certificate, and it is probable that no human being will ever have the enjoyment of Lord Brougham's exceptional experience. A dog called Help, the well known "railway collie," has, however, succeeded to once more taking in the newspapers in that way. His death was telegraphed from the country—he is probably the first dog that ever put the wires in motion—and his virtues have been freely commented on by the London press. Such instinct, such intelligence, such superhuman sagacity, etc.; yet all the time his relatives little knew what a very clever dog he was.

Doubtless acting on Help's instructions, the General Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants has written to say that the dog is in the enjoyment of his usual health, and that at his temporary residence (for he is always travelling about) at Worcester.

In dear old Captain Marryat's novels, and indeed in all works that treat of the British sailor, the word "grog" is a synonym for something nice. In Chester, it appears, it is a name for a hideous liquor compounded of drippings from wine, spirit, and beer casks, which must be even worse than the stuff called "all nations"—a combination of what fell through the holes (made for that very purpose) in the counters of the gin palaces—once as popular with the dregs of our London population. An additional horror in the case of the Chester "grog" is that it is sold by the quart only. The results, as may well be imagined, are coroners' inquests.

With such appalling revelations of the liquor traffic, it is amazing that the advocates of teetotalism do not make a better fight of it, but while drawing sufficiently hideous pictures of the scenes of drunkenness, they certainly do not depict the pleasures of sobriety in an attractive light. They always seem to boast of their asceticism, instead of endeavoring to convince us that abstinence is itself an agreeable thing. At the meeting of the National Food Reform Society last week it appeared to be the object of every speaker to show how admirably they could endure discomfort, rather than to give a favorable impression of their system. One of them, an octogenarian, boasted that he had lived for the last twenty years on brown bread and apples, "at a cost of less than sixpence per diem." But who wants to live to eighty years of age on brown bread and apples? I don't say that I should prefer a short life and Chester grog, but supposing brown bread and apples (which I don't in the least believe) as essential to longevity, I should prefer a less extending course of existence with palatable and decent food.

It is not always a desirable thing to live to eighty on any description of nutriment. At Manchester a gentleman of that age has been almost married without his own knowledge. A lady (of forty-five) who nursed him "thought he would like it," and calmly put their banns up in the parish church without consulting him.

Affairs connected with the court always interest me vastly. It has lately, it seems, come to the knowledge of the authorities that certain tradesmen have been setting up the royal arms over their doors without any claim to that distinction; and the *Gazette* gives notice that a fine of £20 is incurred by all such offenders, and will hereafter be inflicted. I expect a good many "chiropodists to the royal family" will have to take down their boards in consequence; but I do hope the cats which suggest by their panels that they are similarly patronized will not be compelled to put up with a coronet in consequence, or submit into mere armorial bearings. The "growler" in which I go to the City every morning has the royal arms upon it considerably larger than life; and it has hitherto given me much satisfaction to imagine that the male members, at least, of the reigning family have honored it by their presence. At my time of life I can not afford to have an illusion destroyed.

Not only is the ruling passion strong in death, but quite as often the ruling prejudice. A solicitor has left £2000 for founding a scholarship at the Portsmouth Grammar School, "upon the condition that no Jew nor son of a Freemason should share its advantages." The Jew I can under stand, for even the most respectable solicitor may in his youth have had to borrow money upon his expectations; but that antipathy to "the son of a Freemason" is inexplicable. I have heard "the son of a sea cook" used as a term of opprobrium to a fellow creature, but the "son of a Freemason" never. It will come very handy as an addition to our too limited vocabulary of terms of abuse which are not libellous. I wonder whether "Odd-Fellows" and "Foresters" also come in for this good man's aversion?

The sword of state which hangs over the Lord Mayor's seat at the Old Bailey fell down recently in court, and nearly polished off the Alderman beneath it. A century or two ago this would undoubtedly have been taken as an evil augury to the City, especially if any Sir William Harcourt of the period had been just then preparing a reform bill against its privileges. How foolish it is for folks to sit under swords, or anything else which, being merely held by hooks and nails, is certain to fall down sooner or later! The story of Damocles was, I believe, intended as a warning against the practice, only posterity has missed the point of it.

R. Kemble, of London.

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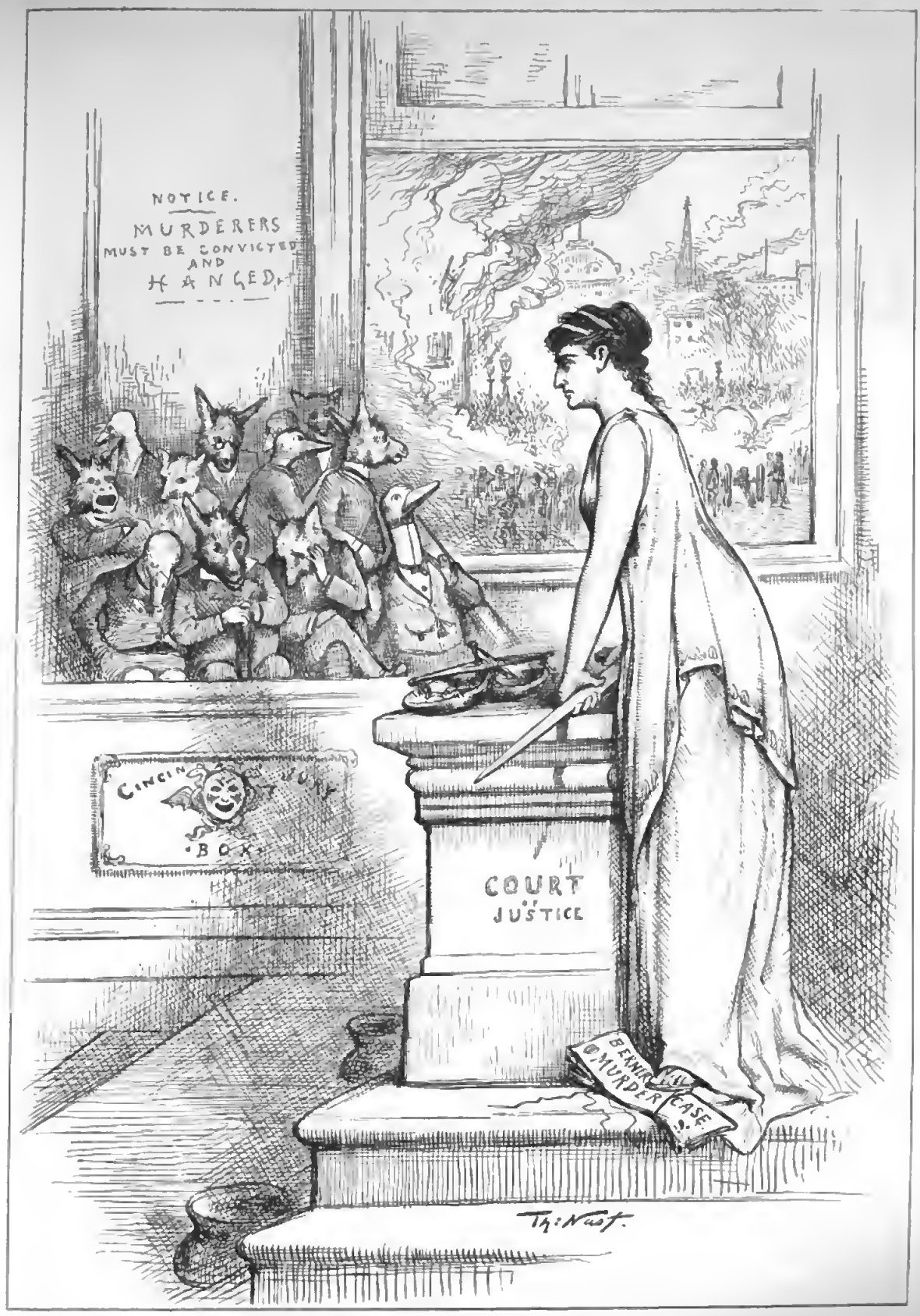
THE CINCINNATI RIOTS—DESTRUCTION OF THE COURT-HOUSE—STREET ARABS BURNING THE COURT RECORDS, AND CALLING FOR RIDE ON "THE TEMPLE OF JUSTICE."—DRAWN BY F. H. FARNY.—[SEE PAGE 341.]



A MURDERER HUNG IN TIME SAVES NINE

WHERE REFORM IS MOST NECESSARY, ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES.

"IT WAS ONLY YESTERDAY."

It was only yesterday
That the earth was common clay—
Only clay, so brown and bare.
Now she chill, dark garden mould
Is aflame with crocus gold,
Sweet with lilies white and fair.

It was only yesterday
That the fields were common clay.
Now the clay is waving grass,
Scarred all through with many a flower
But who saw the wandrous Power
Through the fields and gardens pass?

Oh, how oft through many a day
We are naught but mortal clay!
Then some spirit, sweet and strong,
Breathes around us airs divine,
Touches clay to purpose fine,
And we blossom into song.

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "MY LADY'S MOOD," "THE MOONSTONE," "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE THIRD.

THE SPELL.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN THE DARK.

A WEEK later Alban Morris happened to be in Miss Ladd's study, with a report to make on the subject of his drawing class. Mrs. Ellmother interrupted them for a moment. She entered the room to return a book which Francine had borrowed that morning.

"Has Miss De Sor done with it already?" Miss Ladd asked.

"She wasn't read it, ma'am. She says she leaves smell of tobacco smoke."

Miss Ladd turned to Alban, and shook her head with an air of good-humored reproof. "I know who has been reading that book last," she said.

Alban pleaded guilty by a look. He was the only master in the school who smoked. As Mrs. Ellmother passed him on her way out he noticed the signs of suffering in her wasted face.

"That woman is surely in a bad state of health," he said. "Has she seen the doctor?"

"She flatly refuses to consult the doctor," Miss Ladd replied. "If she was a stranger, I should meet the difficulty by telling Miss De Sor (whose servant she is) that Mrs. Ellmother must be sent home. But I can not act in that peremptory manner toward a person in whom Emily is interested."

From that moment Mrs. Ellmother became a person in whom Alban was interested. Later in the day he met her in one of the lower corridors of the house, and spoke to her. "I am afraid the air of this place doesn't agree with you," he said.

Mrs. Ellmother's irritable objection to being told (even indirectly) that she looked ill expressed itself roughly in reply. "I dare say you mean well, sir, but I don't see how it matters to you whether the place agrees with me or not."

"Wait a minute," Alban answered, good-humoredly. "I am not quite a stranger to you."

"How do you make that out, if you please?"

"I know a young lady who has a sincere regard for you."

"You don't mean Miss Emily?"

"Yes, I do. I respect and admire Miss Emily, and I have tried, in my poor way, to be of some little service to her."

Mrs. Ellmother's haggard face instantly softened. "Please to forgive me, sir, for forgetting my manners," she said, simply. "I have had my health since the day I was born, and I don't like to be told in my old age that a new place doesn't agree with me."

Alban accepted this apology in a manner which at once won the heart of the North country woman. He shook hands with her. "You're one of the right sort," she said; "there are not many of them in this house."

Was she alluding to Francine? Alban tried to make the discovery. Polite circumlocution would be evidently thrown away on Mrs. Ellmother. "Is your young mistress one of the right sort?" he asked, bluntly.

The old servant's answer was expressed by a frowning look, followed by a plain question.

"Do you say that, sir, because you like my young mistress?"

"No."

"Please to shake hands again!" She said it—took his hand with a sudden grip—then spoke for itself—and walked away.

Here was an exhibition of character which Alban was just the man to appreciate. "If I had been an old woman," he thought, in his dryly humorous way, "I believe I should have been like Mrs. Ellmother. We might have talked of Emily, if she had not left me in such a hurry. When shall I see her again?"

He was destined to see her again that night—under circumstances which he remembered to the end of his life.

The voices of Netherwoods, in summer time, recalled the young ladies from their evening's recreation in the grounds at nine o'clock. After that hour Alban was free to smoke his pipe, and to linger among flower beds and trees, before he returned to his hot little rooms in the village. As a relief to the drudgery of teaching the young ladies, he had been using his pencil, when the day's lessons were over, for his own amusement. It was past ten o'clock before he lit his pipe, and began walking slowly to and fro on the path which led to the summer-house at the southern limit of the grounds.

In the perfect stillness of the night the clock of the village church was distinctly audible, striking the hours and the quarters. The moon had not risen, but the mysterious glimmer of star light trembled on the large open space between the trees and the house.

Alban paused, admiring with an artist's eye the effect of light, so faintly and delicately beautiful, on the broad expanse of the lawn. "Does the man live who could paint that?" he asked himself. His memory recalled the works of the greatest of all landscape painters—the English artists of fifty years since. While recollections of many a noble picture were still passing through his mind, he was startled by the sudden appearance of a lame-headed woman on the terrace steps.

She hurried down to the lawn, staggering as she ran; stopped, and looked back at the house; hastened onward toward the trees; stopped again, looking backward and forward, uncertain which way to turn next, and then advanced once more. He could now hear her heavily gasping for breath. As she came nearer, the starlight showed a panic-stricken face—the face of Mrs. Ellmother.

Alban ran to meet her. She dropped on the grass before he could cross the short distance which separated them. As he raised her in his arms she looked at him wildly, and murmured and muttered in the vain attempt to speak. "Look at me again," he said. "Don't you remember the man who had some talk with you to-day?" She still stared at him vacantly. he tried again. "Don't you remember Miss Emily's friend?"

As the name passed his lips, her mind in some degree recovered its balance. "Yes," she said. "Emily's friend. I'm glad I have met with Emily's friend." She caught at Alban's arm, startling at her own words had alarmed her. "What am I talking about? Did I say 'Emily'? A servant ought to say 'Miss Emily.' My head swims. Am I going mad?"

Alban led her to one of the garden chairs. "You're only a little frightened," he said. "Rest, and compose yourself."

She looked over her shoulder toward the house. "Not here! I've run away from a she-devil; I want to be out of sight. Further away, master—I don't know your name. Tell me your name, I won't trust you unless you tell me your name."

"Hush! hush! Call me Alban."

"I never heard of such a name; I won't trust you."

"You won't trust your friend, and Emily's friend? You don't mean that, I'm sure. Call me by my sober name—call me 'Morris.'"

"Morris?" she repeated. "Ah, I've heard of people called 'Morris.' Look back! Your eyes are young—do you see her on the terrace?"

"There isn't a living soul to be seen anywhere."

With one hand he raised her as he spoke, and with the other he took up the chair. In a minute more they were out of sight of the house. He rested her so that she could rest her head against the trunk of a tree.

"What a good fellow!" the poor old creature said, admiring him, "he knows how my head pains me. Don't stand up! You're a tall man, him might see you."

"She can see nothing. Look at the trees behind us. Even she starlight doesn't get through them."

Mrs. Ellmother was not satisfied yet. "You take it coolly," she said. "Do you know who saw us together in the passage to-day? You good Morris, she saw us—she did. Wretch! Cruel, cunning, shameless wretch!"

In the shadows that were round them Alban could just see that she was shaking her clinched fists in the air. He made another attempt to control her. "Don't excite yourself. If she comes into the garden, she might hear you."

The appeal to her fears had its effect.

"That's true," she said, in lowered tones. Sudden distrust of him seized her the next moment. "Who told you I was excited?" she burst out. "It's you who are excited. Deny it if you dare! I begin to suspect you, Mr Morris; I don't like your conduct. What has become of your pipe? I saw you put your pipe in your coat pocket. You did it when you set me down among the trees where she could see me. You are in league with her; she is coming to meet you here, you know she doesn't like tobacco smoke. Are you too going to put me in the mad house?"

She started to her feet. It occurred to Alban that the speediest way of pacifying her might be by means of the pipe. Mere words would exercise no persuasive influence over that bewildered mind. Instant action of some kind would be far more likely to have the right effect. He put his pipe and his tobacco pouch into her hands, and so mastered her attention before he spoke.

"Do you know how to fill a man's pipe for him?" he asked.

"Haven't I filled my husband's pipe hundreds of times?" she answered, sharply.

"Very well. Now do it for me."

She took her chair again instantly, and filled the pipe. He lighted it, and seated himself on the grass, quietly smoking. "Do you think I'm in league with him now?" he asked, purposely adopting she rough tone of a man in his own rank of life.

She answered him as she might have answered her husband in she days of her unhappy marriage.

"Oh, don't gird at me—there's a good man! If I've been off my head for a minute or two, please not to notice me. It's cool and quiet here," the poor woman said, gratefully. "Bless God for the darkness, there's something comforting in she darkness—along with a good man like you. Give me a word of advice. You are my friend in need. What am I to do? I daren't go back to the house."

She was quiet enough now to suggest the hope that she might be able to give Alban some information. "Were you with Miss De Sor," he asked, "before you came out here? What did she do to frighten you?"

There was no answer. Mrs. Ellmother had abruptly risen once more. "Hush!" she whispered. "Don't I hear something near us?"

Alban at once went back along the winding path which they had followed. No creature was visible in she gardens or on the terrace. On returning, he found it impossible to see his eyes to any good purpose in she obscurity among she trees. He waited awhile, listening intently. No sound was audible; there was not even air enough to stir she leaves.

As he returned to she place that he had left, the silence was broken by the chimes of the distant church clock striking the three-quarters past ten.

Even that familiar sound jarred on Mrs. Ellmother's shattered nerves. The cry that escaped her relieved Alban of the feeling of uneasiness which still troubled him. In her state of mind and body she was at the mercy of any false alarm which might be raised by her own fears. He sat down by her again, opened his match box to relight the pipe, and changed his mind. Mrs. Ellmother had unconsciously warned him to be cautious.

For the first time he thought it likely that the heat in the house might induce some of the inmates to try she cooler atmosphere in she grounds. If this happened, and if he continued to smoke, curiosity might tempt them to follow she scent of tobacco hanging on the stagnant air.

"Is there nobody near us?" Mrs. Ellmother asked. "Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. Now tell me—did you really mean it when you said just now that you wanted my advice?"

"Of course I meant it. Who else have I got to help me?"

"I am ready and willing to help you, but I can't do it unless I know first what has passed between you and Miss De Sor. Will you trust me?"

"I will."

"May I depend on you?"

"I give you my promise—you may depend on thet."

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE TREACHERY OF THE PIPE.

THERE was a pause. It was too dark to see in Mrs. Ellmother's face why she was hesitating. Surprised by her silence, Alban asked if she was beginning already to repent of her promise.

"It isn't that," she said; "it's my poor mind. I'm all abroad—I don't know what to say first."

"Let me try if I can help you. You have been with Miss De Sor to-night. Did she ask you to stay with her when you went into her room?"

"That's it. She rang for me, to see how I was getting on with my needle-work, and she was what I call hearty for the first time since I have been in her service. I didn't think badly of her when she first talked of engaging me, and I've had reason to repent of my opinion ever since. Oh, she showed the cloven foot to-night! 'Sit down,' she says; 'I have nothing to read, and I hate work; let's have a little chat.' She's got a glib tongue of her own. All I could do was to say a word now and then to keep her going. She talked and talked till it was time to light the lamp. She was particular in telling me to put the shade over it. We were hell in the dark and hell in the light. She trapped me (Lord knows how!) into talking about foreign parts—I mean the place she lived in before they sent her to England. Have you heard that she comes from the West Indies?"

"Yes, I have heard that. Go on."

"Wait a bit, sir. There's something, by your leave, that I want to know. Do you believe in Witchcraft?"

"Of course not. Did Miss De Sor put thet question to you?"

"She did."

"And how did you answer?"

"Neither in one way nor the other. I'm in two minds about thet matter of Witchcraft. When I was a girl there was an old woman in our village who was a sort of show. People came to me her from all the country round—gentlefolks among them. It was her great age that made her famous. More than a hundred years old, sir! One of our neighbors didn't believe in her age, and she heard of it. She cast a spell on his flock—I tell you, she sent a plague on his sheep, the plague of the Rots. The whole flock died, I remember it well. Some said she sheep would have had the Rots anyhow. Some said it was the spell. Which of them was right? How are I to settle it?"

"Did you mention this to Miss De Sor?"

"I was obliged to mention it. Didn't I tell you just now that I can't make up my mind about Witchcraft? 'You don't seem to know whether you believe or disbelieve,' she says. It made me look like a fool. I told her I had my reasons—and then I was obliged to give them."

"And what did she do then?"

"She said, 'I've got a better story of Witchcraft than yours.' And she opened a little book, with a lot of writing in it, and began to read. Her story made my flesh creep. It turns me cold, sir, when I think of it now."

He heard her moaning and shuddering. Strongly as his interest was excited, there was a compassionate reluctance in him to ask her to go on. His merciful scruples proved to be needless. The fascination of beauty it is possible to resist. The fascination of horror fastens its fearful hold on us, struggle against it as we may. Mrs. Ellmother repeated what she had heard in spite of herself.

"It happened in the West Indies," she said, "and the writing of a woman slave was the writing in the little book. The slave name about her mother. Her mother was a black—a witch in her own country. There was a forest in her own country. The devil taught her witchcraft in she forest. The serpents and the wild beasts were afraid to touch her. She lived without eating. She was sold for a slave, and sent to the island—an island in the West Indies. An old man lived there—the richest man of them all. He filled the black witch with devilish knowledge. She learned to make the image of wax. The image of wax casts spells. You put pins in she image of wax. At every pin you put the person under the spell gets nearer and nearer to death. There was a poor black in the island. He offended the witch. She made his image in wax, she cast spells on him. He couldn't sleep; he couldn't eat; he was such a coward that common noises frightened him. Like me! O God, like me!"

"Wait a little," Alban interposed. "You are exciting yourself again—wait."

"You're wrong, sir! You think it ended when she finished her story and shut up her book, there's worse to come than anything you're heard yet. I don't know what I did to offend her. She looked at me and spoke to me as if I was the dirt under her feet. 'If you're too stupid to understand what I have been reading,' she says, 'get up and go to she glass. Look at yourself, and remember what happened to the slave who was under the spell. You're getting paler and paler, and thinner and thinner; you're pining away just as he did. Shall I tell you why?' She snatched off she shade from the lamp, and put her hand under the table, and brought out an image of wax. *My* image! She pointed to three pins in it. 'One,' she says, 'for an sleep; one for an appetite; one for broken nerves.' I asked her what I had done to make such a bitter enemy of her. She says, 'Remember what I asked of you when we talked of your being my servant. Choose which you will do. Die by inches' (I swear she said it, as I hope to be saved)—'die by inches, or tell me—'"

There—in the full frenzy of she agitation that possessed her—there, Mrs. Ellmother suddenly stopped.

Alban's first impression was that she might have fainted. He looked closer, and could just see her shadowy figure still seated in she chair. He asked if she was ill. No.

"Then why don't you go on?"

"I have done," she answered.

"Do you think you can put me off," he replied, sternly, "with such an excuse as that? What did Miss De Sor ask you to tell her? You promised to trust me. Be as good as your word."

In she days of her health and strength she would have set him at defiance. All she could do now was to appeal to his mercy.

"Make some allowance for me," she said. "I have been terribly upset. What has become of my courage? What has broken me down in this way? Spare me, sir."

He refused to listen. "This vile attempt to practice on your fears may be repeated," he reminded her. "More base advantage may be taken of the nervous derangement from which you are suffering in the climate of this place. You little know me if you think I will allow that to go on."

She made a last effort to plead with him. "Oh, sir, is this behaving like the good, kind man I thought you were? You say you are Miss Emily's friend. Don't press me, for Miss Emily's sake!"

"Emily?" Alban exclaimed. "Is she concerned in this?"

There was a change to tenderness in his voice, which persuaded Mrs. Ellmother that she had found her way to she weak side of him. Her me effort now was to strengthen the impression which she believed herself to have produced.

"Miss Emily is concerned in it," she confessed.

"In what way?"

"Never mind in what way."

"But I do mind."

"I tell you, sir, Miss Emily must never know it to her dying day."

The first suspicion of the truth crossed Alban's mind. "And Emily *might* have known it," he added, "if Miss De Sor had forced you into telling her what she wanted to find out. You must have said something to excite her curiosity."

"Never!"

"Are you sure you didn't betray yourself when she showed the image and threatened you?"

"I would have died first!" The reply had hardly escaped her before she regretted it. "What makes you want to be so sure about it?" she said. "It looks as if you knew—"

"I do know."

"What?"

The kindest thing that he could do now was to speak out. "Your secret is no secret to me," he said.

Rage and fear shook her together. For the moment she was like she Mrs Ellmother of former days. "You lie!" she cried.

"I speak the truth."

"I won't believe you! I daren't believe you!"

"Listen to me. In Emily's interests, listen to me. I have read of the murder at Zeeland—"

"That's nothing! The man was a namesake of her father."

"The man was her father himself. Keep your seat! There is nothing to be alarmed about. I know that Emily is ignorant of the horrid death shot her father died. I know that you and your

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1433.

late mistress have kept the discovery from her at this day. I know the loss and pity which plead your excuse for deceiving her, and the circumstances that favored the deception. My good creature, Emily's peace of mind is as sacred to me as it is to you! I love her as I love my own life—and better. Are you calmer now?"

He heard her crying: it was the best relief that could come to her. After waiting a while to let the tears have their way, he helped her to rise. There was no more to be said now. The one thing to do was to take her back to the house.

"I can give you a word of advice," he said, "before we part for the night. You must leave Miss De Sor's service at once. Your health will be a sufficient excuse. Give her warning immediately."

Mrs. Ellmother hung back when he offered her his arm. The bare prospect of seeing Francine again was revolting to her. On Alban's assurance that the notice to leave could be given in writing, she made no further resistance. The village clock struck eleven as they ascended the terrace steps.

A minute later another person left the grounds by the path which led to the house. Alban's precautions had been taken too late. The smell of tobacco smoke had guided Francine, when she was at a loss which way to turn next in search of Mrs. Ellmother. For the last quarter of an hour she had been listening, hidden among the trees.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DAVIE, LAD.

"Weel, Davie is a bonnie lad;
But then—I'm ane to say it—
He's just o'erfine to trust his friends;
He doesna ken they'll pay it.
He takes as truth whate'er is said,
Since first he went to school,
An' laughs when I mann shake my head—
He's just a little fool!"

"Sandy, wi' your head sae high,
Tak' tent or you'll fall;
If the lads wha trust too much
Little fools you call,
Dinna doubt there're bigger fools
Who don't trust at all."

"An' then about his lass, ye ken,
It's just a fair temptation;
She's saint an angel, naething less—
He has nae moderation.
The lass is well enough, nae doubt,
But lasses like to rule,
And he that loves them overmuch
Is just a little fool!"

"Little fools, nae doubt, are they;
You are right, my lad;
But to love them not at all
Is ten times as bad.
Count a selfish chiel like that
A deal waur than mad."

"Ah, weel, I mind ane ither fault—
He's far too fond o' giving;
There's nae worse way to waste your gear,
As sure as you are living.
But aye he gives an' loves an' lends,
I kenna by what rule,
But weel I ken he gives too much—
He's just a little fool!"

"Sandy, dinna fret your heart;
There's waur fools than Dave;
Bigger fools than they who give,
They who scrimp and save.
As the lad can hold his own,
Ye may trust the lave."

THE FASHIONS OF SPRING.
(NOT SPRING FASHIONS.)

The fashions of spring never alter except in the matter of winds, and even these are only of two kinds—the balmy and the bitter. I am speaking of the fashions of the season of spring itself, and not of the spring fashions of human beings during that season. The latter alter every time that March comes round, and a kaleidoscopic change of light headed shapes and hues occupies the interval that introduces the March hare to the April fool, and both of them to midsummer madness.

Spring itself, however, takes no heed of changing fashions, and if old gold were to go out of favor, sage green be voted vulgar and Mother Hubbard bonnets cease from the land, the welcome season would not alter one whit its own tints or forms. The hyacinths have only one suit a year, and violets disdain a change of wardrobe. Could the crocus borrow a hue from the almond, a willow palm be anything but silver and gold? Look at the leaves and note their graceful plagiarism from year to year. Observe the stereotyped orthodoxy of opening buds. Consistent throughout, Nature gives her insect folk the same coloring every spring, and in the woodland now flushing green and in the lanes now showing the first blush of barberry bloom the early butterflies are on the wing in their new apparel, all spick and span together.

Here and there a tattered congener who has managed to carry over the ragged fragments of last year's bravery into 1884 flickers about in the sunlight, the senior among the dainty ephemera, and to such short lived creatures a thing of large experience. The rest, however, have all got on their brand-new mealy wings, and none of the exquisite down on their backs has as yet been rubbed off against leaves and twigs. They are starting in life as smart as possible, and as full of hopes as butterflies can be. Queer flies, with heads that have hardly room for their eyes, and none at all for noses, are all excitement and fuss, making delightful experiences of the new spring world, while out from the softened ground come creeping up the first beetles of the year, brightly burnished, for they have just been turned out from the mint, and are active with all the first enthusiasm of possessing a complete set of limbs.

What a miracle-worker the sun is! The earth becomes happy at once as soon as the sun begins to shine. No wonder nations worship it. Europeans too would worship the sun, perhaps, if they ever saw it in all its majesty as others do. A Parsee, a fire-worshipper, was in London the other day. "So you really worship the sun?" said an Englishman, in astonishment, to the Zoroastrian.

"Yes," replied the other, "I do; and so would you, perhaps, *if you had ever seen the sun*."

It is this regularity in nature that gives the revolving seasons so much of their charm. Human beings, with few exceptions, prefer that to which they are accustomed. A few maintain that novelty is the salt of life to them, and that they do not like visiting the same place, or even reaching it by the same road, twice. Given the choice, they would, they say, always be going to some new spot by some novel road. Such natures as these, however, are undeniably eccentric. Custom is restful, and therefore more agreeable to the large majority of human beings. Innovation means perplexity, anxiety, and perhaps trouble, while routine means confidence in expectations and certainty in results. By far the greater number, therefore, incline to the latter, and prefer those lines in life which involve as little perplexity and change as possible. It soothes them to know what they are looking forward to, and it is a comfort to them to find, when it does come, that it is just what they expected. As soon, therefore, as winter has melted away into the mere memory of Christmas gayeties we begin to talk of spring, its events and interests, relying upon the familiar features of the season not to disappoint us. It is of no use that year after year we find December lagging in lanes where the blossoms of May are impatiently waiting in the buds for the one slow intruder to pass on, nor that again and again the crocus and the peach blossom, constant to their proper dates, have had to bewail in the frost of May the confidence which led them to hold up their frail petals at the sun of a fitful April. The vernal bluebird has often lilted its glad tidings of coming spring to wood-side and copse still harsh with winter, and the brooding bobolink been snowed up in her nest.

But these aberrations of temperature do not mar the orderly procession of the seasons; they only assist to emphasize the stately sequence by which our months proceed. Hail, Spring!—*and a dud*—is an old gibe against the month of April, but in spite of it we insist upon believing that the month that brings the bluebird sees the end of winter. This year we have not had much cause to complain. At the beginning of the month there was an interval of soft spring weather, of which the eager leaves and flowers took advantage at once, and here though the air has sometimes been raw, the sun has been shining brightly, so that neither plant nor insect nor bird has had a doubt that vernal days had returned. So the butterflies are abroad, loitering along the country lanes, and making acquaintance with lilac bud and hyacinth; all the shrubs are tipped with rosy buds or faintly green; all the birds are busy in their honey-moon plumage, and preparing for the great duties of the coming summer. In none of these charms does spring ever disappoint us, although its coming may be delayed; and it is pleasant, therefore, on the chills of winter fade away, to look forward with confidence to the sights and sounds of the woodland. We men and women mark off the year by movable feasts and fasts, by high days that are fixed only in relation to others that are changing yearly, but every now and then Nature steps in and tells off for us portions of the year that can not be altered—by her midsummer days and May days, her harvest-moons and equinoxes. She sends us the oriole and the swallow, the wild rose and the golden rod, that we may never forget the gracious sequence of her favors, or fail to carry on from year to year the tradition of her unvarying harmony.

The new plumage of the first tortoise-shell butterfly or the herald blossom on the peach may seem a small text for so large a theme. Yet, after all, the harmonious order of Nature can never be seen so wonderfully as in her smaller works. What, some might say, would it matter, after all, if butterflies were to change their hues every year, and flowers were to strike the whole gamut of colors in a season? Why should not our violets come up spotted, and our crocuses borrow the dedal petals of the tulip? Would it make any difference if the white-winged butterflies freaked themselves out with the tiger-cat painting of their more richly colored congeners? Yes, it would make all the difference in the world, for it would render us perpetual strangers to Nature. As it is, we know her in her more familiar aspects, and have come to look for these with the regularity of sunrise and sunset, and so in a manner have grown into her ways, and become intimate with her. We can trust to her that she will not explode a mine upon us, or surprise us suddenly by novelties. This belief is comfortable and full of ease, enabling us to forecast the year, and to anticipate the revolving seasons. But our sense of security in Nature's orthodoxy has really grown up from the observation of small things only. We see that a certain wild flower has come up, and we say at once, "Why, spring has come."

In some countries tremendous convulsions of nature herald the change of seasons. But here we are content to take our omens from lilac buds, and our auguries from the twitter of the swallows, thus reverting innocently to the superstitions of dead worlds. No eloquence of human tongue could weigh against one single carol of the rollicking bobolink, and there is more certainty of prediction in the flutter of a butterfly's wing than in all the wisdom of any volume ever penned by science.

A TERRIBLE WRECK.

We have to record another lamentable disaster at sea. The steamer *Daniel Steinmann*, commanded by Captain Van Schoonhoven from Antwerp, for Halifax and New York, struck the rocks off Sambro Island, north of Halifax Harbor, at ten o'clock on the night of April 3, and sank immediately in deep water. There were ninety-four passengers, and thirty-nine men in the crew. Of these the captain, five sailors, and three passengers were saved. Seventy-six passengers were bound to this city.

The *Daniel Steinmann* left Antwerp on March 21. She was due at Halifax on the 4th, and made a quick trip to be off Sambro on the night of the 3d. A stiff southeast breeze prevailed after six o'clock on the afternoon of that day, and between eight and nine o'clock there were heavy thunder and lightning. At ten o'clock a squall sprang up, which proved to be a small hurricane. There were also a thick fog and heavy rain.

Sambro Island is three and a half miles from Sambro village, near the scene of the wreck of the ill-fated *Atlantic*, eleven years ago the 1st of this month. There is a light-house on the island. All around are rocks and shoals. Captain Van Schoonhoven was eight miles out of his course when the steamer struck. The thick fog prevented his seeing the light, and running before the southeast wind, and with the heavy sea, he ran his ship right on the rocks within three hundred yards of the light-house.

As soon as news of the wreck reached Halifax a tug was dispatched to the scene of the disaster, but the rough sea prevented communication with the wreck, and all attempts to land on Sambro Island were unavailing. The captain and the eight other survivors succeeded in reaching Sambro Island, but at the time of writing no particulars of their escape have come to hand, the violence of the storm preventing regular communication with the mainland, even by signal, since the first announcement of the disaster.

Many awful shipwrecks have occurred in the vicinity of Sambro Light, the most terrible being the loss of the White Star steamer *Atlantic*, almost exactly eleven years ago. Out of nearly a thousand passengers on board, 546 were lost. The *Atlantic* was running at a speed of about twelve knots an hour when she struck, and not an officer on board appeared to know her exact position.

The captain of the *Daniel Steinmann* had taken his ship three times into the port of Halifax, and must have known the dangerous character of the coast he was approaching in a dense fog. If later particulars shall show him to have been guilty of neglect of the ordinary precautions which should be observed under such circumstances, he should be held to a strict accountability. No punishment can be too severe for a crime that involves a disaster like this, costing untold distress and the loss of scores of human lives.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Positively the most ferocious creature of its size is the buffalo gnat. In forty eight hours these insects killed two hundred mules in Louisiana.

The cremationists of London desire that an incinerating furnace in full blast shall be one of the attractions of the forth-coming National Health Exhibition.

Only six peers were present when Baron Tennyson, wearing the robes of Lord Coleridge, subscribed to the roll. "But then," says the London *World*, "Tennyson is neither a sportsman nor a politician, and is probably unknown by name to most of his new brethren."

An old time gold excitement has broken out in the Cœur d'Alene region in the Northwest. A gentleman who has returned to St. Paul from the mines estimates that there will soon be from fifty thousand to a hundred thousand persons on the ground. Owners of claims will not sell them, and many sit with gun in hand watching their claims, and waiting for the deep snow to melt. Few miners are at work, but there are already stories of fabulous yields.

The originator of the standard time system says that seventy-eight out of one hundred of the principal cities named in the census of 1880—exclusive of Pacific coast cities—have adopted standard as their official time. It is expected that the Pacific railway companies will adopt standard time when they make up their spring schedules, and that the towns of the Pacific coast will then substitute it for local time. The official time of the District of Columbia is that of the seventy-fifth meridian, the change having been made by act of Congress. Out of one hundred and fifty-three railroads, the towns along one hundred and eight are using standard time. Six cities in Ohio, and three each in Pennsylvania and Maine, still hold to local time. Excepting these States and those of the Pacific coast, no State has more than two cities that have not made the change.

College aquatics give place in winter to college hydraulics. A recent winter meeting of the Harvard Athletic Association was attended by fifteen hundred persons, many of whom were ladies. The University crew gave an exhibition row on the hydraulic rig, and "pulled in remarkably good form."

A writer in Washington says that since the accession of President Arthur the hours for parties at the capital have been growing later and later. The President seldom goes earlier than midnight to any other than a dinner party. Formal dinners begin at half past seven instead of seven as formerly. Dinner at the White House, whether formal or informal, is not usually served till eight o'clock. For evening parties in Washington the hour named in the invitation is usually nine, but they rarely begin until ten or later.

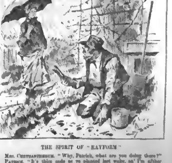
It seems that the wide-awake street venders of the metropolis find it for their advantage to keep the run of the ecclesiastical calendar. Crucifixes, rosaries, and prayer-books, are sold during Lent on stands near the large Roman Catholic churches.

While standing in a crowded street car, a Boston woman was asked by a man sitting near her the way to the Hotel Vendome. She gave him the desired information, and he in turn said that she might have his seat when he was through with it. The Boston *Pilot*, telling the story, says: "Soon after, she went to hear Matthew Arnold lecture, and found she was right in thinking the gentleman who asked his way of her was an Englishman—it was Matthew Arnold." Mr. Arnold was not aware of the fact that it became necessary years ago to build awnings and benches on the tops of Boston street cars to accommodate the gallant gentlemen who insisted upon yielding not only their seats, but all the standing room on the ground floor of the vehicles to the ladies.

One of the most enthusiastic advocates of pillage during the riot in Cincinnati was an ex-member of the Ohio Legislature. He is now in jail.

Mr. Beecher says that Brooklyn is "the city of the future." Nearly all the funeral processions seen hereabouts are headed in that direction.

The first of the long promised cheap cabs have been put on the streets. They seem to have been designed for convenience, comfort, and durability. Only the fastidious will see anything objectionable in their appearance, and with the bright yellow paint on the lower part of the body and the somewhat gaudy signs on top, the new vehicles are still considerably less remarkable than some of the dog-carts and phaetons that carry fashionable people through the Park and along the avenues. The scheme of the projectors is to accommodate travel across town chiefly, and in quarters of the city where there is a lack of other public conveyances, as between the Court-house and the region near Trinity Church, in which so many of the lawyers have their offices. It is a fact that the cross-town lines of street cars are of very little use to anybody who is in a hurry, even if he desires to go where they will ultimately take him. There is no conveyance from Fulton Ferry, the chief landing on the East River, to the Cortlandt and Liberty Street ferries, the chief landings on the North River; yet, because of the crowds and narrow sidewalks, the walk across town there is more tiresome than the longer walk from Madison Square to the Grand Central Depot. The public is not likely to find fault with the fixed rates of fare. The success of the scheme depends upon the success of the projectors in finding drivers who will be honest and civil.



THE SPIRIT OF "RAYFORM."

Mrs. Chrysanthemum. "Why, Patrick, what are you doing there?"
Patrick. "It's thim sade as ye planted last wake, ma'am; I'm afther takin' 'em back, to hold over 'gainst a cayforsmation o' the wayther, 'm."

THE FIRST VOLLEY IN THE TUNNEL.—From a Sketch by P. R. Pearce.

ATTEMPT TO DISLODGE THE BESIEGED IN THE JAIL.—From a Sketch by P. R. Pearce.

THE CINCINNATI RIOTS.—(See Page 541.)

NICHOLAS TRÜBNER.—Photo. by Dupont & Co.—[See Page 251.]

FREDERICK LEYPOLDT.—Photo. at C. D. Fredricks & Co.—[See Page 251.]

THE CINCINNATI RIOTS.

THE remarkable riots in the city of Cincinnati on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, the 28th, 29th, and 30th of March, are known in their general features to all readers of newspapers in the United States. They are by this time known also, perhaps not so correctly, to newspaper readers the world over, and they are not calculated to raise the repute of this country for civil capacity and respect for law. That a community known for its unusual prosperity, for the orderly energy and intelligence of its members, for its zeal in art and literature, and its general public spirit, should for three days in succession witness an obstinate and violent assault by a mob upon the officers of the law, and the destruction of one of its chief public buildings by incendiarism, is something to be amazed at as well as to regret. In considering the occurrence, now that it is in the past, certain significant facts come out which were not readily seen in the excitement in which the immediate comments of the daily press were made.

The occasion of the riot—the escape of the murderer BAKER from the full and deserved penalty of his cool, premeditated, confessed, and atrocious crime—was, it now seems, only the last, and not the worst, of the failures of justice in Cincinnati and its neighborhood. It had come to be a general belief there that the law was such in its provisions and in its administration that a criminal with money could escape punishment. By the favor shown a prisoner in the number of peremptory challenges of jurors, by the far fetched construction of the plea of insanity, by the technicalities of practice in the matter of evidence, by the possible corruption and actual less average of intelligence of jurors, and by the "influence" of politicians, it was believed to have become practicable for the guilty to escape the hand of justice. Of the prevalence of this belief, and of its substantial foundation, there is, unfortunately, little room for doubt. An unreasoning desire to right this terrible wrong seems to have been throughout the prevailing motive of the rioters. A careful comparison and analysis of the various reports, local and other, reveals no authenticated instance of pillage except to obtain arms and combustibles, and no evidence of the presence in any large numbers of the criminal or lawless element in the crowds which for three days kept up the assault upon the jail and the courthouse in Cincinnati. There was, of course, a good deal of rage and vindictiveness aroused by the killing and wounding by the police and militia, and this accounts for most of the violence after it became clear, even to the mob, that it would be impossible to get at any of the murderers in the jail. But of the malicious plundering and violence which were marked features of the draft riots in New York, and of the railroad riots in Pittsburgh in 1878, there was scarcely any. The whole affair was mainly a struggle to hang murderers, with the inevitable incidents of revengeful fighting.

When this has been said, all has been said that can be to justify or excuse the riots. Obviously it does neither the one nor the other, though it explains them, and must be remembered in any honest attempt to draw from them any valuable lesson for the future. The most fact which becomes clear to a candid student of these events is the defective means for the suppression of the riots, and the bungling manner in which those means were used. On Friday, the first night, the attack on the jail was met by a little squad of sheriff's deputies and the jail guards, aided at first by a moderate force of police, and afterward by a part of a regiment of militia, which signalized its arrival on the ground by a scared volley of musketry, which killed a policeman and wounded several soldiers in the ranks. That night was a long, feeble, undirected tussle to get and keep the mob out of the jail, which, toward morning, was successful, most of the crowd going away of their own accord. The series of fatal errors and neglects began the next day. The jail is connected by a tunnel with the courthouse, in front of which is a large square. This open square was left practically ungarded, as were the streets immediately approaching the jail. Perhaps the police force was inadequate to the work, and there was but little to be expected from the militia of the city, whatever the cause. Crowds were allowed to gather around the jail, and by eight the disturbances were renewed. Baffled in the direct attack on the jail, the mob set fire to the courthouse, and gutted it. The night was spent in much the same disorder as the previous one, with half-aimless assaults and irregular and intermittent resistance, in the course of which there was a good deal of shooting, and more lives were taken and wounds inflicted. The fighting lasted, with more or less violence, all night. There was a period of quiet on Sunday morning, but in the afternoon, as successful, most of the crowd going away of their own accord. The series of fatal errors and neglects began the next day. The jail is connected by a tunnel with the courthouse, in front of which is a large square. This open square was left practically ungarded, as were the streets immediately approaching the jail. Perhaps the police force was inadequate to the work, and there was but little to be expected from the militia of the city, whatever the cause. Crowds were allowed to gather around the jail, and by eight the disturbances were renewed. Baffled in the direct attack on the jail, the mob set fire to the courthouse, and gutted it. The night was spent in much the same disorder as the previous one, with half-aimless assaults and irregular and intermittent resistance, in the course of which there was a good deal of shooting, and more lives were taken and wounds inflicted. The fighting lasted, with more or less violence, all night. There was a period of quiet on Sunday morning, but in the after-

THE WRECK OF THE "DANIEL STEINMANN"—SAMBRO ISLAND LIGHT.—[See Page 252.]

noon the troubles broke out again, this time from the same cause—the imbecile folly of allowing crowds in the neighborhood. It was not until Sunday morning that the Governor of the State awakened to a sense of his duty in the premises. During the day some 8000 troops were moved to or toward Cincinnati. The streets and squares about the jail were cleared and barricaded; patrols kept the streets measurably free; the public buildings were guarded, and by night-fall peace was restored.

It must be plain to all that the two things which these terrible events emphasize to every State in the Union are, first, that it is very dangerous to allow the administration of justice to fall into corruption and weakness; and second, that the means of repressing violence, whatever its motives, must be greatly increased and kept more vigorously in hand. Outside of New York and Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Boston, there are probably few cities in which a riot, once under headway, could be put down with any more certainty and celerity than was the one in Cincinnati. Apart from the police, which must remain largely a local department, the militia is necessarily the last resort in a free community for the preservation of order, and in the strength and efficiency of the militia there is, unfortunately, very much lacking.

We are indebted to Mr. J. Landy, and Messrs. Rohrach & Gadaz, of Cincinnati, for effective photographs of the scenes and incidents of the riots.

SOME ENGLISH EPITAPHS.

Brevity hath charms; and in these days of hurried life, when we complain that fifty miles an hour is a slow rate of travelling, we have hardly time to read, and no inclination or ability to remember, long inscriptions. Those who erected a memorial to Sir John Strange, a lawyer, were, in this respect, in advance of their age. Of him they say,

"Here lies an honest lawyer; that is Strange."

Strange, yet true! At Finedon there is a curt though graceful couplet:

"Here lyeth Richard Dent,
In his last tenement.
1770."

Of another gentleman, a Mr. Box, the nature of his final resting-place is announced in euphonious verse. A suspicion arises, however, that on this occasion the undertaker was also the poet, and managed to insert a neat advertisement in an epitaph:

"Here lies one Box within another;
The one of wood
Was very good;
We can not say so much for t'other."

From Ireland comes a characteristic epitaph:

"Under this stone lie two babies dear;
One is buried in Connaught, and the other here."

That the following is at Lillington, near Leamington, there is no reason to doubt; the lines are touching. They are in memory of a man named John Trees:

"Poorly lived,
And poorly died,
Poorly buried,
And no one cried."

Equally melancholy, though with a different kind of sadness, are the rhymes on John Hill; they come from "a church-yard at Manchester":

"Here lies John Hill, a man of skill;
His age was five times ten;
He never did good, nor ever would
Had he lived as long again."

Were all epitaphs as truthful as this, gravestones would be relieved of the charge of indiscriminate praise.

LONDON WATER.

Dr. Percy F. Frankland, in a recent lecture before the Society of Arts on "The Upper Thames as a Source of Water Supply," stated that during the past year the average quantity of water supplied in London amounted to 145,000,000 gallons per day; of that enormous volume as much as 72,000,000 gallons, or nearly one-half, was taken from the Thames, while of the remainder nearly the whole was derived from the River Lea, and but a comparatively small fraction from deep wells sunk into the chalk.

Before concluding his interesting lecture he showed, first, that the present water supply of London from the Thames was, to say the least of it, an unsatisfactory one, and, moreover, that it was unsatisfactory in spite of important and very extensive improvements that had been made on the banks of the river, and in the appliances of the water companies; secondly, that it was impossible to protect a large body of water like the Thames, flowing as it did through a populous district in a high state of cultivation, from contamination with sewage and other objectionable matters; thirdly, that such matters were at present largely discharged into the river in spite of the active measures which were taken to prevent such pollution; fourthly, that water which was polluted, and even with sewage affluents, might at any time carry with it infection, and that the water of the Thames was not subjected to any process by the water companies which could insure the removal of such morbific matter if present; fifthly, that in nearly all other towns in the Thames basin the Thames and its tributaries were rejected as sources of water supply, and that those towns were generally supplied with spring or deep well water, which was especially abundant in the valley of the Thames; and sixthly, that the great obstacle in the way of a similar supply being obtained for the metropolis was the great magnitude of the capital invested in existing works, the interests of which capital were at present allowed to override all other considerations.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
A VALUABLE NERVE TONIC.

Dr. C. C. Olmstead, Milwaukee, Wis., says: "I have used it in my practice ten years, and consider it a valuable nerve tonic."—[Adv.]

Are you suffering from Neuralgia, Cold Hands or Feet, Violent Pains in Limbs, Back, or Chest, you obtain Immediate Relief from the use of

Dr. Tobias's Venetian Liniment.

Over thirty-six years have elapsed since it was first offered to the public. It is free from any disagreeable odor, perfectly clean, and warranted harmless. These are the reasons why it has been pronounced

The Pain Destroyer of the World

by thousands who have used it. Try it, and be convinced. Sold by druggists. Depot, 42 Murray St., N. Y.—[Adv.]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

The best of all hair-dressings. It allays irritation, removes all tendency to dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree, thus promoting a vigorous and healthy growth of hair. Its effect upon the glossiness and richness of the hair is such as cannot be surpassed. Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are the best.—[Adv.]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[Adv.]

For Coughs, Colds, and Throat Disorders, use "Brown's Bronchial Troches," having proved their efficacy by a test of many years. Sold only in boxes.—[Adv.]

The most efficacious stimulants to excite the appetite are Angostura Bitters, prepared by Doctor J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article.—[Adv.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

STATEN ISLAND
FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT,
Office, 5 & 7 John St., New York.

BRANCH OFFICES: 1199 Broadway, near 29th St., N. Y. 279 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 47 North Eighth St., Philadelphia. 43 North Charles St., Baltimore.

Dye, Clean, and Refinish Dress Goods and Garments. Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, Robes, &c., of all fabrics, and of the most elaborate styles, cleaned or dyed successfully without ripping.

Gentlemen's Garments cleaned or dyed whole.

Curtains, Window-Shades, Table-Covers, Carpets, &c., cleaned or dyed. Employing the best attainable skill and most improved appliances, and having systematized anew every department of our business, we can confidently promise the best results, and unusually prompt return of goods. Correspondence invited. Goods received and returned by express and by mail.

BARRETT NEPHEWS & CO.,
5 and 7 John St., N. Y.

A Great Conflagration

That sweeps away a whole city, starts from a flame so small that a glass of water would extinguish it. In like manner, the most painful and fatal maladies of the throat and lungs ordinarily develop from small beginnings, not difficult of cure if promptly treated with the proper remedy. But their progress is insidious and delay may be fatal. Colds and coughs lead to Laryngitis, Asthma, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, and Consumption. The only medicine certain to cure every bronchial and pulmonary affection not absolutely incurable is

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

During 40 years it has steadily grown in popular estimation, and is now a household reliance to many thousands of families. Parents, whose lives were preserved by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral when they were young, are now saving the lives of their children with it. Leading physicians extol its virtues and prescribe it in their practice. Intelligent druggists everywhere report noteworthy cures effected by it, within their personal knowledge.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all druggists.

THE ACME LEVER
CUFF BUTTONS
Overcome all trouble with
STIFF CUFFS.
The most convenient, strong, reliable button made.
Ask your Jeweller for them.

T. ASPINWALL & SON.
TILES of All Descriptions;
MOSAICS, MANTELS, GRATES, OPEN FIREPLACES, &c.
Sole Agents for and only direct Importers of
MINTON'S and of the Campbell Tile Co.'s Tiles.
75 and 77 West 23d Street, N. Y.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Marechal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

SOHMER
PIANOS,
ARE PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.
HIGHEST AWARD CENTENNIAL 1876.
HIGHEST AWARD MONTREAL 1881 and 1882.
149 to 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

PROPOSALS FOR PURCHASE OF VESSELS.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
Washington, March 3, 1884.

In accordance with the provisions of the 5th section of the act of Congress making appropriations to supply deficiencies approved March 3, 1883, sealed proposals will be received at the Navy Department until noon on Saturday, May 3, 1884, at which time and place they will be opened, for the purchase of certain vessels which have been stricken from the Navy Register, under authority of an act of Congress approved August 5, 1882, and which it is deemed for the best interests of the United States to sell.

The vessels offered, their appraised value and their locality, are the Niagara, at Boston, Mass., $34,300; Florida, at New London, Conn., $62,300; Colorado $34,700, and Ticonderoga $34,900, at New York; Supply $[illegible], at League Island, Penn.; Pawnee $[illegible], at Port Royal, S. C.; Benicia $14,000, and Cyane $11,000, at Mare Island, Cal.

Proposals must be submitted in a sealed envelope, addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C., and endorsed "proposals for the purchase of vessels," so as to distinguish them from other communications. No offer for more than one vessel should be included within one proposal.

The vessels will be sold, for cash, to the person or persons, or corporation or corporations, offering the highest prices therefor above the appraised value thereof. Each bid or proposal must be accompanied by a deposit in cash (or satisfactory certified check) of not less than ten per cent. of the amount of the offer or proposal, and also a bond with a penal sum equal to the whole amount of the offer, with two or more sureties, to be approved by the Secretary of the Navy, conditioned for the payment of the remaining ninety per cent. of the amount of such offer or proposal within thirty days from the date of its acceptance. In case default is made in the payment of the remaining ninety per cent., or any part thereof, within that time, said cash deposit of ten per cent. shall be considered as forfeited to the Government, and shall be applied as directed in the act of March 3, 1883. All deposits and bonds of bidders, whose proposals shall not be accepted, will be returned to them within seven days after the opening of the proposals.

On application to the Department, a printed list will be furnished, giving general information concerning the vessels; also forms of bids and bonds which must be used by bidders. The vessels can be examined at any time by applying to the Commandants of the Navy Yards.

The purchasers must remove the vessels purchased from the limits of the Yard within such reasonable time as may be fixed by the Department.

WILLIAM E. CHANDLER,
Secretary of the Navy.

TOILET POWDER.
VELOUTINE FAY
invisible,
impalpable,
adherent.
SPECIAL RICE POWDER PREPARED WITH BISMUTH
by CHARLES FAY, Perfumer,
9, rue de la Paix, Paris.
New York: Wholesale, 93 Grand Street.

DENTIFRICE LOTION AND POWDER.
Dr. PIERRE'S
(of the Paris faculty of medicine)
Hygienical Preparations for the Teeth and the Mouth.
6, place de l'Opéra, Paris.
New York: Wholesale, 93 Grand Street.

One Price Only. Established 1850.
J. LEACH,
STATIONER AND PRINTER,
86 NASSAU ST., N. Y.
Standard American and Spring-back Diaries on hand all the year. Leach's, Esterbrook's, Gillott's, Perry's, and Spencerian Steel Pens.

Fine Easter and Birthday Cards (also Prang's and Marcus Ward's fine Sunday-School Reward Cards).
SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICES.

PRANG'S EASTER CARDS.
Easter Carol Cards.
For Sale by all Dealers.

TAKE NOTICE.
For 10c. (in stamps) 100 Elegant Scrap Pictures. No two alike. F. WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.

The prettiest styles of wearing the hair in this country have been introduced by Mrs. C. Thompson, of New York, the patentee of the now celebrated "Thompson Wave," and it is expected that she will introduce several new styles during the coming season.—Godey's Lady's Fashion Book.

FOR
ELEGANT
DRESS
MRS. THOMPSON'S
PATENT WAVES ARE BETTER THAN ALL OTHERS.

PRICES FROM $6 UPWARD. AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF SWITCHES $5 to $50. GREY HAIR A SPECIALTY.

Beware of parties endeavoring to sell you Waves representing them to be the Thompson Wave, as I do not allow any other dealer to sell my goods.

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No. 32 East 14th Street, NEW YORK.

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"Did you ever see such for the money?"
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"This beats all other publications!"
"Marvellous!"

Similar exclamations we hear daily.

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25c. Standard Collections
—OF—
OLD AND NEW SONGS,
With Accompaniments for Piano or Organ.
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Remit by Postal Orders, Postal Notes, or Bills in registered letters. Postage Stamps are acceptable.
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READY MIXED
PAINTS
THE BEST HOUSE PAINTS MADE
GUARANTEED FREE FROM WATER ALKALI OR BENZINE. MADE ONLY WITH PURE LINSEED OIL, TURPENTINE AND DRYER. SAMPLE COLOR LIST OF 48 DESIRABLE SHADES SENT ON APPLICATION
MANUFACTURERS OF COLORS VARNISHES BRUSHES ARTISTS MATERIALS ETC.
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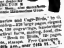
Universally prescribed by the Faculty
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON
A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, loss of appetite, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c.
Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.
TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.

HARPER'S BAZAR
CUT PAPER PATTERNS.
We have transferred our WHOLESALE PATTERN DEPARTMENT to Mr. J. G. CROTTY, Nos. 186 to 188 Cherry Street, New York, who will conduct it upon his own account and responsibility.

SPECIAL CAUTION.
We are not interested in nor responsible for any contracts made by J. G. CROTTY & CO., whether for Harper's Bazar Patterns or for any other business.
HARPER & BROTHERS.

THE AMERICAN
Double Action Revolver,



32 and 38 Calibres, not sold at retail by the manufacturers, but by the Gun and Hardware trade; ask your dealer for them. Made by HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON, Worcester, Mass., also manufacturers of the celebrated Automatic Hammerless Guns.

BIRDS. "Canaries and Cage-Birds," by G. H. Holden—270 large pages, elegant full-page colored plates, 150 engravings, handsomely bound in cloth, all practical facts, mating, food, diseases—postpaid for $3. "Book on Birds," 128 pages, illustrated, by mail, 25 cts., stamps. Free Catalogue.
G. H. HOLDEN, 237 6th Ave., near 24th St., N. Y.

SHORTHAND INSTITUTE, Ithaca, N. Y. Situations procured. Stenographers supplied, without charge. Standard Type-Writers and supplies. No "Calligraph." Address W. O. WYCKOFF.

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Choice Spring Styles now open in Woollen Dress Goods, Zephyr Ginghams, Organdies, Sicilienne, Paris Organdies and Jaconets, Batistes, Printed Linen Lawns, etc.

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See What Cuticura Does for Me!

INFANTILE and Birth Humors, Mild, Cruel, Small Pox, Eczema, and every form of Itching, Scaly, Pimply, Scrofulous, and Inherited Diseases of the Blood, Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES. Absolutely pure, and the purest, the great Skin Cure, Scalp Cleanser, and exquisite Skin Beautifier and only Medicated Toilet, Bath, and Nursery Requisite, the New Blood Purifier, $1; are sold by druggists. Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

The Toilet and Nursery. All Druggists. Keep it. Trial Sample for 20 stamps.

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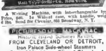

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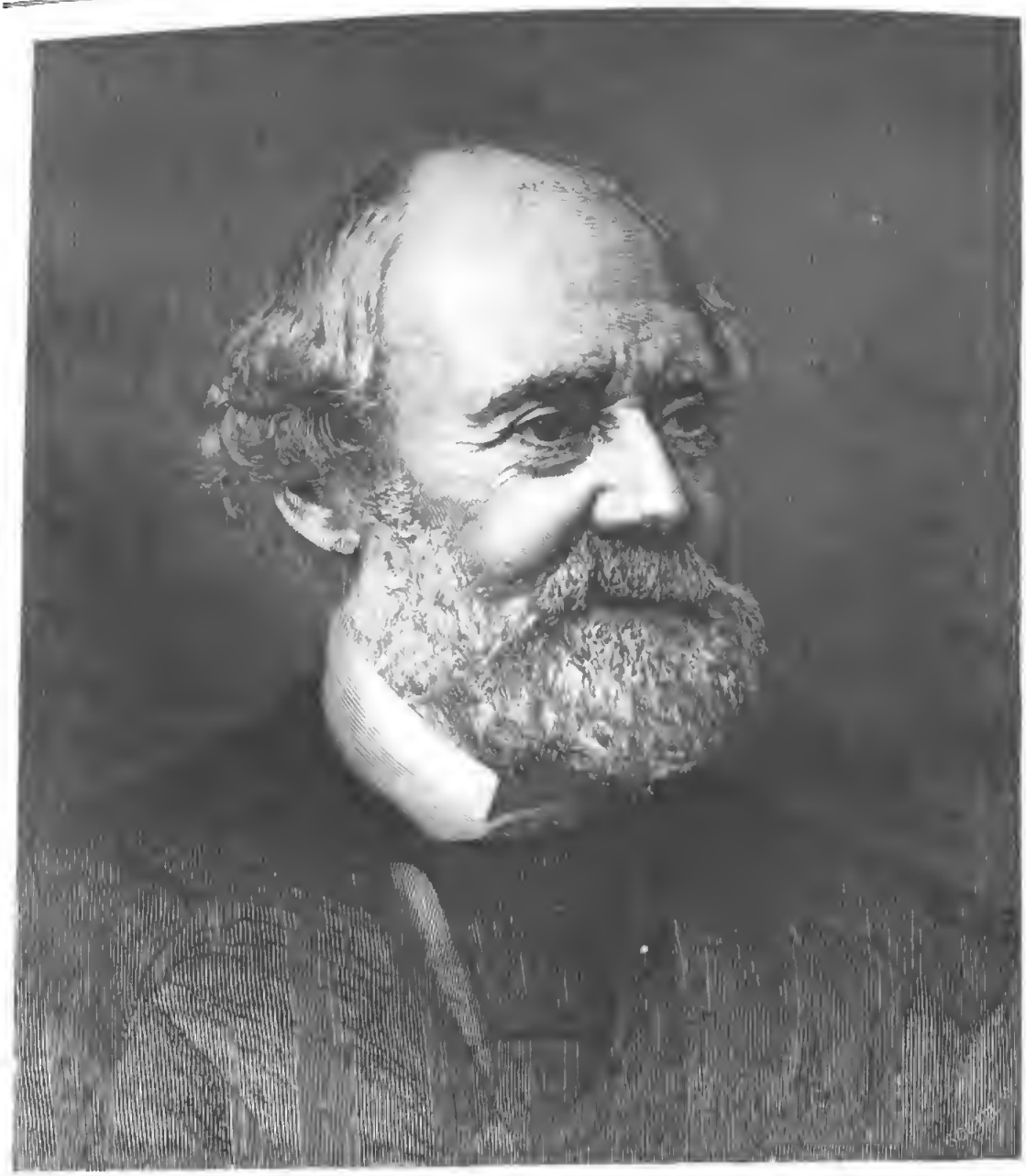

[SEE PAGE 247.]

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1884.

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THE PRELIMINARY CANVASS.

THE assertion that Mr. EDMUNDS has "pooled his issues" with the President, and that the EDMUNDS movement is subordinate to that for the nomination of the President, is exceedingly amusing. If Mr. EDMUNDS has ever "pooled issues," or taken any part in the kind of political performance which that phrase expresses, it is something which has been carefully concealed. It is because his is especially the representative of simple and upright methods in politics that he is the candidate whom the foes of the old machine methods prefer. As to the subordination of the EDMUNDS movement to that for the nomination of Mr. ARTHUR, it is enough to look at the Republican papers and votem who most warmly press it. That many Republicans who greatly desire the nomination of Mr. EDMUNDS would prefer Mr. ARTHUR to Mr. BLAINE as a candidate is a fact to which it is unnecessary to be blind; but the reason is not that Mr. EDMUNDS and Mr. ARTHUR represent the same school of politics. The reasons, indeed, are of a very different but conclusive kind. There is no greater misapprehension than the supposition that the real contest for the nomination lies between Mr. ARTHUR and Mr. BLAINE, and that those who do not desire the former ought to support the latter. This, however, is the view of some honorable and intelligent Republicans who do not favor the selection of either, but who think it necessary to support Mr. BLAINE in order to oppose the old system, of which they hold the President to be the representative.

But see what this assertion implies. If the alternative be ARTHUR or BLAINE, then the result of the Convention must be a purely factional victory, and a consequent indifference and alienation of feeling which of themselves would make it impossible to carry New York. If the situation has indeed reached such an alternative, Republican success would be alarmingly threatened, unless the alternative be avoided by the selection of another candidate. But in any case the friends of Mr. BLAINE must not hug the delusion that in that alternative the friends of Mr. EDMUNDS would make common cause with them. Those Republicans who have most severely censured Mr. ARTHUR'S course in the past see that the chief representatives of his old course have broken with him, and that his administration has upon the whole been acceptable. They do not see that Mr. BLAINE'S political methods have been essentially different from those of Mr. ARTHUR, and they observe that if there are unpleasantly familiar and not politically reputable followers and supporters in Mr. ARTHUR'S train, they are not wanting in that of Mr. BLAINE. They see, moreover, that the President has honestly enforced the reform bill, although, indeed, without showing himself to be, in the strict sense, a reformer; but they have not seen that Mr. BLAINE has shown any sympathy whatever with the reform movement. They have seen prudence and moderation in the foreign policy of the administration, but they would anticipate something very different from an administration of Mr. BLAINE. The circumstances of the President's accession have undoubtedly alienated very many Republicans who regard a vote for Mr. BLAINE as a vote to honor GARFIELD. This is a very powerful consideration in the preliminary canvass for the nomination, and it is one of the practical reasons that the nomination of the President would be exceedingly unwise, because many Republicans devoted to the memory of GARFIELD, and who do not forget the bitter circumstances of his assassination, could not bring themselves to vote for Mr. ARTHUR.

But there are equally practical considerations, of a wholly different kind, that would reduce the Republican vote for Mr. BLAINE. And it is precisely such considerations as these, pointing to a division and an alienation of the Republican vote, which make the nomination of either gentleman very injudicious for the party. If the purpose of the Convention were to test the comparative strength of the two wings of the party, nothing could be wiser than to select from among the proposed candidates the two who especially represent the contention which has long divided Republicans. It might indeed defeat the party at the polls, but it would proximately show which wing was the stronger, and that might perhaps afford some satisfaction to somebody. But this is idle. There are but two cardinal questions to be considered by those who wish to maintain Republican control of the government. The first is, who, upon the whole, most satisfactorily stands for the character and principles and methods that the Republican party ought to represent in an appeal to the people? and the second is, who, among possible or probable candidates, would command the most votes? The question whether a majority ought to yield its preference to a minority is not to be considered. There is no doubt of the convenience of the majority principle wherever it applies. But it is evident that it would be very possible for a majority in a Convention to nominate a candidate who could not possibly be elected, and it is that very obvious fact which every delegate who sincerely desires the success of the party will bear in mind.

THE BROOKLYN DEMOCRATIC DINNER.

THE Young Men's Democratic Club in Brooklyn have followed the excellent example of the Young Republicans, and have had a dinner, at which speeches were made to set forth the Democratic claim to be the reform party. Mr. SHEPARD, the president, in his address, claimed credit for his party for civil service reform, and averred that the addition of tariff reform was essential to secure success. His allusion to Senator PENDLETON, whose name is associated with the reform bill, was heartily cheered. Senator BAYARD thanked God that slavery is gone forever, and argued that a strict construction of the Constitution is essential to the sure defense of liberty. Yet it is indisputable that strict construction of the Constitution was the favorite political dogma of slavery, and that strict construction of the Constitution was the chief weapon of hostility to the war. It was also a favorite theory of Mr. JEFFERSON, who did not hesitate to take Louisiana without constitutional warrant, but in its technical sense strict construction has never been the doctrine of the greatest constitutional authorities—MARSHALL, WEBSTER, KENT, and STORY. The general spirit of Mr. BAYARD'S speech, however, as reported, was excellent, although, historically, we do not think that the Democratic party will figure either as the wisest friend or the most effective champion of the Constitution and the Union.

Mr. PENDLETON'S speech was to the toast, "Reform of the civil service, a truly Democratic measure." His address was sound, and he said that the question of administrative reform, in its large sense, was perhaps even greater than that of revenue reform. By administrative reform, however, Mr PENDLETON did not mean turning out Republicans to turn in Democrats, but a conduct of the details of administration upon principles that would prevent such wholesale turnings in and out. Yet there was something pathetic in his speech, because the orator himself ceases to be a Senator because reform of the civil service is not "a truly Democratic measure." Of all Democrats he was peculiarly the representative of the reform, and he was emphatically set aside for a determined opponent of reform. The dinner was given especially in honor of Mr MORRISON, the leader of the Democratic House. But the Democratic Committee on Appropriations is reported to have omitted the grant for the practical prosecution of the reform. The bulk of the votes adverse to reform in the New York Legislature are Democratic. In the Massachusetts Legislature it is the same. The bills for repeal of the law proceed from Democrats. These are all strange commentaries upon the toast, "Reform in the civil service, a truly Democratic measure."

We gladly record, however, the expression of such wise and patriotic sentiments at a Democratic dinner, and from the lips of distinguished Democrats, and we regret sincerely anything which tends to make the reform a distinctively party measure. But one reflection upon this dinner is obvious. The speeches at the late Republican feast in Brooklyn laid down the principle of reform, and declared that any evidence of serious departure from its earnest prosecution which should be made by the Republican nomination or platform would seriously imperil the success of the Republican party, and such remarks were enthusiastically cheered by those who have proved their ability not to sustain improper nominations. This was the general tone of the Republican dinner, but this appeared at the Democratic dinner only in the speech of Mr. BLACKBURN, who urged that the support of the MORRISON bill should be the test of Democratic orthodoxy. This suggestion was received with great applause. It was a bold proposition, because it involves a rupture of the party. Mr. RANDALL and his friends will certainly not support the MORRISON bill. The Democratic National Convention will certainly not lay down a free-trade platform. Will the gentlemen who cheered Mr. BLACKBURN at the dinner conclude that they can not associate politically with Mr RANDALL and his friends any longer, nor support the Democratic nominations? Or will they decide that Democratic ascendency upon any terms is so important that they can not risk it? Do the Democratic reformers prefer reform to the success of their party upon a non-committal platform?

A REPUBLICAN ATTACK UPON REFORM.

THE Republicans in the Senate of New York, in endeavoring to cripple civil service reform, have done more than anything which the Democrats have yet accomplished to defeat the Republican Presidential candidate, whoever he may be, in the State of New York. They have shown themselves to be very stupid politicians, for nobody supposes that the amendments to the bill were proposed in the interest of the public service. They were simply bids for the favor of the soldier vote and of the sailors. But by no chance can the bid affect either of those votes appreciably, while it instantly repels a most powerful vote which is indispensable to Republican success. This is why we call such a performance stupid politics. The Republican Senators who supported the attack upon the bill have little knowledge of the fact that the result of the Presidential campaign in this State depends upon a vote which is very closely watching Republican action upon this subject, and whose support will be very largely determined by that action.

Nothing, therefore, has been gained, but the most serious result has been risked, by this action, unless the Senators are of opinion that the Republican party can afford to dispense with the support of the friends of reform. The bill which their votes tend to cripple was passed by a Democratic Legislature. It was most heartily approved and it has been most honorably enforced by a Democratic Governor and by a Democratic Commission. Mr. LANSING and his friends have done all that they can to justify the toast at the Brooklyn Democratic dinner, "Civil service reform, a truly Democratic measure." In every point of view the Republican attack upon the bill is a huge blunder, and it has made Republican success very much more difficult.

The insulting imputation upon the soldiers and sailors that they are incapable of satisfying the moderate and most reasonable tests of proper fitness for the service, or that they would not gladly favor any scheme which promised to overthrow the control of the civil service by a few party bosses, was fully exposed in the debate. The Commission would have gladly conformed the State law to the provisions of the national law to give the preference to soldiers and sailors who were proved to be fit for the places sought. But to propose to dispense with the entire law in their favor was to attempt to destroy the law. This untimely attack upon the reform of the civil service will have the good effect of fixing public attention upon the urgent necessity of the reform, because the attack was made, not in any way whatever to improve the service or to correct its abuses, but solely to maintain personal and party power by an appeal to selfish interest. This is the very essence of the spoils system, and as the question is as vital as any now before the country, the Republican Senate has dealt a heavy blow at existing party organizations.

STOP THIEF!

IF the good work of investigating the city departments continues with the same vigor that it has begun, the huge system of corruption, waste, and imposture known as the city government will be exposed to public knowledge. A better work has not been done for public decency and political reform for many a day than that which Mr. ROOSEVELT and his friends have been steadily and strenuously pushing in the Legislature, and with which Governor CLEVELAND has so cordially co-operated. The outrageous condition of the city offices has been long known, but the facts in detail have not been presented. In TWEED'S time the swindling and robbery were understood, but not the manner and the amounts, until the revelations in the *Times* were published. That the Ludlow Street Jail was a public disgrace was believed, but only now do we have the figures and the facts. That in the Clerk's, Register's, and Sheriff's offices there were plundering extortions was no secret, but there was only a grimace of disgust and impotence when the tale was told.

The committee of investigation have not been content with shrugging their shoulders, but they have

discovered and made known the fact that the present County Clerk and his predecessor have appropriated to themselves fifty thousand dollars in fees to which they had "no right or title whatever," and that the Sheriff had received in one year eighty-five thousand dollars, including a large sum for which there was no legal authority; and he has been duly indicted. The Register confessed that he had paid twenty thousand dollars as a Tammany candidate, which he expected to be repaid by the emoluments of his office, and in the Surrogate's office, of which the complaint among lawyers has been great, the committee say that they found that ten thousand dollars had been taken by subordinates in 1883, and the committee believe that the actual extortion was very much larger.

These are some of the illustrative facts which the investigating committee have ascertained, and it would be a very interesting computation, when all the figures are known, that of the proportion of the money squeezed out of the people of New York in the form of taxes and fees which is simple robbery. The energy which the committee have shown, and the success which has already rewarded their labor, is a significant commentary upon the feeling of helplessness with which, as a dozen years ago, in TWEED's time, this system of fraud is regarded by intelligent people. The general comment is that it is a shameful parody upon popular government—a shame which may easily become a danger, as when a tool of the TWEED Ring was actually Mayor of New York—but that "nothing can be done about it." Mr. ROOSEVELT and his friends have shown that a great deal can be done about it—that the details of the frauds can be made public, that the citizens may be aroused to active support of measures of reform, that offenders may be brought to trial, and that laws correcting the abuses may be introduced and passed by the Legislature.

CHARLES READE.

To thousands of American households the brief dispatch flashed across the Atlantic on Friday of last week, "CHARLES READE died this afternoon," brought genuine grief and a deep sense of personal loss. For he was not merely popular in the ordinary sense of the word, not merely admired as a great master in a noble art, but it was impossible to separate his personality from his work, and in every reader he made a friend. Had he ever visited this country his reception would have cast into the shade that of any other foreign author, not excepting CHARLES DICKENS. He was often entreated to come over to a land where he was known to a larger audience than in his own, but he had a horror of the sea, and in his later years was apprehensive of the effects of American hospitality upon his constitution. "I should like to visit your country," he once said to the writer; "but the very warmth with which I am often pressed to go makes me afraid to venture. At my age I could not stand the round of hospitality which my friends say would be in store for me." This was in 1876, when Mr. READE was sixty-two years old, and apparently in the perfection of health and vigor. The discomforts of the ocean voyage had probably more weight with him than any other consideration.

The life of CHARLES READE was simple and uneventful. He was born in 1814. His father, JOHN READE, in his day one of the most popular of Oxfordshire squires, had imbibed a strong prejudice against public schools and academical education, and of his seven sons only two were permitted to follow intellectual pursuits. Three out of five of his elder brothers who had been dispatched to India having died—one, a cavalry officer, in action, and two from the effects of the climate—the mother interfered to save her favorite son CHARLES from Juggernaut. After picking up what scholarship could be obtained through private tutors, he was entered at Magdalen College, Oxford, and graduated in 1835. Immediately after his graduation he obtained his fellowship, which he retained through life. He also took the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, and was admitted to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1843. On one occasion, when he was at loggerheads with Mr. BENTLEY the elder, Mr. READE actually donned a barrister's wig and triumphantly pleaded his own cause before the House of Lords.

It may be said that his early years were passed in self-education. By hard study, travel, and close observation he fitted himself for his chosen profession of authorship. His first literary ventures were stories, published anonymously in magazines and newspapers. He was an indefatigable student, a model of patient, systematic labor. In everything that he wrote a wealth of material and a bold mastery of his subject attested his industry and the strength of his intellect. The first work, however, that awakened wide interest in the young author was his *Peg Woffington*, an interest deepened by his *Christie Johnstone*, and aroused to rapturous enthusiasm by *It is Never Too Late to Mend*, a story which at once placed him in the front rank of modern novelists.

The versatility of his mind led him into other channels of literature. In association with TOM TAYLOR he wrote several dramas that took the town by storm. Successful as he proved himself, says the author of a recent review of his career, "both as regards style, plot, dialogue, and incident, in the domain of dramatic narrative—an assertion easily verifiable by reference not only to the works above named, but equally to his artistic masterpieces, *The Cloister and the Hearth*, *Put Yourself in his Place*, *White Lies*, *Griffith Gaunt*, and *The Woman-Hater*—his passion has been the stage." One of his latest dramas, an adaptation of ZOLA's *Assommoir*, played under the title of *Drink*, proved a remarkable success. "It will be for posterity to decide," says the writer just quoted, "whether he shines with rarer effulgence as a novelist, as a playwright, or as an essayist."

In most of his later novels CHARLES READE struck at some great public evil, and with the greater effect because he never forgot the novelist in the censor. The reader's interest in the story of *Hard Cash* is not for a moment distracted by the fact that it was written to expose the horrible abuses in lunatic asylums; but the force of the exposure was none the less powerful on public sentiment; and no statesman or political economist ever made a stronger argument against the tyranny of trades-unionism than is to be found in *Put Yourself in His Place*.

The fierce delight which CHARLES READE often displayed in controversy, especially when important issues were involved—and it must be confessed that almost every subject in which he was interested appeared to assume paramount importance in his view—led strangers to imagine him to be rather testy, ungracious, and disagreeable; but one had only to see him in society or in his charming home to be at once disabused of that notion. A more genial, kind-hearted gentleman never lived. In conversation he was apt to be retiring and reticent, his voice was pleasant and rather low in tone, and his manner most engaging and agreeable. It was only when he took pen in hand that his controversial temper appeared to get the better of him, and to lead him into those excesses of passion and language which made him dreaded by his opponents. That he was intolerant of opposition, often arrogant, that he was often restive under literary criticism, are faults that may readily be forgiven in a man like him. There was not a trace of CARLYLE's cynicism in his nature. His mind was broad, generous, and liberal, and in all his work he had some great and useful purpose in view.

All through life CHARLES READE was a diligent student and worker. He prepared himself with the utmost care for everything he undertook. The library of his pleasant London home contained a large number of scrap-books in which were preserved clippings from newspapers, magazines, and books, all classified and indexed—storehouses of material from which he drew incidents and illustrations to enrich his pages. Nor did he, with all the wealth and originality of his own imagination, disdain to make use of material which lay ready to his hand in the form of story or plot; but, like other great men who have done the same, he made it his own by the force and brilliancy of his genius. He took the dry dust and breathed into it the breath of a new life. His short stories are excellent illustrations of this power. There is strength in every line; no waste of words in them, no padding; while at the same time there is a satisfying fullness and breadth.

In person CHARLES READE was tall and erect, with a commanding presence, a full, expressive brown eye, and a noble brow. He was a most excellent and entertaining conversationalist—not a "talker" in the offensive sense of the word, for he was a good listener when one had anything to say worth hearing—and he shone especially in the society of clever women.

To almost the last moment of his life he kept steadily at work. In his last illness, of several months' duration, he wrote the serial story "A Perilous Secret," to be printed in London under the title of "Love and Money," now appearing in HARPER'S BAZAR, and had begun a series of "Bible Characters," which he was very anxious to complete. The last letter received from him by his American publishers was written with reference to this series, when he was in great pain and weakness. It is most cordial in tone, and strangely hopeful for a man in his condition. "If I live," he writes, "I will, D.V., write one or two of the greater characters, since it is about these I am most likely to take an independent ground, to which ground, believing as I do that truth must ultimately prevail, I shall stand firm." The letter is dated March 21, the signature is less bold and firm than usual, and he adds, in a postscript, "Too ill to write much with my own hand." Yet he evidently hoped for several years more of work—he never looked forward to leisure or idleness; but his life was full and well rounded. If he retained his college fellowship for another purpose than that for which it was founded, who can deny that he employed it to a nobler and more useful end than if he had pursued the life of a scholarly recluse? The world is better for his having lived, and will cherish his memory with love and gratitude.

THE BLAIR BILL.

THE BLAIR educational bill has passed the Senate. It appropriates $77,000,000 to be distributed among the States in proportion to their illiteracy on the basis of the census of 1880, the payments of the money to extend over a series of eight years. The amount to be distributed the first year is $7,000,000, the second, $10,000,000, the third, $15,000,000, the sums then diminishing at the rate of $2,000,000 annually until the eighth year, when all appropriations shall cease. The bill has been vigorously opposed, but it passed finally by a vote of 33 to 11, two of the eleven being Republicans, Messrs. HAWLEY and MILLER, of California, and fourteen of the thirty-three being Democrats.

The general principle of national aid to education in the States is not new, and its constitutionality is affirmed by eminent authorities. The practical question raised by this bill is whether it will foster a dangerous dependence of the State upon the national Treasury, and so far paralyze its own activities and sense of responsibility for its own education. We presume that the bill would not have passed except for the peculiar situation into which emancipation threw the old Slave States. At the close of a war which had completely impoverished those States some of them found that half of their population, whom it had formerly been a crime to instruct, must now be educated for the common interest. The necessity, however, had arisen from the action of the national government, and it was but fair that the national government should bear a share of the new, sudden, and immense burden.

Undoubtedly it is for the interest of the whole Union that class ignorance in the Southern States should be reduced. It is for the interest of those who would retain the class in subjection that it should remain untaught. The objections that might arise from the possibility of inculcating a habit of dependence upon the national government were overcome by a consideration of the various dangers that might easily spring from the gross ignorance of an emancipated class. Mr. HOAR secured an amendment requiring that the money should be used to provide for the equalization of school privileges to all children, without distinction of race or color. The vote was very emphatic and non-partisan, and the result of the experiment, should the House pass the bill, will be watched with great interest.

A NEW DANGER.

THE fire in the St. George apartment-house, although occurring in the morning, and in a building declared to be fire-proof, seriously imperiled the lives of those who were in their rooms, and may well arouse general apprehension. We agree with the *Times* and the *Herald* that the time has arrived for the most stringent legislative precautions against catastrophes which are evidently most probable. The rapid erection of these enormous dwelling-houses, some of them rising to a dozen floors, and the peculiar structure in which the elevator plays so conspicuous a part, present new forms of peril with which it is obvious that mere individual interest is not sufficient to cope.

The St. George was declared to be fire-proof. But in the case of a passenger steamboat something more is required than the declaration of interested persons that the boilers are safe and the hull staunch. There must be responsible official inspection and certificate, and the passenger may demand to see the evidence of the safety of the boat, and the proprietor is required to keep the certificate in public view. Similar legal requirements, and of the utmost thoroughness and strictness, should be applied to apartment-houses. If anybody proposes to build dwelling-houses, the community should see that they are built in a way which does not imperil human life, and upon the principle which authorizes it to regulate the storage and sale of gunpowder and the sale of intoxicating liquors. There are practically fire-proof buildings in New York, and it is possible to make these huge houses fire-proof. The destruction of the St. George is a warning which should be heeded without waiting for a more ghastly form of warning. Had the building taken fire in the night, it is easy to imagine the appalling catastrophe which must have followed. Certainly the community ought not to wait for such a warning, and it can not be difficult to obtain proper legislation.

PERSONAL.

THE best place for story-telling I ever knew (said an old traveller) was behind the smoke-stack of a Cunard steamer, thirty years ago. There was room enough for seven or eight passengers to huddle together out of the reach of the wind, and the yarns there told were of the sort that linger in the memory. If more than that number tried to listen, the latest-comers would be too far one side or the other to receive the protection of the smoke-stack, and after bending their heads a little in an unsuccessful effort to get within the charmed circle, would soon steal away in a shiver.

—GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON, who has written some sound sense on the management of boys, is the father of a handsome lad of fourteen; and last summer, at Lake George, during his vacation, he found his recreation in following the lead of that lad in all matters of amusement, swimming with him when he wanted to swim, rowing for him when he wished to troll, tramping with him when he felt like tramping. Mr. EGGLESTON came back renovated. He thinks boys are the best company in the world.

—Mr. GEORGE W. CABLE is really sorry that he originated that practical joke on Mark Twain. He thinks that all practical jokes are cruel. He never was cruel before, and he declares his intention never to be again.

—Professor HINKEL, of Vassar College, has the inestimable good luck of being popular with the young ladies. They admire his sincerity and frank simplicity. He had long been in the habit of calling upon his pupils to recite in alphabetical order, beginning at the commencement of the roll; but one morning he surprised them by saying, in a pathetic and grieved tone: "I understand that you are accustomed to learn your lesson only when you think your turn will come to recite. I must put a stop to this, young ladies. Next time I shall begin at the other end of the class."

—The Rev. Dr. JOHN C. BACKUS, who died in Baltimore on the 9th of April, in his seventy-fourth year, was an admirable specimen of the best Southern type of gentleman. His personal magnetism was remarkable, and no one who had once come within its range was likely to forget the gentle and manly friendliness that seemed to be its inspiration.

—Story about General WINFIELD SCOTT. "I should think, General," said a brother officer, during the war, "that you would find it difficult to remember the names of all the engagements in which you have taken part." "Not at all, sir—not at all," replied the veteran, briskly. "I recall them all. Let me see, now. There was the battle of Hamilly—you remember that, don't you?" The officer did not, and was not enough of a courtier to say that he did. "Well," resumed the General, turning to a member of his staff, "you remember it, don't you?" "Certainly, sir," was the prompt reply. "No, you don't," responded the veteran; "there never was any such battle."

—General GORDON (better known as "Chinese" GORDON, on account of his famous military exploits among the Celestials) has caused an Arabic text to be conspicuously inscribed over his throne in the palace of Khartoum, a translation of which is, "God rules over the hearts of men."

—The Hon. BERNARD COLERIDGE, son of Lord COLERIDGE, who recently visited this country, writes to the newspapers: "I wish to contradict the report that I have made an offer of marriage to Miss MARY ANDERSON. I do not know Miss ANDERSON, and I have not the smallest intention of committing bigamy." Miss ANDERSON professes herself deeply grieved at the false rumors in circulation with respect to her declination of certain eligible offers of marriage. She is at a loss to know who put them in circulation.

—The Pope, observes the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is not going to leave Rome. These rumors about his intended departure only mean that he is uncomfortable. But just as men sigh for death, but shrink from suicide, so the Pope, when troubled by the friction inseparable from his position, longs to fly away from Rome and be at rest in Austria, Malta, Spain, Belgium—anywhere.

—Princess CHRISTIAN, after luncheon, broke to the Duchess of Albany the news of her royal husband's death. The young widow, who had been a wife scarcely a twelvemonth, manifested a grief painful to witness, but after an interval became calm, and was able to converse.

—The famous slayer of panthers, M. BOMBONNEL, is having so brisk an experience in Algeria that Mr. BARNUM should capture him. One night, while hiding in the brushwood during a pouring rain, he saw a male panther trying to carry off some bait that had been laid for him. The white throat of the handsome brute gleamed in the darkness, and soon received a fatal bullet. Presently another beast appeared, and was similarly welcomed. It was a female, and in the morning the rifleman thanked St. HUBERT "for a night that was all that a hunter could desire."

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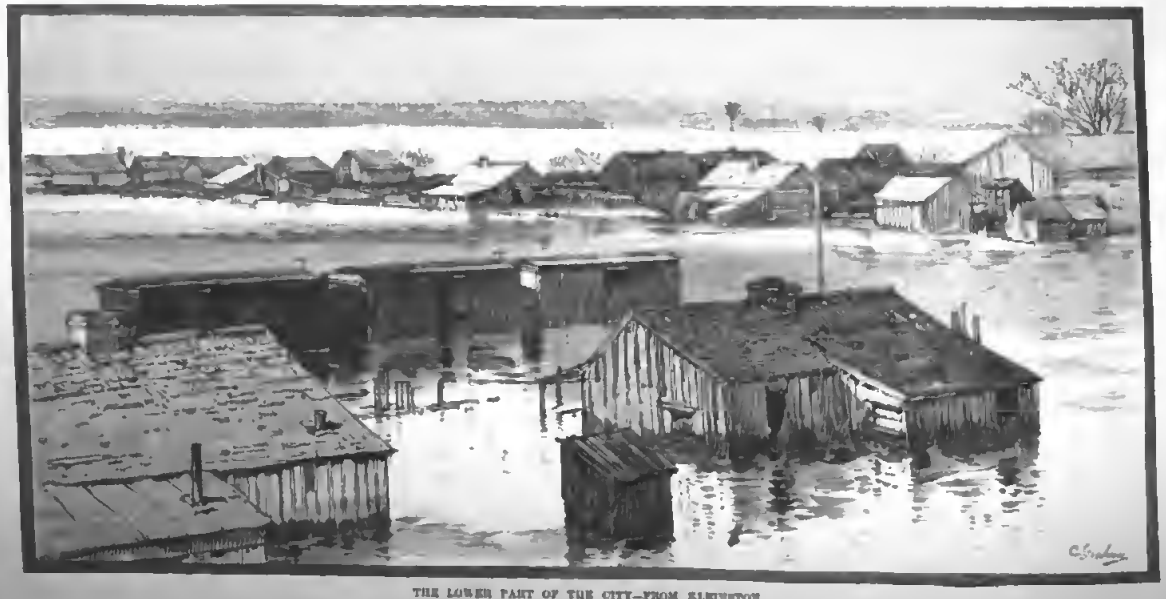
THE COTTON COMPRESS—SOUTHERN PART OF THE CITY.

STEAMBOAT LANDING—FROM THE ELEVATOR, LOOKING EAST.



THE LOWER PART OF THE CITY—FROM ELEVATOR.

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS—SCENES AT VICKSBURG.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. L. BLADE.—[SEE PAGE 251.]

REFORM WITHOUT BLOODSHED.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND AND THEODORE ROOSEVELT AT THEIR GOOD WORK.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE BREAD-WINNERS."

The tide of winter travel was setting southward—southward to the land of the orange and the alligator—away from the bleak spring winds of the North, to the balmy airs and soft skies of Florida.

I had joined these birds of flight, and to-day my mother and I were embarked upon the steamer that was to bear us away. I looked about at the bustle that betokened departure, in the hopes of singling out among the faces those of the people I should like to know. I amused myself with pictures of their life-histories, their positions, their callings, their possessions, their dwelling-places, and their relations to each other. But these possible histories did not fit well upon the rather prosaic company, and I soon turned from them to go upon deck, where until supper-time we sat looking out over the waves of the sun-lighted Atlantic.

At the supper table my attention was attracted by a man who sat opposite. His face and neck were very red, and the redness was increased by a tight high collar that heightened by its starched whiteness the ruddy hue of his skin. His cheeks were full and clean-shaven, and his hair was scant, and of a sandy color mixed with gray. He had light blue eyes that shone prominently behind a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, and these spectacles were the sole mark about him that denoted intellectuality. He was strongly, even coarsely, built. His dress was that of a gentleman, and a certain pompous manner of assurance gave evidence that he had mingled with the world, and was not afraid of it. He looked, in fact, as if he were not afraid of anything.

When the meat course was entirely served, he astonished the waiter by ordering a third beef-steak and a third cup of coffee. The giggle of the waiter, the stare of the purser, who presided, and the smiling glances of his fellow voyagers might have humiliated one more observant of conventionalities. But not so this burly red-faced man, who unconcernedly ate his beefsteak when everybody else was finishing off with stewed fruit and cake, and ate his stewed fruit and cake when everybody else had left the table.

The tossing of a night at sea had not impaired his appetite when at breakfast the next morning I again found myself opposite him. He had evidently preceded us by some time, and was now finishing his breakfast with the air of one who had breakfasted well, and was taking a few dilatory last mouthfuls preparatory to quitting the table. He wiped his mouth once or twice violently with his napkin as we seated ourselves at the table, and with a polite bow said, "Good-morning, ladies." He hesitated a moment, and said, again, "Ah—ah, waiter, another half-cup of coffee—ah, hot, waiter, hot."

The waiter brought him his coffee, which he stirred briskly a moment, and drank at two mouthfuls. He wheeled his chair around from the table as if to arise from it, but, pausing again a moment, he looked at us. "Rather rough, last night," he said, cheerily. "I trust you are none the worse of it this morning."

We assured him that we were good sailors.

"That's right—that's right," he said, rubbing his hands. "Nothing like strong wills for keeping down seasickness. Pity more ladies are not like you," he added, approvingly, looking around

"WELL SUPPLIED WITH LITERATURE, I SEE."

at the nearly empty tables. He evidently considered that he had paid us a compliment, and bowing like a Chesterfield, he rose and went on deck.

A few moments later we followed. Selecting a sunny corner, we raised an umbrella at our backs to keep off the wind, and sat comfortably ensconced behind its tent-like shelter. For some time we sat gazing out over the dancing expanse of waters, at the sea-gulls that followed our wake, at the fleecy white clouds that already told us we were nearing the summer land, and at our fellow-voyagers, who paced up and down before our chairs. Among these was our table companion. He walked with an almost martial stride, taking his exercise in a dutiful fashion that did not prevent his looking alertly around him, as if in search of diversion. His eyes very often strayed in the direction of our raised umbrella, as if he rather fancied this idea of protection from the wind, and twice he half paused at our chairs in his steady walk back and forth.

Watching his straight, solid figure, outlined against the wide expanse of sea, grew at last monotonous, and we opened our books to read. Of these we had quite a lapful, principally pertaining to Florida. We had guide-books and histories of Florida, an essay of Edward King on Florida, Mrs. Stowe's novel of Florida called *Palmetto Leaves*, and several journals descriptive of the charms of wintering in Florida. But among these were one or two of the latest novels, that had nothing about Florida in their chapters. *The Bread-Winners* was one of these. I had just completed this story, and was about to close the cover, when the voice of the stout, red faced man caused me to look up.

"Well supplied with literature, I see," he said, his countenance beaming cordially. "Um! allow me to look at them?" He bowed questioningly, and stooped to turn over the books in my lap. "Good idea," he said, condescendingly, "to inform yourself beforehand upon what you expect to see." His sharp blue eyes turned to the book in my hand, and he gave a searching look at my face. Calculating the amount of shade that the umbrella threw, he seated himself upon a camp-stool within its boundary. He touched his hat as he did so, and said, in a matter-of-course tone: "I suppose you do not object to my sitting here for a few moments. Ceremony, you know, is laid aside on shipboard." He parted his lips in a sort of smile; they were very red, and parched a little, and showed an uneven row of strong short teeth. His eyes were still fixed upon the volume in my hand, and he reached forth his own to take it. "Ah! I thought so, from the appearance of the cover," he exclaimed, raising his eyebrows quickly, as he saw the title. "You have read it?"

"Yes, I have this moment finished it."

"And what do you think of it?"

"Think of it? I am not prepared to say. I must think about it a little. But I know what I think of its author."

"What?" he said, attentively.

"I think he is a very clever fellow." He stroked his chin complacently. "Because," I went on, "he has made a stroke in concealing his name."

"Um!" he said, looking down. After a moment he looked at me. "You think, then," he said, "that the book would not have had the success it has if the author had come out at once with his name?"

"Oh, I do not say that. It is certainly a powerful story."

"Um!" he said, stroking his chin again.

"And," I continued, "would have attracted attention under any circumstances."

"Um!" he said, louder, looking at me, with a gleam of eagerness in his bright eyes.

"It is," I said, "written by a man of strong brain and of keen observation."

"Um!" he assented again, with deep gratification, and rubbing his hands.

"But," I continued, "publishing it anonymously has certainly piqued curiosity and roused added attention."

He sat for some moments in thoughtful silence, and then said at last, rubbing his hands: "Wonderful, wonderful, the amount of attention it has created! North, South, East, and West, every magazine, every newspaper, notices it, and now they are beginning to notice it in far-off England." He parted his lips again in increased gratification.

"The author must be a proud man to have attracted such wide attention," I said. "I wonder he can consent to remain hidden in the dark."

"Ah, he is sharp—he is sharp," he asserted, with pleased conviction.

"He must be," I said, laughing. "And what sort of a profession do you suppose he has, that, as he asserts in his published letter, will be injured by the disclosure of his name?"

He looked at me closely. "He is a preacher," he said, suddenly, and then caught himself as if he had said it inadvertently.

"A preacher!" I said, astonished. "What of that? Preachers have written novels."

"It is better for preachers not to go into novel-writing," he said, wagging his head. "It weakens their influence—it weakens their influence," he went on, still shaking his head. "The truth is that I am a preacher myself, and I know how it is."

"Have you ever written a novel?" I said, lightly, regarding him curiously.

He gave me a half-crafty look out of the corners of his eyes. "I have," he said at last.

"And you published it anonymously?"

"I did."

I looked at his practical proportions and matter-of-fact face, and tried to imagine him as the author of a book of fiction. I gave a short little laugh, and said, "Who knows, mamma?—this may be the author of *The Bread-Winners* who sits before us."

He had seen the book in my eyes, and my light laugh nettled him. "Why keep it longer a secret?" he said, importantly. "I have already resolved to acknowledge it. And such charming ladies as yourselves"—bowing—"shall be the first to know it."

"To acknowledge—acknowledge what?" I said, with growing amazement.

"The authorship of *The Bread-Winners*," he answered, pompously, watching our faces for the effect of his words.

"You!" I gasped—"you its author!" and I stared at him.

"I do not wonder at your surprise," he said, a pleased light of vanity in his eyes. "I like to astonish people. I am picturing to myself much pleasure in the surprise of my friends when I disclose the truth to them. I intend to allow myself a good deal of sport of that kind before I publish my name in the journals."

I had no reason to doubt his words, but I felt a rude shock at this disclosure. I had had my own visions of the author of *The Bread-Winners*. I had speculated about him, and even dreamed about him a little, but it was in far other than the form of this sensual, red-faced clergyman. I looked furtively at the stout red figure with its gleaming gold-rimmed spectacles, and tried hard to adjust him in my mind as the author of *The Bread-Winners*. He was a vigorous man certainly, and the story was vigorous. There was at least one point in common between the man and his story. But talent certainly chooses strange shells in which to dwell! I tried to console myself by thinking of the many homely men of genius that the world has seen, and began to feel at last a degree of pride that this notable author had been led, even by accident, to confide in me. I already heard myself boast to my less fortunate friends of this delightful incident of travel, and in a burst of gratitude I said to him, "You are certainly very kind to have confided in us. I have wished—almost passionately—that I could know who the author is, and you can not know how much this incident gratifies me." I felt my cheeks burn and my eyes shine with the sudden excitement of my discovery.

He looked excited also, and fairly beamed upon us behind his shining glasses. "Um!—oh, by-the-way," he said, "I have one request to make in return for my confidence. It is that you will not speak of this until you see that it is publicly known, which will be very soon. I prefer the pleasure of making it known myself, you see," and he parted his parched lips again.

I readily agreed to this reasonable request, and even inspired that I was sharing the secret of this man of letters.

"I have one request to make of you," I said. "Will you write your name in this volume?" and I held out the novel to him. He looked staggered for a moment. "I will not show it to any one until the publication of your name gives me permission," I said, seeing the expression on his face. He bowed at that, and taking a portable pen from his pocket, wrote "William Simeon Ludlow" on the fly-leaf.

"Thank you. I shall keep this volume as long as I live," I said, gushingly, at which the air of hesitation that he had shown in writing his name vanished, and his red face glowed again with pompous vanity.

All that day William Simeon Ludlow staid beside us, and answered good-naturedly my questions about how he came to write the book, where he had found the material, and how and why he had preserved its secrecy.

Although he exhibited no very marked power of brain nor of tongue to us, we could not lose sight of the fact that he had written so remarkable a book, and we valued his acquaintance accordingly. When we parted from him at Savannah it was with a warm invitation from my mother and myself that he should visit us in New York. I already promised myself the pleasure of giving a reception in honor of the distinguished writer.

I hugged both literally and metaphorically my volume of *The Bread-Winners*, now made so precious by the author's name, to my heart. When we reached the St. James Hotel at Jacksonville I decided to read it again more carefully. I carried it one morning into the hotel parlors, and seated myself near one of the windows to spend a quiet hour in perusing its pages. A hollow cough from a gentleman seated near me caused me to turn my head. The window at which I sat was open, and through it blew a fresh breath of air laden with the sweet scent of orange blossoms. The gentleman had soft and melancholy dark eyes that were fixed with a little air of apprehension on my open window.

"Pardon me!" he said, when I turned my head; "may I ask your permission to close this window?" Another fit of coughing interrupted him.

"I shall close it myself," I said, in pity for this dreamy-eyed invalid; and I hurriedly shut the window.

"I am sorry," he said, in a soft voice, and with a melancholy smile, "that I must shut out these sweet airs. I am here for rest and cure, and I must take the proper precautions. It is a pity that in doing so I must make others suffer."

"I do not suffer at all," I said, cordially. "I am quite comfortable with the window closed," and I gave him a compassionate glance, which he saw.

"I believe my cough is only temporary," he said. "It comes principally from nervousness and fatigue. I am resting from literary labors," he added, after a moment.

"Indeed?" I said, smiling, my interest in literary people at once aroused.

"Yes," he said, drawing his chair nearer. "I have just written a novel that has made a little stir. I do not know whether it was writing it, or the stir it has made, or both, that have so excited me. But my nerves have been put upon a tension that nature resents, and rest is now my only cure."

"I read most of the new books that come out," I said, shyly; "perhaps I have read yours."

"Perhaps you have," he answered, smiling.

"WITH THESE HANDS—WITH THIS BRAIN."

"But I can not tell you what it is. That is my secret."

I searched my memory for a late anonymous novel, without thinking of one. "It is not *The Bread-Winners*, at any rate," I said, gayly, and holding up the book before him, "because—" I caught myself just in time.

"Why not?" he said, a fixed glitter in his dark eyes.

"Well, because—" I replied, a little frightened at his commanding look.

"Why is it not *The Bread-Winners*?" he insisted.

"Because I know the author of *The Bread-Winners*," I said, recklessly, throwing scruples to the winds in the excitement of asserting my knowledge to this interesting literary invalid.

I was startled at the expression that came over his face.

"Who is it?" he commanded, in a thick voice.

"William Simeon Ludlow," I answered, hastily.

A wild light came into his eyes, a red flush stole up to his pale, dark cheek, his fingers intertwined nervously, and his voice sank to a hoarse whisper. "That is not true," he said.

"Oh, it must be!" I said, decidedly, and, spurred on by his agitation, I told him of my meeting with the author of *The Bread-Winners*, at the same time showing him the name in my book.

During my hasty recital his excitement increased almost to a frenzy; his cheeks grew redder, his eyes wilder; he glanced with quick contempt at the name in my book, and threw it back in my lap.

"What infamy!" he exclaimed, rising to his feet. He looked restlessly around him at the empty room, and then went on in reckless haste, his voice rising hoarser: "Well, I am forced to this." He turned his eyes upon me with an almost threatening light. "I wrote *The Bread-Winners* with these hands"—and he held out a thin pair of white hands. "With this brain"—and he tapped his forehead vehemently—"I wrote it!" He was trembling violently, and a fit of coughing shook his frame. He sank back exhausted in his chair, and half closed his eyes.

I gazed at him with the keenest amazement and pity. "Oh, forgive me!" I cried, going toward him. "I did not dream—"

"Certainly not," he said, feebly opening his eyes. "You could not know. Only promise me," he said, recovering himself still further, and clutching at my dress, "that you will not reveal what, in a weak moment, I have told you."

"No, no," I promised, incoherently. "I am so happy that the author is not that fat, cheating old

man? You look much more like my idea of his author." I longed to ask him some questions, but I feared to excite him again.

"Thank you," he said, sweetly, and he leaned, pale and handsome, back in his chair. After a few moments he rose. "I am better now," he said, in return for my anxious glance, and he slowly left the room.

I rushed upstairs in a tumult. "Mamma," I exclaimed, bursting into our room, "this fiend in human form did not write *The Bread-Winners* at all! He lied!—he lied!" I tore the page containing his name out of the book, and crushed it into bits. "Oh! how could we have been so foolish?" and with tears of mortification in my eyes I told her the whole story.

I had no doubt whatever that this soft-eyed, white-handed young man was the true author of the book. His exhibition of feeling had been too genuine to leave room for doubt. How much more literary-looking and beautiful he was than that miserable pompous cheat William Simeon Ludlow! At this hateful thought I remembered that I did not know the name of the real author. I resolved that at the first opportunity I would, as delicately as possible, ask him to write his name in my book.

The next morning we left for a several days' steamboat journey up the St. John's River, intending at the end of it to return to Jacksonville. I was eager for this excursion to be finished, that I might renew my acquaintance with the fascinating author of *The Bread-Winners*. I thought of him very often in our course up the tropical river. I considered it a special intervention of Providence that he had been thrown in my pathway to contradict the assertion of the false writer, toward whom my bitterness increased as time went on.

Our journey along the picturesque river was exceedingly pleasant, and in the freemasonry of steamboat life we made acquaintance with our fellow voyagers.

One of these was, to my romantic imagination, a perfect sun-god in appearance. His long golden beard rippled down over a broad chest, his kind eyes shone brilliantly beneath an intelligent forehead, and his noble head was poised upon a pair of strong, well shaped shoulders. He talked so well, and showed such a fund of varied learning, travel, and experience, that we were much flattered that he staid beside us almost constantly during those long, sunny, happy days. A longer acquaintance only revealed more attractions of mind and person. He was a keen observer, and knew men and manners perfectly. His sympathies I could see, though not noticeably biassed, were of an aristocratic tendency. He called himself Dr Clyde, and laughingly gave the practice of his profession as a reason of his wide knowledge of all classes of life. He knew a number of the literary men of our day, and described their appearance and manners to me.

"I—IN FACT, I WROTE IT MYSELF."

I felt very small and inexperienced before this man of the world. He was the most elegant man that I had ever met, and I was determined to appear my best and brightest before him. I was fired by a sudden ambition to tell him of the sole literary lion that I knew, and under this impulse I verified the fact that women can not keep a secret. I forgot my promise made to the author of *The Bread-Winners*—to the two authors of *The Bread-Winners*—who were, after all, strangers to me, and related from the beginning my adventures in connection with that book.

He listened very attentively to my story, laughing a good deal at the description of William Simeon Ludlow, and looking quite grave at that of the young man at Jacksonville.

"I am truly glad," I ended, "that I have learned the real author of that book. It does him no harm that I should know it, and it does me a world of good. Of course I shall not tell." Dr. Clyde shrugged his shoulders at this. "You can not imagine how I have wanted to find the author out. It has really preyed upon my mind. But now I know!" I exclaimed, triumphantly, real gladness in my voice.

Dr Clyde looked at me curiously. He had seen so much of the world's distinguished people that he could not understand my delight over my one star. He sat looking thoughtfully out over the river, red with sunset lights, and after a while arose, and straightening out his tall figure, walked slowly up and down the guards, softly humming to himself the bars of an opera.

In the evening a round yellow moon arose, and wrapping a heavy cloak around me, I left my mother inside our state-room, and sat just outside the door to enjoy the cool beauty of the night, which was our last on board.

A tall dark figure leaned over the railing farther away. A small red spark of fire in the neighborhood of his mouth told that he was smoking. Suddenly the red spark was tossed into the river below, and the tall figure approached my neighborhood. He drew a chair close beside me in the moonlight, and looked about him cautiously.

"Where is your mother?" he said.

"She has gone to bed, Dr. Clyde."

"Ah? I—I have something to say to you before we part," he said, hesitating.

A quiver ran through my heart. I had read a great deal about cases of quick love. Was this glorious creature going to offer me his? It was sudden, but he was very fascinating. I would hear him at least, and I waited in trembling quiet.

"It is in regard to the authorship of *The Bread-Winners*," he said, with a laugh that dispelled my foolish dream. "I have been thinking over what you have told me, and I think it is too sad to let such an enthusiastic little girl as yourself believe an untruth."

A dull foreboding clutched at my heart-strings.

"I—in fact, I wrote it myself," he said, half-deprecatingly. "I do not wish to pose as an author, nor to a blue, and that is why I have kept it quiet. In my profession it would be of no advantage to me. People would be afraid that in my thirst for the analytical discussion of their characters I might expose the confidences given me as the family doctor. They would be afraid to trust their lives to me lest over their sick couches I might be dreaming of the sorrows of the Malvina of my next book. My first intention was to allow you your belief that you knew the real author. But only a moment ago I took a resolution to tell you the truth. I will not ask you to keep my secret, as my counterfeiters have done," he said, laughing again. "But I think I can trust you not to noise me about very publicly, to my sale."

I had sat as if stunned, but now I rose desperately to my feet. "You the author of *The Bread-Winners*?" I exclaimed. "Oh, this is too much!" and I covered my face with my hands.

Something told me that here at last was truth that I could not doubt. He was too manly, too lofty, too far above considerations of vanity, to claim the authorship of a book he had never written. It was the two others who were the frauds, and my whole chagrin was for myself that I had been so tricked by them. The soft eyes of the second one rose before me. He had, indeed, seemed sincere; but I remembered that he was an invalid. His mind was no doubt diseased also, and he had been laboring under a hallucination, of which he had made me the victim. It was, after all, worth all my chagrin to know that the true author was this splendid man before me. I put down my hands in taking courage, and said, in a subdued voice:

"Good night. I can not talk any more about it now."

"I do not wonder at your astonishment," he said to me, kindly.

"I—I hope to meet you in Jacksonville," I said, weakly. "And you will write your name in my book—will you not?" And with a hysterical little gurgle I went into my state-room.

But we did not meet him again. Nor did I see the dark-eyed invalid. When we returned to our hotel I learned that he had left for the North the day before.

Shortly after this we left Jacksonville, and proceeded to Cedar Keys, where we took a steamer across the Gulf of Mexico to New Orleans. From there we took our way northward by means of a steamboat up the Mississippi River. In all this long water journey I was very wary of gentlemen travellers. If conversation with them approached, even remotely, the subject of literature, I rose abruptly and left them. I knew now without doubt who was the author of *The Bread-Winners*; and though this belief could not be shaken, I felt that my nerves could endure no more pretenders to its throne.

I allowed myself lengthened conversations with ladies only. They could not possibly claim *The Bread-Winners*, and with them I felt safe.

We fell in with one family who were travelling in precisely the same direction as ourselves, and in our long quiet hours of steamboating together a feeling of more than ordinary acquaintanceship sprang up between us. The most interesting member of this family to me was the eldest daughter—a tall fair girl, with a smooth low voice and a tranquil manner.

"I CAN PROVE IT: I CAN SHOW YOU THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT."

In our long conversations together we grew at last confidential. We had touched upon literature more than once, but, though sadly tempted, I had refrained from telling her my adventures with the several authors of *The Bread-Winners*. To-day, however, as we sat hand in hand together on a sofa inside the steamboat cabin, the conversation turned upon that book. I was very guarded. I talked of his writer as a vigorous man, as a man of strong brain and of keen insight, but I gave no hint that I knew him.

"I wonder who he is?" I said, enjoying my superior knowledge.

"Why do you always put it in the masculine?" she said.

"Because he is a masculine," I said, stoutly.

"How do you know?" A sorted feeling began to creep over me. "What cause have you to believe that a man wrote it to all?" she continued, meaningly.

"I know him," I cried, desperately. "Dr. Clyde wrote that book."

"He did not," she exclaimed, vehemently, turning pale. "A woman wrote it, and"—she wheeled upon me in a sudden burst of confidence—"*I* am that woman."

I felt as if I were turning to stone. What had I done that the whole world should thus conspire to cheat me about that dreadful book? I had no ruin for words. I was utterly broken in spirit, and without a word I rose to have her. She held me back. "You do not believe me?" she cried. "I can prove it: I can show you the original manuscript."

I put my fingers to my ears and broke away from her. I fled to my state-room, and threw myself face downward on the bed. My brain was reeling. A fever was in my blood. I felt myself growing ill.

Without a word of farewell to our last new friends we went that night to our hotel in St. Louis. There I tossed all night long upon my uneasy pillow. A hideous nightmare disturbed my slumbers. Small fiends wearing the faces of the four proclaimed authors of *The Bread-Winners* danced around my bed. They bore in their hands huge pens, with handles each a yard in length. With these they pricked and tore my flesh as they wrote upon my body the lines of that book, now grown to me so terrible. I rose the next morning pale, haggard, and trembling, but with a strong resolution.

"Mamma," I said, "nobody wrote that book; it wrote itself. If an angel from heaven comes down and tells me that he wrote it, I will not believe him."

THE "ST. GEORGE" FLATS.

If the owners of rented dwelling-houses were compelled to comply with the requirements of a strict building law with reference to safeguards against fire, under penalty of paying the losses of their tenants and heavy damages for loss of life or injury to persons, we might have no more such fires as the terrible and shameful one which consumed the St George apartment-house. As it is, there is nothing but their consciences—and that is very little—to prevent landlords from building houses which are utterly unsafe. The St. George was a very good example of this. It was a big and showy house, with a massive-looking front of Nova Scotia stone and terra-cotta ornaments, and columns at the entrance. It covered a plot of ground sixty feet front and ninety-three feet deep, and towered eight stories above the surface of the street, with a deep cellarway beneath. It was proclaimed by its owner to be "fire proof," and it is said that there was a clause in the lease which contained a statement to that effect. There was a parade of certain features of a fire-proof building, such as the elevator runway being lined with iron, but it was in reality a vast furnace chimney with every appliance for making a fire burn fast and furious. The back stairway was of wood, and the passage for the dumb-waiter, or freight elevator, ran from the cellar to the roof with unprotected openings at each floor. Any one who has ever kindled a grate fire has seen on a small scale exactly what happened in the St. George. Fire was started either at the base of the dumb-waiter runway or somewhere on its line, and leaped madly from floor to floor, burning away the light doors, and filling the house with smoke and flame. In ten minutes after the inmates were alarmed, escape by the elevator or the stairway became absolutely impossible. One lady, with a sick child, on the seventh floor, who was warned as soon as a message could reach her, was only rescued by ladders from the roof of a neighboring building, while the lad who warned her was saved by ladders from the new Life-saving Corps of the Fire Department. In neither case was there any fire-escape of the slightest use. There was none at all in front, and the one at the side of the building stopped at the sixth floor, leaving the place of greatest danger unprovided for.

The consequences which would have followed had the fire started at night may well be imagined. They would have been simply horrible. The house contained fourteen "apartments," or flats, all but one of which were occupied. It is probable that not less than seventy persons slept in the building at night. It would have been very fortunate if fifty of them had escaped with their lives from a fire at night. As it was, these were many narrow escapes, which would have been impossible had the fire got any headway.

And every provision which greed and recklessness could make was made for a fire in the night. The steam pipes for heating purposes were carried between the floors and ceilings and through the partitions without any protection whatever, and they had already were set the adjacent woodwork on fire. The floor beams are reported to have been of wood, and were unprotected. The partitions were largely of studding, lath, and plaster only. The whole rear of the house and much of the upper part constituted a mere shell of rapidly combustible matter. Detailed facts are not needed to prove this. It is shown by the single general fact that though the engines were on the ground within five minutes from the time that smoke—with no flame—was first seen, and sixteen of them were summoned by the rapidly following alarms, it was found impossible to save the building, or any part of it, even the outside walls being so far affected that they will have to be rebuilt from the third story up.

It is stated by the Superintendent of the Building Bureau that there was no explicit violation of the law in the construction of the St. George, and at the same time that it and very many others of the sort were or are entirely unsafe, so that we have this surprising and disgraceful condition of things: that the law on which citizens rely is entirely useless to protect them from gravest danger. What is needed, as was remarked at the outset, is a law carefully defining the conditions of safety, accompanied by penalties which tenants will be able to enforce. It is a simple problem, but it is likely to cost a good many human lives for its solution.

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.

The disastrous floods which a few weeks ago caused such wide-spread destruction and misery in the valley of the Ohio have been still more fraught with devastation in the valley of the lower Mississippi. On the 20th of March a dispatch from Vicksburg reported that above that city the water was four inches higher than had ever been known before. From Greenville news came that all the valuable plantations on the east side of Deer Creek had been submerged, and that the water was pouring through a cut-water to Point Chicot, and running back to the Mississippi at Leland, thus threatening to cut off that peninsula, and leave Greenville five miles distant from the new channel. From other sections equally disastrous results were reported. At Milliken's Bend the water was running over the levee, and at Melatto Point there was a crevasse fully one hundred and fifty feet wide. The country in the rear was a wild waste of waters; boats and barges were in great demand to remove stock from the overflowed lands, while, of course, all preparations for planting were effectually stopped. On March 23 the Kempe Levee, near Rodney, Mississippi, gave way; this made the disaster complete, and the Mississippi Valley was one vast inland sea. To say nothing of the loss of life and suffering among the people, the material damage could hardly be estimated, for the breaking of this levee submerged a district equal to one-half of the State of New Jersey, and inhabited by sixty thousand people.

At Vicksburg the highest point was reached about the end of the month. Destructive as this visitation has been, it does not seem to have been so widely devastating to that of two years ago.

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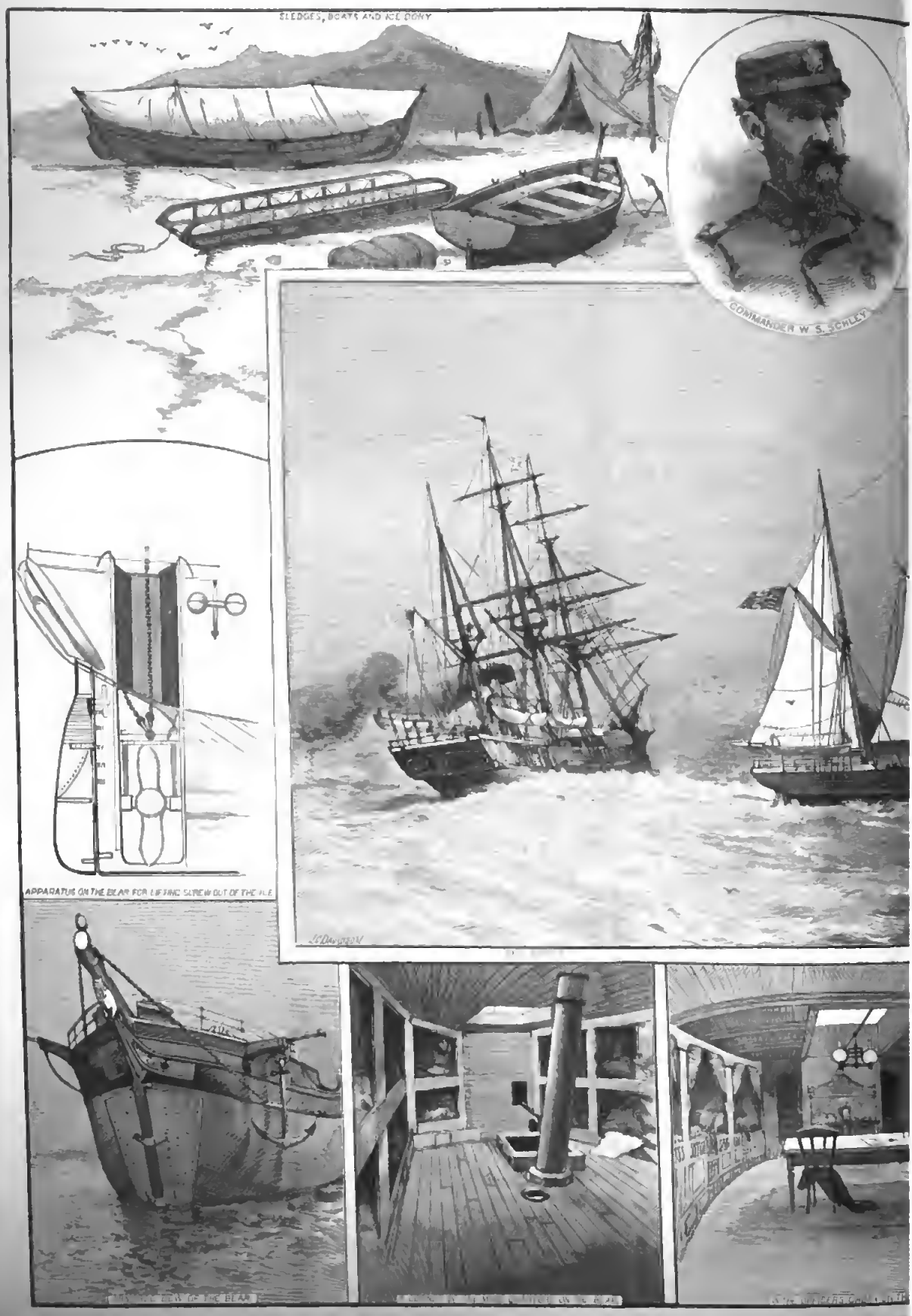
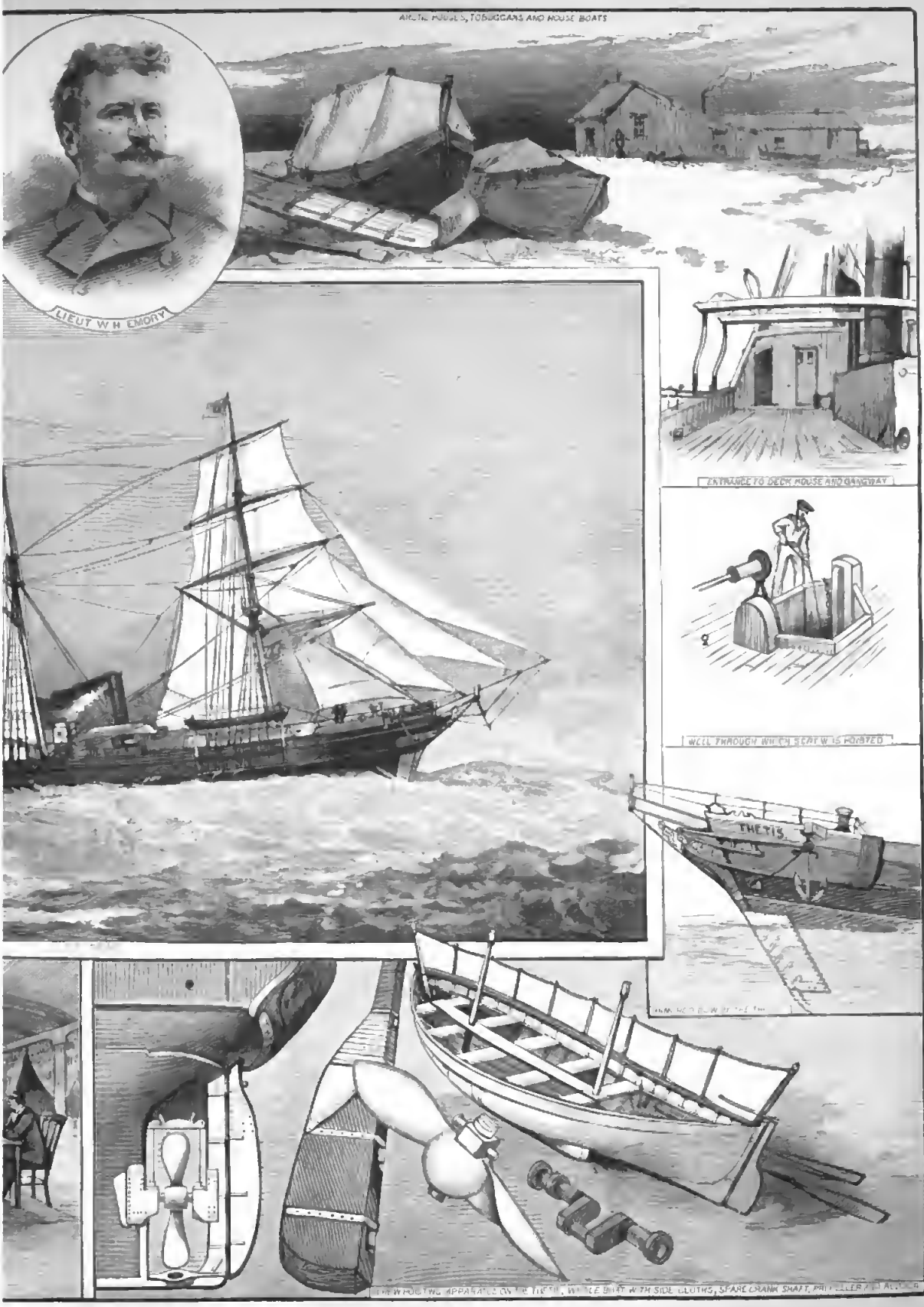


THE GREELY RELIEF EXPEDITION—THE "BEAR" AND THE "T



THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 254.]

AWAY FROM HOME.

I've seen the Thames, the Seine, the Rhine, I've seen the blue Moselle,
And more "show places" and "fine views" than ever I can tell;
I've been to London, Paris, Ghent, to Berlin, Florence, Rome:
I'd give one thousand dollars down to be once more at home.

"Sublimely grand," and "picturesque," but, sure as I am born,
I'd rather see the level lands waving with Indian corn,
The prairies green and wide where feed innumerable herds,
The vast, unplanted, shady woods, sweet with the song of birds.

I'd rather see the little towns all built of painted pine,
Each cottage in its garden plot, each porch beneath its vine;
And my own church with wooden spire far dearer is to me
Than the grandest stone cathedral that ever I shall see.

Among these splendid foreign streets there's not a soul I know;
At home 'twas "Captain, how do you do?" why, every step or so.
Here no one cares for what I think; at home 'bout crops and state
My ideas were acceptable both to the small and great.

I scarcely ever get a meal that with my taste agrees;
It's "bouillon," "côtelettes," "ragoûts," or some queer "fricassées";
I want a beefsteak thick and rare, some home-made bread and cheese,
Some buckwheat cakes and maple juice—or anything I please.

And as for claret or champagne, sauterne or hock, I think
A glass of old sharp cider is just as good to drink.
My dairy cows and orchard plot I would not give, I know,
For all the grapes of Burgundy or vineyards of Bordeaux.

I'm glad I've seen the gray Old World, so rich, so great, so grand;
But I'd not own in all its space a home, or rood of land.
My heart turns to America, the young, the fresh, the free:
There is no land in all the world like my own land to me.

So, wandering feet, turn with my heart, back, back into the West;
There is the little town and home where heart and feet shall rest;
There floats the starry flag above the happy and the free,
And to-morrow I'll go back again, my native land, to thee.

THE GREELY RELIEF EXPEDITION.

The third relief party, which proposes to attempt the rescue of Lieutenant A. W. Greely and followers, is now in readiness for departure at the Brooklyn Navy-yard. This is the most powerfully equipped expedition which has as yet been organized for exploration in the arctic regions. Commander W. S. Schley, in charge, has had the wealth of experience, failure, and disaster of the many previous expeditions on which to base a plan of extraordinary preparation. The crushed ships, the unknown, unmarked graves, the frozen dead, and the mourners of all nations are spectres which rise to demand that every emergency shall be met. The accepted theory held that for arctic exploration ships constructed especially for such service were necessary. Hence the purchase of two vessels built at Dundee, Scotland—the *Bear*, a sealing, and the *Thetis*, a whaling steamer, in addition to the steamer *Alert* presented by England. So nearly alike are these vessels that each approximates 210 feet in length over all, 30 feet in breadth, 18 feet in depth, and a tonnage of 490 tons. A slight dissimilarity in appearance is caused by the *Bear* having her machinery and smoke-stack well forward, and the *Thetis* hers well aft. When these steamers arrived their previous service was instanced in their oily, fishy odors, greasy wood-work, foul holds, and unpainted and begrimed appearance. A swarm of laborers relieved the dreary evidences of rough usage. The Construction Department of the navy formulated plans to thoroughly overhaul the hulls, strengthen the strong parts, and make strong the weak ones. The Engineer Department undertook an examination of every bolt and part of the machinery and running gear. The Ordnance and Storage departments looked after the magazines and stores.

It will be remembered that the *Jeannette* was crushed in the ice like a mere egg-shell. To prevent such a possibility the present vessels received extra hold beams braced diagonally with seventeen sets of braces. These braces run from the hold beams diagonally down to the turned bulge on either side of the vessel. The forward holds have been divided by collision or water-tight bulk-heads. Forward of these, under the berth-decks, are ponderous beams. By the means of eleven sets of hooks and two of pointers, running from the berth-deck beams to the throat-lines and keelsons, the force of the ice received forward is transmitted to the berth-deck beams themselves. The stems and forward dead-woods have an enormous thickness of six and a half feet of timber. The hold and main-deck beams are supported from the top of the keelsons by hold and between-deck stanchions of oak. Thus the force of the ice received on the bottoms is transmitted clear to the decks. Besides this, the bottoms have eight inches of planking, one foot of floor timber, seventeen inches of keelson, and ten inches of keel, making the great total thickness of four feet lacking one inch. The vessels are double-planked with greenheart six feet above and six feet below water. These arrangements are regarded as proof presumptive that there is no possibility of crushing by ice. Yet it will seem that the vessels are not strengthened aft, particularly where the magazines and medical stores are placed in the bulk-heads, and where an ice-floe is as liable to operate as elsewhere.

These vessels have an approximate light draught of ten feet, and a low draught of seventeen feet, allowing five feet free board. Their light displacement is 850 tons, low displacement 1000 tons, and a displacement available for cargo of about 700 tons each.

The living arrangements for officers and crews are an innovation on standard methods. The cabins were torn out. State-rooms were reserved only for captains and ice pilots. There is a single room for the officers on either vessel, surrounded by berths. By this means there is an economy of fuel, and better heating for all. For the crews is a house on each vessel's deck, extending forty-one feet back from the forecastle, with room for thirty seamen in each. The houses are water-tight, and protected from the weather by two thicknesses of sheeting, with a thick layer of felt between. The bulk-heads are divided into magazine and medical storage compartments. The former contain in each 2000 pounds of blasting powder, 1000 pounds of gun-cotton, thirty rifles and sporting pieces, a harpoon gun for walrus and other large game, and necessary ammunition.

The experience of arctic expeditions has been that to the ordinary foods of the sailor is largely due the disease of scurvy, discontent, and melancholy. A remarkable feature of the present expedition is its immense stores of foods of every possible variety, delicacy, and nutritive value. From a volume ordering one hundred and seventy-five tons of food a few samples may be mentioned in pounds: 101,920 of bread in tins; 25,480 of barley, oatmeal, samp, and split pease; 7280 of rice; 3640 each of corn meal and buckwheat; 911 each of vermicelli and macaroni; 450 each of cornstarch, tapioca, and farina; 228 of arrowroot; 600 of baking powder; 3640 each of sugar cakes and French compressed vegetables; 14,560 of fried potatoes; 36,700 of salt pork; 21,480 of bacon; 1840 each of sauces, pig jowl, hoc, etc.; 29,120 of salt beef; 911 of smoked beef; 3640 of beef tongue smoked; 14,520 each of raw and cooked hams and canned beef; 95,040 of canned stuffs; 7280 of canned mutton; 1820 each of fried oysters, raw oysters, mackerel, and salmon; 911 each of sardines and Liebig's extracts; 365 each of cabbage and sour-kraut; 437 of Bologna sausage; 1820 of soup stuff; 3640 of half-pickled onions; 600 of sauces; 112 of garlic; 7280 of tomatoes; 1820 of plum-pudding; 1400 of prepared pumpkin; 3600 of mince-meat; 1840 each of apple-butter, raisins, butter, compressed tea, chocolate, cocoa, etc.; 3600 each of cheese and lard; 300 each of mustard and spice; 400 of olive oil; 1500 of dried herbs; 100 of flavoring extracts; 4200 of lime juice; 30,000 of pemmican; 1820 gallons of beans; 911 gallons each of green pease, Lima beans, and corn; and hundreds of other items. It is urged as a further excuse for this extraordinary array of eatables that the Esquimaux use no money, and much of this food will be bartered for information, services, etc.

In the matter of clothing the preparations have been as elaborate as in foods. Indeed, it would seem impossible for one to walk under the burdens imposed. There are five hundred pairs of seal-skin boots for sledging parties. These are made of skins of the hair seal, extend to the knee, are lined with wool, and have leather soles. They are also provided with in-soles. The hose is very long and heavy, extending above the knee, of red color. The under-wear is of extra heavy flannel, the wrappers being double and long. There are Jerseys of the heaviest quality. There are hoods of wool with capes, which have but small openings for the face. Accompanying these are wool mittens and wristlets. This is but the beginning of the costume. Next come seal-skin jackets to be cut and fitted as needed. There are sou'westers, or oil-skin suits, for damp weather; wool mufflers; heavy-grain leather boots; arctic overshoes reaching to the knee; rubber sandals with bottoms on them like a calker door mat. In addition is all the regular line of clothing, from a pea-jacket down, that is worn by the sailor. Fifteen hundred reindeer skins were converted into trousers, jackets, and hoods. There are blanket in-soles of three thicknesses of blanket and one of canvas; foot-tops of felt, made like a stocking, and reaching about to the ankle. All of the clothing is securely packed in bales, covered with enameled cloth, and having the seams covered with white lead.

One trouble heretofore has been with eyes. There are cases of freezing, and of blinding by the reflection of the sun on the ice and snow. To obviate this, goggles of every description are provided, with wire screens and eye shields.

Each vessel is provided with numerous small boats. On the starboard side is a steam iron-clad launch, strongly built. There are two ice-boats, which may be sailed on ice or in water, or drawn by hand or by dogs as sledges. Each ship has four whale-boats, for escape or other purpose. They are fitted with sails and oars, and have stanchions for the weather side to protect the occupants from the water. There are small sledges to be drawn by hand, and larger ones to be drawn by dogs, with which the expedition will be thoroughly provided. The dogs and Esquimaux interpreters will be shipped at Newfoundland.

The engines were thoroughly overhauled. They have 300 horse-power each, a speed of nine knots, and a capacity for ten tons of coal per day. There are powerful steam-pumps and ejectors to relieve the holds in case of leak. The improved distilling apparatus is fitted in such a way that no circulation of water is required, but cold air will act in its place. By means of these machines a plentiful supply of fresh-water will be secured.

The Brooklyn Navy-yard has sent forth and equipped the expeditions of Grinnell (the first American expedition after Franklin), Kane, the *Polaris*, the *Tigress*, and others. None of these had anything like the equipment of the Greely relief expedition number three. It is only to be regretted that Lieutenant Greely was not as well prepared, that he might to-day be quietly resting on the honors won in the arctic regions.

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE THIRD.

THE SPELL.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CHANGE OF AIR.

The inmates of Netherwoods rose early, and went to bed early. When Alban and Mrs. Ellmother arrived at the back door of the house they found it locked.

The only light visible along the whole length of the building glimmered through the Venetian blind of the window entrance to Francine's sitting-room. Alban proposed to get admission to the house by that way. In her horror of again encountering Francine, Mrs. Ellmother positively refused to follow him when he turned away from the door. "They can't be all asleep yet," she said, and rang the bell.

One person was still out of bed, and that person was the mistress of the house. They recognized her voice in the customary question, "Who's there?" The door having been opened, good Miss Ladd looked backward and forward between Alban and Mrs. Ellmother with the bewildered air of a lady who doubted the evidence of her own eyes. The next moment her sense of humor overpowered her. She burst out laughing.

"Close the door, Mr. Morris," she said, "and be so good as to tell me what this means. Have you been giving a lesson in drawing by star-light?"

Mrs. Ellmother moved so that the light of the lamp in Miss Ladd's hand fell on her face. "I'm faint and giddy," she said; "let me get to my bed."

Miss Ladd instantly followed her. "Pray forgive me! I didn't see you were ill when I spoke," she gently explained. "What can I do for you?"

"Thank you kindly, ma'am. I want nothing but peace and quiet. I wish you good-night."

Alban followed Miss Ladd to her study on the front side of the house. He had just mentioned the circumstances under which he and Mrs. Ellmother had met, when they were interrupted by a tap at the door. Francine had got back to her room unperceived, by way of the French window. She now presented herself, with an elaborate apology, and with the nearest approach to a penitent expression of which her face was capable.

"I am ashamed, Miss Ladd, to intrude on you at this time of night. My only excuse is that I am anxious about Mrs. Ellmother. I heard you just now in the hall. If she is really ill, I am the unfortunate cause of it."

"In what way, Miss De Sor?"

"I am sorry to say I frightened her—while we were talking in my room—quite unintentionally. She rushed to the door, and ran out. I supposed she had gone to her bedroom; I had no idea she was in the grounds."

In this false statement there was mingled a grain of truth. It was true that Francine believed Mrs. Ellmother to have taken refuge in her room, for she had examined the room. Finding it empty, and failing to discover the fugitive in other parts of the house, she had become alarmed, and had tried the grounds next, with the formidable result which has been already related. Concealing this circumstance, she had lied in such a skillfully artless manner that Alban (having no suspicion of what had really happened to sharpen his wits) was as completely deceived as Miss Ladd. Proceeding to further explanation—and remembering that she was in Alban's presence—Francine was careful to keep herself within the strict limit of truth. She only lied again in declaring that Mrs. Ellmother had supposed she was in earnest, when she was guilty of no more serious offense than playing a practical joke.

In this case Alban was necessarily in a position to detect the falsehood. But it was so evidently in Francine's interests to present her conduct in the most favorable light, that the discovery failed to excite his suspicion. He waited in silence, while Miss Ladd administered a severe reproof. Francine having left the room as penitently as she had entered it (with her handkerchief over her tearless eyes), he was at liberty, with certain reserves, to return to what had passed between Mrs. Ellmother and himself.

"The fright which the poor old woman has suffered," he said, "has led to one good result. I have found her ready at last to acknowledge that she is ill, and inclined to believe that the change to Netherwoods has had something to do with it. I have advised her to take the course which you suggested by leaving this house. Is it possible to dispense with the usual delay, when she gives notice to leave Miss De Sor's service?"

"She need feel no anxiety, poor soul, on that account," Miss Ladd replied. "In any case, I had arranged that a week's notice on either side should be enough. As it is, I will speak to Francine myself. The least she can do to express her regret is to place no difficulties in Mrs. Ellmother's way."

The next day was Sunday.

Miss Ladd broke through her rule of attending to secular affairs on week-days only, and after consulting with Mrs. Ellmother, arranged with Francine that her servant should be at liberty to leave Netherwoods (health permitting) on the next day. But one difficulty remained. Mrs. Ellmother was in no condition to take the long journey to her birth-place in Cumberland, and her own lodgings in London had been let. Under these circumstances, what was the best arrangement that could be made for her? Miss Ladd wisely and kindly wrote to Emily on the subject, and asked for a speedy reply.

Later in the day Alban was sent for to see Mrs. Ellmother. He found her anxiously waiting to hear what had passed on the previous night between Miss Ladd and himself. "Were you careful, sir, to say nothing about Miss Emily?"

"I was especially careful; I never alluded to her in any way."

"Has Miss De Sor spoken to you?"

"I have not given her the opportunity."

"She's an obstinate one—she might try."

"If she does, she shall hear my opinion of her in plain words."

The talk between them turned next on Alban's discovery of the secret, of which Mrs. Ellmother had believed herself to be the sole depositary since Miss Letitia's death. Without alarming her by any needless allusion to Dr. Allday or to Miss Jethro, he answered her inquiries (so far as he was himself concerned) without reserve. Her curiosity once satisfied, she showed no disposition to pursue the topic. She pointed to Miss Ladd's cat, fast asleep by the side of an empty saucer.

"Is it a sin, Mr. Morris, to wish I was Tom? *He* doesn't trouble himself about his life that is past or his life that is to come. If I could only empty my saucer and go to sleep, I shouldn't be thinking of the number of people in this world, like myself, who would be better out of it than in it. Miss Ladd has got me my liberty to-morrow, and I don't even know where to go when I leave this place."

"Suppose you follow Tom's example?" Alban suggested. "Enjoy to-day (in that comfortable chair), and let to-morrow take care of itself."

To-morrow arrived, and justified Alban's system of philosophy. Emily answered Miss Ladd's letter, to excellent purpose, by telegraph.

"I leave London to-day with Cecilia" (the message announced) "for Monksmoor Park, Hants. Will Mrs. Ellmother take care of the cottage in my absence? I shall be away for a month at least. All is prepared for her if she consents."

Mrs. Ellmother gladly accepted this proposal. In the interval of Emily's absence she could easily arrange to return to her own lodgings. With words of sincere gratitude she took leave of Miss Ladd, but no persuasion would induce her to say good-by to Francine. "Do me one more kindness, ma'am—don't tell Miss De Sor when I go away." Ignorant of the provocation which had produced this unforgiving temper of mind, Miss Ladd gently remonstrated. "Miss De Sor received my reproof in a penitent spirit; she expressed sincere sorrow for having thoughtlessly frightened you. Both yesterday and to-day she has made kind inquiries after your health. Come! come! don't bear malice; wish her good-by." Mrs. Ellmother's answer was characteristic. "I'll say good-by by telegraph when I get to London."

Her last words were addressed to Alban: "If you can find a way of doing it, sir, keep those two apart."

"Do you mean Emily and Miss De Sor?"

"Yes."

"What are you afraid of?"

"I don't know."

"Is that quite reasonable, Mrs. Ellmother?"

"I dare say not. I only know that I am afraid."

The pony-chaise took her away. Alban's class was not yet ready for him. He waited on the terrace.

Innocent alike of all knowledge of the serious reason for fear which did really exist, Mrs. Ellmother and Alban felt, nevertheless, the same vague distrust of an intimacy between the two girls. Idle, vain, malicious, false—to know that Francine's character presented these faults, without any discoverable merits to set against them, was surely enough to justify a gloomy view of the prospect, if she succeeded in winning the position of Emily's friend. Alban reasoned it out logically in this way, without satisfying himself, and without accounting for the remembrance that haunted him of Mrs. Ellmother's farewell look. "A commonplace man would say we are both in a morbid state of mind," he thought; "and sometimes commonplace men turn out to be right."

He was too deeply preoccupied to notice that he had advanced perilously near to Francine's window. She suddenly stepped out of her room, and spoke to him.

"Do you happen to know, Mr. Morris, why Mrs. Ellmother has gone away without bidding me good-by?"

"She was probably afraid, Miss De Sor, that you might make her the victim of another joke."

Francine eyed him steadily. "Have you any particular reason for speaking to me in that way?"

"I am not aware that I have answered you rudely—if that is what you mean."

"That is not what I mean. You seem to have taken a dislike to me. I should be glad to know why."

"I dislike cruelty—and you have behaved cruelly to Mrs. Ellmother."

"Meaning to be cruel?" Francine inquired.

"You know as well as I do, Miss De Sor, that I can't answer that question."

Francine looked at him again. "Am I to understand that we are enemies?" she asked.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1409.

"You are to understand," he replied, "that a person who is employed by Miss Ladd can not always presume to express his sentiments in speaking to the young ladies."

"If that means anything, Mr Morris, it means that we are enemies."

"It means, Miss De Sor, that I am the drawing master at this school, and that I am called to my class."

Francine returned to her room, relieved of the only doubt that had troubled her. Plainly no suspicion that she had overheard what passed between Mrs. Ellmother and himself existed in Alban's mind. As for the use to be made of her discovery, she felt no difficulty in deciding to wait, and be guided by events. Her curiosity and her self-esteem had been alike gratified: she had got the better of Mrs. Ellmother at last, and with that triumph she was content. While Emily remained her friend, it would be an act of useless cruelty to disclose the terrible truth. There had certainly been a coolness between them at Brighton. But Francine—still influenced by the magnetic attraction which drew her to Emily—did not conceal from herself that she had offered the provocation, and had been, therefore, the person to blame. "I can set all that right," she thought, "when we meet at Monksmoor Park." She opened her desk, and wrote the shortest and sweetest of letters to Cecilia. "I am entirely at the disposal of my charming friend on any convenient day—may I add, my dear, the sooner the better?"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"THE LADY WANTS YOU, SIR."

THE pupils of the drawing class put away their pencils and color boxes in high good-humor: the teacher's vigilant eye for faults had failed him for the first time in their experience. Not one of them had been reproved; they had chattered and giggled and drawn caricatures on the margin of the paper as freely as if the master had left the room. Alban's wandering attention was indeed beyond the reach of control. His interview with Francine had doubled his sense of responsibility toward Emily, while he was farther than ever from seeing how he could interfere to any useful purpose in his present position, and with his reasons for writing under reserve.

One of the servants addressed him as he was leaving the school-room. The landlady's boy was waiting in the hall, with a message from his lodgings.

"Now, then, what is it?" he asked, irritably.

"The lady wants you, sir." With this mysterious answer the boy presented a visiting-card. The name inscribed on it was "Miss Jethro."

She had arrived by the train, and she was then waiting at Alban's lodgings. "Say I will be with her directly." Having given the message, he stood for a while with his hat in his hand literally lost in astonishment. It was simply impossible to guess at Miss Jethro's object, and yet, with the usual perversity of human nature, he was still wondering what she could possibly want with him, up to the final moment when he opened the door of his sitting-room.

She rose and bowed with the same grace of movement and the same well-bred composure of manner which Dr. Allday had noticed when she entered his consulting room. Her dark, melancholy eyes rested on Alban with a look of gentle interest. A faint flush of color animated for a moment the faded beauty of her face, passed away again, and left it paler than before.

"I can not conceal from myself," she began, "that I am intruding on you under embarrassing circumstances."

"May I ask, Miss Jethro, to what circumstances you allude?"

"You forget, Mr Morris, that I left Miss Ladd's school in a manner which justified doubt of me in the minds of strangers."

"Speaking as one of those strangers," Alban replied, "I can not feel that I had any right to form an opinion on a matter which only concerned Miss Ladd and yourself."

Miss Jethro bowed gravely. "You encourage me to hope," she said. "I think you will place a favorable construction on my visit when I mention my motive. I ask you to receive me in the interests of Miss Emily Brown."

Stating her purpose in calling on him in those plain terms, she added to the amazement which Alban already felt, by handing to him—as if she was presenting an introduction—a letter marked "Private," addressed to her by Dr Allday.

"I may tell you," she explained, "that I had no idea of troubling you until Dr. Allday suggested it. I wrote to him in the first instance, and there is his reply. Pray read it."

The letter was dated "Penzance"; and the doctor wrote, as he spoke, without ceremony:

"MADAM,—Your letter has been forwarded to me. I am spending my autumn holiday in the far west of Cornwall. However, if I had been at home it would have made no difference. I should have begged leave to decline holding any further conversation with you on the subject of Miss Emily Brown for the following reasons:

"In the first place, though I can not doubt your sincere interest in the young lady's welfare, I don't like your mysterious way of showing it. In the second place, when I called at your address in London after you had left my house, I found that you had taken to flight."

Arrived at that point, Alban offered to return the letter. "Do you really mean me to go on reading it?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, quietly. "If you go on—and if you hear what I have to say afterward—you can decide for yourself whether you will trust me or not."

Alban returned to the letter.

"In the third place, I have good reason to believe that you entered Miss Ladd's school as a teacher under false pretenses. After that discovery I tell you plainly I hesitate to attach credit to any statement that you may wish to make. At the same time I must not permit my prejudices (as you will probably call them) to stand in the way of Miss Emily's interests, supposing them to be really depending on any interference of yours. Miss Ladd's drawing master, Mr. Alban Morris, knows all that I know of Miss Emily's affairs, and is even more devoted to her service than I am. Whatever you might have said to me, you can say to him—with this possible advantage, that *he* may believe you."

There the letter ended. Alban handed it back in silence.

Miss Jethro pointed to the words, "Mr. Alban Morris knows all that I know of Miss Emily's affairs."

"Is that true?" she asked.

"Quite true."

"I don't complain, Mr Morris, of the hard things said of me in that letter; you are at liberty to suppose, if you like, that I deserve them. There are explanations that I might offer, there are excuses that I might honestly make, which would perhaps satisfy you that Dr. Allday has misjudged my actions through ignorance of my motives. Attribute it to pride, or attribute it to reluctance to make needless demands on your time, I shall not attempt to defend myself. I leave you to decide whether the woman who has shown you that letter—having something important to say to you—is a person who is mean enough to say it under false pretenses."

"Explain yourself freely, Miss Jethro; and be assured, beforehand, that I don't doubt your sincerity."

"My purpose in coming here," she answered, "is to induce you to use your influence over Miss Emily Brown—"

"With what object?" Alban asked, interrupting her.

"My object is her own good. Some years since I happened to become acquainted with a person who has attained some celebrity as a preacher. You have perhaps heard of Mr. Miles Mirabel?"

"I have heard of him."

"After a long interval I have seen him again," Miss Jethro proceeded. "He tells me he has been introduced to a young lady who was formerly one of Miss Ladd's pupils, and who is the daughter of Mr. Wyvil, of Monksmoor Park. He has called on Mr. Wyvil; and he has since received an invitation to stay at Mr. Wyvil's house. The day fixed for the visit is Monday, the fifth of next month."

Alban listened, at a loss to know what interest he was supposed to have in being made acquainted with Mr. Mirabel's engagements. Miss Jethro's next words enlightened him.

"You are perhaps aware," she resumed, "that Miss Emily Brown is Miss Wyvil's intimate friend. She will be one of the guests at Monksmoor Park. If there are any obstacles which you can place in her way—if there is any influence which you can exert, without exciting suspicion of your motive—prevent her, I entreat you, from accepting Miss Wyvil's invitation until Mr. Mirabel's visit has come to an end."

"Why am I to interfere, Miss Jethro?"

"I dare not tell you why."

Alban remonstrated. "You can hardly expect me to be satisfied," he said, "with such an answer as that. Is there anything against Mr. Mirabel?"

"I say nothing against him."

"Is Miss Emily acquainted with him?"

"No."

"Is he a person with whom it would be disagreeable to her to associate?"

"Quite the contrary."

"And yet you expect me to prevent them from meeting. Be reasonable, Miss Jethro."

"I can only be in earnest, Mr. Morris—more truly, more deeply in earnest than you can suppose. I declare to you that I am speaking in Miss Emily's dearest interests. Do you still refuse to exert yourself for her sake?"

"I am spared the pain of refusal," Alban answered. "The time for interference has gone by. She is at this moment on her way to Monksmoor Park."

Miss Jethro attempted to rise, and dropped back into her chair. "Water," she said, faintly. After drinking from the glass to the last drop, she began to revive. Her little traveling bag was on the floor at her side. She took out a railway guide, and tried to consult it. Her fingers trembled incessantly; she was unable to find the page to which she wished to refer. "Help me," she said. "I must go back to Hampshire by the first train that passes."

"To see Emily?" Alban asked.

"Quite useless. You have said it yourself—the time for interference has gone by. Look at the guide."

"What place shall I look for?"

"Look for Vale Regis."

Alban found the name. The train was due in ten minutes. "Surely you are not fit to travel so soon?" he suggested.

"Fit or not, I must see Mr. Mirabel. I must make the effort to keep them apart by appealing to *him*."

"With any hope of success?"

"With no hope, and with no interest in the man himself. Still I must try."

"Out of anxiety for Emily's welfare?"

"Out of anxiety to make atonement."

"To Emily?"

"To the memory of Emily's father."

This strange reply startled Alban. Before he could ask what it meant, Miss Jethro had left him.

In the emergencies of life a person readier of resource than Alban Morris it would not have been easy to discover. The extraordinary interview that had now come to an end had found his limits. Bewildered and helpless, he stood at the window of his room, and asked himself (as if he had been the weakest man living), "What shall I do?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

ABOUT a year ago Mr ADAM FOREPAUGH, of Philadelphia, well known as an enterprising showman, determined to import a sacred white elephant, and sent word to his London agent to procure him one at any price. Through the assistance of Mr WILLIAM CROSS, the naturalist, of Liverpool, an agent was dispatched to Siam to conclude, if possible, the purchase of one of these interesting animals. The agent met with many discouragements and was about giving up his mission, when a Chinese opium dealer offered his assistance, and by some means, which have been kept a secret, procured a young elephant called Kiman-Mankau, or "Tiger-Eater," which was quietly shipped to Marseilles.

It is well known that the so-called white elephants are not actually white, but usually of a reddish-brown tint, sometimes approaching cream-color on some parts of the body. All elephants lighter in color than the ordinary are complimented with the term white. Mr FOREPAUGH's new acquisition, whose name has been changed to The Light of Asia, is of a lighter shade than usual even among white elephants.

From Marseilles the elephant was shipped to Liverpool, and thence, by the *City of Chester*, to this city. The trip was long and rough; but the passengers predicted that nothing direful could happen to a ship that carried a sacred elephant. Ladies used frequently to send him fruits and cakes, and although his ordinary fare consisted chiefly of boiled potatoes, heads of cabbage, and bread, The Light of Asia came in for his full share of all the delicacies on board. He was thrown violently one day against the door of his stall by a sudden lurch of the ship, and as his weight was too much for the door, he rolled out upon deck, where his keeper found him sprawling and grunting very much like a seasick passenger. He soon convinced his keeper, however, that he was not seriously hurt by first getting upon his feet and walking around the deck, and next by breaking into a box of oranges and devouring all the fruit.

On arriving at New York, The Light of Asia was visited by throngs of interested people, who were surprised to find him of a uniform light tint, instead of being spotted. He is not more than six years old, and a little more than five feet in height. His tusks are just beginning to show. From New York he was taken to Philadelphia, where he is at present on exhibition.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A WRITER in Paris sends warning to those in America who have read that it is possible to live in the French capital on a franc a day. The day has gone by, he says, when life can be maintained there for that sum. Every international exhibition has sent prices up a notch, and once up, they never come down. One of the last refuges left to the person of small means who wishes to live fairly well, he says, is that style of eating-house known as the "Duval Bouillon," where a dinner and a half bottle of wine are served for forty cents. What is true of Paris eating-houses is true of those in New York, except that there have been no world's fairs here of late to serve as pretexts for putting up prices. But prices have gone up, all the same, and have never come down. A far more serious matter, however, is the gradual advance in the prices of all meats at retail, which will, within a brief period, unless it is checked, put meat wholly beyond the reach of half a million of persons in New York who are dependent on laboring men.

In connection with the libel suit against Edmund Yates, which has resulted in his sentence to four months' imprisonment, a correspondent writes from London: "The most curious fact developed in the case was that there were a number of titled ladies who were ready to supply these scandalous items at two guineas the paragraph, and professional writers call out that they are ruined by aristocratic cheap labor."

A person who interviewed an alleged Presidential candidate in the West prefaces his report with the observation, "The conversation was characterized by brevity." It seems that at the beginning of his first question he was interrupted by the alleged candidate, who put on "an engaging smile" and "cordially opened the door to permit his visitor to depart."

The question whether a man who had taken part in a strike of working-men was thereby disqualified for holding a place of some conspicuousness in the Methodist Episcopal Church was raised a few days ago in a conference at Scranton, Pennsylvania. He was presented as a candidate for deacon's orders, but objection to him was made on the ground that some years previously, when not a church member, he was connected with the strikes in Wilkesbarre. Protracted discussion ensued; but a decision upon the direct issue was avoided by the withdrawal of the candidate's name at the request of the presiding elder.

There is a project to obtain the steam-ship *Great Eastern* as one of the curiosities of the forth-coming world's fair in New Orleans. It is proposed to make the great craft useful as well as a curiosity by loading her with foreign exhibits at Liverpool, using her as a hotel during the exhibition, and giving her some sort of cargo when she returns. As an example of what has been accomplished in ship-building the *City of Rome* is far beyond the *Great Eastern*, though perhaps the latter vessel would attract the greater number of visitors.

The chewing-gum industry of Maine has at last begun to attract the attention of statisticians, and figures are taking the place of surmises, though in a meagre and unsatisfactory way. The residents of Augusta want not two thousand dollars' worth each year. Prime spruce gum costs the druggists, who are the principal retailers, about a dollar a pound. Young trees produce the most durable and best flavored gum. That taken from the old trees is dark colored, strong in taste, and soon crumbles. Gum gathering in the wilderness is profitable employment.

Attended by a Roman Catholic priest in his last moments, a once powerful Sioux chief, Crow King, died suddenly in the Romish faith at the Standing Rock Agency. With civilization came consumption. The circumstances of Crow King's death serve as one of those frequent reminders of the indefatigable zeal of the Romish Church in the West from the day of its first effort up to the present.

The wild violet, pure and simple, has supplanted the double or English violet in the esteem of fashionable people, says a florist.

Advices from Calcutta report that the prospects of the indigo crop are exceedingly blue.

Observation by a brilliant and noted ward politician of this town: "It is a good adage in politics never to do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow."

The Treasury Department has ruled that a passenger from Europe may land his bicycle free of duty. Heretofore bicycles have been considered as carriages. The new ruling puts them in the same category as the passenger's crutches or his wooden leg.

A tramp who averred that he was a count, and that he had fought under Napoleon, asked for assistance in New Jersey the other day. As he had on barrel-organ, his nobility was questioned by the police, and he was sent to jail for thirty days as a vagrant.

Notwithstanding her great success in London, Miss Anderson is perhaps the only actress playing in that city who has been mistaken for a dummy while personating one of her principal characters. The question arose between two patrons of the Lyceum as to whether the statue of Galatea when discovered was Miss Anderson or an inanimate figure, and they made a wager of $125 a side. They were authoritatively assured that it was the actress, and not a creation of the stage property man.

The British Foreign Office has been instructed to obtain from the United States information as to the importation into England of bogus and adulterated butter and cheese. England will be less tolerant of these frauds than the people of this country have been, and if the Foreign Office does its work thoroughly, enough will be revealed to destroy for a time the foreign market for American butter.

This year's 'Varsity race was won easily by the Cambridge men. It was their turn to win, and they crossed the line between two and three lengths ahead. Until a week before the race the betting ran in Oxford's favor. The Oxonians pulled with a new style of oar, the blade of which was broad at the shoulder and narrow at the tip. The advantage claimed for this wedge-shaped contrivance was that it would catch the water along the entire length of the blade the moment it was dipped, and that the finish of the stroke would also be neater than with oars of the ordinary pattern. Perhaps there would be something in this claim if the rowing was to be done on entirely smooth water, and it was impossible for the shell to rock in the least. But in "choppy" water like that on which this year's race was pulled it is hardly worth while to try to obviate the loss of power which results from the oar tip entering the water earlier and leaving it later than the upper part of the blade. Having been postponed on account of the funeral of Prince Leopold, the race came on a very disagreeable day. The number of spectators was small, and there was little enthusiasm.

It seems that New Orleans not long ago narrowly escaped a riot arising from a cause similar to that of the Cincinnati trouble. If the South has learned to manage such things better than they are managed in some parts of the North, the South is to be congratulated. Several murderers whose guilt was beyond question have been acquitted of late in New Orleans. Only two persons have been convicted of murder there in six months, and they were moneyless and friendless negroes. On a Monday a man named McCrystal killed another man. On Tuesday McCrystal was taken from prison to testify in defense of a murderer whose crime had been committed two months previously. On the strength of his testimony the murderer was acquitted the next day. In the evening a call was posted on the Court-house door for the residents to assemble in Lafayette Square, and go thence to the prison and hang the murderers confined there. The placard was discovered by reporters, who took it to the police. In view of the condition of the public mind, it was deemed by the newspapers unsafe to make any mention of the call. It is believed that if a nucleus of a meeting had been formed in the square there would have been serious trouble.

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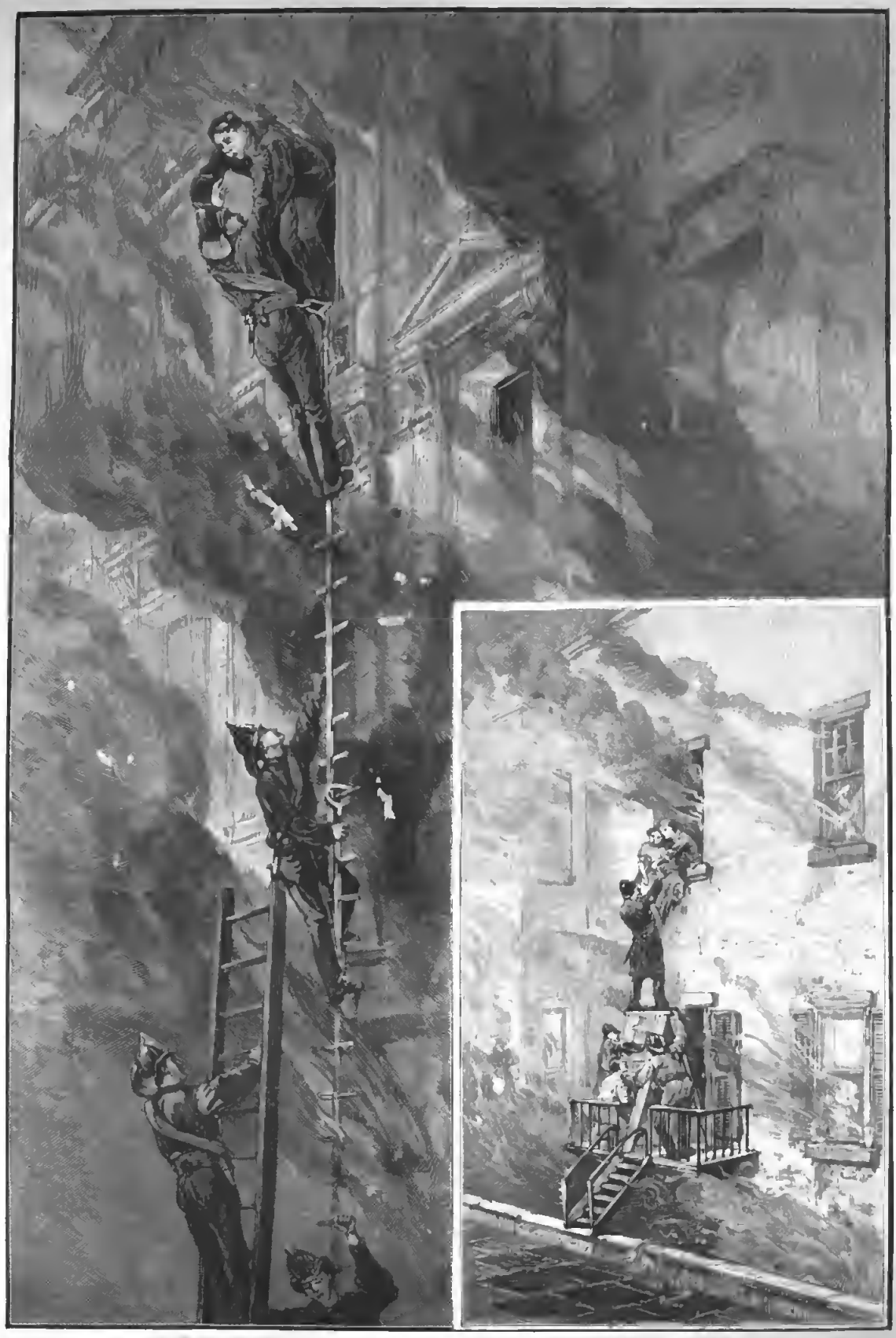
Paul Grimm. W. H. Crane. J. Fredericks. David Lynn. James Ryan. Chas. B. Henry. D. C. Starr. Nicholas Baber. H. S. Gardiner. W. A. Ellis.
Daniel L. Brainard. 2d Lieut. F. F. Kellogbury. 1st Lieut. A. W. Greely. 2d Lieut. J. B. Lockwood. E. Israel, Signal Corps. W. S. J[illegible]ll, Signal Corps. G. W. Rice, Photographer.

LIEUTENANT GREELY AND HIS PARTY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. W. RICE.—[SEE PAGE 254.]

THE LIGHT OF ASIA"—WHITE ELEPHANT FROM SIAM.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST.—[SEE PAGE 258.]



RESCUE OF THE HALL BOY. RESCUE OF MRS. LOCKWOOD AND CHILD.

THE BURNING OF THE "ST. GEORGE" FLATS.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 261.]

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE PERSONAL ISSUE IN THE CAMPAIGN.

THAT the tariff would be a prominent issue in the canvass of this year we have not supposed, because it is not a question upon which the two parties hold radically opposite positions. The Republicans favor the encouragement of domestic industry and what may be called moderate protection, but there is a large number of Republicans who are pronounced revenue reformers. There are positive free traders among the Democrats, but they do not direct the party policy: and there are also positive Democratic protectionists. The State of Pennsylvania, which opens the Presidential campaign upon the Democratic side, has just declared by acclamation for Mr RANDALL, the representative Democratic protectionist, as its candidate, and its platform demands encouragement for domestic industry. Governor HOADLY and Senator PAYNE, of Ohio, emphatically condemn the tariff agitation, and the Democratic free-traders are unwilling definitely to raise the issue. It is evident that the Democratic National Convention will echo the declaration of Pennsylvania and Ohio, or content itself with merely re-affirming in general phrases previous Democratic declarations upon the subject

This is not the way in which a real issue can be treated. It is, on the contrary, an announcement that the issue is declined A Republican orator arguing wise protection and a Democratic orator advocating judicious encouragement are preaching the same sermon from the same text. It is true that the friends of wise protection will probably prefer to trust the party which honestly favors it than the party in which free traders bide their time. But that does not make an open issue. Each party will declare for economical administration, and for favoring American labor, and against unequal burdens and monopolies The Democratic party will also, in general phrases, echo the Pennsylvania declaration against "the debasement of the civil service to partisan spoliation" In the light of Democratic performance, however, this will count for little. The Republicans, unless they lose their wits, will insist, with the last New York Convention, "that the work thus auspiciously begun shall be prosecuted to complete success," and, despite inconsistencies and such attacks as the LANSING soldier and sailor exception to the law, the reform already begun is the policy of the Republican party. This situation shows that the election, as we have before suggested, will be decided largely by party tendencies, and by the popular confidence which the general character and career of the parties have inspired. The election will be decided, also, in a few States, especially in New York, and in New York by the Independent voters, and it would be foolish, therefore, to rely exclusively upon general party preference, because this would be set aside by the independents, who are not to be frightened nor wheedled

If this general view be correct, it follows that personal considerations in regard to candidates will have immense weight in the final decision. The Republican party, declaring that it relies upon its record and its character and progressive spirit, must show that it does rely upon them by nominating candidates on whom "the fierce light" of searching and exhaustive scouting will reveal no positive and fatal defects. It is not enough that a great wave of excitement and enthusiasm may lift a man to the nomination. The question is whether the candidate can bear the prolonged and minute inspection of the canvass. It is not those who are "for the nominee of the Convention," and who are "willing to trust the great council of the party," and who are "satisfied with any good Republican," who will elect the President. Mr. FOLGER was the nominee of the Convention, he was a good Republican, and he was approved by the great council of the party, but he was beaten by nearly two hundred thousand majority in the State which two years before had given GARFIELD twenty-one thousand plurality. If the Independent vote in such a State is asked to support for the Presidency a candidate whom it distrusts, upon whatever reasonable grounds, it will certainly decline Such impressive facts as these must be carefully considered by Republicans who desire to select a candidate who is morally sure to be elected. There was one ardent Whig whom we remember, who used to say that he would rather be defeated with HENRY CLAY than succeed with any other candidate. It was a signal proof of his own overwhelming admiration for a great party leader But if he had loved more wisely, he would have seen that it was poor patriotism to sacrifice a party, and the principles and the policy which it represented, to the fortunes of a single member of the party, however warmly admired he might be.

FOUL PLAY TOWARD THE NAVY.

THE mischief which might easily become a fatal mischief, of turning all legislation into effective campaign material, is shown by the conduct of the Democrats in Congress toward the Naval Appropriation Bill. The Democrats wish to raise a cry of economy, and show how much they have reduced appropriations, and to do this they are willing to leave the country unprotected by its most effective arm of defense against a foreign foe—the navy. This trick has been tried before, and it was well exposed Every sensible man sees that to withhold an appropriation for a necessary purpose does not save the money. It will undoubtedly reduce the total amount apparently expended But the expense is not reduced. It is only delayed The object to which it is temporarily refused is not an object which will disappear. On the contrary, the demand for the money as a necessary outlay will become more imperative, and the country will see that it has been fooled by a mere pretense of economy. There are thirty-five cruising vessels in our navy. Ten or twelve of them will be past use in two or three years, and none of them are now first-rate war vessels. The defeat of the appropriations this year would leave the country without an effective navy for four years, because the promptest efficient construction of the ships already contracted for would take three years even if the appropriations were at once made.

As the *Herald* well says, the cry of "ROBESON" and "CHANDLER" is not an argument. It is an exceedingly silly attempt to defeat a necessary undertaking for the public welfare by an appeal to personal prejudice Mr. ROBESON is not in Congress, or in any official public position whatever His views have no more to do with the question than those of any other private citizen. Whatever his conduct as Secretary of the Navy may have been, he is not Secretary of the Navy now. Mr CHANDLER, the actual Secretary, is of a very different school of politics from ours, and of his conduct in the GORRINGE case we spoke very decidedly at the time. But it is not the Secretary of the Navy who directs the work of construction, but the Naval Advisory Board. Moreover, there has been no authentic charge or evidence of a wasteful or corrupt use of the public money in the Secretary's management of the navy, and to say that the United States shall not have a proper navy because "BILL CHANDLER" is Secretary is a saying so inexpressibly foolish that no capable member of Congress would repeat it. The creation of a navy can be rightfully opposed only upon the ground that we have a navy, or that we do not need one, or that we can not afford to have one. Will anybody venture to sustain any one of these allegations? Will he say that our present force and character of vessels compose an adequate and fitting navy for the United States? or that, with our commerce and sea-coast and standing among nations, a navy is not necessary? or that we are too poor to build a navy? No; he will not say any of these things But if he be a Democrat he will say that an election is coming; that the people don't know much about the navy, and that economy is a capital campaign cry.

There are four steel ships now building. Their proper armament would cost about $450,000. The re-armament of the present vessels would cost about $600,000. For lighter ordnance, torpedoes, repairs, etc, something less than $800,000 is required. The total is about $1,850,000. Mr. RANDALL refuses to report the appropriation. In regard to the new ships for which the Senate has voted $400,000, Mr RANDALL says that the Bureau of Ordnance has a sufficient sum on hand to cover the expense. A careful examination of the figures which he produces in justification of this statement shows that he proposes, in effect, that an armament costing about $500,000 shall be provided from an appropriation for current expenses of two years amounting to $250,000, a large part of which has been already spent for its designated purpose, and an unexpended balance of $82,000 appropriated for another purpose. While the politicians are peddling with the question to affect the elections, a naval artillery officer, evidently a competent expert, shows that it is a question of the highest science For instance, powder of a kind never before made in the United States is imperatively necessary for the ordnance proper to such ships, and the manufacture of the guns requires as much plant and time as the building of the ship. Indeed, intelligent and patriotic naval officers must be sorely tried by the performances of politicians in connection with a navy. Mr DORSHEIMER is a Democratic member of Congress who happily holds to the American policy and tradition of a small but thoroughly equipped navy. That is unquestionably the American policy and desire to-day, and the party which tries to baffle it must reckon with the people.

A GLIMPSE OF "THE SOUTH."

A CORRESPONDENT in Arkansas writes us that the agents who are busy in that State in securing for the National Convention supporters of particular candidates are mainly working for General LOGAN, while there are no signs of activity for the President upon the part of those who enjoy the patronage of the Administration This seems to our correspondent a very pleasing contrast with the usual situation, and extremely creditable to the President. In justice to the President also it should be said that while it may be true that a large proportion of the office-holders in the State favor his nomination, yet the old familiar organization of patronage, with its head-quarters in the Custom-house and Post-office, is now unknown. This is a state of things due to the reform of the civil service, the law for which the President has honestly enforced, and for that enforcement he has been abandoned by many of the most notorious managers of the old machine, who have transferred their allegiance to Mr BLAINE It is certainly highly creditable to the President that Mr. PLATT and Mr. JOHN F. SMYTH, for instance, are ardently opposed to him In a general survey of the political situation in the Southern States our correspondent says that Copiah and Danville are illustrations of the familiar methods by which Mississippi, Louisiana, and South Carolina are kept Democratic States, which, under a system of free elections, would be Republican because of the preponderating colored vote. The same situation is observable in Alabama, Florida, and Louisiana.

In Arkansas the system is somewhat milder and less obtrusive than "the Mississippi plan," except in Phillips County, where more stringent methods are adopted to maintain Democratic ascendency. The Legislature has generally seated members from the strong Republican counties who were fairly elected, but last year Democrats who were counted in by the Pulaski County Returning Board were admitted The court of last resort in the State, however, has dealt a heavy blow at fair elections by reversing the decision of a lower court which seated a Republican upon the evidence of Democratic witnesses alone that he had been elected by nearly six hundred majority. This decision is supposed to mean that "no Republican need apply."

The undoubted fact that the electoral vote of many of the old Slave States is not a free or fair vote, and that the result is therefore fraudulent, makes it especially incumbent upon the Republican Convention not to hazard Republican success by action which will endanger any important Northern State. It would be very unfortunate if a candidate should be declared elected by means of a vote which, like that of several Southern States, is known to be due to intimidation and fraud. This is the bloody shirt, which is perpetually waved by those who countenance the frauds, not by those who point out the peril of such a situation.

THE DUTY OF THE REPUBLICAN PRESS.

THE warmth of the controversy for the selection of delegates to Chicago, which turns upon nothing but personal preferences, leads some Republican papers to complain that other papers, and especially in this State, say frankly that certain candidates could not carry the State. But what should be said? If the election were lost in New York, for instance, because of the ignorance of delegates from other parts of the country of the sentiment of this State in regard to candidates, might not the papers of those parts justly ask why no note of warning had been raised? Even if a majority of the delegates from New York should agree in supporting the candidate, will any one who is practically familiar with politics accept such a fact as proof that the nomination is wise? It is a too familiar and frequent illustration, but we must ask again, did the New York Republican Convention of 1882 represent

the real sentiment of the party in its own State, or was it profoundly ignorant of it!

The well known tricks by which clever and unscrupulous politicians secure their ends, and the indifference of the great mass of voters to the primaries, make it exceedingly unwise to accept the personal preferences of a delegation in regard to candidates as the actual preference of the community. Now we ask the papers of which we speak if the sentiment which is quite powerful enough and courageous enough to defeat a candidate, but which is not organized enough or careful enough to attend the primary, be perfectly well known, does a Republican paper discharge its duty to the country or to the party if it says nothing about it whatever, and allows it to be inferred in other States that all candidates when once nominated will be equally acceptable, and supported with the same earnestness? That is a very false conception of the duty and the function of the press, and a very stupid and degrading one. The old fashioned party organ whose business was to declare that all its own party men and measures were perfect, and all those of the other side contemptible, was a ludicrous sheet of which some specimens still remain. But it is not by such means that a great party either achieves or deserves success.

New York Republicans who earnestly desire Republican success, who know how vitally important to it is the electoral vote of New York, and who also know that large numbers of Republicans in New York will not vote for certain candidates, would be treacherous to their party and to the public welfare if they did not say so. The "outside delegations" to national conventions are often much wiser counsellors of party action than many delegates upon the inside. The expression of Republican and Independent opinion in New York, for instance—that, whatever may be said in their favor, neither the selection of the President nor of Mr. BLAINE would be a judicious selection for the State—is so general and so strong that Republicans in other States ought to know it. Suppose that the papers in this State which are familiar with this opinion, and with the general feeling which led to the scratching of 1879, and the universal revolt of 1882, should say that the only anxiety there was to know which one of all the candidates mentioned was to be nominated, because the State was sure for any Republican who might be named, they would be blind leaders of the blind, and the fate of such leaders and led is proverbial.

THE NEW MUSIC.

THE experiment of the winter has proved what scarcely needed an experiment to establish, that two Italian operas can not be sustained in New York, even when the singers are the finest of that kind in the world, and paid the highest salaries. The "array of talent" at the Metropolitan house, under the management of Mr. ABBEY, has been extraordinary, but the air of failure seems to have been recognized from the first, and the season is understood to end with very serious losses to the generous manager, who has not spared any effort to deserve success.

A benefit to which it is understood that very liberal subscriptions were made closes the first and unfortunate operatic season of the new house, and it will be followed immediately by the series of WAGNER concerts, under the direction of THEODORE THOMAS, in which Madame MATERNA and Messrs. WINKELMANN and SCARIA, who are the acknowledged chief singers of the WAGNER music, will take part. Madame MATERNA was heard at the festival two years ago, and was then welcomed as a remarkable representative of a musical school very different from that of the singers to whom we have been long accustomed, and it might be supposed that the taste of the city and of this country could hardly enjoy a style so foreign to our musical traditions.

But nothing is more striking than the rapid development of the taste for the new school. This has, indeed, been so rapid that there is a general feeling that the Italian opera has passed its heyday, although the beautiful melodies will survive. It is not pleasant to think that music also has a certain fashion which passeth away, and that a strain which to the ears of to-day is as exquisite as the andante of MENDELSSOHN'S *Concerto in G Minor*, for instance, must lose its charm for later listeners. But on the other hand it is most pleasant to hear the new strain from its most accomplished interpreters, and to contrast it with the older spell. Mr THOMAS'S fidelity and ability in introducing the new music to New York have been long honorably recognized, and he and the city and the lovers of WAGNER are to be cordially congratulated upon the success, already assured, of the May concerts.

TROLLOPE'S LAST STORY.

AMONG the many conspicuous authors whose reputation has suffered from the publication of their lives and letters, ANTHONY TROLLOPE can not be included. The hearty, honest tone of his autobiography, as well as its essential interest, has charmed the reader like his stories; and his last story, *An Old Man's Love*, which is just published in the "Franklin Square Library," is read with even more interest because of the kindly personal feeling which the autobiography has produced.

TROLLOPE had a singularly just estimate of his own talent, and while he did not suppose himself to have genius, he knew very well that he wrote capital stories, which deserved the favor that they received. His habits of writing, in their strict method and regularity, became a professional man of letters. He justly said that to care properly for money was only to care for the power of doing much good and conferring much happiness. Many authors have the same general regularity of method in their work, but do not reduce it to such detail as TROLLOPE. DICKENS, for instance, went to his study at a certain hour, and remained for a certain time. He could not, however, as we are told, always command the power of accomplishing a certain result—a faculty which TROLLOPE carefully cultivated.

The professional literary man—a class of workers which is increasing—can read TROLLOPE'S autobiography in connection with his stories with great profit. It was his well-ordered life which enabled him to do so much and to do it so well. It gave him time for relaxation and enjoyment, and it did much to preserve that healthful tone which is one of the best qualities of his works. There was an honest English fidelity in ANTHONY TROLLOPE which attracts the reader closely to the man, and which will draw a host of readers to this last story that he will ever tell.

LETTERS, NEWS, AND TALK.

THE heirs of the famous Italian novelist MANZONI lately sued a publisher for publishing his letters without authority, and the court held that the publisher was liable, because letters are literary compositions whose original publication can be authorized only by the author or by his representatives. A similar decision has been rendered in this country, and it may be now understood that the writer of a letter can alone control its publication.

The decision is obviously most reasonable, and guarantees more freedom in correspondence. The decline of respect for privacy is very marked in the era of newspaper enterprise, of which personal gossip and interviewing are characteristic. The acquiescence in it is not less marked, so that a considerable part of the news of the day is the opinion of individuals about each other, and the publication of comments and talk which were formerly regarded as in their nature private.

Emboldened by Mr. WATTERSON'S proposition to copyright news for a few hours, some enterprising writer now suggests giving good talkers a copyright in their conversation. Nobody shall repeat another man's good things without fear of the law. Jokes shall be private property. Badinage shall be protected by a warning "No trespassing"; and, on the other hand, why shall not listeners be protected against bores by a regulation of "No rubbish shot here"? It is not clear what will be the issue of this contest between privacy and publicity, but there is happily no further doubt, at least for the present, that a man who receives a letter can not print it without a penalty.

"NABOTH'S VINEYARD."

THIS was the quaintly apt name given by CHARLES READE to his charming house in Knightsbridge, London, the lease of which, as will be seen by reference to our advertising columns, is about to be sold, together with the furniture and effects. The late Lord LYTTON used to call this "the prettiest house in London," and it certainly is a delightful summer residence in itself and in its location. It is, moreover, a house with a romantic history, which was narrated at length by the great novelist himself in "The History of an Acre," printed in HARPER'S WEEKLY for May 13, 1882, and reprinted in the "Franklin Square Library" as one of the collection of short stories entitled *Multum in Parvo*. The interior is fully described in *A Terrible Temptation*.

Mr. READE lived many years in this house, and some of his most famous novels were written within its pleasant seclusion. Personal bereavement and failing health induced him, some time before his death, to seek the mild climate of the south of France, where he wrote his last serial story, "A Perilous Secret," now appearing in HARPER'S BAZAR. He had scarcely put the finishing touches to this work when he was taken back to England that he might die among his friends. The journey hastened his end. A bitter east wind, which prevented his crossing the Channel, detained him a week in Calais, and the cold air from the North Sea did him much harm, fresh as he was from the Mediterranean. But his will was strong, his mind buoyant and clear, and though suffering intensely, he wrote cheerfully about the work which he proposed to do, but which he was not permitted to undertake.

PERSONAL.

MR THOMAS G. APPLETON, who died at Boston on the 17th inst., was a gentleman of rare culture. He lived a life of elegant leisure, relieved by application to the fine arts, of which he was always a liberal patron. Mr APPLETON was one of the founders of the Boston Art Museum, and contributed to it generously, not only with his purse, but also from his own gallery of well-selected paintings. He helped with a free hand and took a warm personal interest in the Boston Public Library, the Institute of Technology, the museums of natural history both of Boston and Cambridge, and Harvard University. Mr APPLETON rivalled Dr HOLMES as a social wit, and some of his happy phrases have passed into the current literary and conversational usage of the day, one of them, the famous declaration that "all good Americans go to Paris when they die," being as freely used in the Old World as in the New.

—Gentlemen and ladies who intend competing for the five-hundred-dollar prize offered by Mr HARRIS for the best poem on the white elephant are informed that hundreds of communications have already been received by the Rev Dr ROBERT COLLYER and other members of the committee, and that the 1st of June is the limit for sending in their productions. There have been much worse subjects for a poem than the white elephant. It is rumored that Mr MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER will win.

—The venerable ex-President JOHN MACLEAN, of Princeton College, celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday a few days ago at his residence near the college. He is a familiar figure in the streets of that academic town, and enjoys the affection of both natives and students. President MCCOSH, his successor, is spending his Easter vacation out West.

—CARLOS AGUERO, the Cuban revolutionary leader, is a man below the medium height, and weighs only about a hundred and fifteen pounds. He has black curling hair, and a small mustache which turns up at the ends. His smiles are grim, and there is a look of fierceness about his face, but ordinarily he is the most harmless person imaginable in appearance. AGUERO belongs to a wealthy family in Puerto Principe. He is not yet thirty, and has been in arms against Spanish authority in Cuba almost continuously since he was fourteen. No one who knows him doubts his bravery.

—Professor WILLIAM HENRY GREEN, upon whom Edinburgh University bestowed the honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity on the 17th of April, is the distinguished Orientalist of Princeton. He was invited to go to Edinburgh for the purpose of receiving the degree, and the only other gentleman so honored was Professor DILLMANN, of Berlin. This is the first time that Princeton has been conspicuously admitted into the fellowship of the transatlantic universities.

—M. GEORGES OHNET, whose play, *Le Maître de Forges*, has been extraordinarily successful in Paris, and has had two independent translations and presentations in this city, is described as rich and thirty-five, the son of a prosperous architect, agreeable, chivalrous, and able to use his art for the consolation of the bourgeoisie.

—King JOHN of Abyssinia is cruel. On returning from an interview with him General GORDON saw forty Soudan soldiers mutilated together and sent to Bogos, with a message that if his Highness wanted eunuchs he could have them. Two thousand Egyptians, taken prisoners, were ordered to march. Being hungry and faint, they refused. The Abyssinians shot at them as at targets.

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks that Mr. HERKOMER'S picture of the arrival of emigrants at Castle Garden might be called "The Building of the United States." The suggestion may be offered to the talented Mr ULRICH, who, at the Academy exhibition, appears with a similar subject.

—It is time that the poor man had his turn (observes a late essayist). He can be better fed for less money, and not only better fed, but better lodged and clothed, by a little organization and a determination to prevent waste.

—"I have always been at a loss to understand," writes a distinguished Englishman, "why intelligent English boys, after learning French nine or ten years, should leave school perfectly unable to converse intelligibly in that language for five minutes together."

—Advocates of cremation use these facts: 100,000 dead bodies are buried every year in the soil around London, or, in thirty years, 3,000,000 bodies. It takes a body twenty years to become dust.

—The death of the Duke of Albany has caused emblems of death, including ink bordered handkerchiefs, to appear in every street of the British metropolis, the usual greens, blues, and reds being displaced by blacks and very cool grays.

—Prince BISMARCK has won from an Englishman the eulogy of being "the only statesman in Europe who knows his own mind."

—One of the last acts of the late Duke of Albany was to sign the memorial, now being prepared at Cannes for presentation to the French government, praying them not to sell the island of St Marguerite to the company which is seeking to buy it for speculative purposes. Should the place be sold and laid out in villas and shops, it is believed that the English residents would go elsewhere, their villas being thus thrown upon the market, which already contains more sellers than buyers.

—An eminent Japanese personage is on his way to Europe for the purpose of studying and reporting on dock-yards and other naval and military things. He carries with him a large number of fans and tea services of excellent Japanese make, which he intends to give away as presents during the tour.

—Mr GLADSTONE will be asked to grant a small pension to the widow and family of the late BLANCHARD JERROLD. The Queen's bounty fund, which amounts to $6000 per annum, is generally distributed in sums of from $250 to $500.

—An energetic boot-black on the ferry-boat that leaves Hoboken every morning at 6.30 o'clock sometimes shines the boots of twelve passengers in the fifteen minutes occupied by the trip to New York. Receipts, sixty cents.

—The Rev H. R. HAWEIS: "The coffee-houses of London have done something to dine the poor man cheaply and decently in the middle of the day, but the licensed victualler is too often a blind for supplying him with drink, and most of the eating houses, compared with those of any second rate Continental town, are close, dirty, and unappetizing. But the poor who feed at home—the women, the children, and especially the sick—are worse off still. The poor themselves are increasingly alive to this. In these days of unhealthy and often wickedly selfish speculations, philanthropic capitalists (of whom there are many) who wish to direct their capital beneficially for others, and not badly for themselves, might very wisely put a little money into a cheap kitchen for the million."

—MARY ANDERSON will impersonate Juliet at Mr IRVING'S theatre in London wearing gowns and jewelry designed by Mr FRANK D. MILLET, of this city, and interpreting the character for the first time from a purely Italian point of view. Miss ANDERSON has been very successful professionally and socially across the water. Among her intimate friends are the daughters of Dean BRADLEY, of Westminster Abbey.

—HEINE on his father: "He was of all human beings the one whom I most loved on earth. He has now been dead for more than twenty-five years. I never thought that I should lose him, and even now I can hardly realize that I have lost him. It is so difficult to believe that those are dead whom we have loved so dearly. Neither are they dead; they live on, and have their dwelling-place in our souls. Since then no night has passed that I have not thought of my father, and when I wake in the morning I fancy I hear the sound of his voice as the echo of a dream. Then I feel as if I must quickly dress and hurry down into the large room, as I did when a boy. Sometimes my father took me between his knees and kissed my forehead. One morning he embraced me with more than usual tenderness, saying, 'I had a beautiful dream about you, and I am very pleased with you, my dear Harry.' While he said these simple words a smile came over his face, which seemed to say, 'However badly behaved Harry may be in reality, I will always dream pleasant dreams about him in order to love him without any regret.'"

—An English lady at Cairo has offered a reward of £20,000 for the rescue of "Chinese" GORDON from his perilous position at Khartoum. She appears to appreciate the exigencies of the situation much more keenly than the British government.

—Mr WILLIAM J. ARKELL is making an exceedingly bright and enterprising paper of the Albany *Evening Journal*.

—The Secretary of the Navy has issued a proclamation offering $25,000 reward for the discovery and rescue by any private person or vessel of the Arctic Signal Service party under command of Lieutenant GREELY.

—Mlle. COLOMBIER has been committed for trial for having outraged Parisian public morals in the publication of her book *Sarah Barnum*.

—The old home of Judge BLACK, near York, Pennsylvania (says the *Tribune*) is kept just as he left it. In the library even the lead-pencils with which he was accustomed to write with his left hand lie on the table just as he laid them down, no change being made in the furniture except that a picture of the Judge has been put on the wall, and a bust, as yet only in plaster, has been placed on a temporary pedestal. The last book he looked into was CURTIS'S *Life of Buchanan*, and the rough edges of the leaves, which he tore apart by running his thumb through them—for he never would use a paper-cutter—show how much of it he had read. He had not opened that part which related to himself at all. The chapter which he had hastily torn open was that headed "Death of Mr BUCHANAN. His Character as a Statesman, a Man, and a Christian."

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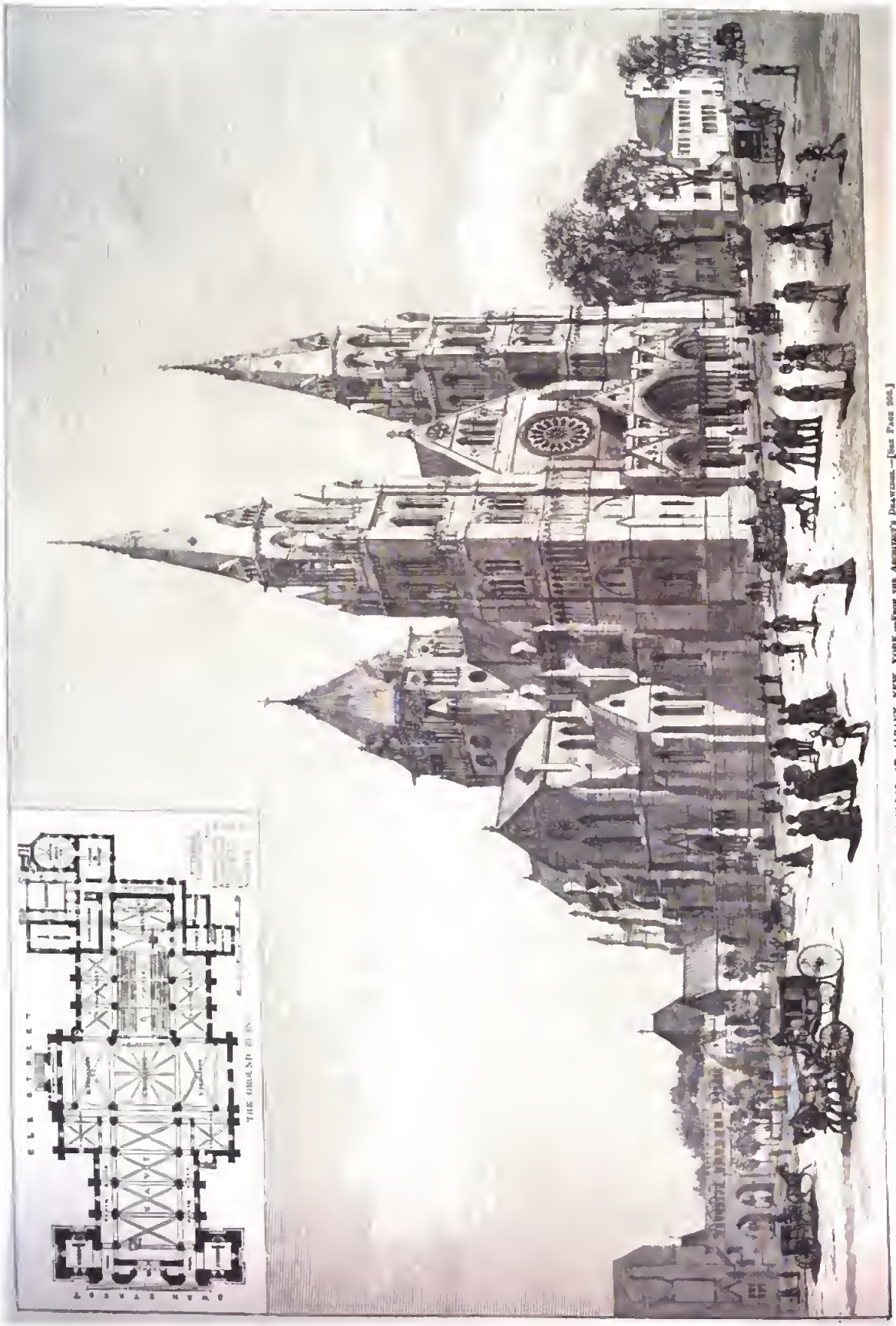

THE PROPOSED CATHEDRAL AT ALBANY, NEW YORK.—FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DRAWINGS.—[SEE PAGE 266.]

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THE BRICK CHURCH.

HISTORIC TAPPAN.

Of the many localities along the west bank of the Hudson made famous by the war of the Revolution, none is to-day possessed of greater historic interest than the quaint little village of Tappan, the scene of Major Andre's imprisonment, trial, and execution. The Tappan of the present is almost identical with the Tappan, or "Orangetown," as it was more frequently called, of a century ago. Lying in a pleasant valley, a few miles inland from the Hudson, at the extreme northern point of the Palisades, it was, prior to the white occupation, the chosen home of a band of the great Delaware tribe of Indians, who named it Tuphanse, or Cold Stream, from the clear waters of the Sparkill Creek that still ripple as merrily as then among the low meadow-lands and thrifty orchards of the valley. Long before the country passed into the hands of the English, Dutch settlers had founded here the village of Orangetown, in which has since been restored its original Indian name slightly anglicized. Its houses still show unmistakable traces of Dutch architecture, and the solid stone walls of many of them bid fair to attest the solid character of their builders for a century to come.

Of all the houses of old Tappan, none equalled in size and general air of thrift and comfort that erected in 1753 on the principal street, and not far from the meeting house, by CASPARUS MYERS, on land that he purchased from CORNELIUS MYERS, who held it by direct grant from the Indians. The Manse house was built of heavy blocks of red sandstone, with red brick trimmings at doors and windows. As was the custom, the upper story, roof, and broad front stoop, with its low overhanging porch, were built of wood, but of wood so carefully selected and well seasoned that it still retains its position, though the clutch of decay has fastened upon it, and, unless protected, the disappearance of all except the stone walls will be the work of but a few years. In this house, which was the principal tavern of the village, was Major ANDRE confined by the American officers, whom WASHINGTON had instructed to provide their prisoner with the most comfortable quarters the village afforded. He occupied the two rooms on the ground-floor in the north end of the house, and used the front as his reception-room, and the one in the rear as a bedroom. Years ago the partition between this and the adjoining rear room was torn away, and the two combined to make a ball-room for more happy occupants of the house. From this rear room it is said that the prisoner could see the gallows erected for his execution, on top of the hill rising directly behind the village.

To-day this famous house, now known as the "Old Seventy-six House," stands empty and deserted, its windows and doors boarded up, its once cheerful stoop so broken and decayed as no longer to afford a safe footing, the roof of its hospitable porch falling in, and hedged from the street by a rank growth of briers and weeds and a row of young locust trees.

Its present owner is Dr. J. J. STEWART, who lives in the adjoining house, and holds this dilapidated piece of property a veritable elephant on his hands. As the good-natured gentleman opened the entrance over the interior of the Seventy-six House, he said, "You can have no idea of the trial that the ownership of this building is to me. Why, if I were to accede to the request of every visitor, as I have to yours, and undertake to show them the house, and answer their questions, I should have my time fully occupied; and yet, because I can not afford to do this, and must refuse to allow visitors to enter the house alone, I am accused, twenty or more times a day, of being a churlish, unaccommodating fellow. I have tried in vain to sell the house to the government, the State, the county, and to individuals; but none of them will buy it. I had tenants for it, but in their hands it was in danger of being carried away piecemeal by unscrupulous visitors. That fire-place, for instance, was once bordered with rare old Dutch tiles that I valued very highly, but, as you see, every one of them has been torn from its place and stolen. If I should tear the house down, as I have serious thoughts of doing, a universal cry of indignation would be raised against me, and I am really at a loss what to do with a piece of property that has been a constant burden on my hands for twenty-five years, and bids fair to remain so."

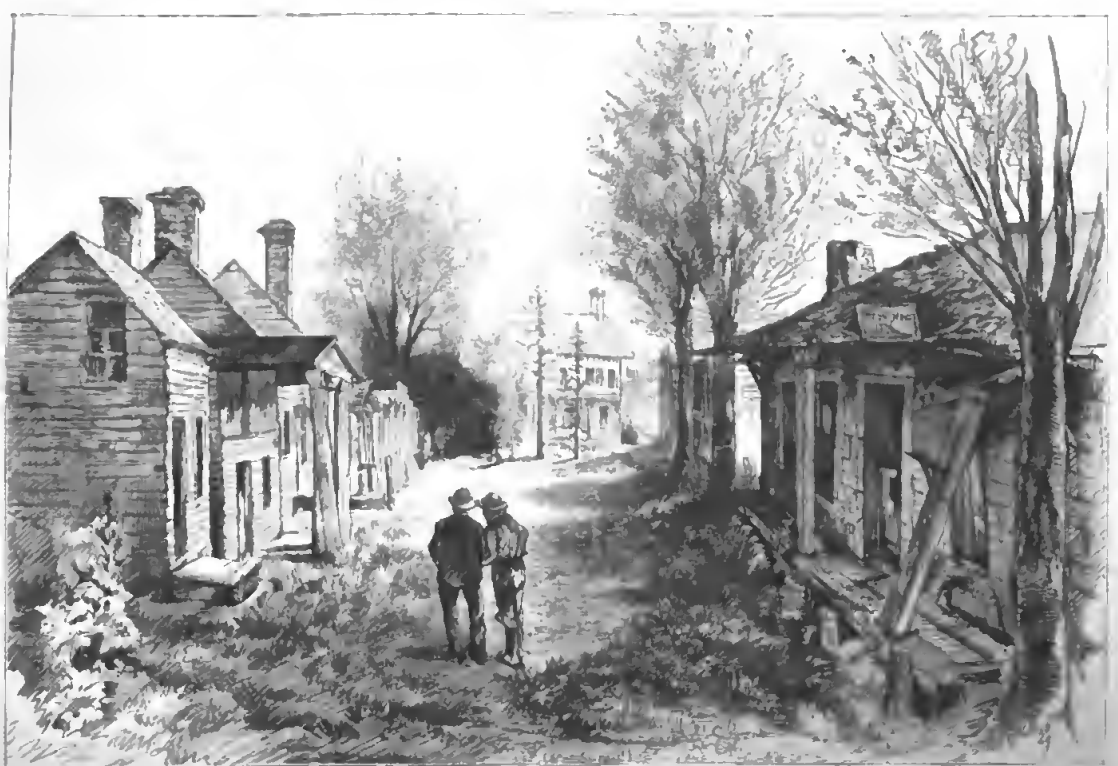
ANTIQUE FIRE-PLACE.

Since the visit of our artist to this romantic and picturesque village, the ravages of insatiable relic-hunters have compelled the owner of this historic building to protect it by a high fence. It ought not to be suffered to disappear or be deposited in this manner. We have in this country too few memorials of the past, and those that remain should be reverently guarded. It has been well said that material progress always means the destruction of the picturesque; but there appears to be no good reason why, in a quiet village like Tappan, an interesting memorial of the Revolutionary times should not be preserved.

In the village are several quaint fire-places, which were once highly adorned with tiles, but which are now only valuable for their antiquity of form. One of these was discovered by the artist during his rambles, and its outlines were quickly transferred to his sketch-book.

The old fashioned red brick church which dominates the main street of the village is really quite a modern affair, and was built in 1835 upon the site of two predecessors. The first meeting house, erected in 1716, was a broad, low-roofed building, having a square tower with an open belfry, and sharp pitched, hexagonal roof. It was in this building that Andre was tried and condemned. It was partially torn down and rebuilt in 1788. Behind the meeting house is the quiet little burying-ground, shaded by huge sycamores and elms, and filled with moss-grown grave-stones of red sandstone, recording the names and virtues of those villagers whose peaceful lives were ended more than a century ago.

On the crest of the hill back of the town, the spot where Andre was executed was marked by a granite monument, erected several years ago by a gentleman of this city, but in an outburst of ill-directed patriotism a misguided person undertook its destruction, and it now lies prone on the ground, its base blown to fragments by dynamite, and its inscription, expressing nothing but good-will and fraternal feeling, so defaced as to be almost illegible.



AN OLD STREET IN TAPPAN.

THE ALBANY CATHEDRAL.

The Cathedral of All-Saints, at Albany, for which the design of Mr R W. Gibson was selected some months since promises to justify its title better than any church that has hitherto been built for the Protestant Episcopal communion. Its dimensions would certainly entitle it to rank as a cathedral even among the remains of the Middle Ages. The total length is 236 feet, of which 105 feet is given as the nave, 40 as the transept crossing, and 91 to the choir. The width across transepts is 190 feet, the average width throughout being 95. The nave is 40 feet wide, and the key stones of its vault 70 feet from the floor, the choir has feet narrower and four feet lower, thus enhancing the apparent length of the interior by exaggerating the perspective effect. The choir aisles, however, are each 21 feet wide, the nave aisles being of not much more than half that width, according to one of the chief peculiarities of the plan, by which they are reduced from spaces fitted with pews to mere passages, so that the nave piers will not interfere with the sight or hearing of any worshipper. The exterior length is 260 feet, the height to the top of the clere-story walls 70—being the same as that of the vault—to the ridge of the roof 110, to the crown of the octagon at the intersection of the nave and transepts 180, and on the finials of the western spire 203.

The nave of the church is divided into four bays and the choir into five, each covered with a quadripartite vault. The square space at the crossing of the transepts is converted into an octagon by corbelling at the angles in the interior just above the vaulting. This octagon, like that of Ely, is not to be vaulted, but to be ceiled in wood.

The architecture of the cathedral may be classified as a free treatment of Early English, the style adopted by Mr Pearson, whose pupil, we believe, Mr Gibson was, for the only Anglican cathedral that has been undertaken in our time in England, and the style in which Mr Pearson has distinguished himself in the design of several parish churches, notably St. John's, Red Lion Square, in London. The treatment of the Albany cathedral, however, is freer and more eclectic than it is probable any English architect, having the fear of the archæologists and the ecclesiologists before his eyes, would venture to adopt in a cathedral. On the outside, the simple shafted lancets which are employed in the openings, the slender arcading that surrounds the western tower, the simplicity of the tracery, where it is introduced at all, the treatment of the porches, and the square Eastern termination, suffice to designate the style. Even on the outside, however, the treatment of the central tower recalls that of a Spanish cimborio rather than of any English example of this feature; while the interior, except the square east end, is decidedly more Continental than English both in proportion and detail. The emphasis of length, the "long drawn aisle" of Gray, is the distinguishing feature of cathedrals characteristically English, as the emphasis of height is characteristically French. The Cathedral of All-Saints is not only absolutely shorter than any English cathedral, but relatively to other proportions it is shorter still. The relation of height as width in the nave is nearly as two to one, while in English cathedrals the width is commonly the greater, and there are few vaults in England which have a height of seventy feet from the floor. On the other hand, there is an attempt at the aspiring character of French vaulting, where in such typical instances as Amiens the height is to the width nearly as three to one. The treatment of the vaulting is also rather French than English. There can be no doubt that this is a gain, since, in spite of Mr Francis's anxious apologetics, critics outside of England are pretty well agreed that the English architects never thoroughly understood the system of vaulting as it was practiced in France and Germany.

The meaningless ridge rib which is commonly employed in English vaulting is omitted at Albany. The nave piers are still further from Early English work, in which they commonly consist either of sheaves of moulings almost unmeaning, or else of round piers with engaged and twisted shafts of another material. On the Continent, in the best examples, they were organized piers, with parts no closely corresponding to the organization of the vault that an archæologist could reconstruct the vaulting from a section of the pier as confidently as Cuvier a mammal from a thigh bone. In late Gothic this process was carried to a bewildering complexity. The architect of the Albany cathedral has contented himself with the earlier and more emphatic treatment, by which the ribs and arches of the vault and the pier arches are indicated in the form of rounded projections from a square pier. The result has, perhaps, a stronger resemblance to some of the early Gothic churches of Spain than to any examples of the more northern Gothic. The other members, at least in the nave, are of like severity, the nave arches of two orders, the inner left square, the outer having a single bead at the intrados, and a dog tooth moulding at the extrados, the transverse arches of the aisles not being moulded or subdivided at all, the triforium pairs of shafted arches merely chamfered at the edge under relieving arches of like simplicity, and the clere-story window a pair of lancets with a simple circle punched through the spandrel by way of tracery. The treatment of the choir is distinctly richer, the pier arches more heavily moulded, the heads of the arches in the triforium traceried, and a more developed tracery in the clere-story. Even here, however, except in the great east window, which is very richly traceried, the work is severe, approaching a Romanesque simplicity and vigor, and sometimes, as in the arch, which is dropped to make room for the organ, assuming a Romanesque form.

The cathedral is to be built of the lightest reddish Potsdam stone, with wrought work of a darker and more tractable stone, quarried at Alsion, which latter material is to be used alone internally. It has a noble site at the edge of the terrace on the north of Albany, to which the cathedral will form an ornament only less conspicuous than the Capitol.

WHAT MY LOVE FORGAVE.

I was young, strong, rich, and engaged to the man I loved with all my soul, and yet I was as miserable in those days that even now the old sick, desperate feeling comes over me for an instant as I look back upon them—only for an instant, thank God!

Some women are so happy natured that whoever they love they give faith absolute and unchallenged, which only sternest proof can shake, and when convinced of its unworthiness can withdraw the love with the faith, and after a little go on their way rejoicing that they have been undeceived while it was yet time to escape. I am not such a woman. All my life I have loved few people, but of those few I have been jealous with a tender and passionate jealousy in proportion as I loved them. As a child I was punished and reasoned with about it, as a girl I was half pitied, half teased, by those who guessed the weakness of which I had grown terribly ashamed. I think the evil originated or drew its chief bitterness from my being left an orphan heiress in my babyhood, and having had it sought me as one of my earliest lessons, by a well-meaning but badly mistaken aunt, that a great deal of the praise and caresses I seemed to win so easily were, and always would be, due to my fortune. Jealous as I knew myself to be, I had not the faintest conception of my capacity for it until I loved Max Ercell. Until I loved him! It seems so impossible to realize now that there ever was a time when I did not love him, as to remember what life was like before we love for him came over it like a prairie fire, or a flood sweeping all the old landmarks out of existence. The friendships and affections which were all I knew until I met him had been long in growing, for it was always as hard for me to take new friends as to cease caring for old ones; but I hated Max from the first time I saw him.

He knew it, too, for my wooing was a very brief one, and he took possession of me when we were engaged with a gay and tender masterfulness which convinced me that he was sure of my love before he asked for it. Never were two people more utterly unlike than he and I—not in appearance, for there was a certain general resemblance in height and coloring between us, which is was one of my foolish happinesses to hear people remark, but in every trait of temper and character—he light-hearted, frank, sunny-tempered, liking the pleasant things of this life, and with an impartial admiration for everything beautiful, from a fine sonnet to a pretty woman, yet with a force of pride and determination underlying this surface easiness; I jealous, reserved, and passionate, to whom life was a serious business, interested only in what concerned myself and those I loved. Perhaps it was natural that our love-making should be stormy from the first, but it seemed very terrible to me, and worried him more than his pride would allow him to admit, and so left me the belief that quarrels which made me a wretched until we had forgiven each other were the veriest trifles to him. We had first known each other in Switzerland in the summer, and we were spending the winter in Paris, where my aunt and I occupied a pretty little *entresol* in the Champs Elysées, and where Max and I were to be married in the spring before returning to America. We went out a great deal, for it was one of the last winters of the Empire, and very gay. This gayety was one of the first sources of my troubles, for Max enjoyed himself so evidently at dinners and balls when I was much more bored than amused, though to please him I tried so like them, and (owing to my horses-ship, I used to tell myself bitterly) was quite enough admired to make me feel that if I were Max I should be uncomfortable; but he only laughed when I hinted as much to him, scoured my hair lights with his strong white hand, and told me that I was a vain little child, who could not shake his faith in me try as hard as I might; and I pulled down that dear hand and kissed it, thinking how much nobler was his trust than my jealousy, and so was happy until, when he had gone, my familiar demon whispered to me that it was easy not to be anxious about the safety of a treasure whose loss would bring an incurable regret.

Now Max knew of my jealousy of the slightest admiration which he showed for other women, and he treated it as a silliness which, if he yielded to it, might darken our future lives. So after telling me that he could only love one woman, and that he had given me the best of proofs who that woman was, he would continue his gay and pleasant friendships with whoever among our acquaintances was prettiest and wittiest. He never guessed the real root of my misery, for some instinct told me that unless I did indeed wish to end everything between us, he must never know how often I believed that he had wooed me for my fortune, and not my love. Some after Christmas there arrived in Paris a Mrs. Wharton, about whom every one was raving as the most beautiful woman who had dazzled our American colony for years a day. She was a widow, young and wealthy, and it was of her Max had told me, months before, that in his college days she had been his first love—a hopeless love, he had said, laughing, for she was even then engaged to Mr Wharton. But that Max could love any woman without hope seemed impossible to me, and I tortured myself with half a dozen stories of romantic troubles by which I imagined they might have been separated, able to meet now with the embers of a dead love still in their hearts ready to be rekindled; and from the evening when I saw Mrs Wharton's radiant smile at Max's greeting I never knew an hour's peace of mind. The balls and dinners grew almost intolerable when I saw those two so much together, and I would go home to a sleepless night which would leave me pale and haggard to loathe to myself all the morning that what little beauty I possessed was leaving me now, just when I most needed it, and when Max came, as he always did in the afternoon, between headache and heartache I was either as dull or as irritably reproachful that we seldom parted pleasantly. Of course there were times when everything went well, and I would tell myself that I could never be miserable again, but as soon as he had left me the doubts would return like a legion of devils. Daily enough, I, who had hitherto been only too frank about my smaller jealousies, could not bring myself to utter Mrs. Wharton's name to him, for I dreaded with a dread more than any suspense to read the truth of my suspicions in his eyes.

Such a state of mind, however, could not endure long with a girl of my disposition without a crisis, and one day in February my self-control came to an end. Max had, for the first time, missed coming the afternoon before, and my mind being ill, I had been obliged to remain at home in the evening, so that I had not seen him for two days. It was a brilliant afternoon, and I can see when I shut my eyes just how the sun shone through the muslin curtains on the hyacinths which filled the jardinières in our windows, and I never hear the shrill, sweet singing of a canary that I do not remember how the voice of Aunt Kate's bird rang in my ears all through those miserable hours. I was walking up and down the little salon, for sitting still would have been impossible in my suspense, when I heard his cheery voice in the hall speaking to the servant who took his overcoat.

I had always thought Max's voice one of his greatest charms, and had often told him that the sound of it in the veriest commonplaces was like a breath of bright fresh air to drive away all the gloomy mists my fancy had conjured up, but today I only told myself that it was another proof how little he cared for me that he could be so cheerful when he must know how he had grieved me by not coming yesterday. He entered, drawing off his gloves, and looking—oh, so handsome and so good! Surely, surely, if he were false, on traitor had ever backed no true since Lucifer was an angel!

"Are you not glad to see me? I feel as if I had been away such ——" he said, gaily. Then, as I made no answer, but stood with my back to him, looking at the fire, he came close to me and drew me to him.

"Is my foolish child angry with me again?" he said, softly, bending his head to look in my averted face.

I loved him so dearly that at the caress of his touch, the tender tone in his voice, I felt my anger going, my suspicions fading, just as they had so many times before.

"Why didn't you come yesterday? I have been so miserable!" I murmured; but my head rested on his shoulder, and the happy tears rushed to my eyes with a blessed sense of peace and safety.

"Did not you get my note? Poor little thing, that was too bad. I can't think why you did not get it. The fact is, Mrs Wharton was obliged to ask me to help her about some business matters. I meant to have seen you for a few minutes before dinner, but she kept me until it was too late, and I expected you at the baroness's last night."

"Aunt Kate was ill," I answered, mechanically; but I had withdrawn from his arm, and was looking at the fire again.

"Neuralgia was it? Mrs Wharton said—"

"Yes, we had better cash of Mrs. Wharton," I said, my voice trembling in spite of myself, for I could feel that he was looking keenly at me, though I did not meet his eyes.

"Evelyn," he said at last, very coldly, "it is time this folly of yours ceased. These perpetual explanations lower me in my own eyes."

"But you feel no degradation in forcing me to ask them?" I interrupted him, passionately. "You care nothing for what I suffer before I am being myself to him?"

"What do you mean by saying that we had better talk of Mrs. Wharton?" he demanded, without noticing my outburst.

"I mean that for the last two months my life has been made a misery to me by seeing you so constantly with her. Ask any one who knows us if it is surprising that I should demand of you what you mean by such devotion?"

"This is nonsense," he said, and there was actually a ring of amusement in his voice. "Mrs. Wharton and I are old friends, and I like her heartily. She is by all odds the most entertaining woman in Paris."

"And you can tell me that, you who—" My voice failed me in tears.

"I who ought to think you witter and more brilliant than a woman ten years your older, and accustomed to hold her own in society before you had your first governess? Love is blind, but not quite so blind as that, you baby;" and Max laughed musingly, and tried to pull my hands down from my face, but I had been too wildly miserable these last two days to be pacified like a spoiled child, with not even a promise for the future.

"Love!" I cried, bitterly, wrenching myself from his hands. "How can I believe you love me?"

"Because you are to be my wife, Evelyn," he said, with sudden gravity. But I had lost all control of myself.

"What has that to do with it? When you neglect me so, do you suppose I do not remember that my fortune may be a better reason than love for marrying me?"

The room seemed as swim about me in the silence which followed, and I knew before he spoke that I had lost my cause.

"This, then, is the reason for all your taunts and reproaches? You pretend to love me, and can believe me capable of the lowest hypocrisy to which a man can stoop. I have reached the end of my endurance." His voice was very hard, and his eyes met mine with a look which I told my breaking heart was contempt. He took up his gloves from the table and walked to the door.

"I am going," he said, in that strange voice. "We are neither of us fit to talk calmly now. What comes next will be for you to decide, but if this is to be the end, your temper and so fickleness of mine is the cause."

Then the door closed behind him, and I was alone.

Hen I passed the remainder of that day and the night and day which followed has always been a very chaotic remembrance to me, for between my longing to send for Max and beg his forgiveness, and the jealousy which would not permit me to so humble myself, I was almost insane. Aunt Kate was confined to her room, so that when the second evening came, and I had promised to take part in some tableaux at the house of an old friend, there was no one to notice my wretchedness and oppose my going. As I was to appear in only one tableau, I dressed at home, and was dimly conscious that I had never been so nearly beautiful in my life as I was in the black velvet dress, puffed tulle sleeves, high ruff, and pearl bordered cap of Mary Stuart. Excitement had given me a color, and my blue eyes were burning and black. I thought with a bitter sigh, as I turned from the glass, how million I was to the "lily" which had been Max's favorite name for me. Mrs Bother, our hostess, met me, and we entered the library, which was to be our greenroom, together. All who took part in the tableaux were assembled, and I knew Mrs meld not fail to be there, as he had several rôles assigned him. Between hope and fear I shivered from head to feet. Would he come to me as he always did, and with a word or a touch make me feel that we belonged to each other, or would he—Mr hopes and fears came as a sudden end as I saw Mrs. Wharton, looking wonderfully like a Marie Antoinette, with Max leaning over her chair, so absorbed in what she was saying that he did not even look up when we passed. People came to me and talked, and I suppose I must have talked too, and said what was correct as my, for on one seemed to notice anything unusual about me.

The tableaux began, and still Max and Mrs Wharton sulked earnestly, and in my agonized watching I could see that people would look at them and then at me, as if they wondered how I fancied such a monopoly of my fiancé.

Once as he passed me I muttered "Max," and he paused an instant to say, in a low voice, and without looking at me, "This is an place for us to say what we must to each other," and passed on before I could speak. My tableau was off very well, and people, I believe, praised it, and then some girl asked me to help her in changing her dress. I was standing in one of the dressing rooms mechanically doing what she asked me, when some one called from the next room:

"Miss Wynne, is that you?—please come here just one instant."

It was Mrs Wharton's voice, and sent a thrill of intense repulsion through every nerve, but I obeyed. She was standing by the dressing table, the light of a dozen candles falling brilliantly upon her, and even I in my deadly hate confessed to myself her wonderful beauty. She was dressed as an angel in clouds of tulle, her golden hair hanging below her waist, and wings of swan-down a taller than she fastened to her lovely white shoulders.

"Will you see if these wings are right, dear Miss Wynne?" she said, turning her back to the dressing table, so that the full light of the candles should fall upon the wings while I tried their clasps.

Then it was that hatred and despair took possession of my soul and made me mad. The candles were so close to her golden hair and fleecy wings, this beautiful wicked woman who had stolen my lover's heart from me! Just a little nearer, and then a flame more yellow than her hair shot up above her head, and with a wild shriek she realized that her wings were on fire! Oh, thank God! thank God! my senses came back to me then, as with the strength of ten in my desperate grasp I flung her on the floor, and with my heavy velvet dress smothered the flames which had caught at her tulle draperies, while I tore off the burning wings and managed to throw them far from us, just as her cries had brought a crowd of horrified men and women into the room. Then, through a mist of smoke and pain, I suddenly saw Max's face above me, heard his voice passionately repeating, "My darling! my darling!" and with a last agonized wonder did he mean me or the woman I had so nearly murdered, I fainted for the first time in my life.

It was not until two days later that I was conscious enough of anything but a bewildered sense of pain for Aunt Kate and Mrs. Bother to tell me the result of the accident, as every one supposed it to be. Mrs Wharton had escaped as if by a miracle, only her hair was burned quite short. My velvet dress had saved both our lives, but the puffed tulle sleeves had burned on my arms while I was tearing off her wings, and they would be painful for weeks, perhaps scarred for life. How I thanked God, with passionate tears which frightened my nurse, for the mercy which had made all the suffering for my sin fall upon me! Those blessed tears, which were the only utterance I dared give to the thanksgiving which will underlie every thought so long as I live, and which then made me forget even Max, until Aunt Kate, in her desire to soothe me, spoke of his grief and anxiety.

Then I heard that it had been almost impossible to persuade him to leave Mrs. Butler's house (where I still was) even to sleep, and that he would scarcely speak to Mrs. Wharton, whom he seemed to regard with aversion as the cause of my injuries. Then, indeed, my tears ceased, and, except that I shrank and shuddered with bitter self-contempt when Aunt Kate would tell me of the universal admiration for my heroism, and interest in my health, I was gentler and more submissive than I had ever been in my life.

Had I not reason to submit to anything? Whatever might come to me of misery, had I not more than deserved it? I gave myself no hope for the future, for even if this appearance of love on Max's part were real, and not remorse, which I believed it to be, I had that to tell him which would destroy the deepest love man ever felt for woman. Not even to keep the only happiness which could ever make life precious to me could I keep my terrible secret from him. So I lay and waited very quietly, my nurses said, until the doctors would let me see Max—very quietly, for despair is never loud, and only those who still hope make clamor over their grief. The morning came at last when I was to see him, and I, dressed in a white wrapper, with a blue shawl over my bandaged arms, was lying on a sofa in the little salon next my bedroom, when Mrs. Butler entered with an exquisite bouquet.

"Evelyn dear, Mrs. Wharton sends you this, with her love, and wants to see you, as she is going to Rome this evening."

"I can not—I can not; it would kill me!" I cried, turning my hot face against the sofa, with a wild feeling that I must never dare see that woman, whom I still hated, for her gratitude would force the horrible truth from me, and, for Aunt Kate's sake as well as my own, no one but Max must ever know how nearly I had been a murderess. So Mrs. Butler, afraid of bringing back my fever, yielded, and sent Mrs. Wharton away, while Aunt Kate, having settled my blue shawl more picturesquely over my white wrapper, kissed me and left the room, saying,

"I shall send Mr. Erroll to you; he will do you more good than we, doctors, and all."

"Will he?" I said to myself, with a shiver, and lay waiting in such calmness as one under sentence of death might wait for the coming of the executioner, only that no death could ever be so terrible to meet as the horror and aversion I must read in my lover's face when I had told him all. When the door opened, and I knew that he was there, my heart beat so loudly that I could not hear his step; but even my dizzy eyes could see the passion of pity and tenderness which kept him wordless as he bent over me.

"Max! Max!" I cried, "you do love me, after all?"

"Love you, my darling? How could you ever doubt it? I was a brute that night, but you had hurt me so the day before—"

"I was mad, Max"—I began, and then broke off and looked up at him with such dumb misery in my eyes that he kissed me.

"My poor little hurt love," he murmured.

"You will never call me that again," I cried. And then, in gasps of words I never could remember, the story of my sin and its repentance was told.

His face was hidden in his hands when I had finished, and I could not stretch out even one of my helpless fingers to make him raise his head that I might know my fate.

"Max," I whispered, piteously, "I was mad, and it was only one little moment."

I had meant to say no word of excuse, to utter no syllable of pleading, but I could not bear that silence.

He turned and laid his face, wet with a man's bitter tears, softly against mine on the pillow. "Forgive me, my own," he said, with a sob. "I shall never forgive myself."

Oh, my true lover, my king of men, whom I had so loved and so wronged, not all the love of all my life can repay you for those words!

THE DISMAL SWAMP.

This little-visited district, on the borders of Virginia and North Carolina, derives most of its celebrity from the ballad written by Tom Moore at Norfolk on a supposed legend of a distracted lover who fancied that his lost mistress had gone to the Dismal Swamp, and paddled her white canoe over the waters of Lake Drummond. When Mr. Byrd laid out the boundary line of the State, he described the swamp as forty miles long and twenty broad, with a black deep soil, covered by a stupendous forest of juniper and cypress trees, while below was a thick, entangled undergrowth of reeds, woodbine, grape-vines, mosses, and creepers interlaced and complicated. But man has wrought great changes since that account was given. The Dismal Swamp Canal, connecting the Elizabeth and Pasquotank rivers, now traverses the district for twenty miles, while another runs from Lake Drummond to the Nansemond River.

The first attempt to drain the swamp was made by a company organized by General WASHINGTON after the close of the Revolutionary war; but although the original design of reclaiming the land was never carried out, the land company realized enormous profits from the lumber it took out. Immense quantities of staves, shingles, and the like have been sent from the thick dark groves, and to-day most of the valuable gum, juniper, cypress, and white pine has been cut. The undergrowth is varied and luxuriant; reeds prevail everywhere, and to the south form a sea of verdure. The soil is deep and soft, and large quantities of fallen trunks have been taken from beneath the surface, where they have been preserved by the antiseptic qualities of the water.

The water of Lake Drummond and the swamp in general is dark-colored like coffee, but is pleasant to the taste, and will keep pure for a long time. The spongy nature of the soil renders road-making a difficult task, and the first railroad engineers almost despaired of success. The mule roads are simply logs laid side by side, over which the shingle-carts pass.

The swamp is intersected by some ridges elevated above the watery level which constitutes the greater part of the region, and on them the harder kinds of timber grow. These portions of the swamp are, perhaps, susceptible of being reclaimed. As to the rest, numerous schemes since that of WASHINGTON have been proposed for making it available for cultivation, and for using the upper bog surface for fuel resembling the peat so commonly cut from the bogs of Ireland and of Scotland.

About six months ago there were some notices published of a new enterprise looking to the reclamation of this enormous tract of land. The field is a large one, and modern appliances for draining large areas of water-saturated land have been so perfected that it is probable that success will, to a certain extent, crown the efforts of the society making the attempt.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

SPRING, with its return of varied foliage, tends to make us forgetful of the gratitude we owe to the few brave plants that struggle so hard to brighten our winter landscape, the handful of trusty friends, less showy perhaps than the swarms of new acquaintances who proffer their services so readily on the dawn of better times, but whose kindliness has stood the test of the hard seasons of adversity. It is therefore a pleasing trait in human nature that it should have exalted each of the small group of evergreens to places of especial honor in the beautiful calendar of flowers. Longfellow has immortalized the hemlock-tree, with its "faithful branches," which are

> "Green not alone in summer-time,
> But in the winter's frost and rime."

And other American poets have touched on other points in American winter scenery; but there has not yet been time for the growth of a mass of gentle association and tradition round the New World evergreens, such as has gradually enveloped the little clump of English trees that brave the English winters, and has borne them such graceful blossoms of legend and proverb and poem. Strangely enough, however, these plants, whose whole mission is one of kindness, and which appear every Christmas at the altars and emblems of jollity, and are impressed year by year into the service of mirth and merriment alone, have nearly all of them a traditional association with sadness, and have figured in times past as the symbols of the most gloomy of human experiences—melancholy, pagan bigotry, and solitude and death. This at least is certainly the case with the four best known and most loved members of the group—holly, mistletoe, fir, and ivy.

There are other plants which join these four in their work of brightening our gloomy winter, and some with a less sad history and significance. There is the laurel, with its glorious memories of victory, favorite of the God of the Golden Bow, and for long time accredited with immunity from lightning; "the sweet cypress, sign of deadly bale;" the perilous juniper; the myrtles of the Paphian, forever consecrated to tenderness, and supposed to be the luckiest of plants; the most ... and the elegant arbutus, which will ever be associated with good old Muscat wine whenever Horace is read; the laurustinus, with its blossoms of snow, and the sacred box; the tender-seeming andrachne and the hardy heaths; the yew, casting a death-shadow, but ever symbolical of life; and many more. They, however, take minor parts in the annual pantomime—mere mutes and supers, as it were—while the four mentioned above are indisputably the leading players. Whole tidelots of them are cut down year after year for the London market alone, and all the stations round the metropolis are overgrown with them for a week before Christmas day arrives. All day long vans and vehicles are carrying them over the great city, and on the day itself every church and nearly every house in London, every stall and truck in the streets, and nearly every street boy's cap and button-hole, bear witness to the universal taste. And what is going on in London is going on throughout the land, and so all the length and breadth of England the holly and the mistletoe, the ivy and the fir, are playing their kindly parts as emblems and ministers of joy.

Yet the glad holly itself—in spite of the banished knight with his "Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly"—surely he rights the most festive of trees, with its bright glossy leaves and gleaming scarlet berries, was once consecrated to Saturn, the "Lord of Melancholy," and dispenser of all ill humors, and whether adopted in defiant significance by the Dukes of Lorraine, or employed with sinister intent by the "wise women" of England in olden days, it maintained consistently an evil reputation as a morose, unsociable, and uncanny plant. The mistletoe, again, has most melancholy traditions. When the white-robed Druids, high-priests of human sacrifice, went out with their golden sickles to cut the mysterious thing from the sacred oaks, there rested upon the little plant thus solemnly gathered an awful responsibility of lengthening or shortening life, of resisting or accelerating poisons, and of conquering or conspiring with death. The cross, so some legends say, was made of mistletoe, which was then a stately tree, but for its share in that day's crime was dwarfed to its present size, forbidden to strike roots into earth again, and compelled to live forever at feud with the trees from which it sucks its life. Among its epithets are "baleful" and "accursed," and no writer omits to fling the sneer of "parasite" at it. Take the fir again. It was sacred to the gods of the lower world, and everywhere the emblem of isolated and ungracious growth. Nothing would creep up it, nothing grow under it, and only the stork, of all birds the most solitary, favored it. So, too, with "the usurping ivy," which, though sacred to the merry Bacchus, had a gloomy reputation for powers of evil at midnight, being the friend of the enemies of man, and under certain sinister conjunctions of the stars wilfully and malignantly narcotic.

Such, according to superstitious tradition, are the four plants that form the Christmas garland; but how different they are in reality. At Christmas time old customs and old superstitions should be regarded with respect, but only those that countenance mirth and are of cheerful augury. We tolerate on Christmas-day nothing sinister or gloomy, and we laugh at all evil omens that seek to make our decorations dismal, and nail them up to the barn door. Traditions are all very well in their way, but they can not be permitted to spoil fun. The holly is far too good a friend to lord and man, and much too beautiful, ever to be allowed to lapse into the gloom of pagan misrepresentation. Bacon specially cites it as a goodly plant for the garden, and the common voice of Christmas-keeping England has chosen it as the crown of the old Winter King, and as the emblem of stout-hearted and bright-featured Hope. And who would banish the mistletoe now? Surely no man would do it; and would any woman? If neither, then who else is to abolish the pearl-berried plant that will do nothing but in pairs, be it a stalk or leaf or berry, and therein so eloquent with a charming moral? Nor yet the fir. It is hard perhaps for future storks that all the trees should be cut down young, but why should we consult storks' nurseries before our own? The bird can go and nest in Holland if it likes, or in the chimneys; or it might, if good-natured, accommodate itself to some other tree, seeing that the fir, and the fir alone, will make a proper Christmas tree. Are our children to go without that superior delight of the year simply because storks choose to go and lay their eggs in fir-trees? The idea is preposterous, and even at Christmas-time might tend to create ill feeling toward the birds. On no other consideration would it be possible to feel sympathy with that "small Christian boy" who, as an old chronicler tells us, "had like to have been put to death in Constantinople for stoning in a waggishness a long-billed fowl"; for if it is to be reduced to the question whether storks or Christmas trees shall survive, then by all means let us go out and stone "in a waggishness" all the long-billed fowls together. The fourth is the ivy, and surely not a word is needed to ingratiate this kindly plant. But for its reverence no ruins hardly would be worth the seeing, and pretexts for picnics therefore would be lamentably diminished, and but for it so much that is unsightly and so much that is sad would be forever thrust upon our notice, instead of, as now, being gloriously clothed with verdure.

Well indeed may four such plants be blended together, the "emblems of hope and tenderness, uprightness and constancy," as flower language forsooth avers; but let them for emblems of what they will, their beauty when in combination needs no interpreter. Let us welcome, therefore, by all means the more brightly colored, and delicately nurtured children of the spring-time with gladness, and look forward with pleasure to the wealth of gaudy flowers and brilliant foliage that will come to us with summer sunshine, but our appreciation of their greater magnificence and rarer beauty need not reflect upon the more sombre temper of our winter friends, for they have been true to us when fidelity was hardest, and have been a pleasure to us when comfort was scarcest, and they surely deserve to be remembered gratefully until the time comes round when we shall once more be only too glad to avail ourselves of their trusty services.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The ship *Mercury* has arrived in Boston with news from Pitcairn Island. Inhabitants of that strangely peopled bit of dry land in the sea came aboard and took their mail—twenty-five letters, sent from all parts of the world. They reported one hundred and five persons on the island, fifty-two of whom were males. The Pitcairn Islanders are not troubled by the question whether the alleged white elephants of the two rival shows are sacred or profane.

English women in low-heeled shoes practice what is termed the "thorough-bred stride." It is not like the natural gait of the old-time thorough-bred—pronounced "thorobred"—boss of the Bowery, whose stride is attempted nowadays only by members of up-country fire-companies.

One of the events of the year in Washington is the children's egg-rolling festival on Easter Monday. It used to take place on the grassy terrace just west of the Capitol, the incline of which is very steep. The sport is described as follows: A dozen or score boys and girls scratched their initials on their gaudy Easter-eggs. They then stood in a row at the top of the terrace, each holding an egg on the grass. At a signal from one of the party all hands were withdrawn from the eggs, and each chased his or her egg down the terrace. The owner of the unbroken egg arriving first at the foot of the terrace was entitled to all the other eggs. The young egg-rollers attracted such a throng five years ago that the grass was killed, and since then the sport has been carried on in the White House grounds, just south of the mansion.

The London correspondent of a leading journal in this city telegraphs that Mr. Bright "is completely convalescent." For many years Mr. Bright has been an interesting figure in English public life, and the new and absolutely unique condition in which he finds himself gives him a conspicuousness which does not admit of comparisons.

An authority on social topics declares that farewell dinners to a man about to be married are an exclusively American custom, are of recent origin, and are fraudulent and absurd, since they are supposed to represent his valedictory to the joys and pleasures of single life.

Some figures are given by an English journal as to the cost of the various head-gears worn in the British army. The ordinary helmet of the line and artillery costs only six shillings, and lasts four years, so the cost per year is only eighteen pence. The cost of the bear-skin of the Guards is four pounds ninepence, and this tremendous piece of head-gear lasts six years. The feather bonnet lasts the longest—eight years—and costs two pounds thirteen shillings sixpence.

It is encouraging to be informed in a press despatch sent from Quebec on April 15 that the ice bridges across the St. Lawrence River are beginning to melt. Such intelligence nurtures the hope that a season will come in which every north wind shall not bring cold discomfort.

Everybody who has experienced the disappointments which a stranger meets upon going to an undeveloped region which is undergoing the "booming" process will enjoy the reply made by a San Francisco man on being asked how he was pleased with Washington Territory. "Well, sir," he answered, "every bunch of willows is a mighty forest, every frog pond a crystal lake, every water-fall a second Minneapolis, every ledge of rocks a gold mine, every town a county seat, and every man a liar."

Here is another straw for the encouragement of disheartened property holders in this be-netted metropolis. A man who has charge of a piece of property on Fifth Avenue found two telegraph line-men on the roof of the house. He ordered them off. They laughed at him. He had them arrested. They were fined ten dollars each at Jefferson Market. This looks as though it was getting to be of some use for a man to protest against having his house used as a pier to support telegraph wires and cables.

Under date of April 11, Governor Robinson, of Massachusetts, wrote to President Bruce, of the State Senate, inclosing some blades of grass from the State-house lawn, and a newspaper clipping in which Mr. Bruce was reported as saying that before the grass was two inches high on the State-house green the members of the Legislature would be scattered all over Massachusetts. The Governor said in his accompanying note: "You will find a considerable part of the grass full six inches in length. Inviting you to join me in reflection upon these circumstances, I remain," etc.

The cable says that cremation has been gaining ground in England ever since Justice Stephens ruled that it was lawful. On the strength of an opinion of the medical officers that cremation is the least objectionable of known methods of disposing of the dead, the London city authorities have resolved to establish an incinerating furnace at Ilford, a suburb in the East End.

A story which comes from South Carolina will serve as an offset to a considerable number of instances of church steeples struck by lightning. In the course of some extensive forest fires, it is averred, the flames parted three times to go around churches, and in a fourth instance "the fires passed under and around the building, burning straw, wood, and lumber around it, but doing no injury to the church itself." This occurred at a place called Pine Tree.

Three years ago John Traynor with a companion named Olsen crossed the Atlantic in a sail-boat seventeen feet long. The voyage was made in fifty-eight days. Traynor now proposes to row from New York to Queenstown in a dory thirteen feet long, five feet wide, and thirty-two inches deep, with a cat for sole companion. It may be impossible to prevent the man from making this fool-hardy trip, but we commend the cat to the protection of Mr. Bergh.

THE "HAROLD BIBBER," JOHN TRAYNOR'S DORY.

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THE DISMAL SWAMP.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 207.]

JUDGE LYNCH.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 271.]

THE SYMBOL OF THE DANDELIONS.

The crocus cups were on the downs,
The hills were green with heather,
The dandelions' disks of gold
Shone in the bright spring weather;
The blue above, the green below,
Were glad and gay together:

Were glad, as were the merry lads,
And curly-headed lasses,
Pulling the dandelion stars
Among the fresh green grasses—
The gay, the splendid yellow disks
That grew in golden masses.

The spring-time went, the summer brought
The hot and sultry day-time,
The scented rose, the singing birds,
The sweet dried grass of hay-time,
The dreamy, dusky evening hours,
The children's happy play-time.

But then the dandelion stars
Were downy, white, and fairy,
They blew them south and east and west,
They were so light and airy;
Away they went, but ne'er came back
To bloom in sweet Glengary.

Away they went on summer winds,
But where, there was no knowing;
Yet on some sunny slope or field
Next spring would find them growing
To golden stars, to fairy domes,
Meet for the children's blowing.

And even as the children passed,
In spite of love's endeavor,
Some went beyond the star-strewn skies;
Some, hills and oceans sever;
But to Glengary's banks and braes
They came no more forever.

Yet still they lift their fresh young hearts
In old lands and and hoary,
Or tell in new unplanted ways
Their simple childhood's story.
Ah me! If them more happy ones
Still keep it in heaven's glory!

I think they do—both there and *here*
One Father's love are sharing
The dying flower, the deathless soul,
Have the same Father's caring;
Our childhood's blossoms, loves, and griefs,
Our manhood's work and bearing,
All help toward that higher life
For which this is preparing.

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "MY LADY'S MONEY," "THE MOONSTONE," "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE FOURTH.
THE DISCOVERY.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
DANCING.

The windows of the long drawing-room at Monksmoor are all thrown open to the conservatory. Distant masses of plants and flowers, mingled in ever-varying forms of beauty, are touched by the melancholy lustre of the rising moon. Nearer to the house the restful shadows are disturbed at intervals, where streams of light fall over them aslant from the lamps in the room. The fountain is playing. In rivalry with its lighter music, the nightingales are singing their song of ecstasy. Sometimes the laughter of girls is heard, and sometimes the melody of a waltz. The younger guests at Monksmoor are dancing.

Emily and Cecilia are dressed alike in white, with flowers in their hair. Francine rivals them by means of a gorgeous contrast of color, and declares that she is rich with the bright emphasis of diamonds and the soft persuasion of pearls. Miss Plym (from the rectory) is fat and fair and prosperous; she overflows with good spirits; she has a waist which defies tight lacing, and she dances joyously on large flat feet. Miss Darnaway (officer's daughter, with small means) is the exact opposite of Miss Plym. She is thin and tall and faded—poor soul! Destiny has made it her hard lot in life to fill the place of head nurse-maid at home. In her pensive moments she thinks of the little brothers and sisters whose patient servant she is, and wonders who comforts them in their tumbles and tells them stories at bed-time, while she is holiday-making at the pleasant country house.

Tender-hearted Cecilia, remembering how few pleasures this young friend has, and knowing how well she dances, never allows her to be without a partner. There are three irresistible young gentlemen present who are excellent dancers. Members of different families, they are nevertheless fearfully and wonderfully like each other. They present the same rosy complexions and straw-colored mustachios, the same plump cheeks, vacant eyes, and low foreheads, and they utter, with the same stolid gravity, the same imbecile small-talk. On sofas facing each other sit the two remaining guests who have not joined the elders at the card table in another room. They are both men. One of them is drowsy and middle-aged—happy in the possession of large landed property; happier still in a capacity for drinking Mr. Wyvil's famous port-wine without gouty results.

The other gentleman—ah! who is the other? He is the confidential adviser and bosom-friend of every young lady in the house. Is it necessary to name the Reverend Miles Mirabel?

There he sits enthroned, with room for a fair admirer on either side of him, the clerical sultan of a platonic harem. His persuasive ministry is felt as well as heard: he has an innocent habit of fondling young persons. One of his arms is even long enough to embrace the circumference of Miss Plym, while the other clasps the rigid ribbon waist of Francine. "I do it everywhere else," he says, innocently; "why not here?" Why not, indeed, with that delicate complexion and those beautiful blue eyes; with the glorious golden hair that rests on his shoulders, and the glossy beard that flows over his breast? Familiarities forbidden to mere men become privileges and condescensions when an angel enters society—and more especially when that angel has enough of mortality in him to be amusing. Mr. Mirabel, on his social side, is an irresistible companion. He is cheerfulness itself; he takes a favorable view of everything; his sweet temper never differs with anybody. "In my humble way," he confesses, "I like to make the world about me brighter." Laughter (harmlessly produced, observe) is the element in which he lives and breathes. Miss Darnaway's serious face puts him out; he has laid a bet with Emily—not in money, not even in gloves, only in flowers—that he will make Miss Darnaway laugh, and he has won the wager. Emily's flowers are in his button-hole, peeping through the curly interstices of his beard. "Must you leave me?" he asks, tenderly, when there is a dancing man at liberty, and it is Francine's turn to claim him. She leaves her seat not very willingly. For a while the place is vacant; Miss Plym seizes the opportunity of consulting the ladies' bosom-friend.

"Dear Mr. Mirabel, do tell me what you think of Miss De Sor."

Dear Mr. Mirabel bursts into enthusiasm, and makes a charming reply. His large experience of young ladies warns him that they will tell each other what he thinks of them, when they retire for the night; and he is careful, on these occasions, to say something that will bear repetition.

"I see in Miss De Sor," he declares, "the resolution of a man, tempered by the sweetness of a woman. When that interesting creature marries, her husband will be—shall I use the vulgar word?—hen-pecked. Dear Miss Plym, he will enjoy it; and he will be quite right too; and, if I am asked to the wedding, I shall say, with heart-felt sincerity, Enviable man!"

In the height of her admiration of Mr. Mirabel's wonderful eye for character, Miss Plym is called away to the piano. Cecilia succeeds to her friend's place, and has her waist taken in charge as a matter of course.

"How do you like Miss Plym?" she asks, directly.

Mr. Mirabel smiles, and shows the prettiest little pearly teeth. "I was just thinking of her," he confesses, pleasantly. "Miss Plym is so nice and plump, so comforting and domestic—such a perfect clergyman's daughter. You love her, don't you? Is she engaged to be married? In that case—between ourselves, dear Miss Wyvil, a clergyman is obliged to be cautious—I may own that I love her too."

Delicious titillations of flattered self-esteem betray themselves in Cecilia's lovely complexion. She is the chosen confidante of this irresistible man; and she would like to express her sense of obligation. But Mr. Mirabel is a master in the art of putting the right words in the right places; and simple Cecilia distrusts herself and her grammar.

At that moment of embarrassment a friend leaves the dance, and helps Cecilia out of the difficulty.

Emily approaches the sofa-throne, breathless, followed by her partner, entreating her to give him "one turn more." She is not to be tempted; she means to rest. Cecilia sees an act of mercy, suggested by the presence of the disengaged young man. She seizes his arm, and hurries him off to poor Miss Darnaway—sitting forlorn in a corner, and thinking of the nursery at home.

In the mean while a circumstance occurs. Mr. Mirabel's all-embracing arm shows itself in a new character when Emily sits by his side.

It becomes for the first time an irresolute arm. It advances a little, and hesitates. Emily at once administers an unexpected check; she insists on preserving a free waist, in her own outspoken language. "No, Mr. Mirabel; keep that for the others. You can't imagine how ridiculous you and your young ladies look, and how absurdly unaware of it you all seem to be." For the first time in his life the reverend and ready-witted man of the world is at a loss for an answer. Why?

For this simple reason. He too has felt the magnetic attraction of the irresistible little creature whom every one likes. Mrs. Ellmother has been doubly defeated. She has failed to keep them apart, and her unexplained misgivings have not been justified by events. Emily and Mr. Mirabel are good friends already. The brilliant clergyman is poor; his interests in life point to a marriage for money; he has fascinated the heiresses of two rich fathers, Mr. Wyvil and Mr. De Sor; and yet he is conscious of an influence (an alien influence, without a balance at its banker's) which has in some mysterious way got between him and his interests.

On Emily's side the attraction felt is of another nature altogether. Among the merry young people at Monksmoor she is her old happy self again, and she finds in Mr. Mirabel the most agreeable and amusing man whom she has ever met. After those dismal night watches by the bed of her dying aunt, and the dreary weeks of solitude that followed, to live in this new world of luxury and gayety is like escaping from the darkness of night, and basking in the full brightness of day. Cecilia declares that she looks once more like the joyous queen of the bedroom in the by-gone time at school, and Francine (profaning Shakespeare without knowing it) says, "Emily is herself again."

"Now that your arm is in its right place, reverend sir," she gayly resumes, "I may admit that there are exceptions to all rules. My waist is at your disposal in a case of necessity—that is to say, in a case of waltzing."

"The one case of all others," Mirabel answers, with the engaging frankness that has won him so many friends, "which can never happen in my unhappy experience. Waltzing, I blush to own it, means picking me up off the floor, and putting smelling salts to my nostrils. In other words, dear Miss Emily, it is the room that waltzes—not I. I can't look at those whirling couples there with a steady head. Even the exquisite figure of our young hostess, when it describes flying circles, turns me giddy."

Hearing this allusion to Cecilia, Emily drops to the level of the other girls. She, too, pays her homage to the Pope of private life. "You promised me your unbiased opinion of Cecilia," she reminds him; "and you haven't given it yet."

The ladies' friend gently remonstrates. "Miss Wyvil's beauty dazzles me. How can I give an unbiased opinion? Besides, I am not thinking of her; I can only think of you."

Emily lifts her eyes, half merrily, half tenderly, and looks at him over the top of her fan. It is her first effort at flirtation. She is eager to engage in the most interesting of all games to a girl—the game which plays at making love. What had Cecilia told her, in those bedroom gossipings, dear to the hearts of the two friends? Cecilia has whispered, "Mr. Mirabel admires your figure; he calls you 'the Venus of Milo, in a state of perfect abridgment.'" Where is the daughter of Eve who would not have been flattered by that pretty compliment—who would not have talked soft nonsense in return? "You can only think of me," Emily repeats, coquettishly. "Have you said that to the last young lady who occupied my place, and will you say it again to the next who follows me?"

"Not to one of them. Mere compliments are for the others, not for you."

"What is for me, Mr. Mirabel?"

"What I have just offered to you—a confession of the truth."

Emily is startled by the tone in which he replies. He seems to be in earnest; not a vestige is left of the easy gayety of his manner. His face shows an expression of anxiety which she has never seen in it yet. "Do you believe me?" he asks, in a whisper.

She tries to change the subject. "When am I to hear you preach, Mr. Mirabel?"

He persists. "When you believe me," he says.

His eyes add an emphasis to that reply which is not to be mistaken. Emily turns away from him, and notices Francine. She has left the dance, and is looking with marked attention at Emily and Mirabel. "I want to speak to you," she says, and beckons impatiently to Emily.

Mirabel whispers, "Don't go!"

Emily rises, nevertheless, ready to avail herself of the first excuse for leaving him. Francine meets her half way, and takes her roughly by the arm.

"What is it?" Emily asks.

"Suppose you leave off flirting with Mr. Mirabel, and make yourself of some use."

"In what way?"

"Use your eyes—and look at that girl."

She points disdainfully to innocent Miss Plym. The rector's daughter possesses all the virtues, with one exception—the virtue of having an ear for music. When she sings she is out of tune, and when she plays, she murders time.

"Who can dance to such music as that?" says Francine. "Finish the waltz for her."

Emily naturally hesitates. "How can I take her place unless she asks me?"

Francine laughs scornfully. "Say at once you want to go back to Mr. Mirabel!"

"Do you think I should have got up when you beckoned to me," Emily sharply rejoins, "if I had not wanted to get away from Mr. Mirabel?"

Instead of resenting this sharp retort, Francine suddenly breaks into good humor. "Come along, you little spitfire; I'll manage it for you."

She leads Emily to the piano, and stops Miss Plym without a word of apology. "It's your turn to dance now. Here's Miss Brown waiting to relieve you."

Cecilia has not been unobservant, in her own quiet way, of what has been going on. Waiting until Francine and Miss Plym are out of hearing, she bends over Emily and says, "My dear, I really do think Francine is in love with Mr. Mirabel."

"After having only been a week in the same house with him!" Emily exclaims.

"At any rate," says Cecilia, more smartly than usual, "she is jealous of you."

CHAPTER XXXIX.
PREACHING.

The next morning Mr. Mirabel took two members of the circle at Monksmoor by surprise. One of them was Emily, and one of them was the master of the house.

Seeing Emily alone in the garden before breakfast, he left his room and joined her. "Let me say one word," he pleaded, "before we go in to breakfast. I am grieved to think that I was so unfortunate as to offend you last night."

Emily's look of astonishment answered for her before she could speak. "What can I have said or done," she asked, "to make you think that?"

"Now I breathe again!" he cried, with the boyish gayety of manner which was one of the secrets of his popularity among women. "I really fell into the mistake quite naturally. It is a terrible confession for a clergyman to make, but it is not the less true that I am one of the most indiscreet men living. It is my rock ahead in life that I say the first thing which comes uppermost without stopping to think. Being well aware of my own defects, I naturally distrust myself."

"Even in the pulpit?" Emily inquired.

He laughed with the readiest appreciation of the satire, although it was directed against himself.

"I like that question," he said; "it tells me we are as good friends again as ever. The fact is, the sight of the congregation, when I get into the pulpit, has the same effect upon me that the sight of the foot-lights has on an actor. All oratory (though my clerical brethren are shy of confessing it) is acting—without the scenery and the costumes. Did you really mean it last night when you said you would like to hear me preach?"

"Indeed I did."

"How very kind of you. I don't think myself the sermon is worth the sacrifice. (There is another specimen of my indiscreet way of talking.) What I mean is that you will have to get up early on Sunday morning, and drive twelve miles to the damp and dismal little village in which I officiate for a man with a rich wife who likes the climate of Italy. My congregation works in the fields all the week, and naturally enough goes to sleep in church on Sunday. I have had to counteract that. Not by preaching. I wouldn't puzzle the poor people with my eloquence for the world. No, no; I tell them little stories out of the Bible, in a nice, easy, gossiping way. A quarter of an hour is my limit of time; and, I am proud to say, some of them (mostly the women) do to a certain extent keep awake. If you and the other ladies decide to honor me, it is needless to say you shall have one of my grand efforts. What will be the effect on my unfortunate flock remains to be seen. I will have the church brushed up, and luncheon of course at the parsonage. Beans, bacon, and beer—I haven't got anything else in the house. Are you rich? I hope not."

"I suspect I am quite as poor as you are, Mr. Mirabel."

"I am delighted to hear it. (More of my indiscretion.) Our poverty is another bond between us."

Before he could enlarge on this text the breakfast bell rang.

He gave Emily his arm, quite satisfied with the result of the morning's talk. In speaking seriously to her on the previous night, he had committed the mistake of speaking too soon. To amend this false step, and to recover his position in Emily's estimation, had been his object in view—and it had been successfully accomplished. At the breakfast table that morning the companionable clergyman was more amusing than ever.

The meal being over, the company dispersed as usual, with the one exception of Mirabel. Without any apparent reason, he kept his place at the table. Mr. Wyvil, the most courteous and considerate of men, felt it an attention due to his guest not to leave the room first. All that he could venture to do was to give a little hint. "Have you any plans for the morning?" he asked.

"I have a plan that depends entirely on yourself," Mirabel answered; "and I am afraid of being as indiscreet as usual, if I mention it. Your charming daughter tells me you play on the violin."

Modest Mr. Wyvil looked confused. "I hope you have not been annoyed," he said; "I practice in a distant room so that nobody may hear me."

"My dear sir, I am eager to hear you! Music is my passion, and the violin is my favorite instrument."

Mr. Wyvil led the way to his room, positively blushing with pleasure. Since the death of his wife he had been sadly in want of a little encouragement. His daughters and his friends were careful—over-careful, as he thought—of intruding on him in his hours of practice. And, sad to say, his daughters and his friends were, from a musical point of view, perfectly right.

Literature has hardly paid sufficient attention to a social phenomenon of a singularly perplexing kind. We hear enough, and more than enough, of persons who successfully cultivate the arts, of the remarkable manner in which fitness for their vocation shows itself in early life, of the obstacles which family prejudice places in their way, and of the unremitting devotion which has led to the achievement of glorious results.

But how many writers have noticed those other incomprehensible persons, members of families innocent for generations past of practicing art, or caring for art, who have notwithstanding displayed from their earliest years the irresistible desire to cultivate poetry, painting, or music; who have surmounted obstacles and endured disappointments in the single-hearted resolution to devote their lives to an intellectual pursuit, being absolutely without the capacity which proves the vocation and justifies the sacrifice? Here is Nature, "unerring Nature," presented in flat contradiction with herself. Here are men bent on performing feats of running, without having legs; and women, hopelessly barren, living in constant expectation of large families to the end of their days! The musician is not to be found more completely deprived than Mr. Wyvil of natural capacity for playing on an instrument—and for twenty years past it had been the pride and delight of his heart to let no day of his life go by without practicing on the violin.

"I am sure I must be tiring you," he said, politely, after having played without mercy for an hour and more.

No: the insatiable amateur had his own purpose to gain, and was not exhausted yet. Mr. Wyvil got up to look for some more music. In that interval desultory conversation naturally took place. Mirabel contrived to give it the necessary direction—the direction of Emily.

"The most delightful girl I have met with for

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1402.

"many a long year past," Mr Wyvil declared, warmly. "I don't wonder at my daughter being so fond of her. She leads a solitary life at home, poor thing; and I am honestly glad to see her spirits reviving in my house."

"An only child?" Mirabel asked.

In the necessary explanations that followed, Emily's isolated position in the world was revealed in few words. But one more discovery—the most important of all—remained to be made. Had she used a figure of speech in saying that she was as poor as Mirabel himself, or had she told him the shocking truth? He put the question with perfect delicacy, but with unerring directness as well.

Mr Wyvil, quoting his daughter's authority, described Emily's income as falling short even of two hundred a year. Having made that disheartening reply, he opened another music-book. "You know this sonata, of course?" he said. The next moment the violin was under his chin, and the performance began.

While Mirabel was, to all appearance, listening with the utmost attention, he was actually endeavoring to reconcile himself to a serious sacrifice of his own inclinations. If he remained much longer in the same house with Emily, the impression that she had produced on him would be certainly strengthened, and he would be guilty of the folly of making an offer of marriage to a woman who was as poor as himself. The one remedy that could be trusted to preserve him from such infatuation as this was absence. At the end of the week he had arranged to return to Vale Regis for his Sunday duty, engaging to join his friends again at Monksmoor on the Monday following. That rash promise, there could be no further doubt about it, must not be fulfilled.

He had arrived at this resolution when the terrible activity of Mr Wyvil's bow was suspended by the appearance of a third person in the room.

Cecilia's maid was charged with a neat little three-cornered note from her young lady to be presented to her master. Wondering why his daughter should write to him, Mr Wyvil opened the note, and was informed of Cecilia's motives in these words:

"DEAREST PAPA,—I hear Mr. Mirabel is with you, and as this is a secret, I must write. Emily has received a very strange letter this morning, which puzzles her and alarms me. When you are quite at liberty, we shall be so much obliged if you will tell us how Emily ought to answer it."

Mr Wyvil stopped Mirabel on the point of trying to escape from the music. "A little domestic matter to attend to," he said. "But we will finish the sonata first."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LYNCH LAW.

THE summary disposal of alleged criminals by volunteer judges and executioners is a practice more known in the United States than in any other land, and is sometimes referred to as an American "institution." But its name is very generally derived from one JAMES FITZSTEPHEN LYNCH, whilom Mayor of Galway, Ireland, who hung from his own window, with his own hands, the body of his son, guilty of robbery and murder, whom the legal processes of the time had failed to reach. The legend, if it be at all credible, shows that it was a Irishman in Ireland who set the example which so many Americans have since followed. Lynch law has a curious history in the United States, which shows that it has not always, or necessarily, served bad ends, though it is essentially fit for circumstances that happily can but rarely happen, and even these tend to disappear pretty rapidly. The most noted instances of its application occurred in California between the years 1849 and 1856, and these have probably given tone to the general opinion of it more than any others. Yet so far as the facts are known from trustworthy sources, that opinion is much mistaken, for the vigilance committees of San Francisco, Sacramento, and Marysville, in California, possessed about all the virtues that Lynch-law can have, and none of its vices, except the single and unavoidable one of illegality. They were made up of responsible and peaceable citizens; the great body of them men of property and repute; they were known where the work was done, and as they could at one time have been called to account, had public sentiment permitted, they could not be called irresponsible. They had a comparatively permanent organization; they made their arrests and held their trials and inflicted their penalties openly, and the survivors of them are still known and respected in the place where they enacted their extraordinary parts. These committees were, in fact, simply unions of citizens to protect life and property and public order where the regular and official means for that end had failed. They hanged not more than a score of desperadoes, deported perhaps five times as many, and frightened away many more; but their known determination, steadiness, coolness, and rapidity of action made them irresistible.

These are not, however, fair examples of Lynch-law administration as it has been known in the United States, or as it is from time to time known now. The curious situation which gave rise to them has never occurred elsewhere. Lynch-law has generally been a gross violation not only of the forms but of the purposes of law. In a few instances, in the mining camps, or among the scattered settlements of the frontier where there is little law and less police force, mob justice has a wild sort of excuse for existence. But these are now, and have for years been, very rare instances, and even in these it is probable that it protects property in horseflesh much more adequately than it does other property or human life. In general, as now known, it is only the outbreak of passion, with no guide to its cruel course, quite as likely to destroy the innocent as the guilty, and wholly needless. There are very few places in this country at the present moment where the courts and the Executive, sustained by public sentiment, can not be relied on to secure more justice, and more quickly and surely, than can the mob. Usually lynching nowadays is done in a way which shows the practical efficiency of the real law by the fear of it manifested by the lynchers. They assemble in secret, they disguise themselves with masks and grotesque clothing, they make their assaults by night, and hurriedly hang or shoot or flog their victim, and then disperse. In the main their conduct is as cowardly and cruel as it is unjust and opposed to the real interests of law and order in the community. But their judgments, once reached and carried out, are irrevocable. The life they have taken in anger can not be given back, though they may learn that they were in error. Such action, in this country and in these times, is revolting to all sense of fairness and decency, to all respect for human life and human rights.

Obviously it is an evil which tends to steadily disappear, because it is at war with civilization and the spirit of organized and orderly society. It is a rude survival of the time when each man was the defender and to a great extent the judge of his own rights, and when there was no recognized standard of common rights, and no adequate means of enforcing such a standard. It is a curious fact that such survivals in the midst or on the outskirts of organized society are frequently more savage than was the life from which they sprang in the past. It seems that when the conventional bonds which hold the passions of men who live together in restraint once give way, these passions burst out with an explosive force. And this fact undoubtedly increases the obligation of sober and right-minded men in communities where such outbursts are liable to occur—an obligation that is generally only dimly recognized, especially in the South and West of the United States. It rests on the fact, which is the basis of all orderly society, that no man can safely be the judge of the rights of another, unless clothed with authority delegated by his fellow-citizens, and exercised with responsibility for its use. The rash zeal for justice which leads men to take the law in their own hands would be an effective and powerful influence if rightly exerted, in the support of proper authority, and holding to account those to whom such authority is intrusted.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE interest of the Academy Exhibition this year is suggestive rather than intrinsic; and, in the first place, no one familiar with the history of our American Salon will deny that, to a certain extent, what has been said of the Paris Salon—namely, that a young man who has not entered one of the three ateliers of the Beaux Arts presided over by the three government delegates, GÉRÔME, CABANEL, and LEHMANN, has no chance of honor—finds a parallel here. The hanging committee, in other words, look out for themselves and their friends, and in the present instance they seem to have cared little for chromatic or pictorial grouping or balancing. Though the display contains no picture of commanding importance, there are at least four highly significant works—that of Mr. ULRICH, which, together with Mr MOELLER'S, indicates the rise of a new school of *genre* whose literary aims are as realistic as ZOLA'S, and whose artistic aims are large; that of Mr WINSLOW HOMER, which shows that because a man is an Academician his condition is not necessarily hopeless; that of Mr F. D MILLET, which represents a desire on the part of a few promising brave men to select and conquer the greatest possible technical difficulties; that of Mr. THOMAS ALLEN, Jun., which stands as the exponent of the simplest, frankest, and most pictorial treatment of the "landscape with cattle" known to this continent has witnessed; and that of Mr F. S. CHURCH—the "Aurora"—which, thin and ill-drawn as yet, is charged with strange hints of a passionate fantasy.

The nature and the number of the contributions of members of the Society of American Artists, taken in connection with the fact that the once obnoxious organization will this year hold its annual exhibition within the precincts of the Academy itself, serve to obliterate the last practical distinction between the aims of the two institutions; and Mr WALTER SHIRLAW, who a few years ago declined to accept an election as Associate of the Academy, seems, in the light of present events, to have needlessly relinquished the honor.

The old-time smirk-smoothness of American painting, which used occasionally to make one wish for the example of a RIBOT, who, in his garret at night, by candle-light, would paint hard contrasts of black and white without reflections, has somewhat diminished; and the new-timers, not all of them yet out of the amateur stage, where the painter is almost sure to think less of true art than of pretty and cheap substitutes for it, are coming into respect for the excellence of study and reflection, and of technical skill in the service of delicacies of sentiment and taste. Less of the eruptive and aggressive, more of the *lenis minimique pertinax*, in style, appears; and in the midst of much glacial commonplaceness, tolerable at all only because you can not always tell at first sight whether the inanity is due to inferiority of imagination or merely to inferiority of technique, one really does occasionally strike upon things almost as good as WYANT'S sunshiny landscape, which the painter has worked over and over until it is full of light.

SOME APPLICATIONS OF LAISSEZ-FAIRE.

WHEN Adam Smith published his *Wealth of Nations*, in 1776, it was supposed that the domestic policy of governments had been marked out for all succeeding time. Political economy had spoken its last and best word, and that word was *laissez-faire*. Writers of books wanted every barrier thrown down, so that, untrammelled by restraints, all men could pursue their own interests in their own way, in the belief that thereby they were best promoting the well-being of the people. "Love thy neighbor" was interpreted "Love thyself," and duty became easy. Fortunately practical men could never be induced to see things quite in this light, though they made numerous concessions to the spirit of individualism, and many of these were timely and well advised. The fruits of this movement appeared at first entirely good, and the two words "free competition" became in the minds of many a panacea for every ailment of social bodies. This no-policy has gone on, and overturned ancient usages and customs, the growth of centuries, until at last the cry for free competition between male and female labor is raised by agitators who little know what they ask.

But another side to free competition than the beneficent one began years ago to make itself felt. A purely economic example is furnished by the case of the English railways. Carefully compiled statistics have shown that the larger the number of competing lines, the higher the freight and passenger rates. And this is not strange, for it is manifest that two railways imply more capital, increased working expenses, and, *ceteris paribus*, higher charges, than one, if both are to earn dividends. Our own railway history furnishes instructive examples. Other instances of evil consequences resulting from the no-policy furnished by England—the classical territory of free competition—are the employment of very young children, sometimes fifteen hours a day, in overheated rooms, the demoralization of working women, the degradation of laboring-men, and the ruin of home life in one social class. Matters became so bad before 1850 that Robert Owen, himself a wealthy manufacturer, declared the white slavery of England worse than the black slavery of America—and he had witnessed both—while men like Thomas Hughes and Charles Kingsley proclaimed it impossible that such a state of things should continue, and started the English Christian Socialist movement.

In our own country the growth of corporations and grinding monopolies and the evil effects of gambling in stocks and provisions are so apparent that it now seems to some that *laissez-faire* is wholly bad, and people are at times inclined to forget how much of the marvellous progress of the age is due to the development of the spirit of individualism and free competition which it has brought about.

It must be recognized that the generalizations of political and social sciences are for the most part only relative truths, valid for certain times and given places. If any one rule of policy like *laissez-faire* were allowed to become all-controlling for a long time, it would lead to a collapse of the social body, and the establishment of a new social order on the ruins of the old. State enterprise must be met by private industry, while government regulations must hold self-interest in bounds.

Such considerations as these ought to be borne in mind in discussions concerning the salaries and earnings of sea-captains, pilots of steam-boats, engineers, and other persons connected with navigation, upon whose courage, skill, and fidelity the lives of thousands of human beings depend. Should those who desire a profit from the transportation of goods and passengers be allowed to manage their business without any interference? Before we can answer this question we have to ask ourselves several other questions. The first is, Are matters already in a satisfactory condition? If they are, interference is obviously unwise. "Let well enough alone" applies nowhere more forcibly than in the economic life of peoples. But if navigation is not satisfactory, is it possible for the public to remedy this in their individual capacity as private citizens? If not, then it is necessary that the public in its collective form—the state—should interfere. This is only self-help, and indeed a republican form of government knows no other kind of help. It is absurd to speak of the joint action of three or four men as self-help, and deny the name to the voluntary co-operation of a great free people.

Experience would seem to show that the ordinary citizen is unable to protect his life and property on the water. If there is no interference on the part of government, private companies, in their greed and short-sighted selfishness, too often employ incompetent men, because they are unwilling to pay sufficient salaries to attract superior men to their service. Then these employés are overworked, precisely because, weak and incompetent, they are not strong enough to resist their masters. Thus the danger is doubled, and the consequence is accidents which too often occur, particularly on our inland waters.

It is not practicable for the state to regulate the salaries paid to captains, engineers, and other steam-ship officials. The time has gone by for the kind of interference which establishes the salaries private employers shall pay their employés. It is not adapted to the age. But it is entirely in the spirit of the times, and directly in accord with the movement of national economic life, for the state to establish severe requirements for admission to positions of responsibility in navigation, and to see that private corporations enforce these requirements. This crowds out inferior men, and compels employers to pay salaries large enough to attract men of the requisite ability and attainments. It is also entirely in accord with the conditions of our economic and social life to limit by law the hours of men occupying responsible positions, and to provide for a requisite working force on railway and steam-ship lines.

We must apply the same principles to the much-debated problem of pilot rates established by law, and compulsory pilotage, both of which institutions are common to almost all civilized countries; though in many, as, for example, in the United States and Germany, a strong agitation for their abolition has set in. But the arguments in support of this agitation are based on the all-pervading mercantilism of the age, as President White calls it, while the universality of the rule of legal rates and compulsory pilotage is strongly in their favor. The true question is the welfare of the public—the *salus publica*. Is it safe to leave it to the discretion of owners and masters to employ pilots or not as they choose? Will not the stress of competition induce them to play at hazard with the lives of passengers? Our experience with railway corporations in matters of this kind is not re-assuring. Again, every one admits that pilots are at times required, and the regulations and laws governing pilotage must be such as to induce able and courageous men to become pilots. It requires an apprenticeship of some five years to become a pilot; the duties of the position are arduous and dangerous, and suitable men will not offer themselves for the service unless they receive some guarantee of permanent and remunerative employment.

But it is no doubt an anomaly, and perhaps it might be said an anachronism, to force one private man to employ another private man at a salary established by law. The only justification is the public nature of the service rendered, and this leads to the question, As the nature of the service is public, why should it not be performed by purely public officials? After all that has been said and admitted in favor of our pilots, it must be confessed that government employs men superior to our ordinary pilot at a salary less than the New York pilots admit they receive, viz., upward of $2500 per annum. In some German states pilots are state officers, and there seems to be no reason why state pilots on our waters should not perform services similar to our police on land, and protect the lives and property of the public. Salaries should be such as to attract a sufficient number of capable men to the service, which could be organized on a basis like the army and navy. Fees should be such as to render the service simply self-supporting, or, if it were thought that lower fees would increase our commerce, the expense might be made wholly or in part a public charge. This is manifestly as proper as to subsidize steam-ship lines, or to encourage industry by exempting manufacturing plant from taxation.

RICHARD T. ELY.

BROWN-STONE QUARRIES.

THE sandstone—or, as more commonly called, brown-stone—quarries in Portland, Connecticut, on the east bank of the Connecticut River, are about a mile and a half in length and more than half a mile in width. From the records of more than two hundred years old it is thought that they were worked as long ago as the latter part of the seventeenth century. The stones had a slight commercial value in 1665. In that year the town voted that "none but an inhabitant of it should dig the stones, and the price should be twelve pence per ton."

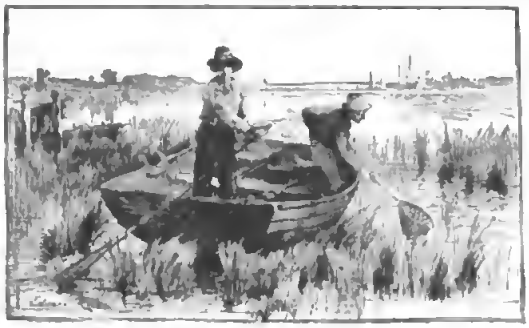
One of the quarries has been worked to the depth of two hundred feet, and a diamond drill sent down three hundred feet farther found no bottom to the stone. The core brought up by the drill has been preserved, and marked in sections. The quality of the stone is of the same general character as that above it.

The demand for the stone has greatly increased over what it was twenty-five years ago. About one thousand men are employed, and over one hundred yoke of oxen and seventy horses, and a score of steam-engines. During the busy season over fifty vessels and steamers are engaged in transporting the stone.

Until within a few years the laborers were nearly all Irishmen; but the Swedes have found their way there, and are now in the majority. They are reported as generally thrifty and reliable.

The stone in these quarries lies in strata of various thickness from one to fifteen feet. The inclination or "dip" is southerly. The joints or seams which cross these are not perpendicular, though nearly so. Their course is nearly north-east and southwest. They are intersected at right angles by others, and in some instances are over one hundred feet apart. Blocks can therefore be quarried of dimensions that dwarf the Egyptian Obelisk.

When a layer is cleared of rubbish and ready for working, the first thing is to loosen the mass by blasting. The drilling machine delivers its blows every second, yet it takes three or four days to bore a hole ten or twelve inches in diameter and twenty-two feet deep. To prevent the waste which would result if the explosive force were left without direction, science has been invoked. The powder, instead of being poured into the hole and tamped, as was done years ago, without thought of how it would shatter the rock, is now inclosed in cans that are square, prismatic, or semi-cylindric, and so placed that the cracks are made in the desired directions. The effect can be depended on with a good degree of certainty. When the smoke has cleared and the result is seen, a line is drawn, a deep groove cut in the upper surface, a row of wedges set close to each other, and the whole are driven with blows of equal force by strong arms and heavy sledges till the mass cracks in the line, and the block, now easily moved by crowbars, is ready to be hoisted to upper earth. It is then drawn by oxen to the scappling ground, marked and rough cut (scappled) to dimensions ready for the stone-cutter and builder, and shipped to its destination.



CRAB-FISHING.—Edward Moran, N.A.

A COUNTRY HOME.—R. Swain Gifford, N.A.

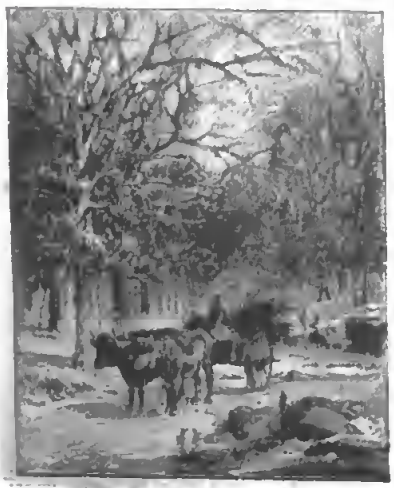
"PLEASE, MAY I HELP HIM?"—L. E. Wilmarth, N.A.

"GOOD-NIGHT!"—T. W. Wood, N.A.

THE KNITTING LESSON.—William Morgan, A.N.A.

THE WEDDING DRESS.—C. D. Weldon.

THE SUMMER MOON.—Henry A. Loop, N.A.



BOUGHS FOR CHRISTMAS.—James Hart, N.A.

ON THE MILL STREAM.—A. W. Dimmer, A.N.A.

A MORNING RIDE.—Arthur Parton, A.N.A.

THE NEW YORK NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—Selections from Illustrations in C. M. Kurtz's "Academy Notes for 1884."—[See Page 271.]

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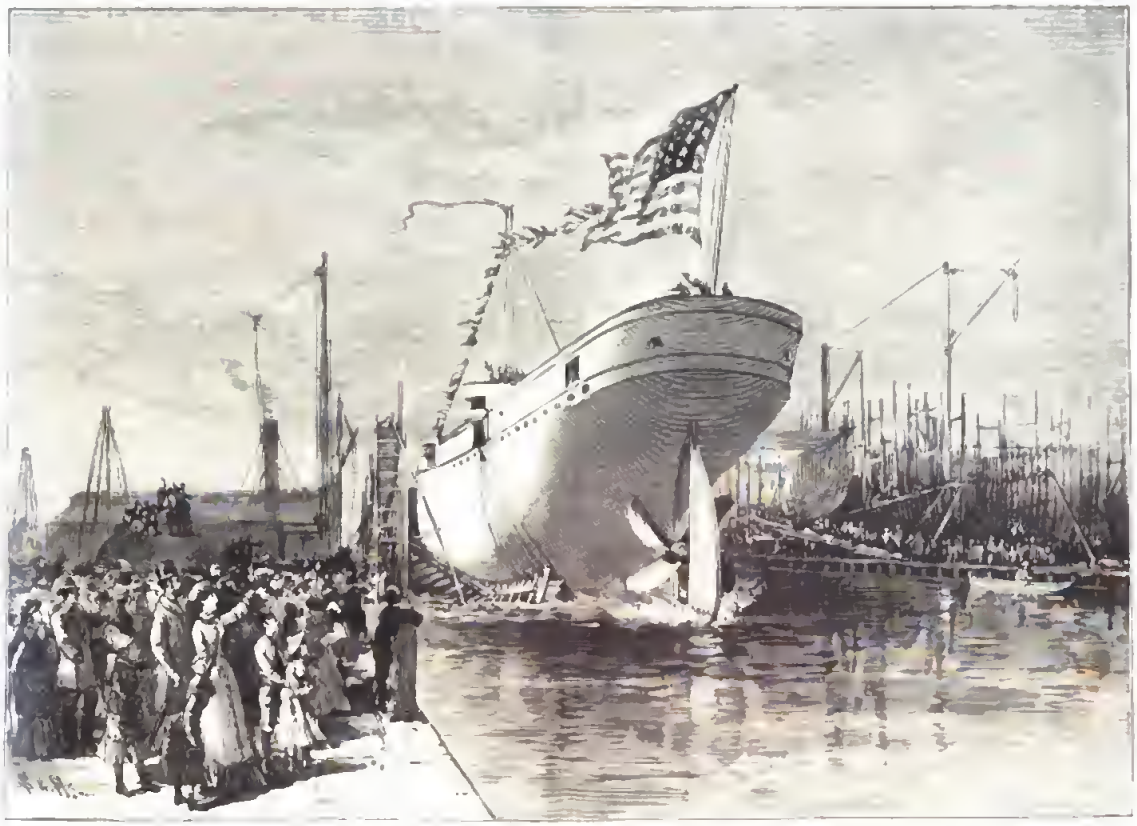

THE LAUNCH OF THE UNITED STATES DISPATCH-BOAT "DOLPHIN."—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 274.]

A BROWN-STONE QUARRY.—DRAWN BY CULVER BARBER.—[SEE PAGE 271.]

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THE DISPATCH-BOAT "DOLPHIN."

The fine vessel, the *avant-coureur* of our reconstructed navy, was successfully launched at Chester, Pennsylvania, on the 12th inst. She is 240 feet long at the water-line, with a slightly rounding, ram-shaped bow, and a beautifully modelled elliptical stern. Her length over all is 256 feet, with 32 feet beam. The bow is specially strengthened, and in cases of emergency could give a dangerous blow to an adversary. She will be rigged as a three-masted schooner, the spars will be light, and there will be no bowsprit or head-gear. As the *Dolphin* will depend upon steam for her propulsion, the sails will be simply auxiliary.

The *Dolphin* has upon her spar-deck neither poop, cabin, nor forecastle. There is a small house covering the cabin gangway, and others around the engine hatch and boiler hatch. The latter is surrounded by an iron bulwark four and a half feet high, which is double amidships to form a hammock netting. This part of the bulwark is bullet-proof, and at its extremities on each side is a tower seven feet high, constructed of steel plates one inch thick. These will contain Hotchkiss revolving cannon of 47 millimeters, of 1.9 inches calibre, which fire, per minute, from sixty to eighty rounds of shot weighing two and a half pounds, capable of piercing an unarmored ship at a range of 2000 yards. In addition to these there will be two short Gatling bullet guns mounted on the rail. The *Dolphin* will carry one six-inch breech-loading rifled gun with a shifting pivot, so that it can be used in a port on either side, situated just forward of the Hotchkiss gun tower.

This vessel will be used as a dispatch-boat for the purpose of rapid communication with different ports, or as the flag-ship of a squadron. She would also be well suited for service as a blockader, or against the commerce of a hostile power.

THE KING OF FLOOR-CLOTHS.

The new and artistic designs brought out this season in the patent "LINCRUSTA" floor-cloths will, no doubt, give this popular article an increased sale. It is the only floor covering combining in the highest degree the qualities essential to comfort, elegance, and economy. Inferior foreign imitations, by various names, are on the market, but the superiority of the American make is beyond controversy. The genuine cloth has the Walton Trade-Mark and word "LINCRUSTA" on the back of every square yard. All carpet dealers keep it.—[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

A RELIABLE ARTICLE.

Dr. E. CUTTER, Boston, Mass., says: "I found it to realize the expectations raised, and regard it as a reliable article."—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE

Promotes the Growth of the Hair, and renders it dark and glossy. It holds, in a liquid form, a large proportion of deodorized COCOANUT OIL, prepared expressly for this purpose. No other compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair.—[*Adv.*]

BRONCHITIS.—Sudden changes of the weather cause bronchial troubles. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" will give relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cts.—[*Adv.*]

If you suffer from looseness of the bowels, Angostura Bitters will surely cure you. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

CAKES WITHOUT EGGS.

In a little book just issued from the press of Messrs. Scribner & Welford, New York, a large number of practical, though novel, receipts are given for making cakes of various kinds, from the informal griddle-cake to the stately bride-cake, without eggs, by the use of the Royal Baking Powder. Experienced housekeepers inform us that this custom has already obtained large precedence over old-fashioned methods in economical kitchens, and that the product is frequently superior to that where eggs are used, and that less butter is also required for shortening purposes. The advantage is not alone in the saving effected, but in the avoidance of the trouble attendant upon securing fresh eggs and the annoyance of an occasional cake spoiled by the accidental introduction of an egg that has reached a little too nearly the incubatory period. The Royal Baking Powder also invariably insures perfectly light, sweet, and handsome cake, or, when used for griddle-cakes to be eaten hot, enables their production in the shortest possible space of time, and makes them most tender and delicious, as well as entirely wholesome. There is no other preparation like it.

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Our new Franklin Bat cannot be surpassed. Price $6.50. We are sole makers of the Regulation Ball adopted by the U. S. N. L. T. Association, April 8th, 1884. We send our New Catalogue, 176 pages, 2000 Illustrations of Games, Tricks, Gymnasium Goods, Base Ball, Tennis, Skates, New Novelties, and Holiday Presents, &c., by mail for 10 cents.
PECK & SNYDER, 124, 126, 128 Nassau St., N. Y.

A Great Conflagration

That sweeps away a whole city, starts from a flame so small that a glass of water would extinguish it. In like manner, the most painful and fatal maladies of the throat and lungs ordinarily develop from small beginnings, not difficult of cure if promptly treated with the proper remedy. But their progress is insidious and delay may be fatal. Colds and coughs lead to Laryngitis, Asthma, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, and Consumption. The only medicine certain to cure every bronchial and pulmonary affection not absolutely incurable is

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

During 40 years it has steadily grown in popular estimation, and is now a household reliance in many thousands of families. Parents whose lives were preserved by AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL when they were young, are now saving the lives of their children with it. Leading physicians extol its virtues and prescribe it in their practice. Intelligent druggists everywhere report noteworthy cures effected by it, within their personal knowledge.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
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1840. Physicians 1884. Highly Recommend It for Chapped Hands

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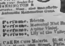

$2.50 and all Calibres, but sold at retail by the manufacturers, but by the Gun and Hardware trade, ask your dealer for them. Made by HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON, Worcester, Mass., also manufacturers of the celebrated Automatic Hammerless Guns.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
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RUPP'S CHILL CAKES Cure Malaria. $1.00 each. H. H. RUPP, 541 North 10th Street, Phila., Pa.

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ARE PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.

HIGHEST AWARD CENTENNIAL 1876.

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PROPOSALS FOR PURCHASE OF VESSELS.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, March 1, 1884.

In accordance with the provisions of the 5th section of the act of Congress making appropriations to supply deficiencies approved March 3, 1883, sealed proposals will be received at the Navy Department until noon on Saturday, May 3, 1884, at which time and place they will be opened, for the purchase of certain vessels which have been stricken from the Navy Register, under authority of an act of Congress approved August 5, 1882, and which it is deemed for the best interests of the United States to sell.

The vessels offered, their appraised value and their locality, are the Niagara, at Boston, Mass., $34,000; Florida, at New London, Conn., $60,100; Colorado $34,100, and Ticonderoga $[illegible], at New York; Supply $[illegible], at League Island, Penn.; Pawnee $6,200, at Port Royal, S. C.; Benicia $[illegible], and Cyane $12,000, at Mare Island, Cal.

Proposals must be submitted in a sealed envelope, addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C., and endorsed "proposals for the purchase of vessels," so as to distinguish them from other communications. No offer for more than one vessel should be included within one proposal.

The vessels will be sold, for cash, to the person or persons, or corporation or corporations, offering the highest prices therefor above the appraised value thereof. Each bid or proposal must be accompanied by a deposit in cash (or satisfactory certified check) of not less than ten per cent. of the amount of the offer or proposal, and also a bond with a penal sum equal to the whole amount of the offer, with two or more sureties, to be approved by the Secretary of the Navy, conditioned for the payment of the remaining ninety per cent. of the amount of such offer or proposal within thirty days from the date of its acceptance. In case default is made in the payment of the remaining ninety per cent., or any part thereof, within that time, said cash deposit of ten per cent. shall be considered as forfeited to the Government, and shall be applied as directed in the act of March 3, 1883. All deposits and bonds of bidders, whose proposals shall not be accepted, will be returned to them within seven days after the opening of the proposals.

On application to the Department a printed list will be furnished, giving general information concerning the vessels, also forms of bids and bonds which must be used by bidders. The vessels can be examined at any time by applying to the Commandants of the Navy Yards.

The purchasers must remove the vessels purchased from the limits of the Yard within such reasonable time as may be fixed by the Department.

WILLIAM E. CHANDLER,
Secretary of the Navy.

TOILET POWDER.
VELOUTINE FAY
invisible, impalpable, adherent.
SPECIAL RICE POWDER PREPARED WITH BISMUTH
by CHARLES FAY, Perfumer,
9, RUE DE LA PAIX, PARIS.
New York: Wholesale, 93 Grand Street.

DENTIFRICE LOTION AND POWDER.
Dr. PIERRE'S (of the Paris faculty of medicine)
Hygienical Preparations for the Teeth and the Mouth
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CRAZY PATCH WORK. FREE!

On receipt of 25 cents we will send you three months' subscription to our Illustrated Household and Fashion Monthly, and present each new subscriber with sample of imported silks assorted colors, for CRAZY PATCH WORK. For 50 cts. we will send the Monthly one year, and give you two large packages and the new book, The Ladies' Guide to Fancy Work. SPECIAL OFFER. As an inducement for you to send at once we will give [illegible] the first one hundred who [illegible]. Address
M. J. STOCKALT & CO., 125 Chambers St., N. Y.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

WANTED and FOR SALE. MAGIC LANTERNS. WONDERS. [illegible] Catalogue FREE. [illegible] Philadelphia, Pa.

TAKE NOTICE.
For 50c. (in stamps) 100 Elegant Scrap Pictures. No two alike. F. WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.

AN APPEAL FOR IMPROVED CATTLE CARS.

THE United States law to protect animals during transportation by rail provides that, when they are carried in cars in which they can be fed, watered, and have rest, its requirement that animals shall be unloaded every 28 hours, and then have a rest of 5 hours, shall not apply to animals in such cars. The law prevents starvation and too long confinement in cars on railroads by the Railroad Cos., and the existence and enforcement are of the first necessity while the common stock cars are used, but the reloading at the stopping-places is attended with much cruelty, it being naturally hard to get the poor creatures back into cars, where they have already so suffered, without blows, or worse.

To meet this want of an improved car, the American Humane Association offered a prize of five thousand dollars ($5000) for such a car in 1880, to stimulate the inventive ability of the country. One of its conditions was that the patents on the approved car should be given to the Association, that the car might be offered to the railroad companies by it free from charges of royalty.

But the owners of the best inventions decided not to compete for the prize, thinking that their cars would prove more valuable to them than the five thousand dollars. Accordingly, the prize could not be awarded. The offer, however, caused the construction of cars which meet the requirements of the law, and the Trustees of the fund take this way of making known the fact to Officers, Directors, and Stockholders of Railroad Companies, and to all Humane People whose hearts have been touched by the atrocities of this traffic.

Gold medals have been given to the persons and companies named below. The names are given in the order that the several cars were examined.

A. C. MATHER, Chicago, Illinois.
W. SPEARS HUBSON, Belleville, Canada.
J. M. LAWSON, Providence, Rhode Island.
MONTGOMERY PALACE CAR CO., New York City.
BURTON STOCK CAR CO., Boston, Massachusetts.
THOMAS CURRAN, Truro, Nova Scotia.
JOHN W. STREETER, Chicago, Illinois.

So long as the common car is used, the words of Senator McPherson of New Jersey will continue true: "I declare the live-stock traffic to be one long and uninterrupted line of suffering from the West to the East." The sanitary objections are also of the gravest character.

The great success of refrigerator cars is lessening the number of animals transported alive; but there must always remain such a traffic in them as to make the improved car a permanent necessity.

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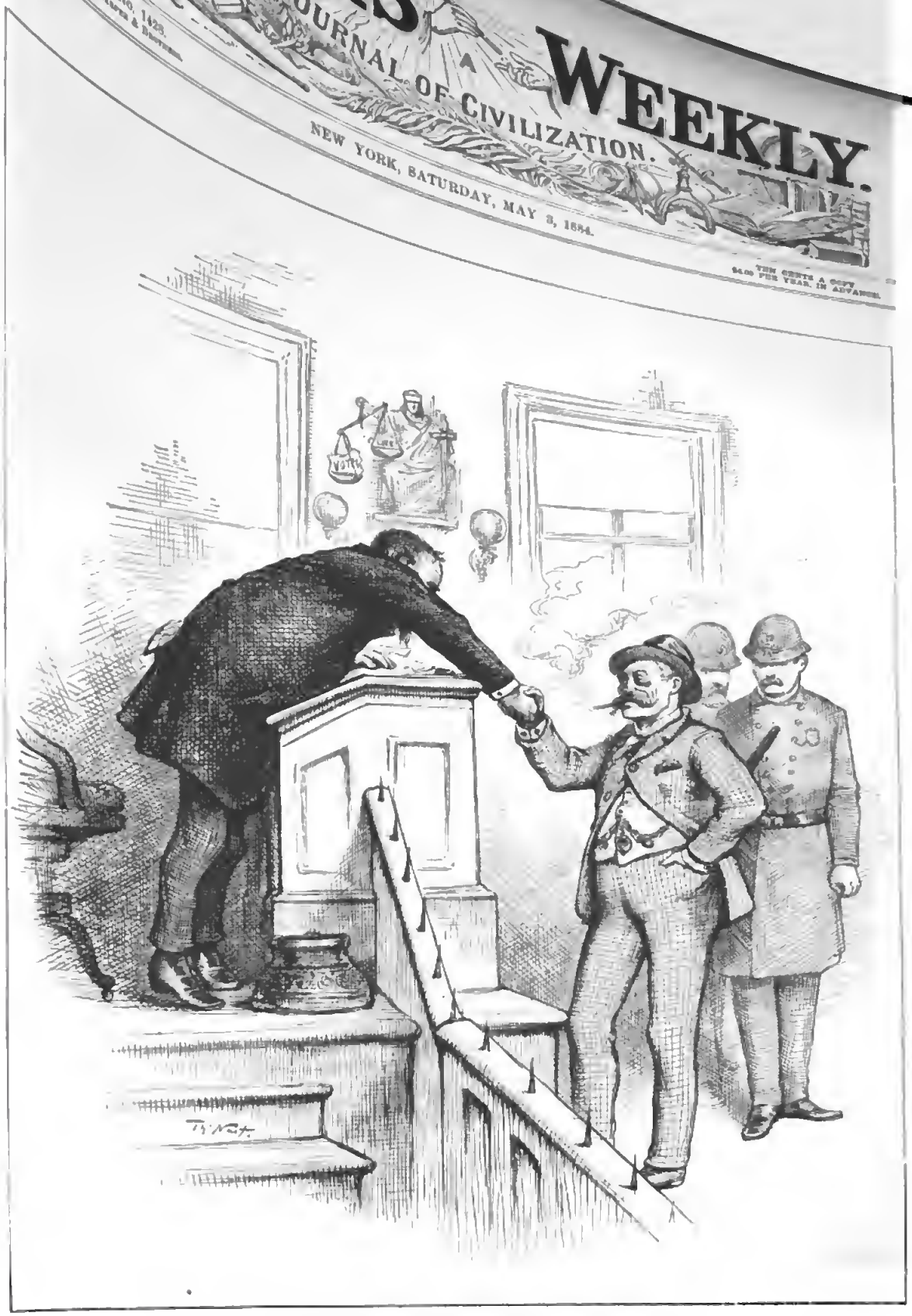

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1884

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THE NEW YORK CONVENTION.

NEW YORK sends four EDMUNDS delegates at large to Chicago. The Convention was heralded as largely for Mr. BLAINE, but the friends of Mr. EDMUNDS held the balance of power, and they used their advantage to the best result. We do not understand what is meant by the remark that the EDMUNDS men were captured by the ARTHUR men. If captured at all, it was only as John Phœnix held down his antagonist, by inserting his nose between his antagonist's teeth. The friends of Mr. ARTHUR desired to prevent the selection of a BLAINE delegation. This was impossible if they relied upon their own votes. They were obliged, therefore, to do what they could. They would have liked, of course, to divide the delegation with the friends of Mr EDMUNDS. But the latter declined, and the ARTHUR men supported the EDMUNDS delegates as a choice of evils. If this was a capture, may the friends of Mr. EDMUNDS be constantly captured?

The result was undoubtedly a great surprise to the friends of Mr BLAINE. But it will apprise them, although sharply, of the new force that has appeared in politics, and with a controlling influence. The four delegates at large are men who represent the regenerating impulse in the Republican party. They are men whose political activities and sympathies and whose personal character commend the party to its most intelligent members and to the country as a party deserving the heartiest confidence and support of every patriotic citizen. They are men of progress, firm and declared friends of reform in the civil service as already begun, and they favor its most strenuous prosecution. They support Mr EDMUNDS as the candidate who peculiarly represents this spirit and tendency, and whose proverbial and unbending rectitude gives principle and character to the canvass.

We regret sincerely the circumstances which seem to us to have arrayed many of the friends of the purer movement of the party against the candidacy of Mr. EDMUNDS. But the attempt to smirch Mr. EDMUNDS by calling him a mask of the President is unworthy of any one who professes an interest in better politics. If the friends of the President should pursue at Chicago the course that they did at Utica, and support Mr EDMUNDS, it would be due to the fact that they again preferred him to Mr. BLAINE. But it would be childish to assert that they had outwitted the friends of Mr EDMUNDS by taking the more agreeable horn of a dilemma. The unwise friends of Mr. BLAINE and the equally unwise opponents of the President, who seem to have formed a tacit combination, will perhaps try to discredit the EDMUNDS movement by representing it as supported by the old New York machine. But such an attempt would be fruitless in view of the fact that Messrs PLATT, JOHN F. SMYTH, LEWIS PAYN, and other chief and most objectionable leaders of that machine are hot for Mr. BLAINE, and that both General GRANT and Mr CONKLING are unfriendly to the President. The situation is summed up in the statement that the peculiarly independent, progressive, and reform element of the Republican party has made Mr. EDMUNDS its candidate, and that candidacy can not be injured by the fact that it divides with that of Mr. BLAINE the support of the old machine, which is not strong enough to sustain a candidate of its own.

THE NOMINATION

THE movement for the nomination of Mr. BLAINE at Chicago already divides the Republican party as dangerously as that for the nomination of General GRANT divided it in 1880. The Republicans who are urging his nomination can not be blind to the consequences should the nomination be made. They must see that it would be suicidal, because they know, as every Republican knows, multitudes of the most earnest and intelligent Republicans everywhere in the country who do not hesitate to say openly that they would not vote for him, while the secession of the great bulk of the independent voters would be assured, and the grounds of this resolute and plain spoken hostility are perfectly well known to the most ardent supporters of the BLAINE nomination.

To the deep and strong Republican protest against an action which must necessarily jeopardize the election it is childish to reply that the majority, should it prove to be such, does not propose to yield to the minority. It is far from clear, indeed, that the majority will desire the BLAINE nomination. But even in the event that it does so, what then? The great object is, not to obtain a nomination, but to secure an election. The fair and obvious probabilities of the election are as much to be regarded as the possibility of carrying the nomination. If a large body of Republicans declare that they could not support a certain nomination, it may be true that they take a ground which makes party organization and action impossible, and that they ought not as party men to refuse to accept the decision of the party majority. But it is equally true that without their votes success is impossible. There is no use in wasting time and breath in swearing at such impracticability. A nominating Convention should deal practically with the situation, and ask whether, if certain nominations are sure to convulse and divide the party and hazard the result, there are not other candidates who would heal all differences, and whom every man who would support the Republican nomination at all would willingly sustain.

The extreme danger of the BLAINE nomination would lie in the immediate and final alienation of independent Republicans and of Independents. This would be due to various causes, and among them to the fact that they hold Mr BLAINE to be a representative of those methods in politics which are one of the great evils to be corrected, and because he is wholly unknown to them as a friend of reform. His nomination would be accepted by them as the deliberate decision of the Republican party to make Mr BLAINE its representative man. This, in turn, would be regarded as an abandonment of reform and of purer politics, and it would unquestionably persuade a great many voters who have been always among the most strenuous and intelligent Republicans that the time had come to acquiesce in Republican defeat and disintegration in order to force a reconstruction of parties upon actual living issues. A nomination which would not have this significance would hold them fast in the party. Sincerely desirous as we are of continued Republican control of the government, we submit to those Republicans who are desirous of securing the nomination of Mr BLAINE that the first duty of Republicans is to select a candidate who does not stand for a violent and hopeless difference within the party, but whom every Republican and independent voter would willingly support, and who therefore would be elected.

THE FOUR YEARS' ACT.

MESSRS BARR, BISBEE, BOUTELLE, BOWEN, CABSON, CULBERTSON, ELLWOOD, FUNSTON, GEORGE, HASBROUCK, HEPBURN, LAIRD, LAWRENCE, MORRELL, NELSON, PERKINS, PETERS, PRICE, RAY of New Hampshire, ROWELL, RYAN, SMITH, STEELE, STRAIT, J. D. WHITE, J. S. WISE, and YORK are Republican Representatives in Congress who have done their best to throw doubt upon Republican success in the Presidential election of this year by opposing the repeal of the four years' tenure law. The Republican party has declared for reform, and is honestly enforcing it. If there were serious question of the disposition to continue and to enlarge the work, the reform vote, which is large and essential, would refuse to support the Republican candidates; and the gentlemen whose names we have recorded for remembrance and reference have endeavored by their votes to foster the conviction that the work would not be prosecuted in the event of Republican success.

The argument by which it was attempted to justify the vote was utterly futile and false. The repeal of the law would not provide a life tenure, as that term is understood, and for the simple reason that every office-holder would be removable precisely as he is now. The beneficial change produced by the repeal would lie in this, that removal would not be effected as it is now by the expiration of a fixed term, but could be accomplished only by direct action of the Executive authority, for which some proper reason must be assigned. The House has decided against all the great authorities of all parties, MADISON, JEFFERSON, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, WEBSTER, CALHOUN, BENTON, and against the emphatic official declaration that the law which was originally passed under the pretense of increasing the responsibility of certain accounting officers had not accomplished its purpose.

The vote was ninety-nine to one hundred and forty-six, and to their great honor it is to be said that about thirty Democrats supported the repeal against the twenty seven recreant Republicans who opposed it. The repeal is delayed only, not defeated. If Mr. BARR and the gentlemen who alphabetically follow him in opposition suppose that the country has changed its mind upon the subject, and desires to return to the spoils system from which it is emerging, they are profoundly mistaken. As it has approved the principle that no man should be appointed except upon reasonable proof of his fitness, so it demands that no man should be removed except for reasons of unfitness. The repeal of the four years' law is a logical and substantive part of the reform, and its friends will now press it only the more steadfastly.

A RELIC OF "BOSS RULE"

THE foolish practice of instructions to delegates has been generally although not universally abandoned by the conventions of this year. It is a practice which converts a representative with discretion into a mere instrument, and it is absurd, because local conventions may as well announce their will and their number of votes for candidates as send thirty or forty or fifty or seventy men to a distant city, at great expense and inconvenience, to do the very same thing.

If a body of voters in a convention prefer a particular candidate, they will naturally select a delegate who is in sympathy with their views. There is then no need of instructing him to vote as he wishes to vote. He represents the views of those who elect him, and those who elect him confide in his judgment to act upon the spot and under the circumstances, which they can not foresee, so as to secure the general object which they all have in view.

The action of the National Republican Convention of 1880 disposed of the unit rule, which is part of the offensive system. There is something exquisitely ludicrous in allowing a majority of the delegates from a State to annul the preferences of a minority from the same State, which, joined to the majority in another State, might exactly reverse the result. It is a folly of the same kind to allow the majority of a State or district convention to dictate the action of national delegates, and the general repudiation of this practice in New York is one of the signs of Republican good sense. The more completely all these tricks of boss and machine rule can be set aside, the more honest and healthy and efficient our political system will be.

REFORM IN THE CANVASS

THE New Jersey Republican Convention declared unequivocally for the reform of the civil service, and made the party position upon that subject still more definite. The Convention resolved "that the passage of the Federal Civil Service Act was a needed step toward the perfection of our system of government, and that the Civil Service Commission appointed under that act should be continued and encouraged, and its field of action enlarged, and that the principle should be extended to the several States." This is a very different deliverance from that of the Pennsylvania Democratic Convention, which amounted to saying that it was in favor of a proper civil service. It is very different also from the evasive and apologetic planks of reform in the Republican platforms a very few years ago. It is a hearty approval of a specific scheme of reform already in operation, and a demand that the scheme be strengthened and extended. That is the unmistakable party position, and the New Jersey Republicans deserve the thanks of Republicans everywhere.

Those who point to certain acts of the Administration and of Republicans everywhere as proofs that the party is not a consistent reform party are, so far, correct. It is not a party entirely consistent upon the subject, and the reason is obvious. The Republican party was not formed upon the issue of civil service reform, nor was the Democratic party. It is a question of administrative methods which has arisen during the supremacy of the Republicans, and while the issues upon which parties were formed, and upon which they have recently occupied a certain position, have in great part disappeared. The parties, however, owing to the abnormal situation, have remained organized, and in both parties the friends of reform have sought to graft the reform upon the party policy. In the generous rivalry the Republicans have been by far the more successful. There has naturally not been the same consistency of action that there would have been had the reform been an original issue of the party, like the non-extension of slavery into the Territories, but there has been a surprisingly rapid adjustment of party opinion and action to the reform.

This has been pleasantly evident in the conduct of the President, and the way in which some of the local politicians in the city of New York speak of him as having failed to "stand by the boys" should be very suggestive to the friends of reform. The Presi-

dent could easily have paralyzed the movement by appointing an unfriendly and unfit Commission, and by treating the whole subject in a purely perfunctory manner. Moreover, had he chosen to "stand by the boys," and to remove such leading officers as the Collector and Postmaster of New York, and to turn the whole service, as ANDREW JOHNSON did, into a bread and butter brigade, he would have been very much more cordially supported for renomination by the old machine in New York. He has indeed violated the spirit of reform in some astonishing instances, as in the removal of Mr. BURT from the Naval Office in New York. But his course, although inconsistent, has not been unfriendly, upon the whole, and has confirmed and strengthened the movement. We presume that no friend of reform would not much more readily trust the President to carry on the good work with more and more sympathy and consistency than Mr BLAINE, for the reason that we can see what the President has done and said, and also what he has not done, while nobody knows what Mr BLAINE's views upon the subject are, nor what his course would be. The direct or indirect support which is given to Mr. BLAINE, therefore, is unfriendly to reform.

DARK HORSES.

RUMORS of a plan "to spring" General GRANT upon the Republican Convention are in the air. But no such scheme is likely to be attempted. Certainly it would not be successful, and might lead to exceedingly disagreeable results in the Convention. It is unfair to a man whom, for his illustrious services in the war, every American respects, to suggest exposing him again to the chances of a nominating Convention, and to use his name as a cry of discord in a party which, above all things, needs in its councils harmony and good feeling.

The first and indispensable quality of a dark horse is that his name shall excite no hostility and awaken no old disputes, but be accepted at once as a harbinger of union and peace. The political significance of General GRANT's name, of course, is not of that kind, and it would be not an olive-branch but a firebrand in the Convention. He has been identified with the conflict in the party, in which the side with which he was identified was not successful, and unhappily, and despite the great service and the renown of another kind upon which all patriotic Americans are agreed, his name in a political Convention would be the mere war-cry of a faction.

This is so well understood that the rumor to which we have alluded may be safely dismissed. It points to a highly improbable action, and one of which the good sense of the Convention would summarily dispose, should it be undertaken. Dark horses are now scanned with a great deal of curiosity and care. The scrutiny will avail, doubtless, to bar out from the course any horse which runs in any other interest than his own. To be acceptable, his name, so far as it is known, must represent no "entangling alliances," but stand for honesty, principle, and progress. These are points in any promising dark horse which are discernible the moment that he appears, and any such horse without them would run at an immense disadvantage.

A NEW VIEW OF THE PYRAMIDS.

AN ingenious theory of the Pyramids has been recently advanced by Mr. F. COPE WHITEHOUSE, a distinguished American savant and explorer. In a late lecture before the New York Academy of Sciences Mr. WHITEHOUSE explained, with the aid of diagrams, photographs, and the lantern, the views which he first stated at the York meeting of the British Association in 1881.

The general theory is that the limestone hills which once filled the Nile Valley south and west of Cairo, that Mr. WHITEHOUSE has thoroughly explored, were "weathered into fantastic shapes, to which horizontal strata gave an artificial appearance and pyramidal summits. These rocks were mined like coal and salt. The inferior material was cut into blocks, lowered from above, and pushed into place to build the Pyramids."

We can not do more than mention this interesting and, upon the facts, plausible hypothesis. Mr. WHITEHOUSE rightly holds, as the *Critic* well says, that we ought not to impute folly without clear proof, and that we may safely assume the simplest methods for accomplishing great engineering works by the ancient Egyptians. Mr. WHITEHOUSE utterly rejects "the sepulchral theory," and it is pleasant to note that an American scholar now speaks upon the subject with authority.

DOUBTFUL FRIENDS.

THE Democratic papers are as friendly to Mr. BLAINE as they were to Mr. CONKLING a few years ago, and for the same reason. They represented Mr. CONKLING as by far the ablest statesman of the Republican party, a great leader, and an honest man, whom his party was stupidly deserting. The Democratic papers were, of course, exceedingly fond of the Republican party and anxious to promote its success, and yet there were cold-hearted skeptics who openly asserted that the Democrats wished the Republicans to cleave to Mr. CONKLING because of all Republicans he was the most repugnant to a large part of his party, and could be most easily beaten.

The pleasant mention of Mr. BLAINE is part of the same ostrich tactics. An article from the Utica *Herald*, stating that a campaign for Mr. BLAINE would not be a defensive campaign, is reprinted in Democratic papers with all the honors. They allege also that Mr. BLAINE could be elected as easily as Mr EDMUNDS, and that he is really the choice of the party. But the moment that Mr. BLAINE should be nominated these papers would blaze, not with political controversy, but with a personal debate that would necessarily force every supporter of Mr BLAINE upon the defensive, and which would not be based upon the ordinary "campaign charges."

It is useless to say that any candidate would be exposed to the same treatment. Would the warmest advocate of Mr. BLAINE's nomination seriously assert that Mr. EDMUNDS, or Mr. GRESHAM, or General HAWLEY, or Mr LINCOLN, for instance, would be so vulnerable a candidate, or, to put it in another way, that the Democratic press would not greatly prefer the nomination of Mr. BLAINE to that of any one of the gentlemen whom we have mentioned? The friendliness of the Democratic press for Mr. BLAINE is one of the most suspicious signs of the situation, and the advocates of his nomination must bear steadily in mind both that it is not opposed merely upon grounds of personal preference, and that under no circumstances could he be supported by the Independent vote. Indeed, our respect for Mr. BLAINE's political sagacity persuades us that no one is more fully aware than he of the risk to the party of his nomination.

THOMAS GOLD APPLETON.

No picture can recall to those who did not know him the sensitive expression of the face of Mr. APPLETON, whose portrait appears on page 280. He was in no sense a public man, except that his wise beneficence had made him one of the most noted citizens of Boston. But the wide circle of his friends were familiar in him with a genius which left no adequate fruit, and which was so subtle and charming that they could fitly change the name in the famous epitaph, and carve upon his tombstone, O rare TOM APPLETON!

The address at his funeral by the Rev. BROOKE HERFORD, although Mr. HERFORD had not long known him, was singularly felicitous in its clear and crisp portraiture of a man who devoted his life and genius and accomplishments and ample means to the cultivation of the beautiful side of life, as expressed in art and literature and society. His genius was elusive and enchanting. His mots were as good as those of any of the famous wits, and his sympathy kept his heart in a friendly mood toward much from which his conservative temperament held him practically aloof. He had the sturdy rectitude and honor of the gentleman, opening his liberal hand in secret, but effectively; and under the sometimes brusque manner there was a depth of sweet tenderness which was not always suspected by those whose acquaintance with him was slight.

He painted and wrote as an amateur, and neither book nor picture truly reveal, although to his friends they suggest, the man. It was in the sparkling, fresh, and original flow of his conversation that the teeming mind expressed itself. His talk was a constant play of heat lightning; a flash, a brilliancy, a force, which defied analysis, and refused to be recollected. Some of his sayings, however, are familiar, and many are full of deep and shrewd perception, and of poetic felicity. Such are his gay declaration that "America is a splendid exile for the Saxon race," meaning that it was cut off from its fond local traditions and associations, and that fine ejaculation as he watched a distant ship at Newport, "A ship with a thought in it goes round the world." Mr. APPLETON was born in Boston, and it was always his home. But he was often in Europe, and wherever he went he carried greater brilliancy to the most brilliant society, and was the finest example of the large-souled, true-hearted, and highly accomplished American, whom the friends who knew him well will always remember with fond affection.

PERSONAL.

"MY first introduction," said Mr MATTHEW ARNOLD to a friend while in this country, "to the poetry of WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was in this way. One day—I was a boy then—HARTLEY COLERIDGE rushed into my room with an open book, and pointing to a poem, sat down and read it to me. When he had finished, he remarked, 'That is the finest poem in modern English.' It was Mr. BRYANT's 'Ode to a Water Fowl.'"

—A well known New York landscape painter, who may be said—as COROT once said of himself—to see nothing, but to feel everything, makes the following general criticism on Mr HENRY IRVING: "He is usually so unnatural that when he is natural it electrifies you."

—A scientific man of prominence in this city, dressed in a Prince Albert coat, was entertaining a group of guests one night at his own house. One of them, similarly dressed, began to apologize for not having worn an evening suit. "Mrs. Blank," he explained, mentioning the host's wife, "assured me that the affair would be entirely informal." "Confound it!" angrily replied the scientific man, looking down at his own clothes; "that's just what she told me too."

—Above the desk of the literary editor of a leading New York journal is pasted the following: "The Just Rule of Criticism: 'The reputation of books is raised, not by their freedom from defect, but by the greatness of their beauties.'—*The Vicar of Wakefield*."

—Corporal TANNER has had a good many things said about him in the press, but never this—that he made the best speech of the evening at the recent banquet in aid of the Disabled Confederate Soldiers' Home.

—Miss ELLEN TERRY's impersonation of Beatrice bears a close resemblance to her impersonation of Portia, although the demands made upon these characters are in many respects diverse; but as Portia she manifests beyond all disputation that her best opportunities lie in the lighter realms of comedy and in pantomime. When, for instance, she wagers, "I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two," and jauntily places her hands upon her hips, the house comes down at once. So, also, at the end of the fourth act, when she says merrily to Bassanio, "Well, peace be with you," and tosses her right foot as if in a Knickerbocker waltz.

—It has been said of New York authors that until the establishment of The Authors' Club they were not in the habit of addressing one another by their surnames, as is the case in other civilized countries. They had no means of becoming mutually acquainted.

—A lawyer of this city, whose fine personality is prized by those who know it, was lighting his cigar the other evening after a comfortable little dinner with a friend. "My dear boy," he said, tossing the still burning match into the cuspidor, "ten years ago, in my college days, while bidding a young lady good-night at the front door of her father's house, I took the liberty of pulling out a cigar and asking her permission to light it. She promptly replied, in the kindest of her prettiest tones: 'The flavor is delightful. Would you mind puffing that cigar in the parlor a few times before you leave? I desire some proof that a man has been here, and it is the only evidence I have.'"

—Mr HARRISON PHOEBUS, the popular host of the Hygeia Hotel at Old Point Comfort, is a remarkable depositary of "darky" stories and folk lore. When asked by a friend how he had gained his intimate and accurate knowledge, he replied, "My little daughter once had a long illness, during which, for her amusement, I read to her every book on the subject I could find, and retailed to her every story I could get anybody to tell me, going over and over the ground till I knew them all by heart."

—Several New Yorkers, who live in a charming suburban resort, propose to assert themselves, their young wives, and some of their young wives' friends, one evening a fortnight, by establishing a club, whose members shall be limited to twenty five, and whose business shall be to create an opportunity, not for essay-reading or instructive conversation, but solely for terpsichorean festivities of a simple and modest sort, designed to combine in just proportion the advantages of mental rest and physical exercise. There is a growing feeling among New Yorkers whose homes are outside of the city that social stagnation is not therefore a necessity.

—The Rev Dr. NICHOLSON recently declined to give up the rectorship of St. Mark's Protestant Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, to become Bishop of Indiana, because he did not wish to abandon the earnest work he was engaged in. The results of that work can now be seen. Fifty-seven persons were confirmed at St. Mark's on Easter-eve, and on Easter-Sunday 760 communicants were present.

—Miss ALLEGRA EGGLESTON has made wood carving a specialty because she finds in the color and the texture of various kinds of wood opportunities for artistic expression which no other medium affords, and for which she has a lively sympathy. When, for instance, she carves in mahogany a figure of a man, woman, or child, historical, contemporaneous, or mythical—and it is for figure-work rather than for the usual conventionalized flower and leaf ornament that she cares—the results possess a quality which could have been obtained in no other way, and which, for that reason, give to the artist exquisite satisfaction.

—One of the most successful of American novelists was troubled by periodic attacks of insomnia so severe that life seemed not worth his living. He travelled to Europe, and got worse. He searched elsewhere for rest, but could not find it. Finally he built a house on the banks of Lake George, and at once got better. He resolved to live there the year round. He is all right now.

—In his historical sketch of English labor, Mr J. E. THOROLD ROGERS has difficulty in finding terms of hatred expressive enough in dealing with King HENRY VIII. "He was a monarch who ruled over his nobles like a king over Dahomey; the combination of a blood-thirsty tyrant and a thimble-rigger who can be admired only by a lover of paradoxes."

—Congressman O'HARA, the colored member from North Carolina, is a graduate of Harvard, and a lawyer by profession. He lives in good style, and has a white tutor for his four children.

—A German critic, Dr. PAUL, has ascertained that SHAKSPEARE displays a special fondness for King HENRY V., "for whom he feels the sympathy which springs from congenial natures. He regards him as a star of the first magnitude, shining calmly above the ups and downs of this troubled world."

—From a recently published letter by CHARLES LAMB: "As for conscience, she and I have long since come to a compromise. I have given up false modesty, and she allows me to abate a little of the true. . . . By the way, is magnesia good on these occasions? I have never studied grace. I regard it to be a mere superficial accomplishment. The great object after supper is to get home, and whether that is obtained in a horizontal position, or perpendicular (as foolish men and apes affect for dignity), I think is little to the purpose. The end is always greater than the means. I have just sense enough to remember I am very happy last night. N.B.—What is good for a desperate headache?"

—Twenty years ago MANSEL's *Limits of Religious Thought*, in which the author attempted to show that the nature of God is unknowable, created a good deal of interest and discussion. It now appears that the late Rev FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE, a great luminary of that day, disliked the book exceedingly. He thought (says his son) that it was injurious to Christianity to be continually arguing for its right to exist. Such an apology as Mr MANSEL's seemed to him the most utterly destructive assault upon Christianity that he could conceive, for it defended any amount of apparent injustice in God's dealings with men.

—SIMS REEVES was obliged to postpone a ballad concert at Chester, England, on account of the death of Prince LEOPOLD. Twenty-three years before he was announced to give, with JENNY LIND and others, a concert in that same hall. On the eve of the performance, ALBERT, the Prince Consort, died, but there was no postponement. The programme was modified, making it a "sacred" concert, and all the singers appeared dressed in mourning.

—The *Electrical Review*, of New York, has gained the editorship of Mr WILLIAM A. HOVEY, long and widely known in connection with the Boston *Transcript*, and as President of the Merchants' Electric Light and Power Company.

—Our esteemed contemporary the Philadelphia *North American* has passed into the hands of Mr WATSON R. SPERRY, formerly managing editor of the New York *Evening Post*, and more recently editor-in-chief of the Wilmington (Delaware) *Morning News*. Mr. SPERRY is a graduate of Yale, a reform Republican by conviction, and a trained journalist who knows news when he sees it, and who can comment upon it with force and judgment. We congratulate the readers of the *North American*.

—The Duke of Albany lived to be older than the majority of English princes. OCTAVIUS and ALFRED, sons of GEORGE III., died at the respective ages of four and two. Of ANNE's seventeen children only one survived infancy, and he died at the age of eleven. ANNE and her sister MARY were the only ones of the eight children of JAMES II., by his first wife, who lived through childhood. By his second wife JAMES II. had six children, and they all died in infancy except the Pretender and MARIA LOUISA, and the latter died at twenty. Of CHARLES I.'s eight children, six died young. Nor were the fates kinder in this respect to the TUDORS or the PLANTAGENETS than to the STUARTS.

—Mr WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP is not only a picturesque writer, but an artist, both practically and ideally. He can use his pencil with delightful skill, and some of his water-color sketches of Mexican life are full of the aroma of the reality. We are not surprised, therefore, to note that the London *Athenæum* reviews his *Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces* with enthusiasm to the extent of several columns, and that it gives an appropriate word of acknowledgment to "the liberal and, indeed, profuse supply of illustrations, which are all to the purpose." Mr. BISHOP, it thinks, "describes pleasantly and well," depicting "with equal skill not only the salient characteristics of life and manners, but also the natural features," and taking, meanwhile, "a comprehensive view of the traveller's duties. He has a shrewd and interesting analysis of the causes which underlie the actual condition, social and political, of Mexico." This is true. Anybody who is interested in that country, officially or personally, in a business way or for literary reasons, will find Mr. BISHOP's charming book a necessity.

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A POLISH TRADING POST IN NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY A. BERGHAUS.—[See Page 283.]

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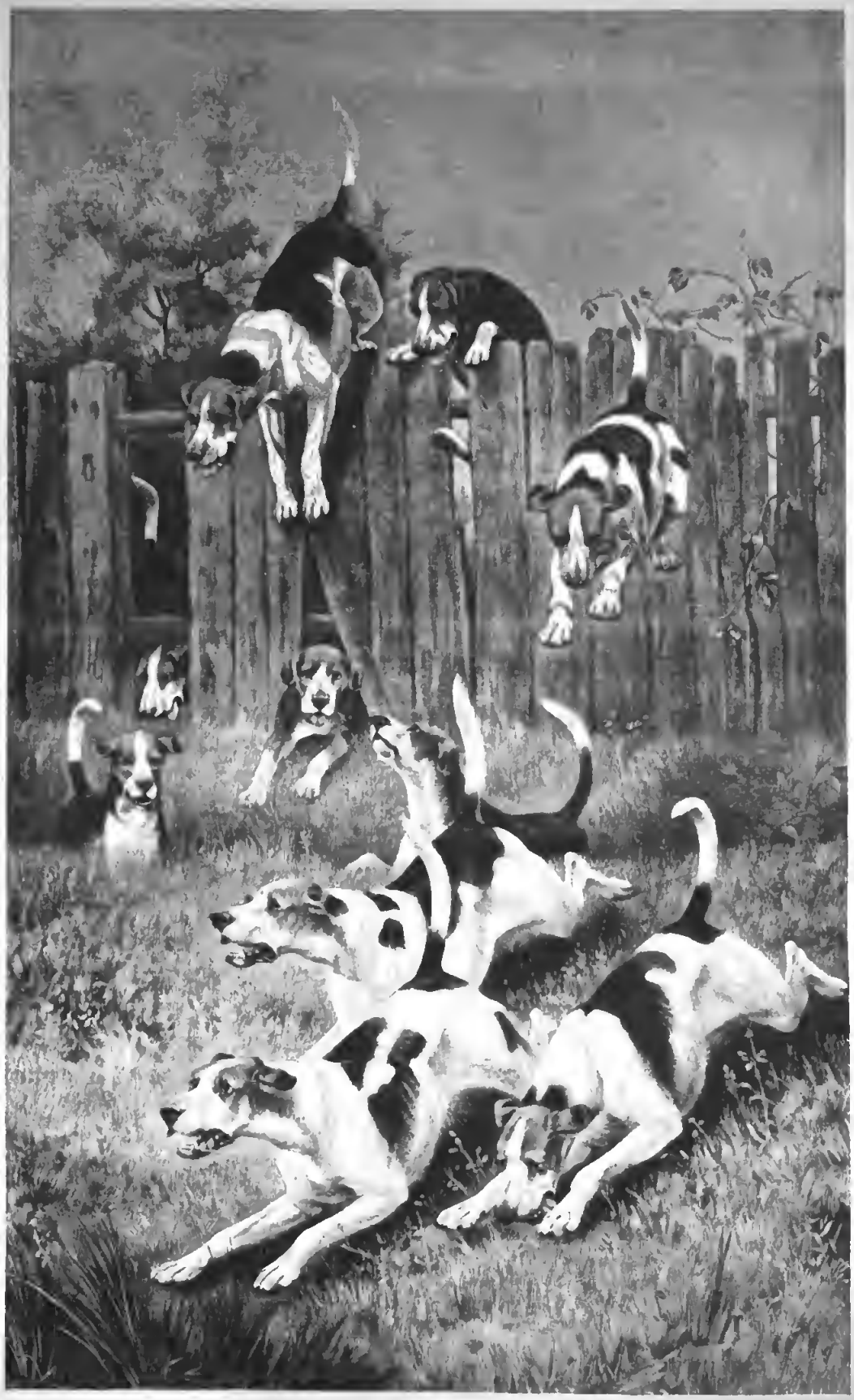

"HERE THEY COME!"—FROM THE PAINTING BY THOMAS BLINKS.

THE "ALERT'S" MISSION.

The Stars and Stripes are at the peak;
The south winds softly blow;
Determined men sail forth to seek
Brave men 'mid frost and snow.
Now that the dark, make all things true!
The pack, with deadly grip,
Awaits the prey with terrors grim—
God guide thy course, good ship!

Thy frame is firm as rock, and long
In England's forests grew;
Beneath, thine own proud heart beats strong,
And pants for conquests new
Now double-sheathe thine oaken beams;
Off every weakness strip;
Wake like a giant from thy dreams—
God gird thy strength, good ship!

Thy course is not to tropic seas,
Where thou hast bathed thy wings;
Forget the luxury of ease
That endless summer brings.
Awake! Remember Floeberg Beach,
The long night, chill and dark;
Think of the horrors thou didst reach—
God add new fame, good bark!

A glory such as oft we see
Humanity doth gain:
Then gather all thy might to thee,
To plough the ice-bound main.
Thou shalt not strive in every wave
Unstained thy bows to dip,
But precious lives to find and save—
God crown thy search, good ship!

Thou bearest forth all nations' prayers:
Thyself art gift of love:
Old England proves the zeal she bears—
A zeal our hearts to move.
Britons the horseshoe nailed of yore
Upon thy bowsprit's tip
The brave tar trusts the pledge it bore—
God bless the sign, good ship!

As once Sir George's flag was wreathed
And tossed by arctic blast,
"*Dum spiro spero*" still it breathed
From hummock and from mast.
That conquering motto now be thine
On all thy dangerous trip,
Its light in blackest tempest shine—
God bless thy voyage, good ship!

S. J. Douglass.

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE FOURTH.
THE DISCOVERY.

CHAPTER XL.
CONSULTING.

Out of the music-room, and away from his violin, the sound side of Mr Wyvil's character was free to assert itself. In his public and in his private capacity he was an eminently sensible man.

As a Member of Parliament, he set an example which might have been followed with advantage by many of his colleagues. In the first place, he abstained from hastening the downfall of representative institutions by asking questions and making speeches. In the second place, he was able to distinguish between the duty that he owed to his party and the duty that he owed to his country. When the legislature acted politically—that is to say, when it dealt with foreign complications, or electoral reforms—he followed his leader. When the legislature acted socially—that is to say, for the good of the people—he followed his conscience. On the last occasion when the great Russian bugbear provoked a division, he voted submissively with his Conservative allies. But when the question of opening museums and picture-galleries on Sundays arrayed the two parties in hostile camps, he broke into open mutiny, and went over to the Liberals. He consented to help in preventing an extension of the franchise; but he refused to be concerned in obstructing the repeal of taxes on knowledge. "I am doubtful in the first case," he said, "but I am sure in the second." He was asked for an explanation. "Doubtful of what? and sure of what?" To the astonishment of his leader he answered, "The benefit to the people." The same sound sense appeared in the transactions of his private life. Lazy and dishonest servants found that the gentlest of masters had a side to his character which took them by surprise. And, on certain occasions in the experience of Cecilia and her sister, the most indulgent of fathers proved to be as capable of saying No as the sternest tyrant who ever ruled a fireside.

Called into council by his daughter and his guest, Mr Wyvil assisted them by advice which was equally wise and kind, but which afterward led, under the perverse influence of circumstances, to deplorable results.

The letter to Emily which Cecilia had recommended to her father's consideration had come from Netherwoods, and had been written by Alban Morris.

He assured Emily that he had only decided on writing to her, after some hesitation, in hope of serving interests which he did not himself understand, but which might prove to be interests worthy of consideration, nevertheless. Having stated his motive in these terms, he proceeded to relate what had passed between Miss Jethro and himself; concealing, for obvious reasons, the farewell words in which she had so strangely alluded to the memory of Emily's father. On the subject of Francine, Alban only ventured to add that she had not produced a favorable impression on him, and that he could not think her likely, on further experience, to prove a desirable friend.

On the last leaf were added some lines which Emily was at no loss how to answer. She had folded back the page, so that no eyes but her own should see how the poor drawing master finished his letter. "I wish you all possible happiness, my dear, among your new friends; but don't forget the old friend who thinks of you, and dreams of you, and longs to see you again. The little world I live in is a dreary world, Emily, in your absence. Will you write to me now and then, and encourage me to hope?"

Mr Wyvil smiled as he looked at the folded page which hid the signature.

"I suppose I may take it for granted," he said, slyly, "that this gentleman really has your interests at heart? May I know who he is?"

Emily answered the last question readily enough. Mr Wyvil went on with his inquiries. "About the mysterious lady with the strange name," he proceeded—"do you know anything of her?"

Emily related what she knew, without revealing the true reason for Miss Jethro's departure from Netherwoods. In after-years it was one of her most treasured remembrances that she had kept secret the melancholy confession which had startled her on the last night of her life at school.

Mr Wyvil looked at Alban's letter again. "Do you know how Miss Jethro became acquainted with Mr Mirabel?" he asked.

"I didn't even know that they were acquainted."

"Do you think it likely, if Mr Morris had been talking to you instead of writing to you, that he might have said more than he has said in his letter?"

Cecilia had hitherto remained a model of discretion. Seeing Emily hesitate, temptation overcame her. "Not a doubt of it, papa," she declared, confidently.

"Is Cecilia right?" Mr Wyvil inquired.

Reminded in this way of her influence over Alban, Emily could only make one honest reply. She admitted that Cecilia was right.

Mr Wyvil thereupon advised her not to express any opinion until she was in a better position to judge for herself. "When you write to Mr Morris," he continued, "say that you will wait to tell him what you think of Miss Jethro until you see him again."

"I have no prospect at present of seeing him again," Emily said.

"You can see Mr Morris whenever it suits him to come here," Mr Wyvil replied. "I will write and ask him to visit us, and you can inclose the invitation in your letter."

"Oh, Mr Wyvil, how good of you!"

"Oh, papa, the very thing I was going to ask you to do!"

The excellent master of Monksmoor looked unaffectedly surprised. "What are you two young ladies making a fuss about?" he said. "Mr Morris is a gentleman by profession, and—may I venture to say it, Miss Emily?—a valued friend of yours as well. Who has a better claim to be one of my guests?"

Cecilia stopped her father as he was about to leave the room. "I suppose we mustn't ask Mr Mirabel what he knows of Miss Jethro?" she said.

"My dear, what can you be thinking of? What right have we to question Mr Mirabel about Miss Jethro?"

"It's so very unsatisfactory, papa. There must be some reason why Emily and Mr Mirabel ought not to meet, or why should Miss Jethro have been so very earnest about it?"

"Miss Jethro doesn't intend us to know why, Cecilia. It will perhaps come out in time. Wait for time."

Left together, the girls discussed the course which Alban would probably take on receiving Mr Wyvil's invitation.

"He will only be too glad," Cecilia asserted, "to have the opportunity of seeing you again."

"I doubt whether he will care about seeing me again among strangers," Emily replied. "And you forget that there are obstacles in his way. How is he to leave his class?"

"Quite easily. His class doesn't meet on the Saturday half-holiday. He can be here if he starts early, in time for luncheon, and he can stay till Monday or Tuesday."

"Who is to take his place at the school?"

"Miss Ladd, to be sure—if you make a point of it. Write to her as well as to Mr Morris."

The letters being written, and the order having been given to prepare a room for the expected guest, Emily and Cecilia returned to the drawing room. They found the elders of the party variously engaged, the men with newspapers, and the ladies with work. Entering the conservatory next, they discovered Cecilia's sister languishing among the flowers in an easy-chair. Constitutional laziness in some young ladies assumes an invalid character, and presents the interesting spectacle of perpetual convalescence. The doctor declared that the baths at St. Moritz had cured Miss Julia. Miss Julia declined to agree with the doctor.

"Come into the garden with Emily and me," Cecilia said.

"Emily and you don't know what it is to be ill," Julia answered.

The two girls left her, and joined the young people who were amusing themselves in the garden. Francine had taken possession of Mirabel, and had condemned him to hard labor in swinging her. He made an attempt to get away when Emily and Cecilia approached, and was peremptorily recalled to his duty. "Higher!" cried Miss De Sor, in her hardest tones of authority. "I want to swing higher than anybody else." Mirabel submitted with gentleman-like resignation, and was rewarded by tender encouragement expressed in a look.

"Do you see that?" Cecilia whispered. "He knows how rich she is. I wonder whether he will marry her?"

Emily smiled. "I doubt it, while he is in this house," she said. "You are as rich as Francine—and don't forget that you have other attractions as well."

Cecilia shook her head. "Mr Mirabel is very nice," she admitted, "but I wouldn't marry him. Would you?"

Emily secretly compared Alban with Mirabel. "Not for the world," she answered.

The next day was the day of Mirabel's departure. His admirers among the ladies followed him out to the door, at which Mr Wyvil's carriage was waiting. Francine threw a nosegay after the departing guest as he got in. "Mind you come back to us on Monday," she said. Mirabel bowed and thanked her; but his last look was for Emily, standing apart from the others at the top of the steps. Francine said nothing. Her lips closed convulsively; she turned suddenly pale.

CHAPTER XLI.
SPEECHIFYING.

On the Monday a ploughboy from Vale Regis arrived at Monksmoor.

In respect of himself, he was a person beneath notice; in respect of his errand, he was sufficiently important to cast a gloom over the household. The faithless Mirabel had broken his engagement, and the ploughboy was the herald of misfortune who brought his apology. To his great disappointment, he wrote, he was detained by the affairs of his parish. He could only trust to Mr. Wyvil's indulgence to excuse him, and to communicate his sincere sense of regret (on scented note-paper) to the ladies.

Everybody believed in the affairs of the parish, with the exception of Francine. "Mr Mirabel has made the best excuse he could think of for shortening his visit; and I don't wonder at it," she said, looking significantly at Emily.

Emily was playing with one of the dogs; exercising him in the tricks which he had learned. She balanced a morsel of sugar on his nose, and had no attention to spare for Francine.

Cecilia, as the mistress of the house, felt it her duty to interfere. "That is a strange remark to make," she answered. "Do you mean to say that we have driven Mr Mirabel away from us?"

"I accuse nobody," Francine began, with spiteful candor.

"Now she's going to accuse everybody!" Emily interposed, addressing herself facetiously to the dog.

"But when girls are bent on fascinating men, whether they like it or not," Francine proceeded, "men have only one alternative—they must keep out of the way." She looked again at Emily more pointedly than ever.

Even gentle Cecilia resented this. "Whom do you refer to?" she said, sharply.

"My dear," Emily remonstrated, "need you ask?" She glanced at Francine as she spoke, and then gave the dog his signal. He tossed up the sugar and caught it in his mouth. His audience applauded him—and so for that time the skirmish ended.

Among the letters of the next morning's delivery arrived Alban's reply. Emily's anticipations proved to be correct. The drawing master's duties would not permit him to leave Netherwoods; and he, like Mirabel, sent his apologies. His short letter to Emily contained no further allusion to Miss Jethro. It began and ended on the first page.

Had he been disappointed by the tone of reserve in which Emily had written to him, under Mr Wyvil's advice? Or (as Cecilia suggested) had his detention at the school so bitterly disappointed him that he was too disheartened to write at any length? Emily made no attempt to arrive at a conclusion either one way or the other. She seemed to be in depressed spirits; and she spoke superstitiously, for the first time in Cecilia's experience of her.

"I don't like this re-appearance of Miss Jethro," she said. "If the mystery about that woman is ever cleared up, it will bring trouble and sorrow to me—and I believe in his own secret heart Alban Morris thinks so too."

"Write and ask him," Cecilia suggested.

"He is so kind, and so unwilling to distress me," Emily answered, "that he wouldn't acknowledge it even if I am right."

In the middle of the week the course of private life at Monksmoor suffered an interruption, due to the parliamentary position of the master of the house.

The insatiable appetite for making and hearing speeches, which represents one of the marked peculiarities of the English race (including their cousins in the United States), had seized on Mr Wyvil's constituents. There was to be a political meeting at the market hall in the neighboring town, and the member was expected to make an oration, passing in review contemporary events at home and abroad. "Pray don't think of accompanying me," the good man said to his guests. "The hall is badly ventilated, and the speeches, including my own, will not be worth hearing."

This humane warning was ungratefully disregarded. The gentlemen were all interested in "the objects of the meeting," and the ladies were firm in the resolution not to be left at home by themselves. They dressed with a view to the large assembly of spectators before whom they were about to appear, and they outtalked the men on political subjects all the way to the town.

The most delightful of surprises was in store for them when they reached the market hall. Among the crowd of ordinary gentlemen waiting under the portico until the proceedings began appeared one person of distinction, whose title was "Reverend," and whose name was Mirabel.

Francine was the first to discover him. She darted up the steps, and held out her hand.

"This is a pleasure!" she cried. "Have you come here to see—" she was about to say *me*, but observing the strangers round her, altered the word to *us*. "Please give me your arm," she whispered, before her young friends had arrived within hearing. "I am so frightened in a crowd!"

She held fast by Mirabel, and kept a jealous watch on him. Was it only her fancy, or did she detect a new charm in his smile when he spoke to Emily?

Before it was possible to decide, the time for the meeting had arrived. Mr Wyvil's friends were of course accommodated with seats on the platform. Francine, still insisting on her claim to Mirabel's arm, got a chair next to him. As she seated herself, she left him free for a moment. In that moment the infatuated man took an empty chair on the other side of him and placed it for Emily. He communicated to that hated rival the information which he ought to have reserved for Francine. "The committee insist," he said, "on my proposing one of the resolutions. I promise not to bore you; mine shall be the shortest speech delivered at the meeting."

The proceedings began.

Among the earlier speakers not one was inspired by a feeling of mercy for the audience. The chairman revelled in words. The mover and seconder of the first resolution (not having so much as the ghost of an idea to trouble either of them) poured out language in flowing and overflowing streams, like water from a perpetual spring. The heat exhaled by the crowded audience was already becoming insufferable. Cries of "Sit down!" assailed the orator of the moment. The chairman was obliged to interfere. A man at the back of the hall roared out "Ventilation!" and broke a window with his stick. He was rewarded with three rounds of cheers, and was ironically invited to mount the platform and take the chair.

Under these embarrassing circumstances, Mirabel rose to speak.

He secured silence, at the outset, by a humorous allusion to the prolix speaker who had preceded him. "Look at the clock, gentlemen," he said, "and limit my speech to an interval of ten minutes." The applause which followed was heard, through the broken window, in the street. The boys among the mob outside interrupted the flow of air by climbing on each other's shoulders, and looking in at the meeting through the gaps left by the shattered glass. Having proposed his resolution with discreet brevity of speech, Mirabel courted popularity on the plan adopted by the late Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons—he told stories, and made jokes, adapted to the intelligence of the dullest people who were listening to him. The charm of his voice and manner completed his success. Punctually at the tenth minute he sat down, amid cries of "Go on." Francine was the first to take his hand, and to express admiration mutely by pressing it. He returned the pressure, but he looked at the wrong lady—the lady on the other side.

Although she made no complaint, he instantly saw that Emily was overcome by the heat. Her lips were white, and her eyes were closing. "Let me take you out," he said, "or you will faint."

Francine started to her feet to follow them. The lower order of the audience, eager for amusement, put their own humorous construction on the young lady's action. They roared with laughter. "Let the parson and his sweetheart be," they called out; "two's company, miss, and three isn't." Mr Wyvil interposed his authority, and rebuked them. A lady seated behind Francine interfered to good purpose by giving her a chair which placed her out of sight of the audience. Order was restored, and the proceedings were resumed.

When the meeting was over, and they met again at the door, Mr Wyvil innocently added fuel to the fire that was burning in Francine. He insisted that Mirabel should return to Monksmoor, and offered him a seat in the carriage at Emily's side.

Later in the evening, when they all met at dinner, there appeared a change in Miss De Sor which surprised everybody but Mirabel. She was gay and good humored, and especially amiable and attentive to Emily, who sat opposite to her at the table. "What did you and Mr Mirabel talk about while you were away from us?" she asked, innocently. "Politics?"

Emily readily adopted Francine's friendly tone. "Guess again!" she said, gayly.

"I can only guess that you had the most delightful of companions," Francine rejoined, "and I wish I had been overcome by the heat too!"

Mirabel—attentively observing her—acknowledged the compliment by a bow, and left Emily to continue the conversation. In perfect good faith she owned to having led Mirabel to talk of himself. She had heard from Cecilia that his early life had been devoted to various occupations, and she was interested in knowing how circumstances had led him into devoting himself to the Church. Francine listened with the outward appearance of implicit belief, and with the inward conviction that Emily was deliberately deceiving her. When the little narrative was at an end, she was more agreeable than ever. She admired Emily's dress, and she rivalled Cecilia in enjoyment of the good things on the table; she entertained Mirabel with humorous anecdotes of the priests at San Domingo, and was so interested in the manufacture of violins, ancient and modern, that Mr. Wyvil promised to show her his famous collection of instruments, after dinner. Her overflowing amiability included even poor Miss Darnaway, and the absent brothers and sisters. She

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1403.

heard, with flattering sympathy, how they had been ill, and had got well again; what amusing tricks they played, and what alarming accidents had happened to them, and how remarkably clever they were—"including, I do assure you, dear Miss De Sor, the baby only ten months old." When the ladies rose to retire, Francine was, socially speaking, the heroine of the evening.

While the violins were in course of exhibition, Mirabel found an opportunity of speaking to Emily unobserved.

"Have you said or done anything to offend Miss De Sor?" he asked.

"Nothing whatever," Emily declared, startled by the question. "What makes you think I have offended her?"

"I have been trying to find a reason for the change in her," Mirabel answered, "especially the change toward yourself."

"Well?"

"Well—she means mischief."

"Mischief of what sort?"

"Of a sort which may expose her to discovery, unless she disarms suspicion at the outset. That is exactly what she has been doing this evening. She has impressed us all favorably, and she has been particularly friendly toward you—with what object you now know. I needn't warn you to be on your guard."

All the next day Emily was on the watch for events, and nothing happened. Not the slightest appearance of jealousy betrayed itself in Francine. She made no attempt to attract to herself the attentions of Mirabel; and she showed no hostility to Emily, either by word, look, or manner.

The day after, an event occurred at Netherwoods. Alban Morris received an anonymous letter addressed to him in these terms:

"A certain young lady, to whom you are supposed to be interested, is forgetting you in your absence. If you are not mean enough to allow yourself to be supplanted by another man, join the party at Monksmoor before it is too late."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NILE IN FLOOD.

The Nile is in flood! And how different is the glad welcome given to the news from the feelings with which the people of any other land hear that their chief river threatens an inundation! But this is no criminal, murderous flood such as I have seen on the Indian Ganges, on the American Mississippi, carrying away hamlets by the score, and washing down with the ruins of the villages the corpses of the villagers. It is a message of joy that comes up from the south, past Philæ and the island of flowers, to Syene among its ruins. The Nile is in flood! and pouring out, as it goes, on either bank the promise of abundant harvests. Past the city of Apollo, monument of a dead worship, to colossal Thebes dreaming among its sand-swept palaces of a royal grandeur that is fallen and gone, to Dendera buried among its palms, but still mindful, in a single temple, of old priestly splendors, and on on into lower Egypt, and past the stately piles of Memphis—that contest, even in their ruins, supremacy with Thebes—into the Delta. Throughout its course we mark the quickening influence of the advancing flood. In spite of the rumors of war, with fear of change perplexing monarchs, the crier went his round, announcing in a quaint chant the daily rise of the water, and close behind him came the priests, ever ready to reap advantage from popular enthusiasm, whether in grief or gladness.

When the register has marked a rise of twenty feet, the crier proclaimed the "completion," and the priests again took toll for "the alum dance", and then the dams of all the reservoirs were cut, and the water released over the fields. The ceremony is a quaint one, for in the gap stands a pillar of mud, "the bride of the flood," and as the water rushes through, it is whirled away amid the shouts of the spectators. With a firing of guns and music and merry-making the day closes, and the people disperse, assured of their harvest. At the autumnal equinox the flood would be at its height, and in two months' time the crier would go round again, for the inundation had ceased, and in sign thereof leave at each door a lump of dry Nile mud.

Long before this the peasants have been afield, scattering their grain on the soaking ground, and in the villages among the date-palms there have been no loiterers for many a day. For, British army or no, the precious water has to be guided to the farthest limits of the fields, and little banks to retain it have to be built round the patches into which the broad levels of cotton and mustard and sugar-cane are divided. The "shadoof" has to be made for raising the water from the wells in which it will be stored, and the ground has to be broken up to receive the artificial flood. So, between the relaxations of war, the fellah has plenty of work to occupy his hands.

And for what strange crops are they preparing? Here, next the rose garden—for Egypt manufactures much rose-water—will stand a field of hemp, not grown for rope, but for the dreadful poison of its leaves. Civilized governments such as that of India make the preparation—"hashish," "bhang," or "gunja"—penal; but here in poor Egypt the peasant is at liberty to compound the awful drug. Here will be poppy, and next to it castor-oil, separated, perhaps, by a strip of henna from a field of tobacco or of saffron. The vast proportion of the crops will, of course, be cotton and millet—for bread is with the Egyptians, even more than with any other people, the first staple of food—wheat, barley, and maize; but a large area will as certainly be devoted to pulses, lentils, and beans. In their choice of vegetables the climate puts as few restrictions as in America, for, besides all that are found in European fields, the Egyptians grow those of Oriental countries, chilis, cucumbers, tomatoes, the egg-plant, brinjalls, bindies, banyans, mallows, and a score of others that have no English name that I know of. But whatever the crop, the scene is the same everywhere—an agricultural people hailing with delight the relief from a long suspense, and beginning to busy itself about the great event of their year—the harvest of the Nile flooded lands.

A POLISH TRADING POST IN NEW YORK.

It is speaking within bounds to say that Poland is the centre of petty barter and trade. Even a smart Yankee peddler might find himself outwitted there. From Poland the system has gradually extended by means of what may be termed a gradually growing circle of Polish trading posts. And now one of these posts has been established in New York.

To the majority of that class of Poles which immigrate here daily barter and trade in a petty way is as necessary as daily bread. A youngster who gets the better of a companion in a mercantile transaction is looked upon as the flower of the family, with a promising future. When he grows up he will probably have the pick of all the Rachels and Rebekahs in the settlement.

The Polish settlement in this city soon began to devise means to gratify this innate love of barter. Those of its members who were of the right age strapped heavy baskets on their backs and started off on peddling expeditions, returning now and then to replenish their stock, and warm their parents' hearts with tales of successful bargains and instances of the triumph of Semitic persuasive powers over Christian parsimony. But these peddling sorties did not satisfy the mercantile desires of the young and the old who were left at home. They were not long, however, in devising the means of gratifying their tastes. They went boldly to work and established an open-air market where competition is the keenest, and success a worthy achievement, for at this market Pole meets Pole.

This trading place is situated in Hester Street, and runs from Eldridge Street a block or two east. Very many of our readers probably will not be able to identify the locality, for it lies in that vast unexplored region bounded by the Bowery on the west and the East River on the east. An open-air market is against police regulations, but it is not against police traditions to wink at many violations of police regulations, and in this case at least the winking does no harm. The market is liveliest of a Friday afternoon. By two o'clock the street is lined with booths and stands, from which may be bought combs, brushes, ties of brilliant hue, chromos, second-hand clothes, fish which are proclaimed as "fresh fish" by the vendor, though they look, like the clothes, second-hand—in short, every article except soap. When that is sold at the Hester Street Polish market look out for MACAULAY'S New-Zealander in London.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

NIGHT AIR.

For the very young and for the old there is each a specially dangerous season of the year. The aged die during the coldest days of winter; infants, during the hottest of summer. The death rate in either case follows the thermometer very closely.

We can mitigate winter's rage, but not summer's heat. Rich and poor must suffer the latter equally, or with such difference only as comes from the better surroundings that the rich may command. But there is, at least in all sea-board cities, one alleviation to the summer heat which is not known or practiced as widely as it should be. In our sea-board towns we generally have nights that are comparatively cool. Five or six times a week, during the hottest weeks of the season, one can generally sleep, because the night air is from five to twenty degrees cooler than that of the day. Now this coolness of the night may often be utilized, and yet not one housekeeper in fifty gets the full benefit of this refreshing night air.

In what way is this benefit to be had? By storing up the coolness of the night air to mitigate the heat of the following day. This is not always possible to be done. It is not possible in crowded apartments or houses, nor in small isolated houses, and it is true that the former in cities, and the latter in the country, form the majority of the inhabited dwellings. But there are both in city and country a considerable number of people who have a large air space in their houses—who have apartments, I mean, that are large in proportion to the number of their occupants. These people, even though their houses may not be large, yet have sufficient space to store up the cooler night air and have enough to breathe during the following day, if they will put in practice the plan I will describe.

It is this. Open the windows during the night, and cool down the house as nearly as possible, inside and out, to the temperature of the night air. At sunrise close all the southern windows, and protect them with shades. Leave the northern windows slightly open at the top for ventilation, and keep the doors shut. In this way you shut in the cool night air, and if you can shut in enough of it you will keep your house cool all day. In an ordinary city house, for instance, I have seen the thermometer standing at 75° when it was 90° in the next neighbor's house.

But as to ventilation. It must be clearly understood and clearly said that really pure air is always the first desideratum. It is more important than cool air in summer, or even (within limits) than warm air in winter. And the plan that I have described is not practicable, or is only partially practicable, when the air space is not ample, *i.e.*, when more than one or two persons are to occupy a good-sized room during the day. In an apartment or a house that is at all crowded this use of the night air is entirely out of the question, because without ample ventilation the air would soon become impure from the carbonic acid of respiration; and to procure ventilation we must perforce let in hot air: it is the lesser evil. But even in this case there is a choice as to where the air should be admitted. The windows toward the sun should be closed when possible; and, when possible, the windows away from the sun should be opened.

But after making full deduction in favor of complete ventilation, there remain many houses, both in city and country, in which it is not only safe, but desirable and healthful, to store up the cool night air for the use of the following day. Such are most of the mansions in country or city which are occupied by but few persons, and particularly houses built of stone or brick. In such houses the night air, with moderate ventilation from the north side, as I have described it, is amply sufficient. Such, too, are the larger club-houses in our cities. Many of these are spacious and solidly constructed buildings, little frequented during the day; they could be cooled every night by letting in the night air. They would be delightfully cool all the next day. But this requires a foresight and a care that is not often given to any house but one's own, and not often, as I have said, even then.

A small country house, standing alone, is exposed on five of its six faces (if I may count the foundation as a face) to the summer sun, *i.e.*, on its four sides and on its roof; it is consequently soon warmed through, and the plan I am describing will not answer for it. But in the city the greater part of the buildings are exposed only on three faces—front, rear, and roof; and an ordinary three or four story building can be kept as cool as a cucumber, comparatively speaking, by the method that I have described.

I shall never forget the impression of comfort made on me by a house in Twenty-eighth Street, in which the housekeeper had long defied the torments of our summer heat by means of this simple method. It is a house of the size I have just mentioned, inhabited by four people only, one of them a veteran housekeeper, and the healthiest of old ladies. She found, as I have found, and as you will find when you try it, that there was a strong prejudice against this method, and that people who had made up their minds against fresh night air were generally not to be convinced. "The gods themselves can not contend against stupidity."

In practice I have found but one objection to the fresh night ventilation, and that I ought in fairness to mention. The objection is *burglars*. I myself once let in a burglar along with the night air by opening the lower windows of an English basement house; after that I opened the upper windows only. All American houses are entered, sooner or later, by burglars; but we must do our best to exclude them, and by more imperative ounces of prevention on occasion than those that we are considering. But that can usually be done without compromising our use of the night air.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

An almost pitiful story of life in the White House is told in a Washington letter. It seems that the cramped conditions under which the President and his small family live are such as well-to-do persons seldom fall in with, unless they go "slumming." We are told that only six rooms are at the service of the family, a dining room and five chambers. The members of the household can not go to dinner without passing through a part of the building which is usually filled with tourists. A sitting room for the ladies is made by putting a screen across the end of a corridor. The President's little daughter must take her music lesson in a sleeping room, or go out of the White House for it. The President himself can find no better place than the hall leading to the conservatory in which to smoke a cigar with a friend. He has made a dressing room for himself by partitioning off part of a hallway. He can not give a friend shelter overnight without sending some member of his family away. The President, we are informed, is in favor of building an Executive Mansion not far away, and of giving up the struggle to prevent the clerks from taking entire possession of the White House.

At a recent meeting of the Harvard Club in this city the question of substituting the English for the Latin as the official language of the university was discussed. One of the speakers said that the Latin of the diplomas was "a barbarous jargon." In opposition to the proposed substitution it may be urged that the change would put many graduates in the embarrassing position of being very imperfectly acquainted with the official tongue of their alma mater.

An Onondaga County man erected a drilling derrick, stuck up the sign, "Salt, oil, or China," and began work. Lately he hung out a sign above the old one, on which was painted in black letters the word "Salt." It is claimed that he has found a bed of rock salt.

A coaching club has been organized in Boston, and there will be a parade early in the summer. The great success of Monday morning lectures in that city indicates that there is a considerable population there in the enjoyment of that degree of affluence which enables persons to be absent from home on week-day forenoons. But from an economic point of view it is a long stride from Monday morning lectures to coaching parades.

It takes very little to startle the readers of the peerless London *Times*. A slight departure from the expected will do it. Thus the publishing of a book notice accompanied by the writer's signature has produced a considerable commotion. Readers of the *Times* have been accustomed to believe that there was some deeply underlying motive not only for all that it did, but for all that it refrained from doing. Maybe this signed book notice is the only one the owners of the paper ever wished to print with a signature.

A New Jersey man tapped some telegraph poles to obtain "sap for the coming camp-meeting to drink," as he expressed it. Watering telegraph stock has not been carried quite to the extent which would make this man's industry remunerative.

On a recent evening a drunken man made an outcry at the door of a Brooklyn theatre. The audience mistook it for an alarm of fire, and a panic was barely averted. It is not entirely clear whether the man can be convicted of a misdemeanor under the code in disturbing an audience in a theatre and endangering life; but there was no question as to the legality of punishing him for being drunk and disorderly, and he is lodged in the penitentiary for six months. In San Francisco recently a woman seated herself in an aisle at the opera-house, and threatened to yell "fire" if the police disturbed her. She was not disturbed

SPRING SUITS.

FIRST ANTI-REFORMER. "Why, hello, Jake, me boy, where's yer spring suit? Heerd yer had two. Why haven't yer got one on 'em on?"

SECOND ANTI-REFORMER. "Havn. They's both on 'em on. One's up at Special Sessions; t'other's at Oyer an' Terminer."

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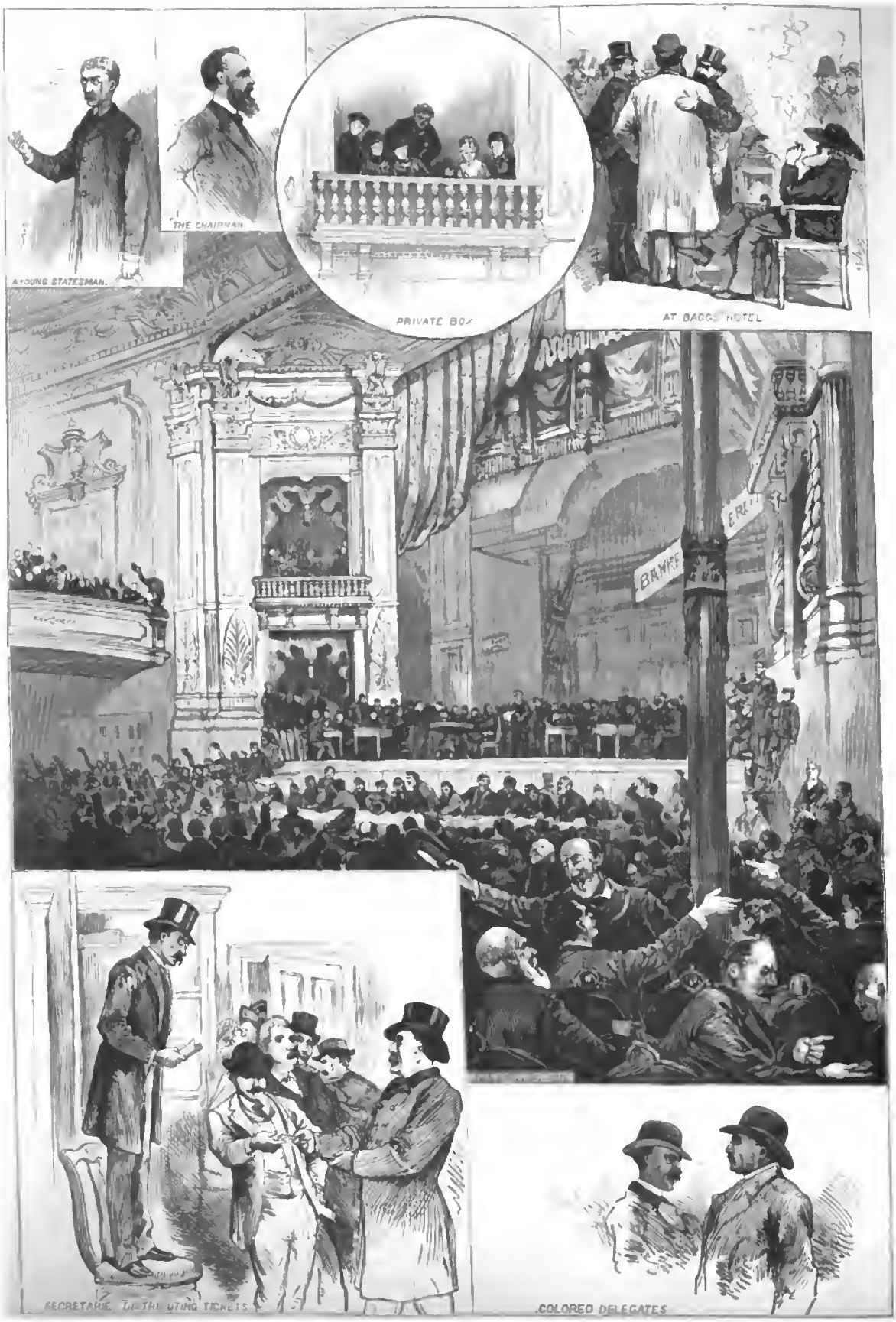

THE NEW YORK STATE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AT UTICA.—[See Page 278.]

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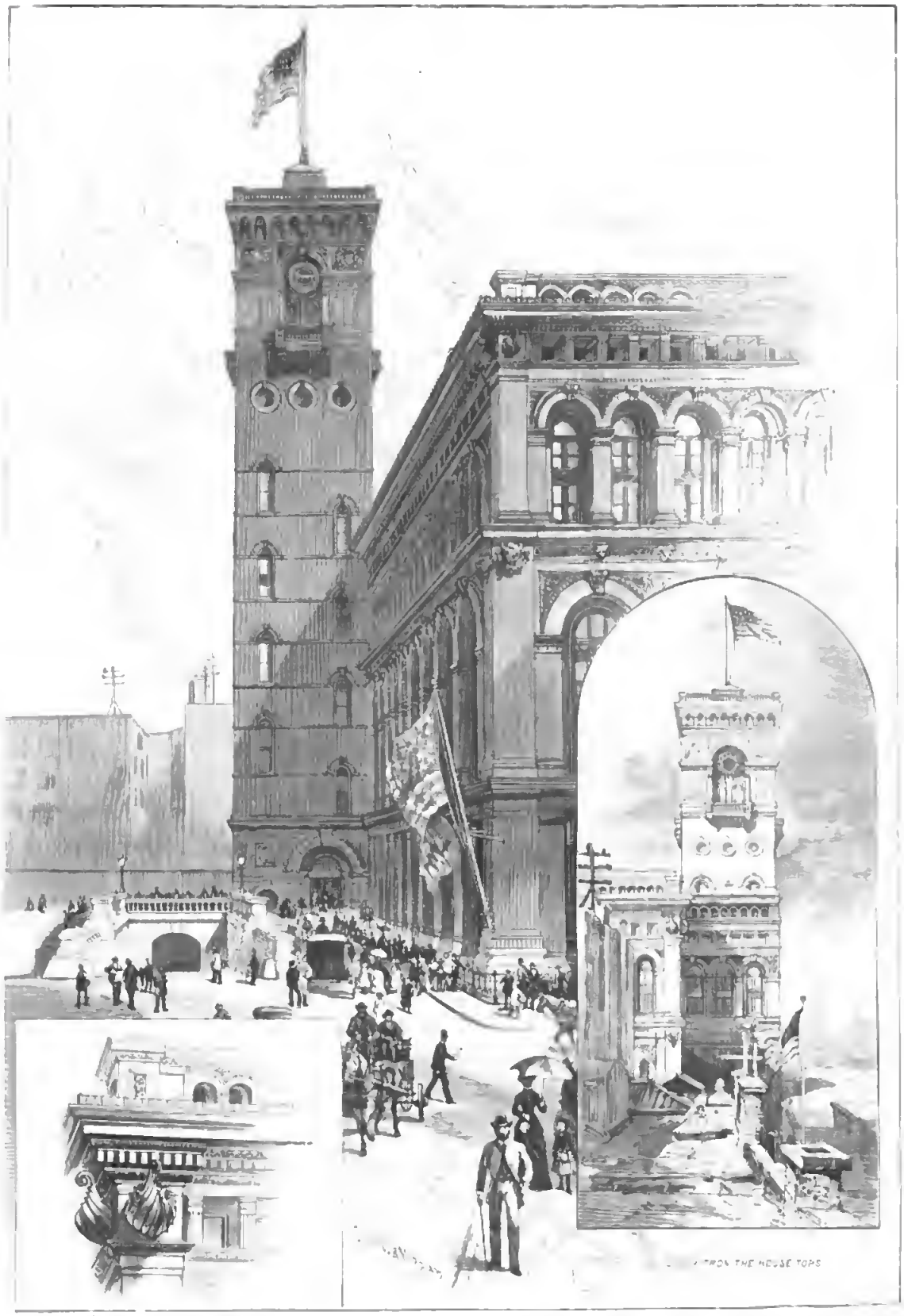

THE NEW YORK PRODUCE EXCHANGE BUILDING.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOLAN.—[SEE PAGE 287.]

MAY.

Oh, the Earth was glad,
And my heart am glad,
When Love and I went Maying!
The throstles were singing all early morn,
The robins were down in the low, sweet grass,
And over the daisies our feet did pass,
When Love and I went Maying.

Oh, the Earth was fair,
And my Love was fair,
When he and I went Maying!
There was never a face so sweet and bright,
There was never a heart so fond and light,
And the Earth was all in her green and white,
When Love and I went Maying—

In her white and green,
With the blue between,
When Love and I went Maying.
The scent of the hawthorn was in the air,
And the apple blossoms were everywhere,
And the birds were building with happy care,
When Love and I went Maying.

It was hand in hand
Through the meadow-land
That Love and I went Maying.
And oh, it was sweet in the warm spring noon,
And the evening shadows came far too soon,
Though we loitered home by the young May moon,
When Love and I went Maying.

LONDON RIDDLES.

It is the boast of London that every year are added to its population so many tens of thousands of human beings—equal to that of a very large provincial town. North and south and east and west it stretches out its gigantic forlorn years, and sucks in more and more of the country round, adding a score of streets to its vast labyrinth of brick and mortar. But, except in extent, it is surprising how essentially it remains the same. The streets and squares that are added to it are but reproductions of the old type, except that here and there an effort is made to preserve an open space—so seemingly valueless at present, and such a priceless jewel when it comes to have its setting, when the houses crowd and crowd about it, and Ahab the builder licks his lips and cries, "O that I could take that common garden and let it in building leases, instead of its being a mere vehicle for light and air, and a play-ground for the children." There are no new Londons, but only new layers of the old London, which in time will eat up old England with its encroachments, and leave no country at all. With the single exception of the Crystal Palace, there is no locality outside the heart of the great city which has any independence of its own, or power of attraction to rival that of the old places which remain unchanged. The Haymarket is still the haunt of profligates, St. James's Street and Pall Mall of politicians, and the same old dingy squares and streets that found favor with the fashionable world of three generations ago still continue to do so, in spite of the seductions of Belgravia. I have a street in my mind now not more dingy than it was a score of years back, and still inhabited as then by "the upper ten"—or rather the upper five—only, in which occurred one of the most surprising circumstances that ever took place in my long experience of London life. I have told it to many persons, to so many that in these days, when fact is so instantaneously converted into fiction, it is curious that it has not found its way into print. It happened when I was a very young man, and when, in unconscious imitation of the great master of every-day romance, I loved to wander by night through the thick-peopled town, and mark what was strange or humorous or pathetic, and speculate upon the motives that led men so to act. The street in question, though itself very quiet and secluded, was neighbor to a great thoroughfare, out of which I had stepped hastily to avoid a sudden shower, and taken refuge under an aristocratic portico. It was summer-time, but long past midnight, and none but policemen and a few hurrying passengers were abroad. Even these last, as the rain continued, seemed to melt away, and presently I was left in Durden Place (as I will call it) entirely alone. The house under the porch of which I had taken shelter was, like the rest of its neighbors, dark and silent, the inmates, however fashionable, being evidently retired to rest, but at the far end of the street, which was but a short one, was a mansion brilliantly illuminated, and from the open windows of its drawing-room came a flood of melody. They were bay windows, and the curtains having been looped up, I suppose on account of the intense heat, it was easy to see such of the company as came within the bay.

In comparison with the thoroughfare I had just quitted, the street was dark, and was made more so in the part where I was standing by the effulgence from the house in question; but presently, as my eyes grew more accustomed to the gloom, I perceived that I was not the only person who had obtained for himself a shelter similar to my own. On the opposite side of the way there cowered under a corresponding portico one of the most repulsive and wretched-looking creatures that even London, so prolific in such monstrous births, had yet shown to me. He was in rags, and wore a pair of slippers more fit for in-doors than for the pavement in the best of weather, and burst at the sides and showing his unstockinged feet. His age might have been anything between twenty and forty; whether nature had denied him a beard, or he had shaved it off, I could not discern, but his cheeks and chin were smooth, and yet the look of youth which that circumstance generally confers was negatived by his hollow eyes and sunken features. He seemed to be in abject want. I could not help contrasting his miserable appearance with that of the gorgeously clad men and women who showed themselves occasionally in the ball-room; and the same idea seemed to possess his own mind, as he stared in that direction with an intensity that more than anything else about him attracted my attention. There is poor Lazarus, thought I, gazing in his rags at Dives in fine linen, and wondering why the gulf should be so broad that keeps them asunder even in this world. His need seemed to me so urgent that I resolved to give him a trifle before we parted company, but in the mean time I watched him narrowly. He was not conscious of my own presence, though every now and then he glanced keenly up and down the street, and then, as though satisfied with his scrutiny, fastened his gaze anew upon the house of mirth. The carriages that are usually in attendance on such occasions were probably waiting in some by-street, while the coachmen refreshed themselves, protected from the rain, which still continued. Not a soul was in Durden Place but myself and my unfortunate companion.

Had he no other home or shelter for the night, thought I, save that draughty porch of stone, and did that scene of gayety and splendor cast some faint reflex of its geniality upon him, that he gazed upon it so intently and so long? All of a sudden I saw him shoot from his post like an arrow from a bow. It struck me that a policeman had come in view, and that, conscious of being in his present hiding-place for no good, the poor wretch had taken to his heels. But quite another cause had actuated him. At the bay window, with her back to it and her face to the dancers (for it was dance music that was now being played), stood a lady with her hand resting on the window-sill, and in her hand a bouquet in a gilt holder. I can see the fine flowers now, red and blue and white, as the bright light showed them to me; and now something fairer than the flowers—a sweet girl's face, a profusion of fair hair, and an anxious smile. She had turned round suddenly, leaned out of window, and dropped the bouquet into the beggar's stretched-out palms. He had looked up at her, nodded with a silent significance, and was gone, all in less time than I have taken to write it.

That, unperceived by me, she had given him some sign which had drawn him from his place of refuge, and that he had been watching there so patiently for it, and for it only, I had no doubt even in that moment of astonishment and speculation. He was keeping an appointment, and what had happened was clearly no matter of surprise to *him*. But who was this seeming beggar-man, in whose hand that gilded bouquet-holder was as incongruous as a crossing-sweeper's besom would have been in that fair girl's? And who was *she*, that she should have dealings and evidently a common understanding with this Arab of the streets? It is one of the riddles which not only I myself have never been able to solve, but which has defied the efforts of those most keen "to track Suggestion to her inmost cell." The notion that that wretched creature should by any possibility have been her lover in disguise is, in my opinion, quite untenable. If disguise had been necessary, there could have been at least no need to make it loathsome, and, as I have said, the appearance of my unconscious companion (for I feel sure he was never aware of my presence) was abject to repulsiveness. Want, sordid want, had set its unmistakable seal upon his features, as the gas-light had shown them to me quite clearly (for though he had not wished to attract attention, it was essential to his purpose that he should be visible to eyes that were looking for him), and in particular I noticed that he wore that hunted, haggard air which is generally associated with crime as well as penury.

I have been in Durden Place a hundred times since then; I was there yesterday, and may be there to-morrow, but the only house which ever attracts my notice is that bay-windowed one of my Lord Arcanum's where the ball came off in 1851. I wonder whether any great domestic convulsion took place in that noble family about the date in question? I wonder whether any Lady Mary or Lady Beatrice formed any "undesirable" connection? I wonder whether that bouquet and its gorgeous holder was a token agreed upon between her and the Beloved Object, and if so, of what? I wonder greatly, too, why he did not employ a less disreputable messenger to convey it; she must have known him by sight at least, or she would surely have hesitated to intrust him with the costly trinket; and yet how *could* she have known him? As I see him making off at speed through the wet night, with noiseless feet, and his eyes cast behind him like a hare's, I wonder how she could have known him.

In that great thoroughfare which I have mentioned as being neighbor to Durden Place, and which I will call Throng Street, another riddle of life was once presented to my notice. London, the Sphinx of stone (and stucco), is always asking such enigmas of those who care to listen to her. Some of them are humorous, some pathetic, some with humor and pathos mingled; some difficult to guess, some easy; some new, and many old.

It was a winter midnight, and the snow had been falling for hours with noiseless continuity; on and on, in cold white malice, like the patient hate of a woman; the sidewalks were levelled with the street, and in the doorways on the western side the snow had been drifted by the wind in heaps. It was a Sunday, on which day there are seldom many people in the streets after night-fall, and the inclemency of the weather had emptied them almost completely. The few persons that one met went slithering by like ghosts, cloaked to the eyes, and without footfall; and neither cab nor carriage was to be seen. The shops in Throng Street are very handsome, but at such a time there was nothing to distinguish them from private houses except the vast iron shutters that protected their window fronts. On the door-step of one of the houses, which was covered by a great bank of snow, sat a young woman in deep black, with her elbows on her knees, her chin upon her hands, and her eyes staring straight before her upon the falling snow. She was handsomely but thinly clad, and yet the cold and wet did not seem to affect her in the least. As I passed by her slowly she stared on, not lifting her eyes, nor in any way showing that she was conscious of a spectator. This indifference, in case she had been one of those unhappy ones so ill-named the daughters of pleasure, was curious, and yet I did not doubt that she was one. Was *that* a reason, it may be asked, sufficient to excuse a Christian man for passing by a poor shivering girl at midnight without offering aid? It certainly should not have been so, yet to those who are well acquainted with London life my conduct will not be held inexcusable. It was evident from her apparel that she was not in want of funds, and mere benevolent advice from a young gentleman of two-and-twenty to a very handsome young woman in her position would scarcely have escaped misconstruction. As I walked homeward the weather grew worse and worse; a keen wind arose, which drove the snow against my face, and the frozen flakes seemed to cut it like a whip; and when I let myself into my lodgings, and found a brisk fire burning and my supper laid out upon the table, I blessed my thoughtful landlady, and thawed and glowed, and fell to upon the viands, and especially on a certain decoction of mulled claret (which was her specialty), in a way that only Dickens could have described when *he* was young. For have you not observed in his early works how he glorifies, in a wholesome, honest way, the satisfaction of the appetite of hunger, and invests the feasts of his favorites with an interest that not even a man who has well dined can fail to feel? But though I was hungry enough, that was not the reason why I ate so fast, and though I had been cold enough out-of-doors, that was not the reason why I had walked so fast, but simply to occupy myself as much as possible, and prevent my thoughts from dwelling on that unhappy girl that I had seen shivering and staring on the snow-covered threshold in Throng Street. I could not get her out of my mind. It was not her beauty that attracted me, though she was exceedingly well-looking; it was the attraction of repulsion rather, the remembrance of that stony stare and resolute indifference to the cruel cold, which, if she did not feel, it could have been only that she was cloaked from head to heel in bitterness and woe.

It was so strange that she should have chosen the west side of the street, against which the wind was setting, rather than the other, where she could have rested her weary limbs at least in partial shelter. Was it possible, I thought, as I heard the soft snow budding against the window-frame, that she could be sitting there *now?*

In London one is apt to grow hard-hearted; there is so much systematic deception, so much really callous vice, and so many ways of using benevolence itself as a weapon against him who would exercise it, that we are apt to smother one good instincts lest they should lead us into ridicule or worse; but at two-and-twenty one's conscience is as tender as one's appetite is robust. Suppose she was sitting there now—the idea of a delicate woman remaining in so grievous a position for the want of a few shillings (for she *might* be without money, after all) became absolutely insupportable. I pulled on my great-coat, snuch a large cigar to my mouth, and once more sallied out into the snow. It was now about half past one, and the weather was worse than ever. A cab was laboring slowly by, and I hailed it and got in. How cold and damp and wretched it was! It takes three people half an hour to warm a London cab, they say, in winter; but I don't think half a dozen (taking the matter as a "double rule of three") could have warmed that one in an hour. Its ordinary name of "crawler" was too speedy for it; it wound its way through the snow at a snail's pace, and took twice the time in going to Throng Street that I had taken to walk home from it. I got out at the corner, telling the man to wait.

"Oh yes," grumbled he, "that's a very old trick. How do I know as you'll ever come back agam?"

It was a prudent and natural remark to make on the part of cabby, but somehow it set me against the object of my charitable expedition. Perhaps it was "an old trick" to sit on a heap of snow on the windy side of the street and extract half-crowns from impulsive passengers. Perhaps she did it every Sunday night throughout the winter, and fortified her system against the cold by quarterns of gin. She had probably already found some greater fool even than myself, and was enjoying her supper at his expense. The next instant my conscience smote me, for there was the poor creature sitting on the same door-step exactly as I had seen her before, except that her head was sunk in her hands, and her whole attitude, from one of bitter recklessness, had become one of blank despair. As I drew near, and she did not stir, even a more terrible idea took possession of me. What if she had fled from bitterness and despair to the refuge of *death?* What if, while I had been eating and drinking, this unhappy girl had perished for the want of a bit of bread or a gleam of fire-light? I was not what ten parties call "a religious young man," yet certain words, which all the political economists in the world will never drive out of men's ears, seemed to ring in mine with menacing emphasis: "I was ahungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink." It seemed to me that through my culpable negligence a fellow-creature had lost a life, which would one day be laid to my charge.

However, as I stooped over her, I thought she moved a little, and I touched her arm, at the same time muttering a few words of pity. He alone who has seen a dead creature galvanized can picture to himself the effect of that touch and tone. The sodden and almost shapeless mass of humanity, drenched by the snow and chilled by the wind, awoke at once to life and energy. She leaped to her feet, and throwing the damp hair to the right and left which overhung her beautiful face, inquired what I wanted with her, and how I had dared to disturb her.

"But you looked so cold and wretched—" I began, apologetically.

"What is that to *you?*" she interrupted, fiercely. "What is that to anybody? I am not mad," she added, in a more moderate tone, as though she read the suspicion which had at once risen to my mind at the strange manner. "You have no right to molest me upon that ground, and if you do so upon any other, it is an insult, and as sure as you live I will give you into the charge of the police." She raised her voice once more so that it rang shrilly above the driving wind, and as at that precise moment a policeman appeared in sight, I thought it most prudent not to test her resolution by attempting argument. A good deal crest-fallen, therefore, I went back to my cab, which I found still in waiting, and had plenty of time to reflect upon the matter as we ploughed slowly homeward through the snow. My belief was (and is) that that poor girl was sitting on the threshold of her own home, or what until that night had been such, and that she had been turned out-of-doors, perhaps by her own father. I have no doubt that I might have adopted a wiser and better course with her; but I was, as I have said, but a very young man, and her vehemence and indignation appalled me; moreover, I had a wholesome dread of the police, with whom I could not have come into collision, however innocently, without serious damage to my modest prospects. The next morning, when I visited Throng Street, all was bustle and business, as usual; the house in question I found to be a thriving establishment, with nothing about it to speak of aught being amiss. Whether that unhappy girl had been once more received within it, or whether (as I believe more probable) the eddies of the sullen river were at that moment hurrying her frail body hither and thither, I never knew.

Books of riddles, like jest books, are held to be wearisome and tedious, though a specimen or two may have their interest; so, with one more example of the mysteries that surround life in London, I will conclude. It is not, like the others, a personal experience, but one which has fallen within the notice—or at least which may have done so—of tens of thousands of persons. There is a certain house in the centre of one of the finest terraces fronting Hyde Park that is never let, nor even furnished. The rent of such a mansion, even unfurnished, would not certainly be less than £500 per annum; and to my own knowledge it has been empty these fifteen years—at a loss, that is (without counting interest of money), of nearly £8000.

Fine carriages are seen standing at its neighbor doors, and led-horses are awaiting their riders at the fashionable houses; dinner parties and balls are frequent on all sides, but No. 50 Skeleton Terrace (so I will call it) shows no sign of life either within or without. I had noticed this circumstance for years—my business taking me by this road in question at least once a day—without discovering the cause; but happening on one occasion to dine at a certain lawyer's, where the conversation turned upon Chancery, and on the number of unoccupied and ruinous-looking houses for which London was indebted to the proceedings (or non-proceedings) of that high court, I mentioned No. 50 Skeleton Terrace as a possible example. "Not," said I, "that it is ruinous-looking, for it is always quite spick and span, but because it never has a tenant. What can be the reason of it?"

"Why, don't you know?" cried half a dozen people together. "That is the famous house *with a coffin at the top of it.*"

If so many had not spoken at once, I should have thought that this was said in joke; but their unanimity staggered me.

"What!" said my host, "is it possible that you have lived three years in London, and passed by that terrace a thousand times, as you needs must, and not have seen the coffin on the roof?"

"Well," said I, "now you mention it, I *have* seen a great case of glass like an immense cucumber frame, on which the sun is always glinting, and a sort of stone sarcophagus inside it; but I had no idea it was a coffin."

"It *is* a coffin, nevertheless," said the lawyer. "Everybody who knows town has heard of the house that is never let in Skeleton Terrace, though why it is so is still one of the London riddles. There is the coffin, and there is the empty house. Come, young gentleman, why don't *you* write us a story upon it?"

"I would much rather hear the real story," said I, "if anybody knows it."

But nobody did know it, though everybody had heard something about it. The general impression appeared to be that some very wealthy and capricious person had once lived at No. 50, who had provided by will for his interment in some spot where the sun, whenever it was shining, *should always shine upon his grave;* and certainly, by aid of the cucumber frame, it would seem that he had accomplished his purpose.

"But why isn't the house let?" inquired I. "There are surely plenty of people who are not so frightened at having a dead body on the roof of their house but that they would be glad to live in such a splendid mansion, paying half price for it, say, on account of that disagreeable circumstance."

"That is true," said a fellow-guest. "I would give three hundred a year for the house myself, and think myself lucky to get it. Even if the ghost 'walks,' I shouldn't mind its taking exercise on the roof."

"As I heard the story," said another, "it was made a proviso in the will that the house should be used for the purpose of a burial-place for the testator, and for no other."

"Such a will would not hold good in law," ob-

served our host. "The house may be kept empty out of deference to the wishes of the deceased, but he could have had no legal power to enforce them."

At all events there is the house unlet to this hour, and there is the coffin, or what looks like it, upon the roof, its glass cover twinkling in the sun. I saw it this very morning as I drove by in the well-known hansom cab that has something queer upon its roof, namely, a tame fox sitting by the driver. The hand-books may talk of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, but I find nothing interests my country cousins when they come up to town for the first time "to see the sights" as that open-air exhibition at No. 50 Skeleton Terrace. It is perhaps the most difficult to guess of all London riddles.

HUNTING THE TIGER.

The elephants used for tiger-shooting in India are generally lent by the government, an official document being at the same time handed to the borrower, in which the height, name, supposed age, and prices of the animals are duly stated, for, in the event of a casualty, the loss must be made good. More than £100 is rarely demanded for a government elephant, although it is very often worth much more, the tariff being based on the expenses incurred by its capture and training. Of course it is very important, before making a selection, to obtain some knowledge of the characters and antecedents of the elephants in the Commissariat Yard, and if you intend to be your own driver you must also contrive to be on good terms with the one you choose for your personal use. Elephantine perfection is represented by a gentle and steady female that will stand quite still while the tiger is roaring and charging in all directions; but as the females generally become wild with terror after having experienced one mauling, and, far from remaining tranquil, make the best of their way from the scene of action when they find themselves in danger, it is safer to take some old tuskers.

A huntsman who had a passion for tiger-shooting chose a handsome elephant nearly ten feet high, which had only killed two people during a long career, and that while incautiously approached during an attack of fever, and which bore a high character for gentleness as well as courage. Though ready to obey orders, Roghanath had a strong objection to being made to kneel, so the hunter, having but little time to spare for making friends, thought it well "to pass a vote of confidence at once," and after feeding him with bread and sugar, proceeded to mount in orthodox style, namely, by stepping on his tusks when the elephant lowered himself by advancing his front legs, and then allowing himself to be transferred by a toss of the head to his place behind his ears. This done, his new master set out for his first ride, which he describes as follows:

"The native man, from want of thought, keeps up a constant drumming on the beast's head with the goad, or 'ankus'. I therefore hoped not to use it at all. Such an improvement all at once, however, proved more than even the elephantine mind could grasp. He began really to enjoy himself, going his own way more than once, till at last he marched straight into an immense forest tree of the banyan species, and commenced to browse. He seized the boughs above his head, and tugging violently at them, brought them down on my devoted skull. This was too much. I raised the ankus, and brought it down on his head with a blow that brought blood through the skin. This had the desired effect, and he at once bundled off by the road he knew I wanted him to go. He merely took with him a branch about the size of a small apple-tree to discuss as he went along. From that moment we were friends, and I do not think I ever had to use the hook again so as to bring blood; generally it was sufficient to tap him with my fingers to get him to do what I wanted."

If the male elephant stands one mauling he becomes fierce, and will charge into any cover where he supposes the tiger to be, displaying on some occasions a mistaken zeal, which has been known to produce fatal results, for which reason tuskers are, as a rule, not much appreciated. Our huntsman, however, gave the preference to a good fighter, and seldom had reason to repent of his choice, though on one occasion he had a very near escape. Having got into rather a slender tree, without the elephant being aware of it, the latter, taking him probably for a monkey, charged furiously, and seizing the sapling with his trunk, bent it two or three times to the ground, but fortunately without breaking the stem. Had he succeeded in doing so, he would in his blind rage have probably trampled his master to death, though when at length the mahout succeeded in backing him, and the author dropped to the ground and called him by name, "Moorah Guj," he extended his trunk in the most friendly manner and hoisted him on to his head.

A much more terrible danger was incurred by him with this same elephant when, a tigress having sprung on to his head, Moorah, by a mighty shake, hurled his enemy and his rider into the air together, the latter being deposited unhurt in a nest of soft grass, which happily concealed him from the tigress, and out of which in fear and trembling he managed to make his way toward the approaching line of elephants, regaining his seat upon the head of Moorah Guj. A second time the tigress made a similar spring, but this time the rider believes that Moorah prevented the muscles of his neck from moving, so that the rider might not be unseated when he flung from him his assailant, the already wounded tigress being finally mastered by one of the female elephants, which fairly sat down upon her, and nearly smothered her in the sand.

Though Mr. Barras believes that there is no limit to the sagacity and power of these creatures, which he ranks next to man in the animal kingdom, and though he deprecates the treatment they receive at the hands of the natives, he on one occasion so far forgot his own principles as to tease the elephant he was riding by imitating the roar of a tiger. He, however, very nearly met with his death from the enraged animal, which never afterward forgot the insult. Elephants seem to be perfectly able to distinguish between those who hurt them out of malice and those who do so for their good; thus even a dangerous one submitted with perfect patience to have her wounds dressed with brandy and salt, although the remedy is excessively painful. One of the female elephants, Mânot Dâr, gave a wonderful example of gentleness and intelligence when, instead of revenging herself on the mahout who had used the goad with great severity when she was making her escape from a tiger, she simply took it out of his hand with her trunk at the first opportunity, and threw it over the wall of the courtyard into which she had retreated for shelter.

A MISSION TO ALASKA.

The Rev. Adolphus Hartmann was born in Surinam, South America, where his parents were laboring as missionaries of the Moravian Church. His mother was a heroine in its annals. After the death of her husband, which occurred in the Bushland, a pestilential region adjoining Surinam, and inhabited by the descendants of fugitive slaves, she continued for eleven years to instruct the negroes, and during that whole period was the only white person in their country. Following the example of his parents, Mr. Hartmann devoted himself to missionary work. He labored among the natives of Australia, and at the present time has charge of an enterprise on a Delaware Indian reservation in Canada. From this field he has been called to undertake an important exploration, in which Mr. William Weinland, a recent graduate of the Moravian Theological Seminary at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, is associated with him.

The western coast of Alaska is inhabited by about fifteen thousand Innuits, or Esquimaux, who are living in gross heathenism. They have been utterly neglected both by the government and the Christian Churches of the United States. Nothing has been done to civilize them, and no Protestant missionary has brought them the Gospel. The only attempts to ameliorate their condition were undertaken by the Greek Church when Alaska was a Russian territory. Two or three Greek priests are still lingering among them.

These natives Messrs. Hartmann and Weinland have been commissioned to visit. By permission of the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, they expect to sail in the United States revenue steamer *Corwin*, which will leave San Francisco in the beginning of May, to Oonalaska, on the Aleutian Islands, and thence to Nushegak, or Fort Alexander, at the head of Bristol Bay. In case the revenue steamer should not touch at that point, they will endeavor to reach it in a trading vessel, and then spend the summer in exploring the country westward along the coast and the rivers. They will visit as many villages as possible, proclaim the Gospel, and prepare the way for a permanent mission, which is to be established next year. An effort will be made to associate with this permanent work a Moravian missionary from Labrador qualified to preach in the language of the Esquimaux.

The Moravian Church has prosperous missions in Labrador and Greenland, among the Indians of North America, on the Mosquito Coast, in Surinam, on eight islands of the West Indies, in South Africa, in Australia, and Central Asia. More than three hundred European and American missionaries are in the field, besides many native assistants, and the number of converts amounts to about eighty thousand.

In addition to their missionary explorations, Messrs. Hartmann and Weinland are instructed to gather such information with regard to western Alaska and its natives as will be useful to the United States government. They expect to return in the autumn.

THE NEW PRODUCE EXCHANGE.

The building now opened to the uses of the New York Produce Exchange is one of the largest structures in New York. With the exception of the Metropolitan Opera-house, it is perhaps the very largest building of similar architectural pretensions, since the enormous shed of the Grand Central Station scarcely counts as a building, and certainly does not count as a work of architecture. The apparent magnitude of the Produce Exchange is enhanced by its treatment, so that it may be said there is no façade in New York which gives so effectively the impression of great length as the Broadway front of the new building. The whole architectural stress, one may say, is put upon the development of the length of this front. There are no vertical lines running through from basement to cornice. The only accent that is given anywhere to perpendicular lines is in the re-enforcement of the angles by pilasters, one running through the main division of the building next above the basement, which contains the Exchange Room, and one through the division just above it, which contains two or more stories of offices, although its openings are undivided, and architecturally it counts as one story, only less important than the great story underneath. About one-third of this latter story is subdivided into four stories internally, although the external openings are the same as those which illuminate the adjoining Exchange—a hall over forty feet in height. On the other hand, every technical expedient is called into requisition to multiply and emphasize the horizontal lines. A strong cornice runs through the building from end to end above the basement; another, still stronger, with a broad frieze, above the main story; while the main cornice is of unusual projection. There are four stories of offices above the Exchange Room, two of them united architecturally, as has been explained, and as the illustration shows; while another, lighted from a series of square openings, is treated as an appendage of the cornice, and the fourth is visible only at some distance as an arcade above the roof. All these continue along the whole front, and indeed about the whole building without interruption, and thus enforce the impression of great length given by the multiplied lines of moulding.

This disposition has been so effectual in emphasizing the length and dissembling the height of the building that the architect has actually succeeded in making a nine-story building look rather low than tall. Such a mode of treatment, with absolute symmetry of spacing and uniformity of openings in each tier, is adapted to secure repose. Its danger, which has not here been escaped, is that the repose may become monotony, although between the extremes of monotony and restlessness no considerate architect could fail to choose the former.

The most successful feature of the building externally is without doubt the great hall, which seems to occupy the whole of the main division, although in fact it occupies only about three-fourths of its area. The spacing, the proportions, and the detail of the openings, with the great length of which the designer has made the very utmost, combine to make the aspect of this arcade extremely impressive. The spandrels of the arches are filled with symbolic ornaments in terra-cotta. The only other specimens of what Mr. Fergusson would call "phonetic" decoration are the frieze that divides this story from that above it, and the prows of triremes that protrude from the angles under the cornice. In the frieze a conventional decoration is interrupted at fixed intervals by sculptured representations, not in relief, but completely detached, of the various animals dealt in on the exchange. Besides these there is a wealth of strictly architectural decoration, consisting chiefly of familiar Greek mouldings, varied, however, by novelties of arrangement and form.

The only exclusively monumental feature of the new Exchange is the great tower which stands at the rear of the building, and is withdrawn from its southeastern angle. This is a square and solid shaft sparingly pierced with deep openings, and terminating architecturally in a machicolated cornice carrying a balustrade, although, apparently for some practical purpose, a small structure of metal has been erected at the centre. Access is gained to the eastern front of the building by a tunnel vault, in brick-work, through the base of the tower, and upon this eastern front a plaza is now in course of construction, so that the most imposing approach to the building will be at the rear, from the point selected for illustration. The entrances in the other fronts are unpretending, being porticoes of slight projection, and no higher than the basement, executed in modest gray granite, as are the archways which they frame, in contrast with the strong and uniform red of the brick and terra-cotta. Shafts of this same granite decorate the jambs of the arch near the top of the tower, and these members furnish the only relief to the prevalent crimson.

The interior of the building is simply treated, with wainscotings, however, of polished wood. The surface of the walls and ceiling is of plain plaster, which will afford ample fields for future decoration when the light suffices, as it does everywhere in the great hall of the Exchange. This apartment is divided longitudinally into five bays, and laterally into a central and two side compartments, by the great columns that carry the walls of the interior court. These are incased in plaster, and connected by apparent arches of considerable span and small rise. The central division is roofed with an enormous skylight pierced with window panels filled with stained glass, and raised upon frames, the windows of which may be opened for ventilation. An elaborate gallery in polished wood at the north end of the room will enable visitors to survey the room and the animated scene which its floor will hereafter present. The elevators are expected to be chiefly used for access to the Exchange, as well as to the upper floors, and the staircases are therefore less important than they would otherwise be. All the arrangements promise to secure the convenience and comfort of the members of the Exchange.

ULSTER SUPERSTITIONS.

The belief in luck is deep and strong, and the happy possessor of good luck is always on the watch not to lose it, for nothing is easier than, unconsciously, to make over to some one else the benefits of it. The luck of a whole household may be lost by a careless housewife who lends anything on Monday morning. Some mothers even refuse their married children a turf to light the fire with on the first morning of the week, and carefully place a new turf on the fire for each lighted one lent on other days. To give away milk without first putting in it a pinch of salt is fatal to the prosperity of a dairy, and to part with a homeless dog or any animal that has sought protection also gives away luck. One odd belief is that though some people are unfortunate in all their own concerns, they have the power of benefiting every one they come in contact with; they are described as "sonsy"—the pig that is fattened in order to pay the rent due to them always prospers, the wages paid by them go far, their slightest gift is valuable, whilst those of a grudger only bring disaster; and there is something Eastern in the importance attached to gifts and their givers in this way. The peasantry can at once recognize any one with the priceless blessing of luck by an open and cheerful expression, and in fact a good heart goes with good luck.

It is common for one person to put spells on another, and to influence them at a great distance; thus, if any of the friends or children be travelling on Friday, the Irish mother does not brush or comb her hair on that day, or else they would surely wander and lose their way. Some people do not wash on Friday as a cure for toothache, and many wear little folded bits of paper sewn in their clothes as charms against the same affection. There are charms and spells for other illnesses, and half the old women wear blessed rings of brass to preserve them from rheumatism.

Innumerable are the means employed by young girls to pierce the darkness of their future as to marriage, but no efforts toward meeting their fate appear to be made by men. It ought to be remarked that pious people speak very sternly against these rites, as many of them—such as the one where girls throw a ball of wool down an old quarry, and wait till it is held in the darkness—distinctly raise the Evil One.

SPRING-TIME.

Now rouse ye, rouse ye, Mother Earth,
And smile for us again;
Too long you've worn a cold, grim face
'Neath Winter's chilling reign.
Lo! he has closed his eyes, and sleeps;
Break loose his chains at last;
Your smile should melt each icy link
Which held your treasures fast.

The primrose and the violet sweet,
Ere yet they lift their heads,
Await the sunbeam's earnest kiss
To woo them from their beds.
Give out the word, send messengers
Your whole dominion o'er,
To rouse the sleeping things of earth
To life and joy once more.

Deck now the trees in tender green
To woo the wee birds home;
Set loose the mountain rivulets,
With all their dash and foam;
For see, the skies have lost their clouds,
Shines forth the tender blue,
Whence peep the merry sunbeams bright,
With Spring's sweet promise true.

DR. WILLARD PARKER.

Four months of the late Dr. Parker's life counted in the eighteenth century; he was born at Lyndeborough, New Hampshire, on the 2d of September, 1800. Not many of our professional or scientific men remain whose lives antedate this time; few, if any, have equalled, for instance, the years of the eminent Frenchman, still surviving, who was born two years before Byron and ten years before Keats, and who, at the age of ninety-eight, is still busily pursuing his beloved science at the Institute of France—I mean the chemist M. Chevreul. Long may he live! But such longevity is almost unheard of among our own professional and scientific men. Dr. Parker, at eighty-four years, was the *doyen*, as the French would say, of New York, if not of American, surgeons.

He was the eldest son of a New England farmer, and of a family that came to number five sons and two daughters. It was typical New England stock from which Willard Parker sprang—typical both in descent, in character, and in training. Before he was five years old his parents returned to the homestead at Chelmsford, Massachusetts, which had been held by the family since the year 1652, and there he began the education which has been the most frequent birthright of New England lads, that of alternating school and farm work. In summer the sturdy boy worked on his father's farm; in winter he attended the village school in Chelmsford. Later, he taught the school, and saved up money for his college course. It was a long task; he was twenty-three years old before he entered Harvard College, joining the class of 1826. A detail of this time is interesting: his mother gave him his bed linen, but he had to provide the bedstead; this he bought at a Boston shop for $2 50, as he notes in his manuscript recollections, and "toted" it out to the college himself in order to save the carriage, adding that "it was confoundedly heavy." The incident shows both the energy and the complete freedom from false pride which were life-long characteristics of Dr. Parker. His economies had provided him with the means for a college course, then a much less expensive thing than now. Board was then (in 1822, when Dr. Parker entered college) only $1 75 per week—a price, by-the-way, at which in any of the New England college towns a student could get fairly good board (excepting only the somewhat undue predominance of pies in the rations) down to the time of the civil war. Two thousand dollars a year is now, I believe, not too much for a student who pins his faith on Harvard.

Young Parker chose his college with some idea of studying, later, for the ministry. But for him it was not so written, and early in his course an incident occurred which directed him to his future profession. His chum fell ill one day; he was worse the next, and seriously worse; by night his life was clearly in imminent danger. The cause of the illness was obscure. Professor John C. Warren was summoned at the eleventh hour. He saw at once that he had a serious case of strangulated hernia to deal with. He decided upon the operation by *taxis*, and performed it at once. This is not an operation of the kind that is termed "brilliant," but was better than brilliant; it saved the patient's life, a thing which, unhappily, not all "brilliant" operations do. How many a sufferer have I seen borne away after a "brilliant" operation to die in a hospital ward! I do not mean that this is an every-day abuse

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It is not; but there are surgeons who will take undue risks with their patients, and there are surgeons who refuse to do it. Dr PARKER would never take risks unless for the patient's sake. His life-long teaching and practice was this: *Save the patient;* let us have no "brilliant operations" unless they are necessary for this purpose. Dr WARREN's operation was a successful one, and it profoundly impressed the young college student, who had lent his yet untrained aid to the operator. For each of the chums it was a critical moment. One it gave back to life; the other it gave to his profession. From that moment young PARKER chose surgery as the march of his life.

His college course passed without very noticeable incident, except that he lost six months of his junior year by illness. GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian, was one of his tutors. In 1826 he was graduated with a fair standing. He immediately began his medical studies, and was in due time entered at the Harvard Medical School. Professor WARREN was his medical instructor. Completing the two prescribed annual courses of lectures, he received his degree, and was appointed *interne* in the Chelsea Hospital, walking seven miles per day between that place and Boston during the winter of 1827-28. It fell to the enterprising doctor's lot to provide the college with dissecting material—a task then much more difficult, owing to public prejudice upon the subject, than it now is. Dissection was then indiscriminately opposed in much the same way, and by much the same kind of majority, as that which indiscriminately opposes, in our own day, the equally useful and not often more painful process of animal vivisection. Dr PARKER's experiences in the matter of this nocturnal scientific partnership were extremely interesting, but this is not the place to recite them. In spite of the difficulties which then attended such a commission, his manuscripts have this note: "I easily supplied myself and the colleges with subjects."

From this point onward Dr. PARKER's life becomes more and more a matter of public record. In 1830 he was appointed Professor of Anatomy, and, three years later, of Surgery, in the Berkshire Medical College. He visited the Paris and London hospitals in 1836 and 1837. On his return he was urgently solicited to go to Cincinnati, but declined, choosing New York city as his home thenceforward. In 1839 he became Professor of Surgery in the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons; and there he established, in 1840, the first college clinique in America. The movement has since extended to all the larger cities in the country. The list of his extra and honorary appointments would be too long for this place. His connection for thirty years with the Bellevue Hospital is one of the more important among many positions of high responsibility which he filled. Hundreds of physicians who, like the writer, had the good fortune to serve under him in that great school of practical surgery will always hold his skill, his generous courtesy, his deep-rooted professional uprightness, in bright remembrance.

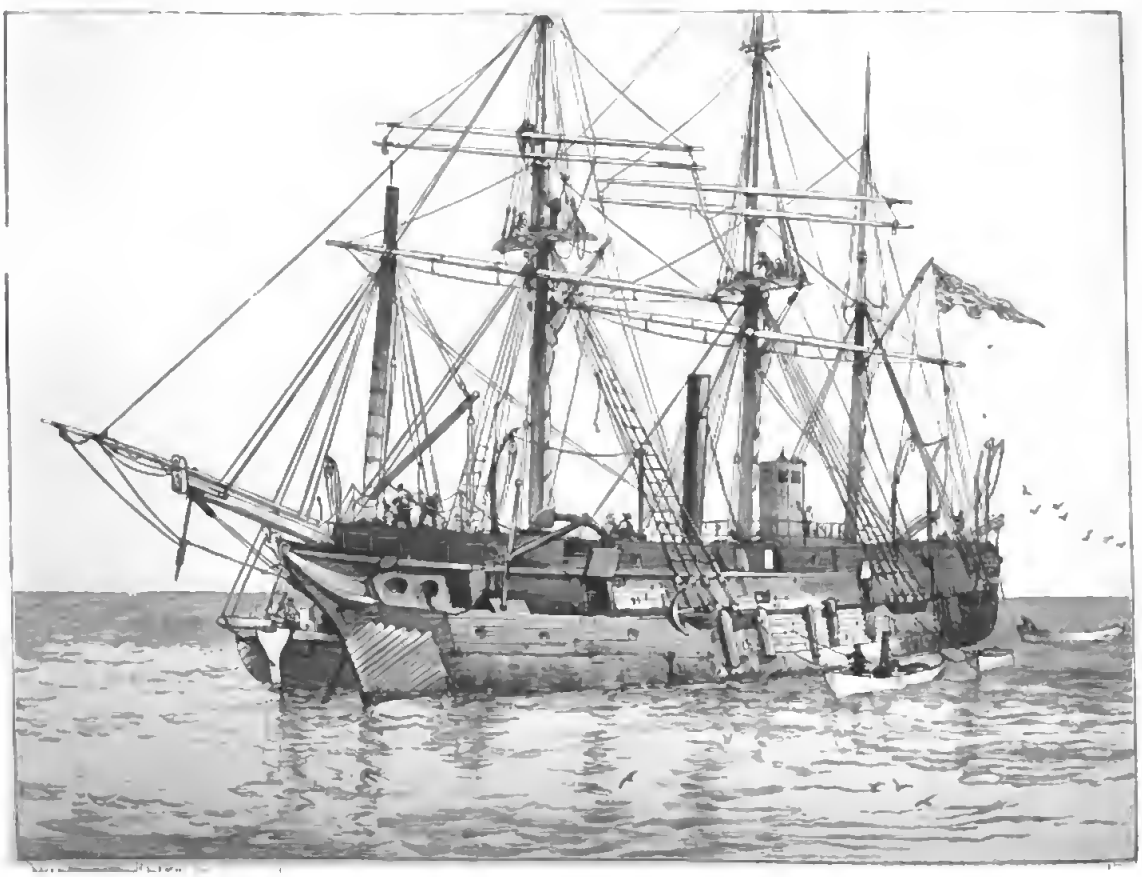
THE LATE DR. WILLARD PARKER.

Dr PARKER's enormous practice left him little time for writing; yet his monographs and printed articles were numerous, and he has left the nearly perfected material for an important work on cancer, a subject of which he was a life-long student. I may mention here one conclusion which he has drawn from the careful observation of some five hundred cases—that cancer is not a hereditary disease. It depends, he believes, upon causes and conditions that are peculiar to the individual; and it is a disease, consequently, which can often be averted by taking the right preventive measures.

Some of the leading articles or monographs by Dr. PARKER are as follows: "On the High Operation for Stone" (New York *Journal of Medicine*, 1855); "Strangulated Hernia" (New York *Medical Times*, Vol. III.); and "The Concussion of Nerves" (New York *Medical Times*, 1856). A competent critic of this paper writes: "He was the first to call attention to the phenomena of concussion of the nerves as distinct from that of the nerve centres, formerly considered as identical with a state of indamination." In 1854 he first described and reported cases of malignant pustule. His discovery of cystotomy for the relief of chronic cystitis, and his treatment of abscess of the appendix vermiformis, have given him rank among those who have advanced the surgical art.

In the practice of surgery he was one of the most successful men that the century has produced, and his success was purely legitimate: it was based upon great knowledge, experience, and skill, and, as I have said, upon great honesty in deciding for his patients.

To the thousands who personally have Dr. PARKER, nothing need be said of the frank, kindly, humorous, and hearty nature which endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. Probably never in this community has there been so great a surgeon who had at once so many friends and so few enemies as WILLARD PARKER. What is lauded as "character" in most people is commonly nothing more than a bundle of personal prejudices. Dr. PARKER's character meant an open and active mind, a generous heart, and a glowing energy of will that made the battle of life an enjoyable game for him. His success was the success of noble qualities.



THE ARCTIC SEARCH STEAMER "ALERT"—PRESENTED BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT TO THE UNITED STATES.

DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 292.]

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THE RIGHT REV. ALFRED A. WATSON, D.D.
Photographed by Yates & Alderman.

THE REV. ADOLPHUS HARTMANN.
Photographed by Eickert.—[See Page 287.]

THE REV. WILLIAM WEINLANDE.
Photographed by Eickert.—[See Page 287.]

THE RIGHT REV. ALFRED AUGUSTIN WATSON.

The Rev. Dr Watson, who was consecrated Bishop of the new diocese of East Carolina on Thursday, April 17, in St James's church, Wilmington, was born in the city of New York in the year 1818. He studied law in the office of the distinguished chancellor Kent, but soon abandoned it for the ministry. Immediately after his ordination he removed to North Carolina, where he has since resided. Until the year 1863 his field of labor was in the more eastern portion of the State, at Plymouth, Tarboro, and parts adjacent. He assumed pastoral charge of the parish of St. James's, Wilmington, in the year above mentioned, where he has continued uninterruptedly until his consecration as Bishop. When the primary convention of the new diocese met at Newbern, in December, 1883, to organize, he was unanimously elected its Bishop—a magnificent compliment, given paid to any one, but in his case most richly deserved.

The new Bishop is recognized at home and abroad as a man of great ability and force of character, active, energetic, and strong in the performance of duty, a sound theologian and an earnest man of God, pure in manners, humble and devout and true to his principles, to his friends and kinsfolk, and true as mortal man can be to his God. The diocese of East Carolina is fortunate in its Bishop, for he possesses executive capacities of the highest order, and he will bring to the discharge of the duties of his high office unflagging zeal and entire devotion to the Master's service. We look for a great degree of success for the new diocese of East Carolina under his able and vigorous administration.

THE "OREGON."

The third voyage of the Guion steamer *Oregon* is the quickest on record. She has beaten not only the speed of the fastest vessels of all other lines, but has surpassed the performances of her *Alaska*, of the same line. The shortest time in which the fleet ship has crossed the Atlantic is 6 days, 21 hours, 40 minutes. The *Oregon* made the actual trip in the wonderful time of 6 days, 10 hours, 10 minutes. The quickest time of the *Servia*, of the Cunard Line, is 7 days, 55 minutes, and of the *Britannic*, of the White Star line, 7 days, 7 hours, 13 minutes, and of the *City of Rome*, 6 days, 20 hours.

Many of the short runs which have been credited to various steamers have been measured from Fastnet Light to Fire Island; the run of the *Oregon* is measured from Queenstown to Sandy Hook. The greatest number of miles made in any one day was 472, the least, 440.

The *Oregon* is commanded by Captain Price, of the Royal Naval Reserve, the Commodore of the Guion Line, a thorough seaman, a man very high in public confidence, and a favorite with his passengers. She is 520 feet long, 64 feet beam, 36 feet 9 inches depth, and measures about 7000 tons gross. Her machinery is a marvel of construction, and can, in case of need, be managed by two men, one above and one below. Her cylinders are three in number, two 104 inches in diameter, one 70 inches, with a stroke of six feet, is helping 13,000 horse-power. She was built last year by John Elder & Co., the well-known builders, and, as we have said, has just completed her third voyage. It may give some idea of the speed with which she crossed the ocean if we say that if there was a straight waterway between here and San Francisco, she would beat the fastest train in the schedule. It may be well to state distinctly that there never was the slightest idea of a race between her and the Cunarder *Aurania*, or any other vessel, so that any claim on this head to intending passengers is utterly groundless. She simply did her best without regard to what others were doing. It goes without saying that speed is now imperatively demanded by the crowd of visitors who seek the old continent on business or pleasure, and to whom time is an object of primary importance. Since the *Savannah*, in 1837, made the voyage in seventeen days, the passage has been steadily shortened, and every new steamer has been built to outstrip its predecessors; and it is not improbable that still more astonishing runs may be made, especially if made from Milford Haven to Montauk Point. The Cunard Line, tired of their policy of building for freight, have new ships of an improved model, but the *Aurania* has not yet been able to take the first place, and the new vessels now building for them and the National Line

THE LATE THOMAS G. APPLETON.—Phot. by Notman.—[See Page 279.]

THE GUION STEAM-SHIP "OREGON"—THE GREYHOUND OF THE SEAS.

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have still to show their qualities. At present the *Oregon* is the champion, and her record is one of which the owners may justly be proud.

We subjoin a partial copy of her log:

LOG OF THE "OREGON."—THIRD VOYAGE.

April 12, 8 15 A.M.—Passed Rock Light; light breeze, and fine. *April* 12, 10 35 A.M.—Queenstown, left at noon, passed Fastnet 2 30; moderate breeze. *April* 14.—Run 440 miles, fine, clear weather; light east wind; northeast. *April* 15.—Run 460 miles, light east wind; easterly. *April* 16.—Run 455 miles; light east wind, southeast. *April* 17.—Run 470 miles; stiff breeze from northeast; saw several pieces of ice. *April* 18.—Run 460 miles; fine east winds, with intervals of fog, easterly. *April* 19.—Run 473 miles; rain squalls and fog, 1.15 P.M., took pilot on board; 4 P.M., Fire Island; 6 47 Sandy Hook bar *April* 20.—2.15 A.M., started up and passed Sandy Hook, 3 20, Quarantine, 5 20, left Quarantine; 7 15, at dock. Actual time of passage, 6 days, 10 hours, 10 minutes.

A NEEDED CAUTION.

There will be inferior imitations of successful articles, and that most remarkable of all floor coverings, "Linoleum," is no exception. Beyond all controversy, the superiority of the American make of these goods is proven. The best English goods never reach this market, for the high quality of the American goods completely supersedes them. Only inferior grades are imported, and in one will look dirty and unsatisfactory. The Walton Trade-mark with the word "Linoleum" is on the back of every square yard of American goods, and all carpet dealers keep it.—[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

MAKES A COOLING DRINK.

Into half a tumbler of ice water put a teaspoonful of Acid Phosphate; add sugar to the taste.—[*Adv.*]

In the pipe, Blackwell's Durham Long-cut Tobacco is even more luxurious than in the cigarette, for then it is a fuller smoke, its flavors are longer drawn, and its fragrance play around you like odors in a garden of lilies.—[*Adv.*]

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR

May be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocoaine. The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and strength.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Halford Sauce is conceded the standard relish. Halford Sauce improves every dish by its addition.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure* Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times* the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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A Neighbor

In your own community, wherever you are, can tell you—if you do not happen to know them yourself—of cases within his knowledge demonstrating that AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is an ever reliable and thorough purifier of the blood: one that will eradicate from the system every taint of the taint of Scrofulous, Mercurial, or Contagious Diseases, enrich impoverished blood, strengthen enfeebled vital organs, invigorate and build up the system, as is in the power of no other medicine.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Has been nearly forty years standing the test of the world's use, and the best proofs that it has successfully met the requirements upon it are, that

Leading physicians endorse it as the best blood purifier known;

There is a great annual increase in the demand for it;

Voluntary testimonials as to its efficacy are constantly offered in great numbers, by persons whom it has cured of diseases born of corrupted blood, even hereditary ones, and those of many years standing.

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50 Large New Golden Motto Chromo Cards, not as alike, name on, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N.Y.

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ARE PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.

HIGHEST AWARD CENTENNIAL 1876.

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149 to 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

PROPOSALS FOR PURCHASE OF VESSELS.

NAVY DEPARTMENT.
WASHINGTON, *March* 1, 1884.

In accordance with the provisions of the 5th section of the act of Congress making appropriations to supply deficiencies approved March 3, 1883, sealed proposals will be received at the Navy Department until noon on Saturday, May 3, 1884, at which time and place they will be opened, for the purchase of certain vessels which have been stricken from the Navy Register, under authority of an act of Congress approved August 5, 1882, and which it is deemed for the best interests of the United States to sell.

The vessels offered, their appraised value and their locality, are the Niagara, at Boston, Mass., $54,000; Florida, at New London, Conn., $80,500; Colorado $34,700, and Ticonderoga $34,000, at New York; Supply $900, at League Island, Penn.; Pawnee $6,900, at Port Royal, S.C.; Benicia $14,000, and Cyane $12,000, at Mare Island, Cal.

Proposals must be submitted in a sealed envelope, addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C., and endorsed "proposals for the purchase of vessels," so as to distinguish them from other communications. No offer for more than one vessel should be included within one proposal.

The vessels will be sold, for cash, to the person or persons, or corporation or corporations, offering the highest prices therefor above the appraised value thereof. Each bid or proposal must be accompanied by a deposit in cash (or satisfactory certified check) of not less than ten per cent. of the amount of the offer or proposal, and also a bond with a penal sum equal to the whole amount of the offer, with two or more sureties, to be approved by the Secretary of the Navy, conditioned for the payment of the remaining ninety per cent. of the amount of such offer or proposal within thirty days from the date of its acceptance. In case default is made in the payment of the remaining ninety per cent., or any part thereof, within that time, said cash deposit of ten per cent. shall be considered as forfeited to the Government, and shall be applied as directed in the act of March 3, 1883. All deposits and bonds of bidders, whose proposals shall not be accepted, will be returned to them within seven days after the opening of the proposals.

On application to the Department, a printed list will be furnished, giving general information concerning the vessels; also forms of bids and bonds which must be used by bidders. The vessels can be examined at any time by applying to the Commandants of the Navy Yards.

The purchasers must remove the vessels purchased from the limits of the Yard within such reasonable time as may be fixed by the Department.

WILLIAM E. CHANDLER,
Secretary of the Navy.

TOILET POWDER
VELOUTINE FAY
invisible, impalpable, adherent.
SPECIAL RICE POWDER PREPARED WITH BISMUTH
by CHARLES FAY, Perfumer,
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New York: Wholesale, 93 Grand Street.

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Hygienical Preparations for the Teeth and the Mouth
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New York: Wholesale, 93 Grand Street.

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Goods received and returned by express and by mail.

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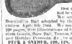

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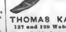

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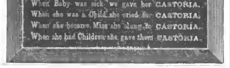

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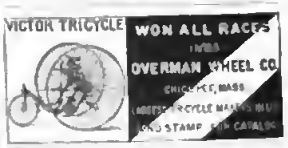

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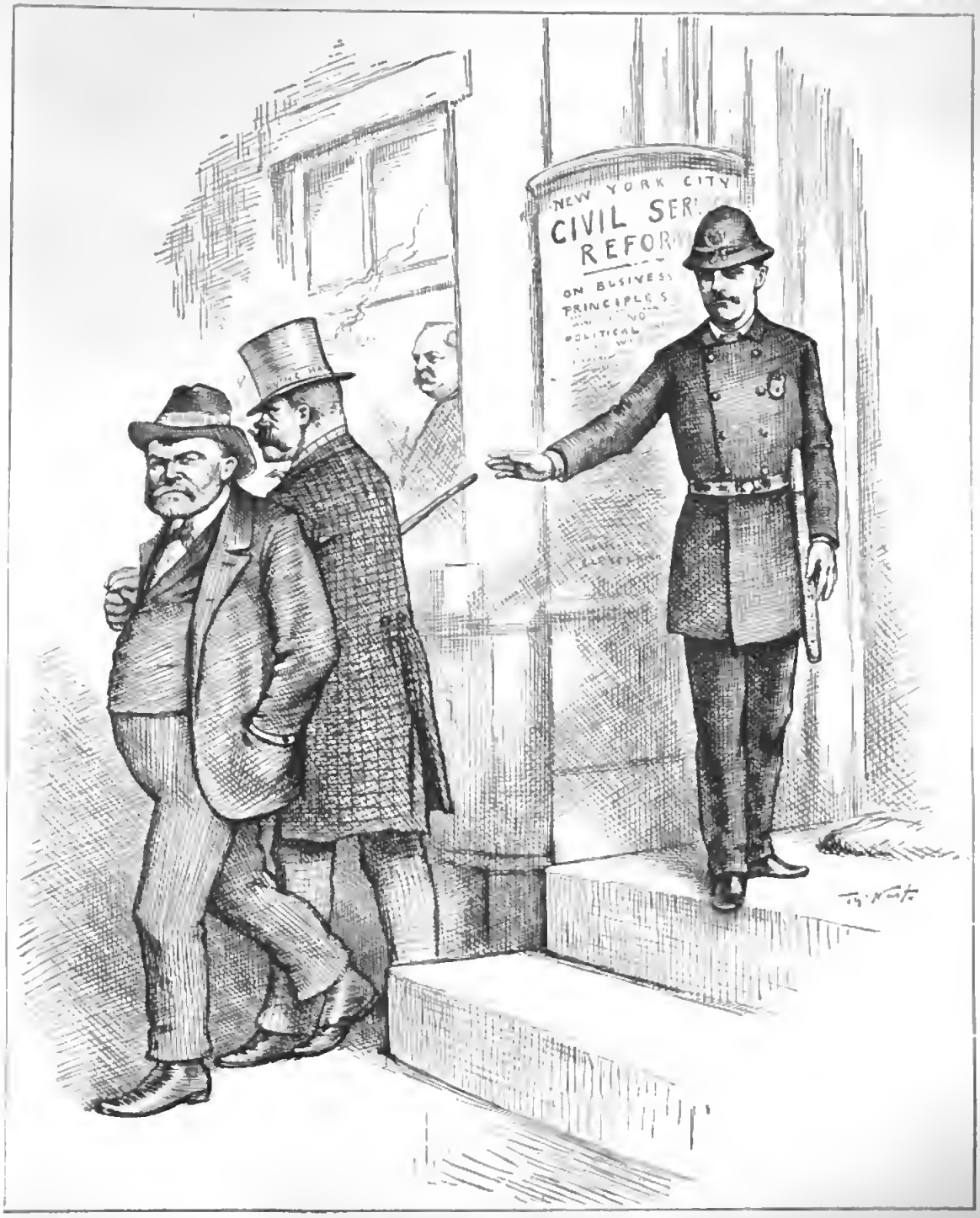

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THE BLAINE CONTROVERSY

WE print elsewhere the reply of Mr. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS to the statements concerning the railroad transactions of Mr. BLAINE which have been long current. The extraordinary circumstances attending their disclosure in 1876 are not forgotten, and the incident known as that of the "MULLIGAN letters" is one of the most remarkable and unpleasant in the career of any prominent public man of the time. The stories have been naturally revived by the determination to press Mr. BLAINE for the Presidential nomination at Chicago, and a plain statement of some of them was recently made in the *Evening Post*, to which journal Mr. PHELPS's answer is addressed. This answer has induced the *Post*, in an article which we reprint, to recall some of the letters of Mr. BLAINE which excited the most surprise eight years ago, and which are certainly as surprising as ever.

There are, under the circumstances, two aspects of this subject, which are very different. One is that of the propriety of Mr. BLAINE's conduct; the other is that of the welfare of the Republican party. It seems to us that a preliminary controversy of this kind puts the inexpediency of the nomination of Mr. BLAINE beyond question. Every earnest Republican must feel that the nomination of a Presidential candidate for whom such an explanation is necessary would be a most hazardous enterprise. A defense from such charges which begins before the nomination would be constantly forced at every point the moment that the subject of them should be nominated, and such a nomination, under such circumstances, would be disastrous. The charges are not "made of whole cloth"; that is to say, they are founded upon undeniable transactions; and the explanation is certainly not conclusive in the sense of showing that there can be no doubt. The whole affair must be still an open question, and that would be fatal. The charges are not ordinary campaign stories and accusations. They are definite allegations, including sworn testimony, Mr. BLAINE's own letters and those of other persons, affidavits, and documents of many kinds, all combining to present a case the interpretation of which is at the best doubtful. The charges are not loose assertions and forgeries, like the Morey letter, and they can not be dismissed as the inevitable incidents of a campaign, like the blackguard attacks of the *Aurora* upon WASHINGTON. Even the alleged "bargain" between JOHN QUINCY ADAMS and HENRY CLAY—a story of which there was never any pretense of proof, and which Mr. ADAMS's character itself disproved—pursued Mr. CLAY to the end. In this situation, whatever may be the enthusiasm and the indignant denial of the stories by Mr. BLAINE's friends, and however able they may be to secure a majority of the Convention, the question will remain whether in the face of this bitter controversy, and in presence of the known fixed resolution of a great and, as we believe, decisive body of Republicans not to vote for Mr. BLAINE—a resolution which is not affected by Mr. PHELPS's defense—it is wise to nominate him.

The one fact in this controversy which remains undisturbed, and which the honest voter everywhere will plainly comprehend, is this: In the spring of 1869 Mr. BLAINE, as Speaker, made a ruling in favor of the Little Rock Railroad securing to it a government land grant, which passed on April 9. Soon afterward it appeared that Mr. BLAINE was very desirous of obtaining an interest in building the road, and on June 29 he wrote to his friend Mr. FISHER, the contractor, who had made him some offer, asking that Mr. CALDWELL, who then controlled the enterprise, should make him (Mr. BLAINE) a definite proposition to enable him to acquire the interest that he desired. On the 2d of July he renews the suggestion. Mr. CALDWELL apparently not responding, Mr. BLAINE writes again, on the 4th of October, to his intermediary, Mr. FISHER, and tells the story of his ruling, showing that he, as Speaker, saved the road, and authorizing Mr. FISHER to tell Mr. CALDWELL that thus, without knowing it, he (Mr. BLAINE) had done him a great favor. On the same day he writes another letter to Mr. FISHER, urging him to read the *Globe*, which he sends him, and see how narrowly, by means of his ruling, the bill aiding the road escaped defeat. In the same letter Mr. BLAINE expresses his natural anxiety to make the most of the arrangement which he had already completed with Mr. FISHER, but states that he is bothered by Mr. CALDWELL's delay. This repeated reference to his official action was apparently intended to bring Mr. CALDWELL to the point. This is the natural and fair interpretation of the letters, and it is this which startled the country when the disclosures were first made, eight years ago. Our readers will judge for themselves whether this is a fair view of the letters, and whether Mr. PHELPS's explanation removes this impression. We do not think that it does. But now, having what must be considered an explanation from Mr. BLAINE himself, which leaves the question where it was, can anything be plainer than that his nomination would involve extraordinary risks for the Republican party? Could the party wisely venture upon a campaign which would inevitably turn upon the question whether its Presidential candidate had made his official action serve his personal advantage?

THE DEMOCRATS AND THE NAVY.

THE Democrats are not doing well in Congress. Their opposition to the repeal of the four years' bill and their hostility to the navy are not good cries with which to go to the country, which favors civil service reform, and is always proud of its navy. Thirty Democrats, only, supported the repeal, and forty-four voted against Mr. RANDALL's proposition to leave the cruisers unarmed. Mr. DORSHEIMER has put the argument for a moderate but effective navy very forcibly, and Messrs. HEWITT, O. B. POTTER, and SLOCUM are among the Democrats from New York who supported him. Messrs. BELMONT and HUTCHINS did not vote.

The House thus decides against Mr. RANDALL, and authorizes guns for three ships. But the naval defenses of the country are ludicrously disproportioned to its situation and its needs. The condition is such that in the event of war we should be practically helpless in the very direction in which we were once so strong; and we should be helpless notwithstanding the facts are all known, and the power, the speed, and the naval resources of other nations are familiar. The rapidity and fertility of invention both in ships and projectiles are such that a sleepy or headstrong or foolishly penurious nation may easily find itself at an immense naval disadvantage. There is no better peacemaker than the knowledge of ample and assured power; and although it is easy to make the maxim "In peace prepare for war" the pretense for extravagant expenditure, yet it is no less foolish to allow the desire for economy to restrict a necessary and patriotic expense.

The arguments that are urged against the appropriation for arms for the cruisers are that Mr. ROBESON was a bad Secretary of the Navy, and that Mr. CHANDLER, the present Secretary, is not to be trusted. But Mr. HEWITT's specific charge of this kind the other day was immediately and decisively disproved, and nobody has ventured to bring any other. Besides, if the Secretary were an improper person to direct the expenditure, it is quite enough to say that he would not direct it. The game of the Democratic leaders is to go to the country with a statement of reduced appropriations as evidence of economy, and they trust that the voters would be satisfied with the figures, and ask nothing more. The voters, however, will be shown, should this little game succeed, that the reduced figures mean a useless navy, and the dangerous exposure of the whole sea-board, and a gross waste of money already spent in building ships. It is this kind of folly upon the part of Democratic leaders which makes the country justly distrust Democratic capacity for effective and patriotic administration.

MR EDMUNDS AND MR. PHELPS.

MR. PHELPS is so intimate a friend of Mr. BLAINE that his recent letter must be assumed to have been submitted to Mr. BLAINE, and to have been published with his approval. The letter was evidently deliberately prepared with the purpose of giving to the friends of Mr. BLAINE the key-note of an attack upon Mr. EDMUNDS. That note was the assertion that if Mr. BLAINE was guilty, Mr. EDMUNDS was not less so. But guilty of what? Here is the precise point at which the letter of Mr. PHELPS fails in candor, by representing the charge against Mr. BLAINE to be other than it really is.

Mr. PHELPS, and we assume with the approval of Mr. BLAINE, says that Mr. EDMUNDS, like Mr. BLAINE, became interested in railroad property after he had taken part in legislative action for its benefit, and that if this was right in Mr. EDMUNDS, as Mr. PHELPS avers that it is, it can not be wrong in Mr. BLAINE. The moral inference which Mr. PHELPS leaves the reader to draw is that this is all that Mr. BLAINE is alleged to have done. But this is not the alleged offense of Mr. BLAINE. The assertion made upon the evidence of his own letters and of official records is that Mr. BLAINE, desiring an interest in a certain railroad, called the attention of those who controlled the road to the fact that as Speaker he had been of great service to the road, and that as an interested party he would not be "a dead head," but could be useful in "various channels": moreover, that he said in debate that the road had not been benefited by Congressional legislation, although he admitted that it had been greatly aided by his ruling as Speaker, and that when his letters, showing that it had been aided by Congressional legislation were about to be exposed, he obtained the letters from the holder under the most extraordinary and humiliating circumstances, involving his honorable regard for his own word.

This is the charge against Mr. BLAINE which the letter of Mr. PHELPS does not explain. But Mr. PHELPS attempts to divert attention by saying that if Mr. BLAINE became interested in a railroad some time after it had been benefited by his ruling, so Mr. EDMUNDS bought an interest in a railroad after a land grant had been confirmed to it by his vote with that of others in Congress. But neither Mr. PHELPS nor anybody else has shown any similarity whatever between the investment made by Mr. EDMUNDS in the Burlington and Missouri road and the transactions of Mr. BLAINE in the Little Rock and Fort Smith road, as shown by his own letters. Not one intelligent person who understands the nature of the charge against Mr. BLAINE is deceived by the effort to implicate Mr. EDMUNDS in similar difficulties. Indeed, both the substance and the method of the BLAINE defense show anger and desperation, but not the consciousness of irreproachable conduct.

A SIGNIFICANT SIGN.

THE late organization in Boston of the friends of revenue reform is one of the most significant of recent political events. The old issues that divided the two parties are largely settled, and here are some hundreds of the leading Republicans and leading Democrats in Massachusetts who are already heartily united and organized upon one of the actual issues of to-day, reform of the civil service, now uniting and organizing upon the other issue, revenue reform.

They adhere traditionally to their old parties. But while they are separated by a name, they are united by a substance. Their disagreement is largely formal, while their agreement is real. Thus, quite without parade, if such leagues should multiply and extend, the frame of a new party would be constructed before there was a general consciousness of the change.

The Massachusetts Republican platform protests against a surplus revenue, and demands a tariff which shall favor American labor. It opposes the MORRISON horizontal scheme, because it is constructed upon no principle whatever, and may increase rather than reduce the revenue. It demands that the reformed system in the national civil service shall be extended, and that the same principles shall be applied to the State and municipal service. It demands, also, a free ballot and a fair count in every State. This platform and the revenue reform organization show the wise spirit which would secure to the Republican party the cordial support of intelligent voters by making the party truly progressive and responsive to the highest and best demands of the American people.

THE PUBLIC MEETING AND THE MOB AT CINCINNATI.

IT is evident that there is still serious misapprehension as to the relation of the meeting in Cincinnati to protest against the miscarriage of justice in the BERNER case and the mob that followed, and justice to the good name of Cincinnati requires that it should be corrected. There was no doubt whatever of BERNER's guilt. The crime was a deliberate and cruel murder. He had confessed the details seven times, and twice in writing. The confessions were proved to the jury. The charge of the judge was in effect a direction to the jury to find the prisoner guilty, and the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter.

It was felt to be a wicked verdict, and the community was profoundly startled. A dangerous spirit pointing to riot and lynch-law was evident immediately, and so evident that Archbishop ELDER warned the excited people to restrain themselves. In this situation the public meeting was called, in the interests of law and order, to express indignation at the gross wrong of such maladministration of justice, but to urge peaceful remedies only. The speeches were ardent, but not inflammatory, and, far from inciting the mob, it is now known that the attack upon the jail had been already planned for that very night, and one of the objects of the meeting was to baffle any such plan. The mob did not go from the meeting, which quietly dispersed, but moved some time afterward from a spot more than a mile away. The riot would have occurred had the meeting not been held, and the meeting itself was a moral protest against it.

Moreover, the resolute conduct of the sheriff, although at

a great cost, maintained the law and prevented the massacre of the twenty-three prisoners. Very possibly they deserved the extremest punishment, but not at the cost of overthrowing every safeguard of social order. The sheriff has been blamed, but the maintenance of lawful order is always worth what it costs, because when that goes, everything goes. The bills prepared by the committee appointed at the meeting have been approved by the committee of the Bar Association, and as law they will do much to remove the stigma which not so much the riot as the notorious failure of justice had thrown upon the good name of Cincinnati.

WHAT MATTHEW ARNOLD DID NOT SAY.

Mr. Matthew Arnold is so friendly to this country, and of so singularly frank and simple a nature, that it is a little hard he should have been made the butt of so much ridicule and fun. But the reader must beware of believing much that floats through the papers which affects his common courtesy and good manners. Soon after he came we showed how ludicrously the truth was perverted in a story of what he had said of Mr. Emerson, and the explanation left Mr. Arnold in the true light of a reverent admirer of Mr. Emerson, which he is.

A recent story represents him as guilty of gross discourtesy at the home of Mr. Lowell, in Cambridge. The house was said to be occupied by Mrs. Ole Bull, who had invited Mr. Arnold to call upon her, and the story proceeds: "The place is always beautiful and inviting, and on this occasion was particularly attractive, as Mrs. Ole Bull had, with her usual good taste, adorned the house with flowers in honor of her expected guest. Mr. Arnold was conducted through the various rooms, and returned to the library, which is a bright, beautiful room, besides being rich in associations with the distinguished owner. Mr. Arnold made no remark during the survey, but when it was ended said, 'How dreary it will be for him when he comes back!'"

Such a remark might have been made in badinage, and it would have been only a good-natured jest. But it turns out that Mrs. Ole Bull did not receive Mr. Arnold at Mr. Lowell's house, and that the remark was not made. As the *Literary World* truly says, the story would not have become current if it had not accorded with the popular idea of Mr. Arnold. But, we repeat, so far as that impression is that of an unfriendly observer, discourteous to this country, nothing could be more unfounded.

THE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN MR. EDMUNDS AND MR. PHELPS.

The attack of Mr. Phelps upon Mr. Edmunds has produced the following correspondence:

"United States Senate, Washington, D.C., *April 28, 1884.*

"Dear Sir,—I have read your letter in defence of Mr. Blaine in the Sunday *Tribune*, and also the editorial of the *Tribune* thereon, in which you say, 'Senator Edmunds was understood to have a block of Burlington and Missouri securities,' and 'Senator Edmunds acquired these interests in the Burlington and Missouri road when they were in the Senate. They both supported the bill to restore the land grant to their road.'

"These statements, taken in connection with the rest of your letter, evidently mean that at the time of the legislation referred to I was in some way interested in that road or its securities, and the editorial in the *Tribune* states expressly, as being your statement, that thing. Both yourself and the *Tribune* are totally mistaken. I have hunted up what I suppose to be the joint resolution to which you refer, being Senate joint resolution No. 20, First Session, Forty-first Congress, of which I had no recollection whatever before; but I see, on looking at the *Congressional Globe* of that time, that I did make a single remark on the subject of the House amendment, which remark I commend to your careful consideration. I had not at that time, and never had before, any ownership or interest in any bond or stock of that road or any other out of the State of Vermont, and never expected to have, and had no more connection with the passage of the joint resolution than you had, and knew no more than you (which I assume was nothing at all), excepting what may be inferred from my remark on the House amendment. More than three months afterward, and on the 12th of July, 1869, I find, on looking at my old books, I subscribed for 150 shares of the stock and $6000 of the bonds of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad Company in Nebraska, which, I assume, was a road in some way affected by the legislation referred to. I paid to each the same price that all other subscribers did, and had the stock for several years, when I sold it in the Boston market at the market price and no more; and then, or afterward, bought more of the bonds of the same company, which I still hold.

"This is the whole story, and I give you authority to verify it by an examination of the books of the company in Boston, or an examination of my books, or both. It is of some consequence among men who intend to be truthful, as I do not doubt you do, to be somewhat accurate in making statements about the acts and doings of other people. If you or anybody else wish to know anything concerning my business or other transactions at any time, I shall be happy to put you in possession of precise information, so that you will be certain that what you say is true. I am neither willing nor desirous to be either candidate or President, which everybody who has ever spoken or written to me upon the subject knows. But as I naturally like to stand well in the estimation of my fellow-citizens, I dislike to be accused of either corruption, bias, selfishness, or acting on public questions in which I have a private interest, when such accusations are untrue. Respectfully yours,

"George F. Edmunds.

"*Hon. William Walter Phelps, House of Representatives.*"

REPLY OF MR. PHELPS.

"House of Representatives, Washington, D.C., *April 29, 1884.*

"Dear Sir,—I have this moment your letter of this morning, and hasten to correct some impressions you have gotten either from my letter to the *Post*, or more probably from some of the numerous newspaper comments. I regret if you think that in using your name as an illustration of a principle I have in any way hurt your reputation. It is a reputation of which you and the country may well be proud, and, as I said in my letter, the facts do not and ought not hurt any man's reputation. The principle I sought to illustrate was that a legislator has no right to refuse justice to corporate interests because he happens to have some share in the property that would be benefited, and that it was not necessarily a wrong thing for a legislator to acquire an interest in a corporate property after legislative action in which he had assisted, and I cited as an illustration your conduct and that of many other legislators, which neither I nor any else censured. Then I asked why such conduct was censurable in Mr. Blaine and not in any one else. Mr. Blaine did not vote, but did rule so that the Little Rock and Fort Smith road got its land grant confirmed, knowing no more of the road at the time than I did, and forgot the fact. Three months afterward Mr. Blaine bought his interest in that road. You voted—because the assent was unanimous, and you were present—to confirm the land grant of the Burlington and Missouri road, knowing at that time a little more of it than I did, for you debated it; you forgot the fact; three months afterward you bought your interest in that road. The cases were so analogous in all essential particulars that it seemed proper to group them. Had I thought the action of either of you discreditable, I should not have defended him nor mentioned you. Where is there any lack of accuracy in my 'statements about other people'? I said, 'Senator Edmunds was understood to have a block of Burlington and Missouri road when he was in the Senate.' You say on July 12, 1869, you subscribed for 150 shares of the stock and $6000 of the bonds of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad Company. I am inaccurate in these statements, then, only in case you were not a member of the Senate on July 12, 1869, and in case stocks and bonds do not constitute a block. I said, 'They both [you and another] supported the bill to restore the land grant to their road.' You say on this point nothing accurately. You had only to say you 'voted against the bill.' Had you done this, I would cheerfully admit my inaccuracy; but the official record shows you present and speaking upon the resolution at the moment of its passage, and the record shows that it passed without a vote against it.

"If the *Tribune* misapprehended me as saying you were in any way interested in the road at the time of the passage of the resolution, it is responsible, and not I. I suspect it can take care of itself, and prefers to. I made no such representation, directly or by implication. Such a fact would destroy the parallelism between your case and Mr. Blaine's. He had no interest in the road at the time of the passage of the resolution, as you had none. He acquired his interest in Boston three months after, just as you acquired yours in Boston three months after. I think my statements were as accurate as popular language could make them. Had I thought them 'a charge,' I could have used the technical language of a legal pleading, but such language would not have stated the facts more fairly. I do not want to know anything of your business transactions, except those facts which the public has long known, and of which you need not be ashamed; nor do I need any other evidence than your own word for anything you choose to communicate. The fact that you, like your great associate, do not escape the misrepresentation of the press has never shaken my entire confidence in your honor and honesty; nor need I add that I have been long in a school where I have learned no sympathies with public men who are falsely and perpetually accused of corruption, bias, and selfishness, and of acting upon public questions in which they have private interests. Nor have they been exempt from such penalties of greatness though neither willing nor desirous to be either candidate or President, and naturally liking to stand well in the estimation of their fellow-citizens. Such expressions of envy are always a penalty of greatness, and can be only escaped by obscurity.

"The disposition of this letter is in your hands.

"I am, Mr. Senator, with high esteem, respectfully yours,

"William Walter Phelps.

"*Hon. George F. Edmunds, United States Senate.*"

REPLY OF MR. EDMUNDS.

"United States Senate, Washington, *April 30, 1884.*

"Dear Sir,—I have yours dated 29th inst., which was left at my house late last evening. According to your permission, any of the gentlemen of the press who desire it will be permitted to take copies of my note and yours.

"The statement in your public letters, together with the facts referred to in my note, will show what the point was. With your arguments and conclusions I have no concern. Respectfully yours,

"George F. Edmunds.

"*The Hon. William Walter Phelps, House of Representatives.*"

PERSONAL.

"Mistakes in governing children," says a New York author, "arise from supposing that family government exists for the good of the parents, whereas really it exists for the good of the children, as is seen in the fact that the older the children grow, the less government they get. I do not believe in striking a child. It is often the easiest way to deal with him, but it does not argue much cleverness in ways and means on the part of the father, mother, or school-teacher who strikes."

—Mr. Edwin Booth, the distinguished actor, is acquainted personally with but few members of his profession. He prefers the society of literary men, of painters, and of sculptors to that of actors, and is very much at home in the studios that he frequents. In personal appearance Mr. Booth is getting to resemble his celebrated father, Junius Brutus Booth.

—An interesting prompter's book of *Richelieu* is one that once belonged to the late Edwin Forrest, and is now owned by a lady in this city. Its margins are boldly and heavily marked as such by the pen of Mr. Forrest, which has been careful to cut out everything of importance from the parts taken by the other actors. As it stands it is a pleasing and suggestive illustration of the chief beauties of the star system.

—Some of the reporters who saw Miss Terry off, on board the *Auraania*, gave marvellous accounts of her utterances. "Say," she is alleged to have said, "that I love everybody in America. Say farewell to all my dear friends, and say to them that I said, 'God bless them.'" As the charming actress was three hundred miles or so out on the Atlantic when these wonderful commands appeared in cold type, the active and ardent recorder of them was safe from being confronted by her denial. Still, it is amusing to read these steamer farewells.

—The memorial exhibition of George Fuller's works in Boston represents something more than the perfunctory benevolence of a dead artist's friends in behalf of his widow and children. It marks a period in American art. Although special attention is undoubtedly due to the beautiful painting of the nude in the "Arethusa," there are ideal traits in the "Winnifred Dysart," exhibited a few years ago in this city, and now in the memorial exhibition, which surpass those of any other American figure painting. A hundred years to come, Boston will be proud of George Fuller.

—Madame Patti, according to one of the directors of the Academy of Music, did not receive any five thousand dollars a night. That sum, he says, was only an advertising dodge. Among musical people on Fourteenth Street the opinion is freely expressed that the illustrious diva's fee was about two thousand dollars a performance. Madame Patti's fortune is not believed to be large.

—Herbert Spencer: "In most cases, so far from thinking legislators to be deserving of punishment for causing disasters by laws ignorantly enacted, we scarcely think them deserving of reprobation. We forget that before bad laws are abolished they have generally been inflicting evils more or less serious, some for a few years, some for tens of years, some for centuries. Change your vague idea of a bad law into a definite idea of it as an agency operating on people's lives, and you see that it means so much of pain, so much of illness, so much of mortality. A vicious form of legal procedure, either enacted or tolerated, entails on suitors costs, or delay, or defeat. What do these imply? Loss of money, often ill spared; great and prolonged anxiety; frequently consequent illness; unhappiness of families and dependants; children stinted in food and clothing—all of them miseries which bring after them multitudinous remoter miseries."

—The Kirmess at the Metropolitan Opera-house in aid of the Skin and Cancer Hospital was a bright and alluring spectacle, of which Madame Nilsson and a hundred New York ladies were vital parts. The late Dr. L. Duncan Bulkley, the first medical officer of the institution, said that careful study demonstrates beyond peradventure that the nearer the condition of a patient in a hospital approaches that of a member of a well-ordered household, the better are his chances for recovery; and the successful Kirmess festival will do much toward realizing that happy condition for many suffering men and women.

—No religious man, writes the Rev. Canon Curteis, need shrink from saying: "I am a Christian agnostic; I hold firmly by the doctrine of St. Paul, who exclaims, in sheer despair of fathoming the unfathomable, 'Oh, the depth of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and inscrutable His ways!'"

—Mr. E. P. Whipple desires his readers to discriminate between listening to Matthew Arnold and reading him: "It is well known that some of the ablest Englishmen scandalously neglect the elementary rules of elocution. In the United States almost every person, from the farmer who speaks in a town meeting to the accomplished orator who addresses the Senate of the country, considers that the second part of his sentence should be as audible as the first. As far as we have heard eminent English speakers who have addressed American audiences, we have been surprised at the difference between the effect produced by what they speak and the effect produced by what they write."

—Professor Henry F. Osborn, of Princeton, has been making a very interesting study of "a very odd sentiment that sometimes comes over us, namely, that the situation in which we find ourselves at a given moment is not new, but merely the repetition of a former one. We exclaim inwardly, 'Why, I have seen or thought all this before!'"

—In depicting the "grievances of working-men," Mr. William Godwin Moody thinks that our petty thieves, robbers, and murderers are harmless in comparison with the plutocratic class. "The former class spends its force in stealing a loaf of bread, robbing an occasional traveller, or cutting an individual throat. But the plutocratic class systematically steals the subsistence alike of strong men and weak women and children. They rob and starve communities; they kill and destroy nations." On the other hand, Professor J. L. Laughlin justly observes how often working-men overlook the fact that no one can himself gain wealth except by sacrifice, exertion, and skill, and that he who exhibits these qualities, be he white, black, or yellow, has a just right to enjoy the products of his exertion.

—There are innumerable miscreants, remarks an English essayist, who thrive upon the possession of some discreditable family secret or family skeleton, which throws a desolating blight over many a life to all appearance surrounded by every comfort and luxury wealth can command. Scoundrels of this description, secure in the helplessness of their victims, pursue with impunity their merciless system of extortion, being well aware that the terror of exposure is so great that silence will be purchased at any price. If persons who are threatened by ruffians of this kind with exposure of some private matter were once and for all to refuse to pay one penny for the silence of these extortioners, how much misery would be avoided!

—Common colds, according to a late writer, are either pooh-poohed or made much of. Too much care can not be taken to get rid of them, for they may destroy the most robust constitution, or may entail very serious inconvenience and waste of time. The sensible plan is to harden one's self as much as possible by not being too much afraid of cold when one is perfectly well, and when a cold has been taken, to do one's hardest to get rid of it at once.

—Sainte Beuve, in the last years of his life, paid this compliment to Matthew Arnold's knowledge of French: "You have passed through French life and literature by a deep inner line which confers initiation, and which you will never lose."

—The Duke of Argyll: "All nature is full of the love of ornament, and the habitations of creatures, even to the lowest scale of being, are rich in coloring and in carving of the most exquisite and elaborate decoration. It is only an ignorant and uncultivated spirit which denounces the same love of ornament in man, and it is a stupid doctrine which sees in it nothing more than a waste of means."

—Algernon Charles Swinburne: "To judge from his writings, Byron knew nothing of men; of women he knew that it was not difficult to wheedle those who were not unwilling to be wheedled. He also knew that excess of one kind entails a more or less violent and a more or less permanent reaction; and here his philosophy of life subsided into tittering or snivelling silence."

—The relation of Mr. Henry Irving to the American stage is a subject in many mouths, now that the English artist is on his way home, after an extremely prosperous tour in this country. It seems certain that one result of his visit will be that dramatic managers will find it more difficult to meet the public taste. The luxurious and complete fashion in which Mr. Irving has set Shakespeare on the stage is likely either to stimulate the managers or to deter them from representing Shakespeare at all. As for Miss Terry, there is at present no American actress who, so far as the public knows, can rival her in comedy of the Beatrice order.

—If gentlemen when leaving a smoking-car of a railroad train will be careful not to hold their cigars in front of them, the overcoats of passengers who happen to precede them will not be burned by contact with those cigars when a sudden start of the train throws passengers backward.

—The death of Mr. Samuel F. Donnelly, a reporter for the *Sun*, in the discharge of his duties at a fire in New York city, has directed attention to the perils encountered by a gallant and useful class of citizens. The modern reporter, as American journalism understands the term, is altogether a modern product. The Greeks never knew him, nor is he known to any other nation but the United States. It is only a truism to say that he is the spirit and the frame-work of contemporaneous American journalism. Brave as a soldier, pushing as a Yankee peddler, self-sacrificing in collecting news, self-effacing in recording it, loyal to his newspaper as an unreconstructed politician to his boss, tireless, never satisfied, the modern reporter is also, in a very real sense, a creator and adjustor of great destinies.

—George Griswold, who died at Dresden, Saxony, on the 24th of April, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, was a representative New York shipping merchant of the old clipper period. The house of N. L. & G. Griswold—known down-town thirty years ago as "No Loss and Great Gain Griswold"—gave an immense impulse to the building of those beautiful and fast clipper vessels which were the pride of Americans and the envy of the rest of the world. The fame of this country belonged at that time in large measure to the magnificent enterprise of her shipping merchants, who sent the Stars and Stripes around the globe in vessels that beat all other vessels in speed and comeliness. There was more pride and excitement in the New York newspapers and the New York streets over the runs of our clippers than to-day are produced by the publication of any news whatever.

—Mr. James Russell Lowell, always felicitous of speech (it was he who once said, in discussing the nature of originality, that the thought belongs to the man who has expressed it best), tells our English brothers that "there is no poet who has given greater variety or shown more originality" than Robert Browning. "He is of all others the masculine, the virile poet." A similar estimate might be made of Mr. Lowell himself, so far, at least, as American poets are concerned; and he probably did not mean to say that, in the qualities which he enumerates, Browning is superior to Shakespeare.

—From Paris comes the announcement of the death of Annie Léonie Baronne Daumesnil. She was ninety-two years old. Her father was Garat, first President of the Bank of France, who was in his cell awaiting death when the fall of Robespierre saved him. Her husband was that General Daumesnil who defended Vincennes against the allies in 1848, and on being summoned to surrender, only answered: "I will capitulate when you give me back the leg I lost at Lutzen."

—The ex-Empress Eugénie still clings to Chiselhurst, and is now negotiating for a new residence, an estate known as "Coopers," which is larger and more attractive than Camden, where she so long has lived, and is particularly acceptable to Eugénie, as it commands a view of the tomb where her husband and son are buried.

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1. Red Irish Setter. 2. Scotch Collie. 3. English Greyhound. 4. Dutch Dog. 5. English Setter. 6. Spaniel. 7. Pointer. 8. Irish Water-Spaniel. 9. Newfoundland. 10. Rough-coated St. Bernard. 11. Pug. 12. Bull-Dog. 13. Smooth-haired Dachshund. 14. Scotch Terrier. 15. English Mastiff. 16. Bloodhound. 17. Black-and-tan Dachshund. 18. Fox-Terrier.

SPECIMENS FROM THE DOG SHOW.—DRAWN BY DAVID PARSONS.—[SEE PAGE 298.]

"POOR YORICK"—FROM THE PAINTING BY DAGNAN BOUVERET, PARIS SALON, 1884.

THE PARIS SALON.

THE exhibition of the Paris Salon was opened on the 30th of April at the Palais d'Industrie. The day was bright and warm, and the occasion drew together a brilliant representation of art, literature, and fashion. "The colors of the toilets," says the cable dispatch to the New York *Herald*, "furnished by WORTH or FELIX vied with those of the works of BOUGUEREAU, COUTURE, and LEFEBVRE on the walls, and the odor of *poudre de riz* blended with that of the newly varnished paintings. Such a scene of enchantment can be witnessed nowhere else in the world but in Paris."

We give engravings of two of the most interesting pictures which this season adorn the walls of the Salon—"Poor Yorick," and "The Burial of Atala." The former requires no comment, but few readers of the present day are familiar with the romance of *Atala, the Beautiful Indian of the Mississippi*, by CHATEAUBRIAND, published in France in 1801. It formed an episode in a large work on the genius of Christianity, which was the signal of a literary and moral revolution, and contributed greatly to the revival of religious principles in France. Atala was a beautiful Indian princess who embraced Christianity, and was beloved by Chactas, the supposed narrator of the story. Atala had taken poison under a misapprehension of duty, and her burial, which forms the subject of the painting by M. COUTURE, is thus described in the romance. Chactas is supposed to be speaking:

"The eastern horizon was now fringed with gold, the sparrow-hawks shrieked on the cliffs, and the sables hastened into the crevices of old elms; it was the time appointed for Atala's funeral. I took her senseless corpse on my shoulders; the hermit walked before me, carrying a spade; we descended from rock to rock. Old age and death equally retarded our steps. At the sight of the dog that had discovered us in the woods, and that now, skipping before us, showed the dismal road, I could not refrain from shedding floods of tears. Often did the long tresses of Atala, fanned by the morning gale, obscure my eyes; often, bending under the precious load, was I obliged to deposit my beloved on the grass to recover my strength. At last we reached the sad spot; we stopped under the arch. Oh, dear boy! what a melancholy scene! A young savage and a venerable priest were kneeling opposite each other, mournfully busy in digging a grave for a lovely maiden whose inanimate form lay stretched in a dry ravine.

"As soon as the dismal work was completed we placed the beauteous virgin in her earthy bed. Alas! I had hoped to prepare another couch for her. Taking some dust in my hand, I silently cast, for the last time, my haggard looks on Atala; then I spread the ancient earth on a face of eighteen springs."

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IN THE BRIDLE-PATH

They ride, they ride with slackened rein,
Facing the sinking sun,
And he is telling her over again
The tale that never is done—
The tale that's as old as the bending blue,
And as old as the singing sea—
And it never has happened that one of two
Marvelled what it could be.

It never has happened that one of two,
Blithe boy, glad girl, together—
Who have felt that no love was enough to do
In the sweet and the merry weather—
But have found right words for the songs of bride
In the greenery overhead;
For as build the nest in the spring is best,
And 'tis best in the spring to wed.

Oh, and he rides at her bridle-rein,
And he bends him to his ear,
With the musical tones of the old refrain
That ladies delight to hear
And his words are pleasant as rain that patters
Low on the laughing leaves,
And kind as the cheery sun that flatters
The gold of the harvest sheaves.

And his hand it is on her bridle-rein,
And he look it is on his cheek—
He needs not to tell him over again
Of the goodness that he would seek—
But oh, the telling! 'tis like the mingling
Of the mignonette and the rose,
For no matter how long you sing love's song,
You can never come to its close!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

"I SAY NO:"* OR, THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "MY LAST'S MONEY," "THE MOONSTONE," "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE DISCOVERY.

CHAPTER XLII.

COOKING.

THE day after the political meeting was a day of departures at the pleasant country house.

Miss Darnaway was recalled to the nursery at home. The old squire who did justice to Mr. Wyvil's port-wine went away next, having grunts as emphatic at his own house. A far more serious loss followed. The three dancing men had engagements which drew them to new spheres of activity in other drawing rooms. They said, with the same dreary grace of manner, "Very sorry to go;" they drove as the rule say, arrayed in the same perfect traveling suits of neutral tint; and they had but one difference of opinion among them—each firmly believed that he was smoking the best cigar to be got in London.

The morning after them departures would have been a dull morning indeed, but for the presence of Mirabel.

When breakfast was over, the invalid Miss Julia established herself on a sofa with a novel. Her father retired to the other end of the house, and profaned the art of music on music's most expressive instrument. Left with Emily, Cecilia, and Francine, Mirabel made use of his happy suggestions. "We are thrown on our own resources," he said. "Let us distinguish ourselves by inventing some entirely new amusement for the day. You young ladies shall sit in council, and I will be secretary." He turned to Cecilia. "The meeting waits to hear the mistress of the house."

Modest Cecilia appealed on her school friends for help, addressing herself in the first instance (by the secretary's advice) to Francine, as the oldest. They all noticed another change in this variable young person. She was silent and subdued, and she said, wearily, "I don't care what we do; shall we go out riding?"

The unanswerable objection to riding as a form of amusement was that it had been more than once tried already. Something clever and surprising was anticipated from Emily when it came to her turn. She, too, disappointed expectation. "Let us sit under the trees," was all she could suggest, "and ask Mr. Mirabel to tell us a story."

Mirabel laid down his pen, and took it as himself to reject this proposal. "Remember," he remonstrated, "that I have an interest in the diversions of the day. You can't expect me to be amused by my own story. I appeal to Miss Wyvil to invent a pleasure which will include the secretary."

Cecilia blushed and looked uneasy. "I think I have got an idea," she announced, after some hesitation. "May I propose that we all go to the keeper's lodge?" There her courage failed her, and she hesitated again.

Mirabel gravely registered the proposal, as far as it went. "What are we to do," he inquired, "when we get to the keeper's lodge?"

"We are to ask the keeper's wife," Cecilia proceeded, "to lend us her kitchen."

"To lend us her kitchen," Mirabel repeated. "And what are we to do in the kitchen?"

Cecilia looked down bashfully at her pretty hands crossed on her lap, and answered, softly,

"Cook our own luncheon."

Here was an entirely new amusement, in the most attractive sense of the word! Here was charming Cecilia's interest in the pleasures of the table to happily inspired, that the grateful meeting offered its tribute of applause, even including Francine. The members of the council were young; their daring digestions contemplated without fear the prospect of eating their own amateur cookery. The one question that troubled them now was what they were to cook.

"I can make an omelet," Cecilia ventured to say.

"If there is any cold chicken to be had," Emily added, "I undertake to follow the omelet with a mayonnaise."

"There are clergymen in the Church of England who are even clever enough to fry potatoes," Mirabel announced—"and I am one of them. What shall we have next? A pudding? Miss De Sor, can you make a pudding?"

Francine exhibited another new side to her character—a diffident and humble side. "I am ashamed to say I don't know how to cook anything," she confessed. "You had better leave me out of it."

But Cecilia was now in her element. Her plan of operations was wide enough even to include Francine. "You shall wash the lettuce, my dear, and stone the olives for Emily's mayonnaise. Don't be discouraged! You shall have a companion; we will send to the rectory for Miss Flyn—the very person as chop parsley and shelot for my omelet. Oh, Emily, what a morning we am going to have!" Her lovely blue eyes sparkled with joy; she gave Emily a kiss which Mirabel must have been more or less than man not to have coveted. "I'm so excited," cried Cecilia, completely losing her head, "I don't know what to do with myself!"

Emily's intimate knowledge of her friend applied the right remedy. "Do your duty," she gravely suggested. "You must provide us with our materials. Give the cook your orders."

Cecilia instantly recovered her presence of mind. She sat down at the writing-table, and made out a list of eatable productions in the animal and vegetable world, in which every other word was underlined two or three times over. Her serious face was a sight to see when she rang for the cook, and the two held a privy council in a corner.

On the way to the keeper's lodge, the young mistress of the house headed a procession of servants carrying the materials. Francine followed, held in custody by Miss Flyn—who took her responsibilities seriously, and clamored for instruction in the art of chopping parsley. Mirabel and Emily were together, far behind; they were the only two members of the company whose minds were not occupied in one way or another by the kitchen.

"This child's play of love doesn't seem to interest you," Mirabel remarked.

"I am thinking," Emily answered, "of what you said to me about Francine."

"I can say something more," he rejoined. "When I noticed the change in her at dinner, I told you she meant mischief. There is another change to-day, which suggests to my mind that the mischief is done."

"And directed against me?" Emily asked.

Mirabel made no direct reply. It was impossible for him to remind her that she had, no matter how innocently, exposed herself to the jealous hatred of Francine. "Time will tell us what we don't know now," he replied, evasively.

"You seem to have faith in time, Mr. Mirabel."

"The greatest faith. Time is the inveterate enemy of deceit. Sooner or later every hidden thing is a thing doomed to discovery."

"Without exception?"

"Yes," he answered, positively, "without exception."

At that moment Francine stopped and looked back at them. Did she think that Emily and Mirabel had been talking together long enough? Miss Flyn—with the parsley still on her mind—advanced to consult Emily's experience. The two walked on together, leaving Mirabel to overtake Francine. He saw, in his first look at him, the effort that it cost her to suppress those emotions which the pride of woman is most deeply interested in concealing. Before a word had passed he regretted that Emily had left them together.

"I wish I had your cheerful disposition," she began, abruptly. "I am out of spirits, or out of temper—I don't know which—and I don't know why. Do you ever trouble yourself with thinking of the future?"

"As seldom as possible, Miss De Sor. In such a situation as mine most people have prospects—I have none."

He spoke gravely, conscious of not feeling at ease on his side. If he had been the most modest man that ever lived, he must have seen in Francine's face that she loved him.

When they had first been presented to each other she was still under the influence of the meanest instincts in her scheming and selfish nature. She had thought to herself, "With my money to help him, that man's celebrity would do the rest; the best society in England would be glad to receive Mirabel's wife."

As the days passed, strong feeling had taken the place of those contemptible aspirations: Mirabel had unconsciously inspired the one passion which was powerful enough to master Francine—sensual passion. Wild hopes rioted in her. Measureless desires which she had never felt before united themselves with capacities for wickedness, which had been the horrid growth of a few nights—vagrancies which suggested even viler attempts to rid herself of a supposed rivalry than slandering Emily by means of an anonymous letter. Without waiting for it to be offered, she took Mirabel's arm and pressed it to her breast as they slowly walked on. The fear of discovery which had troubled her after she had sent her base letter to the post, vanished at that inspiriting moment. She bent her head near enough to him when he spoke to feel his breath on her face.

"There is a strange similarity," she said, softly, "between your position and mine. Is there anything cheering in my prospects? I am far away from home—my father and mother wouldn't care if they never saw me again. People talk about my money! What is the use of money to such a lonely wretch as I am? Suppose I went to London, and ask the lawyer if I may give it all away to some deserving person? Why not to you?"

"My dear Miss De Sor—"

"Is there anything wrong, Mr. Mirabel, in wishing that I could make you a prosperous man?"

"You must not even talk of such a thing!"

"How proud you are!" she said, submissively. "Oh, I won't bear to think of you in that miserable village—a position as unworthy of your talents and your claims! And you tell me I must not talk about it. Would you have said that to Emily if she was as anxious as I am to see you in your right place in the world?"

"I should have answered her exactly as I have answered you."

"She will never embarrass you, Mr Mirabel, by being as sincere as I am. Emily can keep her own secrets."

"Is the to blame for doing that?"

"It depends on your feeling for her."

"What feeling do you mean?"

"Suppose you heard she was engaged to be married?" Francine suggested.

Mirabel's manner—stubbornly cold and formal thus far—altered on a sudden. He looked with unconcealed anxiety at Francine. "Do you say that seriously?" he asked.

"I said, 'Suppose.' I don't exactly know that she is engaged."

"What do you know?"

"Oh, how interested you are in Emily! She is admired by some people. Are you one of them?"

Mirabel's experience of women warned him to try silence as a means of provoking her into speaking plainly. The experiment succeeded. Francine returned to the question that he had put to her, and abruptly answered it;

"You may believe me or not, as you like—I know of a man who is in love with her. He has had his opportunities, and he has made good use of them. Would you like to know who he is?"

"I should like to know anything which you may wish to tell me." He did his best to make the reply in a tone of commonplace politeness—and he might have succeeded in deceiving a man. The woman's quicker ear told her that he was angry. Francine took the full advantage of that change in her favor.

"I am afraid your good opinion of Emily will be shaken," she quietly resumed, "when I tell you that she has encouraged a man who is only drawing master at a school. At the same time, a person in her circumstances—I mean she has no money—ought not to be very hard to please. Of course she has never spoken to you of Mr. Alban Morris?"

"Not that I remember."

Only four words—but they satisfied Francine. The one thing wanting to complete the obstacle which she had now placed in Emily's way was that Alban Morris should enter on the scene. He might hesitate; but if he was really fond of Emily, the anonymous letter would sooner or later bring him to Monksmoor. In the mean time her object was gained. She dropped Mirabel's arm.

"Here is the lodge," she said, gayly. "I declare, Cecilia has got an apron on already! Come, and cook."

CHAPTER XLIII.

SOUSING.

MIRABEL left Francine to enter the lodge by herself. His mind was disturbed: he felt the importance of gaining time for reflection before he and Emily met again.

The keeper's garden was at the back of the lodge. Passing through the wicket-gate he found a little summer house at a turn in the path. Nobody was there: he went in and sat down.

At intervals he had even yet encouraged himself to underrate the true importance of the feeling which Emily had awakened in him. There was no end to all self-deception now. After what Francine had said to him, this shallow and frivolous man no longer resisted the all-absorbing influence of love. He shrank under the one terrible question that forced itself on his mind: Had that jealous girl spoken the truth?

In what process of investigation could he trust to set this anxiety at rest? To appeal openly to Emily would be to take a liberty which Emily was the last person in the world to permit. In his recent intercourse with her he had felt more strongly than ever the importance of speaking with reserve. He had been scrupulously careful to take no unfair advantage of his opportunity when he had removed her from the meeting, and when they had walked together, with hardly a creature to observe them, in the lonely outskirts of the town. Emily's gayety and good-humor had not led him astray: he knew that there were had signs viewed in the interests of love. His one hope of touching her deeper sympathies was to wait for the help that might yet come from time and chance. With a bitter sigh he resigned himself to the necessity of being as agreeable and amusing as ever: it was just possible that he might lure her into alluding to Alban Morris if he began innocently by making her laugh.

As he rose to return to the lodge, the keeper's little terrier, prowling about the garden, looked into the summer-house. Seeing a stranger, the dog showed his teeth and growled.

Mirabel shrank back against the wall behind him, trembling in every limb. His eyes stared in terror as the dog came nearer, barking in high triumph over the discovery of a frightened man whom he could bully. Mirabel called out for help. A laborer at work in the garden ran to the place, and stopped with a broad grin of amusement at seeing a grown man terrified by a barking dog. "Well," he said to himself, after Mirabel had passed out under protection, "there goes a coward if ever there was one yet."

Mirabel waited a minute behind the lodge to recover himself. He had been so completely unnerved that his hair was wet with perspiration. While he used his handkerchief, he shuddered at other recollections than the recollection of the dog. "After that night at the inn," he thought, "the least thing frightens me."

He was received by the young ladies with cries of derisive welcome. "Oh, for shame! for shame! here are the potatoes already cut, and nobody to fry them!"

Mirabel assumed the mask of cheerfulness—with the desperate resolution of an actor amusing his audience at a time of domestic distress. He astonished the keeper's wife by admiring that he really knew how to use her frying-pan. Cecilia's omelet was tough—but the young ladies ate it. Emily's mayonnaise sauce was almost as liquid as water—they swallowed it nevertheless, by the help of spoons. The potatoes followed, crisp and dry and delicious—and Mirabel became more popular than ever. "He is the only one of us," Cecilia sadly acknowledged, "who knows how to cook."

When they all left the lodge for a stroll in the park, Francine attached herself to Cecilia and Miss Flyn. She resigned Mirabel to Emily, in the happy belief that the had paved the way for a misunderstanding between them.

The merriment at the luncheon table had revived Emily's good spirits. She had a light-hearted remembrance of the failure of her suitor. Mirabel saw her smiling to herself. "May I ask what amuses you?" he said.

"I was thinking of the debt of gratitude that we owe to Mr Wyvil," she replied. "If he had not persuaded you to return to Monksmoor, we should never have seen the famous Mr Mirabel with a frying-pan in his hand, and never have tasted the only good dish at our luncheon."

Mirabel tried vainly to adopt his companion's easy tone. Now that he was alone with her, the doubts that Francine had aroused shook the prudent resolution at which he had arrived in the garden. He ran the risk, and told Emily plainly why he had returned to Mr Wyvil's house.

"Although I am sensible of our host's kindness," he answered, "I should have gone back to my parsonage—but for You."

She declined to understand him seriously. "Then the affairs of your parish are neglected, and I am to blame," she said.

"Am I the first man who has neglected his duties for your sake?" he asked. "I wonder whether the masters at school had the heart to report you when you neglected your lessons?"

She thought of Alban, and betrayed herself by a heightened color. The moment after she changed the subject. Mirabel could no longer resist the conclusion that Francine had told him the truth.

"When do you leave us?" she inquired.

"To-morrow is Saturday—I count go back as usual."

"And how will your deserted parish receive you?"

He made a desperate effort to be as amusing as usual.

"I am sure of preserving my popularity," he said, "while I have a cask in the cellar and a few spare sixpences in my pocket. The public spirit of my parishioners asks for nothing but money and beer. Before I went to that wearisome meeting I told my housekeeper that I was going to make a speech about reform. She didn't know what I meant. I explained that reform might increase the number of British citizens who had the right of voting at elections for Parliament. She brightened up directly. 'Ah!' she said, 'I've heard my husband talk about elections. The more there are of them, he says, the more money he'll get for his vote. I'm all for reform.' On my way out of the house I tried the man who works in my garden on the same subject. He didn't look at the matter from the housekeeper's sanguine point of view. 'I don't deny that Parliament cure gave me a good dinner for nothing at the public house,' he admitted. 'But that was years ago—and (you'll excuse me, sir) I hear nothing of another dinner to come. It's a matter of opinion, of course. I don't myself believe in reform.' There are specimens of the state of public opinion in our village!" He paused. Emily was listening, but he had not succeeded in choosing a subject that amused her. He tried a topic more nearly connected with his own interests—the topic of the future. "Our good friend has asked me to prolong my visit after Sunday's duties are over," he said. "I hope I shall find you here next week?"

"Will the affairs of your parish allow you to come back?" Emily asked, mischievously.

"The affairs of my parish—if you force me to confess it—were only an excuse."

"An excuse for what?"

"An excuse for keeping away from Monksmoor—in the interests of my own tranquillity. The experiment has failed. While you are here, I can't keep away."

She still declined to understand him seriously. "Must I tell you in plain words that flattery is thrown away on me?" she said.

"Flattery is not offered to you," he answered, gravely. "I beg your pardon for having let to the mistake by talking of myself." Having appealed to her indulgence he this act of submission, he ventured on another distant allusion to the man whom he hated and feared. "Shall I meet my friends of yours," he resumed, "when I return on Monday?"

"What do you mean?"

"I only mean to ask if Mr. Wyvil expects any new guests."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1421.

As he put the question, Cecilia's voice was heard behind them calling to Emily. They both turned round. Mr. Wyvil had joined his daughter and her two friends. He advanced to meet Emily.

"I have some news for you that you little expect," he said. "A telegram has just arrived from Netherwoods. Mr. Alban Morris has got leave of absence, and is coming here to-morrow."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LESSON FOR A FIRST READER.

I am a book. It is a First Reader. A First Reader is a book for very young children.

And being a book for very young children, containing in a condensed form the milk of literature, who would have imagined that it ever could have by any possibility become the means of bringing the greatest confusion and vexation to a grown-up? But it did. I, Samanella Golden, am that grown-up. And I am the author, or nearly the author (under the ablest supervision, I frankly confess), of that First Reader.

The way it came about was this. I have always been passionately fond of children. When but a decidedly small specimen of humanity myself I adored all the smaller specimens with whom I chanced to meet. At the tender age of six, there being then no baby at my own home, I deliberately entered the home of our washer-woman one day, knowing her to be absent at the time, and stole her five-months-old Patsy from the cradle in which he was peacefully sleeping, and in spite of his kicks and yells, when he awoke to the situation, I managed to carry him safely to our house—fortunately not far distant—and place him in the arms of my very much astonished mother. And when he was reclaimed and carried away again by his rightful owner, I sat me down on the floor with a bang, and opened my mouth to its utmost width, and lifted up my voice to its utmost height, and refused most emphatically to be comforted.

This love of little ones did not diminish in the least as I grew in stature and in years. On the contrary, it seemed to increase, and it became as natural for me to talk baby talk to and make baby rhymes for every wee darling that came in my way as it was for me to breathe. And for the older youngsters I had always a story ready—some simple thing about simple things, but, by virtue of creation, my own. And having contrived to be an unobserved listener to several of these stories, and having also learned from Sue, his little niece, that I "made up out of my own head" the jingles with which she often sought to entertain him, Mr. Erickson, our school-master—and a very clever fellow too—said to me one afternoon, "Miss Golden, I have undertaken a task in which I think—nay, I am sure—that you can, if you will, be of great assistance to me."

"And pray what may that task be?" asked I, wonderingly.

"The preparation of a First Reader," he replied. "I do not expect the pecuniary results to be princely, though no doubt you would realize enough to compensate you for whatever time you might expend, but the practice would be excellent for you, and perhaps open the way for better paying literary work."

"Literary work," repeated I. "Why, I never even dreamed of such a thing."

"Did you not?" he said, with a smile. "Well, you are not the first person who has remained in ignorance of his or her particular talent until a friend discovered it. But are you willing to give me a helping hand with the book?"

"Most willing," said I. "Tell me plainly what I am to do, or to try to do, and I will begin this very evening."

And I did begin that very evening, and extremely glad I was to do so. For I had already, although April had scarcely set in, trimmed my usual amount of spring hats and bonnets, which—our community not following strictly, for good and sufficient reasons, the decrees of fashion—also included most of the summer ones, thereby cutting off that source of income for four or five months. And it had been highly necessary that another source should be discovered immediately. From which statement you will naturally infer that the Golden family was golden only in name. It was. Otherwise, of course I mean in a money sense, it was nickelly, and not that to as great an extent as desirable.

Father—well, any kind of steady business seemed to disagree with father; consequently he contributed to our support only by fits and starts. Daniel, our oldest boy, worked faithfully as an assistant book-keeper in a publishing house in New York city, and sent nearly half his salary to mother the first of every month. George, our youngest boy, was clerk (with a hope of some day becoming one of the firm) at the Wildwood general store; and I, as I have intimated above, was the Wildwood milliner. But work as hard as we might, Daniel, George, and I, we could do no more, even with the intermittent helps from father, than take care of ourselves and the rest of the family in the humblest way. (The rest of the family consisted of mother—a darling—grandmother—another darling—and three of the sweetest, cunningest little girls, two, five, and six years old, that ever needed to be taken care of.) So, as you may well imagine, I was not only delighted, but extremely delighted, to get the chance of assisting Mr. Erickson with the Reader. And I confided as much to Matt Brewster when we were coming home from church together the next Sunday evening. "Because, you see, Matt," said I, "if I succeed with this, maybe I can go on writing until"—and I caught my breath at the boldness of the idea—"I am found worthy of a place in the juvenile magazines, and, as a successful writer, I could help the family much more than I can now, for literary work is for all seasons, and millinery only for two or three months out of the whole year."

"You forget," said Matt, "your rich uncle who is coming here from Australia soon, and who will, no doubt, so arrange things that the family will need no help at all from your hands."

"Oh dear!" said I, "so I did. But he has forgotten us for so many years—ever since I was five, and I was nineteen on my last birthday—that now he has condescended to remember our existence, and promise us a visit, it's no wonder that I can't keep him in mind. And we are not sure that his coming will benefit us any. He may be a cranky old man, and very hard to please. It is more than likely he is, for father (with whom he could never agree, though he is his only brother) tells me he was an unusually cranky young one."

"Oh, you must make him pleased with you," declared Matt, decisively. "You have one advantage, and a great one, over the others. You are his goddaughter, you know."

"I know it to my sorrow," I assented. "Samanella! What a name to give an unfortunate girl baby! If it hadn't been for that saving 'Ella,' what would I have done? Fancy a woman's being called 'Sam' all her life!"

"But you will do your best to get into the old chap's good graces, won't you?" said Matt, coaxingly.

"Well, yes, I will, since your heart seems to be set upon it," I promised, though I wondered at the time why he was so anxious that I should become a favorite of Uncle Sam's. "I'll do everything but give up the Reader."

Matt Brewster was chief proprietor of the store where my brother George was clerk, and he was also my acknowledged lover. The latter fact made me the envy of half the girls in Wildwood, for Matt was considered the handsomest and most fascinating young bachelor in the place. He was tall and slender, with very fair hair, light blue eyes, a straight nose, and a small mouth.

Mrs. Leroy, the young wife of old Captain Leroy—looked up to with great respect by three-fourths of the population of Wildwood, because she had her bonnets and gloves straight from Paris, gave it as her opinion that his brow was too narrow, and his chin too retreating. "Give me," she said, calmly and coolly, "the school-master, any day, in preference. He is not quite so tall, but his shoulders are broader, so is his forehead, and he has a certain manly look and way about him that is utterly lacking in Mr. Matthew Brewster."

Strange as it may appear, *I* did not feel as indignant at this adverse criticism of my betrothed (by-the-way, I had stipulated at the time of our engagement, now two months old, that marriage should not be thought of for at least two years) as some of the other girls did. Nettie Haley, for instance—daughter of Haley the builder, with a snug little fortune in her own right, inherited from her mother—was particularly wroth.

"She only talks that way," she said, referring to Mrs. Leroy, "because she wants to seem different from everybody else, just as she sends to Paris from this out-of-the-way village for her bonnets and gloves. Why, there's no comparison between the two men. Matt dances beautifully; Mr. Erickson don't dance a step. Matt sings lovely; Mr. Erickson can only join in a bass. Matt has a complexion like a girl's; and Mr. Erickson has one like—like—"

"A man's," I suggested, mischievously, as she paused for a comparison.

"Oh, pshaw, Ella, what a tease you are! And about your own beau, too! But I don't really believe you know"—and here she heaved a deep sigh—"what a lucky girl you are."

Well, I began the Reader, and soon became so absorbed in my work that everything I cast eyes upon instantly resolved itself into a First Lesson. Did the butcher stop at the door, "I see a man; he is a butcher; a butcher sells meat," immediately flashed through my brain. Did one of my intimate friends call, I greeted her in my mind with, "I see a girl; her name is May" (or Lib, or Molly, whichever it might be); "she comes to tell some news." My very dreams were haunted by like examples. I saw the queerest things. Their names were gibberish. They played strange and ridiculous pranks. But for all that—perchance in consequence of all that—the book progressed rapidly, and the first hundred lessons were almost completed, when mother received a letter from a cousin of hers, dated from the same place in Australia from which Uncle Sam's had come. It read as follows:

"DEAR SARAH,—Your brother-in-law starts for Wildwood in a few days. I trust that he will arrive safely, and bring you permanent relief from your pecuniary troubles. You will find him much changed in personal appearance—the result of several hard fights in which he has been engaged—since you last saw him. Never handsome, he is now—peculiar looking. I write this especially to warn you, and to have you warn the others, not to allude in the slightest way to the physical blemishes it will be impossible for you not to observe, as any such allusion would have the effect of rousing him to furious anger. With love to Samanella, upon whom he seems inclined to look with favor, and kind remembrances to the rest, I am yours faithfully, TOM."

And not very long after the reception of this letter Uncle Sam made his appearance. He was "peculiar-looking," to use a favorite remark of one of our oldest citizens, "with a vengeance."

His head was bald in spots, as though the hair had been pulled out by great handfuls, and his face was all awry. Add to this the expression of an ogre, and you will not wonder that the children, who had been hastily dressed at news of his approach, were as hastily withdrawn to the kitchen when he arrived. Poor little darlings, we got them away just in time, for their lips had begun to quiver and their eyes to grow big with frightened surprise. "They will get used to him by degrees," whispered my mother, as I gave each of them a re-assuring kiss. "And now, Ella dear, go back and do your best to entertain him until your father comes in, while I see about the dinner."

I returned to the parlor. I sat down opposite our visitor. I found a dreadful fascination in his unsymmetrical face. I could not remove my eyes from it. I essayed to speak, but before my mouth was fairly open Uncle Sam bent his shaggy brows and growled, "And so you're Sam, are you? And what do you mean that you stare in that way?"

And then the spirit of that First Reader, in spite of all that I could do to resist it, took complete possession of me. I replied slowly and distinctly: "I see a man; he is a queer looking man; he has a crooked nose; he has a crooked mouth; he has a crooked chin; he has crooked eyes; he has an awful scowl; he is a rich man. I am a poor girl. I would rather be a pretty poor girl than a rich crooked man."

And that was the last of our expectations from Uncle Sam. He arose, thundered forth some words which I can not repeat, broke all the mantel ornaments at one fell swoop, and left the house never to return again.

I'll just add, to whom it may concern, that soon after the hopes of a fortune from my godfather were thus destroyed, my engagement to Matt Brewster was broken, and that young gentleman married Nettie Haley.

As for me, I was "lucky" enough to become the happy wife of John Erickson. And our First Reader proved a perfect success.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

THE SAILING OF THE "THETIS."

THE *Thetis*, the flag-ship of the GREELY relief expedition, sailed from this port for the arctic seas on the 1st inst., under command of Commander W. S. SCHLEY. Secretaries CHANDLER and LINCOLN, with a party of friends, arrived from Washington in the morning to witness her departure. General HANCOCK, Chief Justice CHARLES P. DALY, and Mayor PARSONS, of Buffalo, were among the large crowd present. Many relatives of the officers and men were on hand to bid them good-by. The tug *Catalpa* towed the *Thetis* down the river. As she moved out into the stream the yards of the *Colorado* and *Alert* were manned by cheering sailors, and the crew of the *Thetis* scurried up the ropes and gave answering cheers. The government officials and others accompanied the vessel down the bay on the United States ship *Tallapoosa*. On page 305 we give a picture of the *Thetis* as she passed Governor's Island on her way out.

THE DOG SHOW.

APROPOS of the Eighth Annual Dog Show at Madison Square Garden, held under the auspices of the Westminster Kennel Club, we give on page 296 characteristic pictures of some of the principal breeds exhibited. The show is exceptionally fine this year, and comprises nearly one thousand entries, classified as follows: mastiffs, 40; St. Bernards, 96; Bloodhounds, 5; Newfoundlands, 15; greyhounds, 17; deer-hounds, 18; pointers, 114; English setters, 142; Gordon setters, 59; Irish setters, 104; Chesapeake Bay setters, 1; water-spaniels, 8; spaniels, 33; foxhounds, 6; beagles, 23; Dachshunds, 7; fox-terriers, 70; collies, 83; bull-dogs, 14; bull-terriers, 16; Skye terriers, 12; rough terriers, 14; black and tans, 6; Dinmonts, 6; Yorkshire terriers, 36; terriers, 11; pugs, 34; toy spaniels, 18; Italian greyhounds, 4; miscellaneous, 20.

THE AMERICAN LACROSSE TEAM.

A FEW years ago it was necessary to preface any remarks upon lacrosse with a definition of the term and a detailed description of the game. It was not very long ago that the "crosse" was as rare on this side of the Canadian line as the Indians who were the originators of the game. To-day it is slowly making a place for itself both in this country and in Great Britain. Among the Indian tribes in which it was most popular it became, says an ancient writer, "the chief object of their lives." It was to them the training school of war. A game between contending tribes was a mimic battle, in which hand-to-hand conflict was joined to systematic and concerted movement. The innovations made by the Canadians were in the direction of more concerted play and more scientific tactics. They were confined to no part of the field, but were most noticeable in the attack, where greater coolness, more tact and system, soon began to be displayed.

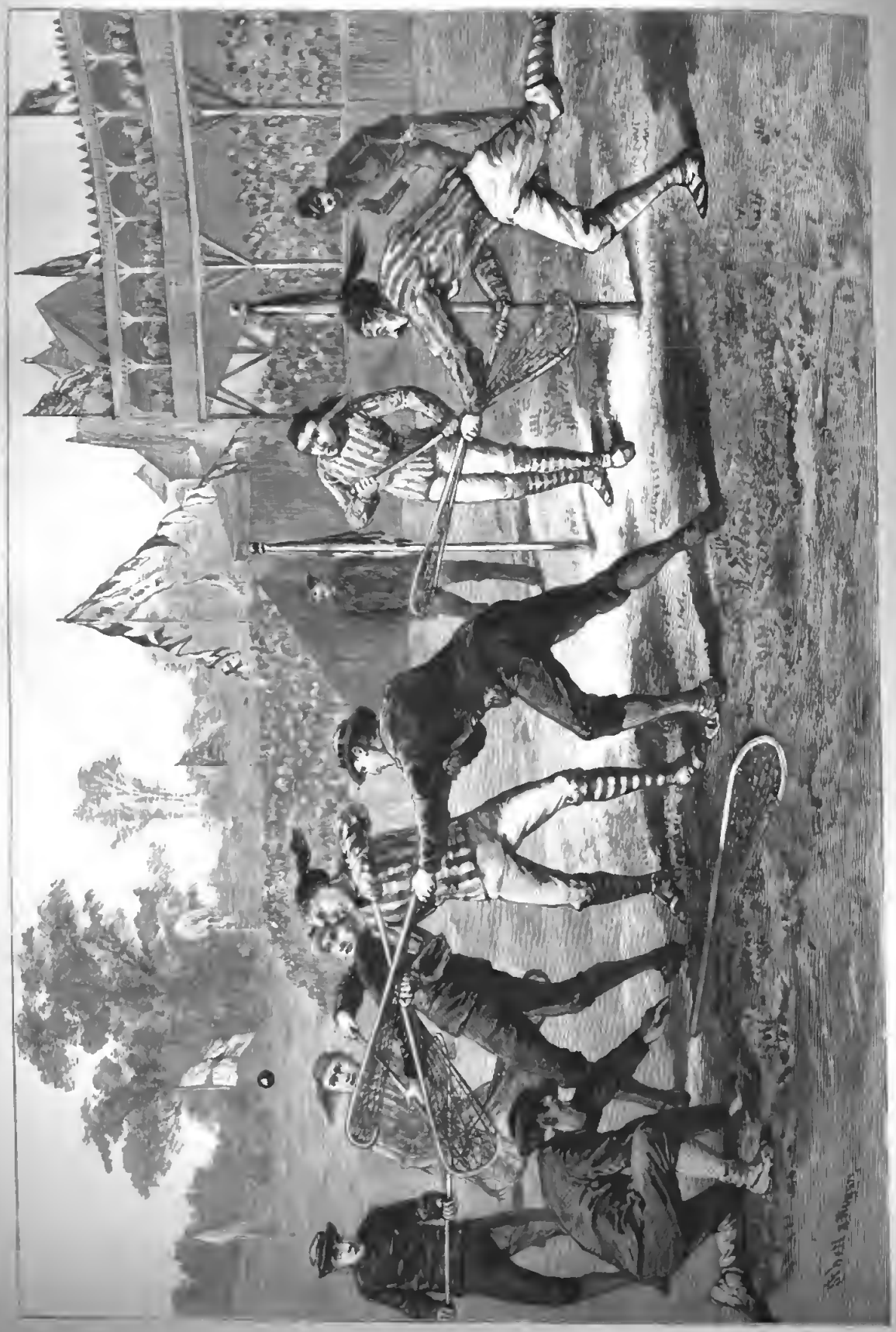
Flourishing clubs are now scattered all over this country, especially in the West, and wherever the Canadian element is present. In New York, Boston, and Baltimore are teams of several years' standing. The larger colleges have taken up the game with some ardor, and at Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and New York University are teams which have done themselves credit. Last season the first three mentioned tied for the championship. The game is remarkable for the complete requisition that it makes upon the physical capabilities of each of the players. In this it is unlike base-ball. Endurance, pluck, skill, fleetness, infinite coolness and nerve, combined with a keen sight and quickness of limb, are required of every man, whatever his position. Add to this the necessity of "team play"—of twelve men moving in concerted action—and the attractions as relished by both warlike Indian and muscular Canadian are apparent. While resembling foot-ball in its system of team play and in its call for endurance and pluck, it differs from the ruder game in that it requires of each player greater speed and more agility, while, on the other hand, it does not set overmuch value upon weight, and there is no possibility of brutality becoming a factor of the game.

For some years past several New York gentlemen have been interested in a movement to organize and send to England a representative lacrosse team of American gentlemen. Gentlemen connected with the Staten Island Cricket Club, and with the New York Lacrosse Club, have carefully canvassed the whole matter, conducting their investigations on both sides of the water. The present season sees these plans carried out, and on the 3d of May fourteen representatives from the six principal clubs in this country sailed for Liverpool on the *Austral*, the new Anchor Line steam-ship. The team has been drawn from the New York, Boston, and Chicago clubs, and from the college associations. The latter furnish seven of the fourteen, one hailing from Harvard, one from Yale, two from New York University, and three from Princeton. Lacrosse is essentially an amateur game, no professionalism has entered it in this country, and even in Canada almost the only non-amateur players are the Indians.

The first game is set for May 17, in Liverpool. From there the team will go to Manchester, thence to Cambridge, where they will play the 'Varsity during "college week." Next London will be visited, and several games played, including one game on the Hurlingham grounds. On the 14th of June the last game will be played, in Belfast, against an "all Great Britain" twelve.

It can not but be difficult to measure the relative merits of the American and English players until they have actually crossed sticks. The gentlemen who compose the American team are many of them men who have only become acquainted with the "crosse" within the last three or four years. The game was well introduced into England some five or six years ago, and it has spread more rapidly than in this country. On the whole, however, the balance of experience will probably rest with the Americans; but the Englishmen will have none of the difficulties to contend against that beset a team of strangers who have endured an ocean voyage, and who are playing a series of games and undergoing the discomforts of travel. The games between the Canadians and Americans and Canadians and Englishmen can form no criterion, for they have been played under such different conditions, and the Canadians have shown themselves in their national game so superior to all opponents that the data are quite insufficient. That both sides have decided hopes of scoring a national victory throws but little light upon the probability of the American athlete at last winning a victory in a field sport against the Englishman on his own soil. Judging from the records of the various players, the team will be a strong one, and one hard to beat. Concerning the attack field, upon whom depends the winning of goals, it is especially difficult to speak with any degree of certainty. It is composed of players of well known skill and endurance, and individually equal to any emergency, but an attack field in lacrosse must be a unit, and until the men who hail from different clubs have played together and begun to get accustomed to each other's methods of play it is impossible to estimate their united strength. The attack is composed of ALEXANDER RITCHEY, of the York Club, who is an experienced player, and has filled the position of home on the New York team with marked success. S. F. JOHNSON has occupied the same position on the Union lacrosse team of Boston. He is one of the strongest men on the team, and is also one of the most experienced players in the United States. The third man on the attack is JOHNSON POE, of the Princeton team, who is a most slippery dodger. He played half-back on the Princeton foot-ball eleven during his Junior year, and is now captain of the lacrosse team. He has played lacrosse since its introduction into Baltimore, and of late has been playing altogether in the attack field. CHARLES C. NICHOLS is from the Harvard Club. He is an amazingly swift thrower, and has endurance, weight, and speed. Upon these four men, all hailing from different clubs, the team will depend for a strong, united attack.

The position of "point" is perhaps the most responsible on the field: he is the key-stone of the defense. The defense of the American team is largely composed of men who have held this position. J. A. STUART, of the Calumet Club of Chicago, will play point on the American twelve. The rest of the defense will be made up of WILLIAM A. DAVIS, of the Boston club, of J. A. HODGE, Jun., formerly of the Princeton twelve; of E. P. COFFIN, of the Yale team; of J. C. GERNDT, of the New York University twelve, and of DAVID BROWN, of the New York club. All of these have played point on their respective teams, and should therefore be able to play any position on the defense with plenty of "head." H. W. HALL, one of the fielders, has several pretty dodges, which are often used with much effect, and as a close checker he has few equals. J. K. SIMSON, of the Boston club, is a good general athlete, and has all the qualities that fit him for centre field. It only remains to speak of H. H. BALCH, who has been a prime mover in the undertaking, and F. S. WHEELER, both of New York. The former is a player of much experience, and the latter plays the all-important position of goal. He has stood for some years between the flags in all the games his club has played, and has proved himself a good general player as well as a quick, fearless goal-keeper. A noticeable feature of the team is the speed of some of the heavier men, three or four men having most creditable records in the 100, 220, and 440 yard dashes. The endurance, too, of none of the men can be doubted. All that seems to be required is care and perfect unity of action to secure success.



A GAME OF LACROSSE.—From a Sketch by H. W. Hall.—[See Page 300.]

THE RECENT CYCLONE IN OHIO.—[SEE PAGE 302.]

A DEFENSE OF MR. BLAINE.

Mr. William Walter Phelps in Reply to the "Evening Post"—Review of Mr. Blaine's Course in Legislation and Business.

To the Editor of the Evening Post:

Sir,—On April 7 you made formal charges against James G. Blaine. They are the same which were made eight years ago, and which were, I think, at that time satisfactorily answered. Lest others, however, may, like yourself, have forgotten everything except the accusations, you must permit me to remind you of the facts. I think I may claim some qualifications for the task. I have long had a close personal intimacy with Mr. Blaine, and during many years have had that knowledge and care of his moneyed interests which men absorbed in public affairs are not inapt to devolve upon friends who have had business training and experience. I do not see how one man could know another better than I know Mr. Blaine, and he has to-day my full confidence and warm regard. I am myself somewhat known in the city of New York, and think I have some personal rank with you and your readers. Am I claiming too much in claiming that there is not one among you who would regard me as capable of an attempt to mislead the public in any way? With this personal allusion—pardonable, if not demanded, under the circumstances—I proceed to consider your charges.

The first charge is really the one upon which all the others hinge. I give it in full and in your own language, only italicizing some of your words, in order that my answer may be the clearer. You say:

"In the spring session of Congress in 1869 a bill was before the House of Representatives which sought to renew a land grant to the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad, of Arkansas, *in which some of Mr. Blaine's friends were interested*; that an attempt to defeat it by an amendment was made, and its promoters were in despair; that at this juncture Mr. Blaine, being then Speaker of the House, sent a message to General Logan to make the point of order that the amendment was not germane to the purpose of the bill; that this point of order was accordingly raised, and promptly sustained by Mr. Blaine as Speaker, and the bill was in this manner saved; *that Mr. Blaine wrote to one to the promoters, calling attention to the service he had rendered them, and finally, after some negotiations, secured from them, as their reward for it*, his appointment as selling agent of the bonds of the road, on commission, in Maine, and received a number of such bonds as his percentage; that the leading feature of this transaction appeared in two letters of his afterward made public, dated respectively June 29 and October 4, 1869."

Your error is in the facts. Mr. Blaine's friends were not connected with the Fort Smith and Little Rock road at the time of the passage of this bill. Those to whom you refer as his friends were Caldwell and Fisher. The bill passed in April, 1869. In April, 1869, Mr. Blaine did not know that there was any such man as Caldwell; and Fisher, who was Mr. Blaine's friend, did not know that there was any such enterprise as the Little Rock Railroad in the world. The evidence of these assertions was before Congress, was uncontradicted, and is within your reach. On the 29th of June, nearly eighty days after Congress had adjourned, Mr. Blaine, from his home in Maine, wrote to Fisher, and spoke of Fisher's "offer to admit him to a share in the new railroad enterprise." Fisher had introduced the subject to Mr. Blaine for the first time a week before at the great Music Festival at Boston. He told him there that Mr. Caldwell, whom Mr. Blaine had not yet seen, had now obtained control of the enterprise, and had invited Fisher to join him. At that time Fisher was a sugar refiner of considerable wealth in Boston, had been a partner of Mr. Blaine's brother-in-law, and through him had made Mr. Blaine's acquaintance. The offer Mr. Blaine refers to in his letter was Fisher's offer to induce Caldwell, if he could, to let Mr. Blaine have a share in the bed rock of the enterprise. Mr. Fisher failed to do this, and Mr. Blaine never secured any interest in the building of the Fort Smith and Little Rock Railroad.

What interest, then, did Mr. Blaine obtain? An interest in the securities of the company. How? By purchase, on the same terms as they were sold on the Boston market to all applicants—sold to Josiah Bardwell, to Elisha Atkins, and to other reputable merchants. He negotiated for a block of the securities, which were divided, as is usual in such enterprises, into three kinds, first mortgage bonds, second mortgage bonds, and stock. The price, I think, was *three for one*, that is, the purchaser got first mortgage bonds for his money, and an equal amount of second mortgage or land grant bonds and of stock thrown in on the basis of possible profit. I may be mistaken as to the price, but I think not. I went myself at this time into several adventures of the kind on that ratio, and have always understood that Senator Grimes and his friends got their interests in the Burlington and Missouri road, a branch of the Union Pacific, on the same basis of three for one. It was the common ratio in that era of speculation. Mr. Blaine conceived the idea that he might retain the second mortgage bonds as profit, and sell the first mortgage bonds with the stock as a bonus. He believed the first mortgage bonds were good, and he disposed of them to his neighbors in that faith, and with the determination to shield them from loss in case of disaster. Disaster came. The enterprise, like so many others of the kind, proved a disappointment, and the bonds depreciated. Mr. Blaine redeemed them all. In one or two cases only had he given a guarantee. In none other was there any legal obligation, but he recognized a moral claim, and he obeyed it to his own pecuniary loss. I can not but feel that the purchasers of these bonds would have fared worse had they been compelled to look to many of those who have sought to give an odious interpretation to Mr. Blaine's honorable conduct. The arrangement for the purchase of the block of securities was made in June or July. The sales of the first mortgage bonds out of the block were continued through the months of July, August, and September, 1869. The transaction was nearly closed when, in the letter of October 4, Mr. Blaine wrote to Fisher and told him the Parliamentary story of the 9th of April. Mr. Blaine had come across it while looking over the *Congressional Globe*, with a natural curiosity to see what had been his decisions during the first six weeks of his Speakership, and he wrote of it to Fisher as an item in the legislative history of the enterprise into which they had both subsequently entered. It concerned a bill to renew a land grant, made long before the war, to the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad. The bill had passed the Senate without opposition, and there was no one objecting to it in the House, but the advocates of the Memphis, El Paso, and Pacific Railway bill sought to attach their bill to it as an amendment. The El Paso bill was known at the time as General Fremont's scheme, and had been urged upon Congress before. It was unpopular, and was openly opposed by General Logan. Welded to the Little Rock bill it would gain strength, but the Little Rock bill would lose strength, and a just measure, universally approved, would be killed in the effort to pull through with it this objectionable measure, which was generally disapproved. Mr. Blaine's letter to Fisher will tell the rest of the story. He wrote: "In this dilemma, Roots, the Arkansas member, came to me to know what on earth he could do under the rules, for he said it was vital to his constituents that the bill should pass. I told him that the amendment was entirely out of order, because not germane, but he had not sufficient confidence in his knowledge of the rules to make the point. But he said General Logan was opposed to the Fremont scheme, and would probably make it. I sent my page to General Logan with the suggestion, and he at once made the point. I could not do otherwise than sustain it, and so the bill was freed from the mischievous amendment, and at once passed without objection." Mr. Blaine added these very significant words: "*At that time I had never seen Mr. Caldwell, but you can tell him that, without knowing it, I did him a great favor*. ... I thought the point would interest both you and Mr. Caldwell, *though occurring before either of you engaged in the enterprise*."

This seems, Mr. Editor, to dispose of your first charge. The bill was a just one, and Mr. Blaine's friends had no interest in it when it passed the House. Eighty days after the House adjourned Mr. Blaine asked his friends, who had in the mean time taken hold of the enterprise, and had offered him some interest, to let him in as a partner. They refused. They did, however, sell him a block of securities on the same terms they sold them to others, and it proved an unfortunate purchase, for he sold them out among his friends, believing them valuable, and took them all back when they depreciated in value. The letter of Mr. Blaine, written long after the transaction, is his complete vindication. To give it a semblance of evil you assign a date to it six months before it was actually written. The late Judge Black, after an investigation of the whole subject, declared in his characteristic style that "Mr. Blaine's letter proved that the charge" (which you repeat against him) "was not only untrue, but impossible, and would continue so to prove until the Gregorian Calendar could be turned around and October made to precede April in the stately procession of the year."

Your second charge consists of two parts. The first part is that Mr. Blaine wrongfully asserted that "the Little Rock and Fort Smith road derives its life and value and franchise wholly from the State of Arkansas, whereas the evidence subsequently taken discloses the fact that the road derived the value on which these bonds were based from the act of Congress of which Mr. Blaine secured the passage." It will be found that you have inaccurately quoted Mr. Blaine's language, or rather that you put language into his mouth which he never used. What Mr. Blaine did say was, "The railroad company derived its life, value, and franchises from the State of Arkansas." And Mr. Blaine stated the precise truth. What are the facts? More than thirty years ago Congress granted to the States of Missouri and Arkansas a certain quantity of public lands to aid in the construction of certain lines of railway. The franchises which should be granted to the companies that should build the road were expressly left by Congress to the Legislatures of the States. Mr. Blaine spoke, therefore, with absolute precision of language, as he usually does, when he stated that "the Little Rock Railroad Company derived its life, value, and franchises wholly from the State of Arkansas," just as the Illinois Central Railroad Company derives its life, value, and franchises from the State of Illinois, though enriched by a land grant from the United States, just as the Little Rock road was.

The second part of your second charge is that Mr. Blaine did not speak truthfully when he asserted that he "bought the bonds at precisely the same rates as others paid." There is no evidence anywhere to sustain this accusation. I have already said any person could negotiate for them on the one-for-three basis, just as Mr. Blaine did, and many availed themselves of the opportunity. The price paid was not in the least affected by the fact that Mr. Blaine had already arranged to sell the securities at a higher price than he paid for them. He did this with the determination, honorably maintained, that he would make good any loss which might accrue to the purchasers. These sales did not change the price paid to Fisher, and the proof that they did not is found in the fact that Mr. Blaine paid it to him in full. You speak in this connection of Mr. Blaine's being appointed an agent to sell the bonds of the company. No such appointment was ever made, and no evidence suggests it. Mr. Blaine negotiated for his securities at a given price, which was paid in full to Mr. Fisher.

Your third formal charge relates to an alleged connection of Mr. Blaine with a share in the Northern Pacific enterprise. You charge this in the face of the fact that in Mr. Blaine's letter, in which you find the subject referred to, was his distinct asseveration that he "could not himself touch the share." Have you seen any evidence that he did? I have not. The Northern Pacific Railroad Company has been organized and reorganized, and recently reorganized a second time. Its records of ownership and interest have passed under the official inspection of at least a hundred men, many of whom are political enemies and some of whom are, to my knowledge, personal enemies of Mr. Blaine, and there has never been a suggestion or hint from any of these that in any form whatever Mr. Blaine had the remotest interest in the Northern Pacific Company. If one of your associates has such evidence, it is right that he should produce it.

Your fourth charge is that after Mr. Blaine got possession of the so-called Mulligan letters "he subsequently read such of these as he pleased to the House in aid of his vindication." The answer is that Mulligan's memorandum of the letters in which he had numbered and indexed each one of them was produced, and numbers and index corresponded exactly with the letters read. This was fully demonstrated on the floor of the House, and is a part of its records.

You repeat the charge that Mr. Blaine received a certain sum from the Union Pacific Railroad Company for seventy-five bonds of the Little Rock road. You say this without a particle of proof. You say it against the sworn denial of Thomas A. Scott, who was the party alleged to have made the negotiation. You say it against the written denial of Mr. Sidney Dillon, president of the company, against the written denial of E. H. Rollins, treasurer of the company; against the written denial of Morton, Bliss, & Co., through whose banking house the transaction was alleged to have been made. Against this mountain of direct and positive testimony from every one who could by any possibility have personal knowledge of the alleged transaction you oppose nothing but hearsay and suspicion as the ground of a serious charge against the character of a man long eminent in public life. The courtesy which admits me to your columns prevents my saying what I think of your recklessness in this matter.

Your fifth charge arraigns Mr. Blaine's policy as an executive officer, and your last charge is that of his packing conventions in his own favor. I do not desire to dwell upon either. This is not the place to review his foreign policy, to which you refer, and I am content to remark that however much some Eastern journals may criticise, it is popular with a large majority of the American people. It is simply an American policy, looking to the extension of our commerce among the nations of this continent, and steadily refraining from European complications of every character.

The charge of packing conventions needs no answer. This is the third Presidential campaign in which Mr. Blaine has been undeniably the choice of a large proportion of the Republican party. In each of them he has had the active opposition of the national Administration, with the use of its patronage against him. Mr. Blaine has control of no patronage. He has no machine. Machine and patronage have been persistently against him. Whatever prominence he has enjoyed has been conferred by the people. He has no means, not open to every citizen, of influencing public opinion. No campaign in his favor originated elsewhere than among the people. He has never sought office. He never held a position to which he was not nominated by the unanimous voice of his party. He has not sought the Presidency. Circumstances made him a candidate in 1876, almost before he was aware of it. In 1880 he did not wish to enter the canvass. I was one of a small party of intimate friends who in a long conference in February, 1880, persuaded him that it was his duty. He has done nothing to make himself a candidate this year. He has asked no man's support. He has written no letters, held no conversation, taken no steps looking to his candidacy. He has never said to his most intimate friends that he expected or desired the nomination.

If, upon a review of the whole case, you should charge that it would have been better and wiser for Mr. Blaine to have refrained from making any investment in a railroad that had directly or indirectly received aid from the legislation of Congress, I should be ready to agree with you, not because the thing was necessarily wrong in itself, but because it is easy for such matters to be so represented as to appear wrong. But why should Mr. Blaine be selected for special reprobation and criticism when so many other Senators and Representatives have been similarly situated? I know of my own knowledge that Governor Morgan, Mr. Samuel Hooper, Senator Grimes, and many of my friends while in Congress acquired and held interests in such enterprises; and neither you, nor I, nor the people suspected the transaction to be wrong, or that it gave them an advantage over other investors. Why entertain and publish that suspicion against Mr. Blaine alone? When I sat as delegate at large in the last National Convention, Senator Edmunds and Senator Windom were both candidates for the Presidency, and I should gladly have supported either. Senator Edmunds was understood to have a block of Burlington and Missouri securities, and Senator Windom had not only a block in the securities of the Northern Pacific Company, but was one of its directors. Yet you find no fault with these gentlemen. Nor would you and I differ in giving the highest rank to Senator Grimes; but both he and Senator Edmunds acquired their interests in the Burlington and Missouri road when they were in the Senate. They both supported the bill to restore the land grant to their road. It was passed on the same day with the Little Rock bill. Both measures were just, and both were passed in the House and Senate without a dissenting vote. Why must we suspect that Mr. Blaine had a secret and corrupt motive and that other members and Senators had none?

Let me add a circumstance which seems to me to be not only significant but conclusive of Mr. Blaine's conscious innocence in this Fort Smith transaction. He voluntarily made himself a party of record in a suit against the Fort Smith and Little Rock Railway Company in the United States Circuit Court, which involved the nature and sources of his ownership in the property. This was before he was named for the Presidency. If he had obtained this ownership dishonorably, would he have courted this publicity?

I have thus ventured, Mr. Editor, to make answer to the charges you have brought against Mr. Blaine. There are other charges equally baseless which I have read, but in other papers, so that I may not claim your space to deny or answer them. I give two examples. Mr. Blaine is represented as the possessor of millions, while I personally know that he was never the possessor of the half of one million. He was represented as living for the past ten years in palatial grandeur in Washington. He sold that palatial mansion, with all its furniture, to Mr. Travers for $34,500, and got all that it was worth. But you are responsible only for such charges as you have made, and I have therefore made answer to these authoritatively over my own name, and I challenge denial of any substantial fact I have stated. Your attacks are not on Mr. Blaine alone; they are on his friends as well, and these are certainly a larger and more devoted body of supporters than can be claimed by any other man in public life. It seems to me, as I recall those in every station who are proud to be numbered among them, that I recognize many of the oldest, truest, and most honorable of our countrymen.

William Walter Phelps.

Washington, April 22, 1884.

MR. BLAINE'S RAILROAD TRANSACTIONS.

[From the New York Evening Post, April 24.]

Everybody who knows Mr. William Walter Phelps knows that he is a warm and devoted friend; in fact, he has "a talent for friendship." The fact that a politician is in "trouble" does not freeze the current of his sympathy. It is only a few weeks since he proposed to take even poor Keifer to his bosom. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should, though after three weeks' delay, have come to the rescue of Mr. Blaine, whose ardent supporter and admirer he has always been. But we think we can make it clear that he would have been a wiser and more judicious friend if he had let the matter alone. The natural thing, under the circumstances, for Mr. Phelps to do was to print the documentary evidence on which Mr. Blaine's character has been assailed. We shall now, in spite of the heavy demands it makes on our space, do it for him, adding such comments as may be necessary. He will not find it pleasant reading, and much of it will apparently be new to him.

The story about Mr. Blaine's connection with the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad had been floating about a good deal in the spring of 1876. So he met it in the House in this fashion, April 24 of that year, admitting that he held bonds of the road:

"As to the question of the propriety involved in a member of Congress holding an investment of this kind, it must be remembered the lands were granted to the State of Arkansas, and not to the railroad company, and that the company derived its life, franchise, and value wholly from the State, and to the State the company is amenable and answerable, and not in any sense to Congress. Since I purchased the bonds but one act of Congress has passed in any way touching the subject, and that was merely to rectify a previous mistake in legislation.

"In the seven intervening years since Little Rock and Fort Smith bonds were placed on the market, I know few investments that have not been more affected by the legislation of Congress. But this case does not require to be shielded by any such comparisons or citations, for I repeat that the *Little Rock road derived all that it had from the State of Arkansas, and not from Congress*. It was in the discretion of Congress to give or withhold from the State, but it was solely within the discretion of the State to give or withhold from the Little Rock Railroad Company."

This statement was accepted by the public generally as a conclusive answer to the charge against Mr. Blaine. It continued to be so considered till June 7, 1876, when the investigation and the publication of his letters revealed the amazing fact that it was not true, that the franchises and securities of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad had no value unless the land grant to the State, which was in danger of lapsing, were renewed by act of Congress. Mr. Blaine not only knew this in 1876, but knew it in 1869. In that year Mr. Warren Fisher took a contract to build the road—with the aid of the land grant, of course. That he was directly interested in getting the act passed which was to provide the money to pay the cost is highly probable, though not proved. The date on which he made the offer to Mr. Blaine of a share in the enterprise does not appear in the evidence, but it must have been made very soon after the passage of the bill (April 9) and the making of the contract, as appears by the following letter:

"Augusta, June 29, 1869.

"My dear Mr. Fisher,—I thank you for the article from Mr. Lewis. It is good in itself, and will do good. He writes like a man of large intelligence and comprehension. Your offer to admit me to a participation in the new railroad enterprise is in every respect as generous as I could expect or desire. I thank you very sincerely for it, and in this connection I wish to make a suggestion of a somewhat selfish character. It is this: You spoke of Mr. Caldwell's offer to dispose of a share of his interest to me. If he really desires to do so, I wish he would make the proposition definite, so that I could know just what to depend on. Perhaps if he waits till the full development of the enterprise, he may grow reluctant to part with the share; and I do not by this mean any distrust of him. I do not feel that I shall prove a dead-head in the enterprise if I once embark in it. I see various channels in which I know I can be useful.

"Very hastily and sincerely, your friend,
"James G. Blaine.

"*Mr. Fisher, India Street, Boston.*"

He recurs to the subject a few days later:

"Augusta, Maine, July 2, 1869.

"My dear Mr. Fisher,—You ask me if I am satisfied with the offer you made me of a share in your new railroad enterprise. Of course I am more than satisfied with the terms of the offer; I think it a most liberal proposition. If I hesitate at all, it is from consideration in no way connected with the character of the offer. Your liberal mode of dealing with me in all our business transactions of the past eight years has not passed without my full appreciation. What I wrote you on the 29th was intended to bring Caldwell to a definite proposition. That was all. I go to Boston by the same train that carries this letter, and will call at your office to-morrow at 12 m. If you don't happen to be in, no matter; don't put yourself to any trouble about it. Yours, J. G. B.

"*Mr. Fisher, Jun.*"

Fisher was then proposing to assign his contract to Caldwell, but did not actually do so till September following. Mr. Blaine waited all summer for a "definite proposition" from Caldwell, but none came. So he proceeded to refresh his memory and Fisher's, as follows:

"Augusta, Maine, October 4, 1869.

"My dear Sir,—I spoke to you a short time ago about a point of interest to your railroad company that occurred at the last session of Congress. It was on the last night of the session, when the bill renewing the land grant to the State of Arkansas for the Little Rock road was reached, by Julian, of Indiana, chairman of the Public Lands Committee, and by right entitled to the floor, attempting to put in the bill as an amendment to the Fremont El Paso scheme—a scheme probably well known to Mr. Caldwell. The House was thin, and the lobby in the Fremont interest had the thing all set up, and Julian's amendment was likely to prevail if brought to a vote. Roots, and the other members from Arkansas, who were doing their best for their own bill, to which there seemed to be no objection, were in despair, for it was well known that the Senate was hostile to the Fremont scheme, and if the Arkansas bill had gone back to the Senate with Julian's amendment, the whole thing would have gone on the table and slept the sleep of death. In this dilemma Roots came to me to know what on earth he could do under the rules, for, he said, it was vital to his constituents that the bill should pass. I told him that Julian's amendment was entirely out of order, because not germane. But he had not sufficient confidence in his knowledge of the rules to make the point, but he said

General Logan was opposed to the Fremont scheme, and would probably make the point. I sent my page to General Logan with the suggestion, and he at once made the point. I could not do otherwise than sustain it, and so the bill was freed from the mischievous amendment moved by Julian, and at once passed without objection. At that time I had never seen Mr. Caldwell, but you can tell him that, without knowing it, I did him a great favor.

"Sincerely yours, JAMES G. BLAINE.

"W. Fisher, Jun., Esq., No. 24 India Street, Boston."

It will be seen from this that he had been already talking of this "point of interest" to Fisher, but was eager to bring it to Caldwell's notice. So he wrote again on the same day, this time speaking of the bill frankly as "your [Fisher's] bill." At this date, Mr. Phelps arsively says, "the transaction was nearly closed." It may have been, but Mr. Blaine's aspirations were not closed:

"AUGUSTA, MAINE, October 4, 1869.

"MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—Find inclosed contracts of the parties named in my letter of yesterday. The remaining contracts will be completed as rapidly as circumstances will permit. I inclose you a part of the *Congressional Globe* of April 9, containing the point to which I referred at some length in my previous letter of to-day. *You will find it of interest to read it over, and see what a narrow escape your bill made on that last night of the session.* Of course it was my plain duty to make the ruling when the point was once raised. If the Arkansas men had not, however, happened to come to me when at their wits' ends and in despair, the bill would undoubtedly have been lost, or at least postponed for a year. I thought the point would interest both you and Caldwell, though occurring before either of you engaged in the enterprise. I beg you to understand that I thoroughly appreciate the courtesy with which you have treated me in this railroad matter, but your conduct toward me in business matters has always been marked by unbounded liberality in past years, and of course I have naturally come to the conclusion to expect the same of you now. You urge me to make as much as I fairly can out of the arrangement into which we have entered. It is natural that I should do my utmost to this end. *I am bothered by only one thing, and that is definite and expressed arrangements with Mr. Caldwell. I am anxious to acquire the interest he has promised me. But I do not get a definite understanding with him as I have with you.* I shall be in Boston in a few days, and shall then have an opportunity to talk matters over fully with you. *I am disposed to think that whatever I do with Mr. Caldwell must really be done through you.* Kind regards to Mrs. Fisher. Sincerely, J. G. BLAINE.

"W. F., Jun., Esq."

These two letters were undoubtedly due to his anxiety to have that ruling, which he had "the curiosity" to hunt up, weigh in the bargain he was expecting.

Was the interest he had already acquired such "as was sold on the Boston market to all applicants"? Nothing of the kind. In that case Fisher's offer would not have been as "generous" as Mr. Blaine "could expect or desire" (June 29). Nor could it have been a "most liberal proposition" with which he would have been "more than satisfied" (July 2). Nor would it have called forth from him the promise that he would not be a dead head in the enterprise" (June 29). If the purchase of the bonds "on the Boston market" had inspired these feelings in "all applicants," Mr. Fisher would have been smothered in gratitude. Mr. Phelps seems to know little or nothing about this matter, apparently because he has not taken the trouble to read the evidence. Mr. Warren Fisher testified before the committee that he never "sold to James G. Blaine any bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad"; that the bonds he gave Mr. Blaine were "for other parties" (p. 89, "Evidence taken before the Judiciary Committee"), and the sale of them was negotiated through Mr. Blaine. Subsequently Mulligan, his book-keeper, produced Fisher's account with Mr. Blaine. The nature of Fisher's transactions with Blaine, who, owing to objections by members of the committee, was described as "the third party," or as "A," was such that "A sold to parties in Maine, on Fisher's account, $130,000 of common stock, $130,000 of preferred stock, and $130,000 of first mortgage bonds, and the third party was to get $130,000 of land grant bonds and $32,500 of first mortgage bonds for his share in the transaction." For all this Fisher received only $130,000 in cash. The memorandum book submitted by the witness showed in the margin the amounts payable as commission to Mr. Blaine by Mr. Fisher.

It appears, then, that Mr. Blaine did not tell the truth when he said that the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad Company owed nothing, "in any sense," to Congress, and that he did not confine himself to the use of the word "company" (April 25, 1876). Mr. Phelps is now in our columns on this point guilty of something very like a quibble, and is himself the person who inaccurately reports Mr. Blaine's language. Mr. Blaine was not so sly as Mr. Phelps supposes. He said both "road" and "company," and meant road when he said company. Nor did Mr. Blaine tell the truth when he said "he bought the bonds at precisely the same rate as others paid"; nor does Mr. Phelps speak truly when he says that "there is no evidence which suggests" that Mr. Blaine was appointed an agent to sell the bonds of the company. Since Mr. Phelps is an honorable man, this simply shows that he has not read the evidence. He will find a flood of it on pp. 90, 91, 95, 103-4-5, of the "Evidence taken before the Judiciary Committee" of the House in May, 1876. Mr. Blaine was made such agent on "liberal" and even "generous" terms, and sold $130,000 of the bonds under the arrangement, and afterward took back a number of them—say seventy-five—from the persons to whom he sold them, and who could not or would not bear the loss caused by their depreciation.

What became of these bonds which he took back? We said in our article of April 7 that there was "strong but not conclusive evidence" that they were taken off his hands by the Union Pacific Railroad. Mr. Phelps, who seems to read very carelessly, describes this as a positive "charge," made "without a particle of proof." What he produces as disproof again shows that he has not read the evidence. The witness Atkins, a director of the Union Pacific, testified that the seventy-five Little Rock and Fort Smith bonds were bought by the Union Pacific Railroad Company for $64,000 when they were worth only $37,500 (p. 81). The witness Mulligan testified that Atkins told him his belief that the bonds came from Mr. Blaine to Mr. Thomas A. Scott, and that he got the Union Pacific to take them off his hands at the high rate (p. 95). Atkins denied this, but did not question Mulligan's veracity. He thought it must be a mistake. Mulligan also testified that he (Atkins) made the same statement to Mr. Blaine personally. The witness Fisher was under the impression that the seventy-five were Blaine bonds, and in a correspondence with Blaine touching a settlement, thought he answered Blaine's complaint about his losses in the Little Rock and Fort Smith transaction by referring to this excellent sale to the Union Pacific, without eliciting any contradiction from Blaine (p. 119). The witness Harrison, a government director of the Union Pacific, testified that on discovering the seventy-five bonds among the assets of the company, he moved an investigation, but was "taken aside" by Mr. Rollins, the secretary and auditor of the company, and asked to withdraw his motion, as it would injure Mr. Blaine, and that he subsequently found it impossible to have the matter inquired into (pp. 16-21). The witness Rollins could not remember who told him the bonds came from Mr. Blaine, and found his memory would not work on this point, but did not know why the company should have bought the bonds of anybody (pp. 27-36). The witness Thomas A. Scott testified that he bought the bonds of Caldwell (Blaine's friend) at eighty cents on the dollar, and sold them to the Union Pacific Company at the same price he gave, eighteen months later, when they were worth only fifty or sixty cents on the dollar. The reason the company made this very peculiar investment, by which it paid $22,750 more than the market value of the securities, was, he said, that it owed him a considerable amount for salaries and other services (pp. 47-50). From whom Caldwell obtained them, and on whose account he made this remarkable sale, did not appear, because Caldwell was in Europe in 1876. The inquiry was interrupted at this point, too, by Mr. Blaine's illness. But the evidence, we repeat, taken in connection with the relations of all the parties, strongly pointed to the sale of the bonds to Mr. Tom Scott, at nearly double the market rate, by Caldwell on Blaine's behalf, and a subsequent and more extraordinary sale of the same bonds to the Union Pacific Railroad Company, the whole followed by a general hushing up of the matter, and a great failure of memory on the part of all concerned. Mr. Phelps's citation of Mr. Sidney Dillon, E. H. Rollins, and Morton, Bliss, & Co. is simply worthless, though probably made without intent to deceive, because he has evidently not read the evidence. Morton, Bliss, & Co. were no more likely to know anything about the transaction than the New York Postmaster who delivered their letters. The affectation of indignant surprise with which Mr. Phelps meets this would be most audacious if he were speaking in his own behalf, but is pardonable in an enthusiastic advocate.

Mr. Phelps's answer, in so far as it relates to the Northern Pacific transaction, calls for no fresh comment. He evidently knows nothing about it. We shall therefore simply reproduce Mr. Blaine's letter, and the passage relating to it in our article of April 7:

"AUGUSTA, MAINE, November 25, 1870.

"MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—A year ago and more I spoke to you about purchasing an interest in the Northern Pacific Railroad for yourself and any you might choose to associate with yourself. *The matter passed by without my being able to control it, and nothing more was then said about it. Since then the Jay Cooke contract has been perfected, the additional legislation has been obtained, and 100 miles of the road are well-nigh completed, and the whole line will be pushed forward rapidly. By a strange revolution of circumstances I am again able to control an interest, and if you desire it you can have it.* The whole road is divided into twenty-four shares, of which Jay Cooke & Co. have twelve. The interest I speak of is one-half of one-twenty-fourth, or one-one-hundred-and-ninety-second of the entire franchise, being that proportion of the eighty-one millions of stock that are being divided as the road is built, and a like proportion of the Land Company stock, that is formed to take and dispose of the 50,000,000 acres of land covered by their grant as amended by the law of last session. The amount of stock which this 1-192 would have in the end would be about $425,000, and the number of acres of land it represents is nearly 255,000. The road is being built on the 7.30 bonds, $25,000 to the mile, which Jay Cooke takes at 90. Instead of mortgaging the land, they make a stock company for its ownership, dividing it *pro rata* among the holders of the franchise. The whole thing can be had for $25,000, which is less than one-third of what some other sales of small interests have gone at. I do not suppose you would care to invest the whole $25,000. I thought that a small *syndicate* of eight or ten of you in Boston might take it—$2500 each. For $2500 thus invested you would get ultimately $42,000 stock and the avails of some 25,000 acres of land. Five of you at $5000 each would have a splendid thing of it.

"The chance is a very rare one. I can't touch it, but I obey my first and best impulse in offering it to you.

"All such chances as this since Jay Cooke got the road have been accompanied with the obligation to take a large amount of the bonds at ninety, and hold them not less than three years. I will be in Boston Tuesday noon, and will call upon you. Of course if you don't want it, let it pass. You will receive an immediate issue of stock to a considerable amount, and certificates of land stock also. *Of course, in conferring with others, keep my name quiet, mentioning it to no one unless to Mr. Caldwell.* I write under the presumption that you have returned, but I have heard nothing.

"Yours truly,

"J. G. BLAINE."

This offer was accepted by Fisher, as appears from the following (p. 129):

"Received of Warren Fisher, Jun., $25,000 in trust, in consideration of which I am to deliver to said Fisher properly authenticated certificates of an interest in the North Pacific Railway Company, equivalent to one-eighth part of one of the twenty-four principal shares to which the franchise stock of said company are divided; certificates to be in the name of Elisha Atkins.

"Witness my hand. JAMES G. BLAINE."

On this particular transaction we remarked, on April 7:

"It appears from acts of Congress relating to the road, some of which are of older date than July 2, 1864, that the authorized stock was $100,000,000, with a land grant, estimated by the Commissioners of Public Lands at 47,000,000 acres, or 74,453 square miles. The line of road was 2000 miles long, and at the time of Blaine's letter to Fisher it was, he says, being built on bonds at $25,000 a mile, which would have made a bonded debt of $50,000,000. Mr. Blaine, as member of Congress and Speaker of the House, must be taken to have known about the circumstances of the road, and therefore there seems no escape from the conclusion that his offer was based on the expectation that he would receive almost as a gift a share in an enterprise dependent for its value on legislation in which he had taken part. Mr. Blaine's defense in the case of this transaction consisted at first of a denial that he had ever had any transaction with the road at all, but he afterward rested on the fact that he had no pecuniary interest in the transfer, and that it was never actually made; yet though this might be a defense to suit against him for a conspiracy to defraud purchasers of stock, it does not affect in any way the nature of the offer. His relations with Warren Fisher were, in 1870, as appeared from the evidence, such that any favor done the latter, or gift presented to him, had a direct pecuniary value."

The letter shows, too, that he had actually been in pursuit of an interest in the road a year previously, had failed to acquire it, and that in the interval additional legislation for the benefit of the company had taken place.

The charge of having obtained the letters from Mulligan by pledging his word of honor to return them, and then breaking his pledge Mr. Phelps, we take it for granted, tacitly confesses on his friend's behalf; so that no more need be said about it, except that we are sure that there are enough voters who feel strongly about it to make it certain that no man who has figured in such a transaction shall ever sit in Washington's chair. On the other points discussed by Mr. Phelps he has nothing new to offer, except that he does not agree with the *Evening Post*. We may add that we believe Mr. Blaine's railroad transactions have no further interest for the public, and we do not mean to return to them. What gave us or anybody any interest in them was the chance of his being nominated for the Presidency, which has now, we believe, passed away.

JUDGE REID.

JUDGE FRANK T. REID, the Republican candidate for Governor of Tennessee, who was enthusiastically nominated by acclamation, is about forty years of age, and is very popular throughout the State. He is of a distinguished family, and is a man of ability and culture. During the war he fought on the Confederate side as a private in Forrest's cavalry. He is now Judge of the Circuit Court of his county. In accepting the nomination he made a strong speech, which was loudly cheered. He referred to the past record of the Democratic and Republican parties, denounced the repudiation of the larger part of the State debt, severely criticised the Railroad Commissioners for making low rates for the lessees of the penitentiary and high rates for the farmers, and advocated the encouragement of manufacturing industries and railroads. The Democrats all concede that the Judge is the strongest man the party could have chosen for the fight.

THE OHIO CYCLONE.

THE cyclone which swept across the western part of Ohio on the 27th of April, carrying death and destruction in its track, was one of the most terrific that ever fell upon any part of the country. At Carrollton, where it first was seen, a reputable farmer, who claims to have observed its formation, thus describes it: Two clouds, one from the south, the other from the north, seemed to meet, when instantly the scene became densely black, while from the centre came blinding flashes, as if the heavy clouds were filled with writhing, twisting sheets of fire. The atmosphere was soon enveloped in a dense smoke-like fog. It seemed as if the clouds struggled with each other and then shot forward, whirling, destroying everything that came in their way.

The cyclone was there only three hundred yards in width, while miles further on the track of destruction is fully an eighth of a mile in width. In passing across the Miami River the wind blew the gravel of the river-bed a hundred feet or more in the air, and scattered it over the adjacent fields.

In Leecher's Wood, just beyond Alexandersville, stately trees were felled like blades of grass before a scythe. The farm of FRANK EICHNER was totally destroyed, all the buildings on it being swept away. Mr. EICHNER thus describes the scene: "The cyclone came with a roar similar to that of a buzz-saw, and the great tongue reaching from the black mass of clouds above was like a great auger boring into the earth, and where the funnel touched the earth clouds of black smoke rolled up to the heavens. On it came like a monster, and as it struck the shed the shrill sound like a saw striking a piece of lumber resounded. In an instant the air was filled with the débris, and I called to those on the place to run for the cellar. Scarcely had we reached this harbor when we heard the hiss and hum of the winds, and then the shrill singing and crackling that told the tale of ruin. Hardly two minutes had elapsed when all was again quiet, and on emerging we found the sun shining brightly, and scarcely a breeze blowing." But round about lay their dwellings, barns, sheds, even the orchard and forest a mass of ruins. Mr. EICHNER's loss will reach $20,000.

In a tobacco shed about four hundred feet away was the family of AARON LUCAS. They had gone there in a spring wagon to be sheltered from the storm. Strange as it may appear, none of the family, six in number, father, mother, and four children, was fatally injured. The shed was lifted square from its foundation, carried along with the wind a short distance, and then completely wrecked. One of the children, a little girl ten years of age, sustained a severe wound on the head, and the mother was slightly injured on the right shoulder.

FRANK WASHY, who was driving along the road not far from the track of the storm, was blown out of his buggy, which was torn to pieces and scattered over the surrounding country, while the frightened horse was lodged in a creek two hundred feet away, where he was afterward found dead.

The little town of Woodburn suffered terribly, not a house in the place escaping. But the worst destruction occurred in Jamestown, about twenty miles from Dayton. Not a house remained standing on the main street. The five churches, Catholic, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Christian, were all wrecked.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A BILL to prevent the unlawful occupancy of public lands has been favorably reported to the House of Representatives, with documents from the Committee on Public Lands showing that foreign capitalists are among the most conspicuous offenders. The aggregate of public land fenced in with barbed wire and occupied by foreigners is several millions of acres. "One titled gentleman, Marquis de Morales," says the report, "has a large inclosure in Dakota of the public land, maintained by his retainers as against American citizens." The marquis, it will be remembered, had a disagreement not long ago with some men of the region in which he has settled, which resulted in loss of life. It is proposed in the bill to give citizens power to deal summarily with the trespassers. Says the report: "The evil sought to be abated is intolerable; that it has been permitted to reach its present proportions is a disgrace."

The Washington Monument is of slow growth. It stopped growing last fall, at a height of 410 feet. The process is now resumed. The end of the work is so near, comparatively, that an appropriation of money to defray the expenses of the dedication has been proposed. The oration is to be delivered by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who made the address when the corner-stone was laid in 1848. If the period of the Monument's building shall turn out to be no longer than can be spanned by the life of a man, it will not seem so very long, after all.

Great things in the way of swift ocean travel are expected of the two Cunarders now building. It is asserted that they may be counted upon to eclipse the record recently made by the *Oregon*.

One of the few instances of a balloon being struck by lightning is reported from the international exposition at Turin, where a captive aerostat was exploded by a lightning-bolt after it had ascended a short distance.

The owners of Goat Island, in Niagara River, value the property at a million dollars. Goats occupy several million dollars' worth of land in the upper part of this city, too.

The editor of a Northwestern journal, the *Rat Portage Progress*, makes this unequivocal announcement: "I still support my reputation by publishing a newspaper, and my family by sawing wood."

Floods and dramatic festivals, riots and operas, do not work well together even in Cincinnati. It is estimated that there will be a deficit of about $30,000 to be made up by those who guaranteed the expenses of the dramatic festival. Last season the receipts of the first night equalled those for the whole week of this year's entertainment.

It was perhaps too much to expect that the umpire would go on to the end of time exposing himself to the volleys of the lightning pitcher, quietly making absurd decisions, meekly enduring the jeers of the multitude, and never once showing by his actions that he was made of such stuff as ordinarily sensitive mortals are made of. In the course of a game in Philadelphia a few days ago the umpire found the test too much for him, and, turning in his rage, he hurled a ball into the midst of the crowd that had been hooting at him. The ball struck a man on the head, and a magistrate put the umpire under $500 bonds to keep the peace. Thus the question is raised, Can an umpire pursue his calling without necessarily provoking outbreak?

In the course of the discussion in the Assembly of a bill to modify the conditions of imprisonment for debt, a legislator told of a man of Sullivan County who was imprisoned several years ago for not paying a debt of $30, who has already cost the county about $800 for board, and who refuses to be released. After the speaker had gone deeply into the question whether this man ever could be compelled legally to give up his cell, a witty Irish member from this city suggested that the desired object might be attained by removing the jail and leaving the prisoner where he was.

It is suggested by Mr. Americus Symmes, son of the noted theorist, that the Greely relief expedition should steer for that alleged region known as Symmes's Hole if it is desired to be of service to the lost navigator, Greely, inadvertently or on purpose, sailed over the edge into the hollow of the globe, Mr. Symmes says.

Wherever two or three Irish patriots are gathered together there is oratory, and where there is Irish oratory of the patriot order there is withering denunciation of somebody for his alleged betrayal of "the cause." As the work of freeing Ireland goes on, the number of Irishmen suspected by their compatriots of being informers grows greater. Indeed, the suspicion with which the patriots regard one another is becoming a source of greater discomfort than the zeal of the British detectives. If an Irish emissary in England is not arrested, the chances are that he will be accused of having purchased immunity with treachery, and that his death will be decreed by some body of avengers. On the other hand, if he is arrested, he may consider himself fortunate if his compatriots do not assume that his arrest is a sham intended to cover up his base betrayal of them. The latest to become a sufferer in this way is the man Fitzgerald, under arrest for his alleged connection with a society of murderers, who has been begging a correspondent to state that the report charging him with having turned informer is an infamous falsehood.

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"THE BURIAL OF ATALA."—FROM THE PAINTING BY GUSTAVE COURBET, PARIS SALON, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 592.]

JOHN JAY KNOX, LATE COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.

HON. FRANK T. REID, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GURNEY.—[SEE PAGE 303.]

JOHN JAY KNOX.

THE subject of this sketch was born at Knoxborough, Oneida County, New York, graduated at Hamilton College in 1849, and learned the rudiments of banking at a salary of $300 a year in the bank of Vernon, of which his father was President. He subsequently assisted in organizing banks in Syracuse and in Binghamton under the free banking law of New York, and soon became well acquainted with all the provisions of that act. He was associated with his brother, Hon. HENRY M. KNOX, in a private banking house in St. Paul, Minnesota, for six years. He advocated the national banking system in *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine* more than a year previous to its adoption. The attention of Secretary CHASE was called to this article, and when Mr. KNOX visited Washington soon after the passage of the National Currency Act, and called upon Secretary CHASE, he gave him a letter to Hon. HUGH MCCULLOCH, who was then Comptroller, in which he said, "This is the young gentleman of whom I spoke to you."

In 1866 he was sent by Secretary MCCULLOCH to San Francisco to examine the branch mint in that city, and his report was published, with a complimentary notice by Secretary MCCULLOCH, in the Finance Report of that year.

In 1870 he made an elaborate report to Congress, including a codification of the mint and coinage laws, with important amendments. Upon his suggestion the coinage of the silver dollar was discontinued, and the bill which he prepared was afterward passed, and is known as "The Coinage Act of 1873." He subsequently visited New Orleans, and discovered in the office of the Assistant Treasurer a defalcation of about eleven hundred thousand dollars, the largest ever known in the history of the government. The failure of the First National Bank of New Orleans followed, and he remained for some weeks in that city, acting as Assistant Treasurer of the United States.

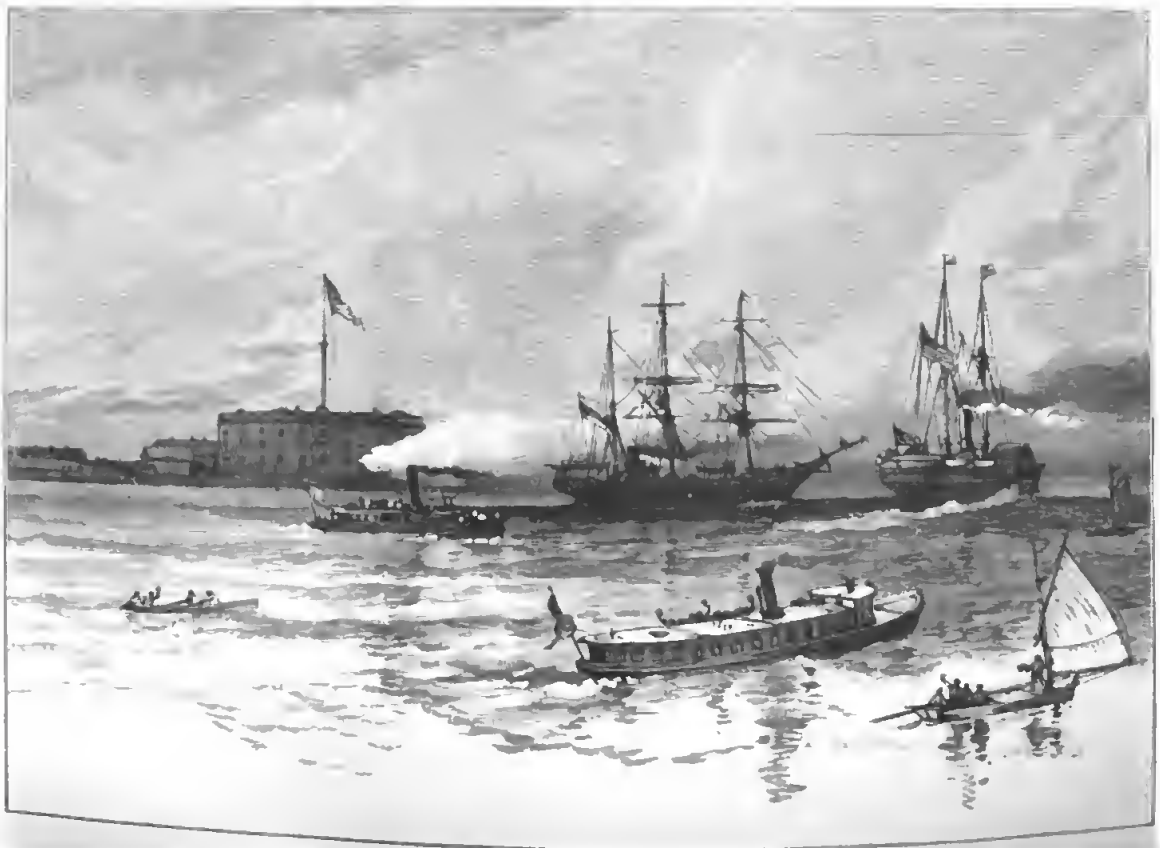
He was appointed Deputy Comptroller by Mr. MCCULLOCH in 1867, and Comptroller five years thereafter by President GRANT. He was re-appointed, without his knowledge, previous to the expiration of his first term, and confirmed by the Senate without reference to any committee. He was appointed to a third term on April 12, 1882. He has had a continuous service of seventeen years in the Comptroller's office, and during his administration his office has not been subjected to any investigation until the recent attack by the shareholders of the Pacific National Bank of Boston, from which he has been fully exonerated by the Committee on Banking and Currency.

One of the leading financial writers of the country says: "The retirement of Mr. JOHN JAY KNOX from the office of Comptroller of the Currency is a loss to the public service of no common kind. The intelligence which he has brought to the complicated duties of his office has never been surpassed in any similar station, and has not been equalled in the particular station which he has so long filled. The national banking system owes much of its present carefulness in detail management to his mastery of all the facts and principles of sound finance. His annual reports embrace perhaps the most complete and satisfactory arrangement of information needful to the business man, the student, and the legislator that has ever been furnished in this country on any economical subject." There is probably no dissent from this opinion in the business community.

The Comptroller, by request, twice accompanied Secretary SHERMAN and Attorney-General DEVENS to New York for the purpose of negotiating United States bonds to provide the means for the resumption of specie payments, and in New York arranged between the bank officers and the Secretary a conference, which was afterward held in the Treasury Department, in the presence of Secretary EVARTS, which resulted in the admission of the Assistant Treasurer to the Clearing-house, and the receipt by the Clearing house of legal tender notes on an equality with coin in all payments at the time of resumption. He subsequently, by request of President GARFIELD, accompanied Secretary WINDOM and Attorney-General MCVEAGH to New York, and arranged a conference between the syndicate and other bank officers, which resulted in the issue and successful negotiation of the three and a half per cent. bonds.

It is well known to Senator SHERMAN and other Senators that the Comptroller was the first choice of the late President GARFIELD for Secretary of the Treasury, and this fact was communicated to him in the presence of another gentleman, to whom the President said that "he was only prevented from carrying out his original purpose by complications which afterward arose in reference to other places in his cabinet."

On his retirement from the office in which he rendered such eminent service to the financial interests of the country, Mr. KNOX accepted the presidency of the National Bank of the Republic, which now, jointly with the First National Bank of New York, the "United Bank Building," on the corner of Wall Street and Broadway. It is an old institution, originally organized in 1850, and has a capital of $1,500,000, and a surplus of $600,000.



BOUND FOR THE ARCTIC OCEAN—THE DEPARTURE OF THE "THETIS."—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 299.]

AVALANCHES.

Hardly a season passes in Switzerland that lives are not lost and property destroyed by avalanches. Avalanches fall more or less all the year round, but the *Grundlawinen* of winter and early spring are the most fatal and destructive. The records of such disasters go far back. On the 24th of January, 1459, the Church of St. Placida, at Disentis, and the manor-house of Gestion were destroyed, and sixteen persons killed. A few days thereafter two avalanches broke simultaneously above Truns (between Disentis and Chur). Coming together in the Puntaiglasthal, they formed one *Lawine*, and flew over wood and wild, leaving death and desolation in their wake, as far as the valley of the Vorder Rhein.

In 1696 two goat-herds of Churwalden, going home after milking their goats, with their milk tins on their backs, were struck down by an avalanche. The tin of one of them broke, and the warm milk, running over his head and down his neck, melted the snow from his mouth and nostrils, so that he could breathe. When disinterred, a few hours later, he was alive, while his companion, whose tin had not broken, was dead. In 1695 a peasant of Soglio (Graubunden), hearing the roar of a coming avalanche, threw himself under the lee of a wall. The wall saved him from being suffocated or crushed, and he succeeded in freeing himself; but in the struggle his garments got filled with snow, and the snow outside freezing that inside, he was incased in a panoply of ice, and had the greatest difficulty in getting home. Before undressing he had to be thawed.

In 1709, when Leukerbad was swept by an avalanche, whereby fifty-five of its inhabitants lost their lives, a youth of the name of Stephen Roth took refuge in a cellar, and remained there eight days without food or drink. He had quite given himself up for lost, when he thought he heard a sound as of spades shovelling away snow. On this Roth struck up a psalm, and went on singing until he attracted the attention of the rescue party, who thereupon dug down to the cellar, and set him free.

Avalanches play strange pranks sometimes. In 1806 an avalanche at Calancathal, in the Grisons, carried a wood bodily from one side of the valley to the other, and left it standing there; a pine-tree was planted on the roof of the parsonage, and the villagers were provided with fire-wood for many a year without the trouble of fetching it. In 1824 fifty-two sledges, while journeying through the Scaletta Pass to Davos, were buried under a *Schneeschild*, and the wind of it sent the drivers and passengers spinning through the air as if they had been shot from a mortar. The snow being fortunately loose and powdery, and the alighting soft, nobody was much hurt. In March, 1824, a house in Aberthal, in which were twelve children, was overwhelmed by an avalanche, and turned over on its side. When the parents, who were absent at the time, returned, and dug down to the door, they found the dozen quite complete, and all alive! The house, it is hardly necessary to say, was a wooden chalet. In 1869 Biel, a village in the Valais, was struck by an avalanche, which cost twenty-seven of its inhabitants their lives. An entire family, consisting of man and wife and their four children, were buried, with their beds, out into the street. The parents were killed, and the children saved alive. From another house a three-year-old child was thrown in like manner without sustaining the slightest harm. The child, now a man—Peter Ruppen by name—is at present head forester of the Commune of Saas. Cattle-drivers, in their journeys over the Alps, often fall victims by avalanches. At certain times of the year they literally carry their lives in their hands.

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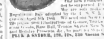

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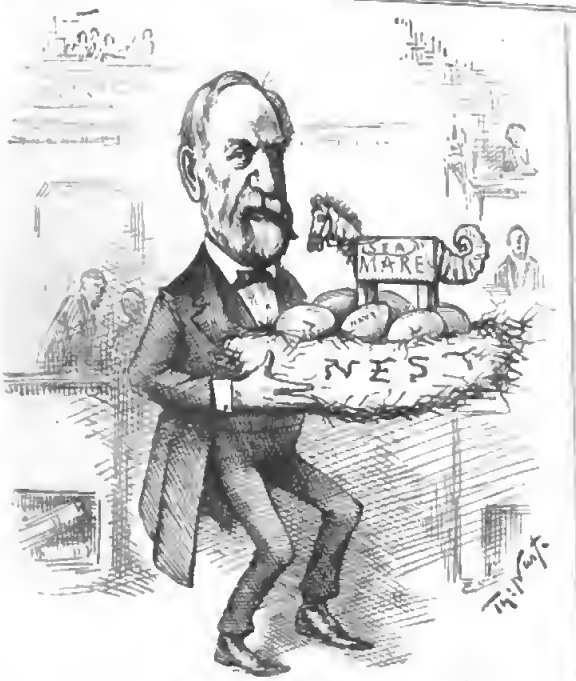

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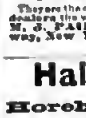

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.
VOL. XXVIII.—No. 1430.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1884.
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RUN DOWN IN MID-OCEAN.—LOSS OF THE "STATE OF FLORIDA."—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON FROM DESCRIPTIONS BY SURVIVORS.—[SEE PAGE 311.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1884.

THE ART COMPETITION.

To the Competitors in the Art Competition:

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS in 1882 offered a prize for the best illustration of a Christmas hymn, specifying certain conditions under which the competition could be entered upon, it being designed that the sum awarded to the successful contestant should be used to aid in the further prosecution of his study of art.

The judges of the competition reported that they were unable to award the prize to any of the contributions.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS reopened the competition on September 8, 1883, enlarging, as you are aware, its general scope, and modifying the limitations as to age, in accordance with suggestions made by the judges.

The first prize of $3000 was to be awarded to the best original drawing, appropriate to Christmas, and suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and three additional prizes of $500 each were to be awarded three such other drawings as might be deemed suitable for use in HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE respectively.

From the judges of the Art Competition, Messrs. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A., F. D. MILLET, A.N.A., and CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS have received the following communication:

Messrs. Harper & Brothers:

GENTLEMEN,—The judges appointed to award the prizes in the Art Competition desire to present the following report:

We have carefully examined each and every one of the works submitted for competition, and find that no one of them unites in a sufficient degree the qualities required by the conditions of the competition—namely, good execution, appropriateness of subject selected, sufficiency of illustration, and originality of conception and treatment—to warrant its selection for publication.

We can not, therefore, award any prize.

We have the honor to be, gentlemen, your obedient servants,

R. SWAIN GIFFORD,
F. D. MILLET,
CHARLES PARSONS.

NEW YORK, *March 28, 1884.*

Disappointed at the miscarriage of their intentions, and their failure to meet with a gratifying result when it did not seem to be unreasonable to look for one, Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS consulted with the judges of the competition, and the result of their deliberations is indicated in the following correspondence:

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, *April 19, 1884.*

Messrs. R. Swain Gifford, F. D. Millet, and Charles Parsons, Art Competition Committee:

DEAR SIRS,—We inclose herewith our check for five thousand dollars, and in accordance with your kind offer of the 18th inst. we hereby appoint you trustees of the amount, to be known as the "Harper Art Scholarship Fund," the interest thereof to be used at your discretion for the encouragement of art students, not over thirty years of age, in the prosecution of their study.

We should like it to be understood that should any of you retire from this trust, or for any reason cease to administer the same, his place shall be filled by the remaining trustee or trustees, subject to the approval of HARPER & BROTHERS. Yours, very truly,

HARPER & BROTHERS.

NEW YORK, *April 20, 1884.*

Messrs. Harper & Brothers:

GENTLEMEN,—We have the honor to acknowledge your favor of the 19th inst., inclosing your check for five thousand dollars, appointing us trustees of the sum, for the purpose named in your letter. We accept the trust in the same spirit in which it is offered us, and we shall endeavor to administer it in a manner which will best carry out the purpose you have had in view. We are, gentlemen, your obedient servants,

R. SWAIN GIFFORD,
F. D. MILLET,
C. PARSONS.

$5000 NEW YORK, *April 20, 1884.*

Received of HARPER & BROTHERS the sum of five thousand dollars, which we, the undersigned, are to hold as trustees of a fund which shall be known as the "Harper Art Scholarship Fund," the interest whereof is to be used at our discretion for the encouragement of art students, under thirty years of age, in the prosecution of art study.

Should any of us retire from this trust, or for any reason cease to administer the same, the vacancy or vacancies so created shall be filled by the remaining trustee or trustees, subject to the approval of HARPER & BROTHERS.

R. SWAIN GIFFORD,
F. D. MILLET,
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SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and* HARPER'S BAZAR *may be had for the years* 1880, 1881, 1882, *and* 1883. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders immediately. It is* MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS' *intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.*

THE NOMINATION.

THE BLAINE movement holds the same relation to the Chicago Convention of this year that the GRANT movement held to the Convention of 1880. It asserts the certainty of Mr. BLAINE'S nomination, and alleges for him an unbought enthusiasm such as the GRANT men claimed for their candidate four years ago. Besides this, however, there is a reproduction of the tone of the GRANT canvass toward the independent wing of the party. The Stalwart sneers at Phariseeism and assumed superiority and "professional reformers," and the venerable inquiry whether the tail expects to wag the dog, are not infrequent in the papers that warmly support the BLAINE nomination. The Democrats are expected, of course, to gibe at the party of moral ideas, but it is a bad sign when Republicans ridicule the demand for honesty in politics as Phariseeism, and when the old Stalwart talk of "the boys" about the pavement of heaven not being clean enough for the feet of reformers is again made to do duty in the place of argument and common-sense. One thing certainly even the friends of Mr. BLAINE will admit. It is that this spirit of Stalwartism did not help its cause, but on the contrary arrayed against it the combined intelligent common-sense of the country. Indeed, it was the revelation of the essential nature of Stalwartism which was made by the general blackguarding of everything politically honest and manly and honorable, and the steady denunciation, by politicians who were known to be corrupt, of all politics but corrupt politics as Sunday-school and lemonade politics, which did more even than their acts—which were often carefully concealed—to open the eyes of honest men to the actual situation. This Stalwart proceeding culminated four years ago, and if the opponents of Sunday-school and lemonade politics are satisfied with the events of the intervening years, and with the present situation, certainly the goody-goodies do not complain.

The resort of the friends of Mr. BLAINE to these exceedingly silly and discredited tactics will hardly commend him to the favor of those who already doubt the wisdom of his nomination. If it be ludicrous to expect the tail to wag the dog, is it so very comical to suggest that the rudder directs the course of the ship? It is indeed a very small appendage—much smaller and less apparent in proportion than the dog's tail, but it is a very important part of the vessel, and when the rudder can not wag the ship, it is very unfortunate for the ship. When that part of a party which insists upon honesty and decency and cleanliness in politics fails to control its general movement, the party is near misfortune. A majority in a party or in a convention is like bulk in a vessel. It will not save the ship if the rudder fails. The friends of Mr. BLAINE make a fatal mistake if they suppose that all those who now protest, in the interest of Republican success, against a certain possible action of the Convention, would support any candidate who might be nominated. It is very possible that some Republican journals which greatly deprecate the nomination of Mr. BLAINE would not technically bolt it, nor advise voting for the Democratic candidate. Thus the *Tribune* during the State campaign of 1882 did not bolt the nomination of Mr. FOLGER nor support the Democratic candidate, and on the very day of the election, or the day before, it remarked that, upon the whole, Republicans had better vote for Mr. FOLGER. But such support does not sustain. It preserves the bare form of party regularity, but it does not promote party success. It does not help a candidate, but leaves him helpless.

Now there are obvious reasons why a journal would retain a nominal connection with its party rather than openly break with it which do not influence the action of the voter. Even if some journals should prefer to take this passive position of perfunctory party adherence, yet the independent voters of 1882 and of 1879, and of all other years, would not, in our judgment, be satisfied with this course. They would actively and influentially oppose the election of Mr. BLAINE. If to this statement of what is less an opinion than a fact perfectly well known it should be replied that if a party can not nominate its most popular member it had better dissolve, it is useful to remember that this is precisely what was said by the friends of Mr. CLAY, who was nominated three times to be three times beaten. A party, after all, is more than a man, and it is not necessarily wise to assert that a party ought to be defeated if circumstances have made its most popular member unavailable. If it be desirable, as we believe, to retain Republican control of the government, that result can be accomplished beyond question only by the nomination of a candidate who would be willingly supported by all voters who under any circumstances would vote for a Republican.

DEFEAT OF THE MORRISON BILL.

THE defeat of the MORRISON "horizontal" tariff reduction bill by a majority of four votes is a very important political event. Amid the bitter denunciation of the Democrats who voted against it as "traitors," "renegades," "party assassins," and other similar epithets, the fact remains that a fifth of the Democrats in the House, led by one of the most eminent of Democratic Representatives, opposed the bill, and that the party is hopelessly divided upon the question. Indeed, if the Democratic party were in good faith an honest and resolute revenue reform party, as some Republican revenue reform journals insist, it is difficult to see why such journals do not support that party.

The fact is—and the vote upon the horizontal bill shows it more plainly than ever—the parties are not organized upon the tariff question, and while the parties remain as they are the attempt to make the canvass of the year turn upon the tariff will necessarily fail. The Pennsylvania and Ohio and New Jersey Democrats favor inaction or protection. A Republican speaker in those States would not find it necessary to advocate encouragement to domestic industry, because both parties would agree with him, and any Democratic orator who should rejoice over any measure, in Mr. DORSHEIMER'S phrase, as "a firm first step toward free trade" would find himself deserted by his own party. All that can be said is that the free-traders in the Democratic majority of the House have tried to commit their party to that first firm step, and have failed; and their failure certainly does not make Democrats who do not agree with them traitors.

The Democratic party, having thus declined to favor reform in the civil service and revenue reform, will enter upon the Presidential election with no principle or policy whatever except that of turning out Republicans because of alleged corruption and extravagance. The only way, therefore, in which Republicans could help the Democrats would be by some nomination which would seem to justify the Democratic cry. Since the canvass, by the action of the Democrats, is to be personal, the Republicans are fully warned to act accordingly.

SIGNS TO BE HEEDED.

THE Revenue Reform Club which was recently formed in Boston, is, as we have said, a very significant sign of the times. There were some eight hundred names signed to the call, and among them are those of leading Republicans and Democrats, who give their approval to the statement that "the present enormous surplus in the national revenues is demoralizing and dangerous; that it should be cut down without further delay, not by increasing the public expenditure, but by lessening the burden of taxation; that this burden should be removed from the necessaries of life, and not from whiskey and tobacco; and that the policy of taxing imports, not for the purpose of raising revenue, but of obstructing trade, is unsound, and must ultimately be abandoned." The Republican Convention, which met the day after the organization of this club, adopted the following statement as part of its platform:

"We advocate tariff laws which, while furnishing necessary revenue, shall favor the labor and industrial enterprise of the country, and not assail them, while we insist upon a reduction of customs duties because of the dangerous surplus in the Treasury receipts. At the same time we deem it essential that this reduction should be made with the least possible injury to the labor and manufacturing interests of the country, and we condemn the arbitrary percentage reduction proposed by the present Democratic House of Representatives because it fails to reform any inequalities of taxation, disregards the business wants of the country, and, if adopted, would cripple many industries, and at the same time would probably increase the revenue. We also recognize in the progressive changes in industrial conditions the necessity for an investigation of the tariff upon a scientific basis, to the end that it may be considered as to its real influence upon labor, capital, production, and revenue."

All this is in the original and strong Republican State of Massachusetts. Moreover, the men who sign the call and who unite themselves in the Revenue Reform Club are already united, as we said last week, in Civil Service Reform Clubs, and they are leading Republicans and Democrats. The fact is well worth careful attention. When men are agreed upon actual living issues, and differ only upon those which are passing away, will they long oppose each other at the polls?

This union occurs also at a time of peculiar party independence, and on the eve of a Presidential election which, it is generally admitted, can not be carried by "whooping up" a party, but only by the aid of independent voters who resist all "whooping" measures. This is a situation which demands serious attention from all who desire Republican success in the election of this year, because it is the evidence that mere tradition and party spirit and old cries will not suffice for success. For what does the situation show? The organization of the Massachusetts Revenue Reform Club, which will extend, and is already extending, to other States, and the tone of the Massachusetts Republican platform, which is acceptable to hosts of Republicans everywhere, show that the decisive vote in this election demands progress. The party moral that we draw, therefore, is that if the Republican Convention would take the course which will deserve victory and secure it, its nomination must satisfy the intelligent and independent vote that the progress and reform upon which it is bent will be assured by Republican success. The Republican canvass must mean principle, character, and progress. The only defense upon which the party can undertake to enter is that of its general achievement. To undertake personal defense is wholly out of the question, if, in the present temper of the country, we would elect our candidate. Not only must the candidate be beyond the necessity of personal defense, but he must be identified with reform. From national conventions of both parties, since the war, reform has been bowed out with sneering politeness. At Chicago, four years ago, notwithstanding the mild precedents of previous conventions, the platform as reported did not contain even an allusion to reform, and a resolution approving it, offered as an addition to the platform, was adopted only after its vital part had been shorn away, and General GARFIELD treated the subject very unsatisfactorily in his letter of acceptance. To no part of the course of the Convention this year will the decisive vote turn a more scrutinizing eye than to its action and declarations upon this subject. We do not doubt that the declaration will be adequate and satisfactory, but its sincerity will be tested by the candidate who shall be nominated. If the Republican party at its Convention chooses, by its platform and its candidate, to respond to the renewed political life and desire of the country, and to raise the banner of reform and progress on the Republican standard, it will march resistlessly to victory.

THE METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

THE General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, now in session in Philadelphia, brings together the most eminent officers and members of that communion for consultation upon its most important interests. The members which the Conference represents, and the comparatively short time in which those members have been gathered, suggest the most striking religious movement of modern times. The pious zeal and the organizing power of JOHN WESLEY make him one of the most remarkable figures of the last century, and his association with his seraphic brother CHARLES and that tongue of fire WHITEFIELD offers one of the most interesting groups in religious history.

The singular genius of JOHN WESLEY for administration is shown by the fact that his general scheme of church organization remains unchanged. It was designed for a proselyting movement, but it proves to be adapted to an established institution, and the itinerancy which was natural to the early stages of Methodism is undoubtedly a source of strength in its day of full development and power. Its system of detailed supervision, which enables superior authority to respond to the especial situation of any community, and to supply the very gift and skill which its necessities require, is as useful now as ever, and a serious departure from this original method would seem to an outsider to be the disappearance of one of the vital forces of the movement. The Methodist Church has been remarkably fortunate in its chief officers, the bishops. As a class they have been a body of earnest, devoted, and able men, disciples and representatives of what may be called the primitive spirit of their Church and of the Church. They have never been, in the old and objurgatory sense, prelates, but only chief ministers exercising authority without pomp, and true shepherds of their flocks. Among eminent clergymen in the country no name is more honored than that of the senior bishop of the Methodist Church, Bishop SIMPSON.

That there should be sometimes an earnest contest for election to this dignified and powerful position is not surprising. The great membership of the Church and its vast interests invest its chief leaders with great importance, and among its thousands of excellent and able ministers it may well be difficult to select bishops without seeming to overlook men of equal qualifications and just claims with those that are chosen. As Methodists are also men, it is natural that those who greatly prefer one candidate to others should endeavor to persuade fellow members of the Conference to share their preference; and from this natural disposition springs that earnest action which in worldly language is called caucusing. But that there is any unfair conduct of this kind, however pressing and urgent the argument may be, there has been no sign. The Conference shows the denomination to be vigorous, increasing, and progressing—a great moral power in American national life.

AN "OLD MOLE."

THE "freedom of worship" bill has re-appeared in the Legislature of New York. This is a familiar enterprise, the endeavor to secure a sectarian control of the House of Refuge under the plea of providing religious freedom and equality. The implication of the title of the bill is that the inmates of the House of Refuge and the public charitable institutions generally are deprived of freedom of religious profession and worship, and that the advocates of the proposed bill are the champions of religious liberty. The last assumption disappears in the light of the fact that the bill is prepared and urged by the Roman Catholic Union, an association which we believe is under Jesuit control, and whatever good things may be true of the Jesuits, it will not be alleged that they approve of religious freedom; on the contrary, they hold resolutely to the extremest view of the exclusive authority of the Roman Church.

Every religious communion is entitled to equal religious rights to our public institutions, but every such institution must be absolutely non-sectarian. That is a condition which must be maintained at all hazards, and it is maintained at the House of Refuge. Its chapel is open to all denominations without discrimination, and there moral and religious teaching is welcomed under such regulations as the general welfare and objects of the institution require. The sick and other inmates are attended by such clergymen as they may desire, but no direct or indirect proselyting is permitted. It is, in fact, in every sense a non-sectarian institute, with perfect freedom from all religious restraint. No sacrament of any particular Church or creed is allowed, and no effort is permitted to interfere with the religious views of the inmates.

The House of Refuge is one of the most admirable of the public institutions of the city, and has been always under the management of most honored citizens of New York, whose conduct of its affairs has commanded the most cordial commendation of eminent citizens of every religious faith, including the Roman Catholic. Its efficiency could not be increased by giving to it a sectarian character, and as the inmates are in no way restricted in the indulgence of their religious preferences, there is no reason that under the pretense of securing equal religious freedom the House of Refuge should be converted into a proselyting mission of a religious sect.

OUR ANCESTORS.

THE old proverb *noblesse oblige* indicates the instinctive interest to ancestors, and the appearance of the neat quarterly, the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, shows how wide that interest is. The *Register* collects the scattered and decaying records of the domestic, civil, literary, religious, and political life in the form of personal annals, and the society whose organ it is has employed an accomplished agent, Mr. HENRY F. WATERS, to engage in researches among the records in England for the ancestry of Americans and especially of New England families.

Mr. WATERS is peculiarly fitted by taste and long training for his task, and some of the results of his exploration, published in the *Register*, show how thoroughly he is doing his work. Among his notes are those in regard to the HATHORNE, or HAWTHORNE, family, and Mr WATERS has traced the lineage of our great romancer with a fullness which, as he truly remarks, if HAWTHORNE himself could have known, would have sent him upon a final pilgrimage into English Berkshire, loitering at Boxfield and Bray, at Crutchfield and Oakley Green, with which his family was identified.

Mr WATERS informs us that Major WILLIAM HATHORNE, the first American ancestor of NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, was, after Governor ENDICOTT, by far the most important personage in the civil history of Salem during the first generation, as his descendant was certainly its most famous personage in the later generation. It is hoped that the researches now proceeding will enable the inquirer in this country to find a clew to his English ancestry, and any one who is willing to aid in the pleasant and useful work may be sure that his aid will not be misapplied if it be addressed to JOHN WARD DEAN, at the Society's House, Boston.

GENERAL GRANT.

THE response of the country to Mr. FORNEY's proposition to place General GRANT upon the retired list of the army, with the rank and full pay of the position that he resigned when he became President, has been as unanimous as the feeling of gratitude for his illustrious services during the war. The misfortunes which, without fault of his own, have recently befallen him have moved universal sympathy, and the prompter the action of Congress, the more satisfactory it will be to the country. Even such misfortunes must seem to General GRANT not without compensation, since they have served to renew the expression of that profound admiration and obligation which his fellow-citizens will always cherish for his unselfish patriotism and masterly ability in the darkest hour of the national life.

THE "STATE OF FLORIDA."

THE terrible disaster of the *State of Florida* and the curious conduct of the *City of Rome* suggest that there is great room for improvement in the management of ocean steamers. There is a very general feeling that everything is sacrificed to the endeavor to make a short voyage, and that the ships are urged at full speed through the thickest fogs, trusting to their ability to overpower all obstructions.

The testimony of the survivors of the *State of Florida* seems to show also an incredible carelessness of the most ordinary measures of security. Apparently there was no reason whatever for the collision. The night was clear, and the lights of the bark must have been seen by any one upon the *State of Florida* who was properly watching. If ships at sea can ever pass safely by night, there seems to be no reason why these two should not have passed.

The *City of Rome*, again, seems to have treated the whole matter in the most city manner. Although signaled by the *Louisa*, which was carrying a part of the survivors, and answering the signal, the *City of Rome* was evidently too intent upon pushing on even to stop to ascertain what was wanted. Yet if there be any duty which should be sacred to every ship that sails, it is that of passing no signal at sea until it is fully understood and properly answered. The sinking of the *State of Florida* was so sudden that the actual details of the collision will probably never be known. But every such deplorable event should renew every effort upon the part of the steamer companies to provide against every emergency, and teach the officers of every ship to remember that neither a reputation for speed nor one for luxury is an advantageous to an ocean steam-ship line as the confidence of the utmost care and safety.

PERSONAL.

RICHMOND, Virginia, said a New York merchant, after a Southern trip, is the most desirable place of residence on the continent—"very sociable, an show, and dinner at four o'clock. I wish I lived there."

—The mining capacities of Alabama promise to be a source of great wealth to that State. Some of the towns have grown recently on fast as those Pennsylvania towns which first consisted of two or three carpet-baggers around an oil-well hole. The Southerners who are developing the industrial resources of the South are mostly young men who were not old enough to fight in the late war, and to whom war seems are practically dead, and business issues the main things.

—High life in New York: Mrs. JONES gave a dinner party, and among the edible luxuries on her table were some choice peaches. A few days afterward Mrs. SMITH gave a dinner party. She had peaches too. But peaches in the mean time had become cheaper, and she was miserable because she knew her lady guests knew it and were talking about it.

—Mr EMORY STORRS, of Chicago, was dining recently in London at Minister LOWELL's, and near him sat the Duke of Argyll, who during the conversation expressed surprise that Chicago should have treated OSCAR WILDE—"a man whom we think nothing of, if we think of him at all"—so well. "It's all a mistake, your Grace," replied Mr STORRS; "we had nothing to do with WILDE in Chicago." "But I certainly read in the New York and Boston papers long accounts of his reception in your city." "True, your Grace," answered the Chicago lawyer; "but the recent growth of Chicago has made it the metropolis of the United States, and all the seaboard cities are jealous of her, and say spiteful things about her." Mr LOWELL, of Boston, was about to interject a remark just here, but Mr STORRS silenced him with a significant look. After the meal, and on the way upstairs, the American Minister touched Mr STORRS's arm, and whispered: "You got one of that very evil, STORRS. Sinful, but patriotic."

—The late Mr. CHARLES READE wrote his own epitaph—a sensible procedure in one who could write so well, and who possessed so intimate and extended an acquaintance with the shortcoming of obituary literature; and it is interesting, though to us means curious, to note that he calls himself "dramatist, novelist, and journalist," giving importance (as artists usually do) not to the line of work in which he most excelled, but to the line of work in which he most wished to excel. The epitaph is non particularly adapted to touch the popular heart. It is as follows:

Here lie,
by the Side of his Beloved Friend, the Mortal
Remains of
CHARLES READE,
Dramatist, Novelist, and Journalist.
His last Words to Mankind are on this Stone.

I hope for a resurrection, not from any power in nature, but from the will of the Lord God Omnipotent, who made nature and me. He created man out of nothing, which nature could not. He can restore man from the dust, which nature can not. And I hope for holiness and happiness in a future life, not for anything I have said or done in this body, but from the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ. He has promised His intercession to all who seek it, and He will not break His word; that intercession, once granted, can not be rejected; for He is God, and His merits infinite; a man's sins are but human and finite. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins."

—"A singular feature of the prevailing Anglomania of New York city," observes an old merchant, "is meanness in money trifles. A five-cent piece is a sacred thing if a footman or a waiter is to be fed. The purpose is to encourage all servants, at all times, in the belief that their masters are stingy. The masters wish them to believe so. Why? Because English masters are so, and they want to resemble English masters. They are determined not to be confounded with your ordinary generous Americans. They are a class by themselves, and they want it to be understood."

—The late JOHN EVERS, N. A., was distinguished, not as a painter, but as a scene-painter, and thirty years ago in the old Park Theatre his brush was highly appreciated. Mr. A. B. DURAND, of South Orange, New Jersey, and Mr THOMAS S CRANSTON, of Massachusetts, are now the only survivors of the founders of the National Academy of Design. Scene-painting in these days, when flourishing the Wagnerian idea of making the drama a representative simultaneously of music, sculpture, painting, literature, and acting, is a very reputable profession.

—The bill introduced by Senator SHERMAN into the Senate to reappoint General JOHN C. FREMONT a Major-General in the United States army is really a measure for the financial relief of the distinguished path-finder and soldier, inspired by the famous Mrs. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT, who, of all women in the country, is the most capable of seeing it through. Mrs. FREMONT has no more enthusiastic admirer than the General himself, who does not hesitate to tell his friends that if he had followed his wife's advice more closely he would now be a hundred times better off.

—The late Mr. HENRY WINSOR, who died at Brighton, England, on the 24 of May, in his seventy-sixth year, was the best-known private citizen of this country at the courts of Europe, though he never bragged about it. He was also well known to a multitude of distinguished Americans, many of whom were his warm personal friends. No entitled resident of Europe one more welcome at a New York dinner table than the Chevalier WINSOR. No American understood European politics so intimately, or could touch their sources on occasionally. It is a loss to literature and to history that a man of the Chevalier's ability and information should not have written a serious book.

—Before leaving America for his sunny Italy, Signor CAMPANINI went out of his way to speak slightingly in the newspapers of Mr HENRY E. ABBEY, under whose auspices in song last season, and of the new Metropolitan Opera-house, which gave him a chance to be heard. The signor's taste in this matter was not good. But both Mr ABBEY and the directors of the new opera-house will doubtless be pleased to learn that a sojourn in his Italian villa has improved the once brilliant tenor's voice.

—It is worth noticing that about as many American artists have signed petitions to Congress in favor of free trade in art as have signed petitions against it. The free-trade men, however, claim that they are sending in new names all the while, and that they can continue doing so indefinitely.

—Artists do not like the term "patron of art." They use it, but they don't like it. They feel toward it much as Dr JOHNSON felt toward the Earl of Chesterfield in the matter of a dedication to his dictionary, and they insist, very justly, that art can not be patronized, that the goddess bestows her favors only upon those who seek them on their knees.

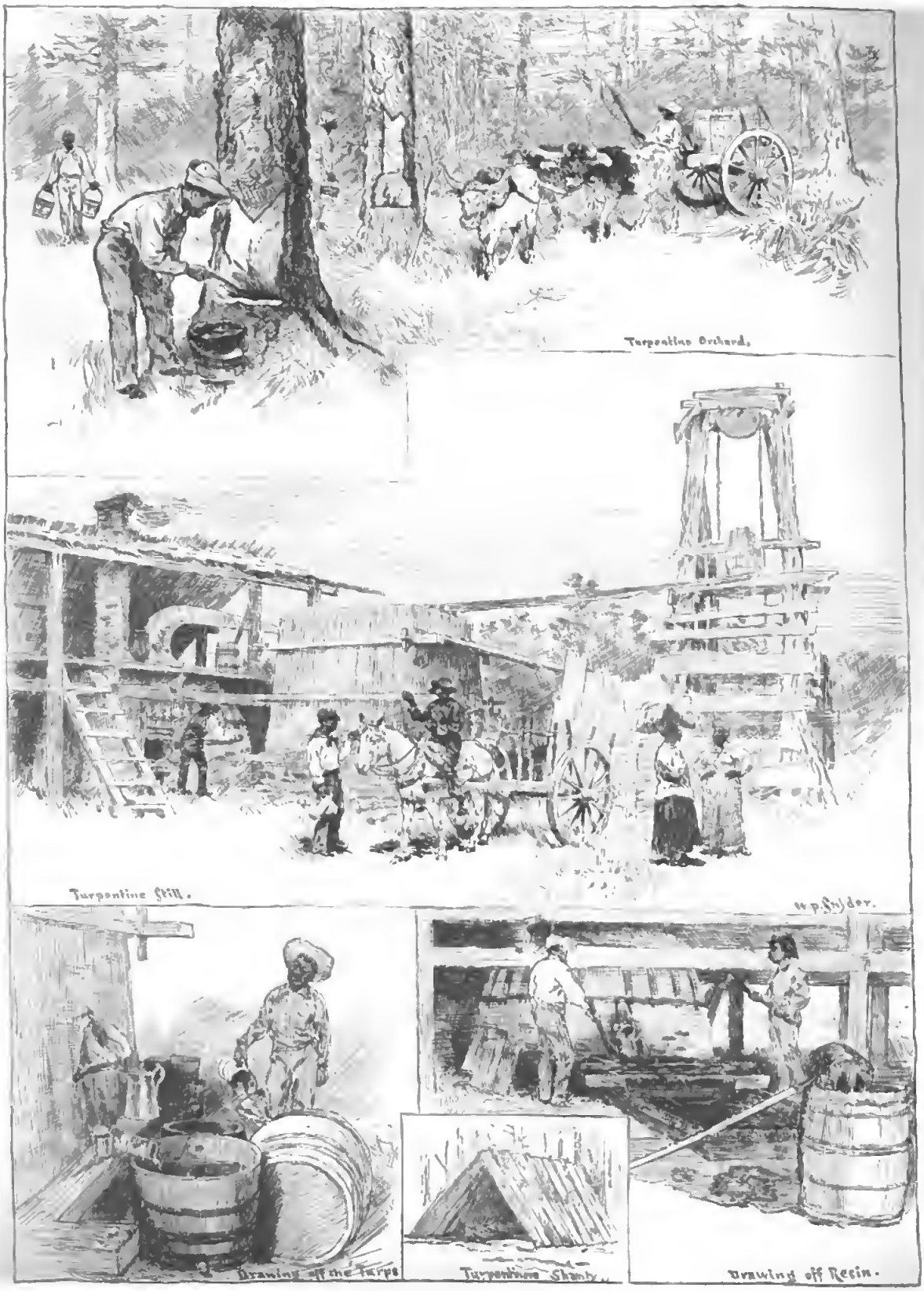
—The Fencers' Club is a company of gentlemen—judges, lawyers, litterateurs, painters, sculptors, brokers, physicians, and architects—whose object is to help themselves to social pleasure and profitable light exercise. They have obtained the services of a clever instructor, whose professional notions are not Spiral, and they have evolved the fact that in a month or six weeks it is possible to become accomplished in the art of fencing.

—Mr EMMONS T GERRY is the president of that useful organization the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. He is also a lawyer, and is possessed of a large private fortune. The best compliment that the police of this city ever received was paid them by Mr. GERRY in court the other day, when he said, "From my experience and observation I think that the police force of today is far more efficient than it was ten years ago—better trained, better controlled, and of better physique."

—The "venerable Father of the city of Brooklyn," is Mr. BERGEN's description of young Mayor LOW.

—Brokers in their hours of ease are the most boyish of men, and the pranks of the members of the Produce Exchange on leaving their old building were quite characteristic, especially in throwing about the small bags of wheat and the boxes of grain which had been prepared and stored for the occasion, and the contents of which sifted quietly down behind many shirt collars.

—Mr ELIHU VEDDER is sending from his studio in Rome a series of fifty or more drawings illustrative of the Persian poem, "The Rubaiyat," of OMAR KHAYYAM, of the thirteenth century, as translated by Mr. EDWARD FITZGERALD. These pictures are mostly in black and white crayons on a tinted ground, though in some of them as many as four crayons have been used. They consist mainly of human figures, with background, foreground, and middle-distance accompaniments of landscapes, serpents, and conventionalized floral and laminal designs. To those who know Mr VEDDER's masterly qualities of conception and his learned skill of draughtsmanship these telling transcripts are no surprise. There is not a living artist who has equalled him in dashing and sane originality of constructive imagination.



THE TURPENTINE INDUSTRY IN NORTH CAROLINA.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 320.]

"THE VENGEANCE OF URBAN VI."—FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN PAUL LAURENS, PARIS SALON, 1884.

"THE VENGEANCE OF URBAN VI."

On the death of Pope GREGORY XI., in 1378, a number of cardinals assembled in Rome elected as his successor an Italian, who assumed the title of URBAN VI. The cardinals who resided in Avignon refused to recognize him, partly because he had not been a cardinal, but merely Archbishop of Bari, and partly because of the bitter animosity which he displayed toward France; and in union with some of the Roman cardinals, who declared his election compulsory, elected Count ROBERT of Geneva Pope, under the name of CLEMENT VII. Thus began the line of Antipopes of Avignon and the great Western schism in the Church.

CLEMENT was at first acknowledged as the rightful Pope by the sovereigns of Naples, Aragon, and Castile. Most of Italy, with all of Germany, England, Brittany, Hungary, and Portugal, adhered to URBAN. For a while France remained neutral; but as CLEMENT promised to reside at Avignon, CHARLES V., in view of the political advantages, became his ardent supporter. Those divisions led to sanguinary wars. France and Naples having entered into an engagement to expel URBAN from Rome, the latter proclaimed a crusade against his enemies. England and Flanders at once took up arms in defense of his cause, and the fairest portions of the Low Countries were laid waste in the cruel conflict that ensued. In the midst of these calamities a hot theological war arose, which for a time appeared to threaten the very existence of the Christian faith.

The armies that supported URBAN were defeated, and he was informed of a conspiracy to arrest him as a heretic and burn him at the stake. With his accustomed energy, he met this new danger by causing the arrest of six cardinals who were suspected of complicity in the plot. They were cruelly tortured in order to extort a confession, and all of them, with the exception of one, who was an Englishman, were put to death.

M. JEAN PAUL LAURENS has chosen the final scene of this tragedy as the subject of a picture exhibited this year at the Paris Salon. Pope URBAN stands in the torture-room of his palace gazing at the slaughtered cardinals lying at his feet. The victims of his vengeance, still clad in their scarlet robes, are arranged in decent order, but their distorted faces tell the story of their sufferings. The work is executed in a masterly manner, and notwithstanding the tragic character of the subject, the dramatic force of the composition renders it one of the chief attractions of the exhibition.

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"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "Mr Lane's Mask," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE DISCOVERY.

CHAPTER XLIV.

CONFESSION.

THE at Monkmoor had advanced to the half-hour before dinner on Saturday evening.

Cecilia and Francine, Mr Wyvil and Mirabel, were loitering in the conservatory. In the drawing room Emily had been considerately left alone with Alban. He had missed the early train from Netherwoods; but he had arrived in time to dress for dinner and to offer the necessary explanations.

If it had been possible for Alban to allude to the anonymous letter he might have owned that his first impulse had led him to destroy it, and to assert his confidence in Emily by refusing Mr. Wyvil's invitation. But try as he might to forget them, the base words that he had read remained in his memory. Irritating him at the outset, they had aided in causing his jealousy. Under that delusive influence he persuaded himself that he had acted, in the first instance, without due consideration. It was surely his interest—it might even be his duty—to go to Mr. Wyvil's house and judge for himself. After some last wretched moments of hesitation he had decided on affecting a compromise with his own better sense by consulting Miss Ladd. That excellent lady did exactly what he had expected her to do. She made arrangements which granted him leave of absence from the Saturday to the Tuesday following. The excuse which had served him at telegraphing to Mr Wyvil must now be repeated in accounting for his unexpected appearance to Emily. "I found a person to take charge of my class," he said; "and I gladly avoided myself of the opportunity of seeing you again."

After observing him attentively while he was speaking to her, Emily owned, with her customary frankness, that she had noticed something in his manner which left her not quite at her ease.

"I wonder," she said, "if there is any foundation for a doubt that has troubled me?" To his unutterable relief she at once explained what the doubt was. "I am afraid I offended you in replying to your letter about Miss Jethro."

In this case Alban could enjoy the luxury of speaking unreservedly. He confessed that Emily's letter had disappointed him.

"I expected you to answer me with less reserve," he replied; "and I began to think I had acted rashly in writing to you at all. When there is a better opportunity I may have a word to say—" He was apparently interrupted by something that he saw in the conservatory. Looking that way, Emily perceived that Mirabel was the object which had attracted Alban's attention. The vile anonymous letter was in his mind again. Without a preliminary word to prepare Emily, he suddenly changed the subject. "How do you like the clergyman?" he asked.

"Very much indeed," she replied, without the slightest embarrassment. "Mr Mirabel is clever and agreeable, and not at all spoiled by his success. I am sure," she said, innocently, "you will like him too."

Alban's fate answered her unmistakably in the negative sense, but Emily's attention was drawn the other way by Francine. She joined them at the moment, on the lookout for any signs of an encouraging result which her treachery might already have produced. Alban had been inclined to suspect her, when he had received the letter. He rose and bowed as she approached. Something—he was unable to define what it was—told him, in the moment when they looked at each other, that his suspicion had hit the mark.

In the conservatory the ever-amiable Mirabel left his friends for a while as search of flowers for Cecilia. She turned to her father when they were alone, and asked him which of the gentlemen was to take her in to dinner—Mr Mirabel or Mr. Morris.

"Mr Morris, of course," he answered. "He is the new guest, and he turns out to be more than the equal, socially speaking, of our other friend. When I showed him his room, I asked him if he was related to a man who bore the same name—a fellow-student of mine, years and years ago, at college. He is my friend's younger son; one of a ruined family, but persons of high distinction in their day."

Mirabel returned with the flowers just as dinner was announced.

"You are to take Emily to-day," Cecilia said to him, leading the way out of the conservatory. As they entered the drawing-room, Alban was just offering his arm to Emily. "Papa gives you to me, Mr Morris," Cecilia explained, pleasantly. Alban hesitated, apparently not understanding the allusion. Mirabel interfered with his best grace: "Mr Wyvil offers you the honor of taking his daughter to the dining room." Alban's face darkened ominously as the elegant little clergyman gave his arm to Emily, and followed Mr. Wyvil and Francine out of the room. Cecilia looked at her silent and early companion, and almost envied her lazy sister, dozing—under cover of a convenient headache—in her own room.

Having already made up his mind that Alban Morris required careful handling, Mirabel waited a little before he led the conversation as usual. Between the soup and the fish, he made an interesting confession, addressed to Emily in the strictest confidence.

"I have taken a fancy to your friend Mr. Morris," he said. "First impressions, in my case, decide everything; I like people or dislike them on impulse. That man appeals to my sympathies. In he a good talker?"

"I should say Yes," Emily answered, prettily, "if you were not present."

Mirabel was not to be beaten, even by a woman, in the art of paying compliments. He looked admiringly at Alban (sitting opposite to him), and said, "Let us listen."

This flattering suggestion not only pleased Emily—it artfully served Mirabel's purpose. That is to say, it secured him an opportunity for observation of what was going on at the other side of the table.

Alban's instincts as a gentleman had led him to control his irritation, and to regret that he had suffered it to appear. Anxious to please, he presented himself at his best. Gentle Cecilia forgave and forgot the angry look which had startled her. Mr. Wyvil was delighted with the son of his old friend. Emily felt secretly proud of the good opinions which her admirer was gathering; and Francine saw with pleasure that he was asserting his claim to Emily's preference in the way of all others which would be most likely to discourage his rival. These various impressions—produced while Alban's enemy was unusual silent—began to suffer an imperceptible change from the moment when Mirabel decided that his time had come to take the lead. A remark made by Alban offered him the chance for which he had been on the watch. He agreed with the remark; he enlarged on the remark; he was brilliant and familiar, and instructive and amusing—and still he was all due to the remark. Alban's temper was once more severely tried. Mirabel's mischievous object had not escaped his penetration. He did his best to put obstacles in his adversary's way, and was baffled, time after time, with the readiest ingenuity. If he interrupted, the sweet-tempered clergyman submitted, and went on. If he differed, modest Mr. Mirabel said, in the most amiable manner, "I dare say I am wrong," and handled the topic from his opponent's point of view. Never had such a perfect Christian sat before at Mr Wyvil's table: not a hard word, not an impatient look, escaped him. The longer Alban resisted, the more surely he lost ground in the general estimation. Cecilia was disappointed; Emily was grieved; Mr Wyvil's favorable opinion began to waver; Francine was disgusted. When dinner was over, and the carriage was waiting to take the shepherd back to his flock by moonlight, Mirabel's triumph was complete. He had made Alban the innocent means of publicly exhibiting his perfect temper and perfect politeness under their best and brightest aspect.

So that day ended. Sunday promised to pass quietly, in the absence of Mirabel. The morning came, and it seemed doubtful whether the promise would be fulfilled.

Francine had passed an uneasy night. No such encouraging result as she had anticipated had hitherto followed the appearance of Alban Morris at Monkmoor. He had clumsily allowed Mirabel to improve his position—while he had himself lost ground—in Emily's estimation. If this first disastrous consequence of the meeting between the two men was permitted to repeat itself on future occasions, Emily and Mirabel would be brought more closely together, and Alban himself would be the unhappy cause of it. Francine rose on the Sunday morning before the table was laid for breakfast, resolved to try the effect of a timely word of advice.

Her bedroom was situated in the front of the house. The man she was looking for presently passed within her range of view from the window, on his way to take a morning walk in the park. She followed him immediately.

"Good-morning, Mr Morris."

He raised his hat and bowed, without speaking and without looking at her.

"We resemble each other in one particular," she proceeded, graciously; "we both like to breathe the fresh air before breakfast."

He said exactly what common politeness obliged him to say, and no more—he said, "Yes."

Some girls might be to been discouraged. Francine went on.

"It is no fault of mine, Mr Morris, that we have not been better friends. For some reason, into which I don't presume to inquire, you seem to distrust me. I really don't know what I have done to deserve it."

"Are you sure of that?" he asked, eying her suddenly and searchingly as he spoke.

Her hard face settled into a rigid look; her eyes met his eyes with a stony, defiant stare. Now for the first time she knew that he suspected her of having written the anonymous letter. Every evil quality in her nature stood on the defense. A hardened old woman could not have sustained the shock of discovery with a more devilish composure than she girl displayed. "Perhaps you will explain yourself," she said.

"I have explained myself," he answered.

"Then I must be content," she rejoined, "to remain in the dark. I had intended, out of my regard for Emily, to suggest that you might, with advantage to yourself and to interests that are very dear to you, be more careful in your behavior to Mr. Mirabel. Are you disposed to listen to me?"

"Do you wish me to answer that question plainly, Miss De Sor?"

"I insist on your answering it plainly."

"Then I am not disposed to listen to you."

"May I know why, or am I to be left in the dark again?"

"You are to be left, if you please, to your own ingenuity."

Francine looked at him with a malignant smile. "One of these days, Mr Morris, I will deserve your confidence in my ingenuity." She said it, and went back to the house.

This was the only element of disturbance that troubled the perfect tranquillity of the day. What Francine had proposed to do, with the one idea of making Alban serve her purpose, was accomplished a few hours later by Emily's influence for good over the man she loved her.

They passed the afternoon together uninterruptedly in the distant solitudes of the park. In the course of conversation Emily found an opportunity of discreetly alluding to Mirabel. "You mustn't be jealous of our clever little friend," she said; "I like him and admire him, but—"

"But you don't love him?"

She smiled at the eager way in which Alban put the question. "There is no fear of that," she answered, brightly.

"Not even if you discovered that he loves you?"

"Not even then. Are you content at last? Promise me not to be rude to Mr Mirabel again."

"For his sake?"

"No, for my sake. I don't like to see you place yourself at a disadvantage toward another man; I don't like you to disappoint me."

The happiness of hearing her say these words transfigured him; the manly beauty of his earlier and happier years seemed to have returned to Alban. He took her hand—he was too agitated to speak.

"You are forgetting Mr. Mirabel," she reminded him, gently.

"I will be all that is civil and kind to Mr Mirabel; I will kiss him and admire him as you do. Oh, Emily, are you a little, only a very little, fond of me?"

"I don't quite know."

"May I try to find out?"

"How?" she asked.

Her fair cheek was very near to him. The softly rising color on it said, "Answer me here," and he answered.

CHAPTER XLV.

MISCHIEF-MAKING.

ON Monday Mirabel made his appearance, and the demon of discord returned with him.

Alban had employed the earlier part of the day in making a sketch in the park, intended as a little present for Emily. Presenting himself in the drawing-room when his work was completed, he found Cecilia and Francine alone. He asked where Emily was.

The question had been addressed to Cecilia. Francine answered it.

"Emily rather is disturbed," she said.

"Why not?"

"She is with Mr Mirabel in the rose garden. I saw them talking together—evidently feeling the deepest interest in what they were saying to each other. Don't interrupt them—you will only be in the way."

Cecilia at once protested against this last assertion. "She is trying to make mischief, Mr Morris—don't believe her. I am sorry they will be glad to see you if you join them in the garden."

Francine rose, and left the room. She turned and looked at Alban as she opened the door. "Try it," she said, "and you will find I am right."

"Francine sometimes talks in a very ill-natured way," Cecilia gently remarked. "Do you think she means it, Mr Morris?"

"I had better not offer an opinion," Alban replied.

"Why?"

"I can't speak impartially; I dislike Miss De Sor."

There was a pause. Alban's sense of self-respect forbade him to try the experiment which Francine had maliciously suggested. His thoughts—less easy to restrain—wandered in the direction of the garden. The attempt to make him jealous had failed; but he was conscious, at the same time, that Emily had disappointed him. After what they had said to each other in the park, she ought to have remembered that women are at the mercy of appearances. If Mirabel had something of importance to say to her, she might have avoided exposing herself to Francine's spiteful misconstruction. It would have been easy to arrange with Cecilia that a third person should be present at the interview.

While he was absorbed in these reflections, Cecilia—embarrassed by the silence—was trying to find a topic of conversation. Her sympathies were only waiting for a little encouragement from Alban. Was he displeased with Emily? The same question had occurred to Cecilia at the time of the correspondence on the subject of Miss Jethro. To recall those letters led her, by natural sequence, to another effort of memory. She was reminded of the person who had been the cause of the correspondence: her interest was revived in the mystery of Miss Jethro.

"Has Emily told you that I have seen your letters?" she asked.

He roused himself with a start. "I beg your pardon. What letters are you thinking of?"

"I was thinking particularly of the letter which mentioned Miss Jethro's visit. Emily was so puzzled and so surprised that she showed it to me—and we both consulted my father. Have you spoken to Emily about Miss Jethro?"

"I have tried—but, when I mention Miss Jethro's name, Emily seems to be unwilling to pursue the subject."

"Have you made any discoveries since you wrote to Emily?"

"No, the mystery is as impenetrable as ever."

As he replied to her in those terms he saw Mirabel enter the conservatory from the garden, on his way to the drawing-room.

Happy in the conviction that Emily loved him, there was now no feeling of jealousy mingled with the dislike and distrust of the popular preacher, which Alban found is impossible to overcome. Hot to see the man, whose intrusion to Emily it had been Miss Jethro's mysterious object to prevent, at the very moment when he had been speaking of Miss Jethro herself, was not only a temptation to curiosity, but a direct incentive (in Emily's own interests) to make no effort at discovery. Alban pursued the conversation with Cecilia in a tone which was loud enough to be heard in the conservatory.

"The one chance of getting any information that I can see," he proceeded, "is to speak to Mr Mirabel."

"I shall be only too glad if I can be of any service to Miss Wyvil and Mr Morris."

With these obliging words Mirabel made a dramatic entry, and looked at Cecilia with his irresistible smile. Startled by his sudden appearance, she unconsciously assisted Alban's design. Her silence gave him the opportunity of speaking in her place.

"We were talking," he said quietly to Mirabel, "of a lady with whom you are acquainted."

"Indeed! May I ask the lady's name?"

"Miss Jethro."

Mirabel sustained the shock with extraordinary self-possession, so far as any betrayal by sudden movement was concerned. But his color told the truth: it faded to ghastly paleness—it revealed even to Cecilia's eyes a man struck dumb by fright.

Alban offered him a chair. He refused to take it by a gesture. Alban tried an apology next. "I am afraid I have ignorantly revived some painful associations. Pray excuse me."

The apology roused Mirabel, he felt the necessity of offering some explanation. In dumb animals the one defensive capacity which is always ready for action is cunning. Mirabel was too silly to dispute the inference—the inevitable inference—which any one must have drawn after seeing the effect on him that the name of Miss Jethro had produced. He admitted that "painful associations" had been revived, and deplored the "nervous sensibility" which had permitted it to be seen.

"No blame can possibly attach to you, my dear sir," he proceeded, in his most amiable manner. "Will it be indiscreet on my part if I ask how you first became acquainted with Miss Jethro?"

"I first became acquainted with her at Miss Ladd's school," Alban answered. "She was, for a short time only, one of the teachers; and she left her situation rather suddenly." He paused—but Mirabel made no remark. "After an interval of a few months," he resumed, "I saw Miss Jethro again. She called on me at my lodgings, near Netherwoods."

"Merely to renew your former acquaintance?"

Mirabel made that inquiry with an eager anxiety far the reply which he was quite unable to conceal. It was plain that Miss Jethro had left him in ignorance of her memorable visit, and of the purpose that had led to it. Alban was under no engagement to keep the secret; and he was determined to leave an insure untried of throwing light on Miss Jethro's mysterious wrong. He repeated the plain narrative of the interview which he had communicated by letter to Emily. Mirabel's manner, while he listened, showed that Alban's answer had taken him agreeably by surprise. He had evidently serious reasons to dread what Miss Jethro might have it in her power to say of him. His face brightened the moment he knew that she had not said it.

"After what I have told you, can you give me an explanation?" Alban asked.

"I am quite unable, Mr Morris, to help you."

Was he lying, or speaking the truth? The impression produced on Alban was that he had spoken the truth.

Women are never so ready as men to resign themselves to the disappointment of their hopes. Cecilia, silently listening up to this time, now ventured to speak, animated by her utterly natural interest in Emily. "Have you no idea, Mr Mirabel, of Miss Jethro's motive?" she asked.

"What motive do you mean, Miss Wyvil?"

"I mean her motive for trying to prevent Emily Brown from meeting you in my father's house."

"I know no more of her motive than you do," Mirabel replied.

Alban interposed. "Miss Jethro left me," he said, "with the intention—quite openly expressed—of trying to prevent you from accepting your invitation to Monkmoor. Did she make the attempt?"

Mirabel admitted that she had made the attempt. "But," he added, "without mentioning Miss Emily's name, and without even hinting that it was her wish to prevent me from meeting any person at Mr Wyvil's house. I was asked to postpone my visit on a form so herself, because she had her own reasons for wishing it. I had my reasons"—he bowed with gallantry to Cecilia—"for being eager to have the honor of knowing Mr Wyvil and his daughter, and I refused."

Once more the doubt arose: was he lying, or speaking the truth? And once more Alban could not resist the conclusion that he was speaking the truth.

"There is one thing I should like to know," Mirabel said, uneasily; "has Miss Emily been informed of this strange affair?"

"Certainly!"

Mirabel seemed to be disposed to continue his inquiries, and suddenly changed his mind. "Is there anything more to be said?" he asked.

"Nothing that I know of," Alban answered.

"And nothing that I know of," Mirabel repeated, with the same emphasis. He bowed, and went out as he had come in—by way of the conservatory.

"Is he going back to Emily?" Cecilia exclaimed.

Alban rose to follow him, and checked himself. "No;" he thought, "I trust Emily." He sat down again by Cecilia's side.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1429.

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Mirabel had indeed returned to the rose garden. He found Emily employed as he had left her, in making a crown of roses, to be worn by Cecilia in the evening. But in one other respect there was a change. Francine was present.

"Excuse me for sending you on a needless errand," Emily said to Mirabel. "Miss De Sor tells me Mr. Morris has finished his sketch. She left him in the drawing room. Why didn't you bring him here?"

"He was talking with Miss Wyvil."

Having made that reply, Mirabel looked at Francine. It was one of those significant looks which say to a third person, "Why are you here?" Francine's jealousy declined to understand him. She had gone into the rose garden for the express purpose of intruding on Emily and Mirabel, and she stood her ground. He tried a broader hint in words.

"Are you going to walk in the garden?" he said.

Francine was impenetrable. "No," she answered; "I am going to stay here with Emily."

Mirabel had no choice but to yield. Imperative anxieties forced him to say in Francine's presence what he had hoped to say to Emily privately.

"I bring you other news from the house than the news of Mr. Morris's return," he began. "The subject of conversation when I entered the drawing room was—Miss Jethro."

Emily dropped the rose crown in her lap. Astonishment held her speechless.

"I am in some doubt," Mirabel continued, "whether Mr. Morris, in telling me of Miss Jethro's visit, has spoken without reserve. Don't suppose I blame him. I am in a state of anxiety that trusts to you for relief. Tell me, I beg and pray, exactly what you know! In speaking to Mr. Morris, did Miss Jethro say anything which tended to lower me in your estimation?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Mirabel—so far as I know. If I had heard anything of the kind, I should have thought it my duty to tell you. Will it relieve your anxiety if I go at once to Mr. Morris, and ask him plainly whether he has concealed anything from you or from me?"

Mirabel gratefully kissed her hand. "Your kindness overpowers me," he said, speaking for once with true emotion.

Emily immediately returned to the house. As soon as she was out of sight, Francine approached Mirabel, trembling with suppressed rage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL GENERAL CONFERENCE.

This year is a year of mark in the Methodist calendar; it completes the century since the organization of the Church in 1784. John Wesley's preachers found their way to the Colonies as early as 1766, but from that date till 1784 the Methodists were no more than an assemblage of societies, held together as much by the tireless zeal of their superintendent, Francis Asbury, as by any other bond. Immediately after the Revolution they obtained from Wesley a plan of organization, and in a plain meeting-house of Baltimore, with bare floor and hard benches, known as the "Lovely Lane" Chapel, less than a hundred preachers formed themselves into a Church. At that time the country was impoverished; the Continental paper money was almost worthless; the once Colonies, but now States, were, on the question of duties on imports, on the verge of collision with each other; the union which they had formed under the stress of war had proved to be inefficient; industry was paralyzed; and as for credit, Congress had none whatever. So great was the depression which weighed upon the minds of our leaders that it was said at the close of the Convention which gave us our national Constitution, "If this instrument fails, the next war will be written in blood." Franklin, pointing to a picture hanging on the wall behind the chair of the President of the Convention, confessed that he had long been in doubt whether it was meant for a rising or a setting sun, but now believed it to be the former, and took the fact for a good omen. It was in the midst of such political conditions that American Methodism began its organized life. With a sublime faith in the country's future, the preachers of the Conference of 1784 made the assertion of its national independence one of their articles of religion, saying: "The Congress, the General Assemblies, and the Councils of State, *as the delegates of the people*, are the rulers of the United States of America, according to the division of power made to them by the General Act of Confederation, and by the Constitutions of their respective States. And the said States ought not to be subject to any foreign jurisdiction." This article was modified so as to conform to the facts when the Constitution of 1789 went into effect.

At this time there were less than 20,000 members in the societies; the work of supervision was done by one man, Francis Asbury. This one man, however, was a host; in strength of will the equal of Loyola, in self-sacrifice the peer of Xavier. It was his task to make on horseback the tour from New England to Georgia and back again every year, weaving shuttle-like the threads that held the web of Methodism firmly together. When he could no longer stand in the pulpit he would sit and preach to the people; when he could no longer walk up the pulpit stairs he would be carried up in the strong arms of a young companion, and still would preach. He died, as we may say, by the road-side, accepting the hospitality of the nearest Methodist home in which to breathe his last breath.

Perhaps the secret of the success of American Methodism has lain in the fact of the tremendous impulse given to it by the life and example of this heroic bishop. Certain it is he left behind him a host of worthy successors, men who feared nothing but wrong-doing, and cared little for wealth or fame. Nor is the original impulse of those first years wholly exhausted. Since 1864 especially the progress of the Methodist Episcopal Church has been very rapid. In that year its Church Extension Society was formed, which has disbursed in loans and grants, in the space of twenty years, over $2,800,000, and has aided nearly 4500 churches. In that year also the Freedmen's Aid Society was founded, which has educated already several thousand colored teachers, has founded twenty-four high-grade schools of learning, and has disbursed over a million and a quarter of money. In union with the American Missionary Association and other helpers, the Methodists are forwarding the solution of our Southern problem to an extent which statesmen will hereafter appreciate better than they do now. After all said, many of the most sagacious statesmen our country possesses are the teachers and preachers who are engaged in solving political questions by the processes of Christianity.

Some important measures will come before the General Conference now sitting in Philadelphia. It has in hand the election of three or four bishops—a work which always excites a lively interest, for the reason that each bishop has the entire field of the Church for his diocese. Whether he be in Asia, Africa, Europe, or America, he has a flock to care for, and is its chief pastor. Some demur begins to be made to this world-wide travel, and it is thought by some to be a waste of energy. It is therefore proposed to appoint a bishop for the churches in continental Europe, and one also for the churches in India. But, on the whole, much important legislation can not be expected at this session. Since 1872, when lay representation was consummated, there has been no inclination to rest from legislative labor. Questions are mooted, but are not settled; the review of administrative work and the choosing of officers for the ensuing four years absorb attention and time. After the high excitements extending from 1844 to 1872, the Church appears to crave repose.

GEORGE R. CROOKS.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The Death of Charles Reade.—His Genius as a Story-teller.—Divergence of Critical Views.—The late Duke of Albany.—International Copyright.

We are fast losing the few men of genius who have distinguished themselves in fiction. The literature in which they excel may be deprecatingly termed "light," but it is of the kind for which the world at large has most to be thankful. It seems but yesterday that Tourguéneff and Trollope left us. How many thousands, nay, millions, of us have been indebted to those two men for soothing the weary hours of pain and watching, or for winning us from the contemplation of our private griefs! The reader who is not grateful to them is an ingrate indeed. And now we have lost Charles Reade, in many respects a greater writer—certainly a better story-teller—than either of the two.

> "Like clouds that sweep the mountain summit,
> Or waves that own no curbing hand,
> How fast has brother followed brother
> From sunshine to the sunless land!"

I doubt whether any romance of modern life has made a greater impression on the reader's mind, or can be more justly called "enthralling," than *Never too Late to Mend*. The prison scenes, especially the description of the tortured boy, have been pronounced too painful, and indeed can only be excused on the ground of the righteous cause in which they were written; but the life in Australia is at once a poem and a drama of the most exciting kind. Again, the interest and realism of the nautical scenes in *Hard Cash* and *Foul Play* have never been surpassed. Yet Charles Reade was never in Australia, and never at sea. It has been said of genius that it has the power "to reach down its hand through the centuries and touch our eyes with tears," but that is a compliment which only applies to its endurance. No one can tell, though there are plenty of people fond to prophesy malevolently about it, how long a writer's fame will endure. But of Charles Reade's genius—to take these two books alone—it may be said that it has better imagined things he never saw than any other writer who, having seen, has described them. Like Shakespeare, Reade took other men's dull descriptions and made them his own, but so transfigured by the light of his genius that they were unrecognizable—except by the original proprietor. He was once accused by a certain writer on Australian travel of having borrowed his ideas. "Not your ideas, my dear sir," was his quiet but significant reply; "but I willingly acknowledge that I am under great obligations to your book." He had made a topic delightful which he had found unreadable.

There are some good critics who think *The Cloister and the Hearth* his best book, just as there are some who place *Esmond* above the other creations of Thackeray, and *Romola* above those of George Eliot; but, for my part, I think the popular judgment in all these cases is the correct one. I grudge the time and pains spent by these authors in the attempt to throw themselves backward into the past, and an impression of effort and unreality seems to me to be given by it. The only novelists who have treated the past as though it were the present—that is, with perfect naturalness as well as *vraisemblance*—are the authors of *Ivanhoe* and *Lorna Doone*.

Other critics, again, would place *Griffith Gaunt* at the head of that great cairn (to be seen far long and from afar) which Charles Reade has built for himself out of his books. That there should be such divergence of view upon such a matter proves how high the average of the man's work has been. For many years, from ill health and from great and increasing deafness, he has withdrawn himself from society; but all who once had the privilege of it remember his kindliness, his unaffected manners, and his stubborn honesty. In some respects he resembled Landor, or, to speak more intelligibly to the present generation, the Landor whom Dickens drew as Boythorn in *Bleak House*. He had the same impatience of opposition, the same power of vituperation, and the same tender and forgiving heart; but his genius was of a far more popular kind than Landor's, and its influence will be far more lasting. Charles Reade has died, like most of his literary brethren, in harness, his novel *A Perilous Secret* being now in course of serial publication in England and America. He has, I hear, finished it, so that it will not need to remain, like Dickens's *Edwin Drood*, Mrs. Gaskell's *Wives and Daughters*, or Thackeray's *Denis Duval*, a fragment which no other hand will have the cunning to complete.

The notices upon Charles Reade's death have been for the most part very grudging and unsatisfactory. It would almost seem that certain journals had not forgotten the contests they have had with him, and in which, notwithstanding the well-known issue of a fight with a newspaper, they did not always carry off the palm of victory. Charles Reade was indeed a hard hitter in controversy (though he never struck below the belt), but that was surely not the chief thing for which he was famous, or which deserves to have the foremost place in his obituary. Perhaps Mr. Besant's recent eulogy of him, in which he somewhat rhapsodically dubs him "the Master," has set the critics' backs up against the object of such unstinted praise; but they have certainly treated the author of *Never too Late to Mend* as if his works were in want of a good deal of mending. He was accustomed to resent adverse criticism in a personal and very vehement way, and I can not help thinking that some of those gentry whom he used to call "criticasters" and other strange names have taken advantage of their first opportunity of striking without being hit again. A few journals, on the other hand, have gone into the opposite extreme. They state that in Charles Reade we have lost our last great novelist. They used the very same phrase when Trollope left us, and will use it again when Wilkie Collins dies. It is fair to state, however, that for once I have not noticed either of the stock prophecies that "this man will be read when some at present more popular authors shall have been forgotten," or that "posterity will not in his case indorse the verdict of to-day." This forbearance is very creditable, and shows that there are plenty of subjects to write about.

In the lamented Duke of Albany we have lost one of the few literary princes of which the country, or, for that matter, any other, has had to boast. So far as it is possible in these days for literature to be nourished by the sun of royal favor, he nourished it, for his purse and influence were always ready to aid those institutions which are established for its benefit. His liking for men of letters was very marked, and in his association with them there was never the least trace of patronage. His personal friends were for the most part chosen for their merit rather than for any attributes of the courtier, and his loss will be felt by many in a manner very different from that in which the intelligence of royal demises is generally received. He had no difficulty in the assumption of his proper dignity, but he will be longest and best remembered for his culture, and for a hospitality that was as genuine as it was gracious.

In view of the Promised Land of International Copyright, the Great Company of Authors has begun to bestir itself. It has great names to back it, and if it were a bill would find general acceptance. I doubt, however, whether the public will understand its aim and objects, or, having done so, will wholly approve of them. Some of the propositions laid down by the company in its prospectus are indeed most praiseworthy. "To leave no stone unturned to awaken the American nation to a sense of the injustice and iniquity of the present absence of international copyright" will freely be acknowledged to be a good work. "The promotion of a bill for the registration of titles" is a need which nobody, at least, who has ever written a novel, and had to pay fifty pounds for having hit upon a name for it which somebody else has hit on before, is likely to deny; but when we come to the suggestions for "the maintenance of friendly relations between author and publisher," we fear some readers will begin to rub their eyes. What is the necessity, they will naturally ask themselves, of interfering with the usual "freedom of contract"? Literature must be indeed in a "perilous state" if it is reduced to the same condition as Ireland, and requires such "exceptional legislation." Are authors so deficient in common-sense as to require to be told that they should have "a properly drawn up agreement" with their publisher "before proceeding to issue a work," or that they should "take care to understand clearly what rights they sell and what they retain"? I think that the angels are not so very far behind the children of this world in looking after their own interests as all this would appear to imply. There is no harm—and it is very kind of the "company"—to point out the different systems under which a work may be brought out, such as the half-profit, the royalty, and the commission system; but the ignorance which it presupposes in other respects is, to say the least of it, not complimentary to the intelligence of the literary profession. My own experience—which in this matter is considerable—is that an author is as fully competent to make his own bargain as any other person short of an attorney. As to making a forecast of "the probable sale of the book," I venture to think that the humble individual called "a reader"—whose trade it is so to do—is as likely to make as good a prophecy as any "company of authors" upon such a subject. On the other hand, if the new society confined itself to "the aid of young and struggling authors," I have not a word to say against it, except, indeed, that the profession is already very full, and it is to be feared that the offer of such assistance, however well meant, will encourage still more and more incompetent persons to enter into a calling for which nature has not suited them.

The last rumor about the Premier (who is probably more lied about than any other living person) is that he is out of his mind. Strange to say, there is really some excuse, though, of course, no foundation, for this gossip. Reporters have been hanging about Coombe Warren like touts in the neighborhood of a race-course, and they have heard Mr. Gladstone carolling the songs of his youth, like a skylark, in the shrubberies. Of course this seemed a little eccentric, but it is explained by the fact that his physician had directed him to exercise his vocal powers in the open air.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

THE BENCH SHOW OF 1884.

Books have been written on the thoughts of dumb animals. If somebody could discover what the dogs in a bench show think of the proceedings and the persons who figure in them, he would have material for at least an interesting chapter. It would be valuable, too, as being perhaps the most intelligent estimate of man that could be procured from the brute creation. It seems probable that the dogs generally, big and little, have a confused idea that they and not the persons around them are brought to the show as exhibits. If this be true, the embarrassment and the ill-nature that take possession of the majority of the dogs are accounted for. But the fact that he is on exhibition is not to the intelligent mastiff a sufficient reason why almost every person in a throng of utter strangers should attempt to chuck him familiarly under the chin, nor is the little terrier of high breeding and nervous temperament able to understand why men and women grown should stop in front of her satin-lined box, point their fingers at her, and say, "Dawgy, dawgy," in an idiotic way. Although the majority of those who attend the bench shows in this city wear fashionable garments, and have much to boast of socially, the chances are that they stand anything but high in the estimation of the creatures that view them from the benches.

The eighth annual bench show under the auspices of the Westminster Kennel Club, held last week in Madison Square Garden, was more interesting than any previous display. The highest excellence was in the classes of large dogs, a natural result of the growing popularity among fashionable people of field-sports and out-door life generally. The display of creatures that can be only pets was less noteworthy; but such as it was, it indicated beyond question that the pug is to continue the fashionable small dog for at least another season. No such lot of St. Bernards has ever been seen before in America. Big and little, they numbered nearly a hundred. There were almost half a hundred mastiffs, many of them majestic-looking brutes, with fawn-colored coats handsomely marked with black. The display of Berghunds was small but interesting. Of the more common Newfoundlands there were some noble specimens. Conspicuous among the large dogs was the boar-hound from the royal stables at Munich, a smooth-coated, clean-limbed animal of a deep reddish brown. The head resembles that of the blood-hound, but the eyes have a more kindly expression. It is impossible for a deer-hound to look as though he were not an overgrown specimen of a smaller breed. The long hair on his jaw gives him an unhappy appearance. Of pointers and setters the displays were noteworthy for their numbers and for the quality of the dogs exhibited. The judges were called upon to decide between some famous prize-winners in the field and on the bench. Pedigrees that seemed to run back almost to protoplasm were displayed with some of these blue-blooded creatures.

There was a trifle less than the usual evidence of lavish outlay in preparing suitable boxes for the pets that came under the head of toy dogs. Here and there a pet curled its diminutive self on a rug of fine texture or a cushion of satin hand-painted. The most expensive thing in the way of ornament was a collar of beaten gold studded with precious stones, made for the occasion by a famous house of jewellers. Perhaps two of the reasons for the pug's popularity as a pet are to be found in its substantial build, and in its fitness for wearing the showy harness which takes the place of a simple collar. Another reason is its uniform good-nature. Still another is that it has the fat and comfortable appearance of the bull-dog without having the villainous-looking nose of that ill-favored creature.

It would be something to hear the dog show, even if one could not see it. Maybe this fact accounts for the presence of small boys in considerable numbers outside the Garden walls. The voices of the dogs are of all kinds, from a roar to a squeak. The resultant discord tells of woe. Dogs that bark right merrily when at home howl dismally at the bench show. Pets that yelp spitefully at other times whine piteously whenever their voice is heard in the Garden. It is noteworthy—and it is due to the dogs that it be printed—that the old prize-winners do not contribute to the uproar. A further exception should be made in favor of the collies. "I haven't heard even one of the collies open his mouth," said a gentleman who had been present during nearly all of the show.

Among the features that were novel in this city were the leaping of the greyhounds, in which these creatures of slender and apparently frail build did astonishing things, and the racing of other fleet-footed varieties. The judgment ring for this season's show was made very large, with the view of affording ample room for handling the dogs to the best advantage.

The bench shows are among the favored events that have the sanction of fashionable New York. Very many people of prominence socially are seen at the Garden, and not a few of them are exhibitors.

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1. "Cardinal" (Pointer). 2. "Irish Chief" (Irish Water-Spaniel). 3. "Nemesis" (Russel Hound). 4. "Jack" (Irish Setter). 5. "Gretchen" (Dachshund). 6. "Foreman" (English Setter). 7. "Meteor" (Pointer). 8. "Cronie" (St. Bernard). 9. "Bruce" (Deer-hound). 10. "Bengonia" (Black Greyhound). 11. "Black Tourtie" (Black Cocker Spaniel). 12. "Ben" (Mastiff).

SCENES AT THE BENCH SHOW, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—DRAWN BY A. BERGHAUS.—[SEE PAGE 316.]

FORESTS AHAZE—ESCAPING FROM DEVASTATED HOMES—Dawn at Cheney Center—[see Page 319.]

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COMING HOME TO ROOST.

By SHERWOOD BONNER.

Aunt Beckey was gran'mammy's daughter; forty years old, broad of build, and with a long neck that she used to crane like a giraffe's, until I fancied she could peep over the tree-tops. She was credulous, superstitious, and as timid as a young colt. But she was a loving soul, and had a comfortable lap, and a mellow voice in singing, that endeared her to our selfish little hearts. She had been our nurse when we were babies; second to none save "gran'mammy," who was supreme in the nursery, and unquestioned ruler of our small destinies. After we had grown out of babyhood we liked nothing so well as to be with Aunt Beckey. She was a walking cyclopædia of signs and omens. If a rooster crowed on her door-step, she was miserable; did it not signify death? A whip-poor-will's sad note was a herald of misfortune. It was bad luck to kill a dove or eat a blue jay. She would not break bread in another person's hand, nor begin a piece of work on Friday, nor cut a baby's nails, nor let a candle burn itself out. Great, strong, healthy woman, who would have imagined her to be an full of nerves as a fine lady? She was never ill, except for an occasional touch of rheumatism, which she rather enjoyed, as she was fond of the "bitters" prescribed for her complaint. The "bitters" were home-made, and consisted chiefly of whiskey, though a little harmless "snake-root" and some strips of slippery elm, rolled in the bottom of the huge glass bottle, gave its contents a virtuous and medicinal air.

During the war Aunt Beckey was one of the few old servants who remained faithful to us; and afterward, when things were adjusted according to a new *régime*, my mother engaged her as a laundress. But though receiving wages, Aunt Beckey evidently felt that she belonged to the family, and the family to her, moreover! She called herself by our name, and claimed all of her ancient privileges.

She had always felt herself free to do pretty much as she pleased; and now she knew no change, but jogged on serenely, until a very terrible experience that came near sending the poor old soul to an untimely grave.

Negroes are very fond of playing at religion; and if there is any one thing to which they thoroughly delight, it is a camp-meeting. Shortly after Lee's surrender they decided to celebrate their freedom by a grand *colored* camp-meeting on Cold Water Creek. It was to be the finest kind of a powwow. Tents and sheds were put up, preachers came from all parts of the State, and preparations were made for at least a month of religious high jinks. Aunt Beckey was among the first bitten by the camp-meeting mania. My mother thought her very imprudent to think of going, as the ground was damp from recent rains, and Cold Water Creek a regular ague-trap at the best of times. But Aunt Beckey said, as reproachfully, "Law, Mis' Mary, you ain't a-gwine ter hender me from gittin' religion, is you?" that she withdrew her objections.

Aunt Beckey was gone about a week; when she came back we children rushed to her cabin to hear her account of the proceedings. We found her seated before a fire with her feet in hot water, her head tied up, but with a beatific expression on her honest black face.

"Well, Aunt Beckey, how did everything go off?" said I, forbearing an ungenerous remark on her invalid condition.

"Lor, honey, yes' as fine as any house-a-armin' I ever seed. De niggers is worked up dis time if dey never was befo'. De mourners' bench was chock-full nights an' day, an' what wid de wrjin' an' de prayin' an' de shoutin' an' de singin', it did seem's if we wuz in heaven."

"Were there many there?"

"Hiers you, chile, whole *tribes*. Quality and quantity, ole an' young. I tell you de tents looked pretty under de trees, an' sich loads of good eatin' you never see in all your born days. Dis'll be a blessed time for de niggers, if nothin' evil don't happen."

"I don't know of anything that can happen worse than cramp or pneumonia from the damp ground, or colic or dyspepsia from the high living."

Aunt Beckey shook her head solemnly: "Der's somethin' wuss 'n colic or pneumonia dat we had ter fight agines."

"What was it? Satan himself?"

"Wuss 'n Satan, I reckon, chile. Who do you think I see at de meetin', leanin' her ugly head agin a tree?"

"Satan's grandmother, perhaps," said I, flippantly.

"Well, chile, it was one of his family. It was ole Sint, de Hoodoo witch."

"Perhaps she wants to be converted."

"Go 'long wid you, Mim Kate! She serves de devil, she do. She's up ter no good when you see her as a meetin' oh de faithful. She's tryin' ter see how many souls she kin ketch for her marster, an' how many bodies she kin trick."

"Her tricking does not amount to much."

"Dat's all you know about it, you unbellevin' chile. Jes' lemme tell you what I need wid my own eyes. She was leanin' up agins a mapin' fall o' flutterin' green leaves thick enough ter hide the cuniest mockin'-bird's nest. De mornin' arter I seed her I looked at de same tree, an' it was *blasted as if de lightenin' had struck it!* De leaves was all dyin' or dead, an' whar her wicked ole head had totched, de very bark war off'n de tree."

"You barked up the wrong tree, Aunt Beckey," said I, laughing. "It couldn't have been the same one."

"I knows what I says, chile. I tell you it give me de cold shivers when I seed her evil eye on me. I jes' dropped right down an' prayed dat de devil might git her, bode an' bones."

"What a wicked prayer, Aunt Beckey!" cried Ruth.

"Hy, Mis Ruthy! Ain't it right ter pray for de destruction of our enemies?"

"'Bless them that curse you: do good to them that despitefully use you,'" said Ruth, softly.

"And furthermore, Aunt Beckey," said I, laughing, "I have heard Cousin Henry say that in some countries there is a proverb, 'Curses, like chickens, come home to roost.' Do look out for yourself. If you have been wishing evil to Aunt Sint, it may fall back on your own head."

Aunt Beckey looked greatly troubled, and a groan escaped her lips.

"Maybe I didn't pray jes' right, an' dat ole nigger will trick me yit. I'm a gone sinner if she do. I feel mighty queer to-night. I'm got a creepin' in de spine tn' a gwine away in de chest."

"Take a dose of your bitters, and get a good night's sleep," said I, confidently, as became a doctor's daughter, as we rose to my good night, "and I'll engage that you are all right in the morning."

After tea I repeated what Aunt Beckey had told to the family group in the sitting room. Cousin Henry, who was making us a visit, listened very attentively to my story. He was not so familiar with the ways of the darkies as we were, as his people lived in the city, with an establishment of trained servants; and he had been away several years receiving his medical education. He was a very clever fellow, rather audacious in his speculations, and tremendously interested in everything of an odd or out-of-the-way nature.

"I hope you did not encourage Beckey in her talk about being tricked," said my father, with a troubled look.

"No, indeed, papa. I only laughed at her."

"I heard something of this when I was a boy," said Cousin Henry, "and always thought I should like to investigate it. What is a Hoodoo witch?"

"The priest of the Hoodoo religion, I suppose," said my father; "at least among one who has the inside track of things."

"There is really, then, a Hoodoo religion?"

"Oh yes—though I don't know its tenets, and I'm sure I don't wish to. Only the most ignorant negroes believe in it; yet, strange to say, the most devout Christians among them stand in mortal terror of these priests, and will even attend their impious rites and ceremonies, in the fear of being tricked should they turn the cold shoulder."

"How do they manage this trucking business?"

"The most common way is to hide a *fetich* under the victim's door-step, or in his bed."

"What sort of a fetich?" said Henry, who seemed to be fam developing into a little crooked thing that asks questions.

"Either a little wooden image, or a small ball of bedevilment, made up of feathers, rope ends, locks of hair, dead insects, and other objects too disgusting to mention. With these, and the fine spell of an 'evil-eye,' the sorcerers seem to work their sweet will with the negroes who displease them."

"They are such timid beasts, those poor darkies of ours," said Henry.

"Yes; but to think they can be *frightened to death* almost surpasses belief. Yet I have known a strong healthy man 'lay him down and die,' like the fellow in the song, with no a thing an earth the matter with him, except that some Hoodoo demon had 'tricked' him."

"Those old Africans understand poisons," said Henry, musingly. "It would be easy enough to impregnate these fetiches with some subtle vegetable poison that would destroy life as slowly as to puzzle the doctors, and yet leave no trace behind."

"In such a case more than one would suffer. No, the whole thing is a mystery."

"Well, there's one consolation," laughed Henry; "if they get 'tricked' now, and die of it, it's their own loss. Their masters won't be out of pocket."

"Perhaps that is why 'tricking' is on the decline," said my father; "you scarcely hear of a case nowadays."

"Well, I do hope nothing will come of Aunt Beckey's case," said my mother, uneasily. "I assure you, Henry, she is just as *dear* to us all as if she represented several thousand dollars. Freedom has chilled neither her heart nor ours."

"May her shadow never grow less!" said the irrepressible Henry.

The next morning, while we were at breakfast, Aunt Beckey's niece, Leah, came running in. Leah was a queer little darky, with her hair tied in countless pigtails pointing in every direction, and her eyes continually rolling about like beads in a socket.

"Mars' Charles," said she, "Aunt Beckey done sent me fur you. She want ter see you quick. She's powerful low dat mornin'."

"What's the matter?"

"She do say she's been tricked"—in a loud whisper.

"Nonsense!" cried my father, tossing a biscuit at the small messenger. "Tell her I'll be with her in five minutes."

I went with father to Aunt Beckey's cabin. What a change in one night! Her face looked drawn and pinched, her eyes were startled and full of fear.

"Oh, Mars' Charles!" she cried, pitifully, "ole Sint has 'winched me sho' an' eartin', an' I'm full of little snakes!"

"Why, Aunt Beckey, what on earth do you mean?"

"Jes' what I say, Mars' Charles; an' it's God's truth I'm speakin'. When I saw ole Sint at de camp-meetin' I mistrusted dat she meant ter work me a mischief; an' I kep' away from her jes' as much as I could; fur, as she'ly as de devil lives an' trimbles befo' de face o' de Lord, dat ole witch 'oman has got de *evil-eye*. But I couldn't keep my thoughts off'n her; an' I was a-wishin' her evil in my heart all de time."

"Well, Beckey, that was natural enough," said toy father, kindly.

"Mebbe it was natural," groaned Aunt Beckey; "hot, oh! it was sinful, an' I am punished for it, jes' as little mussy said I would be."

"Why, what have you to do with this?" said my father, turning to me sternly, to my great alarm.

"I only told her a proverb," faltered I.

"Curses, like chickens, come home ter roost," moaned Aunt Beckey—"come home ter roost! Mebbe if I hadn't been harborin' such wicked-ness an' ill-will in my heart, de good Lord would have protected me from her *depredations* on me. For I'll tell you, Mars' Charles, what happened." And Aunt Beckey half raised herself in bed, and fixed her great black faverish eyes on my father's face.

"Last night I was a-lyin' here, wid my eyes wide open an' all my faculties broad awake, when in come ole Sint, a-slippin' an' a-gliding' like de snake dat she is. I tried ter jump up an' scream, but she *hel'* me *ter de bed* wid dat witch eye of hern, till I was jes' *stupefied*, an' couldn't 'a moved no inch—no, nor it is bad 'a been ter have slipped my neck from de hangman's noose.

"'Drink dis,' she says, bendin' over me, an' hissin' hot in my ear. An' she hel' out a cup of water, witch water, full o' somethin' like wriggin' hairs. I knowed dey was snakes, but I had no power ter push dat cup away. I jes' drank it down like a baby, an' from dat minnit I was lost. Ole Sint laughed, an' a sort of blue flame busted out all around her, an' dar wuz such a smell of brimstone dat I fainted clean away. When I come to, Sint was gone, but dem snakes was wriggilin' through me in streaks of pain, an' from dat on, Mars' Charles, I ain't had one minit's peace."

"You should have sent for me, Beckey. I might have given you something to relieve that pain at once. You have evidently taken a violent cold, and your trouble is caused by your old foe, rheumatism. As for the rest, my poor soul, you have had a bad dream. Old Sint couldn't trick you if she wanted to. The good Lord never gave one mortal that power over another."

"And dem, papa," cried I, eagerly, "Sint lives on the Weatherly plantation, thirty miles away. She couldn't get here."

"Dey rides through de air," murmured poor Aunt Beckey. "Dey rides on de scuds o' lost sinners dat wanders up an' down an' over de earth."

"I won't have that nonsense," said toy father, sharply. "Where is your common-sense, Beckey?"

"Snakes! snakes!" cried Aunt Beckey, frantically; and then to our horror the poor creature went off into convulsions, foaming at the mouth, clinching her hands until the nails drew blood, stiffening and relaxing her form, resisting all attempts at quieting her, until forced to yield to the effects of an opiate.

This was the beginning. "And Heaven knows what the end will be!" said my father, his kind face clouded with anxiety.

During the next two weeks three doctors in turn were called in to see Aunt Beckey. Through their skill, perhaps, the attack of pneumonia or inflammatory rheumatism with which she had seemed threatened was warded off; but she grew no stronger. All sorts of remedies were tried in vain. The doctors declared they could do no more for her, and that there was no reason why she should not, as it were, take up her bed and walk. But poor Aunt Beckey! There she lay, tranquil now, sometimes even smiling, saying little, losing flesh daily, looking out on the vanishing world with big solemn eyes glowing strangely in her gaunt face—dying as surely as though Aunt Sint's imagined draught had been in truth the deadly Italian *aqua*, the *insensible* poison whose traces could never be discovered, though one drop sufficed to kill with slow and nameless tortures.

My mother spent hours beside the sufferer, but all her influence was of no avail. Tricked Aunt Beckey was, and tricked she meant to remain, in the teeth of a whole college of physicians or skeptics.

"Don't you know, Aunt Beckey," cried my mother one day, "that what you say is *impossible!*—that snakes can not live in the human stomach?"

"Dey ain't in my stomach, honey, not ter *perishes*. Dey is everywhar dat feeks' lives, a-curlin', an' a-coilin', an' a-strikin' dat fangs over every part of my po' tormented body."

"Like Ariel, 'flaming amazement' over all the ship," murmured I; for I had just begun to read Shakespeare.

"Dey's in my legs too," continued Aunt Beckey, mournfully; "an' I tell you, Mis' Mary, I'd be willin' for my legs ter be *cut off*, if I could git red of de snakes dat rose from my knees ter my feet."

It was a strange, gloomy time. The place was never so quiet. No more dancing to the banjo's ting, nor singing on moonlight nights. The negroes moved about silently, and talked in low, frightened whispers. Every evening the little cabin was filled with visitors from the adjoining plantations, who mourned and sang over Aunt Beckey, I believe, the entire night through. Some of their songs were fine old Methodist hymns, which were rolled out with grand effect, others must have been improvised for the occasion, as for instance:

"Satan's such a liar,
And a *kanjurer* too;
If you don't mind,
He'll kanjur you!
Kanjur you—
He will kanjur you!"

During the fourth week of Aunt Beckey's illness toy father was called away from home, to be gone some days. But for his absence the audacious piece of roguery I am about to chronicle would never have been attempted, and I should have had no story to tell.

It began with Cousin Henry's persuading mamma to let him take charge of Aunt Beckey's case.

"You know uncle has given her up," he urged.

"True," said my mother, with a sigh; "he told me, the night before he left, that although he believed her disease purely imaginary, yet he had given up all hope of saving her. But what can you do for her, Henry, a mere boy like you, though you are a saucy medical student?"

"Fancying myself very wise," laughed Henry. "Go on, Aunt Mary; I know you want a rap in my conceit. But I am not going over the old ground with Aunt Beckey. I fancy the wisdom of the schools has been exhausted in her behalf. I'm so liberal in my views that I've no objection to a bit of quackery, when I can gain a point by it."

"There seems to be only one thing to be said in favor of quacks," remarked my mother, thoughtfully; "they always cure their patients."

"Treason in the home camp!" cried Henry. "What would uncle say to such a speech? But do let me try to help poor old Beckey, aunty dear. If I could save her life, would you object to any means by which that good end came about?"

"How *could* I?" cried my mother. "No, indeed, Henry, if you can help poor Aunt Beckey, God's blessing will be on your effort, and my prayers will go with you every step of the way."

Henry had the grace to blush a little at this, but he skipped off quite cheerfully to Aunt Beckey's cabin. Of course I went with him. Where Henry led I usually followed in those days. Was a torment I was, to be sure!

"I'm so fully sorry to see you so ill, Aunt Beckey," he said, cordially.

"Yes, marster, I'e mighty bad off," she said, feebly. Poor soul! she talked no more of being tricked. She was tired of telling her story to skeptical ears.

Henry looked at her with perfect gravity. "There has been foul work here," said he, "this is a case of witchcraft."

Aunt Beckey burst into tears. At last she had found some one to believe her. "Oh, Mars' Henry, how come you so wise? You'a de fust one—de only one—ter know de truf."

"None so blind as those who won't see," quoted Henry. "It's as plain to me as the sunlight. You've been *tricked!*"

"Not many days of life left for poor old Beckey," said the interesting victim.

"I'm not so sure of that," said Henry, cheerfully. "I've studied this subject, and I know the ins and outs of it. I've read more books about demons than there are hairs on your head; and I've seen sights to make your heart jump out of your body. With my own eyes I have seen water blazing like a tar barrel on fire; and I have seen a dead man rise in his shroud and thrust out his cold arm as if to seize you."

"Oh, Mars' Henry, hush! it skeers me to hear sech things. Maybe you'm a Hoodoo witch yourself."

"*How can you think such a thing!*" shouted Henry. "No! I am the bitterest enemy the Hoodoos have; and I know how to come up with all their tricks."

"Maybe you can help me," said Aunt Beckey, timidly.

"Of course I can. I would have offered to do it long before, but three grand doctors were so sure they could cure you. But mind, Aunt Beckey, if I take you in hand you must obey me in *everything*. The least slip in following my directions might prove fatal."

"Try me! try me!" she cried, eagerly. "Oh, Mars' Henry, you can't tell me nothin' too hard ter do; for I ain't ready yit—de good Lord knows I ain't—ter cross beyond de swellin' floods."

Henry drew a hideous little wooden image from his pocket, and gave it to Aunt Beckey with the injunction that she should wear it over her heart night and day. "It is a very powerful *fetich*," said he, "and will protect you from any future harm."

Then he turned to gran'mammy, who stood by, with a gleam of hope brightening her face, and told her to kill a white chicken just as the moon rose, and make a strong broth for Aunt Beckey.

"Put plenty of red pepper and rice in it," said he, "and feed her *exactly one pint* every three hours; not a spoonful more or less, or I can't answer for the consequences. To-morrow I shall call at the same hour, and I will see to the snakes that have caused you so much trouble. I suppose you are willing to suffer some pain in order to get them out of your system?"

"Yes, Mars' Henry, God knows I'm willin' ter suffer anything." And Aunt Beckey closed her lips with the air of a martyr.

That afternoon my cousin and my small brother Sam went hunting. On their return I noticed that Sam carried a small oblong box in his hand; has he would not tell us what it held.

The next day, as dusk, Cousin Henry led the way to Beckey's cabin, followed by mother, Ruth, Sam, and myself. Aunt Beckey looked better and brighter. She declared that she felt strength flowing into her from the little wooden idol that she held clasped tightly to her bosom. And it did not occur to the good simple soul that the chicken soup tonight be responsible for this new-born strength. The back yard was densely packed with negroes, but not one was allowed to enter. Inside the cabin the scene was worthy of a painter. The primitive lamp—an iron bowl of lard-oil, with a wick floating on the surface—burned with a black smoke above the flame, and cast strange, flaring, lobgoblin shadows on the whitewashed walls. Henry drew a chalk circle in the middle of the floor, marking inside of

ly ridiculous designs, which it pleased him to call cabalistic. Then he swung a lighted censer, chanted a Latin hymn, and was withal so grave that even I dared no longer smile, though the pungent odor of the incense set me sneezing.

Aunt Beckey's dark figure lay motionless on the bed; but her great hollow eyes followed Henry's every motion with painful eagerness, until at a signal from the impromptu doctor my mother stepped forward and tied a cool bandage across the hot lids.

Gran'mammy bared her daughter's swollen rheumatic limbs, and Henry rubbed them gently for about half an hour. Then he said: "I find, Aunt Beckey, that the snakes are now all in the right leg. The *fetich* has troubled them so much that they are trying to get out. The only thing to do is to cut open the foot, and they will drop out of themselves. Are you willing?"

"Go on," said Aunt Beckey.

"Stand back, all of you!" cried Henry. "No one must come near me but Sam. He must hold the basin."

I saw a twinkle in the small boy's eye, and I crept pretty near myself, unrebuked by my absorbed cousin. He pierced the foot with a sharp lancet, and the blood flowed freely. The light was so dim that for all my efforts I could not quite see what was going on. But I noticed that Sam held the oblong box in one hand, and from time to time an exclamation from one of the precious pair—"Thar's another!" "Don't let it get away!" "Four, is it?" or some such significant cry—set us all quivering with excitement.

"That is all," said Henry at last. "She is saved."

He bound up the foot, and took the bandage from Aunt Beckey's eyes.

"Fetch another light," he said, quietly.

Then he held the basin so that she could examine its contents, and there were at least six wicked looking little snakes. "Those who have eyes to see, let them see," said that wretched Henry, without so much as the flicker of an eyelash.

I can hear Aunt Beckey's scream of joy to this day. Then how she wept! What blessings she called down on the head of the arch impostor! What shouts of "Glory! glory!" resounded through the little room! How the darkies outside took up the strain, and all night long praised the Lord in singing and in prayer!

As for my dear mother, she was so divided between indignation and laughter that she had to hurry away. She was so conscientious that she could not reconcile herself to such a tremendous fraud as that which Henry had practiced; and yet when she saw our dear old Aunt Beckey fast getting well, how could she help being grateful to the clever and mischievous boy who had brought it about?

My father heard the story with an unmoved face. "Lucky I was not here, you young rascal," he remarked.

"Lucky for Aunt Beckey," said Henry, dryly.

Certainly Aunt Beckey did get well, and appeared better in mind and body for her strange experience. She has not been tricked since, thanks perhaps to the fetich that she wears like an amulet over her heart, or to the charitable prayers that she is in the habit of offering for Aunt Sini.

"No mo' curses shell come home ter roost on my head," she says, with slow, solemn words; "fur I bless an' I curse not, an' I pray fur dem dat 'spitefully uses me; an' dis I shell do furevermo', as long as I live on de earth, an' my name is Beckey Bonner."

THE SOUDANESE AND EGYPT.

The Soudan embraces a wide extent of country above Syene and the first cataract of the Nile. It is chiefly a desert, and its inhabitants the wild robbers of the desert—the Arab tribes. It is the same race that under the Alis and Tariks ravaged all southern Europe ten centuries ago, and in the recent battles with the Egyptians and the English the Soudanese fanatics have shown the same fearless courage that awed and conquered the degenerate Greeks and Goths. One Mohammedan soldier would attack a whole company of Egyptians, and drive them before him; and in the recent victory of the English, three Soudanese withstood a large body of cavalry, and the Moslem saints, confident of invincibility, or fancying themselves invulnerable, stood boldly before a rain of bullets, and fell at the front. It is a remarkable display of the strength of fanaticism, and the savage cruelty with which the Soudanese massacred the unresisting Egyptians is another proof of its terrors. They stabbed the poor victims as they lay shrieking in horror on the sand.

Always treacherous and dangerous, these Egyptian Arabs are painted to us by a succession of travellers. Norden, who penetrated to the first cataract in 1737, was in constant danger from them. Haeckel, as recently as 1881, was twice insulted by Moslem fanatics in Cairo. Fear is the only law the savages know; civilization has never reached them; they still watch for the plunder on helpless travellers, and live like bands of robbers eager for their prey. Egypt is inclosed by deserts on all sides, and the followers of El Mahdi have an easy access to it. Fortunately the English seem to have checked the savage inroad, and the treasures of art and the monuments of history that line the banks of the Nile are, for the present at least, safe.

The Soudanese deserts offer no temptations to the emigrant or the traveller. In climate these burning sands, as we are used to think of them, are as variable and dangerous as any land farther north. The winter wind at night often brings with it a fearful chill. In the open Sahara the mercury has sunk at times to 6° Fahrenheit. At Khartoum ice and hoar-frost are not unusual. The sudden cold, sharp, keen, and pitiless, after days of intense heat, is almost unendurable. Falconberg, a recent traveller, recommends every one who visits the Nubian deserts in winter to bring with him his warmest furs. Summer comes with an intense and sickening heat; the dry sand burns the traveller's feet; the thermometer rises to 110° or 115°; at night the rugs, the hair, and the camel's back sparkle in the dry air with electricity. The simoom, laden with sharp sand heated like coals of fire, cuts the skin. The wells of the desert, fed from subterranean springs, become foul and muddy, the sources of malaria, and are covered with the filth of caravans. It is almost certain death to drink from some of them. Venomous insects and reptiles abound, and huge spiders and centipedes haunt the tents of the sleepers. It is not a pleasant land. But there is another and fertile Soudan, Baker Pasha tells us, along the banks of the Atbara and the Upper Nile, that may be of great value in the future. The Atbara, sweeping away the hills of Ethiopia, is the chief source of the rich deposits of the river. Since 1874 Egypt has embraced the whole Nile basin from the equator to the sea.

At the entrance to the Soudan appear some of the finest of the Egyptian monuments; Philæ is at the portal, and Abou Simbel, with its four majestic statues, not far beyond. Nubia was safe from the Arabs in the days of Rameses II., and no one thought of giving it up to them. Its river is rich in remains; from the solitary obelisk that marks alone the deserted site of Heliopolis, past the Pyramids, the Serapeum, Memphis and its mound and lake, Denderah and Karnak, the miles of tombs, the countless temples and buried cities, the panorama of the Nile closes with the matchless figures of Rameses and his rock temple at Abou Simbel. How long would Philæ or Abou Simbel remain unhurt beneath the rule of the savages of the desert? Already even the twin colossi have suffered from the fanaticism and barbarity of the Mohammedans. It is from them that Egypt has suffered most. Abd Allateef, about 1203, upbraids his countrymen for their folly in destroying the famous works of art. "They mutilate the faces," he cries in shame; "they made openings and dug holes in the stones," thinking only of gold. The modern Arabs use the finest statues for millstones or lime, and even Memnon is said to be in danger.

Under a protectorate of the nations alone can the treasures of Egypt be preserved. And it may be hoped that a happier future awaits its oppressed people. It was the first school-house; it gave the world an alphabet; it was the home not only of the first conquerors, but of the first students.

Eugene Lawrence.

THE "NOURMAHAL."

Mr. William Astor's new steel yacht *Nourmahal*, of which we give a picture on page 320, was launched at Wilmington, Delaware, on the 3d inst. She is said to be the largest pleasure vessel ever built, and is to be fitted up with the utmost elegance. Her dimensions are: length, 232 feet 8 inches; extreme breadth, 30 feet; extreme depth, 20 feet.

It is said that Mr. Astor is very desirous that the *Nourmahal* shall be in commission by the August cruise of the New York Yacht Club, and in obedience to his wishes the company will doubtless have her ready for that event. Late next fall or in the winter the *Nourmahal* will cross the Atlantic with her owner. Her coal-carrying capacity will be about three hundred tons, and she is to be bark rigged.

FORESTS ABLAZE.

The fierce flames that swept the forests in various parts of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania late in April and early in May were very destructive. Many square miles of woodland were burned over, houses destroyed, and one town at least completely cleaned out, and, worse than all, several lives were lost.

In the region of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, the mountain fires raged furiously for nearly a fortnight. The town of Tamaqua was surrounded on all sides by the flames, and wrapped in dense smoke. Several houses in the western end were set on fire, and only the hardest kind of work on the part of the firemen saved the place.

All along the valley from Scranton to Carbondale, a distance of sixteen miles, the hamlets built in the clearings were threatened with destruction. At Jermyn, a short distance from Carbondale, is situated a branch of the M[illegible] Powder Company's works, and the employés at the mills fought the flames the greater portion of a day. A strong wind was blowing, and soon after three o'clock in the afternoon a storm of sparks was driven against the buildings, and a terrific explosion ensued, involving the destruction of the corning and glazing mills. A workman in trying to escape ran against a blazing piece of wood, was stunned, fell, and perished in the flames. The shock of the explosion was terrific, and shook most of the towns along the valley.

A fire which broke out in the village of California, a small lumbering station on the Bear Creek branch of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, at one time threatened the destruction of the town of White Haven, seven miles distant; but a large gang of Hungarians by heroic efforts succeeded in quenching the flames after eleven houses and two small bridges had been burned.

The little hamlet known as Gilman's Depot, eighteen miles from Port Jervis, was entirely destroyed. Forests all about had been burning for several days with great fury, and on the morning of May 2 the dense smoke sweeping over Gilman's from the west warned the residents of fire in the immediate vicinity. Messrs. Alfred and W. W. Gilman, the former the manager of the mills, sent all the mill hands into the woods to fight the flames, but their efforts were unavailing, the fire sweeping onward, and compelling the inhabitants of the village to flee for their lives, leaving all their property behind them. One man, who afterward escaped, stood in a mill-pond an hour, with the fire roaring around him on all sides.

South of Matawan, in New Jersey, between four and five thousand acres were devastated. The loss is placed at nearly $50,000. The fire, it is asserted, originated from the careless burning of brush by one of the wealthy farmers, and the losers by it will try and hold him responsible. The huckleberry crop, which usually brings hundreds of dollars to the poor people, is entirely destroyed. The smoke was very thick. There were also fires on Long Island, but the damage was not very great. Fortunately heavy rains set in, and the flames generally were extinguished.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN.

This able and distinguished lawyer, well known for his active participation in the Southern Confederacy, died in Paris on the 7th inst. He had been in failing health since his fall from a street car in that city about four years ago.

Mr. Benjamin was born in San Domingo, in 1812, of Jewish parents, who four years later settled in Savannah, Georgia. He was educated at Yale, and in 1831 removed to New Orleans, where he soon attained distinction as a lawyer, and became prominent as a politician. His early associations were with the Whig party, which he left while a member of the United States Senate, and thereafter acted with the Democrats. On the outbreak of hostilities in the South Mr. Benjamin was appointed Acting Secretary of War for the Confederacy, but soon resigned the position for that of Secretary of State, which he retained until the close of the war. After the capture of Mr. Davis he made his escape by way of Key West and the Bahamas, and at length settled in London, where he attained high distinction as a lawyer and advocate.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The wooded north shore of Long Island, far out toward Montauk Point, has suffered very severely from the recent forest fires. It is asserted that the fires were started by cinders from the locomotives. With the exception of some points on the north shore, there is no region within a hundred miles of New York which is proving more attractive to wealthy New-Yorkers of quiet tastes than the shores of the chain of bays which ends at the Shinnecock Hills. Many old homesteads have been bought by residents of the city, and many handsome new villas have been built on points overlooking bay and ocean. The water view is the chief element of beauty in the locations, for the land stretches back in wastes made pleasing to look upon only by the growth of pines and underbrush. When the land is burned over and blackened, the picture is no longer beautiful. It seems as though it would be for the interest of the railroad company to muzzle its locomotives.

Each death in the Chinese quarter of New York is reported to the coroners the same as though the deceased person had died without medical attendance. The Chinese doctors are not recognized by the authorities as physicians.

Something new in the way of insurance is the scheme of a company that proposes to furnish bonds for persons holding places of trust in which the giving of sureties is necessary. Since the integrity of one honest man may be better established than that of another, there will be various rates charged by the company for assuming responsibility for defalcations, and thus a sort of market value of uprightness will be determined. It may be presumed that the premium for surety for a person of unquestioned integrity will be merely nominal, while high rates will be charged in the case of officials appointed as the result of a compromise between the politicians of the several "halls," for instance, in this city. The company's tables of risks must be interesting.

For weeks the Signal Service observer on Pike's Peak was snowed in, and the wires communicating with the rest of the world were not in working order. It was not known whether he had sufficient provisions and fuel, and there was a chance of his being made helpless by sickness though his supplies were abundant. A relief expedition was at last organized, and it made its way through the snows to the signal station. The rescuers found the observer in the best of health, but a trifle lonesome. He ought to know as well as anybody how much company there is in the click of a receiving instrument.

The growth of the Salvation Army is opening a new field for the Jenkins of the press. He must be of a sentimental turn or he will not rise to the occasion. Recently at an "army" wedding in Poughkeepsie the bride wore a flaming red jersey and a "hallelujah Alpine bonnet"—whatever that may be.

Rats are becoming very numerous on the Brooklyn Bridge. When the buildings were torn down to make room for the arches, the rats which had lived in the razed houses hung around the masonry, ate the remnants of the laborers' dinners, and refused to go away. They lived on the bridge till it was opened to the public, but the cars and the crowd seem to have at last frightened them off. Perhaps the rats took to the bridge in the same way, and in the absence of the cats are becoming bold.

From the postmaster at Nutt, New Mexico, the Postmaster-General recently received a notice as follows: "Our town is gone to the 'Sweet By-and-By'—only one family left. I respectfully resign my position as postmaster here. Westward the star of empire takes its way, also the P. M."

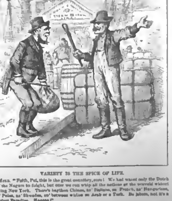
The somewhat remarkable announcement has been made to his colleagues and to the country by a member of the House of Representatives that he desires the officers of the United States Navy "to fish for distinction in the limpid lakes and clear running streams of their native land, and not go bobbing for eels in the muddy waters of despotism." This statement was a part of his speech in opposition to a resolution permitting an ensign to accept a decoration from the Emperor of Austria for having rescued some Austrian sailors who were drowning.

The Chinese are not given to exaggeration. "Melican man him thlow pebble, blake Yung Sing window," said a complainant in Justice White's court.

"How big was the pebble?" his honor asked.

"'Bout seve'teen pound," said Yung Sing.

A striking picture of tramp life in this city was unfolded by the recent arrest of "Denny the Rover," the chief of a band of itinerants. Down by the North River, under the brow of Washington Heights, are two immense blast chimneys. The glow that hangs over them at night can be seen for miles up and down the river. Around these chimneys the band of Denny the Rover had their head-quarters during the winter. By means of a ladder of ingenious construction the tramps ascended at night-fall to the iron scaffolds on the sides of the chimneys, and there, with their backs against the hot bricks, they passed the night. At daybreak they were up and doing. It is perhaps just as well not to ask what they were doing; but the chickens and other delicacies which were on hand at breakfast-time were usually sufficient for a satisfactory repast. The cooking was done to the queen's taste on the glowing slag that had been run into gullies in the course of the night. After breakfast came pipes and the daily pow-wow, at which the good of the colony was considered under the direction of Denny. Thus there are wide differences in the conditions of tramp life even. Contrast the life of Denny's band with that of the tramps who drink stale beer in Bottle Alley. But Denny and about thirty of his men are at present on Blackwell's Island, and the camp at the blast furnace is temporarily deserted.



VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE.

Mike. "Faith, Pat, this is the great counthry, sure! We had wanst only the Dutch an' the Nagurs to foight, but now we can whip all the nations av the wurruld widout laving New York. There's haythen Chinese, an' Italians, an' French, an' Hungarians, an' Poles, an' Swedes, an' betwane whiles an Arab or a Turk. Be jabers, but it's a perfect Paradise. Hooroo!"

THE LATE DR. GROSS.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST.

SAMUEL D. GROSS, M.D.

Another eminent physician has followed Dr WILLARD PARKER to the grave. Dr SAMUEL D GROSS, after an illness of several weeks, died in Philadelphia on Tuesday, May 6, at the advanced age of seventy-nine. His life was that of a great public teacher. After graduating at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, and some years of practice at Easton, he became Professor of Pathological Anatomy in Cincinnati College, Ohio, in 1835, Professor of Surgery in the University of Louisville in 1840, and succeeded Dr MOTT in the University of New York in 1850. He remained in this city only a short time, and returned to Kentucky, where he continued to lecture till his appointment in 1856 to the Chair of Surgery at Jefferson College, his *alma mater*, which office he held with the highest honor till within the last two years. He was throughout his long life a constant contributor to medical literature, and his writings take high rank among our standard medical works. His *System of Surgery* has passed through many editions, and forms a complete encyclopædia of the art. His other productions are too numerous to mention, the chief being *Elements of Pathological Anatomy, Manual of Military Surgery, Diseases of the Bones and Joints, Results of Surgical Operations in Malignant Diseases*, and an *American Medical Biography*. He was for many years editor of the *American Medico-Chirurgical Review*, and published a *Report on the Causes which Retard the Progress of American Medical Literature*.

Dr GROSS enjoyed the highest reputation abroad as well as at home. He was an English D.C.L. as well as an American LL.D., a member of the Medical Society of Vienna, of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of London, and of the British Medical Association, and was in 1867 elected President of the American Medical Association. In 1879, on the fifty-first anniversary of his beginning practice, he was presented by one hundred of our most eminent medical men with a gold medal on a token of respect. In his speech in reply to the donors he said: "I console myself with the thought that I have not lived wholly in vain. I have been true to my profession; I have been ambitious of its glory; I have done nothing to tarnish its escutcheon."

Since retiring from his chair at Jefferson College, Dr GROSS has led a retired life, full of years and honors. In accordance with his expressed wish, his body has been cremated. The funeral services took place at Philadelphia on the 7th, and immediately afterward the remains were taken to the Lemoyne Crematory, at Washington, Pennsylvania.

Great as was Dr GROSS's faith in the practice of his profession, it will be as a writer he will be longest remembered. The seed which he has sown has produced good fruit, and the example he set of unceasing industry and unselfish devotion to his profession can not fail to have impressed all who came into contact with him. "Perseverance," he said, "overcomes all difficulties," and his career is a proof of how well and nobly he lived up to this maxim.

THE LATE JUDAH P. BENJAMIN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDRICKS.—(SEE PAGE 319.)

TURPENTINING.

To the dweller in the vast piny woods of the South Atlantic States the yellow pine bears much the same relation that the bamboo does to the Chinaman, or the palm to a native of South America. From it he builds his house and fences, and constructs his rude furniture, carts, and farming implements. Its light-wood knots serve him in place of gas, kerosene, or coal, furnishing both light and fuel. He hews it into squared timbers or railroad ties, saws it into lumber, and, above all, extracts from its sap spirits of turpentine, rosin, pitch, and tar, which he exchanges for all the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life.

The manufacture of naval stores, under which general head are classed all the resinous products of the yellow pine, was formerly confined almost exclusively to North Carolina, where it was prosecuted so extensively as to attach to the inhabitants of that State the name of "Tar Heels." As the old territory became exhausted, the industry gradually moved southward, through South Carolina into Georgia, where it now centres, and from whence is derived more than half of the entire supply. It has also invaded northern Florida, where the State convicts are now employed in "turpentining," much to their own disgust, for they prefer the railroad construction on which they have been kept at work for some years past.

As the extraction of turpentine does not unfit the trees for lumbering, and as the success of both saw-mills and turpentine stills depends upon a ready transportation to market of their products, they are often found in close proximity, and sometimes under the same management.

Outside of those located on the banks of navigable rivers, the largest saw mills and turpentine stills in Georgia are found along the lines of the Central, the Savannah, Florida, and Western, and the Brunswick and Albany railroads. As the new and flourishing city of Waycross, at the junction of the two last-named roads, is one of the important centres of the industry, it was here that information was sought concerning "turpentining." With such courtesy were the writer's inquiries received that he soon found himself seated on a railroad tricycle, accompanied by a guide similarly mounted, and rattling along at a merry pace over the ruts, through the solemn pine forest, toward the Satilla River. On its southern bank, five miles from Waycross, is located the great Reppard Mill, one of the finest and largest in the South. That this mill is turning out one hundred thousand feet of lumber per day, and that within a radius of twenty miles around it there is enough standing timber to supply it for the next fifty years, argues well for the prosperity of the Southern lumber trade for some time to come.

Near this mill was found a turpentine still in full operation, rapidly converting into naval stores the sap of thousands of trees, which were afterward to be sawed into lumber. While the mill was surrounded by a village of small dwelling houses, shops, forges, and a large store for its hundreds of employés, forming thus a thriving settlement in the heart of what two years ago was an unbroken wilderness, the still had also its own cluster of cabins and store-houses, and its own commissary department.

When a capitalist decides to invest his money in "turpentining" he selects an "orchard," leases the forest from the owner of the land at about ten cents a tree, for five, ten, or fifteen years, locates his "plant," and is ready to begin operations. While the still is being erected, the trees are tapped, or "boxed," by skilful axemen who are experts in this peculiar branch of woodcraft, and by the time the still is ready for business a quantity of turpentine with which to supply it has been collected. The "box" is a receptacle cut from the trunk of the tree about eighteen inches from its base, and will contain a quart of the "gum" which exudes into it. Most trees can be "boxed" in two places, many in three, and some very large ones in four; but between each two boxes a strip of bark must be left to sustain the life of the tree. The instrument with which the boxes are cut is a long, narrow, and very keen-edged axe especially adapted to the purpose. Just above the box are made two cuts in the bark in the shape of the letter V, and from these the sap at first flows freely. The boxer receives one and a half or two cents per box, and if he is expert can cut from two hundred and fifty to three hundred per day. Ten thousand five hundred boxes form a "crop," and sixteen crops are required to supply a still of ordinary capacity. A "crop" covers from three hundred to five hundred acres, according to the density of the growth.

Following the "boxers" come "dippers" and "chippers," the former of whom collect the gum from the boxes, with round iron ladles, into buckets. When a bucket is full it is emptied into a barrel, of which numbers are placed at regular intervals through the woods. One dipper has charge of two crops, and empties every box in them once every four weeks.

THE "NOURMAHAL"—MR WILLIAM ASTOR'S NEW YACHT.—DRAWN BY F. C. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 319.]

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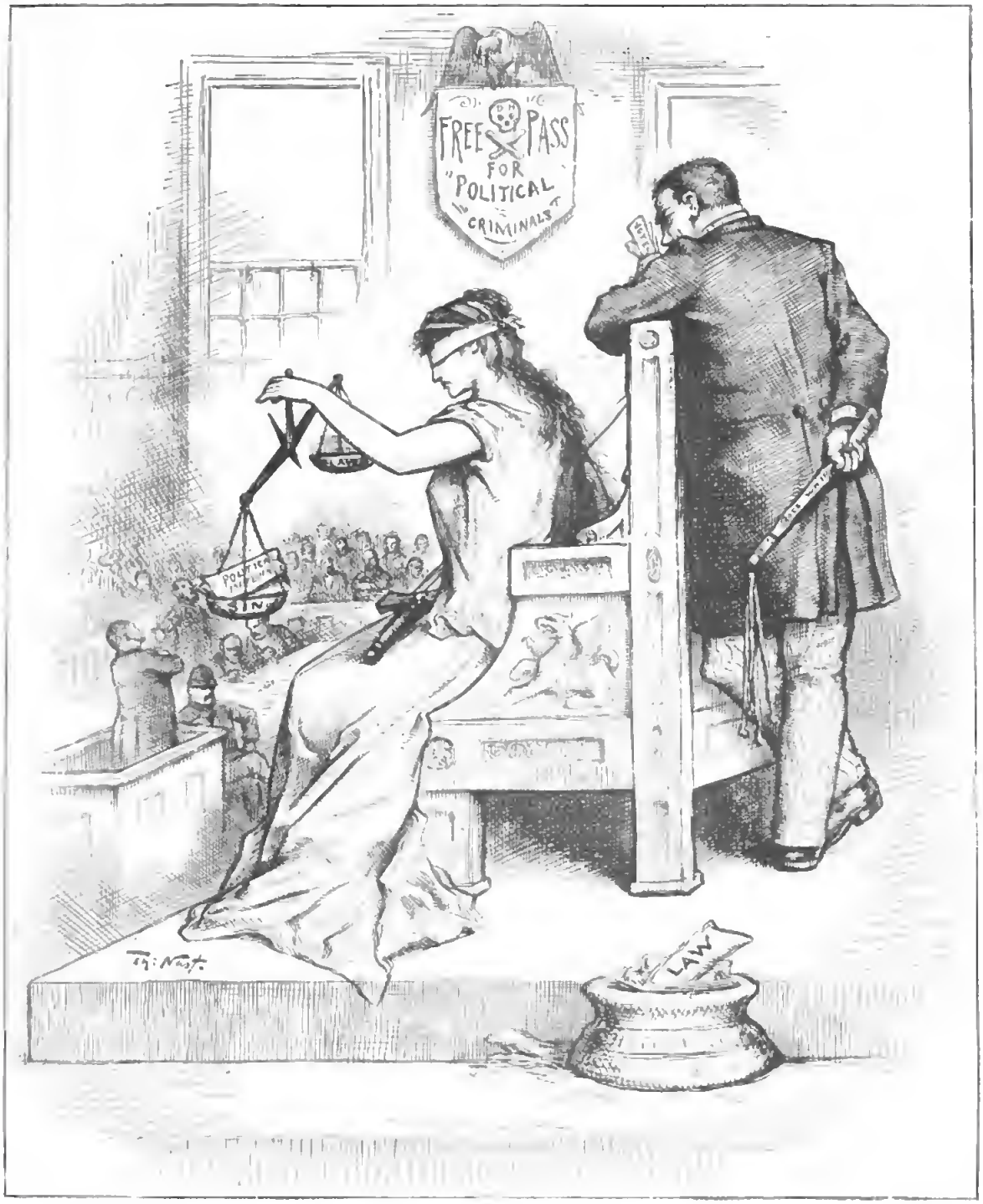

THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE OF JUSTICE.

THE CIVIL COURTS MUST BE EMANCIPATED FROM UN-CIVIL POLITICS.

"Chippers" are those who make fresh incisions in the bark of the trees when gum has ceased to flow from the old cuts. In chipping the V shape of the bark is preserved, and a section of about an inch in width is removed each time. The chipping instrument is termed a "hack," and is similar to that used in marking casks or dry-goods boxes, but is provided with a five-pound weight at the end of the handle, which, as all the strokes of the "hack" are downward, adds materially to the force of the blow. One man will chip a crop in a week, and so familiar do both the chippers and dippers become with the appearance of the thousands of trees under their charge, that they are never known to make mistakes, or visit one out of its regular rotation. This appears marvellous to the stranger, to whom all the trees look alike, and who can distinguish no indicating signs amid the dead monotony of the woods. The wonderful perception by which, without a moment's reflection, any one tree can be selected from amid ten thousand apparently exactly like it, and its condition accurately described, is akin to the most delicate instinct of wild animals.

Each of these three classes of woodsman has a certain task allotted him to be finished within the week, and until it is completed he must remain in the woods on his particular crop, but when through with it he may come in to the settlement surrounding the still, and remain there until Monday morning. While in the woods he sleeps and stores his provisions in a hut of poles or plats covered with earth, which often resembles the burrow of a wild animal more than a human habitation. These little huts, in all stages of dilapidation, may be seen here and there among the trees along most lines of Southern railways; and often for many miles they are the only objects that relieve the weary monotony of the flat pine forests, and attract the eye of the passenger from the car window. The occupant of one of these primitive shelters receives fifty cents per day for his labor, and a ration of a peck of corn meal, five pounds of bacon, and a quart of syrup per week. Should he desire to vary or add to this meagre bill of fare he must do so at his own expense.

The still consists of a huge iron caldron, beneath which is a brick furnace. From the copper cap of the caldron a large neck enters a tank of water, where it becomes a worm, extending spirally to the bottom. A charge of turpentine is placed in the caldron, and, as it melts, the chips, sticks, leaves, etc., are removed with a coarse wire skimmer, and thrown into the furnace, where they produce an intense heat. As soon as the turpentine begins to boil, the cap is fastened down, all crevices are chinked with clay, and a small stream of water from the tank is directed into it. The steam rising from this boiling mixture passes through the cap and into the worm, where it condenses, and from which it flows a colorless liquid. It is received in a cask placed at the bottom of the tank, where it immediately separates into its component parts—water and pure spirits of turpentine. The latter, being much the lighter, remains on top, is dipped out with a gallon measure, and poured into a barrel the interior of which has previously received a coating of melted glue.

By occasionally examining a tumblerful of the fluid as it passes from the tank the superintendent of the still discovers when all

spirits have been extracted from the turpentine, stops the flow of water into the caldron, and soon afterward orders the charge drawn. An iron cock on the lower side of the caldron is opened, and an amber-colored stream of liquid resin gushes forth, and distributes itself over a broad surface of fine copper wire netting, to which it is confined by wooden sides. Passing through this, it is met by another net or strainer of wire so fine that the mesh is almost invisible. Even this is not sufficiently fine, and again the straining process is repeated, this time through sheets of cotton batting. After these careful strainings the resin is drawn into barrels, in which it cools and hardens.

Resin is graded as "water-white," "window-glass," N, M, and back through the alphabet to A, the finer grades being obtained from the first few weeks' run of turpentine, and the coarser from a later run and from the scrapings of the boxes after the gum has ceased to flow freely.

The season lasts from the first of March until the end of October, and in April, when this Satilla still was visited, it was producing "window-glass" a grade of resin as clear and as transparent as gum-copal. It seemed as though in it the perfection of "clarity" had been reached; but the superintendent assured us of the existence of a finer grade, though he admitted that in his twenty years of experience in "turpentining" he had never seen it.

In this still the product of thirteen barrels of turpentine is two barrels of spirits of turpentine, eight of resin, and enough "resin chips" to feed the furnace. As four charges can be drawn during the day, each day's product of a still of average capacity is eight barrels of spirits and thirty-two of resin.

Tar is produced by the slow combustion of light-wood or very resinous pine in a kiln, and pitch by the melting of inferior grades of resin.

KIRK MUNROE.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

DR. JOS. HOLT, New Orleans, La., says: "I have frequently found it of excellent service in cases of debility, loss of appetite, and in convalescence from exhaustive illness, and particularly of service in treatment of women and children."—[Adv.]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE

Promotes a Vigorous and Healthy Growth of the Hair. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out, and has never failed to arrest its decay. Use BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS—the best.—[Adv.]

No sooner did Blackwell & Co secure the confidence of all smokers by the purity and excellence of Blackwell's Durham Long Cut, than a swarm of imitators arose to palm off inferior tobacco as Durham. The name is very taking, and is one will deceive novices, unless they make sure that the Durham Bull is on the tobacco they buy.—[Adv.]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[Adv.]

Halford Sauce enriches gravies, stews, chops, &c. Halford Sauce—beware of colorable imitations.—[Adv.]

A WOMAN'S WOES.

A TALE OF SUFFERING, WITH A SEQUEL OF HAPPINESS.—SOME DOMESTIC EXPERIENCES.

The following letter to the Kansas City *Times* describing the striking, almost dramatic, experience of an American lady is so interesting, and pictures so clearly the feelings and emotions of others, that we reproduce it entire. It will be found very readable and instructive:

Messrs. Editors:

Did I not know that this land is filled with women who are unhappy and cannot tell the reason, nor miserable when they have every reason to be joyous, I should not venture to address you this letter. I believe, however, I can offer some suggestions that will be valuable to all women and invaluable to many. When I was fifteen years old I presume I was happier and healthier than most girls in America to-day. I hardly knew what pain was except by hearsay. But the situation changed suddenly and severely. I became aware that something was undermining my life. I felt strange sensations that would come and go and then return with greater power than before. My side pained me at times, and again I would feel a dull aching between the shoulders. I had darting pains through my temples and a pressure on top of my head. I lost sleep, appetite, and flesh, and my friends feared I was going into a decline. I know that the feelings I then had are not an uncommon occurrence among women, both young and old, but I did not realize what it meant at that time, and so was careless—with what results will appear. From then until within the past two years I have seen but few comfortable days, and I am now fifty-five years old.

A few years after the events above stated my heart began to trouble me. At times I would feel acute darting pains and a gurgling as if water was forming. My entire right side enlarged, and I felt sharp cutting pangs through my lungs and around my shoulder blades. I could only breathe in catches or gasps, and then with the greatest effort. I was without appetite one day and the next very hungry, but always constipated. During all these years I did not know what these troubles meant, nor did I realize how terribly they must end. Of course I tried to overcome them; consulted doctors and used remedies, but it was of no avail. My troubles increased with the years; I had a severe pain in the small of the back; my teeth became loosened; my tongue swelled to twice its natural size; my gums were like sponges, bleeding freely at times, and my lungs and nose both bled on different occasions. At that time I felt cold chills running up my back, and I constantly expectorated a brown mucous substance that was very offensive. The fluids I passed were frequently like bloody milk, and then again almost solid albumen. For thirty years I did not know what it was to be free from headache. Occasionally I would have a feeling of suffocation followed by hot flashes and a profuse perspiration. God only knows what I suffered, for I cannot describe it. I only know that I existed and that my tired life was ebbing away with nothing to arrest decay.

I was in this condition a little over two years ago, and neither myself nor my friends expected or hoped for anything but death. Picture, if you can, nearly forty years of agony, and you can understand why we felt in that way. But a brighter day came. I began a new manner of treatment, and I saw new results. My pain became less intense. The most severe symptoms decreased. My hope revived, and I seemed awakening to another life. I continued to improve until my health and strength returned, thus enabling me to carry out a desire which I consider a duty in writing you this letter, and saying that my life, health, and hope for coming years are due wholly to Warner's Safe Cure, which has done wonders for me, and also restored many of my friends.

Many who may read these lines will possibly think I am over-enthusiastic. Is it possible to be over enthusiastic after being delivered from a life of misery and brought into a world of comfort and happiness? Was the blind man mentioned in the Bible, whose sight was restored, too enthusiastic? The fact is, I am only doing what I believe to be my duty in making my experience public, for I know there are myriads of women who are going into the same dark path unless they are warned in time and saved as I have been. This is a most serious matter, and one which concerns the welfare of the nation as well as the happiness of the people. If the mothers of this land are unhealthy, America will become a nation of invalids, and any means which can so safely and surely avert this danger as that which I have described, should be gladly welcomed by all true men and women.

MRS. W. MASON,

Topeka, Kansas. 271 Quincy Street.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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Is not possible when the blood is impure, and recovery from any ailment must be slow and uncertain while that condition continues. The Blood may be corrupted by the taint of Hereditary Scrofula, and the poisons of Mercurial and Contagious Diseases, and also by impurities implanted in it through excesses in living, improper food, derangement of the digestive and assimilatory organs, and other causes. The first external evidences of such vitiation are Blackheads, Pimples, Sties, Eruptions, and Boils. Yet more serious are the symptoms showing its internal effects in depression of the Spirits, Lassitude, Weariness without effort, Headaches, Dizziness, and enfeebled circulation. Be warned in time!

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only medicine that will thoroughly purify the blood. In millions of cases, during nearly forty years in which it has been the best hope of humanity suffering from vitiation of the life-current, it has effected cures beyond the power of any other remedy. Leading physicians know its composition from the most powerful alteratives, diuretics, and tonics, and prescribe it in their practice.

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Lundborg's Perfume, Marechal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
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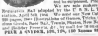

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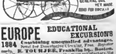

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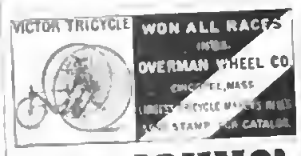

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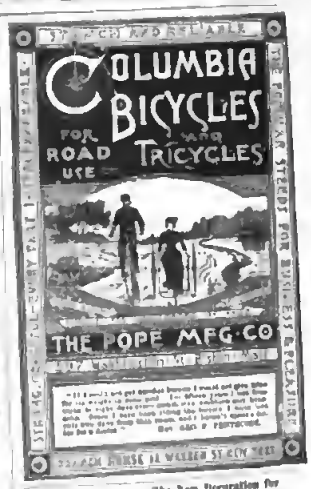

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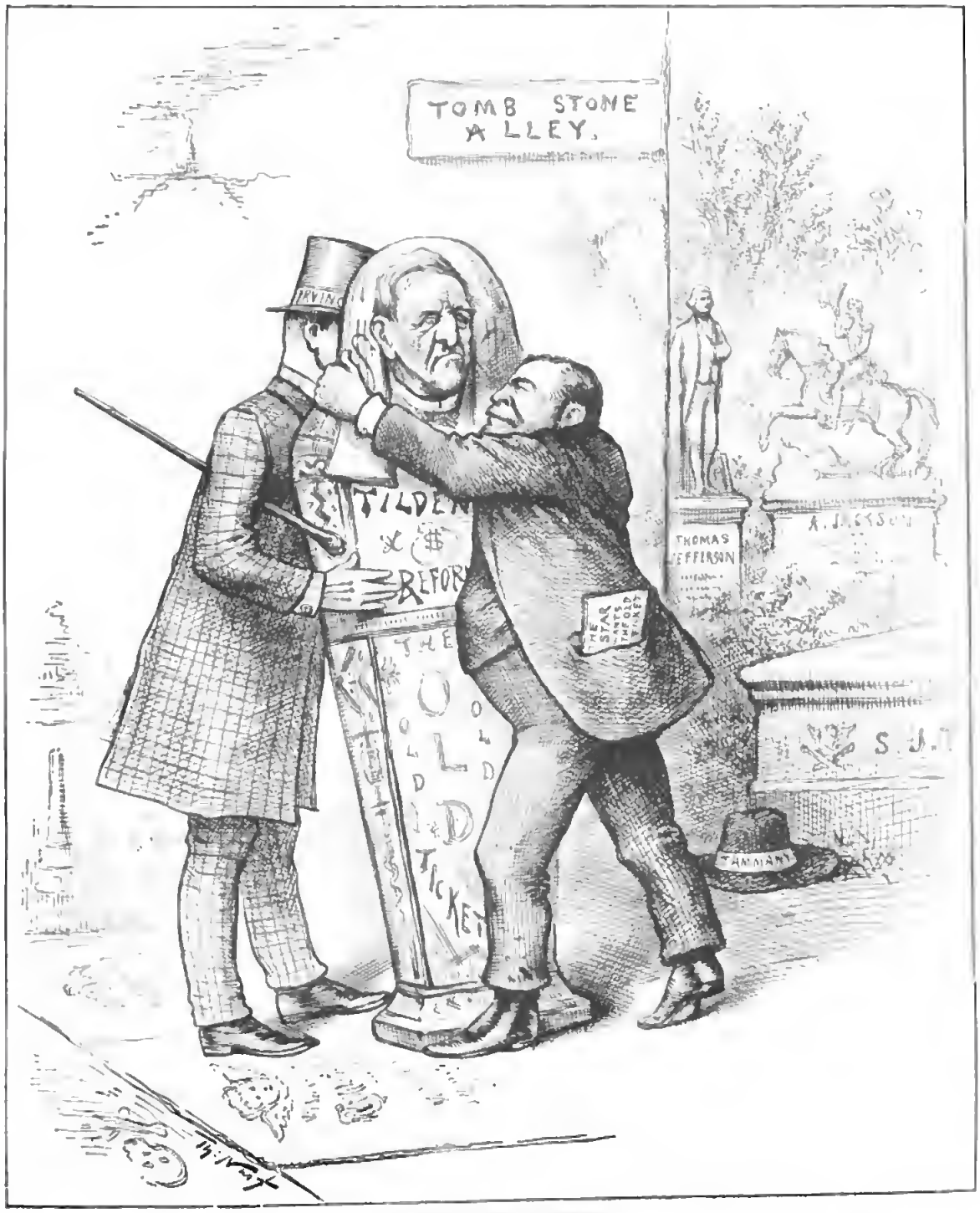

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE-SNATCHING.

JACKSON to JEFFERSON. "Thomas, I really begin to fear that we are not safe here."

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1884.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

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Published May 20, contains two complete stories,

"A LITTLE GOOD FOR NOTHING,"

by AGNES CARR, *illustrated, and* "WHERE THEY WENT, AND HOW THEY GOT THERE," *by* WINITE MCKAI, *in addition to the third chapter of the serial* "*Left Behind*"

MISS SARAH COOPER *contributes one of her entertaining articles on the curiosities of animal life, her subject this time being* "*Spiders*"; *and the* REV. A. W. PIERCE *describes fully and clearly, with the aid of numerous drawings, how to make a Folding Canvas Canoe.*

Besides the illustrations to MISS COOPER'S *article and the canoe, there is an excellent double-page picture, entitled* "*The Lean Canoe,*" *engraved after the painting by* FRANK VERNON, *and a very charming drawing entitled* "*Daffy-down Dilly,*" *by* MRS. BEARD.

THE NEW VOTERS

WHILE the issues upon which the Republican and Democratic parties have been long arrayed against each other have in great part ceased to be prominent, it must not be forgotten that a new generation of voters, which has grown to manhood since the war ended, will appear at the polls this year. Their votes will be very effective in determining the result, but they will not be affected by the considerations which will hold old Republicans and Democrats to their party allegiance. These new voters will regard chiefly principles and persons, and not associations or traditions; and it is these voters whom a shrewd Republican, who would support any party candidate, had in mind when he said to a friend who asked why the party should not nominate any man whom it chose, "Because it might choose to nominate a candidate whom it could not elect." It is the absence of any exclusive issue, and the presence of this body of new voters, which make it useless to confine the preliminary discussion to the mere party lines. In other words, the first and most significant party consideration in contemplating the nomination is the trite truth that party lines are exceedingly relaxed, and that the party name and tradition will be necessarily less powerful than in any election in which the Republican party has taken part.

In 1856 the Republican campaign was the expression of a great moral conviction. In 1860 it was the determined assertion of the policy of non-extension of slavery. In 1864 it was the pledge of unconditional prosecution of the war. In 1868 it was adhesion to the Congressional scheme of reconstruction. In 1872 it was opposition to an unnatural alliance. In 1876 it was a demand for reform. In 1880 it was a protest against a third term and a cabal of bosses. Obviously in the last two elections the mere party impulse was much weakened, and this year it will be weaker than ever before. There is, nevertheless, a disposition in some quarters to draw the party lines very closely but arbitrarily. Thus we observe that certain papers which have been accustomed strenuously to support the Republican policy and candidates are described by other papers of the same kind as unsound upon certain cardinal points of party policy, and we have seen one invitation to all Republicans who disapprove a redundant revenue and who favor a reasonable revenue reform to betake themselves bag and baggage to the Democratic party. Suppose they did so. Suppose that in the State of New York alone the Republicans who hold such views, and who, disposed earnestly to support the Republican party, ask for a candidate worthy of the party, should pass over to the Democratic side, would the chances of Republican victory be increased?

The attempt to make a question upon which the parties are not directly opposed the paramount question in a national election is futile. We have often asked, and we ask again, if the Democrats declare for incidental protection and the Republicans for favoring American industry, how is the question of encouragement to American labor to be made the crucial issue of the election? The urgent attempt to represent it as such is a device which will not avail. It is the effort to concentrate attention upon a policy and to divert it from a candidate. In the midst of an actual emergency, or when parties divide upon a great and plain policy, if candidates are strongly identified with it or against it, personal considerations in regard to them are obscured and condoned. That, however, is not the present situation. Never since the Republican party was formed will personal considerations be more essential elements of the controversy. And this situation is not likely to be disturbed by the action of the Democratic Convention. If the MORRISON contest should be carried to that Convention, and pressed there with clear and definite success for either wing of the party, the party would have surrendered the election. Therefore such a contest will be compromised. The Democratic party will not disband at Chicago. It will not proclaim itself to be a free trade party, but it will quietly whisper incidental protection. It will recur to its old and amusing cry of "Turn the rascals out," and the character and purpose of the Republican party will be tested more than ever by its candidate. The new voters and a great body of the old voters will vote or decline to vote, not according to the party professions, but according to the party action as shown in its nominations.

THE INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN CIRCULAR.

THE circular of the Independent Republican Committee in New York, issued after a long and ample correspondence with Independent Republicans in this State and elsewhere, is a very important document, because it can not fail to have great influence with all rounded delegates to Chicago. The circular is temperate and respectful in tone, for it is an address of Republicans to Republicans. It states the truths which have not ceased to be true because they have become perfectly evident, that a nomination which would necessarily arouse factional fury within the party, or which would alarm voters of sound financial views, or which threatened a disturbing foreign policy, or which involved a personal defense, would be in the highest degree unwise, for it would probably insure defeat in New York.

No Republican can seriously deny these statements of the circular, and every intelligent Republican in New York knows that while it makes no threat and hurls no defiance, the circular speaks for a body of voters who will determine the election in this State, and who will not support a candidate who is objectionable for any of the reasons mentioned.

The question of the circular, therefore, is most pertinent—why burden the Republican party with an objectionable candidate? Why disregard considerations which are so familiar as to be commonplace, but only because of their evident truth? These considerations have been nowhere presented more forcibly and calmly than in this circular, and they will not be swept away by gusts of enthusiasm or by sneers at supernatural politics. It is because the old Stalwart machine had no other answer than such sneers to the arraignment of honest and progressive Republicanism that it has been tumbled into the mire. It is not the feeble cries and discredited tactics of the old machine that will secure a Republican victory this year.

MONACO IN WALL STREET

THE painful disclosures in the failure of GRANT & WARD and the late panic have produced a natural feeling of insecurity which extends quite beyond the speculators and traders in Wall Street to the great community of staid people who have more or less money to invest. Such events as that failure and the state of things which it reveals are public disasters, because they shake faith in that personal honor upon which all business proceeds. It is that loss of confidence which produces panics. One aspect of the affair has been well improved by the *Tribune*, which points out that when the Boston Women's Bank failed it was generally said that it proved the incompetency of women for practical business, because no one but a woman would ever suppose that she could receive legitimately and steadily such enormous interest upon investments. But in the present case one member of a firm of young men who were known not to be rich, and whose capital was only $400,000, by mysterious allusions to contracts, and by paying out deposits as profits to the amount of sixty per cent. per annum, inveigled business men and "long heads" to advance hundreds of thousands of dollars, which were simply "bagged" by the agent of the swindle. Indeed, instead of pitying the women who are caught in such snares, it would seem to be more reasonable to despise the men.

There would be no sympathy and no serious results at such times if disaster could be confined to the actual gamblers. But the temptation is so irresistable to make ten dollars a hundred and a thousand that the poor and thoughtless are caught and ruined. It is Baden and Monaco under another name. At those resorts the fascinated man or woman, eager to make money swiftly, risks on the red or the black—takes a single turn in the wheel—throws the dice—turns the card—and is maddened either by success or failure. It is the same thing in an office like that of GRANT & WARD. One of the stories is that one man who ventured fifty thousand dollars found them swollen in a few days to two hundred and fifty thousand, and believing that the next turn would bring them to the half million, turned the whole in again—and lost all. Most of the victims know nothing of the details and the mysteries of Wall Street speculation. They are as ignorant and helpless as the other victims who risk their louis-d'ors at the German baths.

But, men and brethren, as Mr. GREELEY used to say in an emergency, how many such traps are still set in Wall Street! how many such victims are daily taking the direful risk! No words of warning and no laws will deter them from the fascinating game of such a revelation as that which has been made of recent stock gambling transactions does not alarm them. But it is an impeachment of legislative wisdom if no laws are found to punish those who set such traps, and whose swindles are a conspiracy against the common good faith which makes all business intercourse possible. The forlorn tramp who steals a loaf or a coat or a pair of shoes is pursued with every rigorous form of law, and the utmost disgrace and punishment are awarded to him. It is only fair that the thief in fine clothes who does infinitely more wrong should be made to suffer also. The most painful part of the first of the recent failures is the discovery that the name of General GRANT, who is thereby made a double victim of the frauds, was used to promote the knavery. The association of his name with the transaction is most unfortunate, but, as we said last week, it is a misfortune in which he has the sympathy of the country; and if, as is alleged, it involves his complete loss of property, the House, with the approval of the country, will certainly not hesitate to pass the bill introduced by Mr. EDMUNDS, which has already unanimously passed the Senate.

THE RACE PROBLEM.

A CORRESPONDENT in Alabama takes us to task for the tone of hostility which he finds in the allusions of the WEEKLY to Southern politics and society, and he especially designates our assertion that several Southern States, except for fraud and intimidation of the colored citizens, would be Republican in politics. Our correspondent says that Mississippi, Louisiana, and South Carolina are the only States in which, according to the last census, there is an actual colored majority of the population, and he holds that, according to his own observation, it is unfair to say that all the colored citizens vote the Republican ticket, while the colored Democratic vote is steadily increasing, although there is intimidation of colored Democrats by colored Republicans. On the other hand, an original Union man in Arkansas asserts that throughout the war the colored people were in perfect concord with the Union men in their own States and with the Union soldiers, and that from 1862 the colored people were unshaken in the faith that the war would emancipate them, although the white Union men could not see it. Our Arkansas correspondent affirms that there can be no doubt of the Republicanism of Louisiana, with two thousand more colored than white people; of Mississippi, with sixty-two thousand more, and of South Carolina, with one hundred and twenty-six thousand more; and he thinks, although he makes no claim, that with the large Republican vote in Alabama and Florida, those States, with fair play, would also be Republican.

The reason of the case certainly seems to be with him, nor can any man who knows the facts and considers human nature doubt that the great body of the colored voters in the Southern States are Republican, and that Mississippi and South Carolina, in a free and fair election, would be certainly Republican. But this is not the point of our Alabama correspondent. He asks whether intelligent Republicans in the Northern States will not candidly consider the race problem in the Southern States, although he says plainly that "pretty much all the moral sense and integrity, the high and lofty purpose, and noble aim," of the Republican party are gone with its great leaders and fathers, and, indeed, in his sharp arraignment of the party, he forgets to state how the race problem is to be treated, except by the abandonment of the Republican party by its more honest and intelligent members.

This would hardly solve the problem properly, although we fully agree that the question is one of the utmost gravity and importance. Our correspondent, however, will not forget that in the Southern States, where the Democratic party holds undisputed control, it has made no effort whatever to solve the problem upon any other basis than that of the subordination of the colored people as a kind of Pariah class. If we are mistaken in this, and if there has been any sincere Democratic endeavor to deal with colored citizens as politically and civilly equal—as, for instance, all citizens of whatever national nativity are treated in the rest of the country—we shall willingly acknowledge our error. Our correspondent's own party is plainly unequal to the task, and while we concede that it is unpatriotic and ungenerous to slander any section of the country, we can not admit that the dominance of the Democratic party would bring us nearer to the result which our correspondent desires.

MR EDMUNDS AND REFORM.

THOSE who inquire how Mr. EDMUNDS has ever shown any interest in the reform of the civil service, if they push their inquiries far enough, will ascertain that in 1871, when the first so-called Civil Service Commission met at Washington, Mr. EDMUNDS was the only Senator who seemed to take a hearty and intelligent interest in the question, or who regarded it as other than a rather weak and foolish party dodge in view of the "Liberal" disaffection of that year. On the 14th of December, 1871, he introduced a bill embodying the reformed views, and which was substantially the bill first introduced by Mr. PENDLETON four years ago. This bill Mr. EDMUNDS advocated in an admirable speech, in which he said:

"An inquiry into the methods of excluding public patronage from being used in the operations of politics is a very proper subject of inquiry. I have endeavored ever since I have been in Congress to accomplish that thing. The very theory of civil service reform is invested in the fact that it is to withdraw from Executive or Congressional patronage — and the patronage is much more largely Congressional than it is Executive—the offices of the government. If there is anything in this country which the people have been taught to believe is of value, it is education, as the foundation of morality, the ally of religion, the hope and basis of progress. If this is a thing which is essential and valuable in the administration of affairs, there must be some way of bringing it into the public service. . I should hope that, wherever there is public duty to be performed which does not require political administration, great political principle, or political policy, but only requires the fidelity of the citizen best known for his virtue and his education and his capacity to fill that trust, we might, as in the early days of the republic, select him without asking him whether he believes in this or that particular political policy."

On the 29th of December, 1877, he wrote a long letter in reply to a note from President HAYES, in which he surveys the whole subject, showing that the spoils system makes the office-holder the personal adherent of the Senator or Representative or politician who secures him his place, and naturally improperly affects the relations between the executive and legislative branches of the government and their official action. Mr. EDMUNDS states, with characteristic decorous moderation, but with equally characteristic precision and vigor, the radical evils and abuses which the literature of the reform has since made familiar, and he says:

"I think these can be greatly mitigated by an entire cessation by Senators and Representatives of volunteer advice or solicitation respecting appointments, and by the establishment by law of definite regulations respecting selection for many offices and employments and of the terms upon which they shall be held, so that the executive branch and the legislative bodies may be and feel perfectly free in their respective spheres, and so that the holders of office may feel that they are the servants of the law, and not the personal tenants at will in their places of either heads of departments or Congressmen."

Mr EDMUNDS has always supported every reasonable movement for reform, and during the debate on the PENDLETON bill he was one of its most earnest friends and champions. He is also the author of the law prohibiting political assessments, which is substantially that of Senator HAWLEY, which was incorporated in the reform bill as it passed. There is, in fact, no member of Congress and no conspicuous public man in the country who has been longer or more steadfastly the friend of the reformed system than Senator EDMUNDS.

INDIAN EDUCATION.

THE Indian appropriation bill has passed the Senate after a warm debate. The whole amount thus appropriated for the Indian Department is $6,000,000, which is nearly a million more than last year. Of this amount the sum of $1,166,000 is designed for Indian education, which is about $400,000 more than the appropriation of last year.

Those who have not followed the movement for the cause of the Indians, but who are generally interested in the subject, may be glad to know that the tone of the debate in the Senate showed an indisposition to change the present system of Indian education, and to know also that the best and most intelligent friends of the Indians—among whom Mr HERBERT WELSH, of Philadelphia, must be mentioned with special honor—have favored the action which has been now taken by the Senate.

Indeed, as Congress becomes aware of a vigilant public interest in the Indian question, and an intelligent scrutiny of Congressional action upon the subject, the Indian problem will rapidly approach a reasonable adjustment. The theory that Indians are treacherous and disgusting creatures, who must be put out of the way by any means, and as soon as possible, is unworthy of an intelligent people; and it would not be difficult to show that among the Indians we have ourselves produced most of the evils of which we complain.

CHARLES O'CONOR.

MR. O'CONOR was a very able lawyer and a very interesting character. He had especially the genius of the advocate in the thorough preparation of his cases, and the instinct of their successful management. We heard lately a characteristic anecdote of an incident in the FORREST case, in which Mr. O'CONOR was Mrs. FORREST's counsel. He had called Mr. FORREST to the witness-box, and after a few ordinary, perfunctory inquiries about his name, profession, etc., he suddenly asked a most incriminating and vitally important question, which threw Mr FORREST into the utmost confusion, and he stood stammering and changing color for the few moments during which the astounded JOHN VAN BUREN was getting upon his legs to object. When the objection was made, Mr. O'CONOR said, significantly, "Certainly, if the answer will incriminate the witness, I withdraw the question." But the object was accomplished. The jury had seen the confusion and dismay. The impression was produced, "and in that moment," said the narrator, "the case was gained."

Most able in the law and dexterous at the bar, of great simplicity of character and charming in private life, in his views of public questions Mr. O'CONOR was utterly eccentric and unsound. During the prime of his life the vital public question in the country was slavery, and he held slavery to be the proper condition of people whose skins were not white. He was one of the worst of the "Union savers" when that phrase meant the lackeys of slavery. He practically argued in the LEMMON case that New York ought to recognize slavery; and in the Academy of Music, just before the war, he made a speech which it is strange and sad that any enlightened American could have made.

Like all the men of his time in this country who upheld slavery as a divine and wise system, he grotesquely called himself a Democrat. But he was incorruptible and without political ambition, and in the latter part of his life he rejected all party names, and held that parties threatened the existence of the government. His generous and kindly nature, and his refreshing intellectual independence and moral courage, made him latterly a delightful companion, and although long withdrawn from the activities of professional or public life, his reminiscences of other days, and his comments upon the men and movements of these days, were always striking and interesting.

A PARTING BLOW.

THE Republicans in the Assembly of New York who voted against the bill for reorganizing the Bureau of Elections in this city dealt a parting blow at Republican prospects in the election. The control of registering and counting the votes in this city is now committed by the Police Board to the chairman of the Republican Central Committee. Nothing could be more manifestly improper. The reform bill proposed to intrust the count to two commissioners, one of each party, to be appointed by the chief judges of the higher local courts. The present system is in itself so indefensible that it is useless to insist that the present management has been fair.

The present management makes "deals," and believes deals to be "practical" politics. By rejecting the reform bill thirty-nine Republicans have joined hands with twenty-four Democrats, who represent Tammany political morals and methods, and with the moral certainty that a bargain will be made in the autumn between the Tammany and the Republican machine politicians. In the present condition of the public mind there could be no more stupid proceeding, for everything which tends to identify Republicanism in New York with electoral corruption tends to elect a Democratic President.

Moreover, the credit which the Legislature had gained for the party by the passage of the other reform bills is largely lost by the defeat of this bill. The weak link measures the strength of the chain. The reasons for the passage of this measure were as strong as those which secured the success of the others, and the failure to pass it suggests only doubt as to the motives which were effective in the case of the others. We observe with amusement some of the Republican names recorded against this bill, and they will certainly be remembered by the constituencies.

PERSONAL.

THE directors of the Museum of Natural History are carrying out a plan which may make that institution a resort for students from all parts of the world. They have sent a competent man, Professor WARD, to the eastern shore of Africa for the purpose of buying specimens of the rarest animals of all kinds to be found on the Dark Continent, and of bringing them to the Museum, where they will be stuffed and placed on the shelves. They are also gathering an extraordinary collection of animals whose habitat is the United States only. This is the way to run a museum of natural history.

—Mr H C. BUNNER has struck many a sympathetic note in his volume of poems, *Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere*, and by the width of a rich personal experience, and the fidelity of his pen thereto, has made a real contribution to literature. It is a feat to write such a book and to edit *Puck* simultaneously.

—A Russian peasant in the eighteenth century was punished for having said of his sovereign: "Since God sent him to be Czar we have had no happy days. The village is weighed down with furnishing rubles and half-rubles, horses and carts, and there is no rest for us peasants."

—Will Colonel MAPLESON be with us next year? Who can tell? Will PATTI be here, or GERSTER, or NILSSON? Who knows? But who believes that our next musical season will be as brilliant as the one just closed? And was there ever one so brilliant in any other city of the world?

—The Rev. NATHAN SITES, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who has been a missionary in China for the past twenty-three years, is now in Washington, soliciting subscriptions for the benefit of the non-sectarian college at Foochow.

—MIDHAT Pasha, recently Grand Vizier, was a man of European education, whose acquaintance with Occidental customs led him to grant many civil rights to the Christians of the Turkish Empire; but history will probably never find out to what extent he was implicated in the assassination of his sovereign the Sultan ABDUL-AZIZ.

—Mr A. S. HATCH's disaster in Wall Street will be a loss to the poor and the degraded. He had been a man of large charities, and a pillar of many benevolent institutions that will suffer in the absence of his generosity.

—Mr BOUCICAULT disappointed his audience in his lecture on the art of acting. His views were mostly superficial. It was only another instance of the artistic incapacity for criticism. Where the creative instinct is most active, the critical faculty is least trustworthy. Not that Mr. BOUCICAULT's creative instinct was ever too active, however.

—THEODORE THOMAS has again made his influence felt in the two splendidly successful series of Wagnerian concerts. We should have had such concerts without him, because the stronger current of taste lies now in that direction, but we should not have had them so good and so soon.

—At present, says a British reviewer, England is simply begging Europe to come and help her out of the result of her own bad management, to take part of his many responsibilities off a steward so incapable that the estate under his care has become wholly bankrupt. This is the attitude into which celebrated men of business like Mr GLADSTONE, Mr CHILDERS, and Mr CHAMBERLAIN, experienced diplomatists like Lord GRANVILLE and Sir CHARLES DILKE, men of weight and sense and practice in affairs like Lord HARTINGTON and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, have brought England in this year of grace 1884.

—The meaningless desire of distinction which possesses uneducated people has brought the London suburbs to such a pass, complains a recent essayist, that song-birds are trapped, strangled, and carried to town to sell by a ne'er-do-well set of tradesmen—the bird-fanciers; and that even flowers are being exterminated—particularly primroses, to be worn by omnibus drivers on "Primrose Day."

—The vicar of SHAKESPEARE's birth-place, Stratford-on-Avon, is admonished by one of his countrymen that besides the relation in which he stands to his parish, he is also, in a peculiar sense, a trustee for the nation of which that parish is a part, and that accordingly he should be loath to alter the structure of a church building of great architectural merit, consecrated by memories dear to every Briton—and, we may add, to every descendant of Britons.

—In any game of foot-ball, shins, of course, will suffer (writes a veteran observer), and here and there a collar-bone will snap. Shins, no doubt, grow tenderer with advancing years, which is one reason, perhaps, why with advancing years the game should be put aside.

—The *Saturday Review*: "A thousand little artistic touches make BARNUM's One and Only Greatest Show on Earth a pure joy and a well-spring of pleasure to the man of receptive mind and humorous capacity. The American appetite for humor is enormous, and Mr BARNUM is part of what Mr. HOWELLS, speaking of Mark Twain, has happily called the 'great American joke.'"

—One member of the famous firm of HILL, DAWSON, & HARDY, which founded the celebrated Low Moor Iron-Works, was a Unitarian minister. Of Mr DAWSON it was said that he used to pay his colliers their wages on Sunday morning before service, "after which he would slip into his little chapel and read to his handful of hearers a few pages from a sermon-book that had been previously placed in readiness in the pulpit. He was a farmer as well as a colliery proprietor and minister of the Gospel. His hens were penned in the chapel grave-yard, and the fodder for his cattle was stored away in a part of the chapel itself. It was no wonder that a man who had so many engagements apart from his ministry should find his congregation gradually dwindling."

—Mr EDWIN ARNOLD, author of "The Light of Asia," has translated an Arabic poem on the death of the Duke of Albany, the last stanza of which is addressed to Queen VICTORIA:

"With thee thy grief all thy vast realm is grieving,
From rising unto setting of the sun.
Think not alone of Albion, Queen, bethinking
That kingdom only in the mourning one,
Mother, thine Eastern sons in this bereaving
Bring pity, love, and reverence to thy throne."

A son of Mr ARNOLD is now visiting this country. He has been described by one of our celebrated wits as "the moonlight of Asia."

—Professor VIRCHOW, to the students of Edinburgh University: "I never was hostile to DARWIN. But whoever investigates the subject of development comes upon the question of the creation of life. Does life arise from a peculiar arrangement of inorganic atoms under certain conditions? This is possible; but the highest possibility is only a speculation, and in science it is not hypotheses that decide, but facts. . In my judgment no skull hitherto discovered can be regarded as that of a predecessor of man. Still, from the earliest period the organization of man has been regarded, and can only be regarded, as an animal organization, and therefore from a zoological point of view the body of a man must be regarded as belonging to the animal kingdom."

—The Dean of St Paul's, in the "Men of Letters" series, observes that BACON's first teaching about nature was that she must be won by observation of her tendencies and demands; that the same disposition to yield reveals itself in his dealings with men—they too must be won by yielding to them, by going into the drift of their humor, and by subtly and pliantly falling in with it. But nature and man are different powers and under different laws, and BACON lacked in dealing with men that sincerity on which he insisted so strongly in his dealings with nature and with knowledge, and the ruin of a great life was the consequence.

—MAX MÜLLER, on Buddhist charity: "To give not only alms out of our abundance, but all that is dearest to us in the world—life, wife, children—and thus to save the world from ignorance, sin, and transmigration, this is Buddhist charity. BUDDHA says, 'As a mother, at the risk of her own life, protects her child, so let love prevail.' He turned to the rich and said: 'Give; give all that is wanted. Give, because nothing belongs to you; give, because life is a shadow; give to all, because what you leave to your own children only may become a curse rather than a blessing.' We wonder what room there can be for charity in so bountiful a land as India, where even now a man lives on twenty-five cents a week, a woman on even less, and a married couple on twenty-five dollars a year."

—Mr HENRY BRYAN expresses his desire to be amused in the midst of the cares of a laborious existence and the keenness of his sympathies, which make him miserable after he has attended a funeral or visited a sick-room. He seeks the theatre, he says, when he thinks that it will give him a good laugh. In this respect he resembles the late Mr GEORGE HENRY LEWES, who once wrote: "There are men who can sit in a café, or smoke and dawdle away the post-prandial hours, and be content. I am less easily contented, and whenever I am away from my own hearth-rug the shades of evening bring with them a restless desire for music or dramatic entertainment."

—A picturesque sight was seen in the streets of Richmond, Virginia, a few weeks ago. In a large chariot, gilded like one of BARNUM's, and provided with a brass band, sat a handsome woman of gypsy appearance, dressed in a Spanish costume. Her husband (or some other man) was selling a patent medicine in the back part of the chariot, while she, on the front seat, was extracting teeth for nothing. Her principal customers were negroes, and it was amusing to see the celerity with which she performed an operation, and the energy with which she shoved the patient aside, either to make room for another, or else to prevent her dress from being soiled by the ruby flow.

—Colonel INGERSOLL argues that the promulgation of his views does the State service, because the world's general goodness and the number of its infidels were never so large as at present. But the increase of civilization, which results mainly from the increase of knowledge and the increase of commerce, has at least something to do with the world's goodness.

—Shortly before his marriage to Miss HARE, Mr FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE wrote to her: "I feel that I am to be a man of war, against all parties, that I may be a peace-maker between all men." If MAURICE made enemies by the expression of his opinions, adds one of his friends, no one ever exercised a deeper influence on those who knew him personally. His sympathy with his fellow-men, his passionate scorn of intolerance and wrong, his earnest faith, and his exalted spirit, which now and again burst through the natural nervousness of his disposition with a torrent of eloquent words, endeared him not merely to his private friends, but to all who were brought into close connection with him. TENNYSON, it will be remembered, spoke of MAURICE as "a man that is dear to God."

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THE NEW YORK AMBULANCE SERVICE.—Drawn by E. Meeker.—[See Page 335.]

THE LATE CHARLES O'CONOR.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY MORA.

THE SIAMESE AMBASSADOR, PRINCE KROM MUM NARÈS VARAREDDHI.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL.—(SEE PAGE 330.)

CHARLES O'CONOR.

It was characteristic of CHARLES O'CONOR that in his last sickness, having become convinced that there was no hope of his regaining his health, he required of his physician to abstain from all efforts to prolong life, and to confine his treatment to the alleviation of suffering. And, at the age of eighty, neither the weight of years nor the sharp agonies of a painful and fatal malady bent the iron will or obscured the calm intelligence of this remarkable man. At the time of his death Mr O'CONOR was undoubtedly, in the estimate of the profession, the greatest lawyer of the country, but he had retired from active labor seventeen years before, and to this generation his splendid reputation was almost as much a tradition as is that of RUFUS CHOATE, or, as a lawyer, DANIEL WEBSTER. This is not to say, however, that the reputation was not well founded. It is generally agreed that the elements of Mr O'CONOR's superiority as a lawyer were his vast learning, his minute and tenacious memory, his subtle faculty of discrimination, the patient mastery of the details of his cases, his indomitable zeal, and, though last not least, his essential elevation of character. His conscientiousness, indeed, was one of his most constant and most marked traits. He was incapable of defending a cause he did not believe in, and quite unable to refuse to defend one in which he did believe. This was shown in the cases in which he was engaged which involved political issues. He was almost the only Northern lawyer of distinction who undertook to maintain the right of a slave-holder to the services of a fugitive slave, and was probably the only one who in so doing was able to maintain the moral and ethical as well as the constitutional and legal authority of the Fugitive Slave Law. In the LEMMON slave case he in effect supported the right of a slave-owner to carry his "property," and to preserve his control over it, into every State of the Union. No one who heard that case argued by him and by Mr EVARTS can easily forget the contest of the intellectual giants. Mr O'CONOR was keen, cold, logical, precise, profoundly earnest, but indifferent to rhetorical effect, and superbly bold in stripping his statement of the law and the facts of every moral consideration. Mr EVARTS was as relentless in his logic and as luminous in his statements but his address to the Appeals justices glowed throughout with the fire of a restrained but profound sentiment. It might have been justified in law had the decision been with Mr O'CONOR, but the embodiment in the DRED SCOTT decision of the ideas he advanced in

THE LATE CYRUS H. MCCORMICK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. ROCHER.—(SEE PAGE 330.)

STATUE OF CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL, WASHINGTON, D.C.—PHOTO. BY MORA.—(SEE PAGE 331.)

the Lemmon case did more than any other one thing to precipitate the appeal from the Supreme Bench to the Arbiter still more supreme.

In politics Mr. O'Conor was an extreme advocate of the extremest doctrine of State rights, and of the Southern corollary to State rights, the inherent unfitness of the negroes for freedom. To these doctrines he clung with marvellous tenacity, and with entire scorn of the consequences to his personal fortunes. He went down to offer his services to defend Mr. Jefferson Davis, in the anticipated trial for treason, with entire confidence that he could not only convince a "jury of the vicinage" that his client was innocent, but with the belief that he could put a new construction on the Constitution, whose meaning had been established by war. And in his letter declining the Independent Democratic nomination for President in 1872 he advanced theories which had about as close relation to the then condition of affairs as an essay on the feudal law of suzerainty.

But it is not for what he was or was not in politics that Mr. O'Conor will be remembered. It is for his great power as a lawyer, and for the stainless purity of his private life.

Charles O'Conor was born in this city, January 22, 1804, and died at his residence in Nantucket on the 12th inst., after an illness of about three weeks.

A GHOST STORY.

"I am going to be married, my dear. I can see the tease in your pretty eyes as you say to Harry, 'Poor Sibyl! she can never be as happy as we are.' Of course I can not. No woman can who does not marry her first love, while her past is without regret, and her future without shadow. But I am going to marry what is more rare than first love—perfection. Absolutely he has not a fault, and the wonder of wonders is that he should desire the society through life of one who is so full of faults as I am. He is clever, rich, amiable, good-looking, thirty-two, respected of all men, and (until within the past week) praised of all women. Can you wonder that dear mamma, who has been a little anxious about me this last year or so, is as happy as a queen, and that our acquaintances are all loud in their congratulations? But then, as they say, 'Sibyl Van Eyck has always been a lucky girl.' You and I, my Kate, might differ with them as to that, only it is not worth while recalling such a very old and commonplace mishap. Indeed, I am not without a realizing sense of my mercies myself, for that a young woman facing her thirtieth birthday as nearly as I do, and who has played fast and loose with such good cards as kindly Fate has hitherto thrust into her hands—that such a young woman should become Mrs. Brian Chester is truly a wonderful favor of Fortune. It is not the first time that you have seen his name in my letters, and I dare say that with your usual sagacity you have had suspicions of what might come to pass? Behold me at length on the eve of marriage, figuratively that is, for we are not to be married until June, and this is only January, but it seems very near to me.

"Shall I whisper something to you, my Kate, so low that not even Harry shall hear it? (I know you keep my secrets even from him.) I respect Brian Chester, I admire him, I am proud of his preference, and I feel safer and more at rest with him than I ever did in my life—yet, oh, Kate! Kate! it is not such a love as yours for Harry in the days of your love-making, not like mine for—the knight who wooed and rode away. Is it because I am twenty-eight, and such a dreadful flirt, as people say, or because Mr. Chester's affection for me is so very cheerful and matter of fact? He is evidently incapable of jealousy, and evinces a beautiful faith in me, which my past has scarcely justified. I ought to be immensely flattered, but I am not, for that perfect love which casteth out fear is divine, and far above poor, passionate, doubting humanity. Do not, however, imagine me so foolish as not to know that I am more nearly happy than I have been for years, and that I shall be a very contented woman as Mrs. Brian Chester. Kiss your small Violet for me, and give my love to Harry. I can trust him, whatever his criticisms may be, not to say, as Bob Lisle did when Mary Viney was married last month, 'Another old landmark gone!' Always your loving Sibyl."

With a faint smile at Mr. Lisle's very uncivil remark, Miss Van Eyck addresses her letter, and leaving her writing-table, seats herself in a low arm-chair near the fire.

"I will give it to him to post," she thinks, as she listlessly takes up the evening paper.

For a second or two she glances indifferently over it, and then she reads earnestly, while her face softens, her eyes fill, and two heavy tears fall on the paper as she drops it on her lap. Only a couple of verses, with no beauty or power beyond their truth, and yet they can send her thoughts back over eight years—such a long, long time out of one's youth!—and make her heart ache with pity for the difference between the woman of twenty-eight who is to marry Brian Chester and the girl of twenty who loved so foolishly and so tenderly that the ghost of a handsome, fond, false face can come between her and her future husband even now.

"He wraps me round with his riches,
He covers me up with his care,
And his love is the love of a manhood
Whose life is a living prayer.
I have plighted my woman's affections,
I have vowed my all in all,
And the flowers of daily contentment
Renew their lives ere they fall.

"But yet, like an instrument precious
That playeth an olden tune,
My heart, in the midst of its blessings,
Goes back to a day in June—
To a day when, beneath the branches,
I stood by a silent stream,
And saw in its bosom an image,
As one seeth a face in a dream."

Sibyl Van Eyck is a young woman usually very appreciative of the advantage of becoming surroundings, but just now she is quite unconscious that her fair head and slender figure in its pale blue trailing dress make a picture very pleasing to a man's eyes as she lies back in a crimson chair in the soft warm glow of the fire. Her thoughts have gone so far and so fast that she does not hear the door open and close, nor a man's quick step on the thick carpet. She has forgotten that she ought to be expecting Mr. Chester, until he seats himself beside her and takes calm possession of one of her hands. She comes back to the present then with such a start that he laughs.

"You look as if you had forgotten all about me!" and then gently kissing the hand he has taken, he lets it go, and leaning back in his chair, makes himself comfortable after the fashion, more easy than elegant, of our generation.

She colors like a school-girl, though she is "twenty-eight and such a dreadful flirt," and she puts the paper out of sight under the train of her dress.

"And if I had, sir?" she asks, lightly. "I dare say you forget me, often enough, for much more than five minutes!"

"Never," he says, rather shortly, and then, after an instant, "What were you crying for just now?"

"Do not you know that we women cry for anything, or nothing?"

"Not you; but do not tell me unless you wish to do so."

"I assure you I have no such intention," she says, gayly. "Does your lordship think that I shall make you my confessor?"

"Some day—yes," he answers, quietly, and looking not at her, but at the fire.

Very quickly she lifts her eyes to his face—a very frank and pleasant face, with a look that shows its owner well content with the world and himself, but just now a little graver than its wont, and she wonders, with a thrill of the same pity she had felt for herself, whether he too in the years which lie behind him has missed something of life's completeness.

"You and I are too old and worldly wise for that," she says, rather sadly.

"Old?—you child!" his eyes meeting hers with a smile half amused, half tender. "I am aware that you have reached the awful age of twenty-eight, Miss Van Eyck, and that you have had enough experience of the world to make you wise, but, for all that, you are a child, and a child in some things you will remain as long as you live."

"Ah! you do not know how much nicer I was ten years ago," she says, laughing nervously.

"If I have the bad taste to be content with you as you are, I do not see that it is of any consequence," he says, again taking her hand. "Besides, I do not believe it."

"I wish," she begins, wistfully, while tears stand in her eyes—"I wish that we had known each other then, and that I had never—never—"

"Never fancied you cared for some one else," he breaks in abruptly. "Look here, dear—here in my eyes," and he puts one arm about her, while he keeps her hand. "Tell me nothing yet; I am not a jealous man, nor afraid of ghosts, and it is not your past I want, but your present and your future."

When he is gone she stands before one of the long mirrors, smiling at herself rather defiantly.

"You have found your master, Miss Van Eyck," she is thinking: "a good master, a tender and true master, but just a little too sure of himself."

When Brian Chester enters his rooms, the first thing he does, after lighting the gas, is to find the evening paper, and glancing hastily over it, to read with sure instinct two verses in its columns.

"Very worldly-wise indeed, my poor little girl," he says to himself, as he lays it down with half a smile and half a sigh; "and a very shabby thing of me to hunt up the cause of your tears after refusing to hear it; but you are more mine now than you think, and you shall be altogether mine yet, in spite of the ghost."

But, for all that, his eyes have a troubled look not usual to them, and he smokes more cigars than are good for him before he goes to bed.

"If I were a jealous man (which, thank Heaven, I am not), I should endure some exceedingly uncomfortable hours," says Mr. Chester, smiling placidly, as he takes possession of Sibyl for a waltz, some six weeks later, at one of the last parties before Lent, "for upon my word these fellows seem to think that I have no right whatever to more than a stray dance."

"Being a philosopher (which, thank Heaven, you are), I suppose it makes no difference to you," she answers as they waltz off.

"I admire their good taste, and am thankful for what I can get at present; also I have some faint idea that Mrs. Chester will give up round dancing."

Sibyl pauses abruptly, and moves out of the circle of waltzers.

"Do not you mean to be a philosopher about—Mrs. Chester?" she asks, softly, looking up at him with radiant eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Do you think that I am always a philosopher now?"

Her color deepens, her eyes turn from his, and then, with a little cry, she puts her hand on his arm, growing suddenly white, and gazing fixedly at somebody behind him. He turns instinctively, and sees a tall, very handsome man staring at Sibyl with more fixity than politeness permits.

"Take me away—out of the room—somewhere," she murmurs.

Very much bewildered, he obeys, and presently finds a seat for her in a small, almost deserted room.

"You are tired," he says, tenderly. "Shall I get you a glass of wine?"

"No, no; stay with me. It is he," she says, looking up piteously in his face, which at those very enigmatical words grows rather pale.

"Who?—the ghost?" he asks, unsteadily.

"Mr. Devereux. I have not seen him since I—since I— Oh, what will you think of me?" she cries, with a sudden burning blush at the change and trouble in his face. "Indeed, it is only the surprise."

"Of course," he says, positively. "You will not mind, now that you know he is here, and when you are a little rested I shall steal somebody else's waltz instead of the one we have lost."

But in spite of his positiveness and her efforts at composure an uncomfortable silence falls upon them, which she breaks by proposing to return to the ball-room. In the doorway they are met by their hostess and Mr. Devereux himself.

"Sibyl dear," says the lady, hurriedly, "here is a gentleman who claims to be an old friend, but doubts whether your memory is as good as his."

"My memory is excellent," Sibyl answers, rather coldly, but with that utter self-possession which comes to most women in bitterest need. "I perfectly remember my acquaintance with Mr. Devereux."

"Then that is all right, and I shall carry you off, Mr. Chester."

"We will go together, dear Mrs. Burns," Sibyl says, with her hand still on Brian's arm. "Mr. Chester is going to take me to mamma."

"Will you not permit me?" says Mr. Devereux, speaking for the first time, and in a voice which falters perceptibly.

"Thanks, no; I will not trouble you."

"Then may I not have a waltz, or a square dance, for—for 'auld lang syne'?" The last words are very low and eager, but Mr. Chester hears them as distinctly as if they had been spoken in his ear.

"My card is full, thanks," is the steady answer, and then all four enter the ball-room, where Mrs. Burns takes Mr. Devereux in one direction, while Sibyl and Mr. Chester go in another to search for Mrs. Van Eyck, and within half an hour they are driving home.

It can not be denied, though Miss Van Eyck's lover is not a man given to jealousy, that the next week is the longest and most uncomfortable which he can remember. Business compels him to go to Boston so early on the morning after Mrs. Burns's party that he does not see Sibyl again, and in spite of her dignified repulsion of Mr. Devereux he can not forget her pale face and piteous eyes when she had first seen the "ghost." He is convinced that Devereux will do everything possible for a reconciliation, and he calls himself an insane idiot for having refused to hear the story of her first love, which Sibyl had seemed to wish to tell him, for his utter ignorance of the circumstances prevents him from being able to judge whether such a thing could come to pass. To add to his anxiety, during the four days that he is in Boston he does not receive even so much as a line from her, though she had promised, half laughingly, to write every day. The result of all of which is that, after having been so absent-minded as to cause his business friends much amusement, he returns to New York two days earlier than he had intended, leaving his affairs very much as he had found them. An hour after his arrival he is walking up the familiar street on which the Van Eycks live, with a great deal of outward cheerfulness, and an odd mingling of self-contempt and anxiety at his heart, for he will know his fate in another ten minutes.

"My fate indeed!" he mutters, with rather a failure in the way of a smile. "If I were anybody else, what a jealous fool I should call myself!"

Then he starts as if he had been shot, for ascending the steps of the Van Eycks' house, with the confident manner of one who does not come for the first time, is Mr. Devereux. Very still stands Mr. Chester—very still and very pale for a man who is "not jealous nor afraid of ghosts"—until Mr. Devereux has rung and is admitted.

"I will wait until he leaves; he will not be long," he thinks, with a strong momentary desire to follow him and confront him and Sibyl together, though all his life he has had the true Anglo-Saxon horror of anything like a scene.

He walks rapidly down to the end of the block, and returns slowly, with his eyes on the Van Eycks' door; but Devereux's visit bids fair to be a lengthy one, and he has time to repeat his manœuvre many times, to the great interest of a couple of school-girls, who, from an opposite drawing-room window, are speculating excitedly as to what "Miss Van Eyck's lover" can be about. It is not very fatiguing for a man to pace up and down a block for an hour, and yet, when that time has elapsed, Brian Chester's face has grown oddly worn and haggard-looking. God pity us all! We can most of us remember some such hour, whose sixty minutes held an eternity of suspense, but let those of us render thanksgiving all our days who feared in that hour only death, not faithlessness, for our heart's beloved. It is nearly six when the Van Eycks' door opens and closes again on Mr. Devereux, who walks quickly down the street in an opposite direction from Chester, but the latter scarcely glances at the receding figure as he springs up the steps.

"Miss Van Eyck is in the drawing-room," the servant tells him, and he passes in.

Outside it was nearly dark, and here it is quite so, except when the fire makes a blaze of light, but he sees her at once, crouched in the corner of a sofa by the chimney, and weeping—ah! weeping as even women given to tears weep only once or twice in their lives. At the sight of that drooping figure, and the sound of those strangled sobs, the strong heart of Brian Chester turns faint and sick, for he knows so well, with such wonderful, dreary conviction, just what she has done, and what he must do now. He casts one farewell look about the familiar room where he has been so happy, and then his eyes return to the woman he loves and suffers for, as only a man can to whom neither love nor jealousy comes easily.

"Sibyl!" he says, abruptly, in an odd, hoarse voice, which vaguely surprises him, it is so unlike his. "Don't cry so terribly; there is no need."

She springs to her feet and faces him in the fire-light with a low cry, and a look that changes instantly from surprise to pity and terror.

"Brian!" she says, tremulously, taking both his hands in hers, "Are you ill, dear?—or has something dreadful happened?" It is the first time she has ever uttered his name, the first time those shy fingers have ever sought his, but she does not think of that in fear of the calamity which can have so changed calm, cheerful, philosophical Brian Chester.

At the frightened compassion in her eyes, he glances suddenly in the mirror over the chimney, and stares at himself, with the dull wonder men feel when they are brought face to face with the change an hour's agony can work in them.

"I am a fool," he says, presently, with a miserable laugh, and dropping into the nearest chair, he draws his hands from hers and covers his face.

For an instant she is silent, and then the despair in every line of the bent figure gives her courage.

"Dear," she whispers, kneeling beside him, "surely I, who am to be your wife, may share your troubles, and—and comfort you?" and with a rush of tenderness that sweeps her old doubts and fears away forever, she tries to draw his head against her shoulder.

But he springs to his feet, with a flush on his haggard face. "For Heaven's sake do not make it harder for me to give you up!" he gasps.

"Give me up?" she repeats, rising too, and trembling very much.

"You never wrote me"—he begins, passionately.

"Because I would rather tell you than write," she interrupts, quickly.

But he goes on, bitterly: "I saw that man leave the house after he had been here an hour, and I find you breaking your heart for him. What have I done that you should think I would accept such a sacrifice? Do you think I want your life without your love?" He pauses, with a struggle for the self-command that seems to have so utterly deserted him, while she stands silent, with down-bent head and clasped hands. "I see it all," he says, presently, in a very low voice, whose forced steadiness it takes all his resolute will to maintain. "You have loved only him always, and you sent him away to-day that you might keep your faith to me, like the brave, true woman you are; but he will be easy to recall, so—so God bless you!"—and he turns rather blindly toward the door.

But she stands swiftly before him with outstretched hands and tearful, shining eyes.

"Oh, Brian, I am no heroine, only a foolish woman to whom God is very good. Mr. Devereux will never again be even a ghost to me. And you—do you wonder that I was crying for those years when I fancied I cared for him, and which ought to have been yours, with all the rest of my life—my love?"

THE SIAMESE EMBASSY.

The embassy from the court of Siam to this country consists of the Prince Nares Varariddhi, brother of the King, who is the head of the legation and Minister Plenipotentiary; Prince Sonapandit, counsellor of legation; Phra Damrong and Nai Tuan, attachés, with an interpreter. The two princes are not unlike the Chinese in appearance, but are somewhat darker in complexion than the genuine Mongolian, and wear their hair in European fashion. The embassy on its arrival in New York was received by Lieutenants Mason and Potts, of the navy, and Mr. S. A. Brown, of the State Department, and conducted to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where Admiral Rodgers was in waiting to welcome them, whence they proceeded at once to Washington to present their credentials to the President. For the ceremony they exchanged the European garments in which they had landed for the magnificent court costumes of Siam, the principal feature in which was a mantle of cloth of gold. The embassy is said to have no diplomatic mission here, but to be merely one of courtesy and curiosity. The party has been making a sojourn of some months in London, and will return to the "Land of the White Elephant" by the same route.

Prince Nares understands only a little English, differing in this respect from some of his predecessors, royal and diplomatic. A late Siamese ambassador to Europe, Phra Bhas Karawongse, spoke English fluently, and used to display, with pardonable pride, a library of French and English books, among which was seen Darwin's *Origin of Species*, and the recent Kings have been remarkable for their attainments in languages. The present King succeeded to the throne in 1868, and the ambassador now visiting us is his third brother, and was born in 1855.

Siam is practically a monarchy, although nominally a diarchy, the second King barely holding the powers of a vice king, and the two potentates bear respectively the names of Somdetch Phra Paramindr Maha and Krom Phraratcha. The native name of the kingdom is Muang Tai, "the land of the free"; and, as befits its name, slavery has been abolished.

THE SHIFTING VOTE.

I.

The result of the State elections in New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Ohio in the fall of 1883 seemed the death-blow of the Republican party. With a plurality vote of 18,000 against it in Ohio, the election of a Democratic Governor in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, and its overwhelming defeat in New York, where from a lead of over 20,000 in 1880 it had been routed by a tenfold majority in 1882, its opponents were able to assert, with every show of reason, that the backbone of the party had broken at last. To claim that it had left enough vitality not only to rally in fighting trim, but to take the field with actually a fair prospect of success in the next national campaign, seemed simply raboring. And yet it is in finest condition to-day, with a chance of success better far than when it started upon the Presidential contest four years ago. The assertion is no paradox that the very elements which brought upon it the bitter defeats of 1882 are its strength and power to-day. For the shifting vote, which by its independent and fearless action stamped with popular disapproval the abuses which had sprung up within the Republican ranks, and seemed to threaten the party with almost certain annihilation, is the vote to which that party owes its recovered position and its hope of victory in the approaching campaign.

From President Arthur's accession to the close of 1882 its progress was steadily downward. Defeat followed close upon defeat, until its leaders were ready to echo the words of one who had watched at its cradle and now felt that he was standing by its grave: "I am looking with sad eyes at the downfall of that great party which has lasted so long and done so well."

Closely allied with that faction which had bitterly opposed his predecessor, the new President took his seat under the most trying conditions. A natural consideration for the embarrassments of his position secured him a temporary lull of partisan criticism and factional abuse. But this short breathing space soon gave way to suspicion and distrust. Nor was this antagonism confined to that portion of his own party against which General Arthur had been so conspicuous and active a leader. The President had hardly begun the active duties of his position, and especially the invidious task of selecting appointees to office, when more than one of those with whom his name had been closely linked in factional politics were found among his most virulent assailants.

This afforded an excellent handle to the party's opponents, who were quick to seize upon and parade it as clear proof of a dry-rot within, and sure evidence of the inevitable disintegration that a fight over the spoils is certain to produce. Added to this were the undoubted evils which had sprung up within the party, and gained so strong a hold that they seemed to have tainted all its methods, from the election of a primary delegate to the nomination of a candidate for the Governorship or the Presidency. In the teeth of an outspoken public opposition, the Republican leaders tightened their hold upon the party machine, and with fatuous obstinacy went into the State campaigns of 1881 with a seeming determination not to lose their grip. In spite of an emphatic protest, which assumed the dimensions of a popular revolt, the minority wing in Pennsylvania forced its nominees upon the majority, and drove away 50,000 Republican voters, who registered that protest against the dictation of the Cameron machine by casting their ballots in favor of an Independent candidate for Treasurer. In New York the Conkling machine struggled desperately and died hard. Despite the personal and political scandals so notorious in connection with his canvass for re-election, ex-Senator Platt was made temporary chairman of the Republican Committee; but the defeat of his former colleague, who was actually refused in his own district an election as delegate to the State Convention, showed how the Independent vote had gained in strength. Although the time was not yet ripe for the demanded reorganization of the party in the city of New York, a resolution looking to that end was defeated by only five votes, and that, too, after the main business of the Convention had been decided, and many of the delegates who favored the measure had left for their homes.

In spite of the most desperate efforts to pack the Convention (in one county, for example, sixteen of the machine representatives holted, and then contested at the Convention the seats of the delegates elected by the other forty-five), the reform element won by a majority of 108 in a total of 496. In Erie County the Republican machine, by thrusting distasteful nominees upon the majority, forced the Independents to a bolt, threw the majority of Buffalo into the hands of the Democrats, and paved the way for Mr. Cleveland's elevation from that office to the Governor's chair. In Albany County the bitterness engendered by the South track of the "snap" primaries in 1880, when the machine carried its delegates by ordering elections at a two days' notice, had survived the excitement of a national campaign, and alienated a large and influential vote. And at Oneida and Onondaga, as well as in the county of New York, the old element and the new had closed in a struggle for the mastery that promised an irreparable breach in the party, and exposed an unprotected front to the common foe. Besides local defeats too numerous to specify, these internal feuds caused in the State of New York alone a falling off of at least 10,000 from the majority of the preceding year, and gave unmistakable warning of the terrible defeat that was yet to come. With a recklessness that savored of insanity, the machine leaders sought to patch up their shattered instrument by the same old shifts, relying for success upon the very methods which had already brought the party into disrepute. Against stupidity, it is said, the gods themselves are powerless, and so it seemed when, in the face of the most ominous warnings, the campaign of 1882 was begun with the apparently fixed determination to push to its extreme the scandalous system of political assessments. John Cessna, the Pennsylvania machine chairman, addressed to the Federal clerks who were supposed to owe their places in Pennsylvania "influence" a demand for two per cent. of their salaries, in addition to the two per cent. already called for by the Hubbell circular of the National Committee, and threatened, in event of refusal, to hand in to the head of their department, at the end of the campaign, the names of those who failed to respond. To the chief of one of the most important Federal offices in the city of New York was sent a circular, purporting to issue upon the authority of "Henry A. Gliddon, Secretary," containing the names of delinquent office-holders, with the amounts "due" carefully noted, and a request that he should "give the matter his immediate attention"—in other words, threaten dismissal in event of default. At the same time a New York police justice notified the Post-office clerks that their attendance would be required on a specified day at the Custom-house, when the tax which had been levied was to be paid. When remonstrated with by the Civil Service Reform Association, Mr. Jay Hubbell, assuming to speak for the Republican National Committee, replied in a brazen letter, declaring that any one who interfered with the collection of political assessments became "a most efficient ally of the South ern bulldozer . . . and there," he impudently added, "I leave you."

The nomination of Judge Folger—a man held in the highest esteem throughout the State—was secured by methods unmistakably tainted with acknowledged fraud, and in spite of the character and ability of the nominee his canvass suffered from what had now come to be a wide-spread belief, whether correct or not, that the Administration had determined to use the Republican machine to push its strength by any and every means, in State as well as national affairs. The candidate for Congress at large at once withdrew from the ticket, stating plainly as his reason the popular disapproval of the methods employed by the winning faction at the State Convention. The same step was urged upon Judge Folger by influential members of his party; but, led by a but many believed a mistaken sense of honor, he accepted the situation, and undertook the leadership of a forlorn hope to what he must have foreseen promised disastrous rout. Meantime local dissatisfaction had spread in Massachusetts through the removal of an efficient Federal Collector, to make way for one of the machine favorites—a step which contributed to large part to the loss of that State, and at the same time Senator Malone gave color to the rumors of an alliance between the Administration and the Republican of Virginia by having assessments on Federal office holders, while the statesman was allowed to pass unchallenged that dismissals of competent and faithful clerks, to make places for his henchmen, were made at his insistent request.

The result which all sane men predicted followed, as a matter of course. The action of the Independent vote was prompt and decisive throughout the land. For the first time in eight years, and the third time only in her history, Massachusetts went Democratic, and capped the climax of a grotesque career by placing General Butler in the Governor's chair.

In Pennsylvania, as in New York, the party candidate, though a man of high character and personal popularity, by accepting a nomination from the common machine, drove away the votes which would have elected him, and threw the Governorship to his Democratic opponent.

The Democrats won back Ohio, Indiana, and Connecticut, besides carrying New Jersey by anti-Republican majorities absolutely unprecedented in the political annals of the State. Finally, in New York, where the party abuses had been the most flagrant, the punishment inflicted was the most severe, and its opponents reversed the issue of 1880, and swept the State with a lead of nearly 200,000 votes.

With hardly a break, the same story came in from all parts of the land. Of the fifteen new Governors elected in 1882, the Democrats seated thirteen, whom they served by large majorities, while the Republicans elected but two, and those by a scanty margin. As was commonly said, the "tidal wave" of 1874 was but a ripple to the hurricane of 1882, and the Republican party seemed to collapse with a crash that echoed throughout the political world.

The lesson of defeat was bitterly learned, but it operated at once with salutary effect, and its excellent influence is apparent to-day. No sooner had the people declared with unmistakable emphasis for legislative economy and administrative reform, than the Republican majority in Congress, with commendable promptness, accepted the situation, and at once proceeded to carry into effect the popular will. In marked contrast with the fearful and vacillating spirit of the present Democratic majority, who own their control of the House to the elections of that year, the Republican majority of 1882 set to work, with a quick sense of the requirements of the time, by the introduction, as soon as the session opened, of important appropriation bills, and measures for the demanded reform of the civil service, and for the revision of the tariff and the internal revenue tax. Outside of Congress the chastening influence of defeat was equally apparent. The passage of the State civil service act, the liberal plan of party organization urged by Senator Miller at the New York Convention in 1883, the dropping of the tainted element from the State Committee, the opening of the party primaries in the city of New York to all Republicans in good standing, and especially the moderate and wholly proper tone of the request for political contributions issued by the committee, are all naturally regarded as responses to the lesson of 1882; while the nomination of Mr. Robinson, in Massachusetts, who was justly assumed to represent the true Republican spirit and purpose, is accepted as proof that that spirit has strengthened in control in that State.

The effect of these reforms upon the relative positions of the two parties has been equally prompt. The belief in again gaining ground that the Republicans, with all the faults incident to a prolonged tenure of power, possess the great moral quality of being able to draw wholesome lessons from defeat, and to respond with alacrity to that public sentiment upon which they depend for success, when expressed with unequivocal meaning at the polls. This belief has already produced its legitimate fruits. Instead of being able to repeat their sweeping victory of the year before in the State of New York, and in spite of the prestige of that phenomenal success, the Democrats in the election of 1883 lost to their opponents the head of the ticket, and only carried the remainder by pluralities averaging less than 10,000 votes, while the Republicans won control of both branches of the State Legislature, and thereby the right to name the next United States Senator. In Pennsylvania the Independents have renewed their support of the Republicans, declaring their belief that "any permanent improvement in our political methods and public life" is to be secured through that party; while in Massachusetts the party has again won for itself the support of the Independent vote, and by a majority of 10,000 seated its candidate in the Governor's chair. GEORGE WALTON GREEN.

THE MARSHALL STATUE.

MR STORY'S bronze statue of Chief Justice MARSHALL, which stands at the terrace at the west front of the Capitol at Washington, was unveiled on the 10th inst. in the presence of a large concourse of citizens. A brief address was made by Chief Justice WAITE, at the conclusion of which the statue was unveiled, and the occasion of the day was delivered by WILLIAM HENRY RAWLE.

The body and limbs of the figure, with the exception of the chest, fore-arms, and feet, are represented as enveloped by the judicial robes, through which, however, their restful position is easily seen, the body leaning well back in a substantial arm-chair of the fashion which still survives at the capitol—a relic of earlier days—the right knee resting easily across its fellow. The left hand grasps a somewhat crumpled roll. The right arm rests upon the chair arm, the hand being open as if in gentle gesture. The pose of the head, however, the closed lips, and slightly knitted brow are those of an attentive listener.

The pedestal is of polished gray marble, veined in white; upon either side are panels of white marble, that upon the right showing seven full-length figures in relief, representing Minerva dictating the Constitution to Young America, that upon the left showing a group of eight, representing Victory leading Young America to swear fidelity at the altar of the Union. The end panels are of the same material as the body of the pedestal, that in front being polished, and bearing the inscription: "JOHN MARSHALL, Chief Justice of the United States. Erected by the Bar and the Congress of the United States. A.D. MDCCCLXXXIV."

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

WITH the departure of lacrosse players, cricketers, and tennis champions for Europe this early, it looks as though no quarter was to be given this season to the players of out-door games in the Old World. An attempt was made several years ago to introduce our national game—our draw poker—in England, but it was unsuccessful, and the men returned disheartened.

The three distinguished men of the Transvaal who have been visiting the French capital were objects of unusual interest to the Parisians. Since the Boers made their splendid fight against the British the world at large has had a pretty good opinion of the stuff their republic is made of, and President Kruger and his associates found that they needed no introduction in Europe. No official representative of the French government was at the banquet at which the Boers were entertained. It was feared that some of the speakers might use hot words in reference to England, and as some of them did. According to a learned Dutchman, the Transvaal Dutch is to the modern tongue in some respects what French is to Latin. Terminal syllables are so clipped and the pronouns so interchanged that the language of the Boers would be hardly understood in Holland.

Though the Siamese diplomates appeared in very plain dress when they first stepped ashore in this city, they have since proved that they came prepared to shine if necessary. The suits in which they were received at the White House are said to have been more gorgeous than the most dazzling raiment that had ever been seen there. They were escorted thither by officers of the United States navy—whose uniforms are fairly showy when not bedimmed by contrast—and as they stood outlined against the emerald of the lawn, after alighting from their carriages, somebody remarked that it was "a symphony in gold and green." At the tomb of Washington their remarks indicated some knowledge of the career of the first President. They declined to be utilized by Mr Barnum for the further identification of his Daily Garden elephant.

A passenger who arrived at Castle Garden a few days ago on the steam-ship *Republic* asked for the address of O'Donovan Rossa. After he had departed it was observed that he had left in the Garden a brass-bound pine box. This box was regarded with much curiosity and respect, and an inspector of the Bureau of Combustibles was sent for after three days of suspense. He soaked the mysterious box in water, and then opened it very cautiously. It contained a white woollen blanket, a thermometer, two scrubbing brushes, two potatoes, and a crust of rye bread. The inspector was not injured.

There are several cold-storage warehouses in New York, into which perishable merchandise is hurried when there is a glut in the market. These warehouses are simply immense refrigerators. In one of the big markets a scheme for furnishing cold air to dealers by sending it through pipes is to be tried. It is predicted that the time is not far distant when there will be cold-air pipes throughout the city for serving absence of heat to anybody who may want it, the same as water and gas are distributed, and in some streets steam.

A writer in England has been trying to remember whether there were not opals among the wedding presents of the Duchess of Albany. He is inclined to believe that there were. "No jeweler in London," he writes, "would let a young man buy an opal for an engagement ring, any more than an emerald."

These are the interesting and newsy times when a man of note in England is thought to be dropping out of public notice if it is not announced at least once a month that he is about to go to Australia, and that on his return by way of America he will deliver lectures in the States.

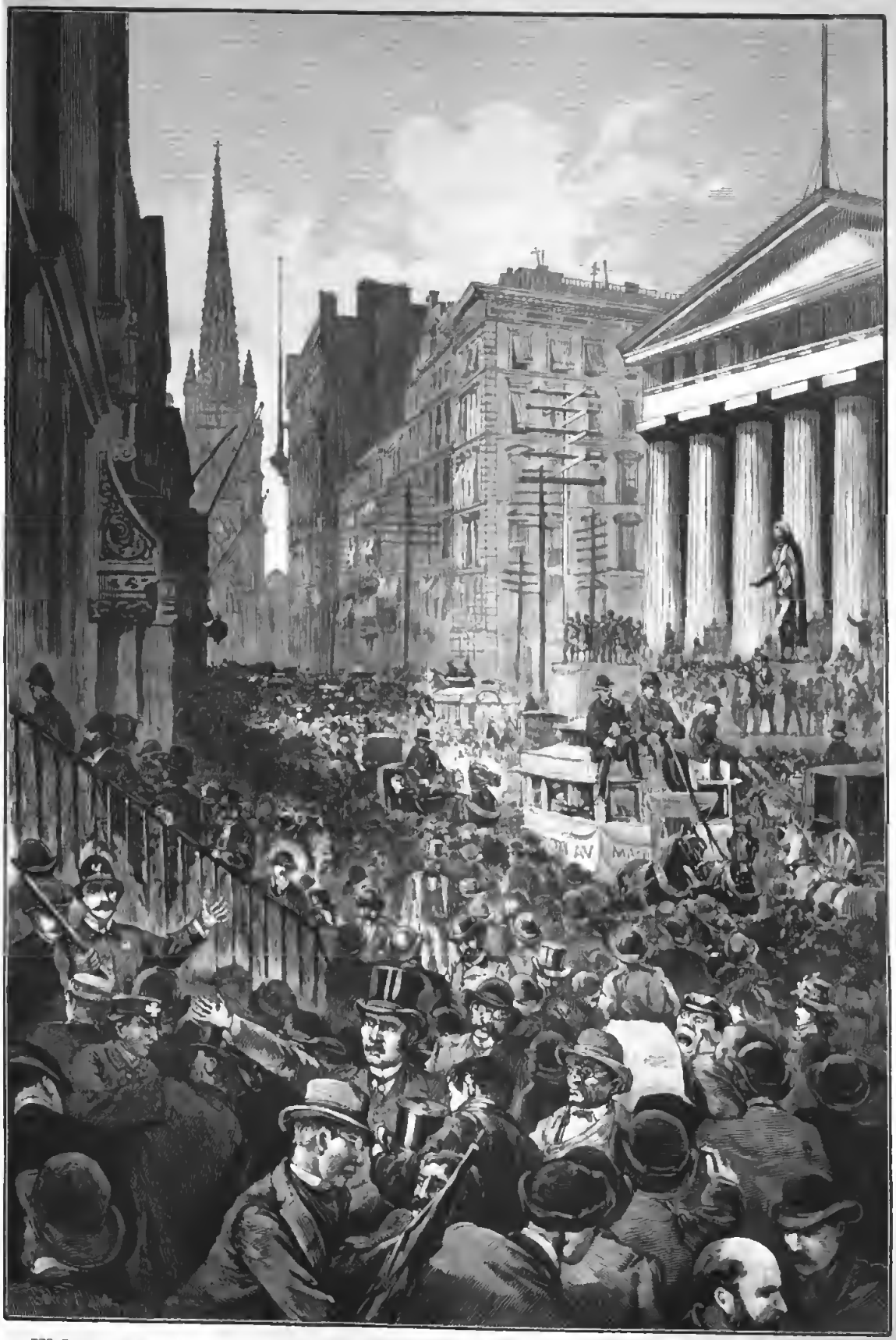
A Chinese physician recently asked to be duly registered at the Health Department. He was told that he must be examined twice the County Medical Society. When departing, he refused to take along a bundle of death certificates in blank, saying that he was not going to practice on the American plan.

There is said to be a man in Cleveland who has suffered thirteen fractures or breaks of the various parts of his brittle bone-work. "He is constantly growing shorter," says the story of his misfortunes. His surgeons' bills would account for that.

A writer in one of the daily papers has attempted an explanation of the sudden sinking of the *State of Florida* after being struck amidships by the sailing vessel with which she was so unaccountably in collision. The vessels of her class have six water tight compartments. If the one in the bow and the one in the stern were both filled with water, or even knocked off, he says, the buoyancy of the vessel would be little affected, because their specific gravity is about the same as that of water. The second compartment from the bow is usually filled with cargo, and is of greater specific gravity than the sea, and this is true also of the second compartment from the stern. There are two other compartments—one in which coal and cargo are stowed till it contributes nothing to the buoyancy of the vessel, and a large compartment amidships in which are the engines. The air in this compartment is what keeps the ship. Fill it with water, says this writer, and the iron vessel will at once sink.

YE TRIALS OF YE BANK EXAMINER.

"OLD FOLKS AT HOME."—From the Painting by J. G. Brown.



THE PANIC—SCENES IN WALL STREET WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 14.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE ARTICLE, "MOBBED IN WALL STREET," PAGE 326.]

"I CANNA BE FASHED."

When I was a little lass, just sixteen,
Bonnie was I, but proud as a queen;
Proud and saucy, and hard to please,
And wonderfu' fond o' taking my ease.
Folks didna mind then—for I was young—
The "canna be fashed" that was aye on my tongue.

"I couldna be fashed" wi' my books at the school,
And now I am old, I am only a fool;
"I couldna be fashed" wi' the dairy and house,
And now I'm as poor as any kirk mouse;
And when mither spak o' my needle and thread,
"I couldna be fashed" was aye what I said.

But spite o' my laziness, spite o' my pride,
Young Elliott, the pride o' the country-side,
Came seeking my love; and oft for his sake
A dozen o' fair promises I would make;
But when the time came the guid purpose was dashed
Wi' just the auld sang, "I canna be fashed."

"I couldna be fashed," if he wanted to walk;
"I couldna be fashed," if he wanted to talk;
I thought it was fine me indifferent to be—
Folks wad be sure o' the getting o' me;
And thus o' his hopes and his pleasures were dashed
Wi' thae wearisome words, "I canna be fashed."

But I said them too often. One hot summer day,
When the folks were a' busy in "saving the hay,"
My lover said, "Lassie, let's help them awhile."
"I canna be fashed," I said, wi' a smile.
"O lassie, dear lassie, thae words gie me pain;"
And I looked in his face and said them again.
Then he put on his hat, took the over-hill track,
And from that day to this he has never come back.

I've had "fashes" enow since thae happy days,
Wi' losses and crosses and wearifu' ways;
I might hae been weel and happily wed
If I'd keepit a kind, civil tongue in my head;
But "I couldna be fashed" wi' others, you see,
And fortune and friends ceased "fashing" wi' me.
Sae lasses, tak tent from the tale I hae told;
Dinna wait to be taught until you grow old.

"I SAY NO:"*

or,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE DISCOVERY.

CHAPTER XLVI.

PRETENSION.

Miss De Sor began cautiously with an apology. "Excuse me, Mr Mirabel, for reminding you of my presence."

Mr Mirabel made no reply.

"I beg to say," Francine proceeded, "that I didn't intentionally see you kiss Emily's hand."

Mirabel stood, looking at the roses which Emily had left on her chair, so completely absorbed in his own thoughts as if he had been alone in the garden.

"Am I not even worth notice?" Francine asked. "Ah, I know to whom I am indebted for your neglect!" She took him familiarly by the arm, and burst into a harsh laugh. "Tell me, now, in confidence, do you think Emily is fond of you?"

The impression left by Emily's kindness was still fresh in Mirabel's memory: he was in no humor to submit to the jealous resentment of a woman whom he regarded with perfect indifference. Through the varnish of politeness which overlaid his manner there rose to the surface the underlying insolence, hidden on all ordinary occasions from all human eyes. He answered Francine—mercilessly answered her—at last:

"It is the dearest hope of my life that she may be fond of me," he said.

Francine dropped his arm. "And fortune favors your hopes," she added, with an ironical assumption of interest in Mirabel's prospects. "When Mr. Morris leaves us to-morrow, he removes the only obstacle you have to fear. Am I right?"

"No, you are wrong."

"In what way, if you please?"

"In this way. I don't regard Mr Morris as an obstacle. Emily is too delicate and too kind to hurt his feelings; she is not in love with him. There is an absorbing interest in her mind to divert her thoughts from me. She is idle and happy: she thoroughly enjoys her visit to this house, and I am associated with her enjoyment. There is my chance—"

He suddenly stopped. Listening to him thus far, unnaturally calm and cold, Francine now showed that she felt the lash of his contempt. A hideous smile passed slowly over her white face. It threatened the vengeance which knows no fear, no pity, no remorse—the vengeance of a jealous woman. Hysterical anger, furious language, Mirabel was prepared for. The smile frightened him.

"Well," she said, scornfully, "why don't you go on?"

A bolder man might still have maintained the audacious position which he had assumed. Mirabel's faint heart shrank from it. He was eager to shelter himself under the first excuse that he could find. His ingenuity, paralyzed by his fears, was unable to invent anything new. He feebly availed himself of the commonplace trick of evasion which he had read of in novels, and seen in action on the stage. "Is it possible," he asked, with an overacted assumption of surprise, "that you think I am in earnest?"

In the case of any other person, Francine would have instantly seen through that flimsy pretense. But the love which accepts the meanest crumbs of comfort that can be thrown to it—which fawns and grovels and deliberately deceives itself, in its own intensely selfish interests—was the love that burned in Francine's breast. The wretched girl believed Mirabel with such an ecstatic sense of relief that she trembled in every limb, and dropped into the nearest chair.

"*I* was in earnest," she said, faintly. "Didn't you see it?"

He was perfectly shameless; he denied that he had seen it, in the most positive manner. "Upon my honor, I thought you were mystifying me, and I humored the joke."

She sighed, and looked at him with an expression of tender reproach. "I wonder whether I can believe you?" she said, softly.

"Indeed you may believe me!" he assured her.

She hesitated—for the pleasure of hesitating. "I don't know. Emily is very much admired by some men. Why not by you?"

"For the best of reasons," he answered. "She is poor, and I am poor. Those are facts which speak for themselves."

"Yes, but Emily is bent on attracting you. She would marry you to-morrow if you asked her. Don't attempt to deny it! Besides, you kissed her hand."

"Oh, Miss De Sor!"

"Don't call me 'Miss De Sor'! Call me Francine. I want to know why you kissed her hand."

"Habit," he eagerly explained—"mere habit. You forget that I have lived abroad for many years."

His experience in foreign countries failed to interest her. "If I forgive you," she interposed, "will you kiss my hand?"

Mirabel obeyed, with a graceful alacrity which was a compliment in itself. "On the Continent," he resumed, "kissing a lady's hand—"

Francine interrupted him again. She remarked that he had not yet addressed her by her Christian name. "Why don't you call me 'Francine'?"

He humored her with inexhaustible servility. "I was about to say, Francine, that kissing a lady's hand is only a form of thanking her for her kindness. You must own that Emily—"

She interrupted him for the third time. "Emily?" she repeated. "Are you as familiar as that already? Does she call you 'Miles,' when you are by yourselves? Is there any effort at fascination which this charming creature has left untried? She has told you, no doubt, what a friendless and interesting person she is."

Even Mirabel felt that he must not permit this to pass.

"She has said nothing to me about herself," he answered. "What I know of her I know from Mr Wyvil."

"Oh, indeed! Mr Wyvil told you she was an orphan, of course?"

"He said she lost her mother when she was a child."

"How interesting! I suppose he mentioned her father next?"

"He only told me her father died suddenly, of heart-disease."

"Well, and what else? Never mind now! Here is somebody coming."

The person was only one of the servants. Mirabel felt profoundly grateful to the man for interrupting them.

"A message, I suppose," he said to Francine. "We are wanted at the house."

It turned out that only one of them was wanted—and that one was Mirabel. "Miss Brown wishes to speak to you, sir, if you are not engaged." There was a message!

Francine controlled herself until the man was out of hearing.

"Upon my word, this is too shameless!" she declared, indignantly. "Emily can't leave you with me for five minutes, without wanting to see you again. If you go to her, after what you have said to me," she cried, threatening Mirabel with her outstretched hand, "you are the meanest of men!"

He was the meanest of men—he carried out his cowardly submission to the last extremity.

"Only say what you wish me to do," he replied.

Even Francine expected some little resistance from a creature bearing the outward appearance of a man. "Oh, do you really mean it?" she asked.

He answered jauntily by a bow.

She could hardly feel sure of him yet. "Let me go to Emily instead of you," she suggested. "I will undertake to make your excuse."

"I will do anything to please you."

Francine gave him a farewell look. Her admiration made a desperate effort to express itself in appropriate words. "You are not a man," she said; "you are an angel!"

Left by himself, Mirabel sat down to rest. He reviewed his own conduct with perfect complacency. "Not one man in a hundred could have managed that she-devil as I have done," he thought. "How shall I explain matters to Emily?"

Considering this question, he looked by chance at the unfinished crown of roses. "The very thing to help me!" he said, and took out his pocket-book, and wrote these lines on a blank page:

"I have had a scene of jealousy with Miss De Sor, which is beyond all description. To spare you a similar infliction, I have done violence to my own feelings. Instead of instantly obeying the message which you have so kindly sent to me, I remain here for a little while—entirely for your sake. That poor mad creature must be humored, or she may create a scandal in the house. I know you will understand and forgive me."

Having torn out the page, and twisted it up among the roses, so that only a corner of the paper appeared in view, Mirabel called to a lad who was at work in the garden, and gave him his directions, accompanied by a shilling. "Take these flowers to the servants' hall, and tell one of the maids to put them in Miss Brown's room. Stop! Which is the way to the fruit garden?"

The lad gave the necessary directions. Mirabel walked away slowly with his hands in his pockets. His nerves had been shaken; he thought a little fruit might refresh him.

CHAPTER XLVII.

DEBATING.

In the mean while Emily had been true to her promise to relieve Mirabel's anxieties on the subject of Miss Jethro. Entering the drawing room in search of Alban, she found him talking with Cecilia, and heard her own name mentioned as she opened the door.

"Here she is at last!" Cecilia exclaimed. "What in the world has kept you all this time in the rose garden?"

"Has Mr Mirabel been more interesting than usual?" Alban asked, gayly. Whatever sense of annoyance he might have felt in Emily's absence was forgotten the moment she appeared; all traces of trouble in his face vanished when they looked at each other.

"You shall judge for yourself," Emily replied, with a smile. "Mr Mirabel has been speaking to me of a relative who is very dear to him—his sister."

Cecilia was surprised. "Why has he never spoken to us of his sister?" she asked.

"It's a sad subject to speak of, my dear. His sister lives a life of suffering—she has been for years a prisoner in her room. He writes to her constantly. His letters from Monksmoor have interested her, poor soul. It seems he said something about me—and she has sent a kind message, inviting me to visit her one of these days. Do you understand it now, Cecilia?"

"Of course I do! Tell me—is Mr Mirabel's sister older or younger than he is?"

"Older."

"Is she married?"

"She is a widow."

"Does she live with her brother?" Alban asked.

"Oh no! She has her own house—far away in Northumberland."

"Is she near Sir Jervis Redwood?"

"I fancy not. Her house is on the coast."

"Any children?" Cecilia inquired.

"No; she is quite alone. Now, Cecilia, I have told you all I know—and I have something to say to Mr Morris. No, you needn't leave us; it's a subject in which you are interested. A subject," she repeated, turning to Alban, "which you may have noticed is not very agreeable to me."

"Miss Jethro?" Alban guessed.

"Yes, Miss Jethro."

Cecilia's curiosity instantly asserted itself. "We have tried to get Mr Mirabel to enlighten us, and tried in vain," she said. "You are a favorite. Have you succeeded?"

"I have made no attempt to succeed," Emily replied. "My only object is to relieve Mr Mirabel's anxiety, if I can—with your help, Mr. Morris."

"In what way can I help you?"

"You mustn't be angry."

"Do I look angry?"

"You look serious. It is a very simple thing. Mr Mirabel is afraid that Miss Jethro may have said something disagreeable about him which you might hesitate to repeat. He naturally wishes (if there is any such necessity) to set himself right, and he thought of speaking to you, but feared he might be misunderstood. There is no such danger where I am concerned; so I speak for him. Is he making himself uneasy without any reason?"

"Without the slightest reason. I have concealed nothing from Mr. Mirabel."

"Thank you for the explanation." She turned to Cecilia. "May I send one of the servants with a message? I may as well put an end to Mr Mirabel's suspense."

The man was summoned, and was dispatched with the message. Emily would have done well, after this, if she had abstained from speaking further of Miss Jethro. But Mirabel's doubts had, unhappily, inspired a similar feeling of uncertainty in her own mind. She was now disposed to attribute the tone of mystery in Alban's unlucky letter to some possible concealment, suggested by regard for herself. "I wonder whether *I* have any reason to feel uneasy?" she said, half in jest, half in earnest.

"Uneasy about what?" Alban asked.

"About Miss Jethro, of course! Has she said anything of me which your kindness has concealed?"

Alban seemed to be a little hurt by the doubt which her question implied. "Was that your motive," he said, "for answering my letter in a tone of reserve?"

"Indeed you are quite wrong!" Emily earnestly assured him. "I hardly knew how to answer you, I was so perplexed and startled—but there was no doubt of you in my mind. I consulted with Cecilia, and what I wrote I wrote under her father's advice. Shall we drop the subject?"

Alban would have willingly dropped the subject, but for that unfortunate allusion to Mr Wyvil. Emily had unconsciously touched him on a sore place. He had already heard from Cecilia of the consultation over his letter, and had disapproved of it. In the daughter's presence it was impossible for him to say plainly that the father had consented to interfere in a matter which did not concern him. But he was sufficiently displeased to tell Emily what he felt in guarded language. "I think you were wrong to trouble Mr Wyvil," he said.

The altered tone of his voice suggested to Emily that he would have spoken more severely if Cecilia had not been in the room. She thought him needlessly ready to complain of a harmless proceeding, and she too returned to the subject, after having proposed to drop it not a minute since!

"You didn't tell me I was to keep your letter a secret," she replied.

Cecilia made matters worse—with the best intentions. "I'm sure, Mr Morris, my father was only too glad to give Emily his advice," she said. "You know what a clever man he is? Well, he was as much puzzled as we were, and I am sure he regretted it for Emily's sake."

Alban remained silent—ungraciously silent, as Emily thought, after Mr Wyvil's kindness to him.

"The thing to regret," she remarked, "is that Mr Morris allowed Miss Jethro to leave him without explaining herself. In his place, I should have insisted on knowing why she wanted to prevent me from meeting Mr Mirabel in this house."

Alban still listened in silence. Now, when it was too late, he was sorry that he had mentioned Mr Wyvil's name.

Cecilia made another unlucky attempt at judicious interference. This time she tried a gentle remonstrance.

"Remember, Emily, how Mr Morris was situated. He could hardly be rude to a lady. And I dare say she had good reasons for not wishing to explain herself."

"That is exactly my complaint against her," Emily rejoined. "If Miss Jethro had good reasons, I want to know what they were."

Francine opened the drawing room door, and heard Emily's last words.

"Miss Jethro again!" she exclaimed.

"Where is Mr Mirabel?" Emily asked. "I sent him a message."

"He regrets to say he is otherwise engaged for the present," Francine replied, with spiteful politeness. "Don't let me interrupt the conversation. Who is this Miss Jethro, whose name is on everybody's lips?"

Alban spoke at last. "We have done with the subject," he said, sharply.

"Because I am here?"

"Because we have said more than enough about Miss Jethro already."

"Speak for yourself, Mr Morris," Emily answered, resenting the masterful tone which Alban's interference had assumed. "I have not done with Miss Jethro yet, I can assure you."

"My dear, you don't know where she lives," Cecilia reminded her.

"Leave me to discover it," Emily answered, hotly. "Perhaps Mr Mirabel knows. I shall ask Mr Mirabel."

"I thought you would find a reason for returning to Mr. Mirabel," Francine remarked.

Before Emily could reply, one of the maids entered the room with a wreath of roses in her hand.

"Mr Mirabel sends you these flowers, miss. The boy said they were to be taken to your room. I thought it was a mistake, and I have brought them up here."

Francine, who happened to be nearest to the door, took the roses from the girl on pretence of handing them to Emily. Her jealous vigilance detected the one visible corner of Mirabel's letter, twisted up with the flowers. Had Emily entrapped him into a secret correspondence with her? "A scrap of waste paper among your roses," she said, crumpling it up in her hand, as if she meant to throw it away.

But Emily was too quick for her. She caught Francine by the wrist. "Waste paper or not," she said, "it was among my flowers, and it belongs to me."

Francine gave up the letter, with a look which might have startled Emily if she had noticed it. She handed the roses to Cecilia. "I was making a wreath for you to wear this evening, my dear, and I left it in the garden. It is not quite finished yet."

Cecilia was delighted. "How lovely it is!" she exclaimed. "And how very kind of you! I'll finish it myself." She turned away to the conservatory.

"I had no idea I was interfering with a letter," said Francine, watching Emily with fiercely attentive eyes while she smoothed out the crumpled paper.

Having read what Mirabel had written to her, Emily considered a little, then rang the bell and recalled the maid. "Is the messenger waiting?" she asked. Hearing that the lad was still in the house, she wrote a few lines, addressed to Mirabel. Giving them to the maid at the door, she looked round toward Alban.

He had noticed something in Francine's face which he was at a loss to understand, but which made her presence in the room absolutely hateful to him. Emily stopped him just as he was about to follow Cecilia into the conservatory.

"I have set Mr Mirabel's uneasy mind at rest," she said—"thanks to you. And I have done something else which I am afraid will not meet with your approval. I have asked him if he knows Miss Jethro's address."

"I hope he is as ignorant of it as I am," Alban answered, gravely.

"Are we going to quarrel over Miss Jethro as we once quarrelled over Mrs Rook?" Emily asked, with the readiest recovery of her good-humor. "Come, come! I am sure you are as anxious in your own private mind to have this matter cleared up as I am."

"With one difference—that I think of consequences, and you don't." He said it in his gentlest and kindest manner, and stepped into the conservatory.

"Never mind the consequences," she called after him, "if we can only get at the truth. I hate being deceived."

"There is no person living who has better reason than you have to say that."

Emily looked round with a start. Alban was out of hearing. It was Francine who had answered her.

"What do you mean?" she said.

Francine hesitated. A ghastly paleness overspread her face.

"Are you ill?" Emily asked.

"No; I was thinking."

After waiting awhile in silence, Emily moved away toward the door of the drawing room. Francine suddenly held up her hand.

"Stop!" she cried.

Emily stood still.

"My mind is made up," Francine said.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1458.

"Made up—to what?"

"You asked what I meant, just now."

"I did."

"Well, my mind is made up to answer you. Miss Emily Brown, you are leading a sadly frivolous life in this house. I am going to give you something more serious to think about than your flirtation with Mr Mirabel. Oh, don't be impatient! I am coming to the point. Without knowing it yourself, you have been the victim of deception for years past—cruel deception—wicked deception that puts on the mask of mercy."

"Are you alluding to Miss Jethro?" Emily asked, in astonishment. "I thought you were strangers to each other. Just now, you wanted to know who she was."

"I know nothing about her. I care nothing about her. I am not thinking of Miss Jethro."

"Who are you thinking of?"

"I am thinking," Francine answered, "of your dead father."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE AMBULANCE SERVICE.

Walking up or down Broadway you are apt to hear suddenly the sharp strokes of a bell. They come swiftly nearer. The lumbering trucks and omnibuses draw away to either side. The stroke of the bell rings loudly right at your side, and in a moment a light covered vehicle dashes past you. Barely an instant later the bell is striking far ahead of you, and the wagon has disappeared into a side street, or is hidden from view by the trucks and omnibuses which have again taken full possession of the roadway. You may have had time to read AMBULANCE on the light vehicle as it dashed down the street, and to have caught sight of a young man wearing an official cap.

As you walk on your progress may be checked by a crowd that has gathered around something on the sidewalk. Near the curb you see the ambulance. In a little while the crowd falls back, and the young man with the official cap gives an order. Something is raised from the sidewalk and carried slowly toward the wagon. As the stretcher is lifted into the ambulance you catch a glimpse of a poor agonized face (the face may be of a little girl or a boy); the young man takes his seat again, the driver grasps the reins, you hear the sharp strokes of the bell once more, and the ambulance drives back to the hospital. If your curiosity is excited, you may read in next morning's paper how a lad was caught and lacerated by the machinery of the factory in which he worked, or how a poor delicate girl was crushed by one of the lumbering trucks or omnibuses, and how she lay there exposed to the stare of the curious crowd till she was taken by the ambulance to some hospital—most likely, if the accident occurred down-town, to the Chambers Street branch of the New York Hospital.

One day as the writer was standing in the waiting-room of this branch of the up-town hospital, known as the Chambers Street Hospital, conversing with one of the ambulance surgeons on the subject of this article, there was a sudden jingling of the bell in the basement.

"That's a fire-alarm! Ring up the ambulance!" called the surgeon.

Before the jingling had stopped, or the surgeon had finished the order, the superintendent had turned a switch on the signal instrument.

"That brings the ambulance from our stables to the door," said the surgeon. "The jingling you heard comes from Police Head-quarters. It simply tells us that there's a fire in our district, and to be prepared for another call in case of accident. Here's the ambulance."

It came rattling down the street, and with a quick turn fetched up at the door. The surgeon while speaking had put on his cap. As he had stretched his arm to take it down from the peg, the flap of his coat lifted somewhat, and disclosed a small leather case, evidently for surgical instruments, protruding from the inside pocket. The superintendent, who had been listening at the telephone, said they had telephoned from police head-quarters that the fire was on Broadway, near Canal Street.

Just then a succession of sharp strokes was given on the bell in the basement.

"One, two, three, four," counted the surgeon, as the bell went on striking, until he had told twenty. "There's been an accident at the fire, and they want an ambulance. Come along."

We rushed down the steps, and before we were on the seat in the back of the ambulance the bell near the driver's seat was ringing out sharply, and we were speeding along.

As we dashed up the street, every vehicle, whether it was going in the same direction with us or coming toward us, pulled out of our way. That little bell seemed to have a magical effect. Burly, surly drivers, who would have cursed like troopers in a Broadway jam, hauled up to the curb, and the light wagon went spinning along on a straight line till it met one of the United States Mail carts. Then the ambulance turned out as any ordinary vehicle would have done. Speeding up Broadway it had a perfectly clear track.

"It's as likely as not to be a thigh injury as any other," said the surgeon, as he drew out some long splints from the mattress in the bottom of the wagon. "These are for such injuries. In this bag"—pointing to a bag that hung from the side of the wagon cover—"we have smaller splints. But here we are."

Barely a few minutes had elapsed since we had left the hospital, yet the clanking of the fire-engines told us that we were within the fire line. In a moment the ambulance had stopped and backed up to the sidewalk. We had jumped from our seat. The body of the wagon slanted toward the curb, and in an instant the mattress was slid out on to the walk. A falling beam had shattered a fireman's leg. He was lifted on to the mattress, a swift examination was made, the splints adjusted, the mattress, with the fireman upon it, slid into the wagon again. We jumped into our seat, the driver into his, the sharp strokes began once more, and away we sped back to the hospital. In spite of our hot pace and the jolting of the wheels, the injured man seemed to lie easy, the mattress moving only gently up and down.

We were soon at the hospital again—just fourteen minutes from the time we had started. The surgeon lifted a stretcher out from the wagon, and opened it on the sidewalk. The mattress with the fireman upon it was slid on to the stretcher, and then the attendants carried it into the basement room, where the injured man was received by the house surgeon, who proceeded to make a careful examination of the case.

During the preliminaries he asked the fireman where he lived. "Do you want to be treated here or at home after I get through?" The fireman expressed a wish to be taken home, and as it would not, in the surgeon's opinion, be dangerous to transport him, he was promised that the ambulance would take him to his home in the afternoon.

The following facts regarding the ambulance service were obtained from Dr C. A. Janann to supplement the writer's practical experience of fourteen minutes. The writer requested Dr Janann to inform him what steps had to be taken in order to bring an ambulance to the relief of an injured person. The answer was to the following effect.

Suppose a man engaged on one of the large buildings which are seen going up in the lower part of the town falls from a scaffolding and is injured. The crowd which gathers about the injured man usually attracts the attention of the policeman on the beat. When he ascertains that some one has been injured, he notifies the authorities at the station-house. At times a private person who knows where the station-house is situated may get to it with the news even before the officer knows of the occurrence. The information is then telegraphed or telephoned from the station-house to Police Head-quarters, whence it is conveyed by telephone to the hospital in the district in which the accident has happened. If it happens to have occurred in the district in which the Chambers Street branch of the New York Hospital is situated, and the news is received there, a call is sent to the ambulance stables in Duane Street. There are three calls to these stables—the first, for the ambulance to come to the hospital door; the second, for the ambulance to wait for the surgeon at the stables; the third, for it to wait for him at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street. There are two ambulances attached to this hospital. During the day one of them is ready to start on the instant the call is sounded, the horse being in harness and the driver on his seat, and no matter whether it be driven at once to the hospital, or the surgeon meet it at the stables or at the other rendezvous, rarely more than two minutes elapse between the call and the time the surgeon is in his seat. At night both horses are unhitched, but they are harnessed on the system adopted by the Fire Department, so that very little time is lost. The surgeon once aboard, the ambulance is off for the scene of the accident. It will have been noticed that any delay in extending help to the injured under this system is due to the clumsy manner of conveying the information to the hospital, or, more properly speaking, to the station-house. This may cover twenty minutes or more, and in some cases a delay of twenty minutes is a serious matter.

In this city there are seven hospitals to which ambulances are attached, viz., the New York Hospital, the Chambers Street branch of the New York Hospital, St. Vincent's, Bellevue, the Ninety-ninth Street branch of Bellevue, the Presbyterian, and the Roosevelt. The calls which come from Police Head-quarters are divided into ordinary and "hurry up" calls. In the case of a "hurry up" call, the spot where the accident has occurred is reached with the utmost speed, the ambulance "sliding right up," to use the expressive phrase of the ambulance surgeons. This speed of course could not be attained were it not that the ambulance has the right of way over every class of vehicle excepting the vehicles of the United States Mail and of the Fire Department.

Each ambulance is fitted up with a sliding mattress, boxes for splints, emetics, antidotes, and instruments for stopping hemorrhage. The service has existed here about eight years, and not being in any way connected with politics, is highly efficient. Before it was introduced, patients were carried to hospitals on stretchers, as they are still in London and Paris.

"SOUND BODIES" AT THE FIFTH AVENUE SCHOOL.

It is strange that a people so intelligent as ours, and who spend lavishly on the mental education of their children, do little or nothing for their bodies. And this at the period when the body, growing and plastic, can most readily be trained for effective after-work. Yet so intimately are mind and body related that the neglect to train the latter tells, often seriously, on the working power of the former, impairing its usefulness and shortening its term of service. In countless cases it opens the door to disease. Mr. Emerson well says that "one whole half of the force of human life is squandered by reason of weakness and sickness. It is a matter for educators, for moralists, and for economists to study, so fundamental to the prosperity of society." Yet the great majority of our educators even to-day wholly omit any systematic steps to prevent the evils which come to a neglected body. Many do not seem aware that the body can be improved and strengthened as surely as the mind, and by means in some ways similar, namely, by daily and judicious exercise. Yet this was well understood and its importance felt more than two thousand years ago. The education of ALEXANDER the Great "was committed first to LEONIDAS, then to LYSIMACHUS, and afterward to ARISTOTLE. This great philosopher withdrew him to a distance from the court, and instructed him in every branch of human learning, especially what related to the art of government, *while at the same time he disciplined and invigorated his*

No. 1.

No. 2.

body by gymnastic exercise." Thus, instead of intrusting his bodily education to some acrobat or athlete, able to do even hazardous feats in his line, but unfamiliar with teaching others, a teacher of commanding ability and wide learning, though not known at all as an athlete himself, directed this important branch of the pupil's preparation for arduous after-work.

This very plan of the great philosopher of blending the training of mind and body is already at work in not a few schools in our land, and, from the way others are awakening, it promises ere many years to become—as it is already in some nations of continental Europe—general. Instead of urging the boy or girl to useless and dangerous feats of strength or agility, they are purposely held back from them, yet taught their risk. Instead, on the other hand, of wasting their time on work so light and aimless as to be of little value, the exercise is made both vigorous, and, in its effect, readily understood by every pupil. Instead, too, of constantly giving some muscles, as in military drilling or in most athletic work, too much to do, and ignoring the others, direct attention is paid both to the weak and neglected parts and to the attaining of general symmetry and vigor. In this way it is found that in but a few minutes each day, right in the school aisle, each pupil, aided by the presence of his fellows and the teacher's advice, scrutiny, and leading, makes in the course of even one year, and often in a very few weeks, very gratifying progress, while he also comes to know much about the working of his body.

No. 3.

No. 4.

One of the pioneers in this direction is the Fifth Avenue School for Boys, a prominent school in New York city for classical and business training, where sons of Messrs. VANDERBILT, GOULD, HILTON, DILLON, and other well-known men have been trained for their life's work. *Sound Bodies for our Boys and Girls*, a school manual, by the author of *How to Get Strong*, recently published by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, has been adopted here as a text-book. One of the principals, Mr BEACH, himself leads in each exercise, adding any word of advice or explanation which may be needed. Each part of each limb and the various parts of the body have special exercises which call them directly into play. Many cuts show the exact position to be taken, while the text explains in few words just what to do and how to do it. Questions follow each day's lesson, as in any other study, and it is astonishing how soon the pupil comes to know the effect of any exercise in school or out, and what he should do for the parts which most need building up. Naturally such a branch is popular among the pupils. Mr BEACH says, "The boys work every day at the exercises, and do exceedingly well, *because they all take great interest in it*."

The accompanying illustrations show some of these boys at work. All No. 1 has to do is to lean far over to one side, then to the other. But he has found in this "First Side Exercise" a little work which, while it costs nothing and needs no tools, will soon add fullness and strength to a weak waist, and will make it far easier to stoop over toward either side than it used to be, while it will also tend to give most of the vital organs more room than formerly, and to aid them to do better work.

No. 2, in the "Third Front Shoulder Exercise," is giving both the fronts of his shoulders and the backs of his arms a lot of work, at in a very few minutes he finds. But he finds also just what parts are at work, and so where he is adding size and strength—a new and very interesting field of discovery to most youth.

The "Third Side Shoulder Exercise," as shown

No. 5.

No. 1.

No. 2.

by No. 2, has this peculiarity: it can not be done right without tipping the head very far back. You start with the bells high above your head, and lower them slowly till in the position shown. This keeps the muscles on the top and corner of the shoulders hard at work, and soon tends to make them full and strong. But it does more than this. It is one of the best chest-expanders known, especially if you breathe deeply and fully—"away down"—while doing it. In all these exercises the dumb-bells should each weigh about one-fifteenth as much as the boy who uses them, or one-twentieth as much as the girl.

No. 4 soon learns what part the "Third Under-side of the Thigh Exercise" sets at work. Tying the dumb-bell to his ankle, and steadily raising and lowering it, the back of the thigh fills and gets strong, and the boy finds running easier work than it used to be.

The two boys in No. 5 at the "Fifth Below Knee Exercise" are not only getting a deal of arm, shoulder, and chest work, but by pushing hard with the toes and sole of the hind foot as it leaves the floor, are giving the calf of the leg new and vigorous exercise, soon improving its shape and size, and adding ease and elasticity of step as well.

Walking with the bells, as in the "Third Exercise for the Back of the Waist," No. 6, builds up that important part of the back, adding grace and strength to its owner, and improving a part of the body in many boys and girls actually weak.

The rows of boys at the "Second Inner Back Exercise," Nos. 7 and 8, have hit on capital work for thin shoulder-blades and slim back-arms. Five minutes a day of such work would go far, even in one year, toward bringing plump, well-shaped shoulders; indeed, almost the whole broad of the back and back of the neck share in the benefit.

The little fellow in No. 9, who is "cross-twisting," or trying to twist the stick toward him with his right hand and from him with his left, has all the fore-arm work he wants, and, if steadily at it, will have a fine fore-arm and waist long before the year is out.

These few exercises, singled out from hundreds, all safe and simple yet vigorous, and all learned at one trying, a boy or girl is able to add size, grace, and strength to almost any part of body or limb, while they also soon come to know that the body, like the mind, can be educated and made equal to the demands of almost any life, however exacting. An ordinary school-room, a couple of dumb-bells, a piece of broomstick, the floor, the common school furniture, and the same teacher who instructs in the other branches—these, with daily work for a few minutes early right in among the other lessons, and without change of clothing, bring the pupil on in a few months in a way gratifying to all concerned. The boy or girl leaves school one of the intelligent idea of a right and strong body, and also of what will stand in with an hour or two of afternoon sports, the rest of healthy and vigorous life prospect of being a greater and more in the later years to come. And in so useful a while the teacher can not be neglected of teaching what school is for. Almost work. And in what school in America can could not this system be adopted

No. 5.

FERDINAND WARD.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. B. PRADMALL.

GEORGE I. SENEY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDERICKS.

THE PHILADELPHIA CRICKETERS.

Despite the oft-repeated assertion that the noble game of cricket has but a very modest clientage in this country, a party of Philadelphia gentlemen have thought it well to arrange for a trip through Great Britain this summer for the purpose of meeting the most distinguished of English county amateurs on their own trodden fields and at their own national sport. In past years we have detailed the representatives of American oarsmen, base-ball, and lacrosse to cross the seas, and with chances of success by conclusions with England's champions; but the suggestion of assailing her at the sport in which she has excelled since the time of the Virgin Queen was, until very recently, thought to savor more of buncombe than of a "purpose firm, equal to the deed."

The coterie of cricketers who sailed last Saturday on the *City of Rome*, however, follow in the wake of all previous invaders under entirely different auspices. Exempt from all suspicion of professionalism, and having stipulated from the first that gate-money receipts should not set a price on their performances, they will be received in England as gentlemen sportsmen in search of a pleasant holiday, and socially will be entertained as such. But while they will be recognized as a party of pleasure-seekers, their fame as admirable players of the game of cricket has already been carried back by those elevens, both professional and amateur, who have tried conclusions with the Quaker boys in America's nursery of cricket —Philadelphia. They will therefore throughout their wanderings, from the first match by the shadow of Dublin Castle to the last contest on the plains of Kent, not only meet with a royal reception, but the best amateur opposition that Great Britain affords.

Having selected the most charming season of the year for their trip, and through the instrumentality of Mr HENRY PERKINS, the Secretary of the Marylebone Cricket Club, together with Lord HARRIS, I. D. WALKER, Esq., and other celebrated cricketers, having arranged a programme of matches that will lead them to many of the quaint old towns in the rural districts, their path will be literally strewn with flowers. Beginning at Dublin on June 2, where they play Dublin University, and two days later the Gentlemen of Ireland on the private grounds of the Lord-Lieutenant, the visitors will proceed to Edinburgh to contest a two days' match with the Gentlemen of Scotland on June 7th and 8th. Their next appointment is with the Gentlemen of the Marylebone Cricket Club, on Lord's Grounds, London. Making the metropolis their central point, they will thence make trips to Stockport, Leicester, Southampton, Cheltenham, Lansdown, Rochdale, Liverpool, Newcastle, Derby, the Oval at London, Brighton, and Maidstone. At all of these places they will meet strong county teams. Before they return an attempt will be made to meet one of the English universities, probably Oxford, and Eton, Harrow, Rugby, and several other of the large public-school elevens, and should success attend their initial games, they threaten to challenge the Gentlemen of England, and the famous Australians, who are visiting the old country this season for the fourth time.

As only two-day matches have been arranged, and only two matches a week, an excellent opportunity will be afforded the visitors to rest, and see the country through which they pass.

The team consists of fourteen players, the pick of Philadelphia's amateurs, all of whom are natives of the Quaker City save Mr WILLIAM BROOKS, Jun., who was born at Birkenhead, Cheshire, England, but he, with all the rest, acquired all knowledge of the game in Philadelphia. On this page the cricketers are shown, copied from an excellent photograph by F. GUTEKUNST, Philadelphia. The party is all represented with the exception of Mr JOSEPH FOX, of the Merion Cricket Club, who for some time past has been residing in England.

THE HON. R. J. OGLESBY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. B. COBB.

THE HON. R. J. OGLESBY.

THE Republican candidate for Governor of Illinois has led an active, eventful, and exemplary public life. A Kentuckian by birth, he has lived in his adopted State since his twelfth year, and has attained eminence as a lawyer, a statesman, and a soldier. He has twice been Governor of Illinois, and has represented that State with credit and ability in the United States Senate. General OGLESBY is about sixty years of age.

THE PANIC IN WALL STREET.

WE give on page 333 a view of the extraordinary scenes that took place in Wall Street on the 14th inst., when for a time it appeared as if the country was on the verge of a great financial crisis. For a few hours almost everybody connected with the street seemed to have lost his head, and a stranger going into Wall Street, without knowing the cause of the tumult, might easily have imagined that Bedlam had been let loose therein.

The portrait of Mr FERDINAND WARD, whose operations precipitated the recent panic, and that of Mr GEORGE I. SENEY late president of the Metropolitan Bank, will be found on this page.

J. B. Thayer, Jun. W. Brooks, Jun. R. W. Clark, Jun. Charles A. Newhall. Howard McNutt. J. A. Scott. William C. Lowry.
W. C. Morgan, Jun. R. S. Newhall, Captain. F. B. Brewster. Hamm Brown. Sutherland Law. D. P. Sweven. Thomas Robins, Jun., Official Scorer.

THE PHILADELPHIA CRICKET TEAM.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST.

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CYRUS H. McCORMICK.

The inventor whose genius has done so much to make America the centre of the grain trade of the world died at his home in Chicago, May 13, full of years and honors, and in the enjoyment of vast wealth. Cyrus Hall McCormick was a Virginian, born in Rockbridge County on the 15th of February, 1809, and was thus at his decease in his seventy-fifth year. Brought up on the family farm, he very early turned his attention to the improvement of agricultural implements, and after patenting a hill-side plough and a self-sharpening horizontal plough, he began his attempts to perfect a reaping-machine. His father, from whom he inherited his mechanical genius, had already been making experiments in this direction, but without success. The son, adopting as his cutting apparatus a saw-like reciprocating blade, created the present reaper, and for several years devoted all his energies to bring his idea into practical completion. He lost some money in his iron-smelting business, and in 1847 took up his residence in Chicago, and commenced the manufacture of his own machines. His success was rapid. In 1849 he sold seven hundred reapers, next year the sales were doubled, while at present the product of a single year is over 40,000. In every contest in which the McCormick reaper has been entered it has beaten all competitors, and gained for its inventor countless marks of honor. He obtained gold medals at the London exhibitions of 1851 and 1862, at the Paris exhibitions of 1855 and 1867 (with the cross of the Legion of Honor), at the Vienna exhibition of 1873, and the highest prize at the Philadelphia exhibition of 1876, besides countless medals at our own agricultural fairs. His harvesting machine, which binds as well as cuts, gained the grand prize at Paris in 1878, and Mr. McCormick was made an officer of the Legion of Honor and a member of the French Academy of Sciences. In brief, wherever the McCormick inventions have been shown they have been triumphant.

Mr McCormick made a noble use of his money, and was liberal to all educational institutions. He founded the Theological Seminary of the West, endowed a professorship at Washington and Lee College, Virginia, and was a generous benefactor to the University of Virginia. He contributed large sums to the Presbyterian Church, of which he was through life a member.

The success of Mr McCormick furnishes an additional argument to those who, like Fairbairn and Nasmyth, deny the utility of patents. His patents expired soon after he began to manufacture, and a renewal of them was refused on the ground of public policy. His success, therefore, is due to the fact that he turned out the best machines in the world. Without them our Western farm lands would have been comparatively profitless, and by their influence farming on a large scale has, both here and in Europe, gradually succeeded the system of small farms.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

TONIC FOR OVERWORKED MEN.

Dr. J. C. Wilson, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used it as a general tonic, and in particular in the debility and dyspepsia of overworked men, with satisfactory results."—[*Adv.*]

DANDRUFF

Is removed by the use of Cocoaine, and it stimulates and promotes the growth of the hair. Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are the best.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters are the best remedy for removing indigestion and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

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Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure* Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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PASTRY WITHOUT BUTTER.

The American pie has been subjected to more unjust abuse from foreign writers than any other of our distinctive products, if we except the recent tirade against the American hog. And yet we cannot say that it has been altogether undeserved, because of the villainous compound, thick, hard, and heavy, that is too often made to do duty as a "crust," and which by courtesy is called "pastry." Light, tender, flaky, and digestible pie-crust, and all kinds of pastry, can be made most readily by the use of Royal Baking Powder without any butter, or with half the usual portion, if preferred, or with a small quantity of lard or other shortening, as desired. Pie-crust thus made is much more wholesome and digestible, besides being more economical and easier prepared. In addition to saving all the butter, if desired, one third the flour is also dispensed with, as the crust is rolled that much thinner, the leavening qualities of the Royal Baking Powder swelling it to the requisite thickness. If drippings or lard be used, the Royal Baking Powder removes any unpleasant taste, rendering the crust as short, sweet, and pleasant as if made from the finest butter. Those who know the appetizing qualities of the genuine home-made American pie will rejoice that, by the aid of Royal Baking Powder in the pastry, it can be made quite as digestible as it is delicious.

HAIR

Possesses a vitality of its own that often outlives the rest of the physical organism. More frequently, however, either through disease, inherent weakness, or age, it falls off, turns gray, or fades early.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Cures the diseases of the scalp and hair; strengthens hair that is naturally weak; nourishes and invigorates torpid hair roots, causing a new, vigorous, and luxuriant growth of hair on bald heads; and restores pristine freshness, color, and lustre to faded and gray hair.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is also a

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Superior to all other preparations for the dressing of the hair. It imparts pliancy, silken softness, lustre and luxuriance of growth, and not only cures Scald Head, Itching Humors, Tetter Sores, Dandruff, etc., but averts them, and prevents the hair falling off and turning gray.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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Lundborg's Perfume, Marechal Niel Rose.
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FOR BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS,

GOUTY DIATHESIS, NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA, &c.

Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, of New York, Surgeon-General U. S. Army (retired), Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the University of New York, &c.

"I have for some time made use of the Buffalo Lithia Water in cases of affections of the *Nervous System,* complicated with *Bright's Disease of the Kidneys,* or with a *Gouty Diathesis.* The results have been eminently satisfactory. Lithia has for many years been a favorite remedy with me in like cases, but the *Buffalo Water certainly acts better than any extemporaneous solution of the Lithia Salts, and is, moreover, better borne by the stomach.* I also often prescribe it in those cases of *Cerebral Hyperæmia, resulting from over-mental work—in which the condition called Nervous Dyspepsia exists—and generally with marked benefit.*"

Dr. Alfred L. Loomis, of New York, Professor of Institutes and Practice of Medicine, Medical Department University of New York.

"For the past four years I have used the Buffalo Lithia Water in the treatment of Chronic *Interstitial Nephritis** occurring in *Gouty* and *Rheumatic* subjects, with the most *marked benefit.* In all Gouty and Rheumatic Affections I regard it as highly efficacious."

(*The third stage of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys.)

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THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor,

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

With the June Number is begun the Sixty-ninth Volume of Harper's Magazine. After a development of thirty-four years, this Magazine stands forth fully recognized as one of the most popular and most representative of American institutions. Its law of selection and growth has been from the first determined by its original scheme as a magazine designed to meet the wants of the people—those wants which are in the line of their aspirations; and to the supremacy of that law the enterprise of its publishers, the judgment of its editors, and the offerings of its contributors have been simply tributary. Conducted upon this principle, the Magazine has maintained the simplicity and breadth of its dominant purpose, never appealing to prejudice—of clique, sect, party, or section—but being always the reflex and the index of the people's progress in taste and culture.

In its development the Magazine has kept steadfastly to the American type, and it is because of this that it has met with so hospitable a reception in England and wherever the English language is spoken. In every English home it represents America and what is best in American literature and art. Even when the subjects treated in its pages are European, they are most frequently presented as seen by American eyes, and illustrated by American artists. It is, however, only a fitting response to the cordial reception given to the Magazine in Great Britain, that the best English writers and artists are accorded a like generous hospitality in its pages and in the homes of Americans. This international character, in no way disturbing the American type, is one of the most notable features of the Magazine. In William Black's "Judith Shakespeare" we have the most brilliant English novel of the season, illustrated by E. A. Abbey, the most original of American draughtsmen. And side by side with it is "Nature's Serial Story," by the most popular of American novelists, illustrated by William Hamilton Gibson and Frederic Dielman, each, in his field, unsurpassed. Thus, in all that concerns literature and art, Harper's Magazine has brought the two great English-speaking peoples nearer together in generous sympathy at the same time that it has incited an equally generous rivalry. The institutions of these two peoples of the same race are such, in their popular relations, that they can never be considered separately; and the treatment of these institutions, in these relations, is a prominent feature of the Magazine.

Colonel Higginson's American History Series will be concluded in the July Number. It will be followed, in the August Number, by a series of papers by the Rev. Treadwell Walden, entitled "The Great Hall of William Rufus," giving a panoramic view of English history as associated with Westminster Hall, with fine portraits and other illustrations.

In the same Number Mr. George H. Boughton will begin a new series of "Artist Strolls in Holland," with illustrations from his own drawings, and from those of Mr. E. A. Abbey and Mr. J. E. Rogers.

The series of Engravings from Great Pictures—including old and modern masterpieces—by Mr. W. B. Closson, will be continued from time to time.

Among the especially seasonable articles to appear in early numbers will be, "Summer Resorts on the St. Lawrence," by Annie Howells Fréchette, illustrated by Henry Sandham; "Trouville" and "Norman Fisher Folk," by Mary Gay Humphreys, illustrated by C. S. Reinhart; and other illustrated papers, including "Salt Lake City," by Ernest Ingersoll, "A Run Ashore at Queenstown," by William H. Rideing, "The Gateway of Boston," by William H. Rideing, "A Day with Sir Joseph Hooker at Kew," etc.

CONTENTS OF THE JUNE NUMBER.

By the River,
Frontispiece. Illustration for Sixth Part of "Judith Shakespeare." From Drawing by E. A. Abbey;

Biarritz,
By Lucy C. Lillie. With Fifteen Illustrations by C. S. Reinhart;

The North Shore,
A Description of the North Shore of Lake Superior. By John A. Butler. Illustrated;

The New York Custom House,
By H. Wheatley. Illustrated;

Sheffield,
By William H. Rideing. Illustrated;

Transcripts from Nature,
By William Sharp. Illustrated by Alfred Parsons;

The Great Western March,
By T. W. Higginson. With full-page Portraits of John Quincy Adams and John C. Calhoun;

Judith Shakespeare—VI.,
By William Black;

Nature's Serial Story—VII.,
By E. P. Roe. Illustrated by William Hamilton Gibson and Frederic Dielman;

Abraham Lincoln at Cincinnati,
By W. M. Dickson;

Short Stories:
A HUMBLE ROMANCE. By Mary E. Wilkins;
THE DAGGER: A STORY OF THE TIME OF SEXTUS POMPEY. By John Macmullen. With an Illustration by Alfred Fredericks;
GRACE SHERWOOD: THE ONE VIRGINIA WITCH. By John Esten Cooke;

Poems
By Dinah M. Craik and Louise Chandler Moulton;

Editor's Easy Chair.
Clubs in Court.—Kindergartens for the Blind.—The Copyright Question in Congress.—Dangers from Fire in Flats.—Mr. Gladstone.

Editor's Literary Record.

Editor's Historical Record.

Editor's Drawer.

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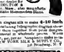

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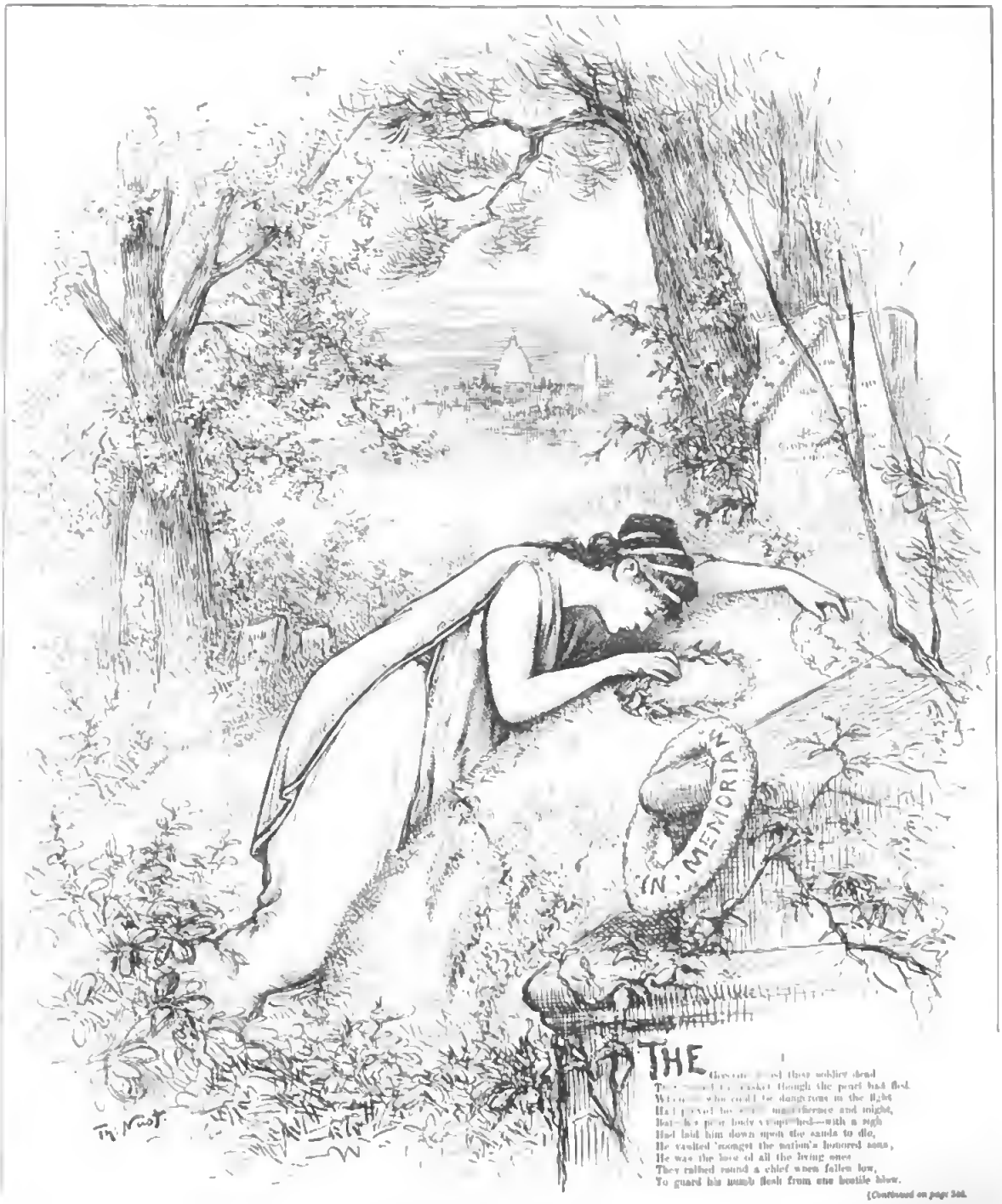

THE LOVES OF THE NATIONS.

DECORATION-DAY POEM BY WILL CARLETON.

(Continued on page 348.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1884.

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Also, with two other stories, "The Pleasure-Trip of the 'Polly Watkins,'" by SOPHIE SWETT, *and "A Terrible Instinct," by* DAVID KER, *in addition to the fourth chapter of "Left Behind," makes a rich feast of fiction.*

MR. F. S. DRAKE *contributes an article on "Rogers's Rangers," a guerrilla corps that was much renown in the old colonial days, and* MR. GUSTAV KOBBE *gives a sketch of an interesting quadruped under the caption of "A Very Fortunate Mole."*

In addition to the illustrations to the stories, there is a full page picture entitled "Washing Dolly's Clothes," a striking drawing by MR. T. DE THULSTRUP, *illustrating "Rogers's Rangers," and a series by* PARKER COX, *in that artist's favorite vein, to accompany* MRS. G. F. WATSON'S *humorous verses, "The Pray and the Tactic."*

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LOOSE BUSINESS METHODS

THE recent financial crisis in Wall Street has very rudely called public attention to the loose and dangerous way in which the most important business is done, and it is not surprising that Senator CULLOM, of Illinois, has introduced a bill to prohibit speculation by officers of national banking associations. The remedy for the mischief, however, must be found in the good sense and resolution of private citizens rather than in legislation, for practices have grown up in banks which are in direct violation of law, but nothing is done, because public opinion condones them. The speculations of a bank president are dangerous to innocent persons, because generally the directors permit him to be virtually an autocrat. He alone substantially commands the resources of the bank, making loans upon security which he reports to the board as satisfactory, and to question his acts is a kind of discourtesy, if not treason, upon the part of directors. The directors of a bank should direct its operations, as their title imports, and the manager should be, like the cashier and the tellers, their servant, and not their master. The late difficulties in the three New York banks are traceable directly to the evil practice of making the manager or president not the responsible agent of the direction, but the supreme dictator of the whole business of the bank. This is a matter in which the English practice is very much better than ours, and the practice is largely due to our good natured carelessness.

Overcertification is another of these fatally loose habits, the folly and peril of which have been fully exposed during the recent troubles. Section 5208 of the Revised Statutes provides that "it shall be unlawful for any officer, clerk, or agent of any national banking association to certify any check drawn upon the association unless the person or company drawing the check has on deposit with the association at the time such check is certified an amount of money specified in such check." The penalty is a receiver for the bank and its closure. But the practice has become general to certify to enormous amounts the checks of stock-brokers who have no corresponding deposit, but who intend to have one a little later. Now stock-brokers are often practically gamblers, and to certify their overdrafts is to pledge the bank to pay the money of honest depositors for drafts that may be worthless, and of which the bank has no guarantee but the word of gamblers. If stock business can not now be transacted except upon condition of overdrafts, the stock business must change its methods. Certainly it can not expect to prey upon the money of innocent persons; or if it does, it should be taught the baselessness of such expectations. The habit of violating the law leads many tellers to certify the overdraft of any customer upon his promise that the balance shall be made good. But a looser and more unjustifiable way of doing business can not be conceived. It is such practices, apparently approved and at least plainly tolerated by those who have large interests at stake, which produce the feeling so common in Europe, that property is not adequately protected in the United States. In a new country, indeed, with great resources to be developed by great enterprise, great risks must be taken. That is undoubtedly true; but those who are interested in the prospective profits must take the risk. It is not a principle upon which the stock gambler must expect to be justified in seizing the money of innocent and unconsenting persons. That proceeding is simply robbery, and the banks have no moral, as they have no legal, right to connive at it.

The remedy lies, as we have said, not in legislation, but in individual action and a better public opinion. After the recent disturbance every man who proposes to open an account with a bank will probably take much more care than before to ascertain whether the president is in complete and virtually irresponsible control of the bank, and whether he is engaged in "great enterprises." The richer he is reputed to be, the more stringent will be the inquiry; and the same scrutiny will be directed to the subject of overcertification, and in general to the speculative and railroad reputation of the bank. The law requires that lists of the shareholders and the number of shares held by each shall be open during business hours to the inspection of all shareholders and creditors of every banking association, and that every bank shall report its resources and liabilities to the Comptroller of the Currency not less than five times every year, the reports to be properly published. Any information which is necessary to show the actual situation of the bank should be open, of course, to every man who proposes to intrust his money to it. But his own discretion and watchfulness must be his protection. The law can not defend a man against his own folly or negligence in such matters, as it can not save him from wild-cat investments; and one of the good results of the late trouble will be the greater clearness with which every man will now understand that truth.

THE ARTHUR MEETING.

THE call for the meeting to promote the nomination of Mr. ARTHUR was signed by many of the weightiest names in the city of New York, and the meeting itself was conducted with singular tact in regard to other candidates. The substance of the speeches and of the resolutions was contained in Mr. BRISTOW'S remark that it is always wise to let well alone, and that as no serious complaint could be urged against the administration, there should be no change. The commendations of the administration by various State Conventions were scattered in circulars throughout the hall, and the whole affair was managed with care and skill. Yet one fact must have impressed the intelligent reader of the commendatory circulars, and that is that few of the commending Conventions in Republican States expressed a preference for the nomination of the President, and many of them, including that of his own State, selected delegates who are opposed to it. The explanation is this, that however excellent the course of the administration may have been—and it is, upon the whole, sincerely commended by all Republicans, except a certain clique of the President's former friends, such as General GRANT, Mr. CONKLING, Mr. PLATT, Mr. JOHN F. SMYTH, and others—yet the currents of personal and factional feeling within the party are so strong that practical union upon him as a candidate is impossible.

Some time ago we pointed out the fact that among the great mass of Republicans in this State the circumstances of the President's accession to office and the nature of his previous career were as freshly remembered as ever, and would inevitably have an immense effect upon the election. Mr. MACVEAGH'S letter shows that we were not mistaken. The impression which it has made is not due alone to its tone, but to the consciousness that it expresses the feeling of a vast number of Republicans. The question which the actual situation presents, therefore, was not considered nor answered at the meeting—why should the Republican party, when its success demands the utmost possible unanimity and the certainty of carrying New York, select a candidate who is especially repugnant to a large part of the party? It is precisely the question which is asked of the friends of Mr. BLAINE. In his case the answer is given that he has more supporters than any other individual Republican; in Mr. ARTHUR'S case the answer is offered that his administration has been most excellent. But both answers are obviously unsatisfactory to the real question, What candidate, under all the circumstances, will command the largest vote?

The demonstrations and the expressions of every day as the Convention approaches make it more and more evident that the selection of either one of the two leading candidates would be highly inexpedient for the party. To say this is not to deny that strong arguments may be urged for both, but it is to say that the opposing arguments are stronger. Why select a candidate around whom the fiercest contentions would rage, when there are candidates not less eminent who would excite no such hostile controversy? If, indeed, it were necessary to select a particular person as the representative of a principle, there could be no question. Whatever the result might be, he should be nominated, and all good men should stand by him. But this is a different situation. Here is a cause of which several representatives are suggested, and if they are all personally beyond suspicion—which is, of course, an indispensable condition—that man who is freest from actual hostility, or from reasons of hostility, must be selected, if Republican victory is to be assured.

THE DEMOCRATIC PROSPECT.

THE Republican preliminary canvass has been so ardent that attention has been somewhat diverted from the Democratic campaign for the nomination. There has been nothing added to the speculations upon that subject except a remark in an Albany letter to the *Tribune*, that "it is an open secret here that the friends of Governor CLEVELAND intend to press him for the nomination in case the Republican National Convention should nominate a certain candidate for President." This "certain candidate" we presume to be Mr. BLAINE. But whether it be Mr. BLAINE or another, there is, of course, no doubt that the friends of Governor CLEVELAND will press him earnestly, and there is equally no doubt that among the Democratic candidates who have been named none would be stronger than the Governor. Yet the tendency is plainly toward the old ticket, and unless Mr. TILDEN should decline in some other way than by the doubtful reports of interviewers, he will probably be nominated. His platform would be that which he is said to have whispered to one of his interviewers—"Reform in general." That is, indeed, a peculiarly Democratic position—reform in general, and not in particular. It was the platform of JACKSON, and his inaugural promise, and "reform" proved to be, turning out the office-holders who did not vote for him.

As Mr. SAMUEL SWARTWOUT wrote to another aspirant: "I hold to your doctrine fully, that no d——d rascal who made use of his office or its profits for the purpose of keeping Mr. ADAMS in and General JACKSON out of power is entitled to the least lenity or mercy, save that of hanging, so we both think alike on that head. Whether or not I shall get anything in the general scramble for plunder, remains to be seen, but I rather think I shall." This eminent reformer was correct. He did get something. He got much more than his fair share of the public plunder. For, in pursuance of his policy of reform in general, JACKSON appointed SWARTWOUT Collector of New York, and SWARTWOUT defrauded the government of an enormous sum of money. This is the kind of "reform in general" upon which the Democratic party would like to conduct the campaign. Revenue reform it has discarded. Civil service reform it spurns. Reform in particular it brands as sentimental and impracticable. But that "reform in general" which consists of a clean sweep of the whole civil service—the reform of JACKSON, which did more to debauch the public service and corrupt American politics than any other event in our history—is the kind of reform which is to be anticipated from Democratic success.

This would be a great misfortune for the country, and it is to be averted only by wise action upon the part of the Republicans. They should certainly do something better than offer the country a dilemma. Much as intelligent voters would dislike to see a "clean sweep," and the committal of the government to a party whose record and traditions are so justly odious to every lover of liberty as those of the Democratic party, yet the possibility of a change is undeniable unless good reasons against a change be evident. Those reasons can be presented in one way only, and that is by the character and significance of the Republican nomination. The public mind is more than ever sensitive and apprehensive. The public good-nature readily forgets and condones. The younger generation, a host of voters, does not recall the infamies of the slavery despotism which was synonymous with Democratic ascendency. To make success unquestionable, the Republican candidate must be in himself a promise of clean and upright administration, in sympathy with the spirit of progress and of reform in particular, which is now much more powerful with the country than any exclusively political question.

A BLOW AT AMERICAN ART.

THE action of Congress constantly recalls the biting gibe of the foreigner who said that if the country could stand Congress it could stand anything. The House of Representatives has just been guilty of one of those acts which are peculiarly exasperating from their utter folly. One hundred and seventy-nine members voted against fifty-two to continue the present unjustifiable duty of thirty per cent. upon works of art by foreign artists. American artists are welcomed to the foreign schools, and are treated in the most friendly manner, and against their earnest protest this indecent tax of exclusion against foreign works is maintained by our government. The Italian Parliament was about making reprisals by levying a tax upon the export of works of American artists from Italy, but delayed action upon the strong assurance of our leading artists in Italy that our shameful law

would be doubtless modified upon their representation that they did not desire so humiliating a protection.

Instead of abolishing this unfriendly tax, the Ways and Means Committee reported a bill levying a duty of ten per cent. upon all works of art, whether by foreign or native artists. Such a proposition was grotesquely absurd. American art was already disabled by the thirty per cent. duty against foreign works; it should now be further oppressed by a ten per cent. duty against native works also. A distinguished American now in Rome writes us: "They [the American artists in Italy] are generally good fellows, as you know, and lovers of their country, and why that cherishing mother should turn her back on them in this way I can not fancy. It is true they have (being men of manly spirit, they could hardly do otherwise) protested against the present marked discrimination in their favor against foreign artists, but to repay this generosity by making their own works contraband is quite too much. To say that an American artist in Rome ought to pay ten per cent. for the privilege of competing with his brethren in New York or Boston, would seem to be to announce an entirely indefensible proposition, to say the least. I know at least two American artists in Rome to-day, both of whom, when students here, left for home when the war for the Union opened, and fought in the ranks. One lost an arm; the other was shot almost fatally through the neck. They returned here to study and paint, and to go home again when they can afford it, and now the aforesaid grateful and cherishing mother proposes to lay ten per cent. duty on their pictures, all, I suppose, for the benefit of the whiskey-makers."

Mr. BELMONT, however, and Mr. DORSHEIMER, Mr. COX, and Mr. SLOCUM, with other intelligent Democrats, thinking this proposition to be the only one attainable, and at least that it removed the shameful discrimination against the foreign artists, voted with Mr. HISCOCK, Mr. KASSON, and other Republicans for the change. Even this moderate measure, however, was overwhelmingly defeated, and the heavy tax upon art education in the country was maintained. The Italian government will now, of course, lay the duty upon the export of the works of our own artists, and the French artists propose that American works shall be excluded from the Paris exhibition. The whole proceeding in Congress is an illustration of the pressing necessity of reasonable tariff revision and revenue reform, which will not be lost upon the country.

WHO AND WHY.

A KANSAS paper, alluding to the circular of the Independent Republicans of New York, asks who they are and why they should undertake to dictate the nomination, and concludes by declaring the circular to be unworthy of attention. The answer to this explosion is that the circular is issued by a committee of Republican voters of New York, who represent many thousands of such voters, whose refusal to vote for the Republican candidate in 1882 was thought at the time to be worthy of very serious attention.

The circular is not at all dictatorial. It states what is perfectly well known in New York, however little it may be known in Kansas, that only Republican candidates of a certain character can carry New York in the election of this year, and the opinion of those who issue the circular is, to say the least, quite as weighty as that of any other body of Republican voters in the State or out of the State. The Kansas critic should remember that Mr. FOLGER, the defeated candidate in 1882, was personally absolutely unexceptionable and popular, and that he had been elected Judge of the Court of Appeals by an immense majority only a year or two before. But the frauds practiced to secure his nomination, and the general disgust with "dirty" politics, produced the tremendous protest of that adverse majority of nearly two hundred thousand.

The circular in question describes truly and forcibly the political situation in New York; states the inflexible opposition to certain kinds of candidates upon the part of Republicans who have more than once shown their ability to vote against such candidates or to abstain from voting, and in the most respectful manner expresses the opinion that such facts should be carefully heeded. Does the Kansas objector really think that it would have been a truer service to the party to announce that the Republicans of New York, and all voters who under any circumstances would support a Republican candidate, are ready unitedly to vote for anybody who may be nominated at Chicago? If he does, we reply that here in New York there is a different opinion, for the reason that any such announcement would be untrue.

MISPLACED ECONOMY.

IN the late debate in the Senate upon the Indian Bill, Senators DAWES, HAWLEY, and others strongly advocated the grant for education asked by Secretary TELLER. Their view is in general that the Indians should cease to be a special class, and become merged in the general population, and that pending the accomplishment of this result, and the necessary legislation and movement of public opinion, the Indian children should be educated. There are now forty-five thousand such children, and, as Secretary TELLER points out, nothing can be more foolish than to allow them to grow up in ignorance, idleness, and pauperism. He says, in his annual report:

"Accommodation should be provided for at least 10,000 in addition to those now in manual labor schools, which would secure to about one-half the children of school age the advantages of at least a partial education, whilst under present appropriations only about one-fourth have any school advantages at all, three-fourths growing up in ignorance and vice. If it is wise to educate one-fourth, it is difficult to see why it is not wise to educate *all*."

Those who say that they can not be educated must be referred to the Indian schools already in operation, at Hampton in Virginia, Carlisle in Pennsylvania, at Forest Grove, Oregon, Albuquerque, New Mexico, at Lawrence, Kansas, at Chilocco, at Genoa, besides numerous other institutions established and supported by the various religious bodies. Those who assert that the department can not manage the matter must show that it is not now doing all that the funds granted by Congress will permit. The Secretary, upon a clear and full explanation of every item and of its necessity, asked for an Indian appropriation of a little less than $8,500,000; the committee of the House cut it down arbitrarily by about $3,300,000. The Senate increased the amount by about $835,000, making a total of $800,000 over the bill of last year, and of this sum $1,165,000 is designed for education, an increase of $400,000 for this purpose. Senators PLUMB and INGALLS, of Kansas, have distinguished themselves by opposition to the bill, and it has been referred to a rather unfriendly conference committee. Those who desire to see the Indian problem properly settled by merging the Indians in the population, must look for the chief obstructions in Congress rather than among the Indians.

It is pleasant to observe that General SHERMAN'S view of the Indian is not that of many other eminent soldiers. The favorable opinions of General CROOK and General MILES are well known, as well as those of General GRANT; and General HAWLEY, in his speech during the debate, gave this interesting reminiscence:

"The first time I saw the great General THOMAS I spent an evening with him in town here, in company with others, and he was led to talk upon the Indian question. He spent some two hours in discussing it. All that he said was in precisely the line of talk of JACKSON and GRANT. It was filled with generous sentiments, and belief in the possibility of the Indians being saved from that final extermination prophesied by so many. He said, among other things, that the prime essential in dealing with those people was to tell the truth, to tell the truth always, and to keep a promise, because to the white man when you failed to keep a promise you could give an apology that might be understood, but the Indian never understood if you did not keep your agreement. He spoke even of friendships he had had among the leading veterans of the Indians, and in general recommended the policy which I here, and which we here, most of us, are advocating."

A SHAKESPEAREAN CONCERT.

WHILE we have been enjoying delightful music in New York, London has not been utterly bereft of that delight; and among the pleasantest and most attractive concerts must have been that of the second annual musical entertainment of the "New Shakspere Society." This took place at the society's ninety-seventh meeting, on the 9th of May, and consisted of a selection of "Shakspere madrigals, glees, and songs."

The music was divided into classes: first period, early contrapuntal; second period, late contrapuntal; third period, early harmonic; and fourth period, late harmonic. The names of the composers are most suggestive of the old English music: WEELKES, THOMAS MORLEY, ROBERT JOHNSON, BANISTER, Dr. ARNE, with later good names, HORN, Sir H. BISHOP, HATTON, CALCOTT, SULLIVAN, and SCHUBERT, for the incomparable "Hark! hark! the lark!"

The "first lines" recall the beautiful songs scattered through the plays—"Full fathoms five," "Come unto these yellow sands," "Where the bee sucks," "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," "When daisies pied," "Under the greenwood tree," "Tell me where is fancy bred," "I know a bank," "Hark! hark! the lark!" in Dr. COOKE'S quartette, as well as SCHUBERT'S solo, "Should he upbraid," "As it fell upon a day," "How sweet the moonlight." There were several "duplicates" besides the "Hark! hark!" and altogether the concert, if the voices were not wholly inadequate, must have been very charming. And what more delightful musical evening could Mr. AIKEN and Miss RYDER, with the English glee club, offer for the next season in New York than a Shakespeare concert like this?

PERSONAL.

VIEWS of a young lady on a social topic: "We had a little party at our house, and when some of the gentlemen were leaving they asked for matches to light their cigars with. We gave them some blackened ones that had already been lighted, and it was great fun to hear the scratching outside, and the remarks that were caused by the failures to strike a light."

—When the Princeton Glee Club was in Richmond, Virginia, one of its members sang a darky song so well as to bring down the house. This testimony to his mastery of the darky dialect was very gratifying to him and to his friends, because it was probably as competent testimony as any extant. The old darky brogue seems gradually dying out in the South. The negroes talk more like white men, and they are now singing new songs, in which their relations to their new mining and manufacturing "bosses" are faithfully described for the use of the future historian.

—Mrs. LANGTRY was sued by a member of her company for back salary. He testified that on one occasion Mrs. LANGTRY said to him, "I have been spoiled all my life, and am used to having everything my own way."

—General W. W. LORING, pasha, has a cane the large ivory head of which was brought from the Soudan by Miss MILDRED LEE, daughter of General ROBERT E. LEE, and presented by her to General LORING. The head is richly carved in Egyptian style, and the cane itself was cut from a piece of malacca brought from Singapore by another friend of the pasha's, also as a present to him.

—Mr. LAURENCE HUTTON is the special friend of all boys and girls, wherefore Mr. THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH once called him "everybody's uncle." Not many months ago he learned that a boy, the son of one of his friends in the Authors' Club, was the owner of an autograph book, and was too modest to ask for autographs. Mr. HUTTON straightway asked for the book, took it to his house, where nearly every person distinguished in art or letters is sooner or later a visitor, and for three months made it his practice to exact an autograph from each of his guests.

—Mr. RUSSELL SAGE, whose name has appeared so prominently of late in connection with the excitement in Wall Street, is reputed to be worth thirty millions, fifteen millions of which he keeps available for immediate use. He looks like a farmer. No one who did not know him would take him for anything else.

—What is a crofter, and what is a cottar? asks the Marquis of Lorne. A crofter, he answers, is a man having any small holding of land, and paying, in proportion to its size, from $5 to $150 of rent. A cottar is a man who as a rule has no land, and inhabits a hovel built by himself, paying perhaps five or ten shillings to the crofter for the use of a "rig" or two of potatoes. A man paying above $150 is usually denominated a farmer. "My wish is to impress the hope that some short act may be passed during this session of the House of Commons providing that when any man, or his fathers, can be proved to have been, say, twenty years in the Scottish Highlands as cottar or crofter, he shall not be removed against his will without some payment."

—"There are many more eloquent speakers than Prince BISMARCK," observes an English journalist, "but none weightier or more full of matter. He always goes to the root of things. His policy may be as wrong as you please, but it is deep, comprehensive, consistent. His policy is to suppress political agitation on the one hand, and to satisfy material needs on the other. There can be no doubt of the sincerity of his gigantic efforts to grapple with misery and destitution."

—In one of the reception-rooms at Vassar College there hangs an excellent reproduction of MILLET'S famous picture "The Angelus"—two peasants stopping their work in a potato field to say an *Ave Maria* at the sound of the distant angelus. A teacher of the institution surprised one of the Irish servants looking earnestly at this work of art.

"Pretty picture, Patrick," she said.

"Yes, mum," quoth Pat; "but what's the matter with the po-tay-ties?"

—Servant girls, writes a lady, are a continual study. Here is the cheerful, sweet-natured little maid, who don't care for wages, but wants to get into the country, where she can see a real tree. Here is the poor foolish little creature, heavy-footed, heavy-handed, through a long inherited warfare with the class just above her, that has reduced her to the rank just above an intelligent animal. Here is the evil-tempered girl, turned into silent astonishment by the reception of kind words and kind treatment. And here, very, very seldom comes the hopeless case that drifts, as it were, for the moment into the light of a quiet, refined home, to disappear into the blackness, and be no more seen.

—Mr. SHACKLETON is a member of the Young Ireland Society of Dublin, and a town councillor. When the Queen's son died he moved a vote of condolence to her Majesty, for which he was severely censured. When he attempted to explain his course by remarking at a public meeting that certain courtesies were due to the Queen, he was met by cries of "Humbug!"

—Mr. HENRY IRVING is an admirable manager. Everybody admits that; and nowhere has his fine tact been better shown than in the two prefaces to his new book, *Impressions of America*, where he tells the English public that nothing has impressed him more than the fondness of Americans for the old country; and assures the American public that before leaving London he ventured a prophecy "that in going to America we were going among friends. That prophecy has been fulfilled."

—The Bishop of Liverpool, Dr. RYLE, thinks that there is much that is rotten in the system of decorating churches, in useless ceremonies, and in the reckless expense with which flowers are used at high festivals, and he wants to know what money is being spent for missions, and what work of the Holy Ghost is going on. He fears that where the services are all sung, and so much money is spent on the organ and choir, the people do not follow their prayer-books, nor take part in the worship.

—Professor STRAUSS, of Germany, dedicated his *Lectures on Voltaire* to the late Princess ALICE. He sent her the proof-sheets of the work, and received in reply the following note: "Dear Herr Professor,—I return you your *Voltaire*, with many thanks. My husband read through the fifth chapter of it yesterday; he does not think that its contents are such as to justify my refusing the dedication. The value which I place on the dedication of your book will always be far greater than any little unpleasantness which might possibly arise from my accepting it.—ALICE."

—The late Mr. SAM WARD, who died in Pegli, Italy, May 19, in his seventy-first year, represented a social type which was possible in no other country than the United States, and in no other century than this. Like the Chevalier WIKOFF, he was personally acquainted with a long line of illustrious Europeans, but, unlike the Chevalier, he made and lost several millions of dollars. Like many another, he was a successful lobbyist, but, unlike any other, he had translated the *Mécanique Céleste* of LAPLACE. He was an Argonaut of '49, a California merchant, a chief among the Piute Indians, a New York banker, a social lion in London, and the husband of the beautiful MEDORA GRYMES, who fifty years ago was considered by New York artists as an incarnation of Aphrodite.

—The fine poem by WILL CARLETON which we print this week was written at the request of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be delivered by the author on Decoration-day at the cemetery at Arlington Heights. Mr. CARLETON has just concluded a very successful series of readings in Washington, which he was invited to give by prominent citizens of the national capital.

—The Duke of Albany had a presentiment of his death. Two days before he died he said he would like a military funeral, and added: "For two nights now Princess ALICE has appeared to me in my dreams, and says she is quite happy, and that she wants me to come and join her. That's what makes me so thoughtful."

—ALFRED TENNYSON'S longest published prose communication is one addressed to Mr. S. E. DAWSON explaining the origin of some of his poems. Mr. TENNYSON complains of some critics who are always accusing the poets of plagiarizing. "Are not human eyes," he asks, "all over the world looking at the same objects, and must there not consequently be coincidences of thought and impressions and expressions?" and he recites how the sea one night at Torquay suggested certain lines of one of his poems, how a coming snow-storm from the top of Snowdon suggested other lines, and how a storm in the middle of the North Sea suggested others. Every part of nature could doubtless produce similar reminiscences.

—Mr. J. E. HALL, of Marietta, Ohio, ninety-one years old, is said to have built the first wharf boat on the Ohio River, and his son is married to a great-great-granddaughter of MARTHA WASHINGTON.

—The late Empress MARY ANNE, of Austria, says a foreign writer, appeared to the world in the early part of her wedded life to be singularly blessed by the fates. She was the eldest of the three beautiful daughters of VICTOR EMANUEL I., of Sardinia, and of that Princess of Naples who was called "La Bella." A medal was struck at Turin in 1819 representing the three daughters of VICTOR EMANUEL as the mythological Graces. MARY ANNE was the central figure. Each of the three lovely Sardinian princesses was doomed to be married to a most puissant, high, and illustrious prince, who, in his mental and moral faculties, was below the meanest of his subjects. The tall, finely built MARY ANNE took the drivelling and epileptic FERDINAND, and was married to him by proxy on the 12th of April, 1831, and in person on the 27th of the same month. On the 28th of February he had nine fits. "What I suffered," wrote the bride to her ex-governess, "it is impossible to express." Soon after the death of the Emperor FRANCIS, her father-in-law, there was a rumor that an heir in the direct line to the crown might be expected. "God forbid that I should ever perpetuate the suffering of which I am a constant witness! What renders it so awful is that it degrades instead of exalting. I should have been happier as a poor obscure woman with a husband I could love and rosy children around me, than the wife of a Kaiser who is afflicted with a disease that unfits him for all public and private duties." Latterly the Empress MARY ANNE was bent and shrivelled as a withered apple, and she wore a close coif and a loose dress resembling a nun's robe. No trace of former grace and beauty remained.

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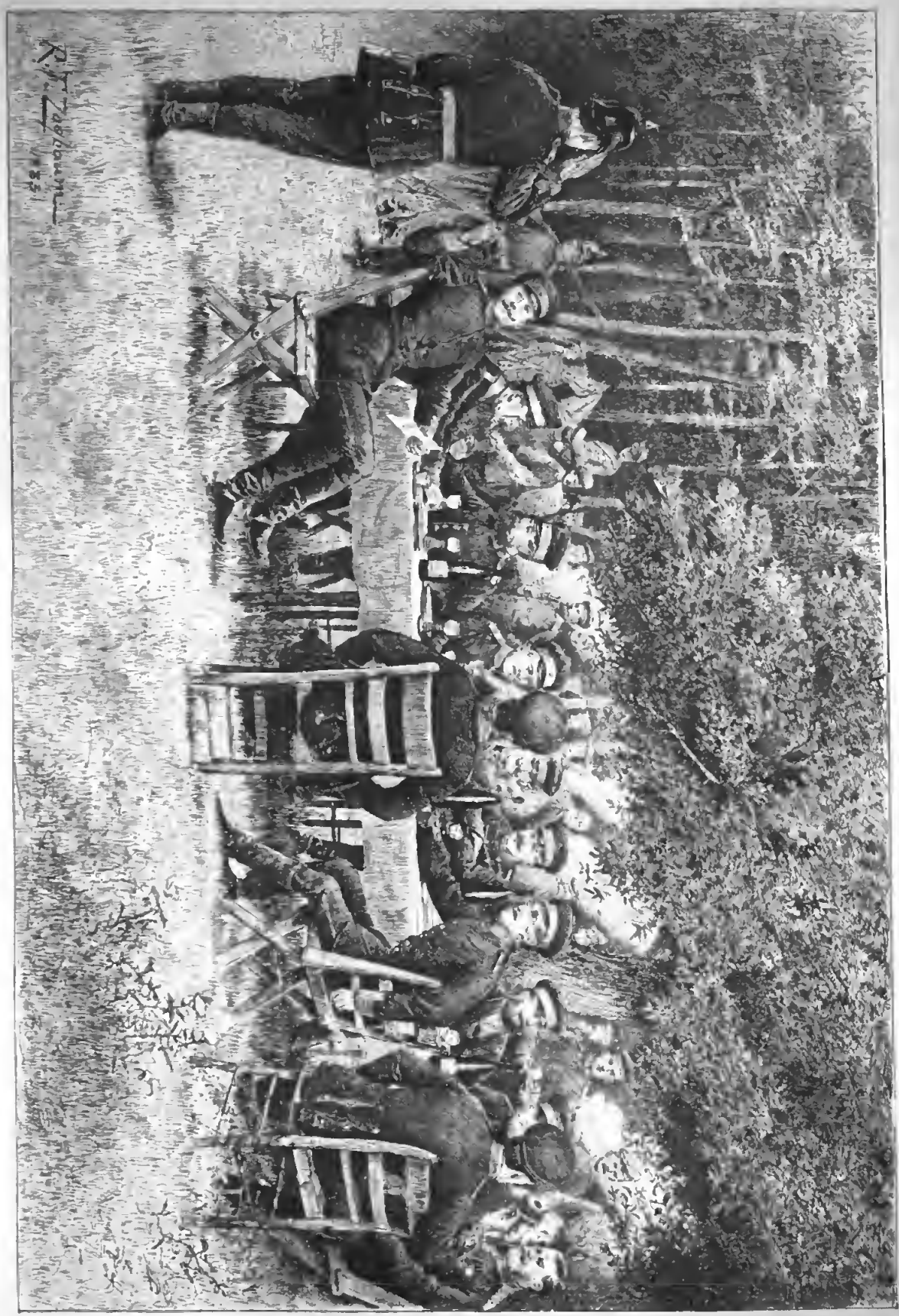
HENRY W. CANNON, COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. H. KLEIN.—[SEE PAGE 347.]

THE LATE SAM WARD.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER.—[SEE PAGE 348.]

THE VILLAGE BARBER.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.



GERMAN OFFICERS AT MESS—A REMINISCENCE OF THE SUMMER MANŒUVRES—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum—[See Page 347.]

THE LOVES OF THE NATIONS.

[Continued from first page.]

"Rescue the dead!" was then the clarion cry;
"Rescue the dead, for we ourselves must die!"
So oft they made, before the earth was done,
A dozen corpses never, to rescue one
Whose shot great agony of muscle, brain,
Heart, soul, tumultuous joy, and frantic pain,
Men cult a battle, had been lost and won,
And it was told which side the gods were on,
And o'er the brows of which exhausted hand
Proud Victory should press her jewelled hand,
Then from the conquered to the conquering
came
A voice that made its way like tongues of flame,
And swift and chivalrous companies bred
"Give us a truce, that we may bury our dead!"
Ha Grecian generals came from war one day,
All well entoomed, for gallant men were they;
But some one, pointing grossly at them, said,
"They are the dead unburied left their dead."
Then popular rage rose in a fiery flood,
And carried about them, and licked up their
blood.
Why did each one fall with deserved head?
Because the Grecians loved their soldier dead!
A man came running from Thermopylæ,
And said, "'Tis done; they all were slain but
me."
Why did his fellow-Spartan sneer and hiss,
Recoil from him, as from a leper's kiss,
And say, "Take back your blood, you craven
drone,
And leave it where your comrades lost their
own"?
It was because the unhappy man had sped
Away from death, and left his comrades dead.
The Grecian mother, with a tearless eye,
Sent her son onward, with this mandate high:
"Now be this shield your glory or your bearer!
With it you earn my blessing or my curse!
Rather your ashes flecked with sparks of flame,
Than your live body clad in robes of shame!"
Oh, yes, the Grecians loved their soldier dead!
Whether beneath the grass-blade's dainty tread,
Or 'mid the funeral pyre's majestic blaze,
Tiny glowed within the living's crazed gaze!
Yet not like ours that Grecian love could be:
They did not love the living as do we!

II.

The Romans loved their soldier dead,
And brightest, grandest honors o'er them spread.
That hard, grim nation, which with fierce iron
hand
Clasped by the choking throat land after land,
And blood of its own living freely shed,
Grew strangely tender with its warrior dead.
The past one dragged for deeds of might and
fame,
To hang in garlands on the golden name;
The magic silver of some gifted tongue
Chaplets of praise above his body flung;
And words fell on the living, stunning ear,
The dead might well sunken but to hear
The flags that he had captured, draped in gloom,
Before him waved—he found them at his tomb;
Sweet flowers, the freshest beauties of a day,
Made a fair garden of the hero's clay;
Great monuments were solemnly on high
Hin glory o'er the blue page of the sky,
And epitaphs, beneath she sparkling name,
Gave to the voiceless dead a tongue of flame.
Who fill with patriotic bravery, knew,
Humble or proud, its deeds would have their
due;
Who'er with baseness threw his name away,
Knew that, when fall'n, he formed the vulture's
prey
Oh yes, the Romans loved their valiant dead,
The while their living were to victory led!
Great, burning flames! you know the intense desire
Of men to fire when meaner men expire;
Know how they struggle, in'mid with latest breath,
To make their omens o'erbridge the gulf of
death.
Know the last rites to one dead hero paid
Would sharpen many a living warrior's blade;
Mien how your victory-accustomed hands
Were waved along by their dead comrades'
bands!
Yet not like ours that Roman love could be:
They did not love the living as do we!

III.

And does Columbia love her dead?—
No word of praise or honor can be said,
No language her been given to our race,
No monument has majesty or grace,
No music, filling with weird sweets the air,
No mind or matron eloquently fine,
Naught that can feeling to enthusiasm wed,
May see how well we love our soldier dead.
If in those days when self one all alone,
Men loved as well ere they were taught to love,
What deep affection may be felt and seen
From hearts taught by the love-crowned Nazarene!
The narrow Tiber creeps through Cæsar's Rome,
The broad Potomac laves our chieftain's home;
The cascades of the Genesee murmur still,
Niagara thunders o'er the Western hill.
So seems it, in this era of heart-lore,
As if our love transcended all before.
O'er this republic—Giant of Free Lands—
Holding apart the oceans with strong hands,
Has through these years in massive quiet flown
A tide of tender heart-love for its own
Wher sailing floods rush through the meadows
fair,
And turn them into valleys of despair,
A flood of love sweeps o'er the prosperous hills,
And brings them aid to cure their sudden ills.
When the red fire-king holds his crimson court,
And rains homes to ashes fire-lash apart,
There speeds a flame of pity through the land,
Which opens wide the generous heart and hand.
Love for the worthy living, our hearts' guide;
Love for the worthy dead, his dark-veiled bride.
Love for the living martyrs of the land,
And gratitude for the dead, go hand in hand.
So, while we deck the brave ones that are gone,
Our hearts for those who live beat truly on.
When a man throws the treasures of his life
Into the Land's fierce, self-preserving strife,
Let him be sure, in the world's battles grim,
When war is o'er, the Land will fight for him!
So shall God's blessing mingle with these
flowers,
And love of dead and living both be ours!

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "MY LADY'S MONEY," "THE MOONSTONE," "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE DISCOVERY

CHAPTER XLVIII.

INVESTIGATION.

HAVING revived his sinking energies in the fruit garden, Mirabel seated himself under the shade of a tree, and reflected on the critical position in which he was placed by Francine's jealousy.

If Miss De Sor concluded to be Mr Wyvil's guest, there seemed to be no other choice before Mirabel than to leave Monksmoor, and to trust to a favorable reply to his sister's invitation for the free enjoyment of Emily's society under another roof. Yet as he might, he could arrive at no more satisfactory conclusion than this. In his preoccupied state time passed quickly. Nearly an hour had elapsed before he rose to return to the house.

Entering the hall, he was startled by a cry of terror in a woman's voice coming from the upper regions. At the same time Mr. Wyvil, passing along the bedroom corridor after leaving the music-room, was confronted by his daughter leaving Emily's bed chamber in such a state of alarm that she could hardly speak.

"Gone!" she cried, the moment she saw her father.

Mr. Wyvil took her in his arms and tried to compose her. "Who has gone?" he asked.

"Emily. Oh, papa, Emily has left us! She has heard dreadful news, she told me so herself."

"What news? How did she hear it?"

"I don't know how she heard it. I went back to the drawing room to show her my roses—"

"Was she alone?"

"Yes. She frightened me—she seemed quite wild. She said, 'Let me be by myself, I shall have to go home.' She kissed me, and ran up to her room. Oh, I am such a fool; Any one else would have taken care not to lose sight of her."

"How long did you leave her by herself?"

"I can't say. I thought I would go and tell you. And then I got anxious about her, and knocked at her door, and looked into the room. Gone! gone!"

Mr Wyvil rang the bell, and confided Cecilia to the care of her maid. Mirabel had already joined him in the corridor. They went downstairs together, and consulted with Alban. He volunteered to make immediate inquiries at the railway station. Mr Wyvil followed him as far as the lodge gate, which opened on the high-road, while Mirabel went to a second gate, at the opposite extremity of the park.

Mr Wyvil obtained the first news of Emily. The lodge-keeper had seen her pass him, on her way out of the park, in the greatest haste. He had called after her, "Anything wrong, miss?" and had received no reply. Asked what time had elapsed since this had happened, he was too confused to be able to answer with any certainty. He knew that she had taken the road which led to the station, and he knew no more.

Mr Wyvil and Mirabel met again at the house, and instituted an examination of the servants. No further discoveries were made.

The question which occurred to everybody was suggested by the words which Cecilia had repeated to her father. Emily had said she had "heard dreadful news." How had that news reached her? The one postal delivery at Monksmoor was in the morning. Had no special messenger arrived with a letter for Emily? The servants were absolutely certain that no such person had entered the house. The one remaining conclusion suggested that somebody must have communicated the evil tidings by word of mouth. But here again no evidence was to be obtained. No visitor had called during the day, and no new guests had arrived. Investigation was completely baffled.

Alban returned from the railway with news of the fugitive.

He had reached the station ten minutes after the departure of the London train. The clerk at the office recognized his description of Emily, and stated that she had taken her ticket for London. The station master had opened the carriage door for her, and had noticed that the young lady appeared to be very much agitated. This information obtained, Alban had dispatched a telegram to Emily—in Cecilia's name: "Pray send us a few words to relieve our anxiety, and let us know if we can be of any service to you."

This was plainly all that could be done—but Cecilia was not satisfied. If her father had permitted it, she would have followed Emily. Alban comforted her. He apologized to Mr Wyvil for shortening his visit, and announced his intention of traveling to London by the next train. "We may renew our inquiries to some advantage," he added, after hearing what had happened in his absence, "if we can find not who was the last person who saw her, and spoke to her, before your daughter found her alone in the drawing room. When I went out of the room I left her with Miss De Sor."

The maid who waited on Miss De Sor was sent for. Francine had been out, by herself, walking in the park. She was then in her room changing her dress. On hearing of Emily's sudden departure, she had been (as the maid reported) "much shocked, and quite at a loss to understand what it meant."

Joining her friends a few minutes later, Francine presented, so far as personal appearance went, a strong contrast to the pale and anxious faces round her. She looked wonderfully well after her walk. In other respects she was in perfect harmony with the prevalent feeling. She expressed herself with the utmost propriety; her sympathy moved poor Cecilia to tears.

"I am sure, Miss De Sor, you will try to help us?" Mr Wyvil began.

"With the greatest pleasure," Francine answered.

"How long were you and Miss Emily Brown together after Mr Morris left you?"

"Not more than a quarter of an hour, I should think."

"Did anything remarkable occur in the course of conversation?"

"Nothing whatever."

Alban interfered for the first time.

"Did you say anything," he asked, "which agitated or offended Miss Brown?"

"That's rather an extraordinary question," Francine remarked.

"Have you no other answer to give?" Alban inquired.

"I answer—No!" she said, with a sudden outburst of anger.

There the matter dropped. While she spoke in reply to Mr Wyvil, Francine had confronted him without embarrassment. When Alban interposed, she never looked at him, except when he provoked her to anger. Did she remember that the man who was questioning her was also the man who had suspected her of writing the anonymous letter? Alban was on his guard against himself, knowing how he disliked her. But the conviction in his own mind was not to be resisted. In some unimaginable way Francine was associated with Emily's flight from the house.

The answer to the telegram sent from the railway station had not arrived when Alban took his departure for London. Cecilia's suspense began to grow unendurable, she looked to Mirabel for comfort, and found none. His office was to console, and his capacity for performing that office was notorious among his admirers, but he failed to present himself to advantage when Mr Wyvil's lovely daughter had need of his services. He was, in truth, too sincerely anxious and distressed to be capable of commanding his customary resources of ready made sentiment and fluently pious philosophy. Emily's influence had awakened the only earnest and true feeling which had ever ennobled the popular preacher's life.

Toward evening the long-expected telegram was received at last. What could be said under the circumstances, it said in these words:

"Safe at home. Don't be uneasy about me. Will write soon."

With that promise they were for the time forced to be content.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

THE COTTAGE

CHAPTER XLIX

SHE KNOWS IT NOW.

MRS ELLMOTHER, left in charge of Emily's place of abode, and feeling sensible of her lonely position from time to time, had just thought of trying the cheering influence of a cup of tea, when she heard a cab drawn up at the cottage gate. A violent ring at the bell followed. She opened the door, and found Emily on the steps. One look at that dear and familiar face was enough for the old servant.

"God help us!" she cried; "what's wrong now?"

Without a word of reply, Emily led the way into the bed-chamber which had been the scene of Miss Letitia's death. Mrs. Ellmother hesitated on the threshold.

"Why do you bring me in here?" she asked.

"Who did you try to keep me out?" Emily answered.

"When did I try to keep you out, miss?"

"When I came home from school to nurse my aunt. Ah, you remember now! Is it true—I ask you here, where your old mistress died—is it true that my aunt deceived me about my father's death, and that you knew it?"

There was dead silence. Mrs Ellmother trembled horribly, her lips dropped apart, her eyes wandered round the room with a state of idiotic terror. "Is it her ghost tells you that?" she whispered. "Where is her ghost? The room whirls round and round, miss, and the air sings in my ears."

Emily sprang forward to support her. She staggered to a chair, and lifted her great bony hands in wild entreaty.

"Don't frighten me," she cried. "Stand back!"

Emily obeyed her. She dashed the cold sweat off her forehead.

"You were talking about your father's death just now," she burst out, in desperate, defiant tones. "Your father died of heart-complaint."

"My father died murdered in the inn at Zeeland! All the long way to London I have tried to doubt it. Oh, me, I know it now!"

Answering in those words, she looked toward the bed. Harrowing remembrances of her aunt's delirious self betrayal made the room unendurable to her. She ran out. The parlor door was open. Entering the room, she paused by a portrait of her father, which her aunt had hung on the wall over the fire-place. She threw herself on the sofa, and burst into a passionate fit of crying. "Oh, my father! my dear, gentle, loving father! my first, best, truest friend—murdered! murdered! O God! where was your justice, where was your mercy, when he died that dreadful death?"

A hand was laid on her shoulder; a voice said to her, "Hush, my child! God knows best."

Emily looked up, and saw that Mrs Ellmother had followed her. "You poor old soul," she said, suddenly remembering, "I frightened you in the other room."

"I have got over it, my dear. I am old, and I have lived a hard life. A hard life schools a person. I make no complaints; I learned my lesson before you were born." She stopped, and began to shudder again. "Will you believe me if I tell you something?" she asked. "I warned my self-willed mistress. Standing by your father's coffin, I warned her. Hide the truth or you may (I said), a time will come when our child will know what you are keeping from her one. One or both of us may live to see it. I am the one who has lived, as refuge in the grave for me. I want to hear about it—there's no fear of frightening or hurting me now—I want to hear how you found it out. Was it by accident, my dear, or did a person tell you?"

Emily's mind was far away from Mrs Ellmother. She rose from the sofa, with her hands held fast over her aching heart.

"The one duty of my life," she said—"I am thinking of the one duty of my life. Look! I am calm now. I am resigned to my hard lot. Never, never again, can the dear memory of my father be what it was! From this time it is the horrid memory of a crime. The crime has gone unpunished; the man has escaped others. He shall not escape Me." She paused, and looked at Mrs. Ellmother absently. "What did you say just now? You want to hear how I know what I know? Naturally! naturally! Sit down here—sit down, my old friend, on the sofa with me—and take your mind back to Netherwoods. Alban Morris—"

Mrs Ellmother recoiled from Emily in dismay. "Don't tell me Mr had anything to do with it! The kindest of men; the best of men!"

"The man of all men living who least deserves your good opinion or mine," Emily answered, sternly.

"You!" Mrs. Ellmother exclaimed—"you say that!"

"I say it. He—who won on me to like him—he was in the conspiracy to deceive me, and you know it. He heard me talk of the newspaper story of the murder of my father—I see, he heard me talk of it composedly, talk of it carelessly, in the innocent belief that it was the murder of a stranger—and he never opened his lips to prevent that horrid proclamation. He never even said, Speak of something else; I won't hear you. No more of him! God forbid I should ever see him again! No! Do what I told you. Carry your mind back to Netherwoods. One night you let Francine De Sor frighten you. You ran away from her into the garden. Mercy me! At your age, must I set you an example of self-control?"

"I want to know, Miss Emily, where Francine De Sor is now?"

"She is at the house in the country which I have left."

"Where does she go next, if you please? Back to Miss Ladd?"

"I suppose so. What interest have you in knowing where she goes next?"

"I won't interrupt you, miss. It's true that I ran near into the garden. I can guess who followed me. How did she find him way in me and Mr Morris in the dark?"

"The smell of tobacco guided her—she knew who smoked—she had seen him talking to you on that very day—she followed the scent—she heard what you two said to each other—and she has repeated it to me. Oh, my old friend, the malice of a revengeful girl has enlightened me, when you, my nurse—and he, my lover—left me in the dark. It has told me how my father died!"

"That's said bitterly, miss!"

"Is it said truly?"

"No. It isn't said truly of myself. God knows you would never have been kept in the dark if your aunt had listened to me. I begged and prayed—I went down on my knees to her—I warned her, or I told you just one. Must I tell you what a headstrong woman Miss Letitia was? She insisted. She put the choice before me of leaving her at once and forever, or giving in. I wouldn't have given in to any other creature on the face of this earth. I am obstinate, as you have often told me. Well, your aunt's obstinacy beat mine; I was too fond of her to cry. No. Besides, if you ask me who was to blame in the first place, I tell you it wasn't your aunt; she was frightened into it."

"Who frightened her?"

"Your godfather—the great London surgeon—he who was visiting in our house at the time."

"Sir Richard?"

"Yes—Sir Richard. He said he wouldn't answer for the consequences, in the delicate state of your health, if we told you the truth. Ah, he had it all his own way after that. He went with Miss Letitia to the inquest; he won over the coroner and the newspaper men to his will; he kept your aunt's name out of the papers; he took charge of the coffin, he hired the undertaker and his men, strangers from London; he wrote the certificate—who but he? Everybody was cap in hand to the famous man!"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1429.

"Surely the servants and the neighbors asked questions?"

"Hundreds of questions! What did that matter to Sir Richard? They were like so many children in *his* hands. And, mind you, the luck helped him. To begin with, there was the common name. Who was to pick out your poor father among the thousands of James Browns? Then, again, the house and lands went to the male heir, as they called him—the man your father quarrelled with in the by-gone time. He brought his own establishment with him. Long before you got back from the friends you were staying with—don't you remember it?—we had cleared out of the house; we were miles and miles away; and the old servants were scattered abroad, finding new situations wherever they could. How could you suspect us? We had nothing to fear in that way: but my conscience pricked me. I made another attempt to prevail on Miss Letitia when you had recovered your health. I said, 'There's no fear of a relapse now; break it to her gently, but tell her the truth.' No; your aunt was too fond of you. She daunted me with dreadful fits of crying when I tried to persuade her. And that wasn't the worst of it. She bade me remember what an excitable man your father was; she reminded me that the misery of your mother's death laid him low with brain-fever. She said, 'Emily takes after her father: I have heard you say it yourself. She has his constitution and his sensitive nerves. Don't you know how she loved him, how she talks of him to this day? Who can tell, if we are not careful, what dreadful mischief we may do?' That was how my mistress worked on me. I got infected with her fears. It was as if I had caught an infection of disease. Oh, my dear, blame me if it must be, but don't forget how I have suffered for it since. I was driven away from my dying mistress, in terror of what she might say while you were watching at her bedside. I have lived in fear of what you might ask me, and have longed to go back to you, and have not had the courage to do it. Look at me now!"

The poor creature tried to take out her handkerchief; her quivering hand helplessly entangled itself in her dress. "I can not even dry my eyes," she said, faintly. "Try to forgive me, miss."

Emily put her arms round the old nurse's neck and kissed her.

For a while they were silent. Through the window that was open to the little garden came the one sound that could be heard—the gentle trembling of leaves in the evening wind.

The silence was harshly broken by the bell at the cottage door. They both started.

Emily's heart beat fast. "Who can it be?" she said.

Mrs. Ellmother rose. "Shall I say you can't see anybody?" she asked, before leaving the room.

"Yes, yes!"

Emily heard the door open; heard low voices in the passage. There was a momentary interval. Then Mrs. Ellmother returned. She said nothing. Emily spoke to her.

"Is it a visitor?"

"Yes."

"Have you said I can't see anybody?"

"I couldn't say it."

"Why not?"

"Don't be hard on him, my dear. It's Mr. Alban Morris."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SHIFTING VOTE.

II.

The results of the elections of 1883 show that the two great parties stand once more on nearly even terms. To the Republicans, if to either side, incline the chances of success, provided their pledges, and more especially the character of their nominees, meet the requirements demanded by the independent vote. That vote naturally allies itself to the Republican side, and it is that vote which is sure to decide the election of 1884. This an examination of the electoral vote will show. According to the new system of apportionment, the Electoral College will comprise 401 votes, instead of 369 as in 1880; 201 will therefore be necessary for an election. Of the thirty-eight States the Democrats can with reasonable certainty count upon carrying seventeen, giving a total electoral vote of 162, or eighteen with Indiana, which is conceded to be more likely to go Democratic than Republican, giving a total of 177. The Republicans, on the other hand, can count with equal certainty upon sixteen States, exclusive of Indiana, giving them 171 electoral votes. The "sure" States are reckoned as follows:*

Republican.		*Democratic.*	
Colorado	3	Alabama	10
Illinois	22	Arkansas	7
Iowa	13	Delaware	3
Kansas	9	Florida	4
Maine	6	Georgia	12
Massachusetts	14	Indiana	15
Michigan	13	Kentucky	13
Minnesota	7	Louisiana	8
Nebraska	5	Maryland	8
New Hampshire	4	Mississippi	9
Ohio	23	Missouri	16
Oregon	3	New Jersey	9
Pennsylvania	30	North Carolina	11
Rhode Island	4	South Carolina	9
Vermont	4	Tennessee	12
Wisconsin	11	Texas	13
		Virginia	12
Total	171	West Virginia	6
		Total	177

The Republicans must therefore secure thirty more electoral votes to give them a majority, while the Democrats, besides counting Indiana as a "sure" State, must win twenty-four more.

* This estimate is slightly altered from an article in the New York *Evening Post*, which classes Indiana among the doubtful States.

It may be claimed that Ohio should be taken out of the list of "sure" States. But the election of 1883 showed plainly enough that under normal conditions that State is much more likely to go Republican than Indiana is to go Democratic. The doubtful States under the new apportionment will be entitled to votes as follows:

California	8
Connecticut	6
Nevada	3
New York	36
Total	53

This shows at a glance the paramount importance of New York as the "pivotal State." If the others cast their votes in the way above stated, as according to all present indications and probability they will, the party which wins New York wins the fight. But this slight advantage favors the Republicans. Without New York the Democrats can not win, whilst, if the Republicans should repeat in Indiana their victory of 1880, which they are far more likely to do than are the Democrats to win any "sure" State from the Republican column, the Republicans could even lose New York and yet win by carrying California, Connecticut, and Nevada, the remaining "doubtful" States. With all the doubtful States, they can afford to lose both Indiana and Ohio, and win by a bare majority of one.

In the "pivotal State" the balance of power lies in the hands of the shifting vote. That vote, which is to decide the national election of 1884, is happily intelligent, sagacious, and, above all, independent. Its leaning is toward the Republican side. But it has been and it will be prompt to stamp with emphatic disapproval unfair methods and improper nominees. It has been accustomed to regard that party as a means of impressing its convictions upon public affairs—a fact which has only received additional emphasis by its prompt withdrawal of support when that means has lost its efficiency by submission to corrupt and degenerating influences. An examination of the returns for recent years proves the truth of these assertions. In 1872 General Dix carried the State for the Republicans over Mr. Kernan by 53,451 majority. Only two years later, owing to the settled conviction that the party managers were abandoning its principles for partisan ends, and that the cause of efficient government and administrative reform could better be secured through the Democrats, the shifting vote promptly reversed the figures, and Mr. Tilden carried the State by a majority of 50,317 over General Dix. Mr. Tilden's successful administration, and especially the reputation he at that time secured as a reformer, enabled his successor, Mr. Robinson, to repeat the victory, two years later, by about the same majority. Again, in 1879, the nomination by the Republicans of a candidate who was supposed to represent the extreme machine wing of the party caused an organized revolt of the independent vote, which would have cost him his election but for a defection of larger proportions from the Democratic ranks. When Mr. Kelly drew off 77,566 Democratic votes, he saved Mr. Cornell from a defeat by about 35,000 majority. At least 20,000 Republicans, acting upon principle and a conviction of public duty, withheld their support from the latter, while they cordially indorsed Mr. Wadsworth, the candidate for Comptroller, who was regarded as representing the best element in the party, and who therefore led by nearly 20,000 the head of his ticket.

One year later the same shifting vote, which but for the revolt of the Tammany faction would have defeated the Republicans in 1879, was just as prompt to attention by its approval the new departure in the right direction which the party seemed to make in 1880. For the warning of 1879 found its response in the action of 183 delegates to the State Convention of the following year who refused to recognize the right of the machine majority to bind their national delegates by an iron-clad rule. Had that rule prevailed, and the intended result been secured, New York would unquestionably have gone Democratic at the ensuing election. As it was, the independent voters regarded the nomination of General Garfield as a victory of the principles upon which they stood, and were quick to give effective sanction to their convictions. The 20,000 independents carried the State for Garfield. To the men whom ex-Senator Conkling called "tramps, jayhawkers, and guerrillas—men who deploy between the lines, now on one side, and now on the other," with whose "dictation" ex-Senator Boutwell declared at the same time he was thoroughly disgusted—"the scratchers, bolters, Germans, and thieves," whose "sloughing off" he insisted, would strengthen the party—to those same men the Republicans owed their national victory four years ago. Without their aid New York had gone Democratic, and with that addition to his electoral vote General Hancock would have been seated by a majority of eleven.

In the year following, the partial success of the machine element, in their desperate efforts to regain control, led to a loss of nearly 17,000 votes. And finally, in 1882, by ignoring the independent element, and resorting once more to the devices which had brought discredit on the party in the past, the controlling faction paid the dearest price for their unfair victory at the Convention by suffering the most disastrous rout the party had ever met at the polls.

Ever since the subsidence of the old campaign issues, party lines have changed and wavered by wide divergencies at each election, and they are not likely to be any more strictly drawn in the coming campaign. The independent voter, no longer bound by those ties of sentiment which alone kept him at times within the ranks, has begun to scrutinize with a keen interest, hitherto well-nigh impossible to arouse, the workings of our administrative system, noting faults, detecting abuses, and constantly demanding a higher standard of intelligence, honesty, and efficiency. That vote has always preferred to act with the Republican party, regarding it as the party whose great victories have been won when it has appealed to the highest motives, and sought to attract men by working upon their convictions. Whenever it has ceased for a time to be the party of reason, and has become the party of prejudice, it has invariably paid the penalty of its lapse from the high standard demanded of it by the most independent vote within its ranks, the vote which gives it stability and enables it to gain its successes. Failing at times to secure by an attempted reform within the party a correction of those evils which it could not tolerate, that vote has sometimes preferred even to support the party's opponents, wisely regarding success at the polls, involving a continuation of those evils, as a curse to the party and a promise of its speedy ruin. Wherever the defeat which such independent action caused has been followed by a correction of the abuses against which it was a protest, that vote has been just as ready to denote its approval with prompt and efficient sanction.

To that quick responsiveness to the demands of the most enlightened public sentiment, when emphasized at the polls, the Republican party owes its chance of success to-day. There is a way, and but one, by which it can carry the national election of 1884. Not by aping Democratic methods of discipline and organization, nor by permitting the control of the party machinery to fall again into the hands of those whose management has brought it defeat, but by so shaping its course as to attract that vote which it must gain to win. It is especially true that in that State upon whose action the issue turns it has won in the past by appealing to that vote, and lost when by it that vote has been ignored.

From what has gone before, the conclusion is simple. The facts, if they have any significance at all, mean that the balance of power in the "pivotal State" stands ready to elect a Republican President in 1884. It is for the party leaders to say whether that vote shall be attracted in the only way by which it can be won, by straightforward measures and honorable nominees, secured by honest means, or alienated once more by the shifts and devices that have driven it to their opponents in the past.

George Walton Green.

THE COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.

Mr. H. W. Cannon, who has been appointed Comptroller of the Currency to succeed Mr. John J. Knox, has had a remarkably successful career as a banker. He was born at Delhi, in this State, in 1849, and in early youth developed such unusual capacity for finance that he was made a teller of a bank before he had attained his majority. On his removal to Minnesota, many years ago, he pursued the same career, and won the confidence of the entire community by his prudent, conservative management of the undertakings which he had in charge.

GERMAN OFFICERS AT MESS.

Many of our readers will remember an interesting article, with illustrations, which appeared in Harper's Magazine for August, 1883, under the title of "War Pictures in Times of Peace," from the pen and pencil of Mr. Rufus F. Zogbaum. The author of that admirable description of the autumn manœuvres of the French army contributes to the Weekly an interesting reminiscence of the autumn manœuvres of their great military rival, entitled "German Officers at Mess."

Mr. Zogbaum has attended the grand military manœuvres of France, Germany, and England as a staff attaché, in order to acquire a thorough knowledge of military affairs, and his drawings display a fidelity to the minutest details of army life, as well as picturesque effect, which is rarely to be found in work of this character.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Infant fishes are now carried about on land in a railway car nicely adapted to their convenience. It is backed up to the door of the Central Hatching Station at Washington, the finny passengers are taken aboard in cans containing some fifteen or twenty thousand fishes each, and the car is whirled away toward the head-waters of the Hudson, or some other destination. The fishes are tenderly cared for *en route* by men who have made their wants the study of a lifetime. Meanwhile, without any knowledge of natural history, other men are killing millions of fishes with sludge acid and other poisons poured from their factories into the running streams.

A student who was recently graduated at Harvard has been stricken with a strange disease. Whatever he begins to do, he continues doing until stopped by some exterior influence. If he had developed this peculiarity while he was in college, he might have been made stroke of the university eight.

Senator Vance desired to send to the most active and intelligent young students of the tariff question in his State a public document entitled, *Compilation of Existing Tariff Laws.* A few acknowledgments of the receipt of a *Report of the Health Officer of the District of Columbia* came to him from the most polite of the young students of the tariff question. An explanation from the Senator followed.

One of the revelations of the recent financial panic was that the Italians in New York and Brooklyn were to a noteworthy extent depositors in the savings-banks. They seemed to have used excellent judgment in choosing the banks which they would favor with deposits, for those banks were among the oldest and of the best repute. But they seemed to be destitute of information as to the relative strength of savings-banks, for they fought for places in the line to withdraw money from those institutions of excellent repute before anybody else thought of taking money from the savings-banks that was less strong in the public esteem. A more squalid lot of men and women could hardly be found in America than the depositors who made the Italian "runs" on the banks, and in many instances drew good-sized deposits.

The financial panic has seriously interfered with the renting of cottages at Newport, and has "dimmed the prospects for the season," it is asserted. Yet it is possible to imagine distress more dire than is likely to be suffered in Newport.

A conspicuous figure at some of the recent social gatherings in San Francisco was a woman wearing a black dress, black gloves of many buttons, and no bit of bright color about her sombre costume, and whose skin was almost as dark as the silk she wore. She was Princess Like-Like, of the Sandwich Islands. In the course of several weeks spent in that city she received many social attentions. The peoples that boast of the highest civilization have been visited of late by an unusual number of distinguished persons from the homes of dark-skinned races, and it is worthy of remark that those personages have been without exception well-behaved.

The recent failure of a single concern in London will be far more widely felt than the financial panic that lately took possession of Wall Street. The Oriental Bank was deemed second in stability to the Bank of England. Though its capital was only about seven and a half million dollars, there were more than a hundred thousand shareholders, and each shareholder is liable for the debts of the bank to the extent of all his possessions. The bank had branches at Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Singapore, Hong-Kong, Yokohama, Melbourne, Sydney, and other points. Squatters, sailors, civil service employés, clergymen, and other small investors were attracted to the concern in large numbers in the British provinces and colonies. Thousands of attachments against the property of shareholders have been issued, and it is said that more than a score of persons have committed suicide.

There seems to be very little prospect that the offer of $25,000 reward for the rescue of Greely and his men will result in their release from the northern ice by whalers before the arrival of any of the relief ships in arctic waters. Commander Schley sends word to Washington from St. John's that only one vessel of the whaling fleet has preceded the relief-ship *Bear*, and that the whaler will probably be overtaken by Lieutenant Emory before reaching the north water.

This country has need of a benefactor like Bass, the man who found the ale of England bad and left it good. Not that the republic is going to decay for want of better beer, but because there is work to be done here like that which was done in London by the famous ale-brewer, independently of his bias and vote. To him belonged the credit of abating the hand-organ nuisance by means of a law which enables householders to order organ-grinders out of hearing. No wonder that New York is the paradise of these mendicants, when they are almost outlawed in Paris, and are brought under legal restraint in London, and when they have power to establish nuisances here at their will and maintain them till the helpless victims submit to black-mail. There is a sort of law supposed to be in force here for preventing organ-grinding when people want to sleep; but there should be an enactment under which no one could be seen with a hand-organ in his possession without incurring the suspicion of the sleuth-hounds of the law, and no one could turn an organ crank without finding himself in the clutch of a blue-coat.

According to a French journal, M. Pasteur claims to have discovered a preventive and cure for hydrophobia. The distinguished chemist is quoted as having said: "From to-day anybody bitten by a mad dog has only to present himself at the laboratory of the Ecole Normale, and by inoculation I will make him completely insusceptible to the effects of hydrophobia, even if bitten subsequently by any number of mad dogs." M. Pasteur is said to have discovered that the virus *rabique* loses its intensity when transmitted to certain animals, and regains its strength when imparted to others. Thus in the monkey the poison becomes weaker, and in the rabbit stronger. He is quoted as having said that by inoculating a monkey with virus from the brain of a dog that had died of hydrophobia, and then by successive inoculations of monkeys, he obtained a virus so weak as to be almost harmless. With this virus he inoculated a rabbit, and with the virus from that creature another rabbit, and so on until a virus of maximum intensity was produced. He then possessed virus obtained from the rabbits of different degrees of strength. The treatment is to inoculate the person first with the weakest poison, and to increase the strength of the virus administered in successive inoculations till the strongest has been used. It is claimed that the person is then proof against the effect of inoculation even with poison taken directly from the brain of a dog that died of hydrophobia, and that this treatment is an unfailing preventive of hydrophobia even after a person has been bitten by a rabid animal. M. Pasteur has made use of a kennel of mad dogs in his experiments. The cable announces that he has presented his claim before the French Academy, and has shown his faith in the preventive by allowing himself to be bitten by a rabid dog.

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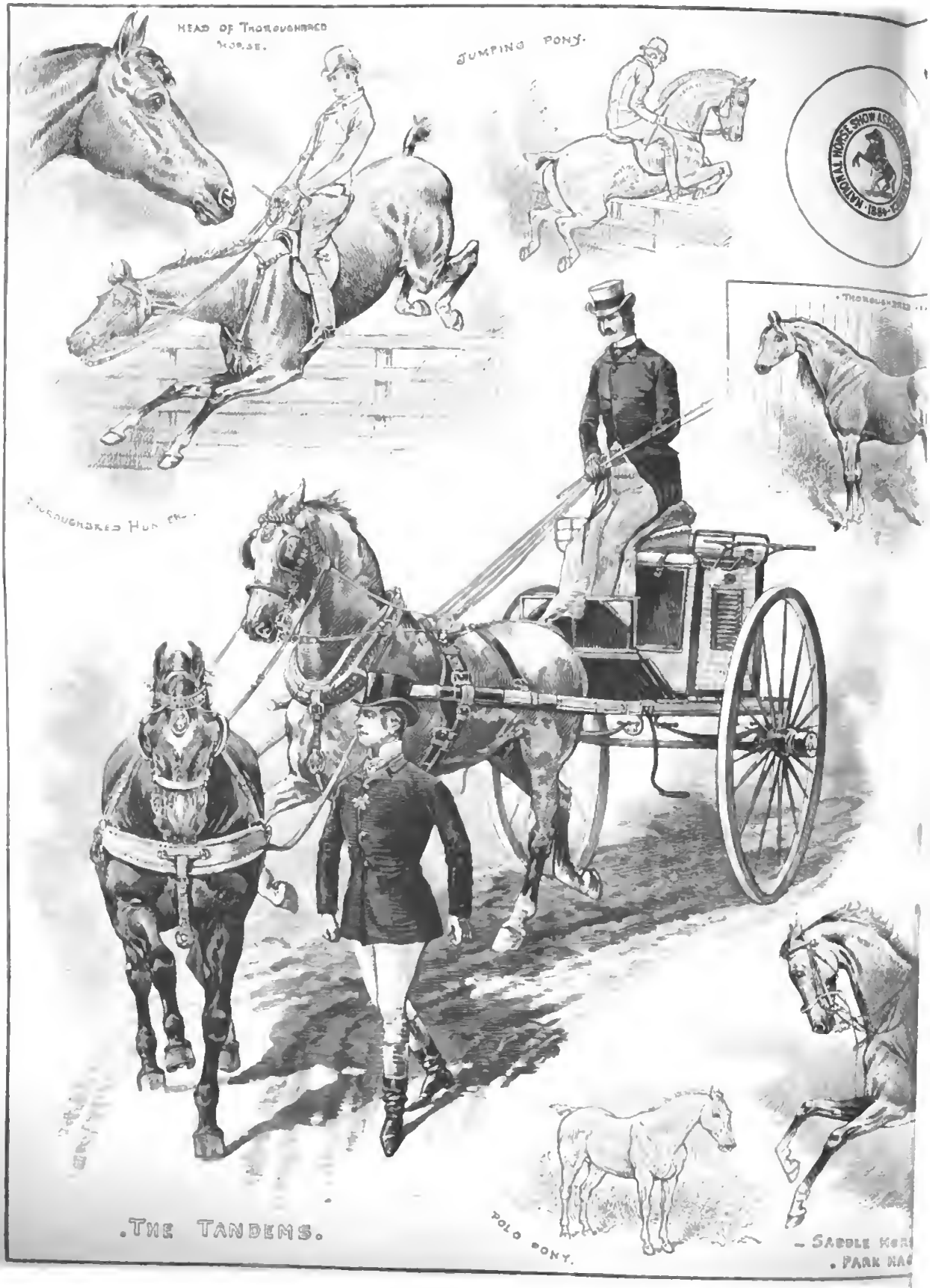
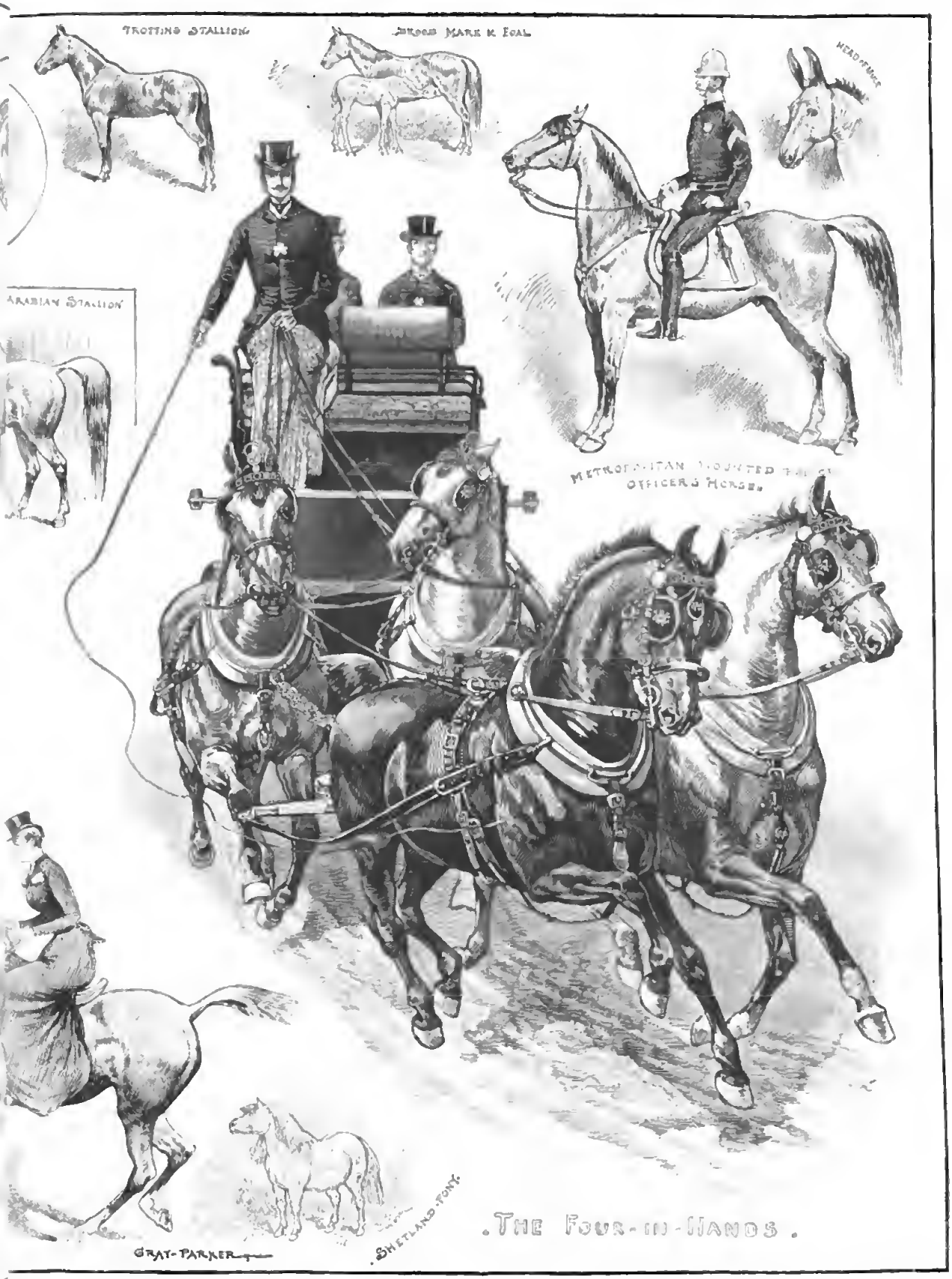


STUDIES IN HORSES—APROPOS OF THE SECOND NATIONAL HORS



W AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—Drawn by Gray-Parker.—[See Page 851.]

THREE SUMMER DAYS.

I.—HE CAME.

"I suppose Mrs. Howard is in a state of delight at her son's coming?" said Miss Barton.

"Yes, she is very happy," responded Clare.

"I hope he will be an acquisition. We do need men so much here!"

The place was a crowded summer hotel. The speaker was one of those young ladies to be found at such places—uncertain as to years, skillful in crochet, energetic in tennis, active in charades, very obliging, very needful, not so pretty as they used to be, and very little esteemed by the lordly rollegiant who form for the most part the scanty male population, and whom they treat with a consideration hardly to be expected from thirty to twenty.

"Will he be, should you think? or will he be one of the sort to put us also about charades and things, and be poky?"

"I imagine he will be nice."

"Is he handsome?"

"I have never seen him, you know." Clare might have answered more explicitly if she had chosen, having studied Geoffrey Howard's photograph with some assiduity.

"Why, I thought Mrs. Howard was your guardian, or something, and you were awfully intimate in the family."

"It is funny, isn't it? It always seems as if I knew him. Well, you see, this was the way of it. Mr. Howard only came back from abroad a few weeks ago; he has been away two years, and during the year before that he was at Harvard, when I visited Mrs. Howard, and for four years before that we were in Europe; and of course when I was a child it wasn't strange that we never met, as they lived in one place and we in another."

"But you have always known the family, haven't you?"

"Oh no! too. Mrs. Howard was my mother's dearest friend. When I was a little girl she used to make as flying visits very frequently, and she was with us all the time during my mother's last illness. And when my father took me abroad, Annie—that was her daughter that died, you know—Annie went too, and we were together at school for three years, and were like sisters. She died soon after that. It was awfully sad. She was a lovely girl."

"I should think you would be dying to see him."

"I am rather curious, of course."

Nevertheless, when, three or four hours later, Clare heard the station omnibus rumbling up the road, she retired to her room in a sudden fit of timidity, and watched the important arrival through the slats of her blinds.

She saw a tall, active figure swing itself down before the stage stopped, and a merry face that at this moment looked almost boyish. He snatched off his hat, as the blonde head bent over the gray one, and a moment after the mocker and son, arm in arm, disappeared within the house.

A little later, when Geoffrey Howard, having refreshed himself, was sitting in his mother's room waiting for his supper, he asked:

"Well, designing little mother, how about this young woman? Which was she? I took 'em all in on the piazza."

"She wasn't there. I don't see where she is. She was anxious to meet you."

"But you haven't said anything in her of your deep purposes?"

"Why, of course not. And you know that I have no designs. I have found a girl whom I have *studied*, and I know if you cared for her she would make you a good, loving wife, that is all. Dear boy, you know I should not think of my own wishes for a moment in such a matter, although I am so fond of Clare. But a mother can't help being anxious to secure her own's happiness."

"Is she pretty?"

"You have seen her picture."

"I have forgotten what it looks like."

"Well, some people don't call her pretty; but she is a very good girl—solid gold," said the astute old lady.

Thought the young man: "I know exactly the sort. I know just the kind of girl my mother would fancy; a reliable kind of girl, excellent to preside over the household of a sensible, middle-aged old duffer. Good, but not beautiful!" I am afraid I shall not be able to please you this time, mother mine."

Then he thought no more about her, and talked of other things.

It was after supper that he met her at last. There was a certain cozy parlor, a valued resort on cool mornings and evenings, when a little fire was not amiss, but deserted now because everybody found it pleasanter on the piazza. Here, after eagerly watching him devour his tardy supper, Mrs. Howard brought her son.

"Wait a minute. I am going to bring Clare in and introduce you to her here. It will be much more suitable than before all the others."

In ten or three minutes, when he heard the coming footsteps, Geoffrey went forward, prepared to offer all the courtesy and attention due to his mother's friend, but armed at all points against being constrained to do more. A little willful was this young fellow, having had very much his own way in life so far. But all his armor fell at the feet of the young girl his mother led by the hand into the lamp-light. Her white summer dress came close up around her throat; the dusky hair, curling a little, was bound in a low knot at the back. Perhaps the cheeks had a richer tint and the hazel eyes a brighter gleam than usual just now.

Geoffrey's accustomed easy bearing for a single instant forsook him in his surprise. In that instant Clare held out her hand in such a pretty way, half shy, half frank, saying, "We are old friends already, aren't we, Mr. Howard?"

"Of course we are." His wits had speedily returned to him. "I've known you by your pictures and—letters" (the hypocrite!) "for ever so long."

"I'm not going to ask if you have had a pleasant journey, because there are fourteen other people to ask you that when you go outside presently to be introduced."

"Must I go through that, do you think? It seems to me it's pleasanter in here."

"Of course you will have to. Don't pretend you won't like it, because you will."

"Are there a nice lot of people here?"

"Mixed, like everything else in this world, you know. Pretty good on the whole. Mrs. Howard, you must give him the nicest people first, and then he will have somebody to fall back upon when the others prove too much for him."

"I shall have that anyway."

"Oh, you needn't expect to monopolize your mother," said Clare, though she blushed a little under his glance. "She is in great demand, I can assure you.—Don't you think it will be cooler on the piazza, Mrs. Howard?"

So Geoffrey had to go and be peered upon by the damsels who had been on tiptoe with expectation ever since they had seen a handsome young man drive up in the omnibus.

Some of them were pretty, but none had had the advantage of being seen first in the soft radiance of the shaded lamp in that cozy parlor. Oh, judicious Mrs. Howard!

When Clare said good night, she added, "I did not hear whether or not you accepted Miss Wickham's invitation to join our picnic to-morrow."

"Are you going?"

"Oh yes, of course."

"Then I'll go, on one condition—that you let me drive you."

"Oh, you needn't make conditions. If you like to come, we shall be very happy to have you, that is all."

Geoffrey colored up to his hair. "I didn't mean to imply that I supposed it made any difference to anybody whether I went or not. I should like to go very much."

"That is right. We all go together in a couple of tag wagons."

"I wonder what mother meant by saying she wasn't pretty?" said Geoffrey to himself when he went to bed. "Of course she hasn't one of those silly, simpering little mouths, and I am not sure but her nose turns up a very little; but it's a bewitching kind of nose. Well, there's something awfully sweet about her, anyway."

II.—HE SAW.

When the picnic wagons started off the next morning, Geoffrey had skillfully secured for himself a seat next to Clare.

He was decidedly the hero of the hour, for the only other representative of chivalry in the wagon was a freckled youth whom incipient down could not for a moment compete with Mr. Howard's fine blonde mustache. And then his eyes were "just too perfectly lovely for anything." Clare was a little proud of him. She felt a kind of proprietary right in him, being really almost one of the family. Not that she monopolized him, the thought was far from her. She would have brought the other girls into notice if they had wanted to give her the chance. But she was sweet and gracious to him.

"What do you think of a picnic?" asked he. "It is as long since I have been to one that I really don't know."

"When we arrive," said the vivacious Miss Wickham, "you will gather sticks and build a fire, then draw water up from a well, and hang the kettle. We shall unpack the baskets, and in time make the coffee. When we have *repeated* we shall disperse, and amuse ourselves according to our various tastes for a short time. There is a cave to visit in one direction, and a water-fall in another, and a very respectable hill to climb, with a view from the top. Which shall you prefer?"

"I will stay with the remains of the banquet while the rest of you are gone."

This programme, except the last item, was carried out. After the unlovely lunch, Geoffrey induced Clare to go up the hill and show him the view. As they were starting off, Miss Wickham joined them.

"I thought you were going to stay with the feast," she said.

"There did not seem to be enough left to make it any object to me."

"Are you going up the hill? So are I."

But at this moment the freckled youth ran up.

"Oh—a—Miss Wickham, there's a party going to the cave. Don't you want to see it?"

Miss Wickham reflected rapidly. Which were better, a youth, immature but devoted, all to herself, or a desirable man shared with another girl, who would possibly absorb more than her proper half? In the hurry of the moment she rashly decided in favor of the former. She regretted it afterward, and wished she had not lost this opportunity of showing Mr. Howard how fascinating she could be.

The forsaken pair toiled up the hill-side, silently pleased with the freckled youth. It was not such an easy climb. There were steep and rough places where a strong hand was a great help to one.

"There!" said Clare, when at last they stood upon the summit. "Isn't that fine?"

"Beautiful!" he murmured, without taking his eyes from her half-averted face.

"Let us rest awhile."

He spread a thick shawl in the shadow of some shrubs, and she sat down upon it, and I beg you to believe me when I say that she did it gracefully. It is a thing that can be done, but I own that it is rare.

Geoffrey threw himself down beside her, and, leaning on his elbow, idly beat the ground with a little twig he broke from the bushes.

Clare contemplated the prospect in silence for a moment.

"Do you realize," said Geoffrey, after some conversation apropos of his travels, "how cold it is that we never met before?"

"It is rather singular, on the whole."

"Still, we may be said to really have known each other before."

"Oh, intimately. Haven't I read all your letters to Annie, and learned the very secrets of your soul?"

"You're very welcome. Still, I don't fancy a fellow is so very apt to pour out the secrets of his soul, on paper, to his younger sister at board-ing-school. Poor little Annie!" he went on, in a graver voice; "she would have been quite grown up now, like you."

"Yes; she would have been nineteen."

"But she would not have been like you. She was light, and she would always have been small."

"How she did adore you!"

"It is always the most worthless scamps whose sisters adore them. Isn't that considered the rule?"

"Um—I don't know," reflectively.

"Did you ever know an exception?"

"If you are referring to the present instance, of course, as you say I do not know the secrets of your soul, I can't judge of your worth."

"It is a question that deserves study. I think you ought to take it up."

"I think we ought both to take up our line of march, if we don't want to keep the rest waiting."

"Time enough; we needn't start for a few minutes yet," said he, looking on his watch. "Do you know," returning to the pleasing subject, "I did see you once. I staid overnight with my mother at your home when I was in the region of eight or nine. I dimly remember you with a white frock and flaky dark hair. I had forgotten all about it until I saw you again."

"How unkind of you! And how very rude to tell me so in such a point blank manner! After that I certainly *shall* go."

He opened up and held out both hands to assist her as she started to rise. "I will make up for it by never forgetting you again;" and he bent and kissed one of the little hands before he let it go.

She colored, and hurried on fast down the hill that he had some ado to keep up with her. When they reached their wagon some were already seated, and had so disposed themselves that Geoffrey was obliged to take the place behind Clare.

The young lady next him exerted herself to be very entertaining, and Geoffrey responded properly. But when they reached home he could not have travelled a mile and had said, while he knew every twist and turn of Clare's soft hair, and all about the bewitching little curls just over her collar.

When he bade her good night on the foot of the stairs, he asked, "Will you go to drive with me to-morrow afternoon? If you say no, I shall think you are afraid of my driving, after refusing to let me take you to the picnic. Please do; I will talk about the East as much as you like if you will."

"That is an inducement. And I would not like to wound anybody in his most sensitive point, and horsemanship in every man's, I suppose, whether he has ever held a rein or not. Good-night."

Once in her room, Clare sat down and rested her cheeks between her two hands, and smiled, and smiled, and smiled. Her life was a very pleasant one, she thought. She ought to be very thankful, everybody was so kind to her. She was glad she knew Geoffrey Howard at last; she was glad to have him for a friend; it was pleasant to have a man friend. She did not fall asleep very early, and when she did, a pair of honest, manly blue eyes followed her into her dreams.

As for Geoffrey, he frankly took himself into his own confidence, and made no bones about it. "But I don't believe she would have me," he said, in a most unusual fit of humility. "Still, I've the rest of the summer to try in. What an idiot I was not to come up here before!"

III.—HE CONQUERED.

The forenoon would have dragged to Geoffrey if the prospect of the afternoon had not unlocked it. Clare was all the morning, with a group of other devotees, sacrificing to the genius who demands that every woman shall get through a certain sum of unnecessary crochet and embroidery every summer while her strength lasts. He went and ordered his horse and buggy, and came back and sat on the edge of the veranda, swinging his foot, idly chanting a little, and looking at her. Then, being a restless person, he got up, lighted a cigar, and perambulated about the grounds, coming back occasionally to look at her. At length, when the cigar was finished, it occurred to him that it would be pleasant in the house near the open window outside of which she was sitting. Why had he not thought of that before? He established himself sideways on a chair, leaning his folded arms on the back. He was just opposite to Clare, but partly sheltered from the other idlesers.

"What is that you are making?" he asked.

"A tidy for your mother, and it is going to be entirely beautiful. Don't tell her, mind."

"Don't you like to walk?" said he, in a tone not intended to reach the others, though of course it did.

"Sometimes I do, when it isn't too warm."

"Well, it isn't too warm now. Put away that thing, and come and show me the way to the old mill."

"Oh, I couldn't possibly. I've got to finish this puppy before dinner."

"Fiddlesticks!"

"Don't swear; it's wicked."

"Were you asking the way to the mill, Mr Howard? I'd just as soon show you as not. I feel just like a walk," said Miss Wickham, the unabashed. "Do you sketch? It's an awfully picturesque old place."

"The dead!" thought Clare. She never had liked Miss Wickham.

"There, now! see what you've done," whispered Geoffrey, under his breath. "Oh, thanks; you're very good," was what he said aloud.

He walked off with the intruded damsel, and he walked fast. He was thoroughly polite, because he was a gentleman, but they made so long stays at the mill, for fear Miss Wickham should be late for dinner. Miss Wickham said she didn't care for that, once in a way; but of course Mr Howard could not permit anything of the kind to occur on his account.

So the morning was get through with, and the dinner; and after that Clare disappeared up stairs, and left him with no resource but smoke and meditation for some hours to come, for they were not to take their drive until the heat of the day was over. There were those who would have helped him to while away the interval, but he would none of them. Taught by experience, he took himself out of sight and sound of the sirens.

But at last the sun was well over in the west. Clare presented herself on the porch in a becoming dress of dove woollen, and a black velvet turban. Then a double vehicle and pair drew up in front of the house.

"What's this?" exclaimed Geoffrey, going down in the gate. "I ordered a horse and buggy, not a carriage."

"Wa'al, this 'll carry ye just as well, I guess."

"But I prefer the other."

"Wa'al, ye see, these was the only beeses I had in this afternoon."

"Well, can't you harness them into a buggy?"

"No, *sir*; not unless one o' you stay at home. I don't let no man drive this pair o' colts but myself, you can bet your bottom dollar on that. I let out one team o' young hosses last year to a feller, and they hain't been good for anything since.—When, there?"

"Do you mean to say you expect to go and drive us? That isn't what I want, I want to drive myself."

"Wa'al, sir, sorry I can't accommodate you this afternoon. I'll let you off if you say so. I won't ask ye anything for hitchin' up."

Geoffrey glanced back at the piazza; Clare stood on the steps waiting; several of the crochet-hook propellers were on the veranda, at this moment resting their hands and using their eyes. Well, at least he could have Clare by his side. It was not quite the pleasure to which he had looked forward, but it was a long distance in advance of staring at home. So he helped Clare to mount, jumped in beside her, and off they went.

There could be none of that delightful talk that he had intended, touching on sentiment, and growing personal and perhaps confidential. The most commonplace utterances were an effort, with old Andrews there, close in front, taking in every word. They made a few artificial remarks about the weather, the scenery, and the houses. But after a little encouragement Mr. Andrews supplied conversation for the party. It began to be very enjoyable indeed to draw him out, and then exchange confidential glances of appreciation behind his unsuspecting back.

"About how far oun you calculatin' to go?" said Mr Andrews at length.

"Oh, we don't care to get home until dark," replied Geoffrey.

"Couldn't we get up somewhere where we can see the sunset?" asked Clare.

"Wa'al, I 'most guess we can if sun my so," said Mr. Andrews, who was by no means dead to Clare's pleasant manners. "They's a rud turns off f'm this, a piece farther on, that goes up over Sand's Hill. I guess an oun get a pooty good view f'm the top o' that."

And they did. Miles of rolling country lay before them, all sunk in purple shadow; the slanting sunbeams touched only the crests of the hills now. Heavy clouds with golden rims were gathered around the sun, and a few long bars of crimson crossed the pale yellow space in the midst of which he hung.

"Isn't it glorious?" murmured Clare.

Little by little the sun was hot behind the hills. The yellow faded to green, the gold grew red, and the red purple, and in a few minutes more it was all over.

It grew rapidly dark as they descended the hill, it had already been twilight for some time in the valley, and the thick overhanging clouds which closed in everywhere would shorten the final glimmer.

"I hope your horses aren't afraid of the cars, Mr. Andrews," said Geoffrey. "It's about time for the evening train."

"*These* hosses! Afraid! Why, sir, you couldn't scare these cattle with the Old Nick himself."

He had barely spoken when the blaze of a head-light flashed in their faces, the train came tearing out from a cavernous cutting in the opposite hill, and just as it passed them the engine gave a horrible shriek that would have tried the nerves of a woman, let alone a horse.

The colts reared, plunged, and ran.

Clare gave one little smothered "Oh!" and clutched Geoffrey's sleeve in terror. In an instant his arm was around her, holding her fast to his side. The carriage swayed and bounded, and each moment seemed barely to escape overturning. There was a time, long or short nobody knows, of intense, breathless fear. Her underneath, in Clare's heart, stirred an emotion that was not terror. As for Geoffrey, his fear was all for her.

But it was a strong and skillful pair of arms that held the reins, and at last they brought the horses to a stand. Instantly Mr Andrews was at the heads of the panting beasts, and Geoffrey's arm, on the ground, leaning on Geoffrey's arm, and trembling in every nerve. They were in a wooded part of the road, and the last vestige of dim twilight was growing every moment fainter.

"They'll be all right in a minute," said Mr Andrews, encouragingly "You can get in again now, miss; they ain't no 'casion to be frightened."

"Oh, I never can in the world," whispered Clare.

"You sha'n't," said Geoffrey.

"Why, they're perfect lambs. They was only a mite scared I made a leetle mistake, but nothin' short o' the Old Nick would ha' done it."

He stroked their heads and patted their necks soothingly

"This lady is rather afraid to try it again, Mr. Andrews," said Geoffrey

"Why, now, they ain't a mite o' danger If ther was, I'd say so. What else can ye do, anyhow?"

Geoffrey turned to Clare, though by this time he could not see her face at all. "What do you say? Will you try it, or would you rather wait here a little while?"

"Not—not alone"—timidly

"I should think not"—pressing her arm within his own.

"I would rather anything than have to ride all the way back with those horses—if we ever get back"

"Mr Andrews, have you any idea how far the nearest village or settlement is?"

"Wa'al, about three mile."

"I'll tell you what you do: you drive on there, and send some kind of a thing to take us home. Mind that the horse is sure and steady We don't want to risk any more broken necks to-night."

"All right, if you say so," said Mr Andrews, resignedly, getting in and gathering up the reins. "But I can tell ye that that 'ere team is jest as safe as a bank vault."

In another minute they were alone in the darkness.

"We might walk on slowly, if you aren't too tired," said Geoffrey "I'm afraid you'll get chilled standing Here's your shawl; sha'n't I put it around you?"

"No; I'm warm enough, thank you. Do you think you can see?"

"I think I can manage to keep in the road." Then, after a few moments' pause, "Are you frightened?"

"No, not now of course not."

They went on, slowly and carefully, feeling their way. Suddenly Clare pitched forward with a little cry. Geoffrey caught her in his arms.

"What is it? Did you stumble?"

"Why, I stepped into a great hole."

"We must be off the road. We'd better just wait, and not try to go on"

Then somehow, from somewhere, an impulsive kiss fell upon Clare's face. It was in every respect a reckless kiss. It lighted upon the side of her nose, and it had anything but a soothing effect upon the young lady She shrank away from him as far as she dared, having in mind the proximity of the invisible ditch

"Oh, I didn't think you would do a thing like that," she said, in a low, distressed voice—"just because I'm helpless."

"Oh, don't—don't say that! Forgive me, Clare. Heaven and earth! I'd rather anything than to hurt or offend you I couldn't help it. I just did it because I love you so, Clare. I didn't mean it."

A short pause.

"Clare, won't you forgive that? Won't you say you're not offended? I'll do anything"

He waited a minute

"Anyway, you'd better take my arm, for fear you should fall"

Timidly she put out her hand and found his arm.

"Don't you think you can forgive me?"

"Perhaps I can—if I try," in a voice that did not sound aggrieved now

"Thank you"—effusively.

In a moment he went on "Clare, I told you something just now. I couldn't take it back if I wanted to. Is there any hope for me, do you think?"

"I—don't—know."

"Don't you think you might come to love me, in time, a little as I love you?"

"Perhaps—after a—very—long time—indeed."

"In a month?"

"Oh! a month isn't long."

"Yes, it is; a great deal too long Why put it off so long? Since you're going to love me in a month," continued this careful young calculator, "why not make a beginning next week, or—or to-morrow?"

No answer.

"Why not begin now, right away?" he asked, softly and tenderly.

Silence.

"Won't you, Clare?" gently putting his arm around her again.

Still silence. But he was not dismayed, for she had hidden her face on his shoulder, though, to be sure, it was effectually hidden before

"Well, dear?"

"I can't," she murmured at last.

"Why not?"

"Because—I can't—go back—and begin—*again*."

The kiss that came down through the dark was more successfully directed this time.

It was some time later that the approach of a rattling vehicle made itself heard, and soon a voice shouted, "Hullo!"

"Well?" called Geoffrey.

The equipage came a little nearer still, and the light of a lantern suddenly shed abroad revealed a species of rockaway of advanced years, and a horse, also well on in life, under the command of a grinning boy.

"Where be ye? Oh, there"—as Geoffrey and Clare came forward. "I suppose you're the folks Sam Andrews sent me after?"

"Yes; you're all right."

"I hope the horse is quite safe," said Clare, timidly, as Geoffrey helped her in

"Hm!" chuckled the boy "Wa'al, he ain't so *mighty* skittish."

He slapped the reins down on the old beast's back, and they jogged along on their way. It was a good while before they reached home and supper, but they did not appear to mind that.

ALICE WHITELAW HILL.

SKETCHES IN MOBILE BAY.

MOBILE BAY is a lovely sheet of water, and remarkable for the high, wooded bluffs in the vicinity of Fort Morgan, which present a refreshing contrast to the low, sandy shores which characterize the great part of the Southern coast. Underneath those bluffs has arisen a picturesque and very popular watering-place, much resorted to by Northern as well as Southern people as a pleasant winter sanitarium. The bay has a length of about thirty miles, and an average width of ten. The entrance from the Gulf of Mexico is about three miles wide, and is guarded on the east by Fort Morgan, on Mobile Point, and by Fort Gaines, on Dauphin Island, on the west. Just outside the entrance is Sand Island Light—a conspicuous object from the bay. Battery Gladden, of which only the ruins remain, was built near the city The row of piles visible in Mr Davidson's sketch is all that is left to mark its site.

THE SECOND NATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

THE uses to which the Madison Square Garden is put are various, but it is mostly employed for the exhibition of animals. Barnum's show of beasts is there regularly every year. So is the dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club. At various other times those illustrious human brutes the prize-fighters and six-day walkers are on exhibition. And now, in addition to these, the National Horse Show Association of America proposes to occupy the Garden annually.

Horse shows are no novelty in England, but in this country they were not instituted on any extensive scale until last fall, when this Association held its first public exhibition at the Madison Square Garden For several years the interest in trotting, horseback riding on the road and across country after the hounds, and the breeding of horses, have been on the increase here. Therefore the promoters of the Association had every reason to be sanguine that they would ultimately place the proposed horse shows on what a professional punster might be tempted to term a stable basis. Few probably were sanguine enough to expect immediate success. Yet the first show last fall was so admirably managed, the prizes so liberal, the awards so just, and the public interest so quickly awakened, that the directors at once decided to have another exhibition this spring. There are various considerations of weight in favor of spring horse shows, chief among them the chance of obtaining more horses. In the fall the owners of fine race-horses, both trotters and runners, have already made arrangements for stabling the animals during the winter, and are loath to send them from their quarters in the country to New York to place them on exhibition for a few days. There is also another consideration in favor of the spring At that time of the year the horses' coats are in better condition, and show to much greater advantage than in the fall. In changing the time of the year for holding the show from the autumn to the spring, say the managers, they well weighed and considered the matter, and after due consultation with those likely to make entries, determined that the month of May would be more suitable for exhibiting animals The result of this change will probably justify it, and we may look for a Horse Show every spring.

Last fall the value of the regular prizes offered by the Association was $10,470. For this show the amount has been increased to $17,450. The managers probably do not exaggerate when they say that this is the "handsomest" amount ever offered by any similar association. Besides these there are a number of special prizes offered by well-known horsemen like Mr MORTIMER, Mr. HYDE, and Mr [illegible]. Among the prizes are, as last fall, those for fire-engine horses, best and best trained; for the best and best trained police horses, to be ridden by officers, appointments and uniforms also to be considered; and new prizes for cavalry horses, viz., for the best mounted and equipped officer, the best mounted and equipped private, open to the Regular Army and National Guard, and for the best mounted and equipped staff officer of the First Division of the National Guard State of New York. The prizes carry with them something of greater worth than their money value, namely, the ribbons and certificates of award granted by the Association. They "are evidences of merit won in open competition," and will no doubt often win over a doubtful buyer, and clinch a sale.

The interior arrangements of the Madison Square Garden for the purposes of the show are perfect. It is in part a stable, in part a steeple-chase course, and in part a race track. The hunters have a fine expanse of loam and tan, as springy and buoyant as the meadows to which they are accustomed. There are stalls and loose boxes for the animals, for which the charge is moderate, and the horses may be taken away overnight on a deposit of twenty-five dollars by the owner, which will be forfeited if the animals are not brought back for exhibition the next morning. The managers also furnish veterinary surgeons, who examine the horses free of charge. This precaution is necessary, because an infection once started would spread rapidly where so many horses are under one roof, and infection among this array of noble horses would be a serious disaster to breeding interests the country over.

Much interest is naturally taken in the exhibition of hunters There are ninety-four of them, including Mr GERMANN's Leo, and to watch them take the hurdles is highly exciting. Every horse is ridden to the fences in his turn according to the number in the catalogue. In case a horse refuses his fences, he is allowed two further trials and no more. If then unsuccessful, he ceases to compete. In case a horse goes through or breaks down a fence, the fence is made up again and the judges may allow one more trial. If the horse then fails to jump it, he ceases to compete. These strict rules are necessary to preserve order and economize time, and as all are alike subjected to them, none have a right to complain You can tell the successful competitor by noting the color of the rosette with which a horse is decorated. If it be blue, it is the emblem of a first prize; if red, of a second prize; if yellow, of a very high commendation; and if white, of a high commendation.

Among the trotters, visitors should not fail to notice that fine old stallion Volunteer, thirty years of age, and yet as sound as a nut. Many of his swift young descendants around him are in no better condition than this sturdy veteran. Of the saddle-horses, Dr. THOMAS's Estes, the Kentuckian, is most conspicuous, and many of the four-in-hands will be recognized.

THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT AND THE PROPAGANDA.

THE Italian government will probably be amused to find itself held up to the world as a foe to civil and religious liberty, and that, too, by meetings of free citizens in New York and Boston. It has taken into its hands, it seems, the property of the "Propaganda," a Roman Catholic association of great wealth and influence that is completely under the control of the Pope. It has long been one of the chief sources of his world-wide power; all its money and all its influence have been used to establish his temporal and spiritual despotism Its missionaries are spread over the world, and have always been the chief agents by which the Supreme Pontiff has carried out his political and spiritual designs. The society in Rome selects the bishops of America, Africa, or Asia. It has stimulated revolutions in Ecuador and Guatemala; it is active in the politics of New Mexico; it is supreme in the Roman Catholic clubs of New York

This powerful association has always been an active foe of free and united Italy. It is the bitterest of all the assailants of free education. It would, if it dared, close every common school in Rome and the provinces. Its missionary priests and bishops in Europe and America are the centres of that revolutionary spirit by which the papal faction hopes to overturn all free governments, and crush the impulses of modern progress. Father Curci, in his recent "Il Vaticano Regio, 1883," shows how the Vatican rules its great army of priests by a system of terror; how it tempts, threatens, destroys. The immoral, the corrupt priest is raised to the highest station if he only obeys; the honest, if he ventures to speak of freedom, is cast out and insulted. Of this system the Propaganda is the ruling force. It was through its influence that the Council of 1870 was driven to pass the decree of infallibility, and proclaim the Pope an earthly deity. That decision, we are told by Geffcken (*Church and State*, ii., 317) was passed by a majority "including numerous missionary bishops elevated by the Propaganda" On the political future of the world that decision is destined to have a lasting effect. It made the Roman Catholic Church a vast political instrument, ruled by a fanatical cabal at the Vatican.

The Italian government for twenty years has been slowly yet firmly moving onward in the path of civil and religious freedom. It broke down the tyranny of the Pope at Rome, and threw wide the gates of the Eternal City to the advance of modern civilization It made Italy, once the seat of countless petty despotisms, as free as England or the United States. It has covered it with a system of common schools, and educated the most ignorant of nations It broke up countless monasteries, nunneries, and other clerical establishments that had long preyed upon the land and earnings of the people, pensioned their inmates, and returned the land to the use of the community. In the Propaganda it has long discovered its bitterest foe. The papal government has never admitted the authority of the Italian government; it still breathes out threats of vengeance. Rome, it asserts, must once more submit to the tyranny of the priests, its free schools and its Protestant churches be closed, its walls manned by Papal Zouaves, and the kingdom of Italy itself be dashed to pieces by domestic revolution or foreign arms

It is with such an institution that the recent meetings at Boston and New York have expressed their sympathy. One ardent speaker, an American ex-office-holder—Mr. James—holds up the Italian government to the "execration of mankind"; another, Mayor Edson, declares the Propaganda "a blessing to the people." Politicians of all parties unite in defending the politics of the Vatican, and extolling the mission of the Propaganda. Possibly if they were in the place of the Italian government they would think differently. If in any American community an institution arose openly hostile to the government, defying its authority, plotting its destruction, it is not likely that it would long be suffered to exist; it was, indeed, the first aim of the founders of our republic to check and repress the growth of those religious institutions which the Italian cabinet now find themselves forced to bridle or to destroy. It is an impulse of self-preservation that leads them to impose a check upon the political activity of the Propaganda; and in all their efforts to defend their own institutions from the chief enemy of all free governments and all modern progress we may be sure the Italians will have the lasting sympathy of a majority of the American people.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

SPANISH INNS.

I MUST enter a protest against the general wholesale condemnation of Spanish inns. We have now been in a good many smaller Spanish towns, and have never fared badly with respect to either beds or food. Of course if one expects English comforts, or English meals at English hours, a woful disappointment must ensue; but being prepared to do in Spain as the Spaniards do, no one need be badly off, unless it be in some much more out-of-the-way place than we have visited.

The usual Spanish meal hours are about mid-day, and seven in the evening, and one can always have good coffee or chocolate in the morning Tea is out of the question; one we have tasted more nearly resembled an infusion of musty straw than anything we could think of. In Spanish inns an omelet is invariably the first course. To see some of us persistently refusing this dish was a never-failing subject of amusement to the waiters. The indispensable "olla" is very acceptable to any one with a good healthy appetite, although perhaps an invalid or an epicure might look askance at the great steaming plate of beef, pork, sausage, cabbage, beans, and rice. Boiled fowl and rice form a common dish, rice supplying the place of potatoes, which we did not see anywhere in the north of Spain.

Just as we were finishing supper on the night of our arrival in Palencia, we heard music in an adjoining apartment, and, opening the dining-room door, we were met by the hostess, who invited us into the kitchen There we found two men seated, and playing—one on a guitar, the other on a mandolin—to an appreciative audience consisting of the whole staff of the inn. Chairs having been brought us, we sat down and listened for about an hour to most enjoyable music The musicians played with great spirit and the utmost precision, and sang, sometimes a solo, sometimes a duet, in the intervals of smoking. To all, including the players, cigarettes, cake, and wine were hospitably dispensed by the master of the house. At our request some national dance music was played, and soon all the maids were in the court dancing. None of them were in the least good-looking, but they danced very lightly and gracefully, the pace getting quicker and quicker toward the end of the dance. Through all the music, however quick in movement, there ran a strain of melancholy which seems inherent in the Spanish character.

THE NEW BISHOPS.

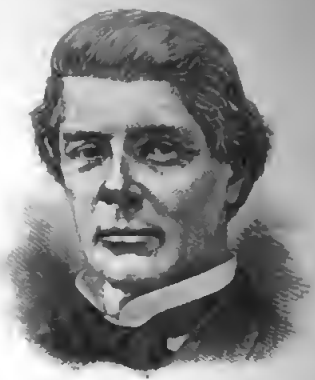
IN connection with the portraits of the new Bishops recently elected at the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, meeting in Philadelphia, we give the following brief biographical sketches

The Rev WILLIAM X. NINDE, D.D., was born in Cortlandville, New York, and is now fifty-one years old. His father, Rev WILLIAM WARD NINDE, was a member for some years of the Black River Conference, and died in 1845 His paternal grandfather was a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church. His early life was spent in Northern and Central New York He prepared for college at Rome Academy, and graduated from Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, in 1855. He joined the Black River Conference in 1856. In the spring of 1861 he was transferred to the Cincinnati Conference, and stationed at Trinity Church Cincinnati He afterward served as pastor at Morris Chapel, Union Chapel, and Christie Chapel successively In the fall of 1870 he was transferred to the Detroit Conference, and was appointed to Central Church At the expiration of his pastoral term he was invited to the chair of Pastoral Theology in the Garrett Biblical Institute. After remaining in Evanston three years, the funds of the institute being so reduced by the business depression, he returned for a second term to the Central Church, Detroit In 1879 he was elected the first President of the Garrett Biblical Institute. He received the degree of D.D. from his *alma mater* in 1874

The Rev JOHN M WALDEN, D.D., LL.D., is of English and Welsh origin. The family emigrated from Culpepper County, Virginia, to Kentucky, and afterward removed to Ohio. He was the son of JESSE WALDEN, a farmer of Hamilton County Bishop WALDEN was born on February 11, 1831 His youth was spent in poverty, and at the age of ten he was left an orphan. He exhibited an ardent thirst for knowledge, and yet was compelled to forego the privileges of good schools for the more serious question of the struggle for existence He went to Indiana in 1847, and in 1850 united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1854 he began to preach in the local ministry, and about the same time removed to Cincinnati, where he became connected with the editorial management of the *Commercial* of that city He was attracted to Kansas to take part in the anti-slavery struggle of that new State. He established a newspaper in Quindaro, became connected with the Topeka Legislature, and moved an address which aroused the enthusiasm of the people in favor of freedom, and aided largely toward the triumph of the antislavery cause. He became Superintendent of Public Instruction for Kansas, and helped in large measure to develop the public-school system of the State. Removing to Cincinnati, in 1858 he entered the regular ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and preached from 1860 to 1868 in Cincinnati. In the latter year he became assistant secretary of

THE REV. C. H. FOWLER, D.D., LL.D.—Photo. by Lawrence.

RAM CHANDRA BOSE, OF INDIA.—Photo. by Lawrence.



THE REV. J. M. WALDEN, D.D., LL.D.—Photo. by Lawrence.

THE REV. W. X. NINDE, D.D.—Photo. by Gutekunst.

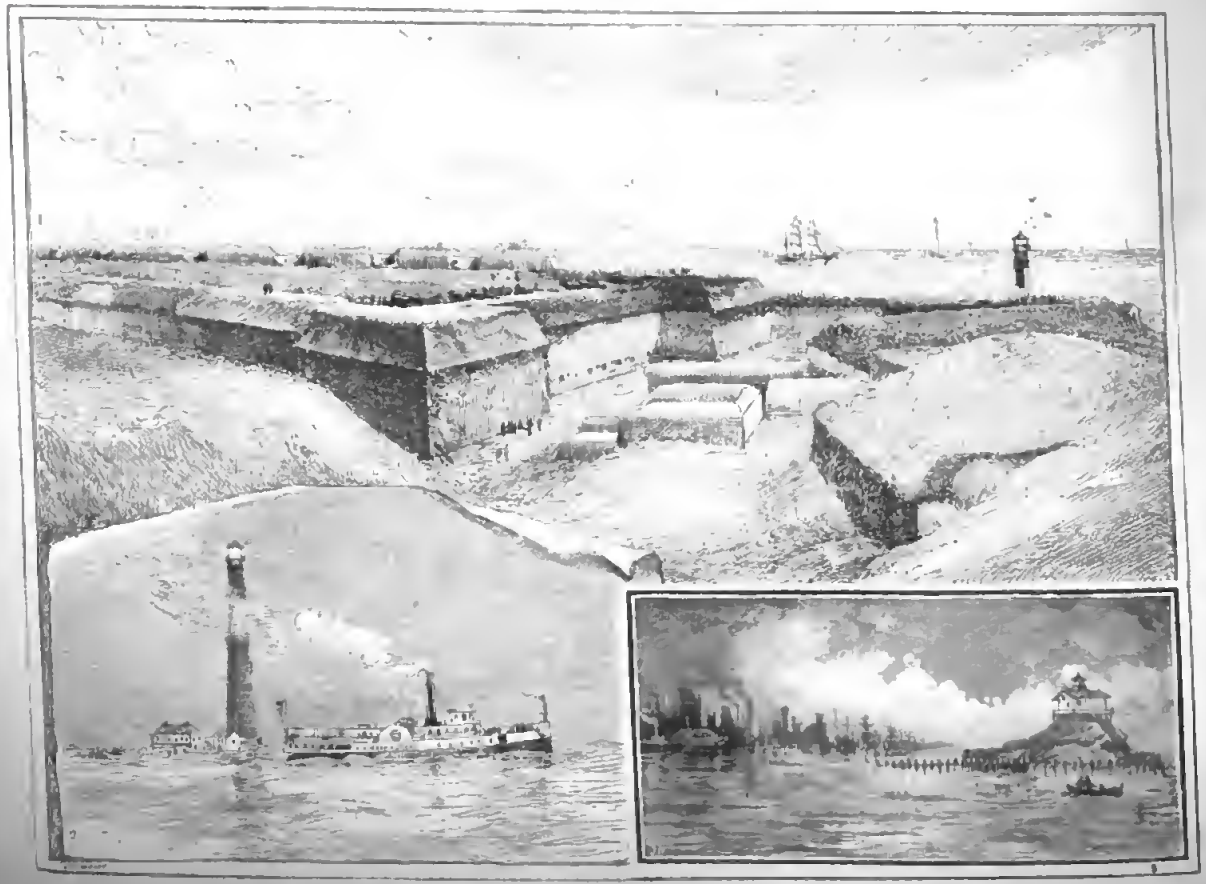
THE REV. W. F. MALLALIEU, D.D.—Photo. by Gutekunst.

the Freedman's Aid Society, and in 1867 was elected by the General Conference a Book Agent of the Western Methodist Book Concern. This position he has held until elected to the episcopate.

The Rev. Willard F Mallalieu, D D, is of Huguenot extraction, and was born in Sutton, Massachusetts, December 23, 1828 After preparing for college at East Greenwich and the Wilbraham Academy, he entered the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, and graduated with honors in 1853. He entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, uniting with the New England Conference, in 1858. His life has been spent almost entirely in the pastorate, and in this respect he differs widely from his associates elected at the same time to the episcopate He was pastor in his native place, Sutton, was twice pastor of Bromfield Street Church, Boston, and has had pastoral charge of Walnut Street Church, Chelsea, Lynn Common Church, Broadway, South Boston, and Trinity, in Worcester In 1875 he travelled in Europe, and made a careful study of Continental ecclesiastical life, and especially of the state of religion in the Roman Catholic countries He has exhibited remarkable executive ability in his most recent position, the office of Presiding Elder of the Boston district, which he now leaves for the episcopal service.

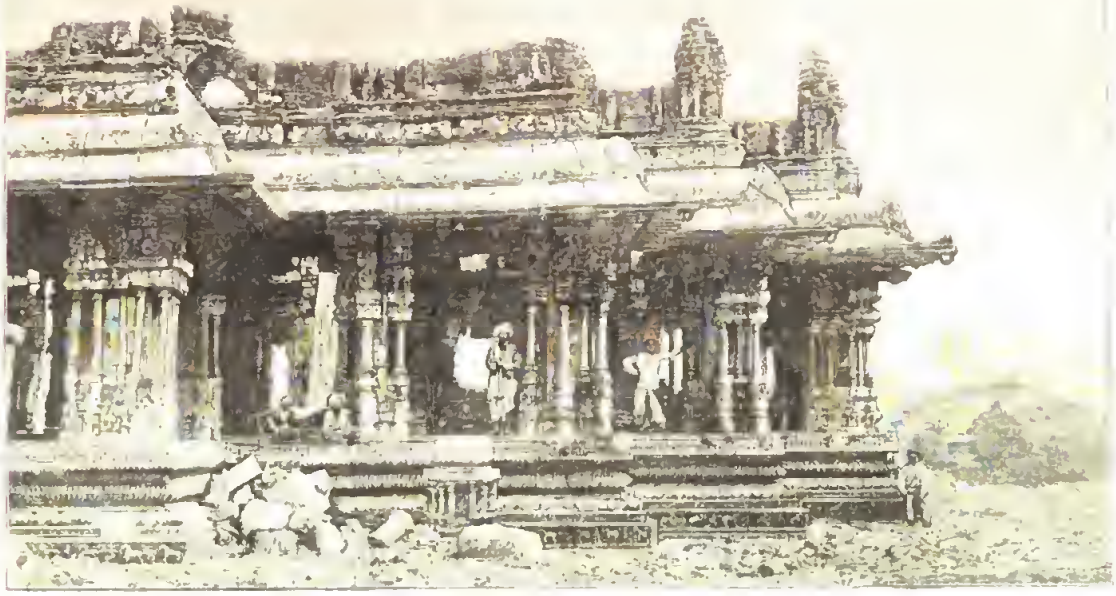
The Rev. Charles Henry Fowler, D D, LL.D, was born August 13, 1832, in Burford, Ontario, Canada. He was the son of Horatio Fowler, whose ancestors settled in the Connecticut Valley in the early colonial period, and whose line runs back to an old Scotch chief of the eleventh century

His parents removed to New York in 1839, and to the frontier of Illinois in 1840, following closely upon the retreating Indians. He



1 Interior of Fort Morgan. 2 Pensacola Packet and Sand Island Light. 3. Battery Gladden, Mobile Harbor.

SKETCHES IN MOBILE BAY.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 351.]



THE RUINS OF THE TEMPLES OF HUMPI, INDIA.

went to the public school until about fifteen. He was a student at Rock River Seminary, Mount Morris, Illinois, and entered Knox College, at Galesburg, Illinois, in 1854. He afterward entered Genesee College (now Syracuse University) in 1855. He graduated with the highest honors in 1859. He began the study of the law in Chicago the same year. He entered the Garrett Biblical Institute as a theological student in March, 1860. After graduating he joined the Rock River Conference, and was stationed at Jefferson Street Methodist Episcopal Church (now Centenary). He next served as pastor of Clark Street Church, Jefferson Street, Wabash Avenue, and again of Centenary.

In 1866 he was elected President of the Northwestern University, at Evanston. Preferring the work of the pastorate, he declined this honor. In 1872 he was again elected President, entered immediately upon his duties, and enjoyed a prosperous administration. Four years later he was elected by the General Conference to the editorship of the New York *Christian Advocate*. In 1880 he was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Garrett Biblical Institute in 1868, Doctor of Laws from the Wesleyan University, Middletown, in 1873, and from the Syracuse University in 1877. He has written a volume entitled *Colman's Palaces*, and has contributed largely to the periodical literature of his Church.

On the same page with the Bishops we present a portrait of Raw Chandra Bose, a representative of the native Church in India, whose emphatic and eloquent protest against the establishment of an Episcopal residence in his country made so profound an impression on the Conference.

The Rev. William Taylor, D.D., of India, better known as "Father Taylor," was elected Missionary Bishop for Africa. He is a Virginian by birth, was born in 1821, and united with the Baltimore Conference in 1843.

BURMESE TEMPLES.

The ruins of Hampi are those of one of the most ancient temples in India. Natives from all parts of India flock to these ruins once a year to perform their ceremonies, and there are constant parties of officers and government officials who go out to inspect them. Europeans have been known to come from 300 to 400 miles to see these far-famed ruins. Hampi is about thirty-five miles from the large military station Bellary. Hitherto it has only been accessible by bullock coach from Bellary, but the new "Bellary Hoobli" railway will facilitate this journey for the future.

The walls of the temple consist of bass-reliefs from the Ramayana of Hindoo mythology, and are receiving special attention from the government in the way of repairs, etc.

Hampi covers a large area, some of the ruined temples being one or two miles from each other, so that it takes several days to go over and inspect the ruins carefully.

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THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

It is high time that all good housewives should be more highly educated than in former years, if only to be able to detect the manifold schemes made by unscrupulous manufacturers in all competition for deception. A case in point has very recently occurred. Various dealers, totally unconnected with Baron Liebig, have been using his name and photograph, and the Liebig Extract of Meat Company have found it necessary to inform the public that they are the only manufacturers who can offer the article with Baron Liebig's guarantee of genuineness. It therefore behooves all housekeepers to insist upon seeing the name of the Company on the jar, and the *fac-simile* of Baron Liebig's signature in blue ink across the label.—[Adv.]

Speaking of Raleigh's first expedition to Carolina, Bancroft says: "The keenest observer was Harlot, the historian. He observed the culture of tobacco; accustomed himself to its use and was a firm believer in its healing virtues." This was in 1585. The famous tobacco of the Indian council is now that of the Golden Tobacco Belt of North Carolina. It is no longer crude leaf as the Indians smoked it, but still a natural and pure leaf, prepared for the pipe or cigarette in the shape of Rockwell's Durham Long Cut.—[Adv.]

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IN LIVER AND KIDNEY TROUBLE.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle. [Adv.]

Hayden Sauce is invaluable for soups, hashes, etc. Halford Sauce blends admirably with all gravies. [Adv.]

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Purifies blood corrupted by Hereditary Scrofula, poisoned by Mercury, or tainted by the sequelæ of Dipht[illegible], Scarlet Fever, and other Contagious Diseases.

Exhilarates from the head the germs of disease implanted by exposure in living, and by disorder of the digestive functions;

Invigorates the system, and by impoverished blood, restoring the harmonious working of all its machinery of life; and

Cures all maladies resultant from elevation of the blood, the most fruitful cause of disease.

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Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, of New York, Surgeon-General U. S. Army (retired), Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the University of New York, &c.

"I have for some time made use of the Buffalo Lithia Water in cases of affections of the Nervous System, complicated with *Bright's Disease of the Kidneys*, or with Gouty Diathesis. The results have been exceedingly satisfactory. Lithia has for many years been a favorite remedy with me in this class of cases, but the Buffalo Water certainly acts better than any extemporaneous solution of the Lithia salts, and is, moreover, free from the objection which the combination of Lithia with other alkalies, and, in some cases, with iron, bears to the stomach. I also often prescribe it in those cases of Cerebral Hyperæmia, resulting from mental work—in which the condition called Nervous Dyspepsia exists—and generally with marked benefit."

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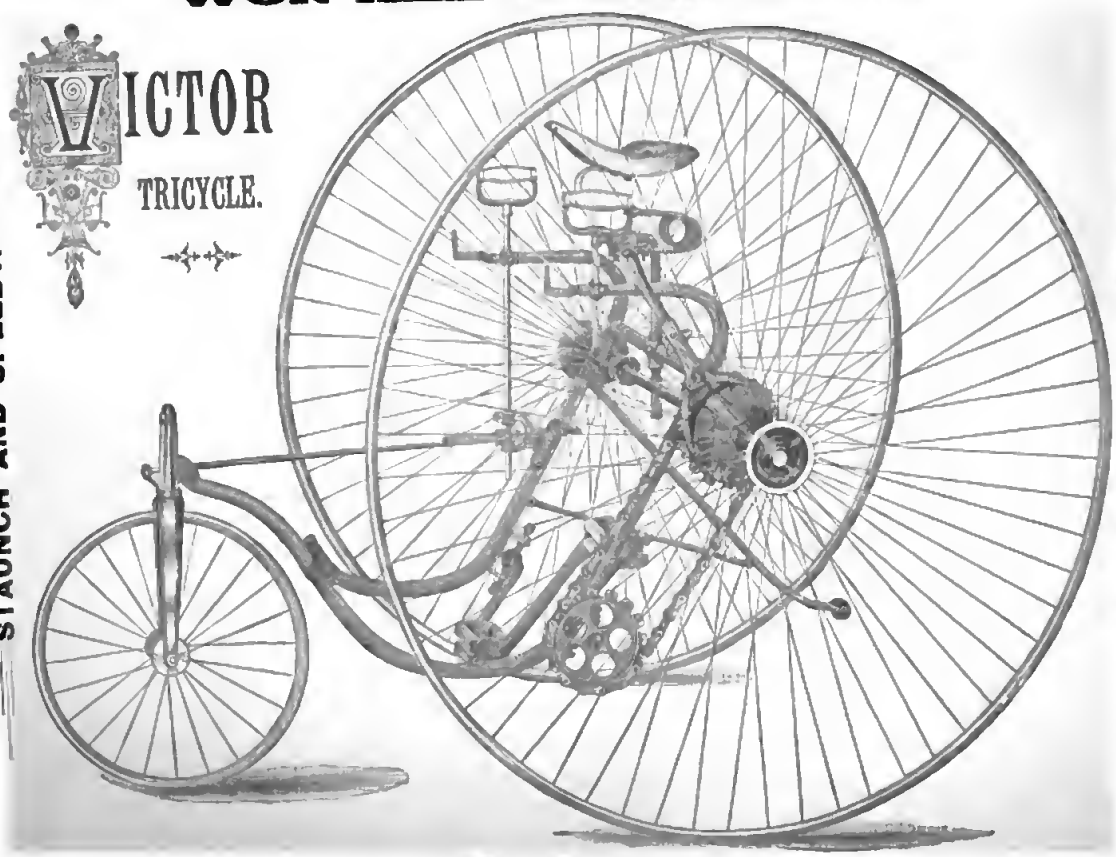

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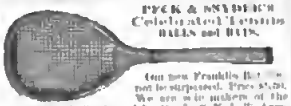

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 1433.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1884.

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THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AT CHICAGO—DELEGATES ENTERING THE EXPOSITION BUILDING.—DRAWN BY GRAHAM AND SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 363.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, June 7, 1884.

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by Sherwood Ryse. *It also contains, in the way of fiction, Part II of* Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie's *fascinating story for girls entitled "Our Little Dunce", Chapter V. of the serial story "Left Behind"; and a humorous sketch by* Allan Forman, *entitled "General Santa Anna."*

"A Riding Club," by Gustav Kobbé, *describes the recent competition for prizes among the little folk at the Gentleman's Riding Club, New York, and "A Cage for Canary-Birds" provides amusing exercise for busy fingers.*

Among the artists represented are C. D. Weldon, H. L. Brown, Culmer Barnes, Jessie McDermott, *and* A. Brennan.

"Moral Blindness" is another one of the series of humorous rhymes now in course of publication, written and illustrated by Howard Pyle.

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AT CHICAGO.

THE National Republican Convention will meet at Chicago as this paper is issued, and its meeting will close one of the most bitter preliminary controversies in the history of the party. The source of this feeling is to be found in the attempted despotism a few years since of certain illicit leaders, called bosses, because their leadership resulted not from intellectual or moral ascendency, but from a mercenary organization of place-holders. This attempted despotism, which culminated five and six years ago, and made its last desperate struggle in the Convention of 1880, produced two groups of opponents in the party—those who rejected altogether the despotic principle and methods, or what is known as machine politics, and those who held to the machine, but desired a different personal management of it. The first group, however, in rejecting a machine by no means repudiated organization, the value of which they perfectly understood, but their position was essentially distinct from that of the other group, with which, nevertheless, they acted in opposition to the common enemy, the then existing machine.

The downfall of the old machine, the passage of the reform bill, and the hearty adhesion to reform of many of the Half-Breeds would certainly have combined the Half-Breeds and Independents for the Presidential nomination, except for the candidate whom the larger number of Half-Breeds preferred. This number earnestly pressed Mr Blaine as the distinctive Half-Breed leader, and a Republican of whose career and abilities every Republican ought to be proud. They insisted, moreover, that it was disgraceful and intolerable to refuse the highest honors to the most eminent party leaders, and to offer them to those whose sole merit was their obscurity. Such a course, it was asserted, was degrading and dangerous to popular institutions, because it deliberately deterred able men from conspicuous public service. To remarks of this kind in the abstract there was no reply. But it has been urged, and with unanswerable force, that in politics expediency is always a legitimate consideration, and that as a cause and a party are infinitely more important than a man, the true application of the remarks was to be made in selecting among the conspicuous and experienced and able and acknowledged party leaders that one whose character and career were such as justly to promise both success at the polls and an administration in accord with the true spirit of the party. There might be a leader with a larger following in the party than any other who, for perfectly familiar reasons, would not be a strong candidate at the polls, and who therefore, for reasons of expediency, should not be selected.

During the preliminary canvass this position seems not to have been understood by the earnest friends of Mr. Blaine. They have not considered sufficiently the reasons which have made Mr. Blaine's nomination in the judgment of many of the sincerest Republicans both undesirable and dangerous for the party. While the opposition has been pressed, those reasons having been clearly stated, have not been persistently repeated, because among party friends they ought to have been perfectly understood. But while it has been unnecessary to emphasize them during the preliminary canvass in the party, it has been evident that they would be the staple of the debate before the country should the nomination be made. Indeed, when one of the chief party journals in the country surrenders the election in advance, in the event of certain nominations, by saying that neither candidate would be a possible President, the gravity of the situation and its nature are at once apparent. The personal preferences of a voter, as of a journal, can be waived, but if the objection goes deeper, the difficulty becomes greater. It is a most important duty which the National Convention will discharge. Previous Conventions, in '60, '64, '68, '72, '76, and '80, have been wisely guided. May the same wisdom direct Republican action in '84!

A LATE RESOLUTION.

The resolution adopted by the New York Assembly, just before its recent adjournment, censuring the correspondent of the New York *Times* for "his indiscriminate and unjustifiable attacks upon the character and motives" of members, and requesting the proprietor of the paper to send an impartial correspondent hereafter, does not seem to have excited the attention which it merits, because, possibly, it was regarded as of no importance. It is evident that the people of the State must have some other means of information as to the actual condition of affairs in the Legislature and the conduct of members than is supplied by the summary of legislative action. It is also evident that unless the action of every member be assumed by the correspondent to be honest, or if he comments unfavorably upon that action, it is very easy to accuse him of malicious misrepresentation of motives. Besides, many things are perfectly well known privately in Albany about the conduct and votes of members which do not appear in the official record, but which ought to be known, and which, therefore, somebody must take the responsibility of telling.

That there is often a great deal of corruption in legislation is in general no secret. But there would be a thousandfold more if it were known that no exposure would ever be made. An immense obstruction to legislative dishonesty is the consciousness that among correspondents and reporters and members there is a common knowledge, and that at any moment the truth may be told. If the press could be silenced, corruption might readily become intolerable. But it is very seldom that a correspondent charges corrupt motives. He may describe acts and votes as stupid and selfish, he may deride a member as wearing the collar of a boss, and he may assert in general an understanding and belief that money was used to control a vote. But he seldom says of an individual that he was bought, unless he knows it, nor always then, by any means. When notoriously unprincipled agents appear constantly upon the floor of the Assembly in intimate communication with members whose character does not lift them beyond suspicion, and the votes of such members favor the designs of such agents, it is a fair presumption that their motives are not pure.

The true remedy lies not in denunciatory legislation, but in cultivating character. There were plenty of gentlemen in both Houses whose motives could not have been impugned successfully, because their characters are their sure defense against all insinuation and assertion, against everything, indeed, but evidence. The penalty which doubtful and "shady" and tricky members must pay is the probability of the truth of the stories to which they object. It is thought to be a "Poor Richard" morality that honesty is the best policy. But in every degree and for every honorable purpose it is so. Thus there were some Assemblymen whose votes upon the Bureau of Elections Bill were very surprising, and are still inexplicable. But they are members to whom no improper motive would ever be ascribed if all the correspondents in Albany asserted it. Members, therefore, who are really desirous of a good reputation should sedulously cultivate a good character, and by no means trust to a resolution of rebuke to a correspondent.

THE DEMOCRATIC DRIFT.

The Democratic drift is obviously toward the nomination of the proposed beneficiary of the cipher dispatches as a reform candidate for the Presidency. Such a nomination would be characteristic and illustrative of the sincerity of the Democratic cry of "reform in general." There is not a more signal representative of those arts of the politician, the correction of which is one of the great objects of reform, than Mr. Tilden. There is not a more shameful chapter in our political history than the revelations concerning the cipher dispatches. "Reform in general," in the mouth of a politician, means, of course, merely "turning out the other fellers." But the words, nevertheless, have a real significance. They mean the general elevation and purification of politics, and the prospect of that elevation and purification by Democratic agency the nomination of Mr Tilden would invite the people of this country attentively to study. We do not agree with the opinion that he would be a strong candidate. The glamour of "reform" which surrounded his name in 1876, when he was unknown to the country, was effectually dispelled by the disclosures that followed the election. The Independent vote, which largely supported him in 1876, is now thoroughly alienated from him. He would get the "regular" Democratic vote—with that of the Tammany contingent doubtful—and he would get no more. He would be helped, as any Democratic candidate would be helped, by a Republican nomination which would repel both Independents and Independent Republicans, but that is all.

The sentimental aspect of the Tilden campaign would be comical. The point of that would be the presentation of the Democratic party as the avenger of the outraged political conscience of the American people. But how was that conscience outraged? Not by the decision of the Electoral Commission, but by the wholesale fraud and intimidation of voters in the interest of Mr. Tilden—a blow at the very heart of popular government. Moreover, if so monstrous a wrong was perpetrated by Congress in 1876, why was not the remedy sought by an appeal to the people in 1880? Simply because there was no general belief in any such wrong—because every patriotic and intelligent Democrat knows, with every such Republican, that, under the circumstances, no other course was patriotically possible than that which was taken. Undoubtedly, if Mr. Tilden had not been very much wiser than many of his chief counsellors, he might have plunged the country into civil war. His conduct at the time we have always commended. But it was, of course, largely due to the fact that he knew that, in view of Southern intimidation of Republicans, he could not show an honestly clear title.

Not an additional vote would be cast for Mr Tilden for any such reason as that he was defrauded of the Presidency. That would be, indeed, the cry of the Tilden campaign, and the reply to it would reopen the whole history of the Ku Klux and of Democratic crime to suppress the Southern Republican vote. Such a campaign would certainly not harm the Republicans, who would not be sorry to see the effort to renew, under more favorable circumstances, the contest of 1876, which was the lowest ebb of Republican fortune. This final Democratic lurch toward Mr. Tilden shows the condition of his party. It has evaded every declaration of policy. It represents no principle. It can agree upon no candidate who means anything. Its sole reliance is the hope of a fatal Republican error at Chicago. Should such an error be avoided, and a clean, upright, experienced, trusted, and well-known Republican statesman be nominated, there would be a Republican revival against which no Democratic candidate, especially the one associated with the cipher dispatches, could hope to stand.

"COLDNESS."

Among the signal humors of the preliminary canvass was the objection urged against the nomination of certain gentlemen, especially Mr. Edmunds, that they were "too cold." But that a cool and self-possessed temperament is a disadvantage to a President it would be hard to prove. Of all public men in our history the most illustrious was especially noted for what is now called "coldness." Washington was in no sense "a good fellow," or "magnetic," or "thick with the boys." He was not a man to slap on the knees or the shoulder, or to call familiarly "old fellow," or "Georgie." He was a grave, self-restrained, dignified, and self-respecting man, and was no worse a President for that reason. His successor, one of the great Americans, was ardent enough, certainly, but it was not his ardor that made his greatness.

The theory that a candidate is aided by "whooping up the boys" for him, as "Harry," or "Tom," or "Charlie," is amusing, but mistaken. The popular regard in which a man is held does not depend upon his personal temperament. The most popular man in the Democratic party is Mr. Tilden, but he is hardly a "magnetic" or a "genial" personage. Andrew Johnson was something of "a boy," but James Madison was not, and Abraham Lincoln was not a person to treat with undue familiarity. Indeed, the word "coldness," as applied to a public man by his opponents, generally means honesty and dignity and a profound contempt for the arts of buncombe, and these qualities do not repel the great multitude who support a candidate, because the great multitude never see him. Besides, the supposed advantages of "geniality" can always be secured for a candidate, since nothing is easier than to give him a nickname, and the more absurd it is—"Old Saddlebags," for instance, as applied to Mr McDonald—the more serviceable. But the importance of such considerations in a canvass is immensely exaggerated. It is not the personality of a candidate that arouses enthusiasm in a campaign; it is the principle and purpose of the campaign that invest their representative with glamour.

The two campaigns of popular enthusiasm were that of 1840 for Harrison and that of 1856 for Fremont. In both instances the man was a name; no-

thing more. He was the symbol of a cause and a purpose upon which a vast mass of citizens was intent; and nobody knew or cared whether General HARRISON or Colonel FREMONT was "genial" or "magnetic," or "hail fellow well met," or whether they were as "cold" as the pole. In direct personal association, indeed, temperament is a most powerful force, and to a politician a fortunate temperament is one of the most desirable gifts. But in a candidacy for national office it is unimportant if the essential qualities are not wanting. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was the most unfortunate man in temperament, so far as personal impression was concerned, of all eminent Americans. But it was not his "coldness" that prevented his re-election; it was his sturdy and scornful rectitude in refusing to prostitute the public patronage to his own advantage. Under the circumstances at that time the most "genial" and "magnetic" President, had he been equally inflexible, would have been defeated. It is no disadvantage to a Presidential candidate or to a President to be "cold" in the sense in which that word is generally used in politics.

AN OLD WAR HORSE.

It is singular that the opportunities for satire which our familiar and accepted names and practices of political life present have not been turned to more account in our literature. But Mr. W. H. MCELROY, who four years ago made a capital essay in this promising field, has returned to it with humorous zest in the letter of "An Old War Horse to a Young Politician," in the June *Atlantic*. It sets forth with admirable precision the tricks and humbugs and solemn pretenses that distinguish ordinary political action. And if any reader thinks that it is caricatured, let him turn to the record of any national nominating Convention, and he will see that the author observes the exact sobriety of truth.

Party platforms offer a most tempting target for the shaft of the good-natured satirist, and the Old War Horse instructs his nephew, the Young Politician, in the secret of their construction. He quotes the saying of an American statesman of a European poet, that he had nothing to say, but he said it splendidly, as the key to the deliverance known as a platform, which is designed to say nothing definite except in praise of the cardinal virtues, and of points upon which there is no difference of opinion, but upon all open questions to "straddle" as far as the English language will possibly permit.

The functions and the value of the inspectors of election and of the caucus are not forgotten by the Old War Horse. He tells his nephew what he told a foreign inquirer about our leading citizens, and his remark bites:

> "During my term of observation it has been the rare exception when a leading citizen has been chosen an inspector. We put our leading citizens forward as managers of charity balls; their names appear as directors of banks, insurance companies, railroads, and the like; they sign letters requesting the local soprano to mention the evening when she will ravish their ears; they recommend dentifrices, soaps, bitters, cements, and new maps of the Holy Land from original surveys. But when it comes to choosing an inspector of elections, an official whose duty it is to see that the right of suffrage is rightly exercised—a right which is commonly spoken of by Americans as the corner-stone of the republic—leading citizens remain in the background, and let citizens, of unknown or questionable antecedents, come to the front. Funny, isn't it?"

But under all the light touch and gayety of the sketch there is a very serious suggestion of the fact that the initiation and shaping of political action in this country are largely in the hands of venal men. The situation is tolerated by the easy-going national good-nature until it becomes colossal robbery and the overthrow of every guarantee of liberty and honest government, as under the TWEED rule. And then some relief is attempted. It was obtained peaceably in the case of TWEED. But the next TWEED will have learned from his predecessor, and will try conclusions with force. The vivid portraiture of the Old War Horse will do more than amuse. It will make every sensible reader think.

THE ART SCHOLARSHIP FUNDS.

It is unfortunate that the result of the HARPER art competition has not been what was hoped and anticipated. But as it was designed in good faith to promote art education, and as no prize could be awarded except by relaxing the standard, which would have been a betrayal of the purpose, it was necessary to abide by the deliberate and intelligent decision of the judges.

Fortunately, however, an opportunity has offered itself to render available for the general purpose the sum originally allotted by the Messrs. HARPER for the competition. About a year ago the late JULIUS HALLGARTEN placed in the hands of two trustees the sum of $5000, the interest of which is to be devoted to the assistance of deserving art students. The trustees decided to devote the income of this fund to the support of American students of art in the foreign schools, and have been taking the preliminary steps toward the establishment of a European art scholarship, but all definite action has been postponed until the time when the income shall have sufficiently increased to warrant the beginning of the experiment. The trustees of the HARPER fund have gladly joined the HALLGARTEN trustees to promote the common purpose, and a joint meeting of the trustees has resolved to combine the interest accruing from their respective funds for two years, the same to be applied to the sending of a deserving art student abroad: and that the method of choosing the jury to select the holder of the scholarship shall be by artists' suffrage.

It was decided that the competition for the first scholarship shall take place in December next; and it is hoped that since an actual beginning for so excellent an object has now been made, the funds may be so increased as to warrant an annual competition and the constant maintenance at European schools of at least three students. The present trustees of the HALLGARTEN fund are Mr. FELIX ADLER, Mr. AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS, Mr. J. C. BECKWITH, and Mr. T. W. DEWING, and the trustees of the HARPER art scholarship fund are Mr. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, Mr. F. D. MILLET, Mr. CHARLES PARSONS, Mr. FREDERICK S. CHURCH, and Mr. CHARLES W. TRUSLOW.

GENERAL GRANT AND JAMES D. FISH.

There has seldom been a more painful disclosure than that of the correspondence between General GRANT and JAMES D. FISH, not because it affects General GRANT'S honor, but because it is a public misfortune that a man of his peculiar distinction should be involved in any way in such lamentable transactions as those of GRANT & WARD. It is undoubtedly true that Mr. FISH was justified in inferring from General GRANT'S second letter, which was drafted by WARD, that there were government contracts, and that the alleged profits of GRANT & WARD were genuine. But General GRANT asserts that he did not "scrutinize" the letter, and "signed it on the assurance that it was only an ordinary letter in the course of business." That is to say, in effect, that he did not observe what he was signing.

As there were no contracts, and as the pretense of them by WARD was a swindle, if General GRANT, consciously and intentionally, had declared that there were contracts, and that the profits upon them were genuine, he would be the confederate of WARD. But this no man will believe. His own statement is the one which is intrinsically probable, and it will be so accepted by the country. He may have been incredibly careless and credulous. That, indeed, is the substance of his statement. But that makes him a victim, not a confederate.

It is precisely the emergency in which a man's personal character must be his defense, and whatever may be said of his judgment and sense of just responsibility, the public confidence in General GRANT'S personal integrity can not be shaken by surmise or implication or interpretation, or by anything except plain and conclusive proof, which has not been, and, as we do not doubt, can not be, produced.

A PUBLIC SLANDERER.

The Second District of New York is unfortunate in having for its Representative in Congress a man who is not an American except by the fact of naturalization, and whose chief interests and sympathies lie in the politics of Great Britain. So long as such a person confines himself to rhetorical "twists of the tail" of the British lion, his performances in Congress, however humiliating they may be to honorable Americans, deserve no notice. But when he presumes to insult with contemptuous epithets a brave American naval officer who, after deeds of gallant heroism which have elicited the applause of other countries, is absent upon an expedition in which he risks his own life to save that of other men, this unworthy Representative deserves the burning rebuke which he received from men of both parties upon the floor of the House, amid the universal applause of the country as it read the record.

Unfortunately there is no rule, as there should be, that the official record shall be a faithful transcript of what is actually said. But it is to be hoped that the principals did not modify or soften the report in consideration of the age of the offender. No man is old enough to describe one of the bravest of Americans as a "dude" simply because the Government of another country sends him a token of honor for saving the lives of some of its citizens.

Mr. COX called the offender, in language not too strong, the licensed libertine of debate, and it might seem unfortunate that the House has no method of protecting the honor of brave officers of the navy and army by some official act of censure of their wanton defamers. But the moral castigation inflicted by fellow-members of the offender, and the hearty scorn of the country as expressed in this instance, will show such officers that republics are not ungrateful, and do not hear them slandered unmoved.

THE CASE OF MISS CARROLL.

MRS. ANNIE M. GARRETT, of Malden, Massachusetts, has written a warm appeal to the women of that State recalling the claims of Miss ANNA ELLA CARROLL for a recognition of her services during the war for the Union. Miss CARROLL is a descendant of CHARLES CARROLL, of Maryland, and her father was once Governor of the State. Her services began with the effort to hold Maryland to the Union. She wrote constantly, and distributed Union arguments of every kind, and was one of the most devoted friends of the good cause.

But the chief claim which Mrs. GARRETT and others urge on Miss CARROLL'S behalf is that early in the war, when some decisive movement upon the part of the Government was indispensable to prevent the hostile action of France and England by showing that it would succeed in the contest, Mrs. GARRETT alleges that it appears from miscellaneous document No. 58 of the House of Representatives for the second session of the Forty-fifth Congress that Miss CARROLL went to the West, saw that the proposed opening of the Mississippi could not succeed, and submitted a plan for an expedition up the Tennessee. But as she was a person not of the army, it was necessary to accept the plan without a signature. Miss CARROLL patriotically assented. The plan was adopted. It was successful; and when Congress sought to thank the author of the Tennessee campaign, it could not be done, because there was no record of the name of the author.

Why the name was concealed, if it were authentically known, does not appear, nor is it stated that the document mentioned recommended Congressional acknowledgment of the claim, although Mrs. GARRETT says that no action was taken upon a subsequent "dignified memorial" of Miss CARROLL. The assertion that she dissuaded the Government from its own plan, and submitted another which was successful, is so interesting that it ought to be determined beyond question. Meanwhile Mrs. GARRETT states that Miss CARROLL is very poor and neglected, and appeals for sympathy and aid.

PERSONAL.

Few scientific books have met with a more popular reception than Mr. IGNATIUS DONNELLY'S *Atlantis*, published about two years ago by HARPER & BROTHERS. It has reached a sale in this country of more than twelve thousand copies, and the sales during the last six months were larger than they were during the six months previous. The work met with great success also in England, and as an illustration of the favorable impression which it made on thoughtful minds there, we are permitted to quote the following interesting letter which the author received from Mr. GLADSTONE, to whom a copy of the work had been sent:

> 10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL, March 11, 1882.
>
> DEAR SIR,—I thank you very much for your *Atlantis*, a copy of which you have been so kind as to present to me. Though much pressed by public affairs, I have contrived to read already an appreciable portion of it, with an interest which makes me very desirous to go through the whole.
>
> I may not be able to accept all your propositions, but I am much disposed to believe in an Atlantis, and I think I can supply you with another case in which traditions have come down into the historic age from periods of time lying far away in the background of preceding ages.
>
> Homer unquestionably (I do not fear to say) believed in a sea-exit from the northern Adriatic, and imagined the north of Europe to be an expanse of water. And this, geology, I believe, assures us that it was, but not within what we have heretofore received as the limit of the memory of man.
>
> Three or four years ago the Duke of Argyll was at Venice, and saw on a fish stall a fish which he was familiar with on the west coast of Scotland, but which is unknown in the Mediterranean generally. And on further examination he found that that corner of the Adriatic corresponded as to local fish in a high degree with the Atlantic. This is a curious and perhaps a significant fact.
>
> I am, dear sir, your very faithful and obedient,
>
> W. E. GLADSTONE.
>
> *Ignatius Donnelly, Esq., U.S.A.*

—A young merchant, who had a few thousand dollars to spare, called upon a college friend who was a broker in Wall Street. "What do you advise me to do?" he asked. "I'll tell you, Fred," replied the broker, confidentially; "there's a tailor's shop in a basement round the corner. Now you skip down there, get your pockets sewed up, and leave Wall Street as fast as you can."

—Mr. THOMAS B. CONNERY, for many years managing editor of the *Herald*, has become editor-in-chief of *Truth*, and *Truth* is to be congratulated thereon. Those who know Mr. CONNERY'S ability, enterprise, and personal character will agree with us that his re-entrance into editorial work is a good thing for American journalism.

—Some excellent photographs, recently taken, of the principal yachts in these waters, have awakened considerable interest in the breasts of our marine painters. The time required for each reproduction was one-sixtieth of a second, and although the yachts in many cases were sailing fast, with all canvas set, there is no trace of blur in the photographs. The water, it must be confessed, looks more like water than does the water of the average marine painting. The science of photographing in colors, however, seems to be a puzzling one. The engraver at Versailles who recently claimed to have discovered it anew has been shown up as a fraud. His process was not photography, but a secret method of coloring the paper upon which the negative was printed. It thus differed not essentially from several well-known processes whose owners make no mystery of them.

—Centuries ago the Livery Companies of London were composed exclusively of influential members of the trades whose name the companies bear, and were so strong as to be practically dominant. To-day the companies do nothing for the trades, but hold and spend the funds that have long been in their possession. The number of members is about 8000, and they are trying to prevent an inquiry into their proceedings and a re-appropriation of their funds. The reform feeling is opposed to the Livery Companies, which have no parallel in any other city of the world.

—Mr. SAMUEL MORLEY is filled with alarm about the masses of the people, and declares that unless some method of winning them over to a pure life can be discovered, their future will be terrible. If they are to be won over, they must be dealt with kindly and faithfully.

—In the city of Glasgow, with its half-million of population, forty-one families out of every hundred live in a single room, and a large number of these families have a father, mother, six or seven children, and several lodgers.

—Gregorian music, says a late writer, has stood the test of centuries, and instead of wearying of it by constant repetition, as we do of other music, we find that as the festivals and seasons of the Church's year come round they bring with them this sublime chant in all its freshness and grandeur.

—Three or four members of the British cabinet are believed to be strongly in favor of female suffrage. But they do not publicly say so.

—Miss COLENSO, daughter of the late bishop, declares that King CETEWAYO'S body has been carried off to be guarded from sacrilege, and that there is only one proper burial-place for CETEWAYO, namely, the Amahlabati Valley, where his ancestors, the old Zulu kings, have been buried for eight generations.

—The King of Abyssinia is about forty-five years old, of medium height, with large head, expressive eyes, and almost black skin. He wears a toga, and tries to look like CÆSAR as he sits on his throne, swaying to and fro, with a long sword on his right side.

—The Duke of Argyll laments that while no coast in the world is so rich in natural harbors as the west coast of Scotland, the fishermen often complain to him that the east coast is almost destitute of harbors, although an enormous amount of fishing is done there. They want his influence to build a small breakwater at Loch Buie.

—A prisoner in Mauritius was recently flogged so violently that he died within a fortnight of cerebral congestion. The Governor of the island caused the law relative to the flogging of prisoners for prison offenses to be fundamentally changed. If flogging is done hereafter, a medical certificate concerning the prisoner's ability to endure it will first be obtained.

—Madame SEMBRICH sang in *Lucia* in London on the 14th of May. Her acting and singing in the contract scene were fine (says the *Daily News*), but, as usual, the climax was obtained in the final scene of delirium, "where the alternation of tenderness and frenzy, the fitful snatches of remembered melodies, and the impulsive *tours de force* formed a series of admirable contrasts that called forth enthusiastic plaudits. It would seem as if Madame SEMBRICH had gained in vocal power and finish, and in the expression of emotional sentiment."

—Says a railroad officer: "If men are found to undertake the risk of guiding our trains, thus contributing by their energy and industry so much to the comfort, convenience, and pleasure of life, the least we can do is to give calmness to their nerves by letting them feel that, should an accident deprive them of life or of limb, those who are near and dear to them will not be neglected or forgotten by those whom they have so faithfully served."

—When President GRÉVY paid a return visit to the Prince of Wales at the Hôtel Bristol, Paris, the hour chosen by him was three o'clock in the afternoon.

—Mr. E. W. GOSSE, the well-known writer, is described as a critic whose knowledge of English literature is extremely wide and varied, while his enthusiasm for letters is keen and his style vivacious. In many fields of literature, especially in the poetry drama of the seventeenth century, he is a specialist. He has a good knowledge of modern literature generally—Scandinavian, Dutch, French, German. Although not a college man, he has just been appointed to the Cambridge lectureship in English literature.

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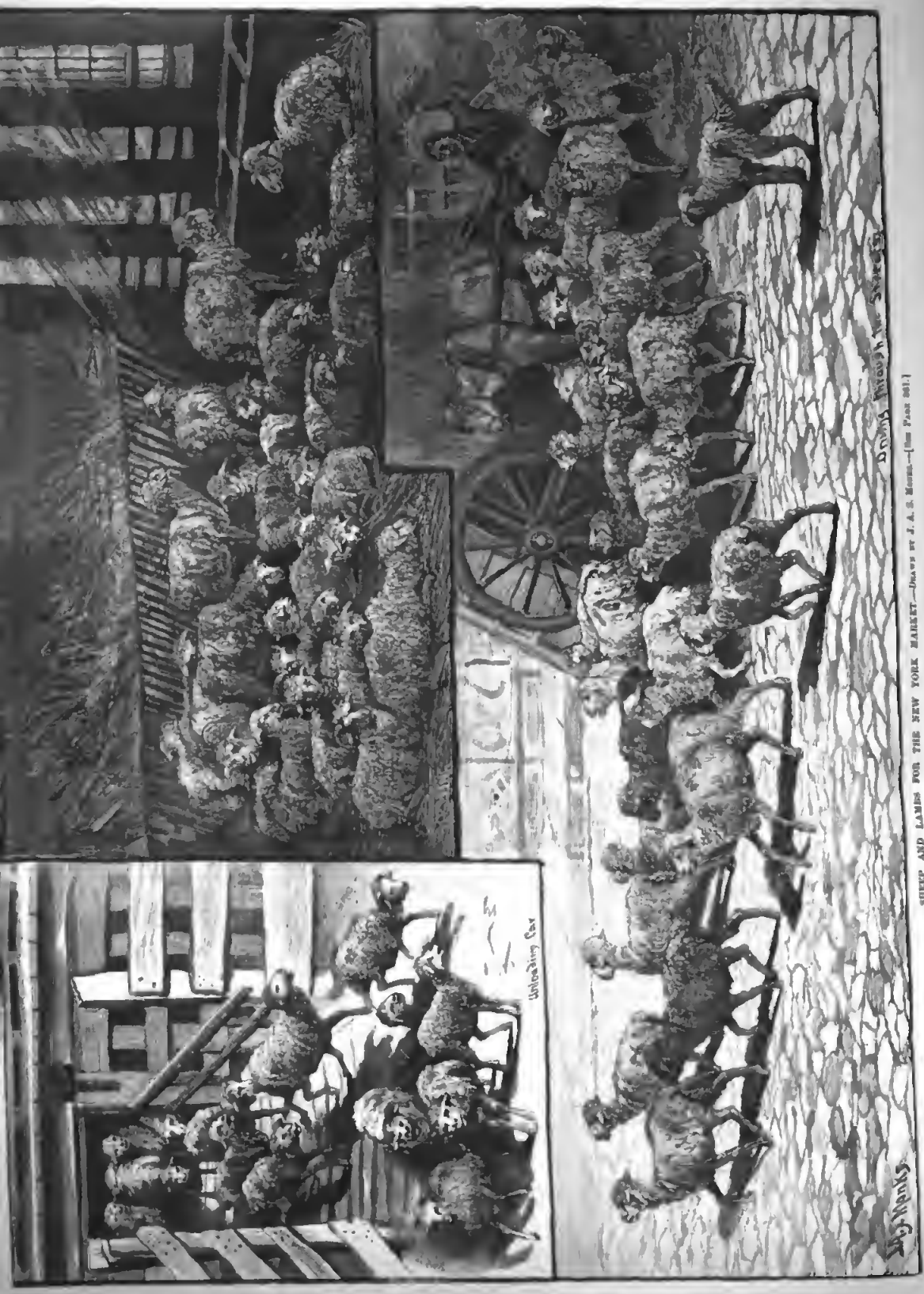
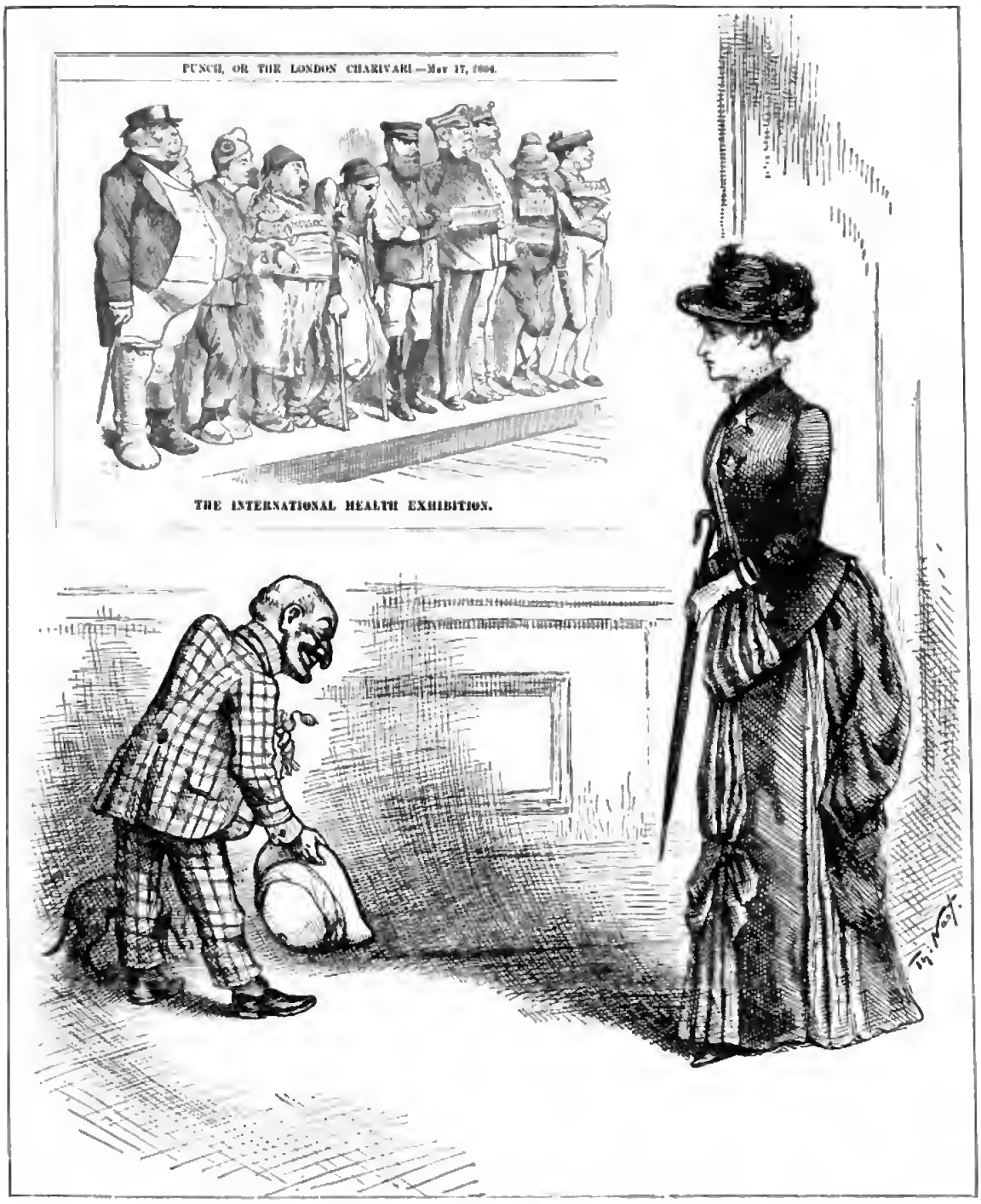


SHEEP AND LAMBS FOR THE NEW YORK MARKET.—DRAWN BY J. A. S. MUNRO.—[See Page 861.]



MISS COLUMBIA. "Why don't you send your patients to the United States, Mr. Punch? The Old World has sent us worse cases, and they always recover!"

SMOKING DUTCHMEN.

THE love the Dutch have for tobacco is well known. Nearly every man one meets in the streets has a cigar in his mouth; nor, unhappily, is the habit confined to adults. Hundreds of juveniles are addicted to smoking, and they may be seen at almost any time enjoying "a weed" with all the nonchalance of grown-up men. Indeed, they often indulge in the habit in the company of their parents, who do not seem to attempt to discountenance a practice which in this country and in England has always been considered injurious to children, and the act itself, so far as they are concerned, highly unbecoming. It is amusing, but not agreeable, to be stopped in the street by an urchin four feet high, who exhibits the stump of a half-consumed cigar, and with unlimited assurance asks you for "*een beetje vuur*" (a little fire). Of course, unless you wish to be considered impolite, you must stoop to allow him to make use of the lighted end of your Havana, while all the time you may be doing great violence to your feelings.

The consumption of tobacco in Holland is enormous. There are some Dutchmen who smoke regularly from ten to twelve cigars each day. No wonder that in most of the streets the tobacconists' shops are neither few nor far between. In many of the principal offices smoking is going on all day, and tobacco would seem to be so much a necessity in the counting-house as pens, ink, and paper.

The lower orders in Holland often smoke cigars which cost less than a cent each. Some may even be purchased at the rate of five or six for two cents—not cigars made of brown paper and hay, or dried cabbage leaf, but real tobacco. The tobacco from which these are made is grown chiefly in the neighborhood of Utrecht.

It is stated that the plant was first cultivated in Holland in the year 1614.

THE NEW YORK SHEEP MARKET.

THE number of sheep and lambs that are brought to New York to be slaughtered and prepared for the market is immense. During the year 1882 over two millions were driven in, and a still larger number in 1883. In one week as many as 64,000 were received, and once on a single day over 23,000 reached the Union and Central stock yards. Of this multitude only a small percentage is shipped to Europe. They come from all parts of the country, arriving usually between eight in the evening and dawn of the next morning. After leaving the cars they are rested, watered, and fed before going to the butchers. In their passage through the streets they are easily driven by one man and a well-trained dog. The line of travel is changed every month to a different street, so as to make as little annoyance as possible to the people. They are handled easily, except in wet weather, when their natural aversion to stepping into water causes them to hold back.

JUNE.

Those many days since I began to be
So dear to Love, and Love so dear to me,
How the sweet year has grown! From winter's hum
To spring's clear days and wildwood melody—
How glad have I been, spite of all my fears,
Those many days!

But oh, the warm, the rose-red days are June's,
Its scented morns, its long green afternoons,
How good were they! while the glad honey-bees,
Rifling the flowers, thought evening came too soon;
And we sat lazily beneath green trees
Through many days.

The thrushes talked to us so loud and clear,
That our own whispers we could hardly hear;
They read our secret, and they said, one day,
Each to his mate, "They do not know, my dear,
These foolish lovers, that June will not stay
Through many days.

"They do not build their nest; they sit and coo
Like love-sick wood-doves all the bright days through."
And we laughed back to the impatient strain,
And told the same old story, ever new,
Ate strawberries, and told it o'er again
Through many days.

Oh, month of roses! Oh, delicious June!
All lovers' hearts with thee keep time and tune,
Through all the happy hours that yet shall be,
In sweetest sunshine, under the clear moon,
In joy, in sorrow, I'll remember thee
Through many days.

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

THE COTTAGE.

CHAPTER L.

MISS LADD ADVISES.

Mrs. Ellmother sat by the dying embers of the kitchen fire, thinking over the events of the day in perplexity and distress.

She had waited at the cottage door for a friendly word with Alban after he had left Emily. The stern despair in his face warned her to let him go in silence. She had looked into the parlor next. Pale and cold, Emily lay on the sofa, sunk in helpless depression of body and mind. "Don't speak to me," she whispered; "I am quite worn out." It was but too plain that the view of Alban's conduct which she had already expressed was the view to which she had adhered at the interview between them. They had parted in grief—perhaps in anger—perhaps forever. Mrs. Ellmother lifted Emily in compassionate silence, and carried her upstairs, and waited by her until she slept.

In the still hours of the night the thoughts of the faithful old servant, dwelling for a while on past and present, advanced by slow degrees to consideration of the doubtful future. Measuring to the best of her ability the responsibility which had fallen upon her, she felt that it was more than she could bear or ought to bear, alone. To whom could she look for help?

Emily's friends at the country house were strangers to her. Dr. Allday was near at hand, but Emily had forbidden her to send for him. "He will torment me with questions," she said, "and I want to keep my mind quiet, if I can." But one person was left to whose ever-ready kindness Mrs. Ellmother could appeal, and that person was Miss Ladd.

It would have been easy to ask the help of the good school-mistress in comforting and advising the favorite pupil whom she loved. But Mrs. Ellmother had another object in view: she was determined that the cold-blooded cruelty of Emily's treacherous friend should not be allowed to triumph with impunity. If an ignorant old woman could do nothing else, she could tell the plain truth, and could leave Miss Ladd to decide whether such a person as Francine deserved to remain under her care.

To feel justified in taking this step was one thing; to put it all clearly in writing was another. After vainly making the attempt overnight, Mrs. Ellmother tore up her letter, and communicated with Miss Ladd by means of a telegraphic message in the morning. "Miss Emily is in great distress. I must not leave her. I have something besides to say to you which can not be put into a letter. Will you please come to us?"

Later in the forenoon Mrs. Ellmother was called to the door by the arrival of a visitor. The personal appearance of the stranger impressed her favorably. He was a handsome little gentleman; his manners were winning, and his voice was singularly pleasant to hear.

"I have come from Mr. Wyvil's house in the country," he said, "and I bring a letter from his daughter. May I take the opportunity of asking if Miss Emily is well?"

"Far from it, sir, I am sorry to say. She is so poorly that she keeps her bed."

At this reply the visitor's face revealed such sincere sympathy and regret that Mrs. Ellmother was interested in him. She added a word more. "My mistress has had a hard trial to bear, sir. I hope there is no bad news for her in the young lady's letter?"

"On the contrary, there is news that she will be glad to hear. Miss Wyvil is coming here this evening. Will you excuse my asking if Miss Emily has had medical advice?"

"She won't hear of seeing the doctor, sir. He's a good friend of hers, and he lives close by. I am unfortunately alone in the house. If I could leave her, I would go to once and ask his advice."

"Let me go!" Mirabel eagerly proposed.

Mrs. Ellmother's face brightened. "That's kindly thought of, sir, if you don't mind the trouble."

"My good lady, nothing is a trouble in your young mistress's service. Give me the doctor's name and address, and tell me what to say to him."

"There is one thing you must be careful of," Mrs. Ellmother answered. "He mustn't come here as if he had been sent for; she would refuse to see him."

Mirabel understood her. "I will not forget to caution him. Kindly tell Miss Emily I called—my name is Mirabel. I will return to-morrow."

He hastened away on his errand, only to find that he had arrived too late. Dr. Allday had left London; called away to a serious case of illness. He was not expected to get back until late in the afternoon. Mirabel left a message, saying that he would return in the evening.

The next visitor who arrived at the cottage was the trusty friend in whose generous nature Mrs. Ellmother had wisely placed confidence. No self-interested consideration had interfered with Miss Ladd's resolution to answer the telegram in person the moment she read it.

"If there is bad news," she said, "don't try to prepare me. Tell it at once, in the fewest words."

"There is nothing that need alarm you, ma'am, but there is a great deal to say before you see Miss Emily. My stupid head turns giddy with thinking of it. I hardly know where to begin."

"Begin with Emily," Miss Ladd suggested.

Mrs. Ellmother took the advice. She described Emily's unexpected arrival on the previous day, and she repeated what had passed between them afterward. Miss Ladd's first impulse, when she had recovered her composure, was to go to Emily without waiting to hear more. Not presuming to stop her, Mrs. Ellmother ventured to put a question. "Do you happen to have my telegram about you, ma'am?" Miss Ladd produced it. "Will you please look at the last part of it again?"

Miss Ladd read the words: "I have something besides to say to you which can not be put into a letter." She at once returned to her chair.

"Does what you have still to tell me refer to any person whom I know?" she said.

"It refers, ma'am, to Miss De Sor. I am afraid I shall distress you."

"What did I say when I came in?" Miss Ladd asked. "Speak out plainly; and try—it's not easy, I know—but try to begin at the beginning."

Mrs. Ellmother looked back through her memory of past events, and began by alluding to the feeling of curiosity which she had excited in Francine on the day when Emily had made them known to one another. From this she advanced to the narrative of what had taken place at Netherwoods—to the atrocious attempt to frighten her by means of the image of wax—to the discovery made by Francine in the garden at night—and to the circumstances under which that discovery had been communicated to Emily.

Miss Ladd's face reddened with indignation. "Are you sure of all that you have said?" she asked.

"I am quite sure, ma'am. I hope I have not done wrong," Mrs. Ellmother added, simply, "in telling you all this?"

"Wrong?" Miss Ladd repeated, warmly. "If that wretched girl has no defence to offer, she is a disgrace to my school, and I owe you a debt of gratitude for showing her to me in her true character. She shall return at once to Netherwoods; and she shall answer me to my entire satisfaction, or leave my house. What cruelty! what duplicity! In all my experience of girls, I have never met with the like of it. Let me go to my dear little Emily, and try to forget what I have heard."

Mrs. Ellmother led the good lady to Emily's room, and returning to the lower part of the house, went out into the garden. The mental effort that she had made had left its result in an aching head and in an overpowering sense of depression. "A mouthful of fresh air will revive me," she thought.

The front garden and the back garden of the cottage communicated with each other. Walking slowly round and round, Mrs. Ellmother heard footsteps on the road outside, which stopped at the gate. She looked through the grating, and discovered Alban Morris.

"Come in, sir," she said, rejoiced to see him. He obeyed in silence. The full view of his face shocked Mrs. Ellmother. Never in her experience of the friend who had been so kind to her at Netherwoods had he looked so old and so haggard as he looked now. "Oh, Mr. Alban, I see how she has distressed you! Don't take her at her word. Keep a good heart, sir—young girls are never long together of the same mind."

Alban gave her his hand. "I mustn't speak about it," he said. "Silence helps me to bear my misfortune as becomes a man. I have had some hard blows in my time: they don't seem to have blunted my sense of feeling as I thought they had. Thank God, she doesn't know how she has made me suffer! I want to ask her pardon for having forgotten myself yesterday. I spoke roughly to her at one time. No, I won't intrude on her; I have said I am sorry in writing. Do you mind giving it to her? Good-by—and thank you. I mustn't stay longer; Miss Ladd expects me at Netherwoods."

"Miss Ladd is in the house, sir, at this moment."

"Here, in London!"

"Upstairs, with Miss Emily."

"Upstairs! Is Emily ill?"

"She is getting better, sir. Would you like to see Miss Ladd?"

"I should, indeed! I have something to say to her, and time is of importance to me. May I wait in the garden?"

"Why not in the parlor, sir?"

"The parlor reminds me of happier days. In time I may have courage enough to look at the room again. Not now."

"If she doesn't make it up with that good man," Mrs. Ellmother thought, on her way back to the house, "my nurse-child is what I have never believed her to be yet—she's a fool."

In half an hour more Miss Ladd joined Alban on the little plot of grass behind the cottage. "I bring Emily's reply to your letter," she said. "Read it before you speak to me."

Alban read it: "Don't suppose you have offended me, and be assured that I am grateful for the kind manner in which your note is written. I wish I could write as acceptably in return. It is not to be done. I am as unable as ever to enter into your motives. You are not my relation; you were under no obligation of secrecy; you heard me speak ignorantly of the murder of my father, as if it had been the murder of a stranger; and yet you kept me—deliberately, cruelly kept me—deceived! The remembrance of it burns me like fire. I can not—oh, Alban, I can not restore you to the place in my estimation which you have lost! If you wish to help me to bear my trouble, I entreat you not to write to me again."

Alban offered the letter silently to Miss Ladd. She signed to him to keep it.

"I know what Emily has written," she said; "and I have told her what I now tell you—she is wrong, in every way wrong. It is the misfortune of her impetuous nature that she rushes to conclusions, and those conclusions once formed, she holds to them with all the strength of her character. In this matter she has looked at her side of the question exclusively; she is blind to your side."

"Not wilfully!" Alban interposed.

Miss Ladd looked at him with admiration. "You defend Emily?" she said.

"I love her," Alban answered.

Miss Ladd felt for him, as Mrs. Ellmother had felt for him. "Trust to time, Mr. Morris," she resumed. "The danger to be afraid of is—the danger of some headlong action on her part in the interval. Who can say what the end may be if she persists in her present way of thinking? There is something monstrous in a young girl declaring that it is her duty to pursue a murderer, and to bring him to justice! Don't you see it yourself?"

Alban still defended Emily. "It seems to me to be a natural impulse," he said—"natural and noble."

"Noble?" Miss Ladd exclaimed.

"Yes, for it grows out of the love which has not died with her father's death."

"Then you encourage her?"

"With my whole heart, if she would give me the opportunity!"

"We won't pursue the subject, Mr. Morris. I am told by Mrs. Ellmother that you have something to say to me. What is it?"

"I have to ask you," Alban replied, "to let me resign my situation at Netherwoods."

Miss Ladd was not only surprised; she was almost [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. After what he had [illegible] of Emily, it occurred to her that Alban might be meditating some desperate project, with the hope of recovering his lost place in her favor.

"Have you heard of some better employment?" she asked.

"I have heard of no employment. My mind is not in a state to give the necessary attention to my pupils."

"Is that your only reason for wishing to leave me?"

"It is one of my reasons."

"The only one which you think it necessary to mention?"

"Yes."

"I [illegible] to [illegible] to lose you, Mr. Morris."

"Believe me, Miss Ladd, I am not ungrateful for your kindness."

"Will you let me, in all kindness, say something more?" Miss Ladd answered. "I don't like to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in view."

"I don't [illegible] you, Miss Ladd."

"Yes, Mr. Morris, you do."

She shook hands with him, and went back to Emily.

CHAPTER LI.

THE DOCTOR SEES.

Alban returned to Netherwoods, to continue his services until another master could be found to take his place.

By a later train Miss Ladd followed him. Emily was too well aware of the importance of the mistress's presence to the well-being of the school to permit her to remain at the cottage. It was understood that they were to correspond, and that Emily's room was waiting for her at Netherwoods whenever she felt inclined to occupy it.

Mrs. Ellmother made the tea that evening earlier than usual. Being alone again with Emily, it struck her that she might take advantage of her position to say a word in Alban's favor. She had chosen her time unfortunately. The moment she pronounced the name, Emily checked her by a look, and spoke of another person—that person being Miss Jethro.

Mrs. Ellmother at once entered her protest in her own downright way. "Whatever you do," she said, "don't go back to that. What does Miss Jethro matter to you?"

"I am more interested in her than you suppose; I happen to know why she left the school."

"Begging your pardon, miss, that's quite impossible."

"She left the school," Emily persisted, "for a serious reason. Miss Ladd discovered that she had used false references."

"Good Lord! who told you that?"

"You see I know it. I asked Miss Ladd how she got her information. She was bound by a promise never to mention the person's name. I didn't say it to her, but I may say it to you. I am afraid I have an idea of who the person was."

"No," Mrs. Ellmother obstinately asserted, "you can't possibly know who it was. How should you know?"

"Do you wish me to repeat what I heard in that room opposite when my aunt was dying?"

"Drop it, Miss Emily. For God's sake, drop it."

"I can't drop it. It's dreadful to me to have suspicions of my aunt, and no better reason for them than what she said in a state of delirium. Tell me, if you love me, was it her wandering fancy, or was it the truth?"

"As I hope to be saved, Miss Emily, I can only guess, as you do; I don't rightly know. My mistress trusted me half-way, as it were. I'm afraid I have a rough tongue of my own sometimes. I offended her, and from that time she kept her own counsel. What she did she did in the dark, so far as I was concerned."

"How did you offend her?"

"I shall be obliged to speak of your father if I tell you how."

"Speak of him."

"*He* was not to blame, mind that," Mrs. Ellmother said, earnestly. "If I wasn't certain of what I say now, you wouldn't get a word out of me. Good, harmless man, there's no denying it, he was in love with Miss Jethro! What's the matter?"

Emily was thinking of her memorable conversation with the disgraced teacher on her last night at school. "Nothing," she answered. "Go on."

"If he had not tried to keep it secret from us," Mrs. Ellmother resumed, "your aunt might never have taken it into her head that he was entangled in a love affair of the shameful sort. I don't deny that I helped her in her inquiries, but it was only because I felt sure from the first that the more she discovered, the more certainly my master's innocence would show itself. He used to go away and visit Miss Jethro privately. In the time when your aunt trusted me, we never could find out where. She made that discovery afterward for herself (I can't tell you how long afterward), and she spent money in employing mean wretches to pry into Miss Jethro's past life. She had (if you will excuse me for saying it) an old maid's hatred of the handsome young woman who lured your father away from home, and set up a secret (in a manner of speaking) between her brother and herself. I won't tell you how we looked at letters and other things which he forgot to leave under lock and key. I will only say there was one bit in a journal he kept which made me ashamed of myself. I read it out to Miss Letitia, and I told her, in so many words, not to count any more on me. No, I haven't got a copy of the words—I can remember them without a copy. 'Even if my religion did not forbid me to peril my soul by leading a life of sin with this woman whom I love'—that was how it began—'the thought of my daughter would keep me pure. No conduct of mine shall ever make me unworthy of my child's affection and respect.' There, I'm making you cry; I won't stay here any longer. All that I had to say has been said. Drop it—I say again, drop it! Nobody but Miss Ladd knows for certain whether your aunt was innocent or guilty in the matter of Miss Jethro's disgrace. Please to excuse me; my work's waiting down-stairs."

From time to time, as she pursued her domestic [illegible], Mrs. Ellmother thought of Mirabel. [illegible] [illegible] had passed, and the doctor had not appeared. Was he too busy even to spare a few minutes of his time? Or had the handsome little gentleman, after promising so fairly, failed to perform [illegible] [illegible]?

Mrs. Ellmother [illegible] doubts had wronged Mirabel. [illegible] engaged to return to the doctor's house, and he kept his word.

Dr. Allday was at home again, and was seeing patients. Introduced in his turn, Mirabel had [illegible] reason to complain of his reception. At the same time, after he had stated the object of his visit, something odd began to show itself in the doctor's manner.

He looked at Mirabel with an appearance of [illegible] curiosity, and he contrived an excuse for [illegible] the [illegible] position in the room so that the light fell full on his face.

"I fancy I must have seen you," the doctor said, "at some former time."

"I am ashamed to say I don't remember it," Mirabel answered.

"Ah, very likely I'm wrong. I'll call on Miss Emily, sir, you may depend on it."

Left in his consulting-room, Dr. Allday failed to ring the bell which summoned the next patient who was waiting for him. He took his diary from the table drawer, and turned to the daily entries for the past month of July.

Arriving at the fifteenth day of the month, he glanced at the first lines of writing: "A visit from a mysterious lady, calling herself Miss Jethro. Our conference led to some very unexpected results."

No; that was not what he was in search of. He looked a little lower down, and read as regularly, from that point, as follows:

"Called on Miss Emily in great anxiety about the discoveries which she might make among her aunt's papers. Papers all destroyed, thank God, except the handbill offering a reward for discovery of the murderer, which she found in the scrap-book. Gave her back the handbill. Emily much surprised that the wretch should have escaped, with such a careful description of him circulated

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1468.

everywhere. She read the description aloud to me in her nice clear voice: 'Supposed age between twenty-five and thirty years. A well-made man of small stature. Fair complexion, delicate features, clear blue eyes. Hair light, and cut rather short. Clean-shaven, with the exception of narrow half-whiskers,' and so on. Emily at a loss to understand how the fugitive could disguise himself. Reminded her that he could effectually disguise his head and face (with time to help him) by letting his hair grow long, and cultivating his beard. Emily not convinced, even by this self-evident view of the case. Changed the subject."

The doctor put away his diary, and rang the bell.

"Curious," he thought. "That dandified little clergyman has certainly reminded me of my discussion with Emily more than two months since. Was it his flowing hair, I wonder, or his splendid beard? Good God! suppose it should turn out—"

He was interrupted by the appearance of his patient. Other ailing people followed. Dr. Allday's mind was professionally occupied for the rest of the evening.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AT CHICAGO.

Apropos of the Convention of the Republican party at Chicago, we give a double-page view of that city, taken from the top of the light-house at the mouth of the river, and showing the Exposition Building on the left; and a front page illustration giving a view of the main entrance to the hall.

The north half of the Exposition Building was remodelled for the use of the Convention, making a fine hall about half the length of the entire structure, not counting the annex. The interior of the building was repainted. The trusses are a deep red, the remainder of the wood-work about the galleries being blue. Below the galleries it has been kalsomined white. The huge sounding-boards at each end of the hall are also white. The opening caused by the dome was closed, as were also the spaces behind the four rows of seats around the galleries. Sixteen rings of gas-burners were placed in the hall, and two hundred and fifty extra burners in the aisles and passage-ways. The floor alone was of sufficient size to accommodate twelve thousand people with seats, and the galleries nearly two thousand more.

The stage is in the north end of the building. Immediately behind and on either side of it, rising in amphitheatrical form, are the seats for distinguished guests, numbering 1400. The stage itself accommodates between two and three hundred people.

The acoustics of the hall are excellent. Two immense sounding-boards at either end of the hall, and covering 25,000 square feet of space, are the main factors in securing this result. The words of a person speaking on the stage can be plainly heard on the last row of seats in the hall.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

SEA-BATHING FOR INVALIDS.

Sea-bathing is not a cure-all; yet there are few classes of people to whom it may not bring some benefit. For delicate constitutions, and for many of the complaints of debility, sea-bathing is a powerful tonic; it is medicinal for many invalids. For persons in ordinary health a plunge in the sea is a pleasure, while for the strong swimmer it is a delight; and either for the athlete or the infant there is no better exercise than holding your own against the dancing waves. More than all, swimming is not the least useful of the accomplishments. It will save a hundred lives for one that is saved, for instance, by eloquence, as when Cæsar, during a storm at sea, spoke so much to the point to his pilot. But let us keep to the hygienic questions that are connected with this maritime theme.

And first, of sea-bathing for the delicate. Of the many persons who are in need of a tonic and strengthening treatment, there are but few who will not derive benefit from sea-bathing, provided only that they will make haste slowly, and bear in mind the necessary precautions.

The question of the sea temperature is an important one for a safe beginning. The water must be warm enough. A chief source of benefit in sea or river bathing is, indeed, the coolness of the temperature, and the consequent healthy glow of warmth caused by the rushing of blood to the skin on leaving the water, and the stimulating influence upon the viscera. But all this is too active treatment for the invalid at the beginning; one must be educated up to the tolerance of the cold bath.

At some of the French sea-side resorts, and recently at some of our own, as at Marblehead, the excellent plan is followed of giving preparatory baths of warmed sea-water in-doors. It is a good beginning for some very delicate women, who find even the summer heat of the Mediterranean (75° to 80° Fahr.) too cool at the outset. But whenever this initiation is practiced, it should not be a long one. The artificial warmth of the bath should be lessened day by day, until after a moderate time it is reduced nearly to that of the sea, and the patient is proven strong enough to cultivate a more intimate and invigorating acquaintance with old Ocean himself.

For this purpose a calm, warm, and sunny day should be chosen; a windy day should be particularly avoided, for the evaporation from the clothes and the body is then so rapid as to chill the bather both on entering and leaving the water. *Never go into a cold bath when you feel cold.* This well applies to all bathers, whether strong or delicate. To make it effective, it is desirable to lose no time after beginning to undress in getting into the water. The best time of the day is two or three hours after eating, and preferably in the forenoon. It may be borne in mind that the beach and the waves themselves are generally cleaner during the ebb tide than during the flood; and it is desirable that the air should be warm as well as the sea. The sun being well out, the first bath from the beach may be taken, and it should be a very brief one, lasting no longer than is necessary to wet the body from head to foot. On leaving the water the bather should strip and be rubbed dry, and then immediately. Indolent bathers run more risk by lingering and shivering in their wet clothes than from any amount of swimming.

The glow of warmth which should follow the bath represents more than the activity of the superficial circulation; it means also a reaction upon the central organs and viscera. When this occurs, the bather is receiving benefit, and will receive more; he may be assured that the vital powers are sufficient to profit by the stimulus. A cold bath that is followed by no reaction is a useless and may be a dangerous thing. But a sea-bath taken not less frequently than every other day during the season (August is generally the best month; in July and September the sea-water is nearly as warm) is a most effective treatment for nervous complaints, diseases of debility, headaches, neuralgia, hypochondria, and anæmia. There are sea fanatics who consider the salt-water as a cure-all. I am not a sea fanatic, but sea-baths have great virtues of their own.

1. They produce the tonic reaction just mentioned; 2. They provide a lively gymnastic exercise for the bather, whether in holding himself upright against the shock of the waves, or in moving over them or diving through them as an expert swimmer; and 3. An almost always pleasurable mental excitement attends the bath. I take no account of the effect of the salts contained in the water, though this is reckoned by some rather visionary German writers on the subject as having an appreciable medicinal value. It may be thrown in gratis as a doubtful quantity, the human skin having, as I have already said, little power of absorption. But sea-water has a virtue which these somewhat visionary doctors, not being themselves swimmers, and therefore to that extent being unpractical men, have failed to count in their enumeration of the advantages of bathing. Its contained salts make sea-water about two and a half per cent. heavier than fresh-water, and therefore noticeably more buoyant, and therefore a considerably easier medium for the learner in swimming.

In another paper we will advance the invalid from her two minutes' dip into salt water on a sunny morning to the status of re-instated health and spirits, and permit to her strength enough to begin learning the delightful art of natation.

Titus Munson Coan.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

The Authorship of the "Vestiges."—Anonymous Successes.—Why Empress?—Snobbish Risks.—The Burial Question.—The Silent Piano.—A Morbid Ambition.

The most interesting piece of literary and scientific news that we have had for a long time is, beyond question, Mr. Ireland's revelation of the authorship of *The Vestiges of Creation*. This has long, indeed, been an open secret. In the *Cornhill Magazine* for January last, for example, Robert Chambers is spoken of as the true Simon Pure, with a personal knowledge that leaves little room for doubt; but it is still not a little curious that the parentage of such a book should not have been actually brought home to its father for more than forty years. During that period science has made gigantic strides, and the theory of development has been itself developed, but in its day *The Vestiges* did a great work, and one which has been freely acknowledged by Darwin himself. The sensation it produced was prodigious. Heterodoxy in science was at that time treated with less tolerance than infidelity in religious matters, and from every professor's chair were hurled anathemas against the nefarious volume. Even so kind-hearted a man as Professor Sedgwick fairly lost his temper, and wrote such a diatribe against it as can only be paralleled by the vituperations of the Vatican.

In my opinion, the man who could fling the seed of so much intellectual conflict ought to have confessed himself the sower; but of course he had a perfect right to please himself in the matter. The MS. was sent to Manchester to Mr. Ireland; from thence to London to be printed; and was returned for correction, by way of Manchester, to Edinburgh. Curiously enough, it was thought precaution enough to use Mrs. Robert Chambers's handwriting instead of her husband's; but though this did cause the secret to be more than guessed at by a private circle, it did not reveal it even to them. Mr. Robert Cox, of Edinburgh, and William Chambers were the only other confidants of the author, who, however, was so far suspected that he declined to stand for the Lord Provostship of Edinburgh, for fear of being questioned on the platform. In modern times there has been no literary authorship withheld so long from the public, with the exception of that of those famous letters signed "An Englishman," which appeared in the *Times* newspaper, the writer of which remains anonymous even to this day. I well remember the attempt made in a committee-room of the House of Commons to "draw" the late Mr. Walter upon this subject.

"You say that everything written in the *Times* is authenticated by the name of the writer, even if it is not published?"

"Yes, it is."

"Then you were aware who wrote the letters signed 'An Englishman'?"

"No, I was not. [Sensation.] They have been the only exception."

For my part, I have a much greater curiosity on this point than to know who wrote the letters of "Junius," in my opinion overrated productions, and neither in keenness nor intensity, nor occasionally even in style, superior to the personal and political invectives of the "Queen's Messenger," an entire set of which, by-the-bye, now fetches among the collectors no less a sum than thirty guineas.

Her Majesty's letter to her people acknowledging their sympathy with her late calamity has given great satisfaction except in one particular. Regret has been expressed in many quarters that she should have been so ill advised—for it is hardly likely that such a mistake should have originated in her own mind—as to sign after her name the letters R and I. When the late founder of our imperial policy persuaded her Majesty to assume the title of Empress of India, he expressly stipulated, because he knew how obnoxious was the word to English ears, that it should never be used save in our Eastern dependency. Some courtier has doubtless suggested that an exception should be made in the present case; but in so genuine a document it is particularly out of place. The R. is real enough, but the I. may well stand for "imaginary."

I am sorry to see that the list of all those who sent wreaths to the funeral of the Duke of Albany has been published "by authority" in the *Times*, where it occupies an entire column. I cannot but think that this will have a tendency to promote the growth of snobbism. If such gifts are to be recorded in the newspapers, the custom will lose what little of true feeling it ever possessed.

Talking of funerals, I see that my friend, and the friend of all of us, G. A. S., has, in that page of the *Illustrated London News* which he has made his own, taken those authors and journalists to task who did not attend the funeral of their late departed brother, Charles Reade. "Only four miles out of London from Euston station, and yet scarcely anybody there!" I think in common charity he might have attributed this omission less to the distance than to the day. It was signalized by one of the coldest east winds of the spring; and a funeral in those who suffer from east winds too often begets another funeral. So long as the barbarous custom of baring the head, in whatever weather, at such ceremonies continues, so long shall I, for one, decline to attend them; nor, when I am carried to the church-yard myself, do I expect my friends to peril their health by similar exposure. Let us run all risks for our friends while they are alive, by all means, but not in empty honor of their senseless clay.

As if the poor novelists had not enough to put up with from the plagiarists and publishers, or had not been accused of offenses enough by the critics, the crime of murder has now been laid to their charge by the mother of a family. She was not, it is true, a particularly good mother. Indeed, her little daughter, aged thirteen, had such a hard life of it at home that she threw herself into the Thames and drowned herself. But at the inquest, when the cause of her child's suicide was gone into, this woman had the effrontery to say that "the reading of novels had affected her mind." So might some modern Bumble, after thrashing a pauper child within an inch of its life, protest that he had made away with the other inch through having read *Oliver Twist*.

It seems as if there was really to be no end of what might reasonably itself to be the *finis* of everything, namely, the burial question. An honest farmer was interred at Leek the other day, "the reverse way to that intended"—not upside down, but with his head eastward—notwithstanding the wishes of his widow, and in spite of the cemetery regulations, the vicar observing that it was of the first importance that regard should be paid to the Resurrection. I only know one case parallel to this: that of an old lady of large means who nevertheless declines to be buried in a brick grave, on account of the difficulty of egress when required.

The custom of embalming our memories in the obituaries of the *Times* is growing. Not content with regarding anniversaries of a few years ago, the friends of a gentleman who left us no less than twenty years ago have been moved to recall his virtues. This is, I think, going a little too far back. If twenty years is not too long a limit for "a living memory" (at seven and sixpence), why should fifty years be? "In loving memory of my great-grandfather," would not sound badly, while at the same time it would convince an incredulous world that one's family was not of yesterday.

Nothing is new under the sun; twenty years ago there was a noiseless organ which perambulated London, and delighted us with its "unheard music," and there is a pianino, or silent piano, "invented," which allows the player and those in his immediate vicinity to hear it discourse, but is inaudible at a little distance. What an Elysium does this hold forth to those who are next door to a young ladies' school! For my part, I should not mind "a little music in the evening" conducted on this ravishing instrument, for the perfect enjoyment of which it would be only necessary to stand near the door.

A man has thrown himself under a railway train "from unaccountable impulse," and has only survived to confess as much. The experience, though it may never have been put into effect, has happened to many of us, and is the reason, in fact, why the Duke of York's Column and the Monument have their summits in iron cages. Visitors could not "resist the temptation" to cast themselves from the top to the bottom. This has nothing to do with suicidal mania, and is only dangerous under exceptional circumstances. It is the same nervous and morbid feeling which prompts us (as it prompted Dr. Johnson) to tread on alternate flagstones in the pavement and to avoid the cracks; it also urges us to put off crossing the road, when an omnibus is coming, to the very last moment, so as just to "shave the wheel of eternity." I have never seen any attempt to explain this feeling, which is very much more common than that one—of which so much has been written—which seems to recognize a scene, or even a conversation, as not being presented to us for the first time. It is one of the smaller mysteries of our being, yet it has just cost a man his life.

R. Kemble, of London.

SPAIN AND ITS REVIVAL.

Spain is the least educated of all the Western European nations, and yet how often has Spain led the way to the highest results of knowledge! In the days of Solomon it was visited by intelligent Hebrew merchants and fleets of Greek traders from the East. In the days of Hannibal and Hamilcar the Semitic Carthaginians covered it with colonies, and worked its mines of silver and gold. They founded Carthagena, and worshipped in the majestic temple at Cadiz. Carthaginian genius left its traces on the valley of the Guadalquivir, and penetrated to the declivities of the Pyrenees. The Romans next conquered Spain, and under their intelligent government it became the happiest portion of the globe, the seat of learning, the home of emperors and poets, its cities crowned with all the graces of Roman civilization. From the age of Trajan, its generous son, for more than a century Spain shone with the highest traits of learning and good taste.

Its emperor Trajan founded the period of the Antonines; its poets Lucan and Martial, its Seneca and Quintilian, have instructed every later age. The remains of its bridges and aqueducts are still seen spanning the wild regions of the north, and crossing the hills of Portugal; its roads were perfected by Roman skill; the splendor of its cities is still recorded in the ruins of Italica, the birth-place of Trajan, and in Cordova, the birth-place of the Senecas. It is probable that a chain of Roman cities, the centres of scholarship and art, covered the peninsula, where now only an intense ignorance prevails. In the fall of the Roman Empire, Spain perished. Its cities, Orosius tells us, were left waste and desolate, and the Vandal and the Goth encamped amidst their ruins. Yet such was the productive force of its soil and climate that soon a Gothic kingdom arose on the land of Seneca and Trajan, the wasted cities were rebuilt, the Roman civilization revived, and the rising intelligence of the German races seemed about to reach once more the general cultivation of the days of Trajan and the Antonines.

But this was not to be. Spain became the teacher of Europe in a new and unlooked for way. In 712 the savage Arabs crossed at Gibraltar; they soon showed a strong passion for knowledge, an unrivalled industry in obtaining it. For several centuries after its conquest Spain was the favored land of libraries, students, universities, and schools. While all Europe slept in ignorance, poetry, music, philosophy, found their homes in its busy cities. The followers of Mohammed were the instructors of our ancestors; the finest intellects of the Middle Ages were educated in their schools. Gerbert, Albertus Magnus, and Roger Bacon repeated and enlarged their discoveries in science. A trace of Arabic fancy and extravagance haunts all modern literature. Spain was the university whence flowed the tide of thought that awakened the Middle Ages and mankind. Then from 1200 to 1400 the Moorish colleges were swept away in the rage of Christian conquest, the immense libraries were wasted, the studious cities deserted, and a barbarous chivalry ruled over the fallen seats of knowledge.

Yet soon again the remarkable land led on the progress of two worlds. Spanish enterprise laid open the secrets of the ages. Columbus, Cortes, and Pizarro were the names most renowned in their time. Learning and free thought revived in the peninsula. Some of the purest of the early reformers lived and suffered in Spain. Cervantes appeared, to give birth to Irving, Dickens, and the tender humor of the modern school. Calderon shone, and was eclipsed amidst the clouds of his blind fanaticism. Fanaticism triumphed, and Spain sank rapidly into moral and mental weakness. Knowledge fled to Holland and the North; a few hundred thousand educated Dutch, republican and free, snatched away the trade and wasted the strength of Spain. England and Holland destroyed its armadas, its schools and colleges perished again, its people sank into gross ignorance; its cities were half deserted, its manufactures perished, its highlands were stripped of their forests, its mines and pastures neglected; and until our own day, Spain, that so often instructed Europe, has lain almost lifeless and dead.

It resembles often the worst portion of our backwoods. Beggary and murder live together. "Six persons," Hare relates, "were killed and eight wounded during the course of the first masked ball (at Seville) without producing any effect upon the gayety of the rest of the revellers." Beggars haunt the traveller. At Cadiz Mr. Hay was told that "the best people could scarcely write their names." But a new era seems opening upon the peninsula; knowledge may once more revisit its early home, and Spanish legislators are already anxious to plant in their midst the American common school. Portugal is even more liberal than Spain. The whole peninsula is at last stirred by the touch of knowledge. Its broad and fertile coast, the home of the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, lies opposite to us, our next neighbors of the East, inviting trade, intercourse, and an interchange of liberal thought. Spain gave America to the world. What shall not America do for Spain? At least we must look with intense sympathy on the effort of liberal Spaniards to educate a fallen nation—to revive the intellect that has been of such lasting service to mankind.

Eugene Lawrence.

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THE EXPOSITION BUILDING, WHERE THE CONVENTION MEETS.

VIEW OF THE CITY OF CHICAGO FROM THE TOP OF THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

AT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER.—Drawn by Schell and Graham.—[See Page 368.]

A SONG OF THE SWEETEST.

A song of the things that are sweetest,
The cunningest and the completest,
'Neath the beautiful sky that is o'er us,
In the beautiful world that's before us,
On the breast of the dear are under us—
None of which three can render us.

Say a moon with a little star daughter,
That looks at herself in the water
From her blue bower so high up above us,
So close to the angels that love us;
But these are less dear to the sight
Than unto my heart its delight.

Little bough, with the little leaves on it,
Faint green, like Titania's bonnet,
As fresh as the hopes of the spring-time,
As light as the songs of the wing-time—
Little bough, I has left you to me
A little face sweeter to me.

Little shell, with the pink overspreading,
Like the cheek of a bride at her wedding,
And as smooth as the brow of the sister
Whose coral lips lately have kissed her—
Little shell-ship that saileth the ocean,
Thou'rt but type of my theme of devotion.

Oh, a little bee rocked on a mullein,
Neither restless nor lazy nor callen,
A wise little hunter of sweetness,
A quaint little teacher of neatness—
What's more cunning than this little fellow,
Clinging close to the mullein flower yellow?

In a bud with the red breaking through it,
And the morning sun staying to woo it?
Ah, lovely and luring the rose is
Which the bud's fairy lattice discloses;
But my cradle, a bower that is fairer,
Holds a flower that is sweeter and rarer.

In a nest with a baby bird in it,
A soft-throated gray little linnet,
With father's wing hovering over it,
And mother's breast ready to cover it?
Ah, the sweetest of sounds, so my vote is,
Come not up out of little birds' throttles!

Mother's heart, with a little head on it,
Proud and happy because she has won it—
Mother's heart was her baby's the sweetest,
The cunningest, and the completest
Of all the sweet things under heaven,
Of all the sweet things ever given.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

DE LANCEY'S LUCK.

A GRAND old house whose noble proportions tell of their builder's taste and wealth, but upon which time and neglect are doing their work very thoroughly, for the stately columns of the portico are chipped and broken, the glass in all gone from what was once the conservatory, and only the ivy here and there covers the stains of mould and damp upon the walls.

"It is enough to give you your death of cold only to peep into those great bare, worm-eaten rooms," cries one of two girls, who have propped up a broken down bench on what used to be the lawn, while a small negro boy has taken their phaeton ponies to drink from the lake behind the house.

"Is that why you have refused to gratify my natural curiosity to see the inside as well as the outside?"

"No, the fact is, May"—after an instant's pause, and gazing sympathetically at the old building—"I am ashamed to go poking and prying into its poor shabby secrets only because it is in the hands of two old darkies who would admit their master's worst enemy to criticise and sneer for fifty cents."

"What a queer girl you are, Belle!"

"Well, I have another reason," lifting her pretty head proudly and facing May. "The De Lanceys are one of the oldest families in Maryland, and if they lived here and were well off, would never permit Belle Brown, the daughter of a man who made his money in sugar, to enter their house, and I think it is taking a very mean advantage of their poverty to go in now, when there is no one to keep me out."

"Nonsense!" cries May, coloring a little from her inability to deny the facts of her friend's speech, though she thinks her scruples absurd. "I did not know you were so humble."

"I am not humble; I am proud, just as proud of my dear father, who sold sugar, and my grandfather, who I dare say did something of the kind, as Vere De Lancey can be of his father and his dozen of grandfathers, who were all idle gentlemen; but our paths run in different directions—more in the pity!" ending her defiant assertion of herself with a wistful little sigh.

"Why is it a pity?" asks May, regarding her with puzzled eyes. (Belle is rather apt to puzzle her friends, for all her frankness.)

"Why? Because I am so sorry for Vere De Lancey that I should like to be his friend if I could."

"Did not your aunt say that he was very wild?"

"I dare say he is, poor fellow. I am sure he has had excuse enough for being so."

"Tell me," says May, drawing nearer, for she is fond of stories, especially about real people.

"You know he is the only De Lancey left," begins Belle, telling her story very softly, and still gazing at the old house as if she were sorry for it. "When the war broke out he was at college, and his mother and sister were living here. When he came home, at the end of the war, through every year of which he had fought bravely, his mother was dead, and his sister dying of a broken heart and a bad husband. Mr De Lancey and this man quarrelled the day of her funeral, and fought a duel two days afterward, in which the husband was killed."

"How horrible!" shudders May.

"Horrible, but no more than he deserved, from what I hear heard, so that I do not see why it should always prejudice people against Mr De Lancey. However, he came home, and though every one advised him to sell the place, he lived here all alone for a year, when he went to Baltimore, and began speculating in stocks and bonds, and all those things that men do when they are trying to make money very fast. Poor fellow, he sold his mother's jewels and the family silver to get money to begin with; and though he was successful at first, very soon everything he tried failed, and at last to pay his debts he was obliged to mortgage this place, a hoch he had tried so hard to save."

"Poor thing!" murmurs May.

"I don't believe he was very wild before that; but after he became desperate and gambled, things went from bad to worse, until the whole estate is to be sold for the mortgage next week. And oh, May, I am so sorry for him, hopeless and desperate, and perhaps ashamed of himself too!" cries Belle, clasping her hands, while tears fill her brown eyes.

"But, you know, even if he were desperate, it was very wrong of him to gamble and do things which you say yourself he must be ashamed of," says May, virtuously.

"Wrong!" echoes Belle, vehemently—"of course it was wrong, but so natural! Can not you understand, May, that he must feel as if even God is against him, when every effort he makes to do right fails so miserably? I wish I could do something for him!" she breaks off, with a little sob.

"You have done something for him," says a voice behind them, gravely.

The two girls start up in amazement, and see a gentleman, who has come up behind them unheard in the interest of Belle's tale. He looks at Belle with dark, sad eyes, as he says, with a faint smile, holding out his hand.

"I beg your pardon for eavesdropping, but I could not deny myself the unexpected pleasure of hearing my store kindly told. Will you not allow me to shake hands with my defender?"

Silently Belle puts her slim white hand in his, while the color, which usually rushes over her fair face on easily, does slowly now, and leaves her very pale. He holds her hand an instant, and raising his hat, he leaves them. They watch him until he enters the house, then Belle walks quickly to her phaeton, followed by May, who is quite excited.

"What made you turn so pale, Belle?" she asks, as they drive rapidly down the avenue. "Were you frightened?"

"No."

"What beautiful eyes he has!"

"Yes."

"What a romantic adventure to tell your aunt, isn't it?"

"May, dear," very earnestly, "please promise me not to tell Aunt Annie, or any one. I—I would rather not talk about it."

It is a week later, and the two girls, with Miss Brown (Belle's aunt), start out one sunny June day for a sketching expedition to the De Lancey woods. The old place, with all its belongings, is to be sold to-morrow, and Belle has made a resolution, she tells May, that she will never enter the grounds again after the sale. May is rather inclined to think Belle upon her romantic interest in the De Lanceys, but her attempts to do so are received with such dignity that she very soon desists. There is a very pretty water fall about half a mile from the house, and there they leave the carriage, and Miss Brown takes out her hunting, while the girls prepare to sketch. May, having selected her view, begins to work vigorously; but Belle, who is usually so industrious, and keeps so firmly to her own decisions, after trying two or three different points, throws her book and pencils down in disgust.

"I am too stupid to sketch to-day," she declares. "Stay here, May, while I go to find some of those forget-me-nots you wanted so much last night."

"Very well, dear," acquiesces May, who is too much absorbed to notice her friend's restlessness. And so (as Aunt Annie is quickly sleeping) Belle wanders off up the stream and further away from the house, into the woods of which the De Lanceys have always been so proud, and which to-morrow must pass forever from the possession of the last of their name. It puzzles Belle not a little that she, who prides herself upon the matter-of-fact disposition and admiration of common-sense and success which become the only child and heiress of James Brown, who made his money in the sugar trade—it puzzles her why, from the time that, five years ago, she and Aunt Annie took possession of the foam and neatest house in the neighborhood, she should have been so much touched by the story of the ruined De Lanceys. She smiles at May's idea of her sympathy being romantic, the whole has always declared that sentiment was utterly wanting in her character. Yet why should her heart ache so at the thought of the sale to-morrow?

"I suppose it must be because women always cling to the losing side," she decides, seating herself, with a long sigh, on the grass at a little distance from the brook.

She lies there looking up at the stately old trees, so beautiful in their June freshness, and suddenly the remembrance of the sad eyes of the man who had thanked her for telling his story kindly brings the tears to her own, for she thinks of a hat he must suffer, now that his misfortunes and his wrong-doings together have forced him to part with the home which even his enemies admit he has struggled desperately to save.

If only she had some excuse for paying the mortgage and giving it back to him. She could so well spare him the money from the fortune her father has left her, but people would call her unsisterly, and whisper that she was striving to combine the proud De Lancey name with the vulgar Brown wealth. The hot blood rushes over her face at the thought, and she springs to her feet, just as Vere De Lancey appears from the opposite direction. He is walking rapidly, and is so absorbed in his own thoughts that he does not perceive her, and Belle stands motionless, hoping that he will pass on, but, to her vexation, he throws himself on the grass, only parted from her by two or three trees, so near that the slightest movement will reveal her. Thus forced to choose between the risk of being finally discovered, or at once passing him, she is just deciding upon the latter alternative, when he puts his hand to his pocket and draws out a pistol, which he begins to examine. A sudden feeling as if a cold hand has been laid on her heart makes Belle gasp, and then, though she is sick and giddy, she tells herself that she is a goose, for all the gentlemen in the neighborhood carry pistols, and why should she imagine— With a cry too horror-stricken to be loud, she springs forward, and wresting from his hand the pistol which he was holding to his head, she flings it into the brook. She has cast herself on the ground beside him, and for an instant the two pairs of eyes, so nearly on a level, gaze straight into each other—hers brilliant with terror and a pity that seems to him angelic, his dull with such despair as will haunt her while she lives. Then a flush of shame sweeps over his haggard face, and he stumbles to his feet.

"I am afraid that I frightened you," he says, hurriedly. "I—I was cleaning my pistol." The hoarse words end abruptly, as he staggers, puts out both hands blindly for support, and falls back on the grass.

Dizzy with terror, she bends over him as he lies, his head almost against her knees, and his upturned face so awfully blank and white; has the first touch of her trembling hand on his breast tells her that his heart is beating heavily. For an instant longer the hands over him, and, her whole soul filled with tenderest compassion, touches his forehead softly with her lips. Then she springs to her feet, and runs as the crow ran in her life before, her cheeks in a flame, and her heart almost suffocating her with its wild throbbing. So she bursts upon the quiet party she had left.

"Quick, Aunt Annie!" she cries. "Mr. De Lancey has fainted in the woods by the brook. Go help him—quick! quick!"

But she will not go with Aunt Annie, who goes, followed by William, the footman, at once, while Belle, hiding her face in May's lap, breaks into a passion of tears.

Fortunately Aunt Annie is a woman used to illness, and when her vigorous efforts to restore consciousness fail, she sees that this is no ordinary swoon, but a stupor, which is probably the beginning of a fever, and being kind as well as experienced, she decides at once that Mr. De Lancey's own house (which is to be sold to-morrow, and where there are only indifferent servants and enraged creditors) is the very worst place for a man in his condition. She breathes a heavy sigh at the prospect of watchful nights and days of nursing before her, and then, with a painful look at the insensible face, she resigns herself to her duty.

"Poor fellow! he would get little enough kindness from any one else in the country," she thinks, when she has sent William for the coachman to help in carrying Mr De Lancey to the carriage. "I dare say some of the neighbors will think me very foolish to take a man with his reputation for wildness into the house; but I will keep him away from May and Belle, and he can not hurt me."

For two weeks Aunt Annie and the doctor fight a hard fight for Vere De Lancey's life, and he knows nothing either of his danger or their kindness until, in the third week, he comes back to consciousness in a pretty bedroom, and looks up into Aunt Annie's kind, middle-aged face, instead of the frightened, pitiful eyes which have haunted him through all his delirium. In the fortnight which passes while he is coming slowly back to life, Aunt Annie becomes very fond of her charge, who is ingenuous and so grateful that she is convinced that he has been the victim of malicious tongues, and that the faults and failings ascribed to him are utter slanders. He, for his part, quite conscious of having won Aunt Annie's heart, decides two things in his own mind: first, that her heart would not let so open to him, her account of the beginning of his illness so perfectly frank, if she knew how nearly he had died by his own hand; second, that his "angel," as he calls her very softly to himself, must be "my niece Belle" of whom Aunt Annie speaks so often, and whose clear young voice floats up sometimes through the open windows in quaint, old-fashioned songs or bursts of girlish laughter. When at last he is able to sit up, his arm-chair is placed by the window which opens on the garden, and there, in the soft autumn twilight, he sees her wandering among the flowers, and all the pretty fancies about her which been satisfied him until now are merged in longing to see her once more face to face. So the next morning, when Aunt Annie, has big given him his breakfast and seen him established in his arm chair, is leaving the room to attend to her housekeeping, he says, quietly:

"Do you think, Miss Brown, that your niece would object to reading the paper to me? I have not an idea as to what the world has been about for a month, you know."

"I—well—I am not sure," hesitates Aunt Annie, remembering her resolutions about Belle.

"Never mind"—very meekly. "I dare say it would bore her dreadfully, and if you will get me the paper, I will defy this stupid head, and read it myself."

"You must not think of reading for a week, the doctor said so yesterday," cries Aunt Annie, yielding objectly to her patient's first throat.

"Of course Belle can read to you for half an hour."

So Belle comes very quietly, with a dainty flush on her fair face that makes her as pink and white as the roses she wears in her belt, and standing beside his chair she gives him her hand.

"I am glad you are better, Mr De Lancey," she says, softly.

He has prepared eloquent speeches expressive of his gratitude for the life she has saved, and the secret the her kept, but now, holding the slight hand which arrested the pistol from his grasp, and looking up at the sweet eyes which have haunted him so long, he can only repeat the name he has so often called her in his thoughts.

"My angel! my angel!" he murmurs.

It is not by any means the first time that Belle has heard herself called an angel, and hitherto she her received such outbursts with amusement, for she is very scornful of flattery in all forms; but perhaps because this man has such good reason for so calling her, perhaps because of the tears in his eyes and the passionate tremor in his voice—ah, who can explain what she can not herself understand?—she is touched and thrilled as she never was before. Very gently she withdraws her hand, and taking up the paper, seats herself at a little distance.

"Shall I read the home news first?" she asks, in a voice she strives vainly to steady.

"Whatever you please," he answers, leaning his head against the back of his chair in such a way that his eyes can rest on the pretty drooping figure and the delicate profile over which the shades of color are chasing each other like the lights and shadows over the summer sky.

It becomes an established custom after this that Belle shall devote herself to Mr De Lancey's entertainment for a couple of hours every morning—hours in which there is a very small amount of reading, a great deal of conversation, and, after a while, not a little of that silence which is the strongest evidence of perfect understanding and sympathy between two human beings. Belle is utterly happy, for she has given herself up to this delicious new gladness, which seems to brighten every trivial detail of daily life, with an entire self-resignation which is half fearlessness, half ignorance. She fills her position as guardian angel with a sweet wisdom, receiving his story of the shipwreck of his past life with geatlest sympathy, reproaching him as his mother might have done for his lack of faith and courage (which she, however, firmly believes to have been caused by his coming illness), and she becomes an inspired young prophetess when she predicts for him a future which shall be a noble struggle and final success, and through which she shall always be his friend.

With Vere De Lancey neither is the present so perfect nor the future so unclouded, for he, ten years older than she in age, and twenty in experience, recognizes from the first that, passionately as he loves her, he can never in common honor ask for anything but her friendship, for she is an heiress, and he a ruined man. He has done many a thing which brings a flush of shame to his brow when she declares her conviction that the world has always been terribly unjust to him; but it is nevertheless true that he has always been more sinned against than sinning, and evil repute and the consciousness of being bitterly misjudged had quite an touch to do with his dispair as the failure of his struggles to save the old home which it was part of the family creed to love and honor. Now (with something the same glow of adoring tenderness which the knights of old felt when they sowed to carry their "lady's" colors through every tournament without stain) he tells himself that her sweet faith in him shall never be shaken, and that, however for the future may part them, she shall yet be proud of the life she has saved.

May has gone home, and Aunt Annie has either forgotten her fears or decided that they were causeless, for as Vere De Lancey makes his slow progress from one stage of convalescence to another, Belle is more and more with him, and, having decided that after his departure he must not see her until time has taught him wisdom, he clings passionately to every instant of the precious present which is his. But the days pass, or days will, whether we loathe or love them, and there are only hours to be counted now, for it is already twilight, and he is to leave in the morning. His mood has changed to-night, and instead of seeking her in the drawing room after dinner he takes himself, his cigar, and his miserable thoughts to the garden. It has flashed upon him to-day that something warmer than friendship, more tender than pity, shines in the sweet sky eyes of Belle, and all the pride of the De Lanceys is poor defense against such temptation. It is almost tea-time when, peeping in at the drawing-room shutters, he sees that Aunt Annie is there, though Belle is not visible. Common courtesy requires him to enter now, and he is turning to throw away his cigar, a hue he finds himself face to face with Belle. The moon has come up behind the house, and her first wave fall softly on the white dress and fair girlish face, and the man's heart turns faint within him. Must he go away and leave her to be won by some other, only that the world, which never spoke a kindly word of him, may not be able to call him a fortune-hunter?

"I have come to talk business with you," she says, trying to speak lightly, but with a tremor in her voice which she can not quite conceal. "It only concerns you and me, so I thought we two could settle it better out here than in the house."

"Will it take long?" he asks, brusquely, wondering how much he can endure.

"Not if you will be reasonable, and do what I wish."

"You know I will."

"Then walk down to the terrace with me, and I will tell you."

So they walk side by side, and the moon shines

down on them with the same cold sweetness that she has bestowed on all lovers since the world and love-making began together. Neither of them speaks for an instant, and then Belle pauses, and clasping her hands nervously, she says, with pleading eagerness: "I am very rich, Mr. De Lancey, and I have very little to do with all the money, which Aunt Annie and I can not possibly spend, and—and I want you to let me lend you enough to buy back De Lancey Place, and begin business again in Baltimore. You—" She breaks off suddenly, for he has turned from her, hiding his face in his hands.

"Are you angry?" she falters. "Forgive me, but I would be so happy; and friends often lend each other money."

"But we are not friends," he cries, passionately catching both her hands as she stands beside him. "My dearest, my love, can I take from your charity the cursed money which has kept me from asking for your love? Oh, my angel," breaking into softness as she sinks on the nearest bench, and the tears fall fast over her downcast face, "forgive me! You only meant to be good to me; but indeed, indeed, I can not take your money."

"If I were poor—" she begins, faintly.

"If you were poor," falling on his knees before her, and forgetting his pride, his resolves, all but his love as he kisses her trembling fingers, "I would never give you up; I would make you love me. Oh, my God! if you were only poor!"

"Then—then I shall be poor!" she says, softly, drooping over the head which is bent on her clasped hands. "Aunt Annie can take the money, and—and you may take me."

Need any one be told that the neighborhood is still talking of De Lancey's luck, and how well the world seems to prosper with him since he has married old Brown's heiress?

A HINDOO SPIRITUALIST.

In Western countries spiritualism has taken the place of witchcraft as a profession; but in the East, all over Asia, the exercise of witchcraft, pure and simple, is a very popular—indeed, an overcrowded—calling. The native doctors all dabble more or less in occult sciences, and necromancy by itself is a flourishing trade.

A case has very recently occurred in Bombay in which a doctor conjured up a large assortment of "djinns" (spirits) for the purpose of imposing upon a rich patient, and pretended to have mortal combats with them, and performed, with the aid of magic cardamoms and enchanted musk, as many wonders as any Aladdin of the *Arabian Nights*.

Yet, after all, there is little cause for surprise in the fact of India being a land of easy beliefs, for the very air is charged with legends, and every object in the landscape, living or inanimate, is the centre of a group of superstitions. The supernatural hardly exists for the Hindoo, for to his liberal credulity everything seems natural. The ghosts and spirits which frequent his hamlet are to him almost as material as his own flesh-and-blood kinsmen, and he would as soon think of running counter to the caprices of the particular djinns which preside over the fortunes of his house as he would of opposing the decisions of his village council. That his ones should die from the breath of a malicious gnome whose palace roof he had inadvertently broken in when ploughing seems to him quite as plausible an explanation of their death as the poisonous weed on which he has found the oxen feeding; and when the women of the village carry round the infected houses a dead chicken tied to a pole, to propitiate Seetla, the goddess of small-pox, the hamlet looks on with all the comfortable assurance of protection that we in the West attach to vaccination.

In the particular case I refer to the doctor's victim was even more than usually complacent, and the swindler more than usually audacious. It commenced with his having an unpleasant skin affection, and going to a doctor for some ointment. The doctor, however, saw at a glance that it was no ordinary cutaneous disorder, but a malicious species of enchantment practiced upon his client by certain evil ones of the air, over whom fortunately he, the doctor, had private control. A hundred rupees (two rupees make one dollar) was all that was needed for the preliminaries of disenchantment, and, the cash forth-coming, the doctor at once took the genii in hand. Yet, do what he could in the matter of exorcism, the malady continued. It appears that at this stage a foreign demon of exceptional malignity had overpowered the ordinary one—"the common or garden" demon, so to speak—which had hitherto troubled the sufferer, and to rout the foreigner not less than twenty pounds' worth of "ammonia" was needed. Having secured the money, the doctor disappeared. In fact, he went on pilgrimage on the private account of his own soul, leaving his client in Bombay under vows of inviolable secrecy.

Eventually he returned, and, as bad luck would have it, ran up against his patient one day in the street. The patient naturally reproached him with having neglected his cure. But the doctor's pathetic remonstrance against what he called the ingratitude of his patient brought tears to the eyes of the by-standers. "Had he not been on pilgrimage for nearly four months simply and solely for the cure of his patient's skin disease!" And the doctor in his virtuous grief wept himself. "And where," said he, "shall I ever look for gratitude in the world after this?" And he offered to give back the "ammonia." But meanwhile he asked the complainant for the loan of a small silver coin. It was at once lent, and the doctor having anointed it and wrapped it up, gave it back, telling the owner to put it in the fire without opening it, and then come back and report the result. Without opening the packet the client took the coin home, duly put it into the fire as prescribed, and to his astonishment out dropped among the ashes a good gold piece. He lost no time in returning to the good doctor, who begged him to keep it, and explaining in an off-hand way that he had lately learned the art of making gold from a certain devil with whom he happened to be intimate, wished him good day.

The client, however, was not going to see the last of such a valuable acquaintance so easily, and therefore forced himself again upon the doctor, and begged to be allowed to share the gold-making secret. Incredible as it may seem, the doctor, after some demur, consented, for, as he said, what is the use of being happy if others are not happy around you too?

But the process of initiation into the mystery of metals was rather elaborate. It commenced with the client buying some incense, and then some gold bangles, and throwing them into a hole in a field as a present to the master of the fairies, and went on with more incense of a costly kind, and more gold bangles being thrown into another hole in another field to propitiate the aunts and cousins of the master of the fairies. Some finger-rings for an outsider demon or two (probably only connections by marriage with the fairies) was the next step, and then some more incense, and a hundred rupees in cash for miscellaneous gratuities to devilkins and such small folk.

Everything was now in train for a fair commencement, and the client was directed with a minute elaboracy of ceremonial to roast a number of copper coins in an earthen jar. The result was only partially successful, for of all the copper coins only one changed into gold. Nevertheless, the doctor was not in the least discouraged. He saw his way through the difficulty at once. Some musk, a pound or so in weight, and a good handful of gold ornaments were all that was needed, and having obtained them, he took his victim out to the sea-shore, and told him to sit there and see what he should see. The doctor began his incantations, and there emerged from behind a heap of stones a female spirit, "the genius of gold," who demanded what was wanted.

On being told that the gentleman wanted to know how to make gold, she agreed to show him, provided he gave her some more musk and some more gold bangles.

Several interviews followed, with the same result—handsome presents of spices and jewels to the female spirit, but without effect; and the doctor at last lost all patience, and prepared for a deadly struggle with the Evil One.

First of all, however, it was necessary to hide under a stone certain quantities of silk and embroidered cloth, gold thread, and lace, to propitiate a few genii who might otherwise, in the conflict which was about to ensue, take the side of the ghosts against the man. This done, they returned to the sea shore, where the "djinn" appeared in the form of a religious mendicant holding a lighted torch, and at once refused point-blank to impart the secret of the gold. Upon this the enraged doctor knocked him down with an incantation, yet not so rapidly but that the Evil One in falling had time to launch a spell at the doctor, which felled him too.

To be left with two dead men on the sea-beach, and one of them a devil, was, it must be confessed, a compromising position; but the client fortunately remembered that the doctor had told him that if by any chance he should have the misfortune to be killed, his friend could restore him to life by sprinkling cardamoms on his legs. Trembling, he fled from the scene of the tragedy, and returning with the cardamoms, scattered them as directed upon the doctor's legs, and lo! he stood up, shook himself as one who awakens from a deep trance, and then, suddenly catching sight of the motionless demon, hurried away, whispering to his client, as he passed him, to make his escape from the beach in the opposite direction, and on no account to look behind him.

And so the story goes on—how the djinn came to life again, and how the doctor vanquished the king of the genii with more musk and bangles, and got the better of the wicked queen of the gnomes with more embroidery and rings, and how they saw more wonderful sights on the sea-shore; all this was duly recounted in one of the Bombay police courts the other day. The end of all the necromancy, however, was that the doctor at last decamped, leaving his client with all his original skin disease, but no money, and bound by terrible vows to repeat certain incantations two hundred and odd times a day for two months and a half, and meanwhile not to breathe a word to any living soul about what had occurred.

These facts, gravely narrated in a court of justice, sound incredible enough. But after recent disclosures in European spiritualist cases, it is not easy to decide at what limit we ought to fix the possibilities of human credulity. But in this Indian case there is this humorous and interesting aspect of the delusion, that the victim had no skeptics among his acquaintances. When he confided to a friend that he had been seeing djinns and talking to them by the sea-shore, his confidants did not question his word. It was abundantly on record that djinns do converse with men, and that certain classes of them do live by the sea, so why should not this gentleman be speaking the truth? That he had given away many golden ornaments and many pounds' weight of costly spices was equally beyond doubt, and what could more properly have been the object of such expenditure than the propitiation of spirits?

The whole lives of Asiatics are so interwoven with and surrounded by the unintelligible and the mysterious that nothing seems impossible; and if in the present case the victim's money had not given out, he might have continued to the end of his life on intimate terms with the creatures of other worlds. Eventually—who knows?—he might have found out the great secret of making gold, and then, like the hero of the German legend, have been claimed by the spirits as their slave, and whisked away beyond human ken.

In India the open road-side wells are terribly convenient for "spirits'" work, and if a man known to have had commerce with ghosts were found lying at the bottom of one, there would be no surprise among his neighbors. Snakes, too, often kill men very opportunely, and even the native constable, returning the death as "snake-bite," has sufficient knowledge of the manners and customs of djinns to trace their handiwork in the cobra's victims. So it was as well, perhaps, for the doctor's dupe that his money was exhausted before his skin disease was cured by death.

Phil Robinson.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

In making a law which limits to thirty the number of passengers that may be carried by a sailing vessel, the Legislature of New Jersey has done the owners of yachts a favor which they will not forget, as long, at least, as they happen to be cruising around the summer resorts along the coast of that State. It will be possible henceforth to solemnly point to the law as a reason for limiting the size of yachting parties, and thus without giving offense yacht owners may avoid the crowding that suggests a barge excursion for east-side mothers and infants.

The provision of the late Dr. Gross for the incineration of his body after death, and the strong indorsement by Dr. Joseph Leidy of that method of disposing of the dead, have produced so marked a sentiment in Philadelphia in favor of cremation that an incinerating furnace will probably be built near that city within a short period. A number of prominent men of means have the project in hand. Dr. Leidy, having been erroneously quoted as being opposed to cremation, printed a card in which he said: "I was glad to learn that my honored friend Dr. Gross made the provision he did, and I look upon it as a last good act of a good life. It is an example I wish to follow, and I hope many others will do likewise."

A new Franco-Chinese trouble has broken out. It is on this side of the earth, and is a struggle for survival between the French and the Chinese laundrymen of Montreal. The Frenchmen were the aggressors.

In a region of this State made unusually favorable for the development of fever and ague by diverting the Wallkill River from its channel, the disease has appeared this season among the dogs. The canine sufferers have the same symptoms that appear in the human system, and they join their masters in their regular doses of quinine.

In Philadelphia a few days ago an ordinary American hog attacked and killed a man. Prince Bismarck will find full accounts of the affair in the papers of May 26.

In Buffalo the betting on base-ball games became so general among young men that the Citizens' Reform Association took measures to decrease it. There were "combination boards"—a betting arrangement—in many of the bar-rooms, and the proprietors were warned by an agent of the Association that the betting could not go on.

For many years the obviously inaccurate statement, "Nothing but the address can be placed on this side," has been printed on the government postal cards. Reform is necessary.

Ornithologists are making unusual efforts this season to procure facts concerning the migration of birds in North America. The work is directed by a committee of the Ornithologists' Union. In the work they are considerably assisted by the electric lights that are burned on the tops of masts in many Western towns. The birds in flight flock around the dazzling lamps, and many of them are killed by contact with the glass globes. Sometimes a score or more of varieties of migratory birds are found among those that are killed. The birds that breed in the vicinity avoid the danger, though many of the strangers that come to grief are from regions where electric lights are used.

Two illustrations of the ticklish nature of the recent financial situation. The cash in the principal office of a railroad company came out four cents short one day at the close of business hours, and there was a rumor in Wall Street on the following morning that an officer of the company was a defaulter to the extent of four million dollars. A Connecticut newspaper humorist published an account of a run on a gravel bank, and while he was waiting for the laugh to begin, a throng of excited depositors drew some thirty thousand dollars out of the village savings-bank.

The first anniversary of the East River Bridge has come around, and the structure has not fallen into the river as a rebuke to the trustees who decided that the bridge should be first opened to the public on Queen Victoria's birthday. In the course of the year a little over eleven million persons crossed on foot or as car passengers, besides those who rode in the half million vehicles on which toll was paid. The receipts were $391,770.

There is no record of anything in the way of a free-lunch route that can compare with the one in the long Food Gallery at the Health Exhibition in London. In the course of a walk through the gallery the visitor is cordially invited to partake of a tiny quantity of something at almost every step—bouillon made of somebody's extract of beef, coffee made in a patent pot, cake raised with prepared yeast, and so on. The Chinese display of things edible is tardy, but it promises to be one of the most interesting and surprising features of the exhibition.

It is instructive to read that in St. Louis there used to be a metaphysical club, "in whose meetings the bore lightning of American thought cut the blue air of German mysticism."

It is claimed that from the verandas of the summer residences on the eastern slope of the Orange Mountains "the most inhabited landscape in America" can be seen. Within the limit that can be easily swept by the naked eye the population is probably more than two millions.

Petitions numerously signed by residents of Berlin have been presented to the municipal and police authorities praying that the intolerable nuisance created by piano pupils may be abated. It is set forth that much suffering is brought upon invalids, that all forms of nervous diseases especially are aggravated, and that the value of real estate is depreciated. The petitioners ask that a municipal ordinance be made restricting the time of piano playing and practicing to the periods between 11 A.M. and 12 M., and between 8 and 11 P.M.

All the law-making ability in the towns of Texas is devoted to devising regulations for curbing the noisy tendencies of the engineers of locomotives.

The season for going to sleep on the roofs of five-story tenement-houses and rolling off has opened. Nothing will sufficiently warn those who want to sleep on house-tops.

The President is said to be the first occupant of the White House in many years to give the moral support and encouragement of his presence to the concerts of the Marine Band on the White House grounds on Saturday evenings.

Mr. Elliott, actuary at the Treasury Department in Washington, carries a watch with a five-fingered hour-hand which seems to be exactly suited to keeping the time of the several divisions under the new railway system. The hand was put in under his direction in 1878, nearly five years before the new standard was adopted.

His Majesty the Sultan of Turkey has given diamonds and jewelry to the musicians of the United States ship *Quinnebaug* in token of the pleasure he found in listening to their music. He was especially pleased with the man who had the manipulation of the flute, and desired that he be permitted to retain him. It is to be hoped that this incident will give rise to the impression that there is a great demand in the Orient for rising young amateur flute-players.

YE ANTE-QUERRY.

Democratic Party. "Whatever is T-a-r-i-f-f R-e-f-o-r-m?"
The Bird. "A metaphor-metaphor."

THE PHRENOLOGIST AT BLACKVILLE.—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JR.

"The young gentleman has a bump past. Idiotcity commences nearly the entire shell."

BISHOP BRADLEY.

[illegible] Rev. Denis M. Bradley, the newly appointed Roman [illegible] Bishop of Manchester, New Hampshire, was born [illegible] Ireland in 1846, and came to this country when he was [illegible] years of age. His widowed mother settled in Manchester, where she still resides. After a careful school and [illegible] education he entered the St. Joseph Theological [illegible] at Troy, New York, and was ordained priest in [illegible] In 1880 he became pastor of St. Joseph's Church in [illegible] where he will now [illegible] as the first bishop of the [illegible] He is a man of fine executive abilities, an eloquent [illegible] preacher, and is greatly beloved for his kindness [illegible].

BISHOP WORTHINGTON.

[illegible] Rev. George Worthington, D.D., whom the Nebraska [illegible] of the Protestant Episcopal Church recently elected [illegible] of that State, was born in Massachusetts in 1842, [illegible] educated in New York, graduating from Hobart College [illegible] and three years later from the General Theological [illegible] in New York. His diaconate was passed in the [illegible] at Troy, New York, where he remained a year and [illegible] His first parish was at Ballston Spa, and there he

BISHOP WORTHINGTON.—[illegible]

remained until 1868, when, at the [illegible] six years, he was called to St. [illegible] Detroit, Michigan. [illegible]

BISHOP TAYLOR.

Dr. William Taylor, [illegible] Methodist [illegible] the Missionary Society to San Francisco, where he labored over seven years. He then travelled at large as an evangelist for five years, in the Eastern States and Canada, after which he went on a revival tour through Australia, and thence all over the Old World.

Toward the close of 1870 he went to India, and after laboring in various places for a year and a half, went to Bombay, where he engaged actively in the work of founding self-supporting missions, and in less than four years established churches in Bombay, Poonah, Calcutta, Madras, Bangalore, etc. That work has spread nearly all over the Indian Empire, and has organically developed into the South India Conference, which supports fifty ministers and their families, and is the only purely self-supporting foreign Conference in the Church.

Dr. Taylor reports also a self-supporting educational and evangelizing work in Central and South America, employing forty-three preachers and teachers.

BISHOP TAYLOR.—Photographed by Guerrero.

BISHOP BRADLEY.—Photographed by Piper.

THE LEGEND OF TONGARIRO.

In the northern island of New Zealand rises the stupendous volcano called by the natives Tongariro. Besides the physical difficulties in the way of an ascent of its precipitous and rugged sides, there is one almost as formidable in the

MOUNT TONGARIRO, A NEW ZEALAND VOLCANO.

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fact that the natives hold the mountain to be sacred, and access to it by foreigners is rigorously opposed.

The legend is that when the first Maori settlement took place on the shores of the island there was among the dusky adventurers a chief who bore the title of Ngatoroirangi, a name which signifies in the Maori mythology a high-priest or deified man. After the natives had formed a settlement at Maketu, Ngatoroirangi was to set out, in company with his slave Ngauruhoe, to explore the new land. Striking into the interior, he crossed the plain of Taupo, and then along the lake, into which he cast his staff, which thereupon became a great totara-tree. He also shook his mat over the waters, and from the strips which fell from it sprang the "inanga," a small fish which now abounds in the lake. It was dark and stormy when Ngatoroirangi came to the lake; but suddenly the clouds broke, and he beheld for the first time the giant form of Tongariro. With the keen instincts of a heaven-born explorer, the chief resolved to ascend the great mountain, in order to get a better view of the surrounding country; but the snow was deep, and the ice-bound summit of Tongariro was too much for the adventurous travellers, fresh from the sunny islands of the South Seas. Alarmed at the unpleasant prospect of being frozen to death, Ngatoroirangi shouted lustily to his sisters, who had tarried at Whakari (White Island), some hundred and sixty miles distant, to send him some fire. The summons was quickly obeyed, and the sacred fire was intrusted to the hands of two taniwhas, named respectively Te Pupu and Te Haeata, who conveyed it by a subterranean channel, which is yet supposed by the natives to connect Tongariro with the still active volcanic island in the Bay of Plenty. It is related that the fire arrived in time to save the life of the adventurous Ngatoroirangi, but that when he turned to comfort his slave, he found to his horror that his trusty follower had given up the ghost. At this juncture Ngatoroirangi took the sacred fire, and casting it into the crater of Tongariro, the subterranean fires burst forth. On this account Ngatoroirangi named the crater Ngauruhoe in honor of his slave, a term by which it is generally known by the natives even unto this day. The great mountain chief, however, with its surrounding cones, is more usually called Tongariro—a word which means, in the native language, "toward the south"—and it is a remarkable fact, as showing the significant nomenclature of the Maoris, that the remarkable bearing of the great mountain is as nearly as possible due north and south. There can be no doubt that Tongariro is one of the largest, grandest, and most perfect volcanic cones of its kind in the world; and it is little wonder, therefore, that the Maoris, when gazing upon its mysterious fires, should have linked its name with their songs and legends, and have rendered it a sacred object.

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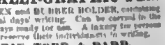

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THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AT CHICAGO—A SERENADE—Drawn by Graham and Schell.—[See Page 379.]

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1884.

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An interesting, instructive article, entitled "Incidents of Indian History," is contributed by F. S. DRAKE, *and* JOEL BENTON *gives an entertaining account of the annual event of farm life, so popular with the boys, "Washing the Sheep." There is a poem by* MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *called "The Stranger's Kiss," and an amusing rhyme, entitled "A Fantasy," by* EVA CARSON LOVETT.

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THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.

THE nomination of Mr. BLAINE does not change the views of its inexpediency that we have freely expressed. HARPER'S WEEKLY has said nothing upon this subject without careful consideration, and the fact of the nomination does not change its conviction that the Republican campaign with the candidacy of Mr. BLAINE must be a prolonged explanation and defense. The campaign of this year will be one in which the personality of candidates will be more vigorously scrutinized than ever, because there is no great supreme issue of national peril or national policy which will engross the attention of the people, and this scrutiny invites defeat.

Under such circumstances, when a party appeals to the country for a vote of confidence, it will naturally be judged by the representative whom it deliberately selects. To him the country will turn to see what the party honors, and what qualifications it holds to be essential for the highest trust. It would, we think, have been possible to name a candidate whose nomination, with the present feeling of the country, would have been equivalent to an election, a candidate who would have aroused all the old Republican enthusiasm by appealing to the desire of pure and progressive politics, which was the animating principle of the other Republican campaigns. Originally the Republican party was a reform party, and having achieved the greatest of reforms in emancipation and in an amended Constitution, freed of all taint of slavery, it is strongest when its young and ardent workers, the real "workers" of a party, feel that it is still essentially a progressive and aggressive reform organization, and when they know that it is led in a Presidential year by a candidate who is in character and career a true and fitting representative of political progress and reform. The fact that a candidate is selected who is not such a representative properly alarms them and shakes their faith in the party.

It is true that the Republican party is always strong in the weakness of the Democratic opposition; but that is a negative strength. The Democratic party really stands for nothing but opposition and a repulsive tradition. The endeavor to identify it with any definite policy except that which is known as "general cussedness" fails; but that is not an argument which can elect a President. The nomination of Mr. BLAINE—although it is doubtless agreeable to the majority of the party, as shown at Chicago, because a large part of the apparent opposition, as in the Indiana and Illinois, and even in the Ohio delegation, was friendly to his nomination—ought to alarm honest Republicans as showing how dangerously far the Republican standard has fallen. The nominations at Chicago, made against the most friendly Republican remonstrance, have forced upon Republicans the conviction that the great objects of the Republican party—honest and economical administration, peaceful and honorable foreign relations, the progressive purification of the public service at home, wise reduction of the revenue, and that sense of general security which springs from the moral elevation of the administration—are not to be expected from Republican success. To this statement it is no reply that less is to be expected from the Democrats. Those who have aroused the deep and general protest of the Republican conscience must bear the responsibility of the result. Fidelity to Republican principle requires indifference to present Republican success, and HARPER'S WEEKLY, which more than once has not hesitated in the interest of public morality and of party purification to oppose other Republican nominations, can not sustain the significant one against which it has so earnestly protested, and which is a practical abdication of Republican character and purpose. The sad and kindly face of LINCOLN, whose portrait hung in the hall, seemed to watch the proceedings of the Convention with an air of earnest solicitude and apprehension; and it had disappeared from its place before the nomination was made.

THE PRESIDENT IN THE CONVENTION.

THE friends of Mr. ARTHUR are greatly in error in attributing to the Independent Republicans the defeat of the nomination of the President. His nomination was impossible by any combination that could have been attempted. The Convention was essentially a BLAINE Convention. From the first there were enough BLAINE votes to nominate him whenever they should be unmasked, and they would have been unmasked whenever it was necessary. The vote upon the temporary chairmanship was deceptive, because the votes were not cast upon a simple issue of BLAINE and anti-BLAINE, but with reference to projected combinations and for other reasons. Thus Illinois, which held in leash a large BLAINE vote, threw several votes for Mr. LYNCH. This was for a twofold purpose. It was a LOGAN delegation, and it cast the vote of its leaders for Mr. LYNCH, because General LOGAN was especially the candidate of the colored men, and because it was well to show to the BLAINE leaders that the vote of Illinois was important. Ohio and Indiana pursued a similar course.

The "field" was composed of the ARTHUR column and all others, of which the EDMUNDS men were much the most solid and important force. The ARTHUR men made two mistakes. They insisted that, having the largest number of votes, the combination ought to be formed upon ARTHUR, which was impossible; and secondly, they did not see that the only combination which had any chance of success was the introduction of a fresh candidate who might sweep the Convention, and that they must lead the movement toward such a candidate, because the ARTHUR States came in the roll-call before those of any other of the field. Now as to the combination upon ARTHUR: it was impossible to transfer the whole EDMUNDS vote, which was a perfectly independent force. It would have broken to pieces in the effort. But even had it been possible, it could not have nominated ARTHUR, because the masked BLAINE vote in Illinois and Ohio would instantly have gone to BLAINE, and have nominated him.

On the first ballot the ARTHUR vote was 278, and the rest of the field was 205. This, of course, if united, would have been a great majority. But 93 of this vote was a masked BLAINE vote, and the remaining 112 would have given Mr. ARTHUR in all only 390 of the necessary 411. There was from the first no chance to defeat the BLAINE vote except by a candidate, if such a candidate could be found, who would take the whole field, and crumble the BLAINE force. But every well-informed member of the Convention knew that the chance of such a sweep was very small, and that the first sign of a change of position would have precipitated the BLAINE nomination. Had the ARTHUR men been able to show at any moment the possibility of the President's nomination, they would have had the aid of a strong re-enforcement from the EDMUNDS men. But as this could not be shown, the strong EDMUNDS men most properly went down with their candidate.

"DEAD-HEADS."

THE legislation in several States which seeks to prohibit free passes upon railroads to members of the Legislature is an emphatic recognition of the fact that all such favors are forms of bribery. The principle is clear that corporations which derive all their franchises from law should not be allowed to bestow gifts upon the law-makers or judges. Self-respect and a sense of official responsibility undoubtedly lead to many refusals of such petty bribery. But there are persons whose sense of duty is not acute, and who need the aid of law. The argument of contempt in the matter does not avail. A man may ask loftily whether it is thought that he would sell his good name for the price of a railroad ticket. The answer is that if he knows the wrong so truly as not to be guilty of it, he has no excuse for not helping to prevent it in the case of actual offenders. If many members of a Legislature would not be guilty, many would be guilty. And if the pecuniary value of the gift be so petty, why should any honorable man wish to insist upon receiving it?

The art of the lobby is to create a sense of obligation where a direct bargain is impracticable. It was part of the game of the old slave-holding interest in Congress to flatter the doubtful Northern members, and to bewilder them with social blandishments, so that a vote in the House against his hospitable and friendly and plausible host seemed to such a member a kind of bad faith. He was caught in a fine and invisible but very tenacious net very dexterously thrown. The great corporation takes in a Legislature the attitude of the slave power in Congress. It gives a free pass, a pleasant dinner, a charming supper; it has convenient wines and cigars and various entertainment, and when the agent asks for a mere aye or no upon a simple little bill, can it be courteously refused? Or suppose a judge is brought to the capital upon a free pass in a palace car, and his comfortable rooms at the hotel are paid for, and his carriages and all his little expenses are adroitly paid; when the case of his munificent friend comes up in court, is the judge's mind quite in a judicial frame? Is it said indignantly that such payment would be equivalent to corrupting the bench? Softly, softly; if a judge may rightfully receive from a corporation a free seat in a car, why not a free room in a hotel? why not a free drive in a carriage? It is not the aggregate of bribes that makes corruption, it is the bribery.

The principle is the same in the case of "dead-heads" at amusements. If a man accepts a comfortable seat in the theatre from the manager because he is known to be a writer for the press, is he likely to be quite uninfluenced in his expression of opinion? If the public knows that he enters the theatre by favor, is it likely to heed his comments? There was a time when such comments were laughed at, because it was known that they were a consideration for the advertisement of the theatre. Great journals now pay their own way. They know that the only judgments worthy of attention are those of live-heads, not of dead-heads. And it is equally true of judgments from the bench as from the press, of the vote of the legislator as of the word of the critic. The contemptible bribery of "dead-heading" by free passes of every kind ought to be suppressed by the force of respectable opinion. But at a time when the sense of pecuniary morality is so relaxed, a reasonable and stringent law upon the subject would be very efficacious.

GREAT ROBBERS AND LITTLE THIEVES.

THE arrest of JAMES D. FISH, the late president of the Marine Bank, and FERDINAND WARD, and the warrant to arrest JOHN C. ENO, have, so far as they go, satisfied the instinctive sense of justice. If poor and ignorant and wretched people who steal a loaf or a coat or a purse are to be punished, as they certainly should be punished, there is no reason why intelligent and prosperous men who cheat others of enormous sums should not also suffer punishment. The most startling aspect of such events as the recent disclosures in the cases of the men arrested is not the terrible blow to the innocent victims, it is a disposition in some quarters to condone such offenses as the unlucky chances of speculation, and to feel that a man who deals with millions of dollars and ruins hundreds of people at a stroke is in some way a more respectable person than a sidewalk confidence man or a pickpocket.

The saying that money is the root of all evil springs from the perception not only that the greed of gold leads to all kinds of crimes and wrongs, but that it demoralizes the view of right and wrong in a community. An illustration of this demoralization is the practice of overcertification of checks, which had become a matter of course. It was known to the directors of banks, who are among the most intelligent and excellent citizens, and they permitted it in their banks. But the practice, as we have shown, was the plainest and most flagrant violation of a solemn trust—a trust involving the welfare of crowds of innocent persons, and rudely shaking that confidence which is the vital element in all business transactions. Risks, of course, must be taken in business. That is a tru-

ism. But because risks must be taken, is a man justified in putting the money of a ward, or, if he be a bank director, of a depositor, into a lottery? The law expressly prescribes the methods in which trust funds may be invested, and to an honorable director all bank deposits should be morally trust funds.

The tricks and devices of business are such, and the law so wisely seeks to make every man look out for himself in business, that it is not easy to assume the conviction and punishment of any particular offender. Yet if some of the offenses are true which are charged in the newspapers upon some of the men who have been arrested, their guilt is as undeniable as if they had taken packages of bills and bags of coin from the bank vaults and escaped with them. Thieves and swindlers of every degree must be punished, but those of high degree will not be punished until the various practices which have been disclosed by the late events in and around Wall Street are sincerely held to be as dishonorable and criminal as burglary or highway robbery.

A BARREN RECORD.

It is a formidable pile, that of the *Congressional Record*, from the opening of the present session of Congress to date. A Sunday newspaper sometimes tells us that its sextuple issue, or however huge the form may be, contains as many words as Shakespeare, or the Old Testament, or some other immortal work, and all for two or three cents. But what a mausoleum of eloquence and research is the pile of the *Record!* There is undoubtedly in every number a great deal of valuable information, which is buried there forever. But the most depressing consideration concerning the pile is that it is a record of national legislation, and that it shows how many necessary measures which members of Congress and the country know ought to have been passed have been totally neglected. The pile of the *Record*, therefore, is not a monument of wise and valuable laws. It is in great part a record of mere talk, a cave of the winds.

Ever since the exciting winter of 1876, when the result of the Presidential election was in abeyance, one of the most obviously necessary laws which the peace of the country requires has been a law regulating the Congressional count of the electoral vote. The first alarming Presidential election was that of 1800. The question was decided in February, 1801, by the seating of JEFFERSON; and as the danger of the existing system of election had been revealed by the circumstances of the election, Congress in the session of 1803, within three years after the trouble, amended the Constitution, and—the country ratifying the amendment—that difficulty was settled. But eight years after the threatening trouble of 1876 nothing has been done, and although the very same emergency may arise in the Presidential election of this year as in 1876, Congress will doubtless adjourn without any decisive action whatever.

This delay and neglect are not due to any fault of the Republican party. Senator MORTON urged the matter strenuously nine years ago in an admirable report and speeches, and Senator EDMUNDS's bill regulating the count is so satisfactory and fair that it passed the Senate last year, and again passed unanimously in the earlier part of the present session. But the Democratic party in the House, with that fatal folly which so often leads it to obstruct really useful and necessary legislation, has suffered the bill to lie untouched, and Mr. EATON, of Connecticut, one of the "war horses" of his party, has offered a scheme of his own, which leads to indefinite delay, and unless promptly set aside by the Democratic majority will practically defeat the Senate bill, which is the probable purpose of the EATON proposition.

OCEAN RACING.

The following paragraph was lately published:

"Three of the leading Liverpool steamers, the *Aurania* of the Cunard Line, the *Austral* of the Anchor Line, and the *Arizona* of the Guion Line, arrived off Sandy Hook between seven and ten o'clock last evening. They all left Queenstown on Sunday last. It was fully understood by every one interested in such matters that the vessels would be pushed to their best speed, and wagers have been made on the result, the odds being slightly in favor of the *Austral*. According to dispatches, the *Austral* left her pier at Queenstown at nine o'clock on Sunday morning of last week, and eight minutes later the *Arizona* started in pursuit. The *Aurania* had to wait for the afternoon mails from London, and did not get away until about four o'clock in the afternoon."

It was further announced that "the respective logs of the three famous ocean steamers" showed that the *Aurania's* time was 7 days, 11 hours, and 11 minutes; that of the *Arizona* 7 days, 14 hours, and 54 minutes; and of the *Austral* 7 days, 16 hours, and 30 minutes.

The spirit of these statements will doubtless be recalled when some mysterious disappearance or disastrous collision or wreck of an ocean steamer is reported, and there are multitudes of travellers now who avoid the steamers famous for speed, not because they are fast, but because the effort to maintain a reputation for speed inevitably breeds a kind of recklessness—or enthusiasm, if the word is preferred—which is not the genius of safety. When it is understood that an ocean passage in one steamer is an ocean race with another, the traveller who is unwilling to take a very serious risk in order to arrive a day or two earlier will prefer not to take a racing steamer.

We have no intention of doing injustice to the companies or to the captains. Undoubtedly the regulations of the companies are excellent, and there is no finer body of seamen than the captains of the ocean steamers that sail from New York. But a race is a race. If the captain and crew and passengers upon a steamer know that great expectations are entertained of her, that heavy bets have been laid upon her time, that she is competing with another ship, and that the press will widely trumpet her victory or defeat, then captain, crew, and passengers are generally willing to take a little risk, to "strain a point," to "cut close"—for who wishes to be beaten! Human nature is human nature, and a race is a race. Still, the louder the trumpeting of the race, the greater the excitement; the more remarkable the record to be maintained or surpassed, the more hazardous will the passage seem to be.

A GOOD SIGN OF THE TIMES.

Whoever knows the dastardly tricks of the publishers of indecent books and papers to thrust them secretly into schools and among young people everywhere will hear with satisfaction of a bill which passed the late New York Legislature, and was left for the consideration of the Governor. It was drawn by Mr. JOHN B. PINE, counsel of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and its purpose is to make it a misdemeanor to sell, give, show, or offer for sale "to any minor child any book, pamphlet, magazine, newspaper, or other printed paper devoted to the publication, or principally made up of, criminal news, police reports, or accounts of criminal deeds, or pictures and stories of deeds of bloodshed, lust, or crime." Other sections of the bill make it a similar offense to exhibit such things publicly to minors, or to hire the children to peddle them.

The law must consider the fact—and it is a very dismal fact—that the education which the public properly gives to every child as a defense of the order and stability of the commonwealth is sought to be perverted into a means of popular degradation and demoralization. There are manuals and text-books of crime offered at the smallest price to the street Arabs, who need no special inducement to become Ishmaelites amid civilization and morality, and it is most fortunate for the general well-being that there are citizens who will serve as sentinels and minute-men against these insidious attacks.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, like the BERGH society for the protection of animals, seemed to many persons to be a little fanciful or impertinent. But they have both been of the greatest service. They have diminished cruelty and suffering, and that is a proud achievement for any man or society. There is no surer proof of a steadily progressive civilization than the disposition to care for the generally unobserved details of conduct which greatly involve human happiness. The sure signs of advancing humanity in this city, for instance, are not to be found in Wall Street and among the warehouses and wharves, but in the Children's Aid Society, in the charity organization, in the societies to protect children and animals, and in similar enterprises of every kind. The counterpart of HERVEY's *Memoirs of the Court of George the Second* is LECKY's account of the London jails. It is happy for New York that its most humane efforts are sustained by many of its most refined and prosperous citizens.

A CHRISTIAN WORK.

The season of furnace-like heat within the brick walls of New York's tenement districts will soon be at hand. One of the results of its coming will be a great increase of the death-rate in the city. Statistics show that the greater part of this increase comes from the mortality among children in the tenements. For the want of wholesome air to breathe, hundreds of children must die in New York before cool weather comes again. This annual sacrifice has attracted the attention of benevolent persons, and there are several plans in successful operation for lessening the number of victims. One of the most successful works of this kind is carried on with the *Tribune* Fresh-air Fund. Within a few years it has grown to large proportions. The plan is to take poor children from their city homes and give them two weeks of fresh air and country living at farmhouses. Concerning the work of the present season, Mr. WILLARD PARSONS, the manager, says that money sufficient for all needs will be contributed freely, and he asks that committees be formed in towns within a day's journey of this city to canvass the community, and send to him the names of all who are willing to give shelter and food for two weeks to some poor child. "Every possible precaution," he says, "will be taken to send only children whose need is unmistakable. They are selected by active Christian workers among the poor, chiefly from mission Sunday-schools, and always from a personal knowledge of the needs and condition of the family."

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

The organ-grinders of New York and Brooklyn are becoming more of a nuisance every year. The ordinance which prohibits them from playing from sundown until after nine o'clock in the morning is constantly violated without hindrance by the police, and the right of a householder to order them away from his premises is of no value so long as the disturber of the peace can step in front of the neighbor's house and continue to murder music and quiet at the same time. The agony endured from this source by sensitive persons and invalids can not be described.

It has become a serious question whether more stringent measures should not be taken to rid our streets of these wandering troubadours. Why should any one be compelled to listen against his will to a harsh and soul-aggravating discord of sounds at his own door-step, because some fellow chooses to go round with an organ on his back instead of doing some useful kind of work? There is a law in England, to which we recently made reference, which enables householders to order organ-grinders out of hearing. Were a similar enactment in force here, the outraged householder, instead of meekly submitting to blackmail for the sake of peace and quiet, could banish these perambulating nuisances from block to block, until they were cast out of the city.

PERSONAL.

The London *Athenæum* says of Mr. ABBEY's picture in the exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water-Color: "'The Bible Reading' (1018) of Mr. E. A. ABBEY, the accomplished New York artist and draughtsman on wood, is a piece of intense but not exaggerated melodrama. It shows an earnest Puritan preacher standing at a table while addressing a party of women, whose very hearts he seems to have touched. Their varied expressions attest the working of their minds, from the bitter old woman who glares at her neighbor, and the terror-stricken child in her sister's lap, to the tall, fair maiden who sits spell-bound, so to say, with her fingers forcibly knit together in her lap. The chiar-oscuro, as might be expected from an able designer for wood-cutting, is excellent."

—Mr. OSCAR WILDE's marriage ends peacefully a long and successful career of æsthetic shamming. No one who has met OSCAR within the last year—or since his abandonment of knee-breeches—has been deceived into the belief that he was other than a good-natured young Irishman with an eye to the main chance and a soul sufficiently self-poised; and probably no person to whom he has made himself ludicrous ever laughed more at him than he has laughed under his sleeve. It must be particularly grateful to the canny Hibernian to remember that there was once a period in his history when New York hostesses paid him three hundred dollars a night for posing in their drawing-rooms.

—A New Yorker, while feeling in his coat pocket late one afternoon, pulled out an unmailed letter. "Gracious!" he exclaimed, in a frightened tone, "here's a letter my wife gave me to mail this morning." Three friends of his who happened to hear the remark immediately felt each his own pocket, and ascertained that they were in the same plight. Then misery loved its company.

—The grounds of the Lawn Tennis Club of Roseville, New Jersey, are adjacent to the railway station, and whenever the numerous trains stop there the passengers overlook the players and criticise them. For this reason it was feared that the lady members of the club would be loath to put in an appearance, but the apprehension was unfounded. The only effect wrought by the contiguity of the railway station is the increased beauty of the ladies' lawn tennis suits, which the passengers now contemplate with respectful admiration.

—In the second volume of *Boy Travellers in the Far East* Colonel THOMAS W. KNOX gives a vivid description of Cambodia. The King of Cambodia has read the Colonel's description, and considers it "a service to the country." For this service he has created him "an officer of our Royal Order," and has sent him a yellow parchment diploma, two feet square, to attest the fact. Colonel KNOX is also a member of the sacred confraternity of the White Elephant.

—A candidate for West Point must be "well versed" in reading, writing, arithmetic, descriptive geography, and the history of the United States, and must be of "sound body and constitution, good natural capacity, aptitude for study, industrious habits, perseverance, obedient and orderly disposition, and correct moral deportment." He must also be of "suitable preparation," and between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two. There are a multitude of well-bred young Americans who can fill this bill.

—Sospitra is the name of a legendary maiden who lived in a ruined temple in a desert, and was extraordinarily wise. Mr. WILLIAM SHARP, in a new book of poems, writes:

> "All things before her were laid bare;
> All knowledge and all power she had;
> She knew no wrong, felt no care,
> Had perfect vision, and was glad;
> Even as in a glass she saw
> The evolution of one law."

—In view of the establishment of a modern language tripos at Cambridge University, England, a late writer congratulates those teachers "who have long recognized German as affording the linguistic training of which Latin and Greek have been supposed to hold a monopoly." He adds that "it is now felt that French and German, if taught on the same scientific principles as Greek and Latin, are of hardly less value as an educational instrument than the classical languages."

—An interesting character in Miss CRAIK's novel *Godfrey Helstone* is Mr. Beresford, described as a "genial, wholesome, sweet-natured old gentleman rector, with no very great enthusiasm for his calling, and conscious that he might have been more useful in some other rank of life."

—The well-known scholar FRANÇOIS LENORMANT, author of *The Beginnings of History*, writes to the author of *Atlantis*, expressing great interest in that work.

—The collision of the Sands Point steamer *John Sylvester* with the schooner *Eagle*, near Throgg's Neck, on the afternoon of June 6, was relieved by one pleasant incident. Mr. JABEZ A. BOSTWICK, of the New York Yacht Club, who happened to be passing in his steam-yacht the *Oneida*, seeing the helpless condition of the *John Sylvester*, went to her assistance in answer to a signal from the steamer, took off all the passengers, and landed them at Whitestone, whence they proceeded to New York by rail. Mr. BOSTWICK's prompt courtesy relieved the passengers from anxiety, and saved them from a vexatious delay.

—The Hon. JAMES B. EUSTIS, who was recently chosen to succeed Hon. B. F. JONAS as Senator from Louisiana, is a graduate of Harvard College, and is well known in social and political circles throughout his State. The contest between him and Mr. JONAS in the Democratic caucus was very strong and close, the decisive vote being 58 to 53. The result was cheerfully acquiesced in by the defeated Senator, and both men made short speeches complimenting each other and expressing feelings of the warmest friendship. A portrait of Mr. EUSTIS is given on another page.

—Mr. GEORGE W. CABLE has leased a pleasant homestead about ten miles from Hartford, Connecticut, and will pass the summer there. He will deliver an address at the University of Alabama, in Tuskaloosa, on the 19th inst., and will give one reading in Montgomery about the same time.

—On the 8th of last January General SHERMAN wrote to an officious person who attempted to sound him upon the subject of the nomination for the Presidency: "It gives me a twinge of pain every time I see my name in print on any subject other than my pure official work. I am not and never will be a candidate for any office, and think I can look ahead with some composure to passing the evening of my life in comparative ease and repose at St. Louis, Missouri. Surely in this land of freedom that much can be conceded to an old soldier."

—The appointment of Mr. E. HENRY LACOMBE, whose portrait is given on page 366, to the position of Corporation Counsel, has been well received by the bar and by all the more honest element interested in municipal litigation. Mr. LACOMBE has served as an assistant in the Corporation Counsel's office for years under Judge ANDREWS, and earlier under that gentleman's predecessor, Mr. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, and he is therefore well trained in his own department.

—Mlle. BILCESCO, a bright young French woman, has been graduated from the Sorbonne with the degree of Bachelor of Letters and Sciences. She is made of good stuff. During her medical course she supported herself and her sister by teaching.

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THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION AT CHICAGO—VIEW ON MICHIGAN AVENUE.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 579.]

THE HON. JOHN A. LOGAN,
REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL.

THE HON. JAMES G. BLAINE,
REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOGARDUS.

THANKSGIVING.

By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

A new year gleams on us, tearful
  And troubled and smiling dim
As the smile on a lip still fearful,
  As glances of eyes that swim;
But the bird of my heart makes cheerful
  The days that are bright for him.

Child, how may a man's love merit
  The grace you shed as you stand,
The gift that is yours to inherit?
  Through you are the bleak days bland,
Your voice is a light to my spirit,
  You bring the sun in your hand.

The year's wing shows not a feather
  As yet of the plumes to be,
Yet here in the shrill gray weather
  The spring's self stands at my knee,
And laughs as we commune together,
  And lightens the world we see.

The rains are as dews for the christening
  Of dawns that the nights benumb;
The spring's voice answers me, listening
  For speech of a child to come,
While promise of music is glistening
  On lips that delight keeps dumb.

The mists and the storms receding
  At sight of your smile and die;
Your eyes held wide on me reading
  Shed summer across the sky;
Your heart shines clear for me, heeding
  No more of the world than I.

The world, what is it to you, dear,
  And me, if its face be gray,
And the new-born year be a shrewd year
  For flowers that the fierce winds fray?
You smile, and the sky seems blue, dear;
  You laugh, and the month turns May.

Love cares not for care; he has doffed her
  Aside as a mate for guile:
The sight that my soul yearns after
  Feeds full my sense for a while;
Your sweet little sun-faced laughter,
  Your good little glad grave smile.

Your hands through the book-shelves flutter;
  Scott, Shakespeare, Dickens, are caught,
Blake's visions that lighten and mutter;
  Molière—and his smile has naught
Left on it of sorrow, to utter
  The secret things of his thought.

No grim thing written or graven
  But grows, if you gaze on it, bright:
A lark's note rings from the raven,
  And tragedy's robe turns white,
And shipwrecks drift into haven;
  And darkness laughs, and is light.

Grief seems but a vision of madness;
  Life's key-note rings from above,
With naught in it more of sadness
  Than broods on the heart of a dove;
At sight of you thought grows gladness,
  And life, through love of you, love.

"I SAY NO:"*

or,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "MY LADY'S MONEY," "THE MOONSTONE," "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

THE COTTAGE.

CHAPTER LII.

"IF I COULD FIND A FRIEND!"

SHORTLY after Miss Ladd had taken her departure, a parcel arrived for Emily, bearing the name of a bookseller printed on the label. It was large, and it was heavy. "Reading enough, I should think, to last for a lifetime," Mrs. Ellmother remarked, after carrying the parcel up-stairs.

Emily called her back as she was leaving the room. "I want to caution you," she said, "before Miss Wyvil comes. Don't tell her—don't tell anybody—how my father met his death. If other persons are taken into our confidence, they will talk of it. We don't know how near to me or to my friends the murderer may be. The slightest hint may put him on his guard."

"Oh, miss, are you still thinking of that?"

"I think of nothing else."

"Bad for your mind, Miss Emily—and bad for your body, as your looks show. I wish you would take counsel with some discreet person before you move in this matter by yourself."

Emily sighed wearily. "In my situation, where is the person whom I can trust?"

"You can trust the good doctor."

"Can I? Perhaps I was wrong when I told you I wouldn't see him. He might be of some use to me."

Mrs. Ellmother made the most of this concession, in the fear that Emily might change her mind. "Dr. Allday may call on you to-morrow," she said.

"Do you mean that you have sent for him?"

"Don't be angry! I did it for the best—and Mr. Mirabel agreed with me."

"Mr. Mirabel! What have you told Mr. Mirabel?"

"Nothing, except that you are ill. When he heard that, he proposed to go to the doctor. He will be here again to-morrow, to ask for news of your health. Will you see him?"

"I don't know yet—I have other things to think of. Bring Miss Wyvil up here, when she comes."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. [illegible].

"Am I to get the spare room ready for her?"

"No. She is staying with her father at the London house."

Emily made that reply almost with an air of relief. When Cecilia arrived, it was only by an effort that she could show grateful appreciation of the sympathy of her dearest friend. When the visit came to an end, she felt an ungrateful sense of freedom. The restraint was off her mind; she could think again of the one terrible subject that had any interest for her now. Over love, over friendship, over the natural enjoyment of her young life, predominated the blighting resolution which bound her to avenge her father's death. Her dearest remembrances of him—tender remembrances once—now burned in (to use her own words) like fire. It was no ordinary love that had bound parent and child together in the by-gone time. Emily had grown from infancy to girlhood, owing all the brightness of her life—a life without a mother, without brothers, without sisters—to her father alone. To submit to lose this beloved, this only companion by the cruel stroke of disease was of all trials of resignation the hardest to bear. But to be severed from him by the murderous hand of a man, was more than Emily's fervent nature could passively endure. Before the garden gate had closed on her friend she had returned to her one thought—she was breathing again her one aspiration. The books that she had ordered, with her own purpose in view—books that might supply her want of experience, and might reveal the perils which beset the course that lay before her—were unpacked and spread out on the table. Hour after hour, when the old servant believed that her mistress was in bed, she was absorbed over biographies in English and French which related the stratagems by means of which famous policemen had captured the worst criminals of their time. From these she turned to works of fiction which found their chief topic of interest in dwelling on the discovery of hidden crime. The night passed, and dawn glimmered through the window, and still she opened book after book with sinking courage, and still she gained nothing but the disheartening conviction of her inability to carry out her own plans. Almost every page that she turned over revealed the immovable obstacles set in her way by her sex and her age. Could she mix with the people, visit the scenes familiar to the fearful experience of men (in fact and in fiction) who had traced the homicide to his hiding-place, and had marked him among his harmless fellow-creatures with the brand of Cain? No! A young girl following, or attempting to follow, that career, must reckon with insult and outrage paying their abominable tribute to her youth and her beauty at every turn. What proportion would the men who might respect her bear to the men who might make her the object of advances which it was hardly possible to imagine without shuddering. She crept exhausted to her bed, the most helpless, hopeless creature on the wide surface of the earth—a girl self-devoted to the task of a man.

Careful to perform his promise to Mirabel without delay, the doctor called on Emily early in the morning, before the hour at which he usually entered his consulting-room.

"Well, what's the matter with the pretty young mistress?" he asked, in his most abrupt manner, when Mrs. Ellmother opened the door. "Is it love, or jealousy, or a new dress with a wrinkle in it?"

"You will hear about it, sir, from Miss Emily herself. I am forbidden to say anything."

"But you mean to say something, for all that."

"Don't joke, Dr. Allday. The state of things here is a great deal too serious for joking. Make up your mind to be surprised. I say no more."

Before the doctor could ask what this meant, Emily opened the parlor door.

"Come in," she said, impatiently.

Dr. Allday's first greeting was strictly professional. "My dear child, I never expected this," he began. "You are looking wretchedly ill." He attempted to feel her pulse. She drew her hand away from him.

"It's my mind that's ill," she answered. "Feeling my pulse won't cure me of anxiety and distress. I want advice, I want help. Dear old doctor, you have always been a good friend to me, be a better friend than ever now."

"What can I do?"

"Promise you will keep secret what I am going to say to you, and listen, pray listen patiently, till I have done."

Dr. Allday promised and listened. He had been, in some degree at least, prepared for a surprise, but the disclosure which now burst on him was more than his equanimity could sustain. He looked at Emily in silent dismay. She had surprised and shocked him, not only by what she said, but by what she unconsciously suggested. The doubt that had occurred to him when he saw Mirabel for the first time was now inevitably recalled to his memory. Was it possible that the man had produced the same impression on Emily's mind? His first impulse, when he was composed enough to speak, urged him to put the question to her cautiously.

"If you happened to meet with the suspected person," he said, "have you any means of identifying him?"

"None whatever, doctor. If you would only think it over—"

He stopped her there, convinced of the danger of encouraging her, and resolved to act on his conviction. "I have enough to occupy me in my profession," he said. "Ask your other friend to think it over."

"What other friend?"

"Mr. Alban Morris."

The moment he pronounced the name he saw that he had touched on some painful association. "Has Mr. Morris refused to help you?" he inquired.

"I have not asked him to help me."

"Why?"

There was no choice (with such a man as Dr. Allday) between offending him or answering him. Emily adopted the latter alternative. On this occasion she had no reason to complain of his silence.

"Your view of Mr. Morris's conduct surprises me," he replied—"surprises me more than I can say," he added, remembering that he too was guilty of having kept her in ignorance of the truth, out of regard—mistaken regard, as it now seemed to be—for her peace of mind.

"Be good to me, and pass it over if I am wrong," Emily said. "I can't dispute with you; I can only tell you what I feel. You have always been kind to me—may I count on your kindness still?"

Dr. Allday relapsed into silence.

"May I at least ask," she went on, "if you know anything of persons—" She paused, discouraged by the cold expression of inquiry in the old man's eyes as he looked at her.

"What persons?" he said.

"Persons whom I suspect."

"Name them."

Emily named the landlady of the inn at Zeeland: she could now place the right interpretation on Mrs. Rook's conduct when the locket had been put into her hand at Netherwoods. Dr. Allday answered shortly and stiffly: he had never even seen Mrs. Rook. Emily mentioned Miss Jethro next, and saw at once that she had interested him.

"What do you suspect Miss Jethro of doing?" he asked.

"I suspect her of knowing more of my father's death than she is willing to acknowledge," Emily replied.

The doctor's manner altered for the better. "I agree with you," he said, frankly. "But I have some knowledge of that lady. I warn you not to waste time and trouble in trying to discover the weak side of Miss Jethro."

"That was not my experience of her at school," Emily rejoined. "At the same time, I don't know what may have happened since those days. I may perhaps have lost the place I once held in her regard."

"How?"

"Through my aunt."

"Through your aunt?"

"I hope and trust I am wrong," Emily continued; "but I fear my aunt had something to do with Miss Jethro's dismissal from the school—and in that case Miss Jethro may have found it out." Her eyes, resting on the doctor, suddenly brightened. "You know something about it!" she exclaimed.

He considered a little—whether he should or should not tell her of the letter addressed by Miss Ladd to Miss Letitia, which he had found at the cottage.

"If I could satisfy you that your fears are well founded," he asked, "would the discovery keep you away from Miss Jethro?"

"I should be ashamed to speak to her—even if we met."

"Very well. I can tell you positively that your aunt was the person who turned Miss Jethro out of the school. When I get home I will send you a letter that proves it."

Emily's head sank on her breast. "Why do I only hear of this now?" she said.

"Because I had no reason for letting you know of it before to-day. If I have done nothing else, I have at least succeeded in keeping you and Miss Jethro apart."

Emily looked at him in alarm. He went on without appearing to notice that he had startled her. "I wish to God I could as easily put a stop to the mad project which you are contemplating!"

"The mad project?" Emily repeated. "Oh, Dr. Allday, do you cruelly leave me to myself at the time of all others when I am most in need of your sympathy?"

That appeal moved him. He spoke more gently; he pitied while he condemned her.

"My poor dear child, I should be cruel indeed if I encouraged you. You are giving yourself up to an enterprise so shockingly unsuited to a young girl like you that I declare I contemplate it with horror. Think, I entreat you—think, and let me hear that you have yielded, not to my poor entreaties, but to your own better sense." His voice faltered, his eyes moistened. "I shall make a fool of myself," he burst out furiously, "if I stay here any longer. Good-by."

He left her.

She walked to the window, and looked out at the fair morning. No one to feel for her—no one to understand her—nothing nearer that could speak to poor mortality of hope and encouragement than the bright heaven, so far away! She turned from the window. "The sun shines on the murderer," she thought, "as it shines on me."

She sat down at the table and tried to quiet her mind—to think steadily to some good purpose. Of the few friends that she possessed, every one had declared that she was in the wrong. Had *they* lost the one loved being of all beings on earth, and lost him by the hand of a homicide—and that homicide free? All that was faithful, all that was devoted, in the girl's nature held her to her desperate resolution as with a hand of iron. If she shrank at that miserable moment, it was not from her design—it was from the sense of her own helplessness. "Oh, if I had been a man!" she said to herself. "Oh, if I could find a friend!"

CHAPTER LIII.

THE FRIEND FOUND.

MRS. ELLMOTHER looked into the parlor. "I told you Mr. Mirabel would call again," she announced. "Here he is."

"Has he asked to see me?"

"He leaves it entirely to you."

For a moment, and a moment only, Emily was undecided. "Show him in," she said.

Mirabel's embarrassment was visible the moment he entered the room. For the first time in his life—in the presence of a woman—the popular preacher was shy. He who had taken hundreds of fair hands with sympathetic pressure—he who had offered fluent consolation, abroad and at home, to beauty in distress—was conscious of a rising color, and was absolutely at a loss for words, when Emily received him. And yet, though he appeared at disadvantage—and, worse still, though he was conscious of it himself—there was nothing contemptible in his look and manner. His silence and confusion revealed a change in him which inspired respect. Love had developed this spoiled darling of foolish congregations, this effeminate pet of drawing-rooms and boudoirs, into a Man—and no woman, in Emily's position, could have failed to see that it was love which she herself had inspired.

Equally ill at ease, they both took refuge in the commonplace phrases suggested by the occasion. These exhausted, there was a pause. Mirabel alluded to Cecilia, as a means of continuing the conversation.

"Have you seen Miss Wyvil?" he inquired.

"She was here last night; and I expect to see her again to-day, before she returns to Monksmoor with her father. Do you go back with them?"

"Yes—if you do."

"I remain in London."

"Then I remain in London too."

The strong feeling that was in him had forced its way to expression at last. In happier days—when she had persistently refused to let him speak to her seriously—she would have been ready with a light-hearted reply. She was silent now. Mirabel pleaded with her not to misunderstand him by an honest confession of his motives, which presented him under a new aspect. The easy, plausible man, who had hardly ever seemed to be in earnest before, meant, seriously meant, what he said now.

"May I try to explain myself?" he asked.

"Certainly—if you wish it."

"Pray don't suppose me capable," Mirabel said, earnestly, "of presuming to pay you a compliment. I can not think of you, alone and in trouble, without feeling anxiety which can only be relieved in one way—I must be near enough to hear of you day by day. Not by repeating this visit. Unless you wish it, I will not again cross the threshold of your door. Mrs. Ellmother will tell me if your mind is more at ease; Mrs. Ellmother will tell me if there is any new trial of your fortitude. She needn't even mention that I have been speaking to her at the door; and she may be sure, and you may be sure, that I shall ask no inquisitive questions. I can feel for you in your misfortune, without wishing to know what that misfortune is. If I can ever be of the smallest use, think of me as your other servant. Say to Mrs. Ellmother, 'I want him'—and say no more."

Where is the woman who could have resisted such devotion as this—inspired, truly inspired, by herself? Emily's eyes softened as she answered him.

"You little know how your kindness touches me," she said.

"Don't speak of my kindness until you have tried me," he interposed. "And let me repeat that I don't ask to enter into your secrets. Tell me one thing only: Do you see a way out of your trouble, if you have the resolution to take it?"

"I do."

"Can a friend (such a friend as I am, I mean) be of any use?"

"Of the greatest use if I could feel justified in trying you."

"I entreat you to try me."

"But, Mr. Mirabel, you don't know what I am thinking of. I may be wrong. My friends all say I am wrong."

"I don't care what your friends say; I don't care about any earthly thing but your tranquillity. Does your dog ask whether you are right or wrong? I am your dog. I think of you, and I think of nothing else."

She looked back through the experience of the last few days. Miss Ladd—Mrs. Ellmother—Dr. Allday: not one of them had felt for her, not one of them had spoken to her, as this man had felt and had spoken. She remembered the dreadful sense of solitude and helplessness which had wrung her heart in the interval before Mirabel came in. Her father himself could hardly have been kinder to her than this friend of a few weeks only. She looked at him through her tears; she could say nothing that was eloquent, nothing even that was adequate. "You are very good to me," was her only acknowledgment of all that he had offered. How poor it seemed to her! and how much it meant!

He rose, saying considerately that he would leave her to recover herself, and would wait to hear from Mrs. Ellmother if he was wanted. She stopped him before he could get to the door.

"No," she said, "I must not let you go. In common gratitude I ought to decide, and I will decide, before you leave me. I should be unworthy of your generosity if I hesitated to take you into my confidence. But let me appeal first—for your sake, not for mine—to your experience of the world." She paused; her color rose a little. "I shall have to ask you very often to speak with me," she resumed, "and for serious reasons, which you will presently know, we must be alone. Is it possible (you are better able to judge than I am) that your character may suffer in the estimation of some of your friends? I know how unselfishly you offer me your help; I know you speak to me as a brother might speak to a sister—"

"No, Miss Emily, I can't honestly claim to do that. And—may I venture to remind you?—you know why."

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She started. Her eyes rested on him with a momentary expression of reproach.

"Is it quite fair," she asked, "to my situation, to say that?"

"Would it have been quite fair," he rejoined, "to allow you to deceive yourself? Should I deserve to be taken into your confidence if I encouraged you to trust me under false pretenses? Not a word more of those hopes on which the happiness of my life depends shall pass my lips unless you permit it. Let the world think what it may of me, and say what it may of me! I should despise myself if I allowed that consideration to have the slightest influence, except when I think of you. The little world about us may take it for granted that I am more favored than I can perhaps ever hope to be, the little world about us doesn't know that another, happier man is an object of interest to you—"

"Stop, Mr Mirabel! The person to whom you refer has no such claim on me as you suppose."

"Dare I say how happy I am to hear it? Will you forgive me?"

"I will forgive you if you say no more."

Their eyes met. Completely overcome by the new hope that she had inspired, Mirabel was unable to answer her. His sensitive nature trembled under emotion like the nerves of a woman; his delicate complexion faded away slowly into whiteness. Emily was alarmed—he seemed to be on the point of fainting. She ran to the window to open it more widely.

"Pray don't trouble yourself," he said; "I am easily agitated by any sudden sensation, and I am a little overcome by my own happiness."

"Let me give you a glass of wine."

"Thank you; I don't need it indeed."

"You really feel better?"

"I feel quite well again, and eager to hear how I can serve you."

"It's a long story, Mr Mirabel, and a dreadful story."

"Dreadful?"

"Yes! Let me tell you first how you can serve me. I am in search of a man who has done me the greatest wrong that one human creature can inflict on another. But the chances are all against me—I am only a woman; and I don't know how to take even the first step toward discovery."

"You will know when I guide you."

He reminded her tenderly of what she might expect from him, and was rewarded by a grateful look. Seeing nothing, suspecting nothing, they advanced together nearer and nearer to the unknown end.

"Once or twice," Emily resumed, "I spoke to you of my poor father when we were at Monkscoose, and I must speak of him again. You could have no interest in inquiring about a stranger; and you can not have heard how my father died."

"Pardon me, I heard from Mr Wyvil that he died of heart-complaint."

"You heard what I had told Mr Wyvil," Emily said—"I was wrong."

"Wrong about your father's death?" Mirabel exclaimed, in tones of courteous surprise.

"Mr Mirabel, I have been deceived about my father's death; and I have only discovered it a few days since."

At the impending moment of the frightful shock which she was innocently about to inflict on him, she hesitated, doubtful whether it would be best to relate how the discovery had been made, or to pass at once to the result. She decided on passing to the result.

"You shall hear directly how I found out that I had been deceived," she went on; "I will tell you the horrid truth first."

He was as immeasurably far away from the faintest suspicion of what was coming that he begged her to spare herself. "It will only distress you," he pleaded, "to dwell on your father's death."

"Distress me?" she repeated. "His death will madden me, if I fail to avenge it!"

"Oh, don't say that!"

"I must say it!—I will say it! My father died murdered at Zeeland; and the man you must help me to find is the wretch who killed him."

She started to her feet with a cry of terror. Mirabel dropped from his chair senseless on the floor.

(To be continued.)

A DAY WITH HUNTING LEOPARDS.

A SERVANT of mine in India, returning from a leave of absence which I had granted him "in order to bury his aunt" (a regular formula of the leave-taking servants in India), brought me from his native place, somewhere in the wilds of Bundelkhand, a young cheetah, or hunting leopard.

Fortunately the small beast of prey took a liking to myself and to my Scotch terrier, and became very soon accepted in the household as "another dog." It slept with the terrier, ate with it, and went out with it into the garden. But nothing would persuade the cheetah to follow its playmate into the street, for on the first occasion that it had ventured beyond my own premises, two large dogs happened to be passing and attacked it. At least they *would* have attacked it, but the cheetah, with a bound and a scramble, leaped on to the roof of an out-house, about thirteen feet from the ground, and stood there, with the hair on its back bristled up, and looking down on the dogs that were balancing themselves on their hind legs, utterly lost in astonishment at the unexpected agility of the spotted stranger.

But after a while the cheetah became a nuisance, and I made a present of it to a young rajah, who was on an official visit to a friend of mine, and who took it back with him to his own estates. My duties, as it happened, called me in the following year to the same part of the country, and the prince invited me to his court "to see my cheetah hunt antelope."

On arriving at my host's "palace" I found that great preparations had been made for a hunt extending over the next four days, and that the programme included not only antelope-hunting with cheetahs, but boar-hog, crocodile-netting, and fish-spearing.

My own place had been arranged with a cart in which were two cheetahs, one of them my old pet. But the creature had utterly forgotten its former master, and replied to my friendly advances with a series of long growls that warned me to let it alone. However, there was plenty of room for me as well as for the leopards, and we travelled along together as comfortably as could be expected in a cart without springs over a country without roads.

The cheetahs' attendants, four in number, trotted along in a group behind the cart, coming up every now and then to the side of the vehicle, whenever they saw one of the animals trying to escape the leather bandage off its eyes or threatening to quarrel with its companion.

After an hour's jolting along in the sun, I was just beginning to think the quest a dull one, when my cart was suddenly stopped, and looking up, I found all my friends dismounting. News, I found, had been received that in the ravine, or ravine, just in front of us, a party of spotted deer were feeding, and it was arranged that while the carts with the cheetahs should be driven along the rough and stony edge of the ravine toward the prey, we should take our places in the rocks above and watch the sport, so as not only to have the advantage of seeing the cheetahs hunt the deer, but also to get a shot ourselves at the survivors as they tried to escape down the ravine, away from the leopards and past ourselves.

Accordingly, we posted ourselves among and behind some large boulders, interspersed with bushes, that overlooked the nullah, and which had been often used by my host and his friends for the same purpose, while the carts were driven along to our right some ten miles along the ridge. There they halted, and when one cart had crossed, they returned, creeping along opposite to each other on both sides of the ravine. The crossing of the cart startled the deer, and they began moving down toward us; but eventually observing that the carts were merely such as they were daily accustomed to see driven about by natives, they checked their flight, and though still advancing toward us, came along without any apparent suspicion of danger. Once or twice the bucks stopped and sniffed the air, but the scent of the leopards and of ourselves was evidently carried over them, for, though the wind was blowing straight across the nullah, the cautious animals came browsing along on their bits.

I was watching them through a field-glass, for they were still nearly a mile off, when one of my friends called out that the cheetahs had been let go. But the deer still came walking along in our direction quite unconcerned. Suddenly, however, they all stopped, looked behind them, and then broke into a slow trot. At this pace they advanced to within half a mile, and then, at an exposed patch of ground, I caught sight of a cheetah crouching and running along the opposite ridge. At the same instant the deer discovered their enemy, and dashed forward in a series of magnificent bounds. The cheetah at once threw off all attempt at concealment, and rushing swiftly forward for perhaps a hundred yards, gave seven or eight prodigious leaps, and, with a velocity that in description would seem incredible, flew through the air in pursuit.

In the excitement one of the native gentlemen of the party stood up. The deer saw him, wavered, and stood still, hesitating for one fatal moment; for in that moment the cheetah, giving one last spring, flashed alongside the deer, and seizing one of the number by the throat, dragged it down.

Here, as a rule, cheetah-hunting ends, and the attendants, coming forward, fill a large wooden table with the deer's blood, and dragging the animal off its victim, tempt it back into the cart. But on this occasion the death of the deer was only the commencement of the morning's excitement.

No sooner had the deer fallen than a second cheetah, that had been pursuing the herd from the other side, sprang forward upon the victim and its slayer, and then commenced a battle royal between the two leopards.

The attendants rushed forward vociferating. The deer swept past our ambush, receiving a fusillade as they passed that halved their numbers, and while some were shouting and some shooting, rat stepped upon the ravine, much perplexed by the one spotted chamois and dim that had waked him from his sleep, an old gray wolf.

I was the first to see him and put a bullet into him, but the next moment all the hounds had caught sight of the wolf, and my host's dogs—two half-bred stag hounds—went howling off after the crippled beast.

And then commenced such a scene as I have seldom witnessed. Within fifty yards of each other were two dogs fighting with a wolf, and two leopards fighting with each other, and making nearly as much growling and yelping as if they were fifty. Each group was surrounded by a number of leaping, yelling natives, while on the stones above them stood their masters, screaming and roaring out perfectly unintelligible orders.

My young host was in fits of laughter at what he called the "tamasha", and his servants, taking the cue from him, had evidently no serious intention of stopping the impromptu combats.

"You will lose both those cheetahs," said I, for I knew that leopard fights are very often fatal to both, as though one may kill the other outright by seizing its throat and strangling it, the other, before dying, uses its hind claws—as all cats do when fighting—with fatal effect upon its adversary's stomach and sides.

The young prince at once turned to a servant, and seizing a gun ran down into the scene of confusion. The rest, seeing him in earnest, one caught hold of the leopards' tails and tugged at them as if they were trying to pull them off, while one officious youth began with a long bamboo to thwack the wolf and dogs promiscuously.

But the scrimmage was virtually over. I ran down with my young host into the nullah, but got there just in time to see the wolf give up the ghost, and one cheetah, dying, dragged by its tail off the dead body of the other. It was my old pet!

My host was naturally furious at the loss of his two trained leopards, and a summary sort of justice was executed after the characteristic Oriental fashion as director of the "tamasha." But even to the Oriental mind it became evident at last that no one was to blame except the wolf, dogs, and cheetahs, as a few men were masculinously thumped with sticks, and a great number more roundly abused through several generations of their female ancestors, and the hunt was resumed.

But we ended my cheetah.

PAUL ROBERTSON.

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION.

FOR several days preceding the meeting of the Republican Convention at Chicago that city was the scene of the wildest political excitement and confusion that have been witnessed for many years. At the head-quarters of the several State delegations, in the hotels and all other places of public resort, the "tomahawk" and "whooping up" were carried on in a prodigious manner. Torch-light processions and bands of music made the streets lively by night, and the amount of electioneering among the delegates as they arrived was unequalled in the history of recent Conventions.

In accordance with general usage, the National Committee selected a candidate for the important position of Temporary Chairman of the Convention, and their choice fell upon the Hon POWELL CLAYTON, of Arkansas. It was alleged that although Mr CLAYTON had been elected as an ARTHUR delegate, this was a movement in the interest of Mr BLAINE. At any rate, it was distasteful to a majority of the delegates, many of whom would in any case have objected to the choice of a man of Mr CLAYTON's political creeds and personal character. As the result of a thorough canvass of the opposition, the Hon JOHN R. LYNCH, of Mississippi, was put in nomination, and on the assembling of the Convention in the Exposition Building, on the 3d of June, he was elected by a vote of 461 to 337 for Mr CLAYTON.

Nothing else of importance was transacted on the first day. On the second, after the usual preliminaries, Mr HAWKINS, of Tennessee, introduced a resolution pledging every member of the Convention to support the nominee, and declaring that no man could be held a seat who was not willing to subscribe to that pledge. The resolution aroused such a tempest of opposition that it was finally withdrawn by the mover, and the Convention proceeded to the work of permanent organization. General WILLIAMS, of Indiana, chairman of the Committee on Permanent Organization, presented the name of the Hon. JOHN B. HENDERSON, of Missouri, for the position of Permanent Chairman; and after a few objections had been heard and answered, the report was agreed to by a viva voce vote, not a dozen voices being heard in the negative.

On being conducted to the chair Mr HENDERSON delivered himself of a brief speech, in which he gracefully alluded to the leading candidates before the Convention. The reference to Mr EDMUNDS's name elicited warm and hearty applause. The mention of Mr BLAINE was the signal for a perfect cyclone of cheers. According to the correspondent of the New York *Sun*, "The galleries were packed by BLAINE's friends, and they applauded so wildly as they applauded four years ago, when the man of Appomattox was his opponent. Hats were thrown up, handkerchiefs were wildly waved, the batons of canes sounded like a hail-storm on the roof, and nearly half the delegates were on their feet, mad with enthusiasm. The honorees of the different States had been removed, so that they could not be used. The storm died away, but returned again, and subsided, and returned a third time." It was a well-managed exhibition of political claque.

As the Committee on Rules was not ready to report, the Convention adjourned to meet at seven in the evening. The committee was still unprepared when the Convention re-assembled, and after a brief session, during which nothing important was done, an adjournment was had to eleven o'clock the next morning.

The first business of the third day was the report of the Committee on Credentials, which favored the sitting delegates in all but the Albany District in New York, and the Fourth District in Kentucky. These districts were divided among the contestants, half a vote in the Convention being allowed to each man. The report of the committee was adopted without a dissenting vote.

The report of the Committee on Rules was then read. Its main feature were that the previous question could be moved when called for by a majority vote in any State delegation, seconded by two other States, and sanctioned by a majority of the Convention; a roll-call might be had at the request of any two States; the vote in each State was to be announced by its Chairman; no one was to be allowed to speak more than once on questions aside from the nomination of candidates, and not longer than five minutes; the National Committee was to be empowered to select a method for the election of delegates to the next National Convention. Mr GROW, of Pennsylvania, offered a substitute, proposing that the delegates be elected by Congressional districts as heretofore. He did not want the National Committee to choose the manner of their selection. The people alone ought to select them. His proposition was accepted.

The minority report on the method of electing delegates to the next Convention was then read, and one section, which provided that hereafter "each Congressional district shall be entitled to one delegate, and to an additional delegate for every 10,000 votes, or majority fraction thereof cast for the Republican Presidential electors," created such a tempest of opposition among the Southern delegates that it was soon withdrawn.

The report of the Committee on Resolutions was next in order. The platform, which is too long to be quoted, recites the history of the Republican party and its achievements, laments the death of President GARFIELD, approves the administration of President ARTHUR, declares against a tariff for revenue only, and an indiscriminate process of horizontal reduction, and pledges the Republican party to correct the inequalities of duties "by such methods as will relieve the tax payer without injuring the laborer or the productive interests of the country; favors a readjustment of the duty upon foreign wool; urges an effort to have established an international stand and fixing for all nations the relative value of gold and silver coinage; favors legislation to regulate home and foreign commerce, and prevent unjust discrimination and excessive charges for railway transportation; recommends the establishment of a national bureau of labor, and the enforcement of the eight-hour law; denounces the importation of contract labor; favors the extension of the civil service system to all grades of the service to which it is applicable, maintains that the public lands, being a heritage of the people, should be reserved as far as possible for small holdings by actual settlers, and not given in large tracts to non-resident aliens and corporations; pledges the party to an amendment of the pension laws in the interests of the soldiers and sailors of the late war, declares against our meddling with the affairs of foreign nations, or allowing them to meddle with ours, demands the restoration of our taxes, and calls upon Congress to open the way for the revival of American shipping, demands the suppression of polygamy; denounces the fraud and violence practiced by the Democracy in the Southern States, by which the will of the voters is defeated, and arraigns the Democratic party as being the guilty recipient of the fruits of such fraud and violence, and finally promises to do all it can to promote the passage of such legislation as will secure to every citizen, of whatever race and color, the full and complete recognition, possession, and exercise of all civil and political rights."

After the adoption of the platform, the nominations for members of the National Committee were made, and the Convention adjourned till evening, when the names of the candidates were presented. Every seat was filled. The galleries were closely packed. The atmosphere was densely hot, and "five thousand fans were waving in the mellow gas light like leaves in a grove of palmettoes." Twelve thousand faces were turned eagerly toward the stage, waiting for the opening of the great struggle.

The roll-call of the States proceeded, as usual, in alphabetical order, beginning with Alabama. Connecticut was the first to name a candidate, General HAWLEY. Illinois came next with General LOGAN, but neither elicited much applause. When Maine was reached, a perfect tornado of applause broke forth, and for some minutes the uproar was deafening. Then Judge WEST, the "blind man eloquent," of Ohio, nominated Mr BLAINE in a speech of impassioned fervor, and when he named his candidate the applause broke forth afresh. The festooned flags were torn from the State coats of arms on the galleries, and wild by waved to and fro. It was some time before Judge WEST was allowed to go on with his speech.

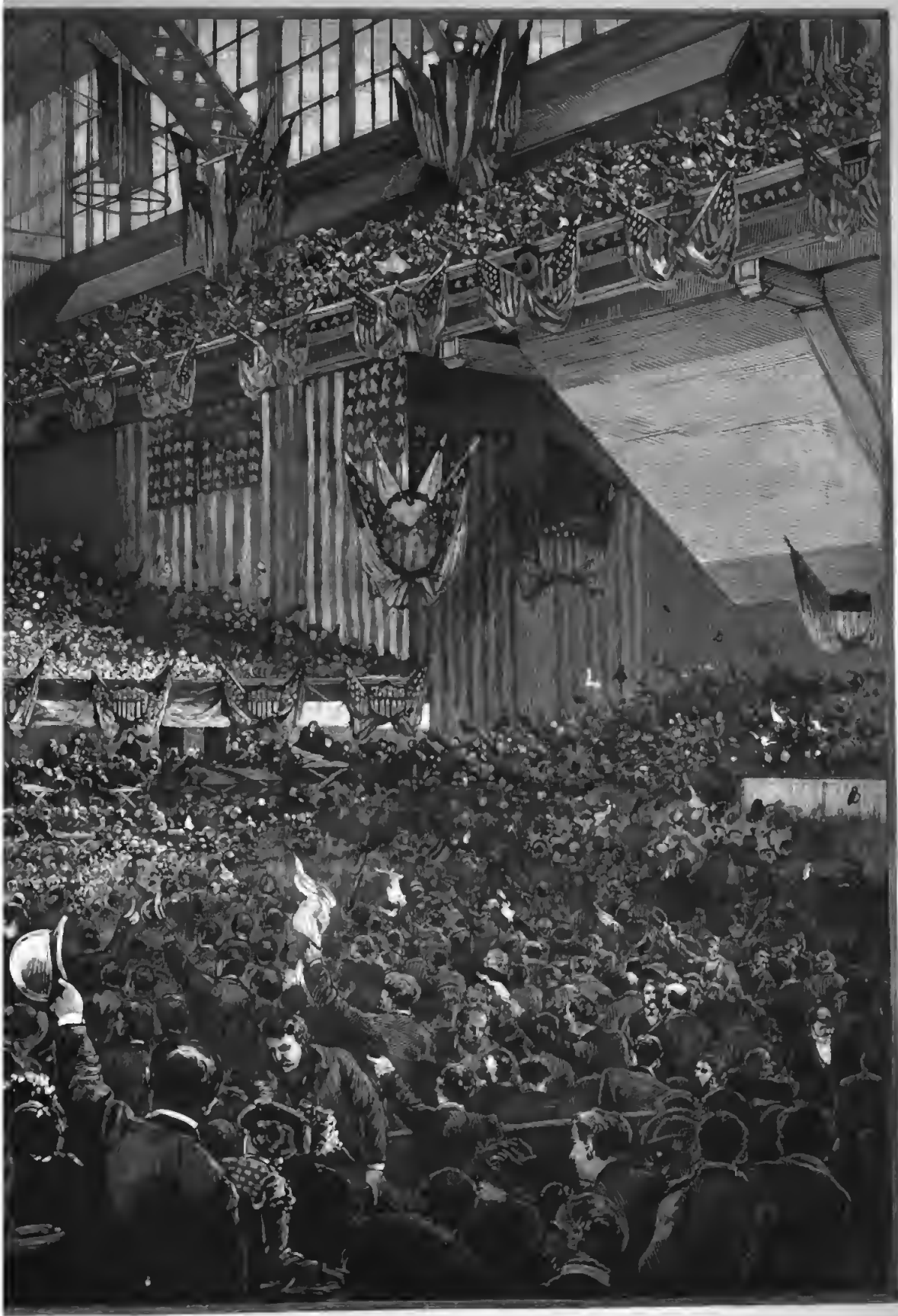
The name of President ARTHUR also evoked most hearty cheering and enthusiasm. He was nominated by Mr MARTIN I. TOWNSEND in a forcible speech, but with less eloquence than Judge WEST had thrown into his fiery oration. Senator SHERMAN's name was presented by Judge FOULKE, and the name of Senator EDMUNDS by Governor LONG, seconded by Mr. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. Late at night the Convention adjourned to the next morning.

The doors of the Exposition Building were thrown open at ten o'clock on Friday morning. Thousands of people were waiting for admission, and the struggle for entrance was greater than at any time before. By the time Mr HENDERSON took the chair every seat was filled, and the balloting was begun without delay. It was soon evident that the solid BLAINE phalanx was to encounter a scattered and unorganized opposition, and by the time the third ballot was taken the nomination of the Maine statesman was a foregone conclusion. The following is a summary of the several ballots.

Candidates.	Ballots.			
	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.
James G. Blaine	334½	349	353	541
Chester A. Arthur	278	276	274	207
George F. Edmunds	93	95	99	41
John A. Logan	63½	61	53	7
John Sherman	30	29	29	
Joseph R. Hawley	13	13	13	13
Robert T. Lincoln	4	6	6	2
William T. Sherman	2	2	2	
Total vote	818	835	849	813
Necessary to a choice	409	418	425	407

The announcement of the fourth ballot called out another storm of applause. Mr BLAIKIE, of New York, moved that the nomination be made unanimous. No negative votes were heard. The Convention then took a recess until evening, when General JOHN A. LOGAN was nominated for Vice-President, and the Republican Convention of 1884 came to an end.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AT CHICAGO—THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF



HE FINAL BALLOT.—Drawn by Schell and Graham.—[See Page 379.]

THE COUNSELLOR'S STORY.

By Mrs. FRANK McCARTHY.

"I don't know anything about table-tipping or spirit-rapping," said the Counsellor; "it's difficult for a man in my profession to believe in the supernatural but certain conclusive evidence has led me to think that the attributes of an angel or a devil may cling pretty closely to a feather-bed. We were old classmates, Jack Henderson and I, and when I decided to go into law as a profession, Jack took to oils and colors. Not exactly as a profession, but he fitted up a studio in the back of his shop, and, according to my poor opinion, some of the pictures he gave away to his friends would have brought a fine figure if placed on the artistic market. But he depended upon the regular line of business in paints and oils, and did pretty well from the start.

In the mean while I was spending my poor little inheritance for the common necessities of life. The country town where we lived seemed to be as full of squabbles and broils as usual, but not a client could I get, and how was I burning my candle at both ends, while Jack dropped in day after day with the news of his growing prosperity. More exasperating than all, he was about to marry the girl he loved, while my own engagement dragged indefinitely its weary length along.

How I did envy him that November day he came to invite me to his wedding! It was that suicidal kind of weather when a soggy atmosphere oppresses mind and body, when, if a man is down, it seems as if no power on earth can lift him up again, and the happiness of another adds an additional misery to his own luckless fate. I held a letter in my hand from my adored Sophy, wherein the poor girl delicately conveyed to me the inconvenience of further prolonging an already exhaustive wooing. I had just received the third dun from my tailor for the shabby clothes I was yet wearing; my office rent was due; my boy had thrust his impudent tongue in his cheek when I had reproved him for a sharp rejoinder; my bank account was closed; and I could scarcely imagine where my next meal was to come from.

As I sat brooding over all these miseries the door was suddenly flung open, and in came my friend Jack with an air of hilarious happiness that would have been infectious to a man less hopelessly stricken than myself. My importunate tailor had evidently exhausted his skill in devising a becoming outfit for this fortunate customer, who was an advertisement in himself, so happily did every favor of fortune hang upon him. His fine eyes shone with open triumph and delight, even the depressing weather had no effect upon him, and clapping me upon my despondent shoulder he asked me out to dinner with him.

"My dear boy," he said, "congratulate me. I'm the happiest fellow in the world. The day is fixed; the invitations will be out to-morrow. I want you for my best man."

He must have noticed the bitter grin that distorted my visage, for his eyes wandered down the frayed edges of my coat, and rested upon the broken tips of my boots.

"And while I am about it, Bob," he said, "I may as well pay you that old debt of mine. The interest must be pretty considerable now, but we'll let that go. Under present circumstances you mustn't be hard on a fellow—unusual expenses, etc., but I'll make out a check for the original amount at once."

He drew out his check-book, and handed me a call upon the bank for a comfortable sum that would put me temporarily upon my feet. The whole thing was so delicately and quickly contrived, and my strait was so desperate, that I accepted his generosity without a word of remonstrance, resolving that I would hold the obligation in my heart of hearts. Then he went on talking of his felicity to a more responsive auditor.

"You remember my grandmother, Bob? What a splendid old lady she is! One of the finest creatures God ever made! I owe everything to my grandmother. Whatever there is of a man in me, and a happy, prosperous man at that, comes of her love and kindness. Now what do you think she has sent me for a wedding present? Something as big and soft and beautiful as the heart that devised it. A feather bed, Bob!—a bouncing, imposing, magnificent feather-bed! You remember the geese down on the old farm?"

"Yes, Jack," I replied, warmed to interest by my friend's enthusiasm and the check that rested, with poor Sophy's letter, near my heart; "but are you sure they are not all swans?"

"Whatever is their species," he rejoined, "they are rare specimens of it. How graceful are their undulations! How they shine in the sunlight, like billows of snow! How they adorn and enliven the flowery pastures of the dear old farm! And the dear old lady plucked those feathers from those magnificent birds. No common ticking encompasses those treasures; a fine, soft, superior article has been woven for this purpose by my grandmother herself. So you see, Bob, the whole thing is a labor of love. Stay, here is the letter that accompanied the gift." And Jack pulled out his grandmother's letter, reading it as we went along.

"Accept my tribute to your happiness," wrote the fine old Quakeress, "in the spirit with which it is given thee. Keep it to the end of thy life. Like my love for thee and thine, it is imperishable. May it be a talisman of unshakable benefit to thee, and when reposing upon it after the labors of the day, consider it as the heart of thy grandmother, a haven of rest and comfort from the trials and tribulations of a troublesome world."

"Could anything be finer?" said Jack. "Do you know, Bob, I have a feeling of veneration for that bed!"

How mysterious is the wheel of destiny! Upon returning to my office, I found there, as it seemed to me, the reflection of my friend's luck in my first client. The case promised to be a profitable one. When I had settled the preliminaries, accepted the retaining fee, and bowed my client out, I felt like a new man. I immediately wrote a severe letter to my tailor, ordered a new suit, paid him something on account, dismissed the insolent office-boy, lighted a fire in the grate, put my feet on the fender, filled my pipe, and began to be glad I was alive.

Suddenly a shadow loomed in the doorway, and turning, I beheld my friend Jack. But his demeanor was changed. He was no longer the gay, triumphant, mercurial gallant of the morning. He was subdued and sober, and there was something of the conquered, so to speak, in his whole aspect.

"Why, Jack—" I said, handing him a chair, and paused, for I felt that it was better to avoid any expression of curiosity.

He sighed as he seated himself, and looked into the now glowing coals with a pensive abstraction.

"Bob," he said at length, "since I saw you last I have had a painful experience. My engagement with Gertrude was within an ace of being broken off. A little more and I should have parted with her forever, and to-night would have found me a desolate and desperate man."

"Why, what in the world—" I began, and paused again, for the subject was a delicate one.

"It was the feather-bed that my grandmother gave me," said Jack, solemnly. "You know how I felt about that bed, Bob; and knowing as well as Gertrude does all that I owe to my grandmother, it is yet difficult for me to conceive how she could have treated her wedding gift to us with an almost open contempt. When I told her about it I fancied a look of disappointment shadowed her face, and at length she said, coldly, it would do for the spare room; that as for her own bed-chamber her mother had given her a fine French bedstead of solid mahogany, with rolled head-piece, springs, and hair mattress complete. I was hurt, Bob—I was grieved; but I mastered my chagrin as best I could, and said that a fine foreign article like that would be best reserved for her mother when she came to visit us; that for my part I preferred a feather-bed. 'And I,' she said, looking at me with a sturdy defiance that I never thought to see in her beautiful eyes—'and *I* prefer a hair mattress!' 'It's a pity,' I rejoined, 'that we can not agree upon so simple a matter,' feeling a heat gather within me, loving my beautiful betrothed more than ever, but resolving she never should put her pretty foot upon my neck in such fashion. But she got upon her feet, Bob, and now confronted me with glowing eyes and cheeks that burned to a flame. 'If, sir,' she said, 'we can not agree upon so simple a matter, it is not likely that we shall upon those more serious and profound.' Stung to madness, I also got upon my feet. 'That is unfortunately too true, madam,' I said, and strode to the door. As my hand touched the knob, something like a sob reached me, and turning, I beheld her with outstretched hands, all pale and trembling. My heart melted within me. I flung myself at her feet, and besought her to do as she pleased with me and my grandmother's bed.

"Yes, Bob, I made a full surrender; but she has taken no unfair advantage of it. With delicate ingenuity she has contrived one of the happiest of compromises. Not to slight her mother's gift or that of my grandmother, to pay deference to my desires and yet further her own, she has resolved that the feather-bed shall be placed beneath the hair mattress, and both of them carefully adjusted to the springs of the fine French bedstead. A happier combination could not be desired. But I can not forget the shock of our controversy, Bob: never before have we had a disagreement upon any subject."

"Nonsense, Jack!" I exclaimed; "these little tiffs between lovers only serve to bring them closer together. Why, Sophy and I—" But what I told Jack about Sophy and myself has nothing to do with my story.

Jack was married at the appointed time. I wore my new suit, and was best man. Sophy came to the wedding, and our own followed shortly after. My affairs improved from the day I secured my first client, but Jack's business was far more prosperous than mine. His grandmother died, and left him some money. He added paper-hanging to his other pursuits, and engendered so lively an ambition among the matrons of the town to outdo each other in furbishing up their houses that they had no time for more serious strife, and the lawyer's trade was dull. The years fled along, and Jack's monetary affairs flourished apace. He built a big house next his shop, and the next news we heard was that Mrs. Henderson was going to the metropolis for her new furniture.

One night, at my own modest supper, I noticed more than usual of my favorite dishes, and my little wife began coaxing me to give my consent to a purchase she had in hand.

"If we can spare the money, my dear," I said—"and you know best whether we can or not—get whatever pleases your fancy."

"It isn't the matter of the money," she replied, "for it's a mere song; and such a wonderful bargain! Gertrude said she wouldn't let anybody else have it for twice the sum, because Jack was so queer and foolish about it; but she don't want it now that she's going to furnish over her house, and she says she hates a feather-bed anyway."

I felt a cold chill creep down my vertebræ. "Oh, the iconoclastic proclivities of women!" I groaned.

"It's as good as new," coaxed Sophy, "and will be so nice and warm for the children, now that the winter is coming on. Can't I buy it?"

"Buy it!" I shouted. "Certainly not. I would as soon traffic for a soul. And you had better tell Mrs. Henderson that whatever barters she makes or mars, she will do well not to meddle with the feather-bed of Jack's grandmother."

Whether Sophy gave Jack's wife this friendly bit of warning I know not, but we heard nothing more about the feather bed, though the town was ringing with the fine new appointments of Mrs. Henderson's new mansion on the hill.

They gave a grand entertainment for a house-warming, and though room after room was thrown open to the guests, there was no sign of a bedstead of any kind, let alone a bed. Toward the close of the festivity my little Sophy put her hand in my arm and led me off with her to see some china ornaments that were set out in fine array upon a big black article of furniture in the back parlor. There was a swinging mirror upon the top of it that reflected all the shepherdesses and dragons and queer contortions in porcelain, so that it seemed as if their number was legion, and while I was gazing upon them in bewilderment, Sophy pressed my arm and whispered:

"It's a bed, Bob—a folding-bed. It opens with a spring, and there's a mattress inside. Isn't it perfectly lovely? Isn't it complete?"

When she told me the cost of it, I again groaned over the imbecile extravagance of women.

"And the fine French bedstead her mother gave her?" I asked.

"Oh, that's all out of fashion long ago," said Sophy.

The supper was a marvel of culinary prodigality, and wine ran like water. When Jack bade us good-by I noticed that his speech was a little thick, and his eyes somewhat blood-shot. Several times after, I met him in the streets of the town when his step was unsteady, and his greeting either noisily boisterous or heavily dull, and rumors went about that Mr. and Mrs. Henderson sometimes had high words together.

All these things weighed upon my mind, and I resolved to invite Jack's confidence when the opportunity offered; but our paths lay wider and wider apart now, and we were no longer so intimate as of old.

So it went on to the close of another year; and it must have been about nine o'clock one frosty December night that I was belated at the office with some legal business. My one clerk and the office-boy were off preparing for some Christmas junketing, and I was about shutting up the office for the night. I had banged the heavy door of my safe, and snapped the locks of my drawers, and scuttled away the dry old documents that had kept me from Sophy and the little ones in the pigeon-holes of my desk, and was about locking the outer door, when a ring at the office bell close in my ear somewhat startled me. I was still more shocked when my old friend Jack Henderson strode in, and flinging himself in a chair, buried his face in his hands.

All the cold, blank years that had rolled between us since that dreary day long ago when he came to me as a deliverer were forgotten in a moment. He was my friend of friends, my best-beloved Jack. We were getting on now in years. Jack's raven locks were sprinkled with gray, and my own had disappeared altogether from the top of my cranium; but I flung my arms about him with the old boyish fervor, and lifted his head to my shoulder. "My dear boy," I said, "what can I do for you? All that I have in the world is yours."

He raised his face to mine and smiled—a smile fit to break the heart, so sad it was, and sere, and bitter. "My dear Bob," he said, "your affection warms my heart; but I did not come here to borrow money of you. The trouble has been, I believe, that we have had too much money of late—too much money, and too little of some other things."

How haggard he was! The lines about his mouth quivered as he spoke.

"What I want of you, Bob," he continued, "is a very simple thing. It is in your line of business, and won't take you ten minutes to do. It is a bill of separation between my wife and me. Don't plead with me, Bob; it is useless. It is too late now. Nothing can avert the disaster that has fallen upon me and mine. I even think it is better now to go through with it, and have done with it forever. I am prepared for anything. It is all my fault. Put it so in the bill. Give her two-thirds of my income—give her all, everything I have in the world."

His head fell again upon his hands. A sob broke from his parched throat. I put a glass of water to his lips. Then I kicked together the smouldering embers in the grate, turned up the lamps, and seating myself by Jack, took his cold hand in mine, and remained silent.

Presently he turned to me with something of the old warmth and tenderness in his smile. "You'll be surprised, Bob," he said, "when I tell you that the innocent cause of all this misery is the feather-bed of my poor dear old grandmother. You know how I have always felt about that bed. My wife also knew how sacred it was to me. I leave you to imagine my emotion when I discovered that she was actually endeavoring to barter it away for a trifle. It aroused such a storm of indignation within me that perhaps I went too far. But I made amends for whatever I did or said in the heat of passion. I refused to part with what I considered a sacred inheritance, but consented that it should be put aside in one of the upper rooms, and bade my wife get what she pleased for its successor. It was then that she caused to be brought into the house one of those new-fangled abominations called a folding-bed. After sleeping upon the magnificent combination devised by Gertrude just before our marriage, the contrast was a terrible one. When women are ruled by a devouring ambition for what they call style and novelty, they will sacrifice the best instincts of their nature. My wife would have thought nothing of bartering away the last sacred relics of her mother and my grandmother, and stretching herself upon a rack, if fashion required the martyrdom. It was little less, Bob. Think of it for a moment! Imagine the incomparable quality of the treasures we were putting away from us! For a foundation there was the majestic and spacious frame-work of solid mahogany. Upon this was placed the excellent old-fashioned springs which nothing nowadays can excel. Upon this was fitted the superior hair mattress given to Gertrude by her mother at our marriage. Thereupon was lifted the superb bed composed of the downy plumes plucked by my grandmother's own loving hands from her magnificent birds; and to avoid the heat of the feathers, I had caused to be placed above them a light, soft, delicate mattress, made expressly to order, thus crowning all with a perfection not easily to be attained. I have no hesitation in saying that no crowned prince slept upon a better or so grand a bed as I did for fifteen years. You have noticed, perhaps, that I never passed a night away from home. The fact was that I was spoiled for any ordinary sleeping arrangements. My own sumptuous combination so soothed and comforted me that of late years I had longed to reach my haven of rest, and sink away to pleasant dreams.

"You can fancy the nature of the article my wife bought to replace all this luxury of ease when I tell you that the abominable box would admit of only a single mattress purposely contrived of so thin and skimpy a material that it could easily be compressed into the very vacuity of space when the machine was closed. Think of it, Bob! When I was getting old, and business and domestic cares were multiplying about me, at the close of the weary day I was invited to repose upon this article of torture! A net-work of wire pressed upon my whole anatomy; my neck was almost dislocated; I was in constant agony lest the thing would double up, and reduce our bodies to shapeless pulp. Not only these, but the infernal mechanism was contrived in such a way that the swinging glass and the shelf filled with gimcracks of hideous variety remained suspended over me during the night to haunt my unhappy dreams. I will not detain you longer; I will not endeavor to palliate my own delinquencies. Driven to desperation by business and domestic troubles, I have of late been the victim of great nervous debility, and the uninviting nature of the bed I have slept upon has not induced me to seek it very early. Last night, or rather in the early morning, I reached home in an exceedingly shaken condition of mind and body. The light burned low in our bed-chamber, but as I took off my right boot I distinctly saw the porcelain dragon on the left-hand corner of the ebony shelf wink at me with his demoniacal eye. I looked again, and to my horror discovered that the Indian snake-charmer in terra-cotta on the right-hand corner of the ebony shelf, suddenly endowed with life, was dangling his reptiles within an inch of my wife's unconscious nose. I strove in vain to persuade myself that I was suffering under a delusion; I even crept into the accursed box, but the moment my head touched the pillow I saw in the mirror above me not only dozens of dragons winking with countless eyes, a hundred snake-charmers dallying with thousands of serpents, but my own face transformed into that of a monster, so wild and swollen and distraught with agony that I sprang from the bed in terror. Driven to madness, I dashed my fist in the mirror; I flung the porcelain gimcracks one after the other upon the marble hearth, and not until every one of the demons had been demolished, and my wife sat up in the bed, paralyzed with fear and dumb with dismay, did I realize the horror of the situation. I broke out in a cold sweat, my teeth chattered in my head, and I sank to the floor insensible.

"When I awoke to consciousness I found that my household gods had been shattered with those of the black box. It is useless to enter further into the details of our domestic misfortunes. My wife and I have resolved to separate. It is all over. Don't, Bob, don't try to patch up an irreparable breach. Let me alone, for God's sake!"

"But, my dear Jack," I exclaimed, "your rights must be protected. You are entitled to the custody of your share of the children. In a case of this kind the boys generally go with the father."

He broke into a discordant laugh. "Do you think," he said, "I am a fit custodian for children? Our last little ones are twins—a boy and a girl: would you counsel me to endeavor to tear them asunder? Solomon has settled that long ago. No, my friend, I will go forth, like Cain, desolate and alone."

He strode to the door, and went out into the bleak wintry night. There was something so pitiable and hopeless in his whole demeanor that I snatched up my great-coat and followed him. A sweeping wind blew straight from the east. It was all I could do to keep up with the footsteps of my friend. As we ascended the hill a vaporous light appeared upon the horizon, which soon resolved itself into a substantial column of smoke in the direction of the buildings Jack had lately erected.

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Jack, breaking into a run, "it is the paints and oils! The shop is on fire!"

When we reached the scene of peril the shop was already a combustible mass of blazing timber. Flames were bursting from the lower portion of the house, into which Jack plunged with the recklessness of a madman. No sooner had he disappeared within that deadly holocaust than the staircase fell to ruins. A cry of horror burst from the villagers, now gathered together. My own tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, my heart stopped beating, for I thought all within the building were doomed. Suddenly Jack appeared at one of the upper windows with the ponderous bed of his grandmother upon his shoulder. With one blow of his fist he shivered the sash, then threw out the bed upon the smoking grass. Then he disappeared, but was immediately seen again with his wife in his arms. He threw her out upon the feather-bed below, and after her the two elder

children. No sooner were they caught up and carried to a place of safety by the now aroused villagers than a shout rang out upon the frosty air, for Jack now appeared at the yawning lanmace with a twin upon each arm. Leaping upon the feather-bed, the blazing ruin fell behind him, and crashed together with a hiss and a roar that was terrible to hear.

Jack arose from the feather-bed, where his twin babies still clung together, and hauled his treasures away out of the burning heat. His hair was singed from his head, his hands were blistered to the bone, blood poured from the gash in his wrist, his clothing hung in shreds from his body. Pointing to the bed of his grandmother, he cried, exultantly: "It has done good service, Bob. It is all, alas! now that I own in the world."

But his wife's arms clung about his neck, his children sobbed at his knees. He caught them to his heart, and, locked in a close embrace, they lifted their eyes in mute thanksgiving. Half naked, bruised, bleeding, and burned, all their worldly goods flung to the four winds of heaven, they were happier than they had been for many a day.

I got a village cart and took them all to my own home, where Sophy received them with open arms. But the most wonderful part of my story is yet to tell. The winter months had fled along and spring was at hand before Jack was able to go out into the sunlight with his singed eyes. A green shade yet covered them, and he was weak and worn with all that he had suffered. But the indomitable spirit of his wife was yet unbroken. She had resolved one day to make over and renovate the one possession left them, the feather-bed of Jack's grandmother. The covering was to be cleaned, and the feathers spread to the soft, warm, fragrant air of early spring. Jack and I sat upon the porch. The children played in the flowery road-side. Some little birds in a nest in the eaves above us were clamoring for food. The mother bird flew swiftly down with a worm in her beak.

"How shall my little ones be fed?" said Jack, with a heavy sigh.

I was planning how to speak of the check he had given me long ago, and the interest accruing from it all this while, and all else that I could gather together to offer to my old friend, when a loud cry arose from the group on the grass busy with the feather-bed. Jack's wife came running with a parcel in her hand that she had found, she said, in the heart of the feathers. They were government bonds—twenty of them—hidden by his dear, queer old grandmother in this remarkable feather-bed, and in this miraculous way it was given to my old friend to begin the world again.

ROCKY CAÑON.

One of the most picturesque scenes on the Montana Division of the Northern Pacific Railroad is Rocky Cañon, of which we give an illustration on page 384. It is near the Bozeman Tunnel, where the road crosses the Belt Range, and from which it descends with easy curves, and with but a small amount of rock excavation on the steep hill-sides. The creek, which during the summer months flows quietly through the cañon, becomes a torrent in the time of freshets; but the road is well defended against damage from this source.

SOME RESULTS OF THE HORSE SHOW.

The horse show at the Madison Square Garden, which came to a close last Saturday, was not, as we understand, a financial success. There was a small deficit, of which the proprietors do not, however, complain. The association under the auspices of which the show was held was not formed for the purpose of money making. Its object is to improve the breed of horses in this country, and as the two shows so far held have awakened much interest in this subject, the promoters are willing to bridge over the small and in no way very discouraging deficits so far occurring. There is still plenty of room for improvement in our breeds of horses. Though American horses have won important victories on the English turf, American horses are not, as a whole, as finely fitted to their various duties as their English brethren. The English have, for cross-country riding, horses which combine great strength and great staying powers with great speed.

We had a fine example of what may be called one of these racing hunters at the horse show just closed. He stepped out upon the tan during the first hour of the exhibition with the proud step of an aristocrat. "Nature's nobleman," some one called him as he went by. He was the famous English stallion Stylites, and had come forth to be judged with the others of his class—Thorough-bred Stallions, Class I. The judges for this class were J. G. K. Lawrence, J. H. Bradford, and Colonel S. D. Bruce. Of course Stylites carried off the prize, and the verdict of the judges certainly corresponded with the popular verdict. Stylites comes of noble stock. He is a son of Hermit, and the only son of that distinguished recluse ever seen in this country. He boasts also the blood of Coimbra. He is superbly built about the powerful hips, shoulders, and quarters; his limbs are shapely, his neck beautifully arched, and the fire of intelligence lights up his eyes. He was only three days off the ship, and yet there was an irresistible burst of applause when he strode over the tan. Stylites is the property of the Earl of Aylesford, is eight years old, and stands sixteen hands "in his shoes." He was not bred by his owner, but was bought by him as a yearling for ten thousand dollars. He is a splendid cross-country hunter, and has, besides, shown up in front in many a flat race. He was once entered for the Steward's Cup, and backed for it by his owner to the extent of three hundred and seventy thousand dollars; but he was defeated.

Another prize-winner, and in the one department in which our horses are unquestionably supreme—the trotting class—that sturdy old veteran Volunteer attracted great attention. He is the father of St. Julien and five horses with a record under 2.20. This was his "first public appearance" since 1871. He took first prize in his class, and his son Kearsarge took second prize in the same class. Volunteer evidently means to keep as many honors as possible in the family.

Among the T cart competitors were some who were matched in name as well as in other respects, for instance, Satan and Ebony, Tom and Jerry, Merry Maid and Gay Lad.

Our illustrations on page 384 show, besides the English stallion, the prize pony Dickie, the fine Norman Marquis, and the head of Brown Dick, who took the prize for ponies in harness.

THE HON. JOHN B. HENDERSON.

A native of Virginia, where he was born in 1826, Mr. Henderson has lived since his tenth year in Missouri. He is a lawyer by profession, has taken a strong interest in State and national politics, and has served two terms in the State Legislature. On the expulsion of Trusten Polk from the United States Senate, Mr. Henderson was appointed to fill the vacancy, and in 1863 he was elected for the full term ending in 1869. He was appointed in 1875 to assist the District Attorney at St. Louis in prosecuting certain men on a charge of conspiring to defraud the government, but was soon dismissed from that position for reflecting in severe language on the President. On the organization of the Republican National Convention at Chicago, he was chosen its Permanent Chairman.

THE HON. JOHN R. LYNCH.

Born a slave in Concordia Parish, Louisiana, in 1847, and remaining in servitude until freed by the Proclamation of Emancipation, John R. Lynch furnishes by his subsequent career an encouraging example to his race. By hard study he acquired a good English education at Natchez, Mississippi, and went into business there as a photographer. In 1869 he was appointed a Justice of the Peace. The following year he was elected to the State Legislature, and was re-elected. During his second term he served as Speaker of the House. Mr. Lynch served two terms in Congress, and was placed on several important committees. He was chosen Temporary Chairman of the Republican National Convention at Chicago, over the Hon. Powell Clayton, and presided with tact and dignity. His portrait is given on page 385.

THE DRAGOMAN.

The word "dragoman" is simply the corruption of the Eastern word Targaman, or Turgoman, "an interpreter," and simply means one who translates one language into another. But the traveller's dragoman, of whom we speak, is much more than this. Not only does he supply the traveller's lack of language, but he puts the knowledge and experience of a native at the service of his employer, who, as a rule, is little acquainted with the country through which he is to travel. Given a free supply of money, and the traveller may be met on the deck of a steamer in some port in the Levant, and without his possession of a word of the language, or the need to trouble himself about arrangements for the journey, may be carried in safety and comfort over the East, till he is again set on the deck of a homeward-bound vessel, and all this by the personal superintendence of the dragoman. One who can be the "guide, philosopher, and friend" of travellers of all ranks and conditions, and can act to them as the "minister and interpreter" of an outside world so different from that in which they are accustomed to move, must be a man of no ordinary ability; and, seeing that his patrons are, on the whole, satisfied with his services, he is fairly entitled to be regarded as a benefactor. Moreover, it is scarcely necessary to observe that not only the personal comfort of the traveller, but even his views of men and things, his theories and opinions of all he sees, his letters to his friends at home, the accounts he gives in his book, and through it the opinions of admiring readers, are all influenced by the character and ability of the dragoman, who is ever at the traveller's elbow as the medium to him of the outside world. Such a personage is, on every account, well worthy of study.

The dragoman, like the lion, "is a native both of Asia and Africa." The African species is generally an Egyptian by birth and a Moslem in creed, and is darker in color and wilder in mien than his Asiatic brother, who is, for the most part, a Syrian Christian. The traveller generally makes his acquaintance at the hotel in Alexandria, Jaffa, or Jerusalem, from which he intends to start on his Eastern tour. He may readily be distinguished from "the rest of the lions" that congregate there by his flowing head-dress, riding boots, pistols in the girdle, quick eye and ready tongue, and general air of importance. This is the dragoman in his stage of final development, and ready for action. But, like all great men, he has carved out his own path to greatness, and no two individuals of the class have passed through exactly the same training.

One most important detail in the arrangements is the providing of a good cook, and nowhere is the dragoman's genius better displayed than in the care with which this point is attended to. It is not to be expected that a large number of first-rate cooks should be waiting for employment at this season of the year; but the magic touch of the dragoman's gold can do wonders. Some respectable family has a good cook who has given his employers satisfaction. This person enters one fine morning to his master or mistress with a very long face to say that he has just heard of the sudden illness or death of a near relation in the country, and his presence is absolutely necessary for a few days in his father's house. He can, however, recommend a young cousin of his own to fill his place in his absence. So he gets leave for a week, before the expiry of which it turns out that he has gone off as a cook to a travelling party at a very handsome rate of wages. A fellow so very clever as that may one day be a dragoman himself.

Away goes the party—the mules with their tinkling bells and unshapely loads, the horses at a brisk canter, the travellers held together by mutual interest, and soon feeling a family attachment to one another as individual characteristics emerge in the adventures by day and alarms by night which are incident to the wandering life. But the greatest of these is the dragoman. His word is law to all; he is appealed to on every subject; he is ready with explanations and excuses to his party, and with abuse to his servants and to the villagers who crowd around the tents with their wares. It is no wonder if the possession of so much power makes him at times conceited.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A week before the recent hanging of a murderer in California his arm was fractured in an effort to escape. His death made an opportunity for observing the stage reached at the end of a week in nature's process of mending a bone. It was found, a writer says, "that the initial process of healing had begun, and that this was effected by the organization of the blood which was poured out around the fracture at the time of the injury, holding the bones in place."

The Washington Monument has served to demonstrate that cats are better practical jumpers than rats. A pussy that recently found her way to the top of the shaft was so frightened by her surroundings that she gave a leap into space. It was a 430-feet jump, but she landed on the ground alive. Several rats have been frightened by the workmen into leaping off, but none has ever survived the descent.

The story of the strange perplexity of a young woman of Boston is told by a newspaper of that city. She has almost made up her mind to accept the hand of a suitor, but she has never seen him by daylight, and she hesitates. She has met him at parties and received him at her home, but always by gas-light. When the severity of the east wind has been mitigated by the July sun, they will meet at high noon and in the open air at Mount Desert, and his fate will be decided.

Bonnets covered with steel scales are said to be especially effective under gas-light or in the sun, and it is believed that, properly rubbed, they would be fairly safe in a thunder-storm.

A student of Chinese business matters says that *Wan Li* means "profit a thousandfold." Then it wouldn't be a bad motto for a Mexican drug-store.

When ladies at the horse show go to the extreme of kissing the horses that they most admire, there can be no question as to the sincerity of their admiration. This method of bestowing volumes of praise without words was not uncommon at the recent show at Madison Square Garden. The usual spot of imprinting the kiss was on the side of the glossy arched neck, though some of the creatures which gave evidences of gentleness were rewarded with kisses on their velvety noses. The women who were thus enthusiastic did not look like silly creatures at all, but seemed to be full of the health and spirit that might come of frequent canters over the fields on the back of a mettlesome steed.

The Maori king produced a very favorable impression when he arrived in England recently. Just before his departure from New Zealand the missionary men of his realm induced him to sign a pledge to abstain from the use of fire-water as a beverage, and decorated him with the blue ribbon of abstinence. The telegraph conveyed to England the fear that upon his arrival it would be found that the king and his azure emblem had parted somewhere at sea; but he stepped ashore with the insignia of his cold-water resolve conspicuously displayed on his royal front, and his general appearance told even more than the ribbon conveyed. He will ask the British government to place him in a position to better protect the territory of his people against the encroachments of the land-grabbing white men.

Asparagus breakfasts and luncheons are in vogue again, after a lapse of many years. It is fashionable to make up parties and drive to Long Island or New Jersey for these repasts. The asparagus is sent on ahead.

A juror who was engaged in a murder trial in Alabama became insane, and was sent to an asylum. This incident shows the wisdom of the usual course of selecting as jurymen individuals in whom mental disease can not find a place to take hold.

Reclining upon the costly upholstery of palace cars, provided with all the facilities for fortifying the system against the inroads of the heat, soothed and refreshed at intervals by the skilled braying of a brass band—that is the way a club of colored citizens went from Philadelphia to attend the Chicago Convention.

According to a physician, sudden fright is a cure for sea-sickness. The difficulty is to procure that medicine; for a person who is right down seasick doesn't care a continental whether the old ship sinks or not.

A Moscow journal says that the Mollahs are preaching the assassination of Christians. They are not an Eastern branch of the Mollie Maguires, as their name and preaching might seem to indicate.

Now that the Republican National Convention is over, the country will take a languid interest in seeing the Democratic party gather its energies for a blunder worthy of itself.

On a recent Sunday evening the pastor of a Methodist Church in Westchester County was to have preached on "Go-as-you-please." A fire broke out in the church, and the congregation elucidated the text better than the preacher could have done, even at his very best.

It is hoped that one of the results of the big fair in New Orleans will be the permanent establishment of the cent piece as a current coin in that city. At present the "nickel" is the smallest coin in circulation there.

One of the foremost students in the graduating class at Harvard entered the university as a waiter in the dining hall. He is graduated among the first seven of his class. He was born in Virginia, and is a negro.

In France the car of a captive balloon, containing twenty persons who had ascended to a considerable height to overlook a race-course, was upset, and three of the occupants were killed, while all the others were severely injured. After all, the ordinary tree-top is a much safer place than any new-fangled ideas are likely to furnish from which to enjoy a horse-race.

It has been ascertained that the old-time Democrats of Massachusetts are for Tilden. This is progress: they were quite recently for Andrew Jackson.

It is believed that the number of European tourists in the United States this summer will be far greater than in any previous season. This is as it should be. There are many wonderful things to be seen here; Europeans are industrious observers; and when they meet American travellers in the Old World they will be able to tell our countrymen a great deal about this interesting land.

A noteworthy event was the recent visit of the Old Guard to Boston to assist the Ancient and Honorable Artillery in celebrating an important anniversary of the latter organization's beginning. Like the Old Guard, the Ancients and Honorables—sometimes furtively called by flippant and irreverent persons the Antiques and Horribles—are not sticklers for precision in drill and rigidity in discipline, but from a peaceable and financial point of view their solidity and importance are manifest. Either of these old and honored bodies is well met when it falls in with the other.

LISTENING FOR NEWS FROM CHICAGO.

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ROCKY CAÑON, NEAR THE BOZEMAN TUNNEL, MONTANA.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 583.]

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THE LATE BISHOP SMITH.

THE Right Rev BENJAMIN BOWCOTT SMITH, D.D., LL.D., presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country, died in this city on the 31st of May at the good old age of ninety years lacking two weeks. His mental and bodily powers were well preserved until within a short time of his death.

He was born June 13, 1794, in Bristol, Rhode Island, and at an early age became so much interested in Church work that he determined to enter the ministry. After going through the usual preparatory course of study, he entered Providence College, now Brown University, from which he was graduated in 1816. In the following year he was ordained a deacon in his own city, and in 1818 was made a priest. After having charge of several parishes, he became in 1832 the first Bishop of Kentucky.

THE LATE BISHOP SMITH.—PHOTO. BY BRUGWOOD.

THE HON. J. B. HENDERSON.—PHOTO. BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 368.]

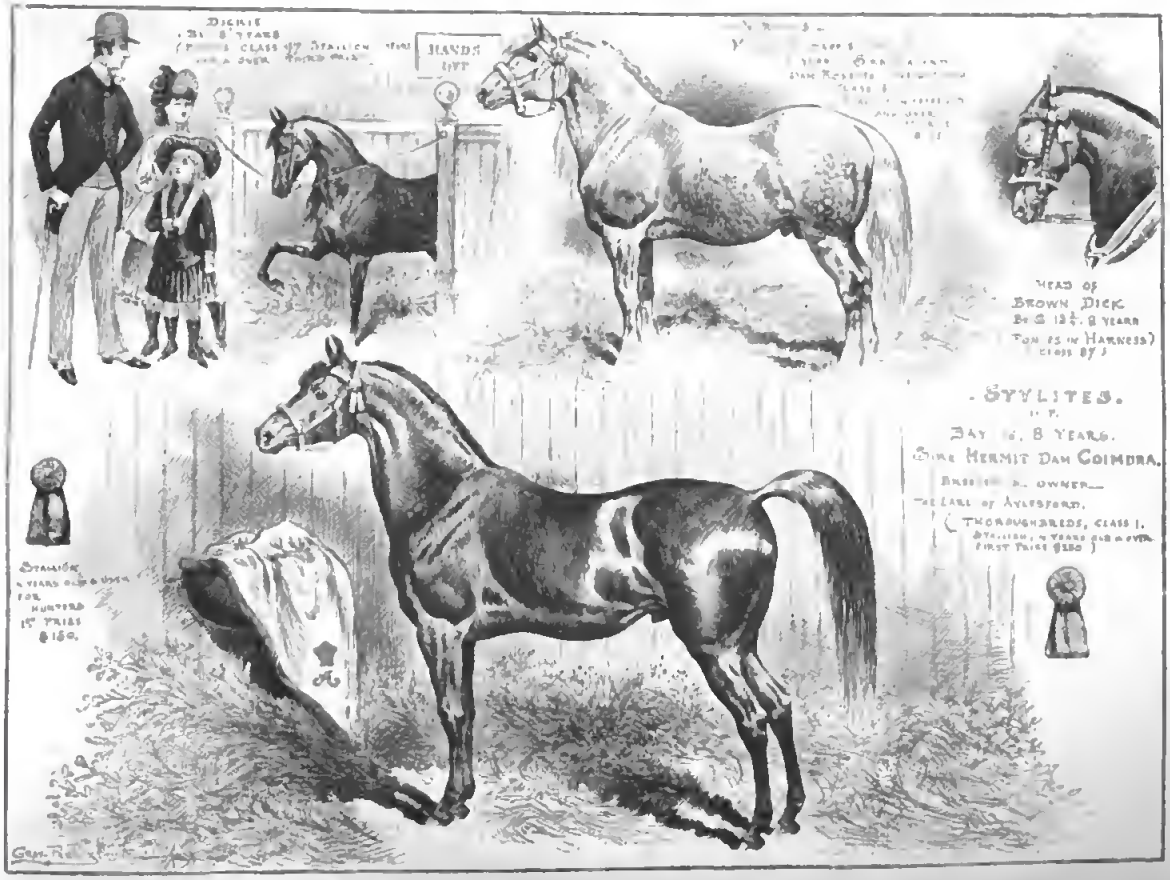
THE HON. JOHN R. LYNCH.—PHOTO. BY BELL.—[SEE PAGE 368.]

E. HENRY LACOMBE, CORPORATION COUNSEL.
[SEE PAGE 373.]

The field was one of arduous labor, owing to the fact that there were no facilities for travel in the wild and sparsely settled country comprising his diocese. He was appointed State Superintendent of Education, and vigorously urged the cause of common schools. Throughout the war of the rebellion he was a Unionist of the most emphatic kind, and although not an Abolitionist, was nevertheless a firm friend of the colored people in his State, and used his best endeavors to further their moral and intellectual interests.

On the death of Bishop Hopkins, Bishop Smith succeeded to the position of presiding Bishop of the Church in this country. An assistant having been elected for the Diocese of Kentucky, Bishop Smith took up his residence in this city. Early in the summer of 1882 measures were taken for the observance of the semi-centennial anniversary of his ordination to the episcopacy, and the commemorative service was held in St. Paul's Chapel on Octo-

THE HON. J. B. EUSTIS.—PHOTO. BY LITTLEFIELD.
[SEE PAGE 373.]



SKETCHES AT THE HORSE SHOW.—DRAWN BY GRAY PARKER.—[SEE PAGE 363.]

ber 31. Bishop Smith's last public appearance was at a special meeting of the House of Bishops a few weeks before his death. From that time he gradually failed, until he entered peacefully into rest.

SPANISH RAILWAYS.

The first difference one notices in crossing the Spanish frontier is in the railway speed, which is much less in Spain than in France. Sixteen miles an hour is the maximum speed of an ordinary train, ten is the usual rate; but the Madrid express runs in some places, I believe, at no less than twenty miles an hour. At first we attributed this slow travelling to the general indolent habits of the Spaniards, but we have since been informed that railway speed is restricted by law, to prevent accidents, which might easily happen by the starting of rails exposed to the full heat of the sun on sandy plains. Spanish trains halt at an incredible number of stations, and never for less than several minutes. One is not in much danger of being left behind, for when time is nearly up a whistle is sounded, next a bell rings, then a porter stalks the platform calling out, "Señores viajeros en tren," the last word being drawled out in a manner inimitable except by a Scotchman; then another whistle is sounded, and the train crawls off.

A Spaniard is never in a hurry. His two favorite words are "mañana" (to-morrow) and "paciencia." Whatever his faults may be, he will scarcely fall into the error of those "who make haste to be rich," for as long as he has bread and wine, a cigarette in his mouth, and a bull-fight in prospect, he cares for no more. A single verse from one of his national ballads might serve as his mundane confession of faith.

"Tengo pan y tengo vino,
Y sardinas en la mar;
Tengo la mujer bonita,
Y no quiero trabajar."

(I have bread and wine in plenty,
Ocean keeps sardines in store;
Then I have a lovely wife:
Wherefore should I work for more?)

This thorough absence of hurry is one of the charms of travelling in Spain. One seems to have come, not only to another country, but to another order of things, in which time and space are of very little account. As far as the tourist is concerned, this is very pleasant, for from the railway he can see the country through which he passes quite as well as if driving, and he has the consolation of thinking that he will in time arrive safely at his destination, for accidents are almost unknown in Spain. Besides this, the food and wine provided by the railway restaurants are generally excellent.

REMARKABLE CURE OF SPRAINED BACK AND WEAK SPINE.

No. 1?? Fifth Avenue, New York,
April 24, 1884.

Some years ago, in lifting a heavy weight, something broke in the small of my back, and I was confined to my bed for over three months. I could not sit up without intense pain, and the lower part of my body was cold and numb. The first physician used liniments, capsicum, and much rubbing; the second tried electricity; the third burned me with hot iron; the fourth tried a capsicum plaster; then in succession capsicin and strengthening plasters; but all in vain. At the end of three months I was no better; I could not sit up or walk. In despair I discharged my doctors and for some weeks did nothing. Then I saw the case of Mrs. Hammel, of Rockaway Beach, cured of a weak spine by Allcock's Plasters, and I bought three; one I applied at the small of the back, and the other two above. I noticed nothing the first day; the second, considerable itching was felt all along the spine, and the more itching the better I felt. The third day the legs were less numb. The fourth day considerable perspiration appeared under the plasters, as they were taken off, the spine well rubbed, and in four hours three fresh Allcock's Plasters were put on. Next morning the itching began again, and new life appeared to flow in my veins. These plasters I kept on nearly a week. They were then removed. I was well rubbed, and I waited twenty-four hours before putting on fresh Allcock's Plasters. After this I began to sit up in bed a little. Coldness and numbness were gone. Every day I was stronger, better, and more hopeful. The plasters appeared to act on the brain through the spine, and filled me with nervous force. I changed the plasters every four days. In one month after using Allcock's Plasters I got up and walked a little. In six weeks I felt almost well, and resumed business, but I wore the plasters for some months. Whenever I catch cold now it appears to settle on the weak spot, and lays me up for a day or so, but a couple of Allcock's Plasters, so soothing and penetrating, quickly cure me. I must say here I believe these plasters are the best external remedy ever discovered. How much suffering would have been saved if I had only got hold of them first! I have told my story out of gratitude, and that suffering humanity may profit by my experience. I shall be happy to answer any written or personal inquiries in relation to my wonderful cure, of which I have written a very brief outline.

Henry King,
Manager Seaside Sanitarium.

When purchasing Allcock's Porous Plasters do not fail to see that the registered trade-mark stamp is on each plaster, as none are genuine without it.—[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
VERY SATISFACTORY IN PROSTRATION.

Dr. P. P. Gilmartin, Detroit, Mich., says: "I have found it very satisfactory in its effects, notably in the prostration attendant upon alcoholism."—[*Adv.*]

The best evidence in the world of the purity and excellence of Blackwell's Durham Long Cut for pipe or cigarette smoking is found in the fact that the fame of this tobacco increases from year to year. This could not be the case if it were merely "gotten up to sell," or had any dubious or dangerous ingredients in it. Among millions of users of all nationalities surely some one would find out if it were impure, injurious, or unpalatable. But no, the Durham Bull brand gets more popular, the demand for it wider, and smokers more enthusiastic over its delicious natural flavor.—[*Adv.*]

FROM COL. D. McDANIEL,
OWNER OF SOME OF THE FASTEST RUNNING HORSES IN THE WORLD.

Jerome Park, June 21.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment and Derby Condition Powders on my race-horses, and found them to give perfect satisfaction. In fact, they have never failed to cure any ailment for which they are used. The liniment, when rubbed in by the hand, never blisters or takes the hair off; it has more penetrative qualities than any other I have tried, which I suppose is the great secret of its success in curing sprains. The ingredients from which the Derby Powders are made have been made known to me by Dr. Tobias. They are perfectly harmless.
—[*Adv.*] D. McDaniel.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Halford Sauce is invaluable for soups, hashes, &c. Halford Sauce blends admirably with all gravies.—[*Adv.*]

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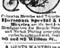

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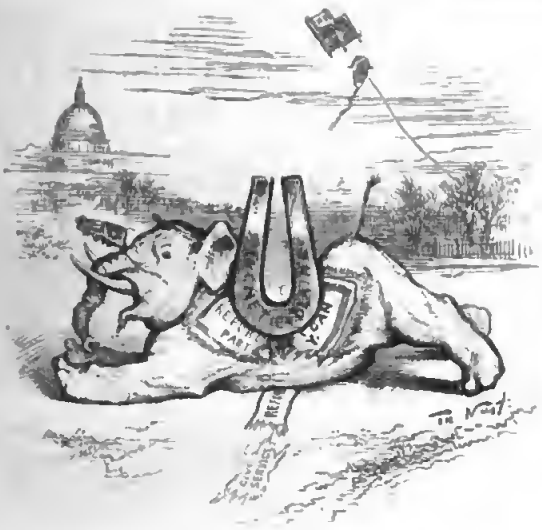

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Vol. XXVIII.—No. 1435.

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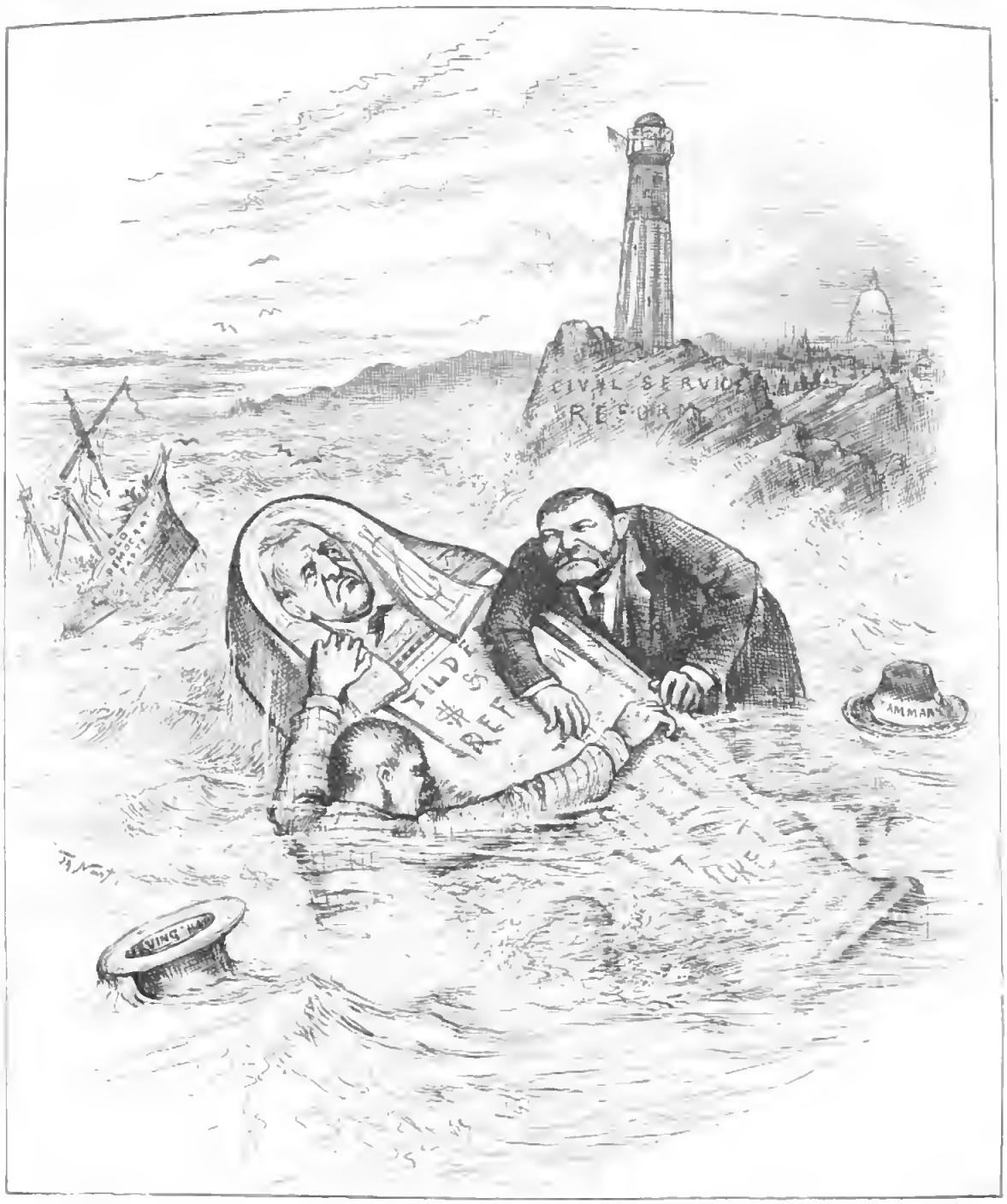

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New York, Saturday, June 21, 1884

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The frontispiece of the beautiful number published June 17 is an exquisite picture of an Italian child, encircled by a rare design for a miniature. This work of art is by Mr. Frank French, *and bears the appropriate name,*

"VITTORIA."

It is accompanied by a charming poem by Margaret E. Sangster. *Other artistic attractions are a full page entitled "The First Lesson", "Tasteful Ear-Rings," a charming bit of child life, illustrations accompanying text by* Culmer Barnes, Dan Beard, Sol Eytinge, *and a page of the ever popular "Wiggles."*

The letterpress is varied and entertaining, including Part IV. of "Our Little Dunce," by Lucy C. Lillie; *Chapter VII. of "Left Behind", "Real Giants and Dwarfs," by* Mary A. Barr, *"Company Out," by* Kirk Munroe, *and "Teddy Telford's Educated Pig," by* Sophie Swett.

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A FEW FACTS

In its issue for May 10, 1884, Harper's Weekly said, in allusion to Mr. Phelps's effort to explain the connection of Mr. Blaine with the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad:

"The one fact in this controversy which remains undisturbed, and which the honest voter everywhere will plainly comprehend, is this: In the spring of 1869 Mr. Blaine, as Speaker, made a ruling in favor of the Little Rock Railroad securing to it a government land grant, which passed on April 9. Soon afterward it appeared that Mr. Blaine was very desirous of obtaining an interest in building the road, and on June 29 he wrote to his friend Mr. Fisher, the contractor, who had made him some offer, asking that Mr. Caldwell, who then controlled the enterprise, should make him (Mr. Blaine) a definite proposition to enable him to acquire the interest that he desired. On the 2d of July he renews the suggestion. Mr. Caldwell apparently not responding, Mr. Blaine writes again, on the 4th of October, to his intermediary, Mr. Fisher, and tells the story of his ruling, showing that he, as Speaker, saved the road, and authorizing Mr. Fisher to tell Mr. Caldwell that thus, without knowing it, he (Mr. Blaine) had done him a great favor. On the same day he writes another letter to Mr. Fisher, urging him to read the *Globe*, which he sends him, and see how narrowly, by means of his ruling, the bill aiding the road escaped defeat. In the same letter Mr. Blaine expresses his natural anxiety to make the most of the arrangement which he had already completed with Mr. Fisher, but states that he is bothered by Mr. Caldwell's delay. This repeated reference to his official action was apparently intended to bring Mr. Caldwell to the point. This is the natural and fair interpretation of the letters, and it is this which startled the country when the disclosures were first made, eight years ago. Our readers will judge for themselves whether this is a fair view of the letters, and whether Mr. Phelps's explanation removes this impression. We do not think that it does. But now, having what must be considered an explanation from Mr. Blaine himself, which leaves the question where it was, can anything be plainer than that his nomination would involve extraordinary risks for the Republican party? Could the party wisely venture upon a campaign which would unavoidably turn upon the question whether its Presidential candidate had made his official action serve his personal advantage?"

Mr. Phelps's letter was Mr. Blaine's own explanation and defense, because, of course, it was not published without Mr. Blaine's knowledge and consent. It was all that could be said to explain the transaction, and other similar transactions, and of this explanation Harper's Weekly declared that it was unsatisfactory. No subsequent word upon the subject has been spoken by Mr. Blaine or his friends. It has been asserted, indeed, that the story was a stale calumny; that the Republican masses demanded Mr. Blaine's nomination; that "the people" had repudiated the slander; that Pharisees are no better than other people; and that dudes are very poor practical politicians. But not a word has been spoken or written to disprove the assertion that Mr. Blaine's own letters show that he had used his official position and action to promote his personal advantage.

It has been alleged, indeed, with persistent inconsistency, that it is superfine morality to object to such things; that "they all do it"; that Garfield was aspersed in the same way; that Washington and all great and good men have been assailed with lies and billingsgate; that we must take men as they are; that those who protest against such things are political purists and supernaturalists and impracticable fools, flies on the wheel, premature angels, assistant Democrats, and whatever other epithets may occur to the eager and angry disputant. But when the shower of denunciation has passed, it still appears that no explanation whatever has been offered of the fact that the Speaker of the American House of Representatives called attention to his favorable official ruling as a reason for admitting him to a pecuniary interest in a railroad enterprise, and suggested that he had many ways of making himself useful to the enterprise, and would not be a "dead-head" in it. Such facts are revelations and illustrations of methods and morals which render a man unfit for the Presidency, and if a great majority of the Republican party select him as a candidate, it must be assumed that it is because they do not disapprove them. It can not be said that they do not believe them, because the facts have not been disproved, and Republicans who value the character and purpose of the party more than its name can not consent to injure them by sustaining such a representative of the party of Lincoln and Sumner.

The more strenuously it is urged and the more plainly it is proved that the Chicago candidate is a true representative of the party, the more doubtful becomes the prospect of political progress and reform under Republican auspices, and the stronger becomes the current which sets toward party reorganization. The professions of a platform must be judged by the candidate selected to represent it. The platform of the Chicago Convention contains a satisfactory declaration upon the subject of civil service reform. But the candidate who stands upon it is wholly unknown as a friend of reform, except by a declaration for fixed terms made in a speech four years ago, and all the tenets and practices of the political school to which he belongs are directly opposed to reform. Moreover, his candidacy has been pressed, at Chicago as well as elsewhere, with a total disregard of every principle of such reform. There is no conspicuous public man who represents the aims and views and methods of civil service reform less than Mr. Blaine, and to adopt a satisfactory and distinct declaration upon that subject, and to select him as its representative is merely to discredit the platform, and to suggest that it was designed not to pledge the party to reform, but to inveigle reformers to support the candidate. But he was instantly and instinctively repudiated by the reform sentiment of the party, and his nomination, more than any other possible nomination, has alarmed that Republican sentiment throughout the country. His letter of acceptance, so far as it relates to this subject, will be interpreted by his career and by the conduct of his most intimate and familiar friends. A greater misfortune than the nomination could not have befallen the Republican party.

PARTY AND PARTY ALLEGIANCE

Many gentlemen are reported to have said that much as they deplore the nomination of Mr. Blaine, they yet hold any Republican to be better than any Democrat, and that no disaster could be so great as Democratic success. They must stand by the party nominations, let come what may. But they forget that if this view be sound now, it is always sound, and that if it had always prevailed there would never have been a Republican party to stand by. The men who formed the Republican party believed that such organizations were agencies to carry out policies which were founded upon certain principles and convictions, and that fidelity to those principles and convictions required opposition to any party action that betrayed them. They did not place party above the great objects of party, nor hold that patriotism was satisfied by obedience to party action, whatever it might be. In a word, they did not accept John Cochrane's famous dictum, nor agree that a party was greater than a principle.

This shows the true position of a reasonable party man. He will gladly co-operate with those of the same general views and objects that he cherishes. When the party action is wrong, he will oppose it in the interest of the party as the agency that he prefers. But when the issue is distinctly presented of supporting the action of his party to defeat what he holds to be the essential object of the party, he will refuse to support it. Those who in the face of the plainest declarations impose that alternative must bear the responsibility of the consequences. Republican success as a Blaine party would be a radical change in the spirit, the character, the methods, and the aims for which Independent Republicans have sustained the party. Republican defeat under Mr. Blaine would compel either a party change in the sense desired by revolting Republicans or party disintegration.

There are those who say that they can understand why a man should join the Democrats if he does not approve the Republicans, but that they can not understand how a man who calls himself a Republican can vote for a Democrat. But if the success of the Republican candidate at any election does not promise the progress of what he holds to be Republican objects, and that of the Democrat does promise it, then it is not surprising that the voter should consider principles rather than men, and stay at home or vote accordingly. This was the precise situation in 1882 in New York. The Cleveland majority was not technically a Democratic majority, but it revealed a situation of which honest and intelligent Democrats might have taken great advantage.

THE DEMOCRATIC OPPORTUNITY.

The Democratic Convention has a great opportunity. It sees the strong and just Republican protest against the Republican nomination. It knows that such a protest is a source of immense strength to an opposing party, and if it has not the sense and the skill to use the advantage offered to it, it will crown its frequent errors with a colossal blunder. By common consent the old issues are largely settled, and upon the real issues of to-day the younger, fresher, vital element in both parties is largely agreed. Yet there is deep distrust of the Democratic party, and it will not be alleviated except by a nomination which shows the power in the party of the element to which we allude.

The Independent Republicans certainly do not dictate or threaten. Their position is plain and intelligible. Having certain desires in regard to the character and the aims of administration so strong that they have withdrawn from support of their own party nomination, they will not support any other party which does not by its nominations and declarations, each authenticating the other, promise to advance the good ends which they seek. The Independent Republican revolt is not personal or vindictive. It does not spring from disappointed ambition or from any unworthy motive. It is temperate, intelligent, conscientious, and perfectly resolute. It understands the situation and comprehends the means at its disposal.

PHARISEEISM.

During the long preliminary discussion of the Republican nomination, Harper's Weekly said only that the nomination of Mr. Blaine was inexpedient. But it pointed out why it was inexpedient. The reason was that the nomination would be accepted as the measure of Republican morality in politics, and that it must necessarily produce an immense defection, because it is among those who carry conscience into politics that Republicanism is strong, and it is to them that the Republican candidate represents unclean politics.

The tone of the reply to the protest that has been made is very significant. It is a derision of "Pharisees" and "holier-than-thou men," and an assertion that "the remnant" is no better than other people. It is the echo of the old *Commercial Advertiser* strain, which the new *Commercial*, it must permit us to say, bunglingly imitates, and bunglingly because it is unnatural to the new spirit of that excellent paper. Why should honesty and decency in politics be ridiculed as too heavenly for earth? Is it such a very "ideal" demand that a public man shall be beyond suspicion of improper conduct? If it be "too superfine"—and to call it Phariseeism implies that it is so considered—so much the worse for the country, not for the Pharisees. Charles Francis Adams, in his eulogy upon Mr. Seward, perceiving that the whole tone of feeling in this respect had changed, said, impressively, and in words worth heeding: "Our forefathers would marvel could they imagine it possible for me to claim credit for Mr. Seward on the score of his honesty as a public man. Yet the time has come when we must honor one who never bought nor sold a vote or a place, *and who never permitted his public action to be contaminated in the atmosphere of corporation influence.*"

In our present partisan lingo the demand for honesty in public life is Phariseeism, and one of the best signs of the times is that this sect of Pharisees is so large and so increasing.

THE REPEAL OF THE REFORM BILL.

The committee of the House of Representatives to which the bills for the repeal of the civil service reform bill were referred has reported unanimously against the repeal, and the committee warmly and justly praises the work of the Civil Service Commission. The members of the Commission certainly deserve the praise. They have devoted themselves assiduously and efficiently to their duties, and to them, and to the support of the President, the auspicious opening of the practical reform is due.

The unanimity of the committee of the Democratic House, and the steady and vigorous fidelity to reform of the Democratic Governor Cleveland, of New York, show that the question is now accepted by both parties as one that can be no longer avoided, and show also the great political progress that has been made in the country. This progress has been achieved while both parties have been cohering mainly by their traditions, and while a new generation to which the old traditions are not inspiring has grown up within them. That new generation in the Republican party has been repelled and revolted by the recent nomination, which is the announcement that other influences than those of reform have overpowered the party. In the Democratic party the same generation is active and hopeful, and accepts sincerely the issue of reform in the civil service as the same body has shown its power, but not its persistence, upon the question of revenue reform.

What the result of the unhappy Republican at-

tempt to compel the party to sustain a nomination which the best feeling of the party rejects can not now be foreseen. In any case, no man need suppose that the spirit which moulded the Republican party, the conscience, the intelligence, and the courage which led the country in the great antislavery contest, if it protests against a fatal Republican action, and refuses adhesion to it, will be lost to the country. The Conscience Whigs were quite as efficient patriots as the Cotton Whigs. Republican friends of the reform which Congress has refused to arrest by stopping the appropriation or by repealing the law are among those who most resolutely refuse to sustain Republican action which gives the lie to the platform upon that point, and which repudiates the whole spirit and purpose of the reform movement.

MR. TILDEN'S LETTER.

MR. TILDEN'S formal renunciation, in advance, of the Democratic nomination, is not a surprise. His purpose has not been concealed from his intimate friends, and the incessant assurances of others that he would certainly accept have been due to the eager wish, not to knowledge. The letter withdraws from public life a familiar figure and name, but it is occupied with alluding to the services of the writer, as he understands them, and therefore challenges no criticism, except as to the justice of his own estimate of those services, which is not a subject of public importance.

Mr. TILDEN'S letter also withdraws from the pending Presidential controversy the question of personal vindication. There was a Democratic sentiment which held that the campaign should be a protest against the decision of 1876, and an expression of resolution never to "condone" it. This issue lapses with his withdrawal, and it enables the Democratic party to show its controlling spirit.

There are some names suggested as possible Democratic candidates which can be regarded, under existing circumstances, only as preposterous. It is even possible for the Convention to make a ludicrous nomination, and its action will be watched with much more than the usual partisan interest.

THE GENERAL PROTEST.

WE have received a great number of letters from Republicans in regard to the Republican nomination and to the position of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

The great mass of the letters pay us the compliment of assuming that the WEEKLY could not and would not advise its readers to support a candidacy which it had declared to be unworthy, and they declare almost universally the intention of awaiting the action of the Democratic Convention.

There are one or two of our friends who ask whether reform can be expected of the Democratic party. The reply is, whether it can be expected of a party that deliberately selects Mr. BLAINE as its representative. Would any man familiar with the career of both think of comparing Mr. BLAINE as a reformer, in the truest and most practical sense, with Governor CLEVELAND? As we have often said, the first great State movement for reform—the movement in New York—is very largely due to the courage and sagacity of Governor CLEVELAND. If Mr. BLAINE has shown any interest in reform except a declaration in a speech four years ago that there should be a fixed limited term of office—which, while recognizing the then rising demand for reform, was certainly not a reform suggestion—it is unknown to us. That a BLAINE administration should be in any just and large sense a reform administration is an illogical expectation.

AN ENGLISH RAILWAY CASE.

A SINGULAR decision was rendered a short time ago by the magistrates of Croydon, England. A Mr. PRIDEAUX SELBY was summoned for ringing the electric communicator between the passengers and the guard, and thereby stopping a train in which he was travelling, without sufficient reason. The defendant said he had a very sufficient reason, because he wanted to get out at Croydon, and objected to being taken on to Brighton; and the Bench decided that he was justified in stopping the train, and dismissed the summons. Should this decision be sustained, it would introduce a new element of danger into English railway travel. Instead of being under the control of the conductor, passenger trains would be directed by the whims and caprices of the passengers, time-tables would cease to be reliable, and confusion would take the place of system. It is not likely, however, that passengers will be permitted to take the control out of the conductor's hands.

THE GALLERIES IN THE CONVENTION.

IT is reported that the Convention Hall in Chicago is to be enlarged to accommodate two or three thousand more persons. This is a very great mistake, and we shall be surprised if the experience of this year does not prove conclusively that the National Conventions should be held in smaller halls. In the great space of an exhibition building only a few voices can be heard, and the business of the Convention is wholly at the mercy of the crowd in the galleries and around the hall.

In every view voce vote the thousands of spectators can participate, and there was a suggestion of the National Convention of the old French Revolution when, on the last evening of the late Convention, a vote from Wisconsin delegates for that distinguished Union soldier and civilian, General FAIRCHILD, was roundly hissed by the galleries. They broke in also upon the opening speech of a Nebraska delegate; and however untimely, in the impatience of the moment, the speech may have been, it was not for the galleries to intervene. As in 1880, the crowd in the galleries, admitted by ticket, was a crowd selected for the purpose of yelling for the favorite candidate. Upon the platform behind the president the yelling crowd was regularly directed by a leader upon whom it fixed its eyes, and who governed the voices by the movement of his hand, like the conductor of an orchestra or chorus.

It was a perfectly good-natured crowd throughout the session of the Convention, but it is easy to see that it might easily rise to an excitement which would overpower and intimidate a deliberative body. The only service of such a crowd is that of beginning and sustaining the wholly artificial yell with which the name of a favorite candidate is received, and that is a ceremony which may be wisely omitted. It is impossible to admit all the thousands who wish to see the Convention, and therefore there should be no more persons admitted than will constitute an audience not so large as to confuse and delay the work of the Convention. The vast and good-natured crowd is certainly a unique and striking spectacle, but it is very inconvenient, and may readily become dangerous.

PERSONAL.

IN the days of the old Volunteer Fire Department there were no BENNETT medals for brave firemen. Whether the awarding of such tributes tends to make men braver or not is a question that may be answered in a variety of ways, but it is pleasing to one's sense of equity that some recognition be made of deeds in which men risk their lives for others. Professor THEODORE W. DWIGHT, of the Columbia College Law School, was the orator of presentation this year. If the art of oratory were as highly valued now as it used to be, such an occasion would commend itself to it more forcibly than did most of the occasions that elicited the eloquence of DEMOSTHENES.

—A New York organist has been lamenting in the newspapers the vexations of his profession, especially its lack of social recognition and the bothersome opinionatedness of lay members of church music committees. His trials, however, are much less severe than those experienced by singers, and his bosses are more considerate than the managers of concerts and operas. May his salary never be less, and his troubles never more serious!

—Some reader in the Mercantile Library reading-room pencilled this petition on the margin of a popular evening paper: "Don't read all the advertisements to-night. Other people would like a glance at this paper." The request is still preserved in the file of that journal which has been stored away behind the counter. It seems reasonable enough.

—Chief Justice DALY declares that the committee on the prize poems on the white elephant had no difficulty in refusing to award the $500 prize. Careful and repeated balloting was unnecessary. They were speedily convinced that not one of the six hundred or more offered was worthy of the reward. American poets never before received so cruel a blow. It is useless to argue that the subject was too trivial. The soaring genius of a MILTON never soared higher than when under the inspiration of a mere reptile.

—Americans were much angered when DICKENS and Mrs. TROLLOPE said unkind things about this country, and DICKENS, on his second visit, felt compelled to apologize for what he had done. Will Americans think better of Mr. HENRY IRVING for the numberless and ever-recurring compliments he has tossed to us since his return to England?

—Mr. J. EDWARD SIMMONS, the new and able President of the Stock Exchange, caused some smiles to play gently around the brokers' lips when, during his speech accepting the presidency, he adapted ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S well-known words: "Let us, then, commence the labors that are before us with the firm determination to do the right as God gives us to see the right." It was the first time, they said, that such language had been used on such an occasion, and the novelty struck them pleasantly.

—The imitators of SULLIVAN and STRAUSS who have produced "comic opera" for our summer audience have distinguished themselves pre-eminently this year. A more nearly perfect adaptation of means to ends has not yet been seen than the fitness of their silliness to a silly season. The audiences, as a rule, though not what is known as "select," wonderfully represent the survival of the fittest for this sort of thing. But even Mr. SULLIVAN himself can not keep up to his own fine standard in light music.

—The medals for painting and sculpture at the Salon will not be awarded this year. No candidate secured a majority of the votes of the jury. BOUGUEREAU came highest, with forty-nine votes.

—I maintain, says Mr. WALTER BESANT, that fiction is a fine art, governed by general rules like any other art; that these rules can be taught like those of any other art; and that the teaching breaks down just where that of painting, music, or sculpture breaks down—at those points, namely, where natural aptitude is required, and fails to appear. This is the rudimentary condition of the art, just as an eye for color, form, and drawing—in other words, natural aptitude—is required for the painter's art.

—The Rev. COMPTON READE begins an essay on CHARLES READE as follows: "'I owe the larger half of what I am to my mother, the rest to the accident of my father's grandfather having married the daughter of the village blacksmith.' That was the sincere self-analysis of a soul before all things honest. Brains first, virility next, ancestry in the background. And yet, in spite of this insistence on the paramount lordship of mind and the worth of a perfect body, CHARLES READE at heart cherished the knowledge that he was by descent a gentleman."

—Mr. RICHARD H. HUTTON praises Cardinal NEWMAN for having enriched English literature with the most delicate, the most apt, the most musical, and the most luminous of English styles, and thinks that the greatest of his claims to gratitude is that he has added so much to our knowledge of human nature, and especially to our knowledge of the links which connect human nature with the supernatural life above us.

—Says a writer in London Truth: "It was stated positively in the papers a few weeks ago that Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was coming to England. I am in a position to deny the rumor on the very best authority, to wit, the words of the venerable author of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* himself. 'I have always dreaded the sea,' the Doctor writes in a characteristic vein, 'and at my time of life I am not going to give up a passion I have cherished for so many years. I intend to die where I am.'"

—The late Mr. JEREMIAH MILBANK was one of those merchants whose careers are the true glory of the metropolis, and whose examples belong most to the brightest of her aspiring sons. He was far-seeing, conservative, and enterprising, a conceiver of large schemes, a financier who did not fail, a friend to wise charities. Three years ago, when the directors of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad were making their annual tour of inspection, and had reached Milbank—a town in Dakota named after him—a delegation of citizens met them at the station. Mr. MILBANK expressed his regret that a place bearing his name should be without a church, and promised them $20,000 to build one with, asking them to point out from where they stood the most eligible site for such a structure. In twenty minutes he had completed the transaction, and although himself an ardent Baptist, he proposed to have the new church used in turn by the various religious bodies of the town, and given the next year to that denomination which promised the most usefulness. Another of his gifts was $25,000 to the Rochester University. He leaves a widow, a son (Mr. JOSEPH MILBANK), and a daughter (the wife of Mr. A. A. ANDERSON, the artist). In his will he bequeathed $10,000 to his pastor, the Rev. Dr. BRIDGMAN, of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, of which for twenty years he was an honored and beloved member.

—At a recent meeting of the Texas Wool-growers' Association, in Taylor, the address of welcome was delivered by General S. G. GRIFFIN, of New Hampshire, a Union soldier in the late war, now the owner of a handsome farm near Taylor.

—The Brooklyn person in the House of Representatives who has taken upon himself the task of making existence burdensome to the governments of the Old World, and especially to the English government, has been once more rather heavily "sat upon," to use a parliamentary euphemism. Nettled by the consequences of his opposition to the resolution permitting Ensign BUCKNOR to accept a decoration from the Emperor of Austria for bravery, he offered a resolution thanking many persons for brave acts, and embodying an insult to the House collectively. He insisted that a quarter of an hour should be wasted in reading his resolution, and under the rules the Speaker had to permit it. When all this had been done, a member moved that the resolution be sent to the Committee on Public Health, and amid roars of laughter the motion was carried.

—The will of the late Empress MARIA ANNA of Austria bequeathed twelve million florins to the King of Naples, and enormous sums to several convents. All her jewels went to the Emperor.

—Two cantatas composed by BEETHOVEN, for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra, have been discovered, after being neglected and forgotten among the treasures of a Leipsic antiquarian. Dr. HANSLICK, the celebrated musical critic of Vienna, pronounces them genuine, after having heard BRAHMS play them.

—From M. MAUPAS'S account of the *coup d'état* it is very clear that LOUIS NAPOLEON'S principal motive for perjuring himself, and turning the French Republic into an Empire, was a lack of money. He could have more funds at command as Emperor.

—Mr. FREDERICK WEDMORE, a critic who never hesitates to express himself frankly with reference to Mr. WHISTLER'S idiosyncrasies, says of that artist's recent exhibition of sixty-seven designs in oil, water-color, and pastel, called "an arrangement in flesh color and gray": "When Mr. WHISTLER speaks it is because there is something fresh to be said; a new, pretty thing has been seen, or a thing has been seen newly, and clamors to be recorded—perhaps the roll of a wave out at sea, or the look of night on the river, or perhaps it is only the bottles of pear drops and bull's-eyes and the pile of oranges in the shadowed window of a Chelsea sweet-shop, or the ill-clad grace of some draggled beauty of the slums, or the passage of level afternoon light across a five-o'clock tea table, or a leg crossed audaciously, a flash of movement, a dainty head buried cosily in pillows, a turn of hand, or a revealing gesture. In any case it is fresh or freshly seen, and in almost every case it is set down rapturously." But "of course Mr. WHISTLER has not to do with what is called imagination; he has to do with the veracious record of sometimes trivial fact."

—The latest historian of King HENRY VIII. gives us this picture: "He wore a cap of crimson velvet in the French fashion, and the brim was looped up all round with laces and gold enamelled tags. His doublet was in the Swiss fashion, striped alternately with white and crimson satin, and his hose were scarlet, and all slashed from the knee upward. Very close round his neck he had a gold collar, from which there hung a rough-cut diamond the size of the largest walnut, and to this was suspended a most beautiful and very large round pearl. His mantle was of purple velvet lined with white satin, the sleeves open, with a train more than four Venetian yards long. This mantle was girt in front, like a gown, with a thick gold cord, from which there hung large golden acorns like those suspended from a cardinal's hat; over this mantle was a very handsome gold collar, with a pendent St. George entirely of diamonds. Beneath the mantle he wore a pouch of cloth of gold, which covered a dagger, and his fingers were one mass of jewelled rings."

—KOSSUTH is still alive, and in a letter dated a few weeks ago he writes from Turin that in the United States the art of rhetoric has been admirably developed. "This is the natural consequence of their institutions, which are founded on self-government. People not only talk, they work also; every one works. The Unitarians are the most educated men in America, and as to morality also they are excellent. But there is a fact concerning them which I am surprised at, and the reasons of which I can not explain—their religion not only has not gained, but, so far as I know, has lost ground of late in the United States. Even some of their leading clergymen (amongst others the famous Huntington) have been converted into the Episcopal Church. It is a very curious phenomenon, especially in America, where the noble and pure memory of WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING soars before them." We believe that the explanation given by Unitarianism itself of the difficulty that troubles the mind of KOSSUTH is that other denominations have gradually been assimilating themselves to it in doctrine.

—M. LANDROL, a Paris actor, declares that the French public is sickened with the indecencies of the stage, especially with *Pot Bouille* and *Kings in Exile*. People who go to see such plays could not bring their daughters with them.

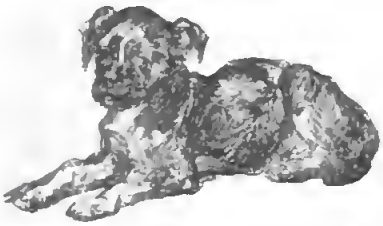
—In China bachelors and old maids are almost unknown. Parents select husbands for their daughters and wives for their sons, marriage being considered a matter too important to be trusted to the discretion of the early period of existence. At sixteen it is expected that a man shall be provided with a wife, and at fourteen that a woman shall be provided with a husband. The brides have no dowries, and divorces are rare exceptions. The Chinese woman, notwithstanding the smallness of her feet, can walk fast, and even run.

—Mr. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, the dramatist, being asked how he constructs his plays, answers: "EUGÈNE SCRIBE, the cleverest dramatist of the age, who was my instructor in the art of construction, said to me once: 'Cut, cut, cut, as much as you can, and if you have any specially fine passage on which you have set your heart, cut that first. An audience can never miss what it does not know, but it may be awfully wearied by what it finds.' So I cut, cut, cut, to the real improvement of my play. Every playwright, I should say, has a method of his own, and is entirely different in his process from any other. In all my original dramas I have proceeded thus: A subject occurs to me which seems well-fitted for dramatic treatment. The subject resolves itself into a plot, and the plot is matured in my mind until it has a beginning, a middle, and an end. As the next step, I write an elaborate scenario (*charpente détaillée*, the French call it), minutely setting down not only the scenes as they follow, the action of the personages engaged, the sense of all they have to say, but even the 'stage business.' The scenario is considered, reconsidered, altered, and amended until deemed quite 'ship-shape,' and then, and then only, is the dialogue begun to be written. Thus the process of constructing a play may last for months, while the writing may be accomplished in a few days. Some dramatists, I am told, as soon as they have conceived a plot, sit down to write at once, and boldly begin, Act I., Scene I. But for such work I have not the requisite genius."

CAGE FOR INOCULATED DOGS.

A DOG AWAITING INOCULATION.

A RABBIT INOCULATED.



THE LAST STAGES.

WILL DIE TO-MORROW.

M. PASTEUR IN HIS LABORATORY.

HYDROPHOBIA—M. PASTEUR'S EXPERIMENTS.—[SEE PAGE 395.]

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"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "MY LADY'S MONEY," "THE MOONSTONE," "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

THE COTTAGE.

CHAPTER LIV.

MIRABEL SEES HIS WAY.

EMILY recovered her presence of mind. She opened the door so as to make a draught of air in the room, and called for water. Returning to Mirabel, she loosened his cravat. Mrs Ellmother came in just in time to prevent her from committing a common error in the treatment of fainting persons, by raising Mirabel's head. The current of air and the sprinkling of water over his face soon produced their customary effect. "He'll come round directly," Mrs. Ellmother remarked "Your sort was sometimes taken with these swoons, miss, and I know something about them He looks a poor weak creature in spite of his big beard. Has anything frightened him?"

Emily little knew how nearly that chance guess had hit on the truth!

"Nothing can possible have frightened him," she replied, "I am afraid he is in bad health. He turned suddenly pale while we were talking, and I thought he was going to be taken ill; his mind light of it, and seemed to recover. Unfortunately I was right; it was the threatening of a fainting fit—he dropped on the floor a minute afterward."

A sigh fluttered over Mirabel's lips. His eyes opened, looked at Mrs. Ellmother in vacant terror, and closed again Emily whispered to her to leave the room The old woman smiled maliciously as she opened the door, then bustled back with a sudden change of humor To see the kind young mistress bending over the feeble little clergyman set her—by some strange association of ideas—thinking of Alban Morris "Ah," she muttered to herself, on her way out, "I call him a Man!"

There was wine in the sideboard—the wine which Emily had once already offered in vain Mirabel drank it eagerly this time. He looked round the room as if he wished to be sure that they were alone. "Have I fallen to a low place in your estimation?" he asked, smiling faintly. "I am afraid you will think yearly enough of your new alls after this?"

"I only think you should take more care of your health," Emily replied, with sincere interest in his recovery. "Let me leave you to rest on the sofa."

He refused to remain at the cottage; he asked, with a sudden change to fretfulness, if she would let her servant get him a cab. She ventured to doubt whether he was quite strong enough yet to go away by himself He reiterated, piteously reiterated, his request. A passing cab was stopped directly. Emily accompanied him to the gate. "I know what to do," he said, in a hurried, absent way. "Rest and a little tonic medicine will soon set me right" The clammy coldness of his clam made Emily shudder as they shook hands. "You won't think the worse of me for this?" he asked

"How can you imagine such a thing?" she answered, warmly.

"Will you see me if I come to-morrow?"

"I shall be anxious to see you." So they parted. Emily returned to the house, pitying him with all her heart.

Reaching the hotel at which he was accustomed to stay when he was in London, Mirabel locked the door of his room. He looked at the houses on the opposite side of the street. His mind was in such a state of morbid distrust that he lowered the blind over the window In solitude and obscurity the miserable wretch sat down in a corner, and covered his face with his hands, and tried to realize what had happened to him

Nothing had been said, at the fatal interview with Emily, which could have given him the slightest warning of what was to come Her father's name—absolutely unknown to him when he fled from the inn—had only been communicated to the public by the newspaper reports of the adjourned inquest. At the time when those reports appeared he was in hiding, under circumstances which prevented him from seeing a newspaper Some days later he had met with the person who assisted him in escaping from England. That person might have mentioned—probably did mention—the name of the dead man. But Mirabel (with the officers of justice at his heels) was prostrated by such a pang of terror that he was incapable of understanding anything that was said to him. He remembered being laid, half dead, in a berth on board a vessel; being landed at a French port the same day, alone among strangers—and he remembered nothing more. No exercise of discretion on his part could have extricated him from the terrible position in which he was now placed He stood pledged to Emily to discover the man suspected of the murder of her father; and that man was—himself!

What refuge was left open to him?

If he took to flight, his sudden disappearance would be a suspicious circumstance in itself, and would therefore provoke inquiries which might lead to serious results. Supposing that he overlooked the risk thus presented, would he be capable of enduring a separation from Emily, which might be a separation for life? Even in the first horror of discovering his situation, her influence remained unshaken—the animating spirit of the one manly capacity for resistance which raised him above the reach of his own fears. The only prospect before him which he felt himself to be incapable of contemplating was the prospect of leaving Emily

Having arrived at this decision, fear urged him to consider the necessity of providing for his own safety

The first precaution to adopt was to separate Emily from friends whose advice might be hostile to his interests—perhaps even subversive of his security To effect this design he had need of an ally whom he could trust. That ally was at his disposal, far away in the north.

At the time when Francine's jealousy began to interfere with all freedom of intercourse between Emily and himself, at Monksmoor, he had contemplated making arrangements which might enable them to meet at the house of his married sister, Mrs. Delvin. He had spoken of her, and of the bodily affliction which confined her to her room, in terms which had already interested Emily. In the present emergency he decided on returning to the subject, and on hastening the meeting between the two women which he had first suggested at Mr Wyvil's country-seat.

No time was to be lost in carrying out this intention. He wrote to Mrs. Delvin by that day's post, confiding to her, in the first place, the critical position in which he now found himself. This done, he proceeded as follows:

"To your sound judgment, dearest Agatha, it may appear that I am making myself needlessly miserable about the future. Two persons only know that I am the man who escaped from the inn at Zeebad You are one of them, and Miss Jethro is the other. On you I can absolutely rely; and, after my experience of her, I ought not to doubt Miss Jethro I admit this; but I can not get over my distrust of Emily's friends

"Besides the doctor (whom I have already mentioned), there are two other men, whom you know through our correspondence, and who feel a strong interest in her—Mr Wyvil and Mr Alban Morris. This last, I am rejoiced to say, is no longer in my way as a rival—Emily has discarded him. But he is still formidable, as an enemy who will be glad to ruin me in her estimation, if he can.

"I want you, my dear, to invite Emily to be your guest, and so to separate her from these friends The old servant who attends on her will be included in the invitation, of course Mrs Ellmother is, as I believe, devoted to the interests of Mr Alban Morris; she will be well out of the way of doing mischief while we have her safe in your northern solitude

"There is no fear that Emily will refuse your invitation

"In the first place, she is already interested in you In the second place, I shall consider the small proprietor of social life, and instead of travelling with her to your house, I shall follow by a later train In the third place, I am now the chosen adviser in whom she trusts, and what I tell her to do she will do It pains me, really and truly pains me, to be compelled to deceive her; but the other alternative is to reveal myself as the wretch of whom she is in search. Was there ever such a situation? And oh, Agatha, I am so fond of her! If I fail to persuade her to be my wife, I don't care what becomes of me I used to think disgrace, and death on the scaffold, the most frightful prospect that a man can contemplate In my present frame of mind, a life without Emily may just as well end in that way as in any other. When we are together in your old sea-beaten town, do your best, my dear, to incline the heart of this sweet girl toward me. If she remains in London, how is I know that Mr Morris may not recover the place he has lost in her good opinion? The bare idea of it turns me cold.

"There is one more point on which I must touch before I can finish my letter.

"When you last wrote you told me that Sir Jervis Redwood was not expected to live much longer, and that the establishment would be broken up after his death. Can you find out for me what will become, under these circumstances, of Mr. and Mrs Rosh? So far as I am concerned, I don't doubt that the alteration in my personal appearance, which has protected me for years past, may be trusted to preserve me from recognition by these two people. But it is of the utmost importance, remembering the project to which Emily has devoted herself, that she should not meet with Mrs. Rosh They have been already in correspondence; and Mrs. Rosh has expressed an intention (if the opportunity offers itself) of calling at the cottage Another reason, and a pressing reason, for removing Emily from London! We can easily keep the Rosbie out of your house; but I own I should feel more at my ease if I heard that they had left Northumberland."

With that confession, Mrs. Delvin's brother closed his letter.

CHAPTER LV.

ALBAN SEES HIS WAY.

DURING the first days of Mirabel's sojourn at his hotel in London, events were in progress at Netherwoods affecting the interests of the man who was the especial object of his distrust. Not long after Miss Ladd had returned to her school she heard of an artist who was capable of filling the place to her favored by Alban Morris. It was then the twenty-third of the month. In four days more the new master would be ready to enter on his duties, and Alban would be at liberty.

On the twenty-fourth Alban received a telegram which startled him. The person sending the message was Mrs Ellmother, and the words were "Meet me at your railway station to-day, at two o'clock"

He found the old woman in the waiting-room, and he met with a rough reception.

"Minutes are precious, Mr Morris," she said; "you are two minutes late. The next train to London stops here in half an hour, and I must go back in it."

"Good heavens! what brings you here? Is Emily—"

"Emily is well enough in health, if that's what you mean. As to why I come here, the reason is that it's a deal easier for me—worse luck!—to take this journey than to write a letter. One good turn deserves another I don't forget how kind you were to me, away there at the school, and I can't and won't see what's going on at the cottage behind your back without letting you know of it. Oh, you needn't be alarmed about Ann! I'm made an excuse to get away for a few hours—but I haven't left her by herself Miss Wyvil has come to London again, and Mr Mirabel spends the best part of his time with her Excuse me for a moment, will you? I'm so thirsty after the journey I can hardly speak."

She presented herself at the counter in the waiting-room. "I'll trouble you, young woman, for a glass of ale." She returned to Alban in a better humor "It's not bad stuff, that! When I have said my say, I'll have a drop more—just to wash the taste of Mr Mirabel out of my mouth. Wait a bit; I have something to ask you. How much longer are you obliged to stop here, teaching the girls to draw?"

"I leave Netherwoods in three days more," Alban replied.

"That's all right! You may be in time to bring Miss Emily to her senses yet."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean—if you don't stop it—she will marry the parson."

"I can't believe it, Mrs Ellmother! I won't believe it!"

"Ah, it's a comfort to him, poor fellow, to say that! Look here, Mr. Morris, this is how it stands. You're in disgrace with Miss Emily, and he profits by it I was bad enough to take a liking to Mr Mirabel when I first opened the door to him; I know better now He got on the blind side of me, and now he has got on the blind side of Ann. Shall I tell you how? By doing what you would have done if you had had the chance. He's helping her—or pretending to help her, I don't know which—to find the man who murdered poor Mr. Brown. After four years! And when all the police in England—with a reward to encourage them—did their best, and came to nothing!"

"Never mind that!" Alban said, impatiently "I want to know how Mr Mirabel is helping her"

"That's more than I can tell you. You don't suppose they take me into their confidence? All I can do is to pick up a word here and there, when the weather tempts them out into the garden. She tells him to suspect Mrs. Rosh, and to make inquiries after Miss Jethro. And he has his plans; and he writes them down, which is dead against his doing anything useful, in my opinion I don't hold with your scribblers At the same time I wouldn't count too positively on your place, on his being likely to fail That little Mirabel—if it wasn't for his beard I should believe he was a woman, and a sickly woman too, he fainted in our house the other day—that little Mirabel is in earnest. Rather than leave Miss Emily from Saturday to Monday, he has got a person out of employment to do his Sunday work for him. And, what's more, he has persuaded her—for some reasons of his own—to leave London next week"

"Is she going back to Monksmoor?"

"Not she Mr Mirabel has got a sister, a widow lady; she's a cripple, or something of the sort. Her name is Mrs. Delvin. She lives far away in the north country by the sea, and Miss Emily is going to stay with her."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Sure? I've seen the letter"

"Do you mean the letter of invitation?"

"Yes, I do. Miss Emily herself showed it to me. I'm to go with her—'in attendance on my mistress,' as the lady puts it. Then I will say for Mrs. Delvin: her handwriting is a credit to the school that taught her, and the poor bedridden creature wards her invitation so nicely that I myself couldn't have resisted it—and I'm a hard case, as you know. You don't seem to heed me, Mr. Morris."

"I beg your pardon, I was thinking."

"Thinking of what, if I may make so bold?"

"Of going back to London with you, instead of waiting till the new master comes to take my place."

"Don't do that, sir You would do harm instead of good If you showed yourself at the cottage now Besides, it would not be fair to Miss Ladd to leave her before the other man takes your girls off your hands. Trust me to look after your interests; and don't go near Miss Emily—don't even write to her—unless you have got something to say about the murder, which she will be eager to hear Make some discovery in that direction, Mr Morris, while the parson is only trying to do it or pretending to do it, and I'll answer for the result. Look at the clock In ten minutes more the train will be here. My memory isn't as good as it was, but I do think I have told you all I had to tell."

"You are the best of good friends!" Alban said, warmly.

"Never mind about that, sir. If you want to do a friendly thing in return, tell me if you know what has become of Miss De Star"

"She has returned to Netherwoods."

"Aha! Miss Ladd is as good as her word. Would you mind writing to tell me if it is Miss De Star leaves the school again? Good Lord! there she is on the platform, with bag and baggage. Don't let her see me, Mr Morris. If she comes in here I shall set the marks of my ten finger-nails on that false face of hers, as sure as I am a Christian woman"

Alban placed himself at the door so as to hide Mrs Ellmother. There indeed was Francine, accompanied by one of the teachers at the school. She took a seat on the bench outside the booking office, in a state of sullen indifference—absorbed in herself—noticing nothing. Urged by unpreventable curiosity, Mrs. Ellmother stole on tiptoe to Alban's side to look at her. To a person acquainted with the circumstances there could be no possible doubt of what had happened. Francine had failed to excuse herself, and had been dismissed from Miss Ladd's house.

"I would have travelled to the world's end," Mrs. Ellmother said, "to see *that!*"

She returned to her place in the waiting-room, perfectly satisfied.

The teacher noticed Alban, on leaving the booking office after taking the tickets. "I shall be glad," she said, looking toward Francine, "when I have resigned the charge of that young lady to the person who is to receive her in London."

"Is she to be sent back to her parents?" Alban asked.

"We don't know yet. Miss Ladd will write to San Domingo by the next mail In the mean time his father's agent in London—the same person who pays her allowance—takes care of her until he hears from the West Indies."

"Does the consent to this?"

"She doesn't seem to care what becomes of her. Miss Ladd has given her every opportunity of explaining and excusing herself, and has produced no impression. You can see the state she is in. Our good mistress—always hopeful even in the worst cases, as you know—thinks she is feeling ashamed of herself, and is too proud and self willed to own it. My own idea is that some secret disappointment is weighing on her mind. Perhaps I am wrong."

No. Miss Ladd was wrong, and the teacher was right.

The passion of revenge, being essentially selfish in its nature, is of all passions the narrowest in its range of view. In gratifying her jealous hatred of Emily, Francine had correctly foreseen consequences as they might affect the other object of her enmity—Alban Morris. But she had failed to perceive the imminent danger of another result, which in a calmer frame of mind might not have escaped discovery. In triumphing over Emily and Alban, she had been the indirect means of inflicting on herself the bitterest of all disappointments—she had brought Emily and Mirabel together The first forewarning of the catastrophe had reached her, on hearing that Mirabel would not return to Monksmoor Her worst fears had been thereafter confirmed by a letter from Cecilia, which had followed her to Netherwoods. From that moment she, who had made others wretched, paid the penalty in suffering as keen as any that she had inflicted. Completely prostrated, powerless, through ignorance of his address in London, to make a last appeal to Mirabel, she was literally, as had just been said, careless what became of her. When the train approached, she sprang to her feet, advanced to the edge of the platform, and sudden ly drew back, shuddering The teacher looked in terror at Alban. Had the desperate girl contemplated throwing herself under the wheels of the engine? The thought had been in both their minds, but neither of them acknowledged it. Francine stepped quietly into the carriage, when the train drew up, and laid her head back in a corner, and closed her eyes. Mrs. Ellmother took her place in another compartment, and beckoned to Alban to speak to her at the window

"Where can I see you, when you go to London?" she asked

"At Dr Alkiny's house."

"On what day?"

"On Tuesday next."

CHAPTER LVI.

APPROACHING THE END.

ALBAN reached London early enough in the afternoon to find the doctor at his luncheon "Too late to see Miss Ellmother," he announced. "Sit down and have something to eat."

"Has she left any message for me?"

"A message, my good friend, that you won't like to hear She is off with her mistress this morning on a visit to Mr Mirabel's sister."

"Does he go with them?"

"No; he follows by a later train"

"Has Mrs Ellmother mentioned the address?"

"There it is, in her own handwriting."

Alban read the address: "Mrs. Delvin, The Cliff, Belford, Northumberland."

"Turn to the back of that bit of paper," the doctor said. "Mrs. Ellmother has written something on it."

She had written these words: "No discoveries made by Mr Mirabel up to this time. Sir Jervis Redwood is dead The Rosbie are believed to be in Scotland; and Miss Emily, if need be, is to help the parson to find them. No news of Miss Jethro."

"Now you have got your information," Dr Alkiny resumed, "let me have a look at you. You're not in a rage that's a good sign to begin with"

"I am not the less determined," Alban answered.

"To bring Emily to her senses?" the doctor asked.

"To do what Mirabel has not done—and then to let her choose between us."

"Ay, ay Your good opinion of her hasn't altered, though she has treated you so badly?"

"My good opinion makes allowance for the state of my poor darling's mind, after the shock

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1429.

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that has fallen on her," Alban answered, quietly. "She is not my Emily now. She will be my Emily yet. I told her I was convinced of it, in the old days at school, and my conviction is as strong as ever. Have you seen her since I have been away at Netherwoods?"

"Yes; and she is as angry with me as she is with you."

"For the same reason?"

"No, no. I heard enough to warn me to hold my tongue. I refused to help her—that's all. You are a man, and you may run risks which no young girl ought to encounter. Do you remember when I asked you to drop all further inquiries into the murder for Emily's sake? The circumstances have altered since that time. Can I be of any use?"

"Of the greatest use, if you can give me Miss Jethro's address."

"Oh! You mean to begin in that way, do you?"

"Yes. You know that Miss Jethro visited me at Netherwoods?"

"Go on."

"She showed me your answer to a letter which she had written to you. Have you got that letter?"

The doctor produced it. The address was, "Post-office, Swanage, Dorsetshire." Alban copied it in his pocket-book. Looking up, when he had done, he saw Dr. Allday's eyes fixed on him with an oddly mingled expression—partly of sympathy, partly of hesitation.

"Have you anything to suggest?" he asked.

"You will get nothing out of Miss Jethro," the doctor answered, "unless—" There he stopped.

"Unless what?"

"Unless you can frighten her."

"How am I to do that?"

After a little reflection Dr. Allday returned, without any apparent reason, to the subject of his last visit to Emily.

"There was one thing she said, in the course of our talk," he continued, "which struck me as being sensible, possibly (for we are all more or less conceited) because I agreed with her myself. She suspects Miss Jethro of knowing more about that damnable murder than Miss Jethro is willing to acknowledge. If you want to produce the right effect on her—" He looked hard at Alban, and checked himself once more.

"Well, what am I to do?"

"Tell her you have an idea of who the murderer is."

"But I have no idea."

"But *I* have."

"Good God! what do you mean?"

"Don't mistake me. An impression has been produced on my mind—that's all. Call it a freak of fancy, worth trying, perhaps, as a bold experiment, and worth nothing more. Come a little nearer. My housekeeper is an excellent woman, but I have once or twice caught her rather too near to that door. I think I'll whisper it."

He did whisper it. In breathless wonder Alban heard of the doubt which had crossed Dr. Allday's mind on the evening when Mirabel had called at his house.

"You look as if you didn't believe it," the doctor remarked.

"I'm thinking of Emily. For her sake, I hope and trust you are wrong. Ought I to go to her at once? I don't know what to do."

"Find out first, my good fellow, whether I am right or wrong. You can do it if you will run the risk with Miss Jethro."

Alban recovered himself. His old friend's advice was clearly the right advice to follow. He examined his railway guide, and then looked at his watch. "If I can find Miss Jethro," he answered, "I'll risk it before the day is out."

The doctor accompanied him to the door. "You will write to me, won't you?"

"Without fail. Thank you, and good by."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HYDROPHOBIA—M. PASTEUR'S EXPERIMENTS.

About the middle of December, 1880, Dr. Lannelongue, of Paris, hearing that M. Pasteur had resolved to institute researches into the nature of hydrophobia, called the attention of this distinguished savant to the case of a little child, five years old, who had been bitten by a mad dog a few weeks before, and who had been removed to a hospital for treatment. When offered any liquid whatever, the child would fall into frightful convulsions. It died two days after admission to the hospital, strangled by the frothy matter which accumulated in its throat.

Several hours after the death of the child two rabbits were inoculated with some of that frothy matter, and died from the effects of it two days afterward. Such was the beginning of M. Pasteur's researches and experiments upon hydrophobia, which he has conducted during the last four years, and by which, he believes, he has been led to the discovery of a means of protecting dogs from rabies, and, as a necessary sequel, of protecting the human race from a frightful malady which in every country where rabies exists demands hundreds of victims every year.

On page 392 we give a series of illustrations showing M. Pasteur in his laboratory, where these experiments are conducted, and the effect which inoculation produces on the dog and other animals. The experiments, cruel as they may appear at first sight, are made in the interest of humanity, and M. Pasteur is careful not to inflict needless suffering on the dumb creatures which he subjects to the operation. After many experiments, which may be passed over in silence, he hit upon the expedient of inoculating the brain of a dog with the virus of rabies. The animal selected is fastened to a frame as shown in our illustration, and rendered insensible by means of chloroform. The process of removing a small portion of the skull, and introducing the virus into the brain, is performed without pain to the victim. By this method of inoculation the operation of the virus is hastened. Instead of in two or three weeks, the effects appear within a few days. M. Pasteur not only gained time by this process, but was rewarded by the discovery that rabies is a malady of the brain.

It is interesting, in a certain sense, to accompany M. Pasteur through the rooms where these experiments are carried on; but it requires a good deal of nerve to watch the animals as the stage of rabies approaches. They are confined in cages with strong iron bars, for the security of those who are in charge, and who have the task of feeding the animals. A sliding-door is drawn up just enough to admit a dish containing the food, which is pushed along the floor of the cage by means of a stick. The artist and M. Pasteur stopped before a cage in which a dog had sprung up in fury at being thus disturbed by a keeper. "He will die to-morrow," was the calm remark of the savant as he passed on to observe other victims.

In the course of his experiments M. Pasteur made the important discovery to which we have alluded. Starting from the idea that the virus of an infectious disease on its passage through different species of animals is subject to alteration of its virulence, M. Pasteur inoculated monkeys with the virus taken from a dog affected with rabies, and found that the poison, after having passed in succession through three monkeys, became so attenuated that its inoculation into a dog is harmless, while a dog so inoculated is rendered proof against the original disease. But, on the other hand, the virus of rabies on its passage through the rabbit and guinea-pig increases in virulence, its intensity becoming even greater than that of the virus taken from a dog rabid in the usual way. The maximum increase in intensity is not, however, attained until several transmissions through the rabbit or guinea-pig.

The French government has appointed a commission of scientific men of indisputable authority to assist and check these interesting experiments, the names of Villemin, Vulpian, Bert, and Bouley lending no small weight to the prospective results of the inquiry. The test experiments proposed by M. Pasteur consist (1) in causing twenty unprotected dogs and twenty "vaccinated" dogs (presumably protected thereby from the poison) to be bitten by dogs in a rabid state, and (2) in artificially inoculating with the virus of rabies two other sets of twenty dogs, respectively vaccinated and unvaccinated. "The twenty vaccinated dogs," says M. Pasteur, "will resist the poison, and the other twenty will all die of madness." The result of these trials can hardly fail to be largely decisive of the question one way or the other, and will be an unequivocal illustration of the value of experimental pathology.

OUR NATIONAL LIBRARY.

The Congressional Library at Washington has grown by constant additions until it is now one of the chief libraries of the world. It numbers more than 500,000 volumes. Its pamphlets are over 170,000. It possesses a fine collection of engravings illustrative of history and art, early and valuable manuscripts, a great collection of music, early and rare editions of authors, and a varied store of treasures invaluable to the artist and the student. In American history it is unrivalled. Here it must ever be the chief resource of those who delight in tracing the story of the New World and its freedom, who would study the rise of the new States and cities of the West, or the long series of progressive movements that gave to the Atlantic shore a government untrammelled by European control.

Yet, strangely enough, this great library is almost inaccessible to the student and the reader. It has long outgrown the rooms provided for it in the Capitol. Its valuable books, manuscripts, and pictures are heaped up in confused masses, piled upon shelves, crowded in cells and closets, where the most practised librarian would be unable to find the book required. It is a strange sight to wander amidst these neglected treasures. They lie half buried in the vaults of the Capitol, mouldering away, useless to the present age, and apparently lost to the future. Yet they are constantly and steadily increasing. Every year the copyright law adds a great number of new publications, and exchanges, gifts, and legacies enlarge the literary store. It will not be long before the library numbers a million volumes. The National Library of Paris has about two millions; the British Museum, a million and a half. The American library within twenty years will not be far behind its European rivals. It may be made at last to surpass them in the generous labor of diffusing knowledge.

For several years a project has been before Congress for providing a proper building for its library. The bill has recently passed the Senate, and is now before the House. It proposes to erect on Capitol Hill a national library. The building is to be plain, simple, yet provided with all the latest conveniences for study, writing, and research. It would be a graceful act on the part of the Democratic House to join the Republican Senate in conferring this important intellectual gift on the country and the world; it is a subject that rises above party, tends to soften political violence, and make the nation one. Our institutions are founded upon the general diffusion of knowledge—a mental equality for which Jefferson labored and Lincoln died. Without knowledge, freedom must perish, and all its splendid realities and anticipations fade like a baseless vision.

The advantages of a national library are various and of lasting importance. To the mechanic or the farmer it offers the latest results in his own pursuit; to the inventor and the civil engineer, every new fact. It is the only resource of the historian, the second home of the general reader. The finest sight in London, next to its public schools, is the reading room of the British Museum, filled with industrious workers in every branch of letters and science, and supplied liberally with almost all that the intellect has produced. When we have as complete libraries as those of Europe, we shall no longer look to England or Germany or France for our literature; it will spring up among us on the declivities of the Rocky Mountains, and along the Atlantic shore. As yet we have no large public library. The library of Congress is the only one that approaches in size the European collections. It is the germ from which the American library of the future must spring. It is proposed to provide in the new building for a collection of more than three million volumes.

In the fairest quarter of our beautiful capital, high up on the hill that was chosen as the seat of the national legislature, will arise, should the present Congress consent, the finest library of the New World. Washington is a city of parks and gardens, flowers and fountains, already one of the most attractive cities in the month of May, as fair and bright as the Bagdad or Damascus of the Arabian tale. The new library will be surrounded by trees and flowers. The building suggested will be large, convenient, and substantial. In the centre will open a reading-room one hundred feet in diameter, provided with all the best means of heating and ventilation; around it are ranged the shelves and alcoves for the storing of its millions of books. It will be the library of the future. Here generations of scholars will come to use its literary treasures, no longer scattered and lost in the vaults of the Capitol; and American literature must receive a new impulse, and American thought be enlarged and strengthened. It seems time that we should no longer depend upon Europe for our books or our ideas. We have lived too long in a mental vassalage. An American library will help to set us free.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

TOILERS OF THE PLAINS.

The noble red man never debases himself, when in a wild and independent state, to the performance of any drudgery. War and the chase absorb all his energies, and all the field-work, whatever there is of it to be done, is relegated to the squaws. In Mr. Farny's picture on page 401 we are shown several of these poor creatures, who have been searching the almost treeless plains for fire-wood with which to cook food for their lazy masters.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Wherever the iron horse goes, there does the tramp go also. He goes not in the company's *buffet* cars, but step by step from one tie to another. He is not in a hurry, and does not desire to take long strides, so he finds this mode of progression to his taste. Starting from the Rio Grande, he has already walked on the ties into the city of Mexico. The men from the States know him; but when he accosts them with, "Say, boss, will ye give a poor unfort'nate feller—" they shake their heads solemnly, and mutter, "*No intiendo*," and the tramp is puzzled.

An English gentleman living near the Thames has imported from Venice a gondola and a gondolier, both genuine. It is said that the smells at low water prevent the skilled Venetian paddler from being homesick.

As it now stands, General Butler has a majority of the Presidential nominations actually made. There are indications, however, that in the end he will come out with a mere plurality of nominations, which doesn't elect in this country.

Among the first things to impress the distinguished stranger from abroad when he lands in New York are the policemen. Variegated with blue and brass, they are conspicuous figures on the edge of the new country. When the Siamese Embassy arrived, not long ago, the wondering Orientals were puzzled to decide which individual in the array of policemen that welcomed them was the ruler of the land. The other day, when the ex-President of Venezuela arrived, two policemen were punching the tolerable populace around with so much disdain that the distinguished visitor lifted his Panama hat to them and extended his hand, mistaking them for a brace of mayors, or something of the sort.

A playful person of the name of Tommie Pursley, a resident of Georgia, pointed a pistol at his companion. Tommie did not follow his friend to the grave, on the third day thereafter, drooling and sighing and declaring that he did not know it was loaded. His failure to do this was a result of the merest accident. Tommie's friend happened to grasp the barrel of the weapon, and when it was discharged the muzzle was pointed toward Tommie's abdomen.

Seven million dollars is the sum Representative Ochiltree desires the government to set aside for the improvement of Galveston Harbor, and a quarter of a million is the amount Congress seems willing to appropriate. In view of this disparity, Mr. Ochiltree observed in the House the other day that Texas had been treated to a tropical fertility of promise and a Sahara-like sterility of performance.

While yet his honey-moon is young, Oscar Wilde declares that as Lord Beaconsfield taught the peers of England a new style of oratory, so he will "set an example of the pervading influence of art in matrimony." He will know more about the relations of art to matrimony after Mrs. Wilde shall have acquired dexterity in bartering his Sunday knickerbockers for storks in plaster of Paris bas-relief brought around by rag men.

A writer in England says that the number of country houses where lawn tennis is played on Sunday afternoons is large, and is growing larger. He tells of a house that could not be let last season because the owner wished to make it a condition of the lease that the tennis courts should not be used on Sundays. Even billiards are played on Sundays, he says, and almost everything except card games. But notwithstanding this relaxation of the rules of Sunday observance, it would be regarded as something unpardonable not to appear in a black coat on Sunday morning.

Coaching parties from which the tyrant man is excluded promise to become mildly popular among the ladies. The first of the season was given in retaliation for a party which was enjoyed by none but men, and it was tedious in so inconsiderable a degree that others of the same sort were talked of. Of course the ladies do not hold the reins and wind the horn, but maybe they will do the former in the course of a few seasons, when the present "horsy" tendency in fashionable life shall have borne fruits.

The financial failure of an alderman of London is announced. In this city insolvent members are kept out of the board by electing none whose bar-rooms are not well established.

The south shore of Long Island has produced the most ingenious fisherman of the age. He has devised a contrivance which enables him to stand on the beach and hook cod-fish far out beyond the breakers. To a big kite he attaches his fish-line and several baited hooks, and lets it sail out over the water. A sixteen-pound cod-fish was his first catch.

Keepers of summer boarding-houses here in the New World are more generally enterprising as advertisers than those who follow the same calling in Europe, though Europeans have reached the highest degrees of individual eminence. Thus a landlady of England announces in the Islington *Gazette* that she has accommodations in her farm-house at Hughenden for summer boarders, in "a healthy, pleasant spot near Lord Beaconsfield's tomb."

An excursion on a more extended scale even than that in honor of the Northern Pacific Railroad's opening has been planned by the Society of Commercial Exploration in Africa. It is to embrace the circumnavigation of the African continent. The excursionists will start about September 1 from Genoa, and will go to Algiers, Tangier, the Congo country, the Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Madagascar, Zanzibar, Aden, Suez, Alexandria, Tunis, and back to Genoa, arriving about Christmas-time. The steam-ship will traverse a distance of about fifteen thousand miles, making a stay of from one to eight days at the various ports. It is believed that substantial advantages will result from the opportunities of the tourists to become acquainted with the commercial needs of the regions visited.

PLUMED CROW.

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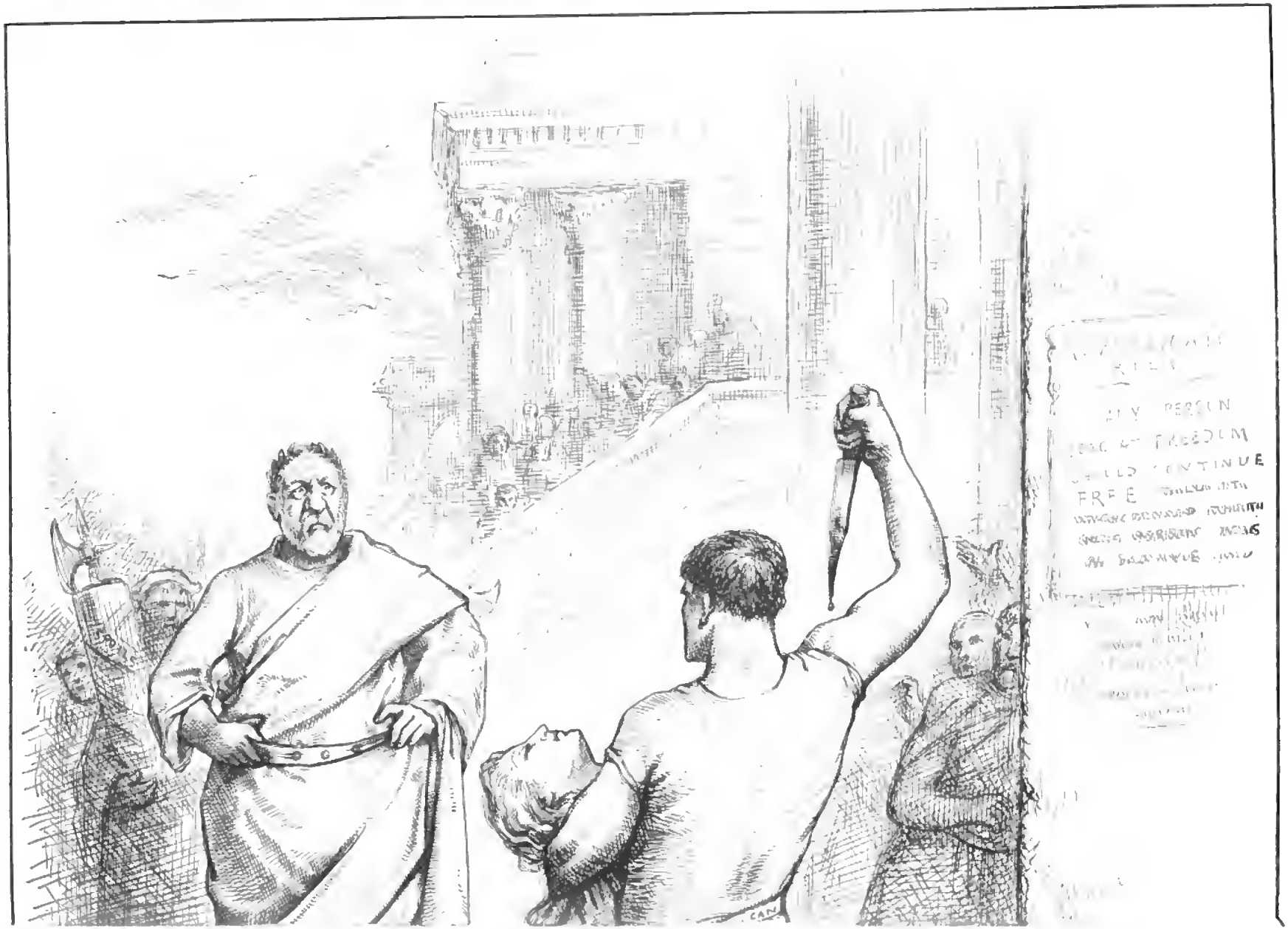
DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR.

Virginius. "On thee and on thy head be this blood!"


ANY PERSON
FREEDOM
CONTINUE
FREE

SO ENGLISH.

THE breakfast-room door opened, and Mr. Edward Tymphins came in. He stood on the rug, and blinked his eyes. The morning sun was pouring through the bay-window, every shade being pulled up out of sight. It warmed the dark hair of a pretty girl sitting at the table; it danced about the silver and china; it struck Mr. Tymphins full in the face, and that was why he blinked his eyes—an unbeautiful motion, of which, unless taken unawares, he could never have been guilty.

Mr. Tymphins had walked from his bachelor apartment, across the Boston Common and Gardens, to his father's house on the Back Bay. His fair cheeks were pulled, his thin nose and his eyelids were somewhat red. But these traces of a struggle against that scourge of human vanity, a raw wind, were also tokens of his natural superiority; they gave color to an unimpeachable if chilly gentility. He shaded his eyes with the hand which was not in his trousers pocket—a refined hand with wonderful finger-nails.

"How d'ye do, Neddie?"

The pretty girl's light staccato was more of a challenge than a greeting.

"Such a beastly glare, Dora! An odious American breakfast, as usual. I wish you would stop calling me Neddie; it suggests a donkey."

He had crossed the room, and was lowering the shades, taking much pains to adjust them evenly. There was some irritation in his low-pitched voice, but, considering the number and frightful nature of his grievances, it chiefly suggested a magnificent self-control.

"I wish, Neddie, you would spare your comments on our domestic affairs. As to your comparison, I never thought of you and that sweet-tempered beast together, but since you—"

"Stop, Dora," Mr. Tymphins interrupted, not impetuously, but with cold disapproval. "That's not clever; it's only flippant. As American products, however, flippant women have a reputation. How are you, Vernon? I hadn't seen you before."

"Jack's such an inconspicuous object," said Dora, diverted from the attack upon herself, but pigeon-holing it for retaliation when convenient. She looked with frank adoration at a man standing with his back to the fire holding a coffee-cup to his mouth. He was the sort of man who, beside Mr. Tymphins, looked brutally strong. He put his cup in the saucer, returned Dora's glance with interest, and said, with the air of one absorbed in pleasanter things: "How are you, Ned? A sharp morning."

Mr. Tymphins felt suddenly that his sister and her lover had managed to envelop themselves in an atmosphere of perfection which was at once ridiculous and indelicate. The only possible protest against the situation was an interruption. Taking a letter from his inner breast pocket, he opened it, questioning:

"I suppose mother is not down yet?"

"Correct, Neddie, neither is she up."

Mr. Tymphins had no time to object to his sister's phraseology, for, catching sight of the open letter, she went on, hastily: "Why, what's the matter? I had flattered myself that this early visit was a spontaneous outburst of affection. But, no! You're all in a flutter. Plainly, Neddie, what do you want?"

Mr. Tymphins stroked his slim side-whiskers, and nervously replied: "I wanted to tell you, Dora, that I have a letter from Lady Euphrosyne Temple. You remember her?"

"No, I don't," she exclaimed, angrily. Then dropping into melancholy, "Are you going so soon, Jack?"

Vernon was moving toward the door. His temper was hot. Since Mr. Tymphins blinked his eyes on the threshold it had been rising steadily. He now felt the embarrassment of a man convicted of foolish irritability, and wanted to get away. When he had gone, Dora turned to Mr. Tymphins with a look of uncompromising hostility. Not in the least discomposed, he took up his subject:

"About Lady Euphrosyne. You don't remember her. No matter. Perhaps you will later, if you try. She's in New York, alone—with her maid, that is. She has asked me to engage rooms for her, and to meet her at the Boston and Albany at eleven. I thought—"

"I know. You want us to ask her here; but we won't. I haven't time. Besides—" She paused long enough to become vehemently curious. "What in the world is she doing in America, anyway? What would you say if I were to fly off to England with *twenty* maids, and write to all the young men I had ever heard of to engage rooms for me?"

"The image of yourself and twenty maids on the wing is too tremendous. I must beg time to consider. Lady Euphrosyne has been ordered to America by her physicians. She has been depressed since the death of her father and brother. They were killed in a railway accident about a year ago, as you probably don't remember. They were very kind to me over there. She was seventeen then; about twenty-two now. I hardly saw her, but I recall her perfectly. She promised to be a beauty on a generous scale. I feel very deeply [illegible] genuine English sincerity. Nothing could be [illegible] touching than her graceful way of throwing herself on my—on my chivalry. In short, I wanted you to behave decently, to drive to the station with me, and ask her here. But since you choose to act like a cross child, I'll see mother about it."

He touched a bell. Dora stood thrumming on the window-pane. She was deeply incensed against Mr. Tymphins for having annoyed her beloved Jack, and was vowing not to go near Lady Euph[illegible] should she stay in Boston forever. At [illegible]is crisis a maid came in.

"Miss Dora, if you please, it's Lady—Lady—I couldn't catch it."

"What! Where is she, Bella? Is she alone?"

Mr. Tymphins had vanished, and Dora was following him as she questioned.

"Yes, miss. She wanted to come right in here, but I wouldn't let her."

On the threshold Dora stood still, for a strange voice struck her ears. It was saying, with amazing rapidity, but so distinctly that not a syllable was lost:

"They say, Mr. Tymphins, it is the unexpected that always happens. Not so, unless by arrangement. I adore the fulfillment of prophecy, so I arrange the unexpected. I came a train ahead of time. I found the address—Mr. Edward Tymphins. There were two of them. I tried this first, and here you are. So charming!"

The curtains between the principal hall and that leading to the breakfast-room parted, and Lady Euphrosyne loomed in the distance, Mr. Tymphins beside her, in the proportion of a tug to a man-of-war. "On a generous scale" truly, and her very light travelling dress displayed the generosity lavishly. That much, and a small, shapeless felt hat tilted to the eyes, Dora saw, and seeing, a tranquil joy filled her soul. Vengeance was hers. They were in the room.

"Dora," Mr. Tymphins began, with a tremor and downcast eyes, "this is Lady Temple. So kind in her to drop in on us informally."

The women's eyes met, and measured each other. Dora smiled sweetly, but not before she had been blinded by the flashing of white teeth and brilliant brown eyes, the dimpling of a round, rosy face, and an expression of illimitable, patronizing good-humor. Dora held out her hand.

"I am very glad that Lady—"

"No, no; I protest." Dora's hand was clasped heartily between two loose, rough gloves. "Not Lady, my dear, I beg. In Japan I am a Japanese; I have my hair skewered, and I sit up against a tea box, in the most impossible clothes and position, with a fan and chopsticks. Adaptability is the aim of my life. In America I am an American; I am Miss Temple. Unless it would be more in keeping with the true genius of the people to call me Lady Euphrosyne. That would be too blissful. No, you will call it *Euphrosine!*"

Mr. Tymphins had retreated to the hearth. Dora knew that he was standing alternately on the right foot, on the left foot, on both feet, but finding no comfort in experiment. Her face was now as good-tempered as Lady Euphrosyne's, and her urbanity matched the other's patronage.

"We call it Euphrosyne, when we call it at all. I will call it anything that you like, but you must let me add, 'the British pronunciation, by request.'"

Lady Euphrosyne dropped her hand, and sank into the easy-chair which Mr. Tymphins had placed for her. In response to her laugh, the glass on the table tinkled, and the window-panes shivered musically.

"Now that's American humor, dear, adorable, inscrutable American humor. What luck to have met it on the very outside edge of this weird nation!"

Dora gave some orders to a servant. Mr. Tymphins murmured decorous nothings about the ocean voyage and the weather. Lady Euphrosyne paid no heed. She was staring at Dora's graceful back. As Dora took a chair facing her, she burst out:

"An American girl. Beautiful; there I am not disappointed. But not national, not exactly aboriginal; that I regret."

"I'm sorry," said Dora. "Aboriginal beauty confines itself to the woods."

"To be sure. We will seek it out there some day, and find it robed in wampum. I don't quite understand that peculiar fabric, but I dare say I shall when I see it. You are distinctly Greek. In a chiton and sandals you might be Aspasia. Now I have sat on a rocky brow, in a chiton and sandals, and looked o'er sea-born Salamis, but I assure you it was a failure. My physique would not adapt itself. I fear there's nothing of the Athenian in me but the craving to hear and see new things. Sometimes, you know, I feel that I am altogether English, typical. But you are so classic, so reposeful, and so profound—of course, being a Bostonian, so profound. Some day we will have little cosy chats about the scientific and philosophical swells, and the Confucian system, whatever in the world that is. But now, if you don't mind, I'm very hungry."

She turned to the breakfast, which had just been brought in, and at once attacked it. Mr. Tymphins was disturbed, doubtful, and, above all, [illegible]oyed. He could [illegible] det[illegible] any plan of action. He must have time for meditation, he almost asked prayer. She was so much the person who had come to stay that apparently Dora thought an invitation superfluous. He too assumed it.

"Where is your luggage, Lady Euphrosyne?"

She threw up her hands.

"Grimshaw and the luggage! I forgot all about them. I left her at the station, and said I would go back for her. She is doubtless surrounded by an inquisition mob, but I cautioned her to be dumb, and to hold the checks. The great thing, as I understand it, is to hold the checks. Am I right? Am I wrong?"

"Partly both. I will drive round there and look after them."

"You will do it yourself? Delightful! At home we would have sent one of our people. But this is republican simplicity."

She bit a piece of toast meditatively. Mr. Tymphins blushed pink, and Dora snickered. Lady Euphrosyne had nibbled another idea out of the toast.

"It's almost eleven o'clock. Why, pray, Mr. Tymphins, are you not at business? I have always understood that American men went to business with the lark, at crow of cock. But here, at once, I face the irreconcilable republican simplicity and American [illegible]ity. There's your papa, I dare say he's at b[illegible]."

She smiled interrogatively at Dora, who nodded.

"He is. Papa always goes off, whiz, bang, at crow of cock."

Lady Euphrosyne drew a breath of perfect content. "My ideal. I feel that we shall love one another. Run along, Mr. Tymphins. And since you're so good about doing little things yourself, would you mind getting a box at the Boston Theatre for to-night? I can not sleep until I have seen that temple of culture, the Boston Theatre. Don't forget it."

Mr. Tymphins mumbled a promise.

"You will dine with us," said Dora, "at half past six?"

"Oh yes. Is there any one else?"

"Mr. Vernon and Nellie Halliwell."

For the first time since Lady Euphrosyne's entrance Mr. Tymphins looked at his sister, and by that look laid bare the anguish of his heart. But Dora had no mercy; she went on deliberately:

"I am so glad she is coming. She shares your appreciation of the typical English, and Lady Euphrosyne says she is typical."

She was standing at the door, and the curtains closed behind Mr. Tymphins's dejected back. She ran after him, thrusting her head between the curtains. Mr. Tymphins had snatched his hat and coat, and fled. He had banged the door, and had left behind him his gloves and stick—trifling circumstances, but significant of mad disorder in that bosom where passionless order had long had its home.

Returning, Dora found Lady Euphrosyne again stretched in an easy-chair, the tips of her boots on the fender, her hands clasped behind her head and buried in her short curly hair. Her hair was a reddish-brown, and seemed to color the sunbeams playing through it rather than to receive from them any light or warmth.

"You are treating me like an old friend, quite *sans cérémonie*. That's what I like; that's what I came for. I suppose you have thought it very strange, my swooping upon you in this fashion. Well"—with a robust sigh and an attempt at lugubrious expression—"if it hadn't been for my ill health, and the fearful depression consequent upon the death of papa and Harold, poor dears, I suppose I shouldn't have swooped. Come, now; what do you think?"

Dora, struggling with a mental image of Lady Euphrosyne perfectly well and in high spirits, answered, "I don't think; I haven't had time."

Lady Euphrosyne clasped her hands about her knees. "But if I had given you time, what would you think?"

"I should think it was English, and let it alone."

Lady Euphrosyne sprang up, kissed Dora on both cheeks, and declared she had fallen upon another specimen of that excruciating American humor, that she was getting to know it at sight, and that she would soon begin practicing it herself.

Then, with her arm round Dora's waist, they went out of the room, the clarion voice ringing well ahead.

It was six o'clock, and Dora was in the drawing-room alone. Her elbows rested on her knees, her chin in her hands, and her woe-begone eyes on the fire. Mr. Vernon had to ask her twice what was the matter before she seemed to be aware of his presence.

"I'm plunged in gloom. I have always thought, Jack, that it was very nice in you to want to marry me, considering that my name is Tymphins."

The reflection was made to the andirons, preceded and succeeded by a despairing sigh.

"More than nice," he answered, gravely—"noble. A philanthropic scheme to induce you to change it."

She dashed at a fallen log with the tongs. "But I'm a very nice girl, if I am an American, and no Tymphins at all. I'm a great deal nicer than *she*."

Vernon sat down. "That's the milk in the cocoa-nut. What's the matter with her?"

Dora put aside the tongs and brightened visibly. "You've heard. Who told you?"

"The stately Edward asked me to lunch. He was humble and conciliatory. He mentioned casually that Lady Euphrosyne had come, and that she was a fine woman, so thoroughly English. I'm not too quick, but I made up my mind that there was something—to draw it mild—something unexpected about Lady Euphrosyne. What's she like?"

"Like, Jack!" The tone assured Vernon that the vials of his sweetheart's wrath were about to be emptied. He settled his neck on the cushion behind it and waited. Dora leaned forward, lowering her voice. "She's not like anything that any h[illegible] being—"

A warning cough came down the room, followed elegantly by Mr. Tymphins. Vernon looked disappointed and aggrieved. Dora sprang up.

"We were talking about Lady Euphrosyne. I don't care if she is our guest; she was not asked. I don't care if [illegible]'s listening behind the portière, which I dare say she is. As a crude provincial—quoted from you, Edward—I must be forgiven ignorance of the habits of English ladies. 'A fine woman'—quoted again, Edward—ridiculous, I call it. And as for her tongue, it's infinite. I haven't been able to get in a word. There's mamma—every one knows that mamma is amiability itself; but after one hour of your 'fine woman' she sent her away, and positively refuses to be left alone with her."

Dora's torrent of language was stayed by the appearance of her father and mother, with their guest, Miss Halliwell. In a few minutes they went down to a dinner which was short but successful. Mr. Tymphins's sparkling talk suggested to Vernon the intellectual gymnastics in which criminals have been observed to indulge on the way to the gallows, the reckless brilliancy imputed to cavaliers when the plague was at the door. Lady Euphrosyne was alluded to in connection with a headache and weariness, but when they went back to the drawing-room, she was there. Most of the light in the room radiated from her. She was a vision of splendor—a yellow satin splendor. A necklace of rubies and diamonds blazed at her throat, and above it rose her close-cropped, shining head. She presented a study from life, calculated to shake Boston to its centre. She was drawing on her left glove.

"You see I am here, Mrs. Tymphins. I have spent an hour very profitably contemplating Grimshawe, my standard, doing a little mental adjusting. Now I can go on, on a basis, as it were. This is Miss Halliwell, I am sure."

Mrs. Tymphins presented the slim, precise, grave-eyed young lady.

Lady Euphrosyne showered smiles, and grasped Miss Halliwell's cold little hand. "So pleased to meet you! That's the correct American phrase."

"It may be. I have never heard it."

Miss Halliwell's subdued tone did not express anything; neither, for that matter, did her face. But there were worlds of meaning in the instant withdrawal of her hand and retreat to a sofa in a remote corner.

Lady Euphrosyne shook her head and showed her small glittering teeth. It was as if she had said, "You insignificant icicle! do you imagine you can snub me?" She turned her back to Miss Halliwell. "Perhaps I'm wrong. I haven't studied America. I pick up things here and there, and put them together my own way. At home I never pay any attention to foreigners. Give me, I say, an animal in his native haunts, if you want the truth; abroad he is [illegible]. Influence of the mass on the individual, and all that sort of thing, you know. As for literature, I have no use for it, except literature of the past, personal observation being out of the question, you see. Sometimes, on the first waves of an unknown sea, I look through an accepted author for hints. I confess I did run over some things on America by an American author whom we have taken up somewhat at home, but he has misled me. He is so transparent I could not have misunderstood. There's Mr. Tymphins—Tymphins junior. How d'ye do?"

She waved her hand at Mr. Tymphins, who had been lurking in the hall, gathering himself together for an ordeal. He smiled quite successfully, and said he was well, and hoped Lady Euphrosyne was feeling rested enough for the theatre. She received his polite phrases in her usual way; that is, she appeared not to have heard them.

"So you had an encounter with Grimshawe at the station. She told me how, literally obeying me—faithful creature!—she wouldn't give up the checks or answer your questions. Then she called on the police for protection, and came up with a policeman on the box. Was it not droll? I appeal to you all, was it not droll?"

Appreciation of drollery somewhere was attested by shouts of laughter from Mr. and Mrs. Tymphins in the middle of the room, from Dora and Vernon standing half hidden by the window curtains. But Miss Halliwell would not laugh, and "Tymphins junior" would not. That dismally ludicrous scene at the station had made an epoch in his life too sad for words to touch, no matter how gentle. He murmured that he had obtained the luggage on his personal assurance that the checks would be returned. He had written a note to Dora, who, he supposed, had explained.

Dinner had revived Dora's spirits. She was enjoying Miss Halliwell's horror and her brother's discomfiture. She came forward with Vernon, and presented him. Lady Euphrosyne nodded, beamed, clasped his hand, and held it.

"You are like me," she exclaimed.

Vernon laughed in her eyes. "Impossible. You flatter me."

"Yes," cried Lady Euphrosyne, "you are like me—typical. Besides, you are American bone and sinew—brawn, I may say."

Vernon laughed, and she dropped his hand. He was sorry, for her hand was superb, though the rings did hurt.

"Am I?" he asked, apologetically. "What is it? If you like it, I'm proud to be it."

Dora and Miss Halliwell exchanged glances, Miss Halliwell's eyes being nicely charged with sympathy for Dora—for all the Tymphinses. Lady Euphrosyne had now lowered her voice, and had her lips so close to Vernon's ear that without exaggeration she might be said to be whispering to him. The others made attempts at agreeable conversation—futile, since every ear was strained for "her next."

It came very soon.

"Listen. I have made such a frightful blunder. I knew, of course, Dora, that you and Mr. Vernon are engaged. Oh, I had been watching. Nothing escapes me when I'm on the war-path, or the trail. Which do you say? Naturally I haven't mastered strictly aboriginal idioms. So I asked him at once how many more men you were engaged to, and whether he would consult a divorce agent after he bought the marriage license—asked him seriously, I assure you."

Vernon put his hands in his pockets and sauntered over to Dora. Lady Euphrosyne pulled on the right-hand glove. Everybody else felt embarrassed. She went on, soberly:

"And I've considered the marriage question all round. Equality in marriage doesn't seem right. One should give what the other lacks. Now I've had an idea that I ought to wed a simple republican."

She took a step toward Mr. Tymphins, who involuntarily shivered and took a step back. She arrested him with her arm on his shoulders. "Don't be afraid. You're not a republican, and you[illegible] not simple. Otherwise I might, you know, and call you my little Tim."

She looked at him with comic sentimentality. There was another explosion of laughter, and Mr. Tymphins wriggled away from her splendid arm.

as if "about his neck a green and gilded snake had wreathed itself." The carriage was announced, and Lady Euphrosyne bore down on Mr and Mrs. Tympkins. Suddenly Tympkins junior turned to Vernon:

"For Heaven's sake, come and help me out!"

Vernon looked at Dora. There was a silence, during which Lady Euphrosyne was heard declaring that she would pay any money to see a good show, which she believed to be the epigrammatic American expression of the nation's fundamental principle. Moreover, that she hardly knew how she would go over America with five thousand pounds, which was all her solicitor would agree to place to her credit, though she had assured the odious man that it was a mere *pourboire*.

"Don't let me keep you," said Dora, savagely, in answer to Vernon's look. He bowed. "Then I'll go." She took his arm.

"I'll go too. People shall see that at least she's respectable. Nellie, I know you well enough to ask a favor. Let us all go to the theatre."

This was Miss Halliwell's moment. She rose, and with a wintry smile said: "Dear, you must excuse me. I am promised at the Gileses' reception. And I was just making up my mind to say good-by. Now I must go."

She went, and as Mr Tympkins handed her into her carriage he made no sign of suffering. Nevertheless there was anguish for him in the sight of Miss Halliwell whirling away to the Gileses' reception, her tongue fired with the best thing of the season—the Tympkinses and then Lady Euphrosyne.

The theatre was crowded with an ultra-fashionable audience. The attraction was a handsome young Englishman, whose distinguished manner of touching a bell to call a servant was declared the most distracting imitation of a gentleman ever offered to a society abandoned to discernment of fine points.

Lady Euphrosyne took the front seat, facing the stage. Dora hesitated, then sat down opposite. Vernon placed himself in full view behind her, but Mr Tympkins modestly shrank behind the curtains. Mr. Tympkins was alarmingly agitated. His cheeks were scarlet, his brow was moist; when forced to speak, he muttered so huskily that Lady Euphrosyne conjured him frequently to speak up and not be afraid. She leaned over the cushions and, commenting volubly, swept the house with her glass—a scrutiny which the house was not slow to return. When the *jeune premier* lounged in sight she applauded, sank back in her chair, and absorbed herself in him. While he was on the stage—and he held it through four acts—she behaved with absolute propriety. Between acts she was frolicsome, but in the general clatter of tongues that could be borne.

It was toward the close of the fifth act that Mr Leopold Langdon achieved his unapproachable bell touch. The silver note rang through the house. Serene security was stealing over Mr Tympkins, for the end was at hand, and nothing too outrageous for explanation had happened. Mr Leopold Langdon, posed with inimitable negligence in a luxurious chair, kept one haughty eye on the approaching footman, one genial eye on the enthusiastic audience. Lady Euphrosyne rose, leaned half out of the box, and flung her bunch of Jacqueminots with as strong an arm and sure an aim that it fell fair on the crossed knees of Mr Leopold Langdon.

He rose, looked straight at Lady Euphrosyne, and bowed. She nodded back; she smiled, and melted. Then she said to Dora: "I've had enough. Let's go."

Dora looked at her fiercely. "I will stay till the end. Every one is talking about us now. I will stay."

Lady Euphrosyne laughed most amiably. "Very well, my pretty pepper-box, as you please."

She sat down on the sofa in the background and relapsed into satisfactory silence. She said "Ta ta" to Mr Tympkins's formal "good night" at the theatre door. Driving home, she uttered only two or three monosyllables, and neither Vernon nor Dora felt obliged to draw her out. Vernon went in with them, and Lady Euphrosyne, after kissing Dora and assuring Vernon that he was the sort of man with whom she was thoroughly *en rapport*, bade them "good night."

Vernon was going away, when he said, impressively: "I shan't see you till to-morrow evening. But don't go out alone with that woman. I'm three-quarters ashamed to speak of it, but a man can't help seeing things. I had to hold that bouquet, and there was something white fastened in the middle." Then he bolted, leaving Dora a prey to awful speculation.

"Where is she? Has she spent the day with you? Has she taken a notion to stay in your rooms and do a little mental adjusting? I believe she has. I believe you have the effrontery to come here and tell me that it's her English way, which I'm too provincial to understand."

Dora poured this torrent of question and accusation upon her brother as he came into the drawing-room about half past eight the next evening. He came in timorously; he cast hurried glances right and left, as if he feared a lurking assassin in the perfectly familiar room. As Dora addressed him, more expressions flitted over his face than he would voluntarily have allowed himself in a year.

"On my word, Dora, I haven't seen her since last night," he stammered. "I don't know what you mean."

"You don't," searching his soul with dilated eyes. "Then it's Jack!" The words rang through the room, a cry of denunciatory wrath. "I might have known. It was just as plain—just as plain as her impudence, that she meant to lay siege to Jack! Oh! oh! oh! what shall I do?"

She held out her hands to Mr Tympkins. In swift appreciation and sympathy he put his arm round her. He silently allied with her against Lady Euphrosyne and Jack. The understanding was complete.

"Tell me all about it, dear, dear Dora."

Dora put her head on his shoulder, choked and sobbed, and finally found words.

"Neddie, she went out before breakfast this morning. She left word with that insufferable Grimshaw that she meant to see the town alone; she wished to be thoroughly American, independent, and a lot more rubbish. I was so glad! I only hoped she would fall into the Frog pond and perish. I hope she has; but no—I know it's Jack." Here Dora sobbed and choked again, and was not soothed until Mr Tympkins had muttered "Outrageous!" "Infamous!" over and over with belligerent emphasis.

"And this whole day, Neddie, I've been besieged. There are cards for Lady Euphrosyne, invitations including Lady Euphrosyne. A score of men called, and every one of them looked as if he expected a—a circus. And last of all a note from Mrs Simonds, begging me to bring Lady Euphrosyne to the ball to-night. Already the town was talking about her beauty and her fascinations. That means, Neddie, already the town is splitting its sides over us. I saw it all. I made up my mind that when she came in I'd handle her without gloves. I'd tell her plainly that she's making a fool of herself. But she hasn't come, and Jack hasn't come."

"He has! he has!" Dora's voice had not been too sweet and low, for the interruption came from the farther end of the room. She tore herself from Mr Tympkins and stood trembling. Vernon's voice sounded nearer.

"I'm late, I know, but I've brought such good news that—"

"Then you have seen her. It was you!" Dora stood directly in front of Vernon, an image of slighted beauty bent upon vengeance. "How dare you come here and tell me? Where is she?"

Vernon took her hands. "My dear, she is—gone."

"Gone!" shouted Mr Tympkins.

"Gone!" echoed Dora, and hid her face in Vernon's coat.

Mr. Tympkins discreetly took counsel with the fire. Presently Vernon said: "The tale is short and simple. I was eating my dinner at the hotel, quietly, inoffensively, when she fell upon me. She talked for ten minutes, and I made just two ideas my own. One, that Grimshaw and the luggage are to be packed down to the hotel right off. The other, that she leaves for Chicago at midnight. She sends you this note."

Dora flew to the light. A violent shudder shook Mr. Tympkins. "By the way, Vernon"—he tried to speak naturally—"is she alone? Perhaps I'd better—"

Vernon slapped him on the back. "No need, no need. There's a man with her."

"A man!" screamed Dora, as she opened the note. "Oh, the wr-r-retch! Listen—listen to this:

"'I adore surprises. I am going to surprise you. You are charming; I adore you. That is not the surprise. You are all charming, even your worthy brother, my dear dead Harold's friend. Harold was, not to speak it profanely, a little slow, and I can not but discover resemblance in that respect between him and your truly estimable brother, to whom commend me. And Mr. Vernon, he is tremendously satisfactory. He is like me, as I say—as those giddy French say—*a type*. When I think of the American home which you two will embody, as it were, I am tempted to promise to visit you just as soon as you are settled. But for the present I must leave you. To-day I have married one who has long had my heart. He is my very soul, though the ignorant prejudice of an old society scorns him.

"'My solicitor, also my dear dead papa's most intimate friend, one, indeed, so infatuated as to declare that unless the infernal young scamp (my soul!) should leave the country, he would have him shot by special order of the Queen. I, knowing my solicitor's inflexible resolution, and her Majesty's mania for preserving the integrity of the aristocracy, bade him fly. But I followed, and we are one. I have telegraphed the marriage across. Please ask Mr Tympkins to insert it in your newspapers. He is so good about doing little things himself. Will you send Grimshaw and the luggage down to the inn? We will go home by Corea and the Himalayas. Believe that I regret those promised scientific chats and explorations among your savage tribes.

"'Ever your loving friend,

"'Euphrosyne Langdon.'"

"Langdon!" said Mr Tympkins, in a bewildered way. "That must be—"

"Of course it is," interrupted Dora, with quiet scorn. Then, looking radiantly at Vernon, "How clever you are, Jack! You said there was a note in that bouquet. Here's a postscript: 'There will be a row with Leopold's manager. But we'll slip off to-night, and arrange it all by telegraph. I hope Mr Tympkins will not grieve for me.'"

"Grieve for her!" shouted Mr Tympkins, who, as Dora read the letter, had been tossing his hat in the air, shouting hurrah, slapping Vernon on the back, and altogether conducting himself like a man with irrepressible natural impulses—"grieve for her! I have not had such an emotion of joy for ten years back. And honestly, Dora, I meant to desert you and her at Simonds's door. I meant to fly to New York—to the devil—anywhere out of sound of her voice."

Dora put her hands on his shoulders: "Down on your knees, Neddie, and thank Heaven—"

"I do," he exclaimed, fervently, "for the bird of freedom, for great and glorious American institutions, and, above all—above all, Dora—for you."

"Amen," said Vernon. "Let's go and be merry at Simonds's ball."

Annie Robertson Macfarlane.

THE PASSING OF LINCOLN.

The legions came, by chieftains urged,
Unto the bugle call;
The brain of forty empires surged
Within that spacious hall.
The band whose column mends their way
Through conflicts slow to cease,
Now gathered here once more to say
What soul should rule in peace.
Starred flags were flowing overhead
Above the fair and strong,
And portraits of the worshipped dead
Gazed through the living throng.

A rugged, tender, suff'ring face
Looked kindly over all—
He who with strong and awkward grace
First sounded Victory's call;
The chief who with stern nerve-controls
Slaved for his country's need,
The while by him three million souls
From servitude were freed;
Who, clear of head and strong of heart,
Had fought dissension down,
And, if God takes a hero's part,
Now wears a kingly crown.

Near and more near that portrait stood,
To those of thoughtful mood,
Until his shade, serene and good,
Seemed stepping from behind.
It was as if the nation cried
For help of him anon,
And once more drew him from beside
The murmuring Sangamon.
It was as if the saint and sage
Had e'en from heaven appeared,
To shield his country from the rage
Of dangers felt and feared.

And thus he, silent, seemed to speak:
"O men with power untold,
Think long to-day before you seek
A man of selfish mould!
Well was it spoke by one now laid
On Erie's restful shore,
In *Rome* the nation's choice is made,
Not 'mid this tempest-roar.
Your every step high Heaven hears:
See that 'tis straight and sure,
That no man as your chief appears
Who is not clean and pure!"

The henchmen waved their hands and cheered
The name they had been told;
A thousand glittering flags appeared,
By crafty plan unrolled,
Conspiracy with brazen face
Glared 'neath the Martyr's eyes,
A band by office-greed disgraced
Moved nearer to the prize;
And when the midnight forced belief
That guile had won the race,
To those who looked, a shade of grief
Swept o'er the Martyr's face.

And when the morning vistas rang
With victory's reckless note,
And cries of blatant bliss were flung
From many a hireling throat,
It seemed unto the thoughtful-eyed
As if the saint had gone
Once more unto his rest beside
The murmuring Sangamon,
For e'en his semblance naught could save
That brilliant scene to crown;
The demagogue's tempestuous wave
Had torn the Martyr down.

Dexter Smith.

GENERAL JAMES WATSON WEBB.

The death of General Webb, on the 7th inst., at the age of eighty-two, removes a man who in his time acted a very prominent part in American journalism and politics. The son of General Samuel B. Webb, a brave and distinguished Revolutionary soldier, his early predilections were for a military life; but after a brief career in the army, most of which was passed on the frontier in service against the Indians, he resigned his lieutenant's commission, and coming to New York, entered the ranks of journalism. In 1827 he became part proprietor and chief editor of the *Morning Courier*, and two years later combined with it the *Enquirer*, which he purchased from M. M. Noah.

At that time the press of New York was almost provincial in character. The editorials were meagre and insignificant. The news from Washington was nearly a week old when it appeared in print. Mr Webb, then a young man full of fire and enterprise, infused new life into the Sleepy Hollow journalism of the day. He organized a system of pony expresses between New York and Washington, by which he received news from the national capital twenty-four hours in advance of the mail, and made great improvements in the methods of obtaining European news from incoming ships. A swift yacht, built expressly for him by Isaac Webb, boarded ships at a distance of seventy-five or a hundred miles outside of Sandy Hook, and enabled him to procure files of newspapers and correspondence in advance of all rivals. The vigorous enterprise displayed by Mr Webb placed the *Courier and Enquirer* in the front rank of American journalism, and kept it there until the advent of steamships and the telegraph made a radical change in the whole system of collecting news. In 1861 the *Courier and Enquirer* was merged in the New York *World*, and Mr Webb retired from journalism.

In early life a Democrat, afterward an active and influential Whig, General Webb—who acquired his military title from his appointment as Brigadier-General of Militia in 1831—found it impossible to ally himself with any political organization when the Whig party became extinct. He disliked the Abolitionists, and could not see his way to joining the moderate Democrats. In 1861 he was appointed by President Lincoln Minister to Brazil, and held the post until 1869, when he left it voluntarily in consequence of a personal disagreement with the Brazilian government.

General Webb was a man of quick temper, and was often involved in serious difficulties with his contemporaries in journalism and with politicians. The most memorable of these disputes resulted in a duel, in 1842, with the Hon. Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky. The meeting took place in Delaware. General Webb was indicted for leaving the State with the intention of fighting a duel, tried, convicted, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, but was immediately pardoned by Governor Seward.

In connection with the mention of this duel we are permitted to relate some reminiscences of an old New York pressman, which have never been given to the public.

Shortly after the duel, and while still under sentence of imprisonment, General Webb sent for this gentleman, and asked him how soon a complete newspaper office, including presses and composing room, could be fitted up. "I make this inquiry," said the General, "because I understand that a movement is on foot to force me to withdraw from the *Courier and Enquirer* in consequence of my part in the duel with Marshall, and the matter may depend on the celerity with which I may be able to start a rival paper."

"Within twenty-four hours," was the prompt reply. It was satisfactory to General Webb; and as he remained on the *Courier and Enquirer* for nearly twenty years thereafter, it is to be presumed that his partners were also satisfied—that he would be a dangerous rival.

While engaged in conversation with this friend, General Webb gave him a few particulars of the duel. He had promised his wife, before setting out for the encounter, not to take the life of his rival. The General was a first-rate shot, and when he acquainted his second with his determination to fire into the ground, the latter remonstrated with him for risking his life in this manner.

"Mr Marshall," said the second, "has been practicing with a pistol for weeks, and can cut an inch ribbon at ten paces every shot."

"I don't care for that," replied the General; "the ribbon doesn't hold a pistol, which, as I know, makes all the difference in the world."

True to his promise, General Webb fired into the ground. A second round followed, and the General again threw away his shot, but was severely wounded in the knee by his antagonist, and was unable to stand. The seconds decided that the duel was closed, but Mr Marshall insisted on another round. In vain the seconds protested, until General Webb, tired of the altercation, and forgetting his promise to his wife, exclaimed, "Put me in a chair, if he wants another round, and I'll kill him!"

That ended the fighting. General Webb could probably have slain his antagonist in the first round, but contented himself with bewildering his aim by drawing his fire.

A JAPANESE SHAVE.

Of all the towns in Japan accessible to the foreigner, Kioto is by far the most interesting. There is no European quarter, and judging from the behavior of the natives, I should say that the average of Europeans finding their way thither in the course of a year is small. We did a good deal of miscellaneous shopping, and wherever we went there assembled a crowd of people of all ages and both sexes. They were very quiet, and not intentionally rude, but their capacity for a prolonged steady stare is infinite. What they say did not—at least, not immediately—suggest interchange of remark. They just stood and dumbly stared, watching every slightest motion or gesture of the strange beings who had dropped from Heaven knows where upon the streets of their city.

On the night of our arrival we went to a barber's shop for a shave, necessary after four days' travel. As our jinrickshas drew up at the barber's shop the crowd began to gather, and when it was discovered that two foreigners were actually about to be shaved, the excitement throughout the quarter deepened in intensity. The crowd blocked up the narrow street, those behind trying to see over the heads of others in front, whilst the thrice fortunate ones in the first line flattened their noses against the window, and steamed it with their breath. Inside the shop there was a reflex of the excitement. The barber himself, though pale, was collected in manner, and gave me only one gash. But his whole family were ranged in a group in the kitchen, which opened into the shop. The assistants stood around, from time to time handing necessary articles to the operator. The most hopeless case was the small boy, whose duty it was to stand by and hand paper, comb, brush, towel, or whatever might be needed by the barber. He stood at the elbow of the chair whilst I was being shaved, with his face half a foot from mine, his lips slightly parted, and a pair of great brown eyes unnaturally extended fixed on my face. I fancy he was in a condition of modified catalepsy. At any rate, he neither moved nor spoke whilst the barber rasped me, and when I vacated the chair in favor of my young friend he began afresh on him.

It was the most villainous shave I ever suffered. A dinner knife would have been for the purpose a luxurious article compared with the razor. I besought the barber to let me off, but without avail. It was the opportunity of a lifetime, and he would not limit its duration by any voluntary act. Finally, when he had done with both of us, he charged one and eightpence for his fiendish work, which seemed to us a very dear price for two such shaves.

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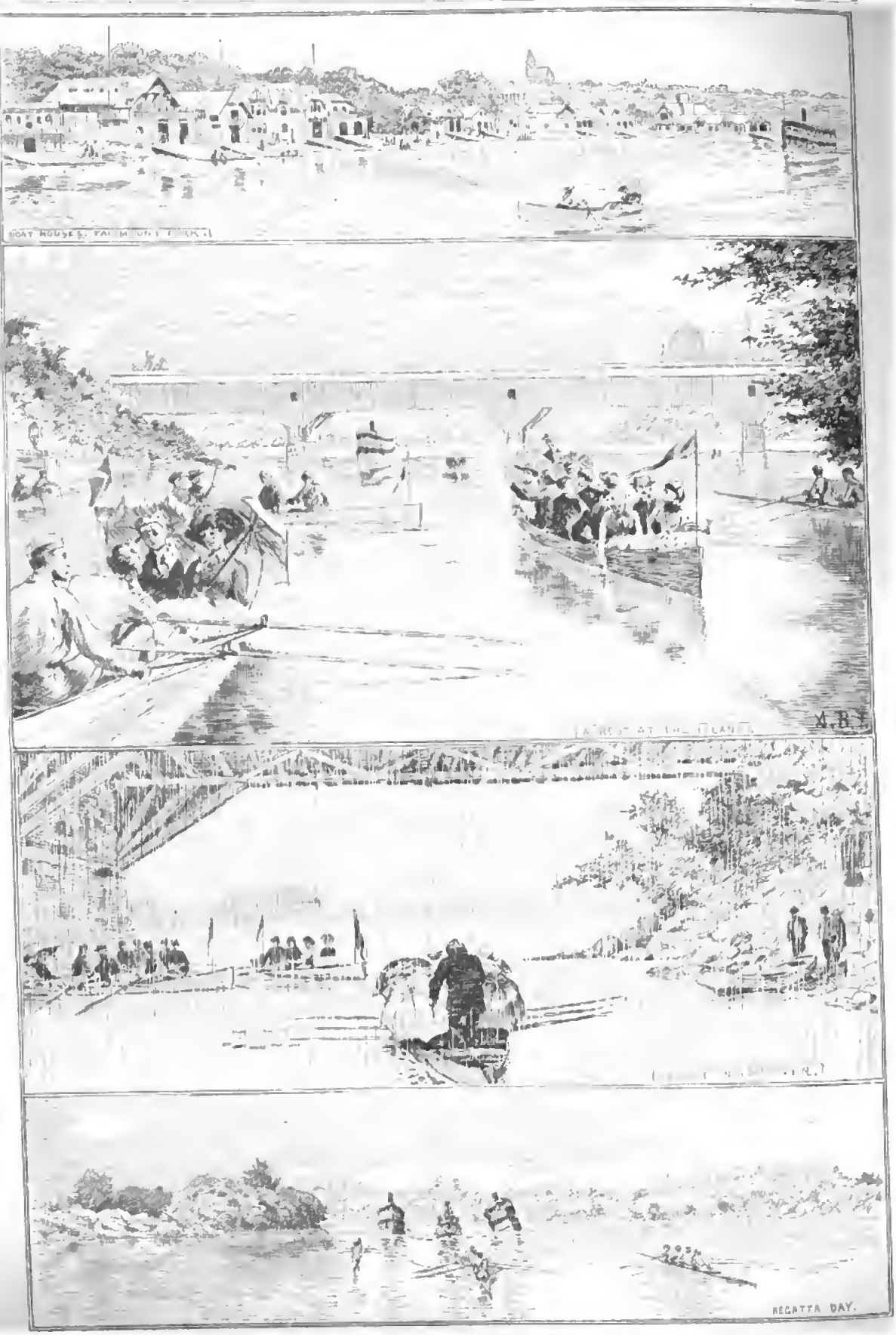
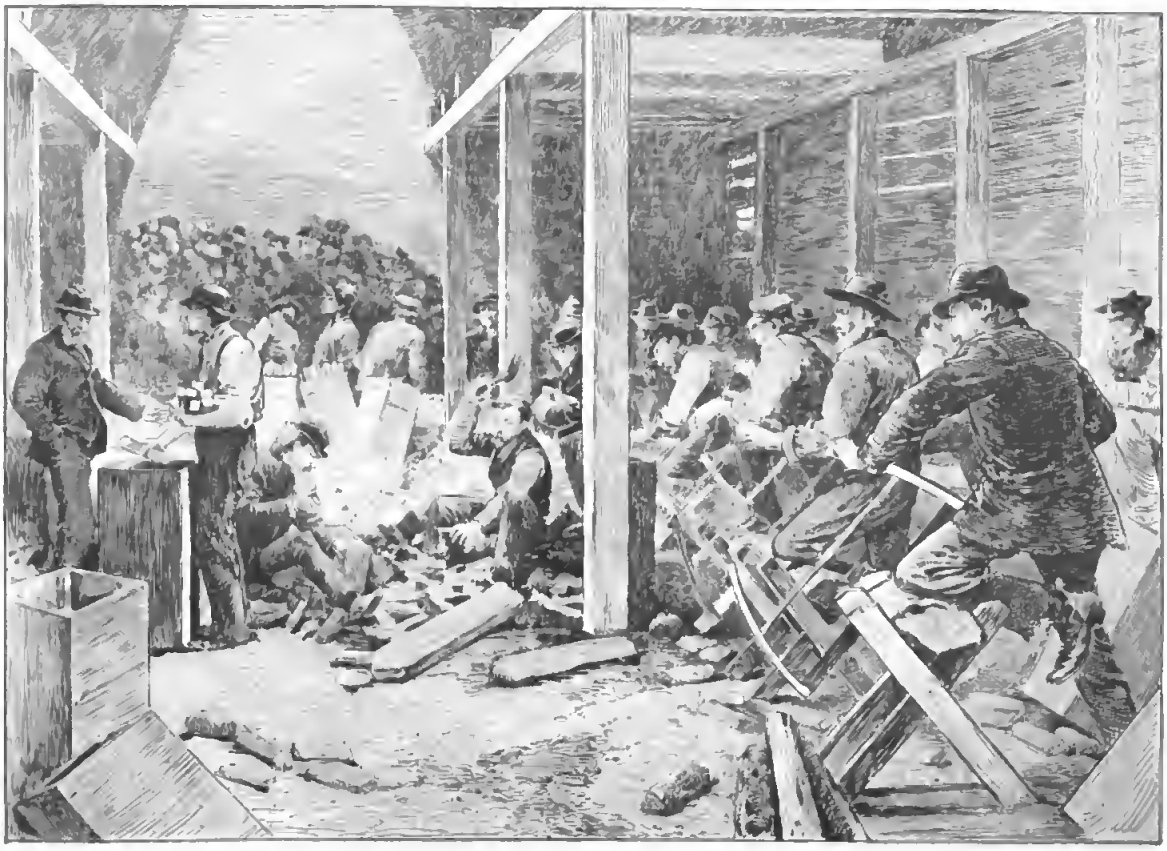


PLEASURE-BOATING ON THE SCHUYLKILL.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

THE LATE JUDGE NOAH HAYNES SWAYNE.—[See Page 403.]

THE LATE GENERAL JAMES WATSON WEBB.—Photo. by Fredericks.—[See Page 403.]



WAYFARERS' LODGE IN PHILADELPHIA—SETTING THE TRAMPS AT WORK.—From a Sketch by H. L. Brown.—[See Page 402.]

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THE LATE JUSTICE SWAYNE

Noah Haynes Swayne, ex-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, who died in this city on the 8th inst., was a native of Culpepper County, Virginia, and was nearly eighty years of age. Acquiring his early education by private study while a clerk for an apothecary in Alexandria, he prepared himself for the medical profession, but changed his intentions, and began the study of the law at Warrenton. Soon after his admission to the bar in 1824 he removed to Coshocton, Ohio. In 1829 he was elected to the Ohio Legislature, and in the following year was appointed United States District Attorney for that State. He held the latter position for nine years, during which he lived in Columbus.

In 1834 he was chosen Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, but declined to accept the office. Two years later he was again elected to the Legislature, where he took a prominent part in organizing State asylums and other institutions for the blind, the insane, and the deaf and dumb. On January 4, 1862, he was appointed by President Lincoln a Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Judge Swayne discharged his judicial duties with faithfulness and ability for nineteen years, resigning on January 25, 1881. He has since, under the general law on the subject, received a pension equal to his salary while on the bench. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Judge Swayne by Dartmouth College in 1863. Among his sons is General John Wager Swayne, a veteran of the war, who is now a well-known lawyer in New York.

SETTING THE TRAMPS AT WORK.

The highly important question of what to do with beggars and tramps has, in part at least, been answered in a practical way by the newly established charity in Philadelphia known as "The Wayfarers' Lodge." Men of these classes applying for help are given a supper consisting of bread and stewed fruit, after which they are compelled to divest themselves of their clothing, which is then subjected to a process of steaming, by means of which any impurities are thoroughly destroyed. While this is going on, the men are required to take a bath, after which they are furnished with a clean night dress, and sent off to bed. In the morning they are given a breakfast of the same fare as the supper, and immediately afterward are sent into the yard to saw and chop wood as an equivalent for the food and lodging they have received. This is the test point where the pure grain is easily sifted from the chaff. For those who are found deserving, situations are procured as rapidly as possible, while the others are marched off at double-quick to the House of Correction.

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—[*Adv.*]

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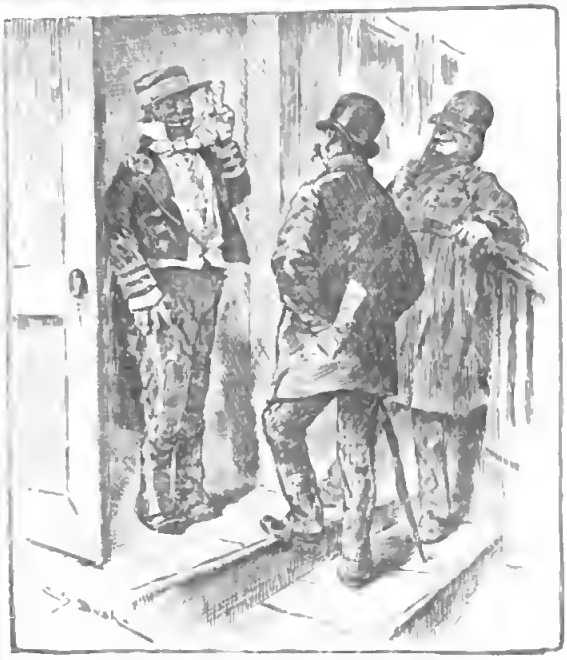

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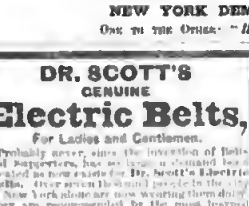

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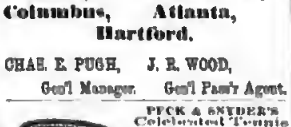

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXVIII.—No. 1436.

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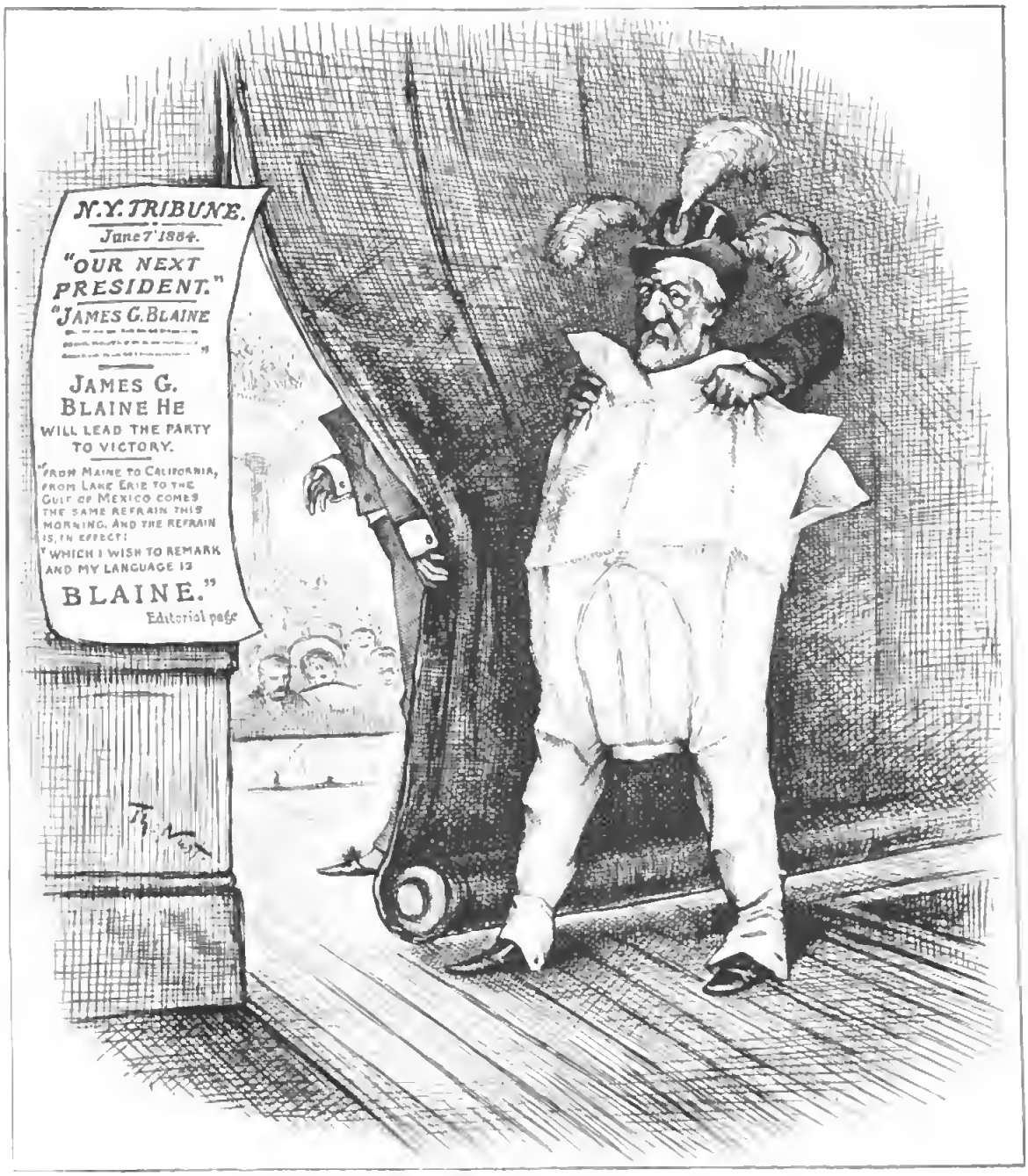

A ROARING FARCE—THE PLUMED KNIGHT IN THE CLEAN SHIRT.

TRYING IT ON.

WHITELAW REID *(to audience)*. "Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you our next—"
J. G. B. *(behind the curtain)*. "Wait a minute! *There's something wrong!*"

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THE POSITION OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

We have received a number of communications asking whether HARPER'S WEEKLY, in opposing the election of Mr. BLAINE, is not guilty of a breach of faith toward those who have subscribed to it as a Republican journal.

There is a short and conclusive reply to this question. HARPER'S WEEKLY has never been a party organ. It holds to fundamental Republican principles, and supports the political organization which best represents them; but it has always and emphatically declared its independence of party. It opposed the election of Mr. CORNELL in 1879, and condemned the methods which secured the nomination of Judge FOLGER in 1882; and we think that those who have observed the course of the paper can hardly fail to concede that it has never been controlled by the dictation of party machinery.

So far back as 1879 HARPER'S WEEKLY published at the head of its editorial columns a letter signed by the publishers in which this position is clearly asserted. In that letter they said:

"We have. . . . a just pride in the position which our WEEKLY has always taken, against whatever opposition, in the advocacy of right principles against party wrongs, whether wrongs into which the party has drifted, or wrongs which have been imposed upon it by the dictation of its leaders. . . . It seems to us that it is more important that the party should be reclaimed from a dictatorial leadership that would stultify and demoralize it than that it should succeed under such leadership."

This appeared in the WEEKLY for October 25, 1879. In its prospectus for 1883, published conspicuously at the close of the previous year, the WEEKLY reiterated its declaration of independence as follows:

"HARPER'S WEEKLY disclaims all partisan allegiance, and maintains a wholly independent position toward men and parties. It accords a hearty support to the Republican party, convinced that the leading principles and general policy of that organization tend to promote the peace and prosperity of the whole country, irrespective of sections, the purity of elections; the maintenance of the public credit; and the general elevation of politics and of the government service. But, refusing to be bound to any political 'machine,' HARPER'S WEEKLY reserves the right to dissent, warn, and condemn, whenever occasion for such action may arise."

The prospectus of the WEEKLY for 1884, published in 1883, again asserts its allegiance to principles as against party in these words:

"In the field of politics it [the WEEKLY] holds country above party; and while it upholds the grand fundamental principles of the Republican party, it maintains its right to criticise and dissent."

That the editorial teaching of the paper has been in full accord with these declarations will, we think, be admitted by the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and that its present position is the logical result of the views of duty which it has sought to inculcate must also, we think, be apparent. We freely concede the honesty and patriotism of many Republicans who adhere to the ticket nominated at Chicago; but we must be faithful to our own convictions of political duty, and shall not desist from the expression of them in our columns, trusting that in the end our friends of an opposite way of thinking may be brought to the conclusions which the WEEKLY endeavors by pen and pencil to impress upon the minds of its readers.

So far, then, from betraying the confidence of its readers, HARPER'S WEEKLY pursues an entirely consistent course in opposing a candidate whom it believes to be the representative of all that is destructive of Republican principles. Had it failed to oppose the election of Mr. BLAINE, as it strenuously opposed his nomination, it would have been guilty of a most serious "breach of faith," would have stultified its whole record as an independent political journal, and would have justly forfeited the confidence of the public.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, *June 27, 1884.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1884.

☞ *An* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE REPUBLICAN PROTEST.

THE Republican nominations have been received with profound regret even by a large part of the Republican press which unwillingly supports them, and especially has the powerful religious press strongly expressed its dissent and disappointment. This general Republican protest is not surprising, for the strength of the Republican party has always lain in its appeal to the conscience and intelligence of the country. The party sprang from a moral agitation, and upon the question of slavery it was the politically organized conscience of the nation. It has looked with just pride upon its great achievements and its illustrious men, and it has represented, not all good citizens, indeed, but the better sentiment of the country. As the momentous issues upon which it was formed were gradually settled and a new generation arose, the magic of its name and its noble traditions have been powerful bonds of union, and its argument has been largely drawn from its history or from the general character of its membership. But certain tendencies have developed themselves within the party, methods and abuses and evils have appeared, against which the most earnest protest has been made and the most emphatic warnings have been uttered. In 1879 this feeling in New York led to active opposition to the election of the Governor regularly nominated by the party, and the number of Republican votes withheld from him would have defeated him by a large majority, except for the fact that a second Democratic candidate divided the Democratic vote, and left the Republican candidate a plurality. In 1882 the same feeling that the influences which controlled the party deserved a rebuke from its own members led to the overwhelming Republican defeat of that year.

Since that time there has been an increasing feeling upon the part of many Republicans that the party name and tradition could not alone suffice, and that if the party would retain the hearty confidence and support of the new generation and of an important part of its older adherents, it must plainly vindicate its claim to represent the moral intelligence and spirit of political reform and progress of the country. A mercenary and venal tone has been creeping into politics, the illicit political power of vast corporations has been steadily increasing, enormous frauds connected with the public service have been revealed, and all of these things have occurred under Republican domination. The most earnest protests against them have been made again and again by Republicans in entire good faith, and in the hope and expectation that no signal party action would be taken that could fairly be construed into indifference to these things. But this is the very time, when the air is full of this moral doubt of the party, and when honest Republicans desire to see their party lifted above all suspicion, that the one conspicuous Republican who is most associated with these doubtful tendencies, who is charged, upon the authority of his own letters, with prostituting a great public office to his private emolument, and who is unknown as a practical friend of reform of the political abuses which have aroused and startled the country, is put forward as the proof that the Republican party repudiates the mercenary and venal tendency, and as an earnest of purity and reform in the government. The nomination gives the lie to Republican professions of reform, and tends to identify the party with all that has most discredited it. For the first time the party which has claimed to be peculiarly the party of conscience and patriotism presents a candidate for the Presidency who is at once discarded by a great body of Republicans as unfit for the position, and the party is at once called to defend its candidate as an honest man.

It is an issue, of course, which instantly subordinates every other. It is useless to consider policies and measures when the personal character and fitness of the candidate are in question, and this not from the calumnious tongue of political opponents, but from his own letters and from acknowledged facts. And if, without further explanation or justification, of by a mere hurra, and appeal to old party feelings and former good deeds of the party, and by a contemptuous refusal to deal with the actual facts and significance of the situation, the nomination should be ratified at the polls, the Republican party would have declared that the things which its candidate represents are those which it honors and respects. The old Republican spirit, principle, character, and purpose would then seem to many of the stanchest old Republicans to have disappeared. It is because they honor the party, and have believed in it, that they decline to acknowledge the Chicago candidacy as one that should be supported. They opposed Mr. CORNELL and Mr. FOLGER, both of whom were personally above suspicion, and they opposed them in the interest of the party. How much more earnestly must they oppose the election of Mr. BLAINE! The same appeals were made to them before as now, to trust the party if they did not like the candidates. But the party, in the sense of the appeal, means the very character, principle, and purpose which are shocked and repelled by the nomination. The party which deliberately selects such a candidate is not the party which the exhorters have in mind when they urge the protestants to trust it. It is because they have been the most earnest and devoted Republicans that they protest. They do not believe that the objects for which they have been Republicans can be furthered by such a candidacy. They hold that the old Republican party may survive the defeat of the candidate, but that it could not survive his election.

A QUESTION OF CONDUCT

A CORRESPONDENT inquires whether we have any objection to stating our views of the obligations of a delegate to a nominating Convention in regard to its final action. It is a point upon which we have more than once expressed our opinion, and we certainly have no objection to repeating it. To take part in a nominating Convention is to try to shape its conclusions in such way as seems to the delegate most advantageous for the country and for the party. If fairly outvoted he will naturally surrender mere personal preferences and differences, and accept the action of the majority of the Convention, unless it is an action which in his judgment ought not to be sustained, when of course he will not sustain it. It may be truly said that the general judgment of a party as to the general party policy is better than that of any individual member of the party. But that is not a rule which can be applied to conclusions respecting personal character and general fitness.

No self-respecting man would sit in a Convention with the understanding that it should bind his conscience; and the theory that a delegate upon accepting his commission ceases to be a free moral agent is utterly repulsive to every instinct of honorable manhood. No man worthy of the name, whether a member of a Convention or not, would feel himself bound, in honor or in any other way, to support for high office a person whom he might believe to be corrupt or unfit, merely because the majority of the Convention might decide to nominate him. During the TWEED *régime* one of his henchmen procured the regular nomination of a Republican Convention. But it was a nomination binding upon no decent member of the Convention. The way in which a delegate shall express his dissent, whether by open protest at the time, or by withdrawing, or however, is a matter for his own decision. The manner of dissenting is of no importance to those who deny the right to dissent.

A delegate, we repeat, will naturally yield to the will of the Convention in matters which it may rightfully determine. But no majority can rightfully take the place of his conscience. If it be said that parties could not be managed upon such principles, the conclusive reply is that nothing but such principles save parties from becoming intolerable despotisms. No man could honorably belong to a party or sit in a Convention at the sacrifice of his moral freedom. And such renunciation would be an extraordinary assumption for a Republican Convention. Any other view than this of the position of a delegate is untenable. No majority under any circumstances can make it right for a man to do what he holds to be wrong, and it is the height of nonsense to suppose that a man who confers with others to prevent a wrong is bound to acquiesce, if the others succeed in doing the wrong. It is a comical proposition that every Republican is at liberty to bolt a nomination which he holds to be unfit except those who earnestly seek to prevent it. These are views that we have often stated, and upon which we have always acted, and which can not be repudiated by any man who wishes that a party Convention shall be a council of free men. Personal preferences such men will always surrender. But they will never surrender fidelity to their own consciences; and if such surrender should be the price of a seat in a Convention, it would surely not be a seat of honor.

THE MEANING OF THE REVOLT.

THE meeting of the Massachusetts Republicans and Independent voters who are unable to support Mr BLAINE was followed by a similar meeting in New York, which represented the same feeling and adopted substantially the same action. At both meetings resolutions were unanimously passed declaring the Chicago nominations to have been made in defiance of the reform sentiment of the country, and to represent political methods and principles which ought not to be approved. The resolutions also express the hope that the Democratic party will offer proper candidates to the country, and provide for committees to co-operate with each other, and to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying the purpose of the meetings into effect. The character and tone of both meetings were very significant. They were composed of citizens who have no grievances to avenge and no personal objects to seek, who are neither soreheads nor aspirants, but men who believe that political honesty is the best political policy, and that when the chief reason for supporting an improper party nomination is that the party is not quite so bad as the other party, the time has come to call a halt.

It was interesting and significant at both meetings to observe that there was no foolish declamation or hasty action. The willingness expressed to support certain Democratic nominations was not a willingness to be merged in the Democratic party, nor a desire prematurely to move for the organization of a new party. There was no proposition to erect a platform, and there was a frank acknowledgment that the opponents of the BLAINE nomination, outside of the Democratic party, differ upon many questions of public policy. The point upon which they all agree is that it is a gross public wrong to support for the Presidency any candidate whose public record is not stainless, or to uphold political methods which are debasing. As Mr. MOORFIELD STOREY expressed it, tersely and clearly, "We are united to rebuke corrupt men and corrupt methods in politics."

For such a movement as the present Republican revolt this is a platform broad enough and strong enough. The movement of 1872, which was led by the New York *Tribune* against the Republican party and the renomination of General GRANT, was justified by its leaders upon the ground of Republican recreancy to principle and the public welfare. But it was not alleged that the Republican candidate was himself implicated in questionable practices, however near to the executive chamber the trail of suspicion and of accusation may have reached. But now that the party has deliberately selected as its leader the one man among all possible candidates on whom the cloud of doubt rests, patriotic citizens may well feel that the party of moral ideas and of the national conscience is trifling with its own fame, and surrendering its strongest hold. A

party must be judged by its acts and by its chosen representatives. How can it demand to be trusted as the guardian of the national honor and character when the character of its chosen leader does not defend itself!

A SMALL TRICK.

THE Chicago *Tribune* was so satisfied in 1876 by the evidence implicating Mr. BLAINE in various questionable railroad transactions that it labored earnestly and successfully to defeat his nomination. For some months it has been as earnestly endeavoring to promote his nomination, but it has been utterly unable to show any adequate reason whatever for its change of position. It now republishes an article from HARPER'S WEEKLY of May 13, 1876, to the effect that upon the statement then recently made by Mr. BLAINE, and upon evidence cited by him and "apparently conclusive," he was left, "in the absence of other evidence," unspotted.

The facts are these. In the early part of the year 1876, when Mr. BLAINE was planning to secure the nomination for the Presidency at Cincinnati, unpleasant rumors were rife of his railroad transactions, and on the 25th of April he made a statement in exculpation in the House, which was "apparently" conclusive. It was so accepted by the country, and the article in HARPER'S WEEKLY expresses the general feeling at the time. It was published before the investigation, and before the publication of the MULLIGAN letters. But the investigation, which began on the 15th of May, revealed the fact that Mr. BLAINE'S statements were inaccurate, and the publication of the letters, early in June, showed the use that he had made of his official position. This was the "other evidence," the absence of which made his refutation of the 25th of April "thorough," but the subsequent appearance of which made his statement no refutation whatever.

It is a singular fatuity which insists upon fixing public attention upon the MULLIGAN letters, and upon recalling a series of transactions the significance of which, however ardently repelled by many Republicans as incredible in the first moment of their disclosure, have become in the steady light of further knowledge fatal. Mr JOHN S. C HARRISON, of Indiana, a government director in the Union Pacific road, thought the transaction in regard to the seventy-five bonds in question unusual and suspicious. He moved for an investigation. Mr. HARRISON is apparently of opinion that Mr. BLAINE was not cleared, for he was a delegate to the late Chicago Convention, and has announced his intention not to support Mr. BLAINE. It is an incalculable misfortune for the Republican party to have nominated a candidate whose friends have not satisfactorily explained the transactions which the Chicago *Tribune* said eight years ago unfitted him for the Presidency.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

IT is perfectly well known that Governor CLEVELAND of New York is by far the strongest candidate that the Democrats could nominate for the Presidency, and there was naturally a great interest in the action of the New York Democratic Convention. Tammany is always a disturbing and doubtful element, and it is therefore always an open question how much the Convention will concede to Tammany. This year there was great skill in the management, and there was no apparent discord. The distribution of seats was made satisfactory, and every occasion of trouble was neatly shunned. The platform was ingenious. It referred the declaration of party principles to the National Convention, and it stated, in terms whose point is unmistakable to every Republican, "that no name can be more important than the election of the President of the United States, whose character and public reputation shall give to the whole people assurance of an honest, impartial, and efficient administration of the laws, without suspicion of personal ends or private interests."

The Convention selected the seventy-two delegates to the National Convention, and without submitting the name of a candidate, instructed the delegation to vote as a unit in accordance with the will of a majority. This is a system which ought not to be acknowledged, and which Republicans have disapproved. But it is sustained by hot partisans as securing the proper weight of the State in a Convention. The effect in this instance will be that seventy-two votes will be cast in the Convention for the candidate whom the majority of the seventy-two prefer. There is no New-Yorker upon whom that majority could probably agree except Governor CLEVELAND, and as we have said, and as is generally acknowledged, no other Democratic candidate could be so strong in New York. Tammany, indeed, would be again the doubtful quantity. But no Democratic candidate could be nominated for whom the support of Tammany could be assured. That support depends wholly upon Tammany's view of its own advantage on the day of election.

But Governor CLEVELAND'S candidacy would be not only the strongest for the Democrats, but very strong in itself. From what we have often said of his conduct as Governor, our readers will justly infer that it would give "assurance of an honest, impartial, and efficient administration of the laws, without suspicion of personal ends or private interests." Such feeling of opposition to him as exists in his party is most flattering and significant, because it springs from dislike of the official uprightness, courage, and independence which he has displayed. These are the very qualities which, in the absence of overpowering national issues, and when the chief public interest is that of administration, are most desirable in the Executive. Governor CLEVELAND has shown the power successfully to resist mere party pressure, and to administer his high trust without the least suspicion of personal motive, and with unswerving regard for the public welfare. He is, and we believe he has always been, a Democrat. But the qualities which enabled Republicans like SHERMAN S. ROGERS, of Buffalo, openly to support him in the State campaign of 1882 have been proved in the executive chamber, and show that Mr. ROGERS and the other Republicans who supported him were not mistaken in their estimate of the man.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

AFTER thirty-five years of absolute retirement from the world, during which his name has been seldom heard, CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN recently died at the age of seventy-eight. Fifty years ago he established the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and he was one of the most prominent of literary figures in New York. He had lost a leg, but that misfortune did not restrain his activity, and he was still, at great disadvantage, a sportsman, and those who remember him will readily recall the hearty, breezy, manly impression of his vigorous form and striking head.

He wrote novels and poetry and sketches, and of his songs, "Sparkling and bright in liquid light" is one of the best of bacchanals, and will live as long as any. Forty-five years ago he lived a gay, rollicking, half Bohemian life in the city—a charming companion, and without stain. Nobody reads his novels now. His poems are forgotten, and his name has no significance to the new generation, to which the passing notice of his long seclusion will be more interesting than any of his writings.

During all these years he has lived in the insane retreat at Harrisburg, growing old in a mild derangement which did not prohibit his sauntering about the neighboring country. He is reported to have enjoyed this solitary freedom, his strong native tastes gratified by the beauty and the moods and forms of nature. But he never emerged from the mental cloud, and his story is one of the most melancholy in our literary history.

THE COAST SURVEY.

THE proposition to transfer the Coast Survey service from the Treasury Department to the Navy Department is not a new one, and it is a bad one. The work of the Survey began in 1807, under the supervision of the Treasury. It proceeded irregularly and ineffectively until 1832, when Professor HASSLER, the original Superintendent, was re-appointed. In 1834 the Survey was transferred to the Navy Department, but two years later, in 1836, it was restored to the Treasury. In 1851, the Secretary of the Navy asked for its transfer again to his control, but after full and thorough discussion the request was not granted.

The transfer in 1834 resulted in failure. The work is one of scientific co-operation in the army, the navy, and the civil service, and it is for commercial purposes. It was justly thought, and the event has proved, that the co-operation could be best secured under a civil chief, and by eliminating questions of relative rank and of special privilege.

For forty-seven years the present system of superintendence has been found to be thoroughly efficient, economical, and satisfactory. The Survey employs as many naval officers as can be advantageously used in hydrography. To commit it entirely to the hands of the navy would be to train naval officers in duties not properly belonging to the naval service, and to intrust scientific work to a department to which no European government commits such work. The civil staff, which affords play for generous emulation, is limited, and based strictly upon merit; and the combination with the military and naval forces has produced unequalled results. It would certainly seem that no change is advisable until some more satisfactory reason appears than has yet been assigned.

PERSONAL.

IT is believed in Holderness that if a man has a favorite dog, or if the dog is very fond of him, when the man dies his soul will go into the dog, and stay there until the dog dies.

—Professor LORIMER expresses his conviction that a generation of jurists who have had the courage to abandon the long-cherished distinction between law and equity will find their way back to the path of common-sense, by which the rest of mankind have been led to the fountain of nature. Too much to hope for.

—Dr. FRANCIS HUEFFER calls attention to the fact that the resplendent scenery of the south of Europe has left slight traces in the poetry of Southern nations, that the troubadours of Provence refer to blue skies and spring blossoms in the most conventional manner, and the great Italian poets of the Middle Ages were not lovers of nature any more than RAPHAEL and LEONARDO were landscape painters.

—Sir HENRY WOLFF, M.P., has told the members of the House of Commons that "decent" cigars can be bought for 9s 4d. a hundred, or ten cents apiece. The London *Times* informs its readers that "fair" cigars can be had for ninepence or a shilling apiece. Is not a "fair" cigar a "decent" one? Mr. LABOUCHERE, of the London *Truth*, announces that tobacco is "an absolute necessity of the human race."

—A Constantinople correspondent regrets that archæology as a science has no hold on the Turk, the very essence of whose teaching leads him to consider only the present, the future being in the hand of God, and the past being unprofitable. The Turkish law provides that all relics discovered in Turkish dominions, whether by authorized excavations or by chance, shall belong to the Imperial Museum of Constantinople, which institution has the right also to purchase at its own valuation any antiquity that may be imported from a foreign country, and to prohibit its re-exportation. All sorts of obstructions have been placed in the way of the shipment to America of sculptures dug out at Assos by the American expedition. It therefore makes one smile to learn that HAMDI Bey, the director of that museum, has expressed a wish to be aided in his work by the scholars and archæologists from Europe.

—The *Academy*, always friendly to Mr HENRY IRVING, is nevertheless compelled to admit that his observations on this country, as recorded in Mr JOSEPH HATTON'S book, do not aspire to the profundity of Mr HERBERT SPENCER'S or Mr MATTHEW ARNOLD'S, even though "Mr SPENCER crossed the Atlantic chiefly because he was not well, and Mr ARNOLD chiefly because he wanted some American money." Mr IRVING and Miss TERRY "made friends with everybody, from Mr VANDERBILT, with whom they and half New York would appear to have had a gigantic breakfast, to Mr. WARD BEECHER, who struck Mr IRVING not only as an able man, but as a comedian and humorist of the first water, and to Mrs. WARD BEECHER, who, it seems, was a little chilly at first, but who thawed under the rays of Miss TERRY'S sunshine."

—The *St James's Gazette* reminds the actor that he loses a chief source of strength when he is not a good listener on the stage, and asserts that it is only an actor, in a very genuine sense of the word, who can, by clever listening, suggest alertness and that mental engagement in the business of the scene which forms the foundation of all stage verisimilitude. The listener may support the scene as really, if not as prominently, as the "leading" man. "It can scarcely be disputed that actors have hitherto evinced a marked predilection for concerning themselves solely with the special characteristics of their own parts, and the idea that an actor with a small speaking part may yet find great artistic opportunity as a listener, if not absolutely novel, may nevertheless be commended to the majority of young dramatic aspirants. In *Much Ado about Nothing* SHAKESPEARE puts into Benedick's mouth about a hundred and forty speeches, but he gives him no fewer than three hundred and fifty occasions for being interested in the speeches of other people."

—The latest biographer of St. PAUL writes picturesquely. In all history, he says, there is not a more startling illustration of the irony of human life than the scene of PAUL at the bar of NERO. On the judgment-seat, clad in the imperial purple, sat a man who in a bad world had attained the eminence of being the very worst and meanest being in it; a man stained with every crime, the murderer of his own mother, of his wives, and of his best benefactors; a man whose whole being was so steeped in every nameable and unnameable vice that body and soul of him were nothing but a compound of mud and blood; and in the prisoner's dock stood the best man the world possessed, his hair whitened with labors for the good of men and the glory of God. The trial ended: PAUL was condemned, and delivered over to the executioner. He was led out of the city with a crowd of the lowest rabble at his heels. The fatal spot was reached; he knelt beside the block; the headsman's axe gleamed in the sun and fell; and the head of the apostle of the world rolled down in the dust.

—A graduate of Dublin University, who has served a term as stenographic reporter for Parliament, and has written a text-book on short-hand, confesses that the difficulty of reading any kind of short-hand is an insuperable barrier to its general use, and that though he has worked with scores of short-hand reporters, he never knew one who could read his own notes with the facility of common writing. Moreover, it would not be well for short-hand writing to become general, since the necessity of writing words slowly and laboriously in long-hand provides a sensible check on the volubility of writers. If short-hand could be set up as a common medium of communication, it would be more trouble to read it than to write it. A man might be inundated with correspondence in short-hand which would occupy a great part of his time to read, and eventually discover that most of it was not worth deciphering.

—Cheerfulness of body and mind, according to Professor BAIN, is best secured by diminishing the burdens of life rather than by increasing its supports or by the use of stimulants. Mind is not something elastic and inexhaustible, but every single throb of pleasure, every smart of pain, every purpose, thought, and imagination, must have its fixed quota of oxygen, carbon, and other materials. The ill-fed Highlander, the lazzaroni of Naples who live on sixpence a week, and the lazy, half-starved Irishmen, though poorly supported, are all remarkable for cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirits, because in their case severe toil does not consume the forces of their constitution without leaving the remainder requisite for hilarity of tone.

—Professor BLACKIE has written a clever poem on "Female Beauty." After describing certain physical characteristics, he says:

> "All these, fair maid, may show—
> A faultless mould from tip to toe—
> Yet lack the one thing that makes woman,
> More than the daisy on the common,
> The one fair thing to mortals given
> To bridge the gap from earth to heaven—
> The inspiring soul that to a godlike grace
> Attunes each move, and spreads a glory o'er the face."

—A late writer can not understand why the game of chess is not more commonly popular: "It must call into action parts of the brain which are not occupied in other work, for we find it a relief after other labors, and it is never dull, stale, or *passé*."

—Poets have often expressed a wish to be the necklace, the ear-ring, the girdle, or the glove of a woman, but it has been reserved for a theological historian, M. ERNEST RENAN, to record a desire to be a missal, which is "lovingly read in the hours of meditation and solitude, which enjoys the inestimable privilege of riveting the undivided gaze of a woman at the moment that she believes herself alone with her Creator, and which so many choice beings press with a fervent hand and sometimes bear to their lips. My highest ambition would be satisfied if I could hope, upon my death, to enter the Church under the form of a little volume, bound in black morocco, to be held between the long tapering fingers of a finely gloved hand." Only an educated Frenchman could have expressed this wish without seeming to be silly.

—Mr and Mrs WILL CARLETON sailed for Europe last week in the *Servia*. It is their intention to remain abroad several months, and to make a quite extensive tour of England and the Continent. Mr CARLETON will devote much attention to the folk-lore of the Old World, with a view to the collection of material for another series of popular ballads.

—A brave soldier, a skillful officer, and accomplished scholar was buried last week in Washington, D.C., in the presence of a distinguished professional escort. Major-General HENRY W BENHAM, U.S.A., was the seventh in descent from the famous JOHN BENHAM, one of the seventy heads of families who settled at New Haven, Connecticut. He graduated at the Military Academy in 1837 at the head of his class, and the prestige so acquired he faithfully maintained, not only in the Mexican war, where his gallantry brought him wounds and a brevet, but also in the war for the Union, where he captured Fort Pulaski, brilliantly co-operated in the taking of Petersburg, and was three times brevetted. He united to the scientific attainments of an engineer the physical energy and dash of a line officer. He was generous to his friends, just to his enemies, and absolutely without fear.

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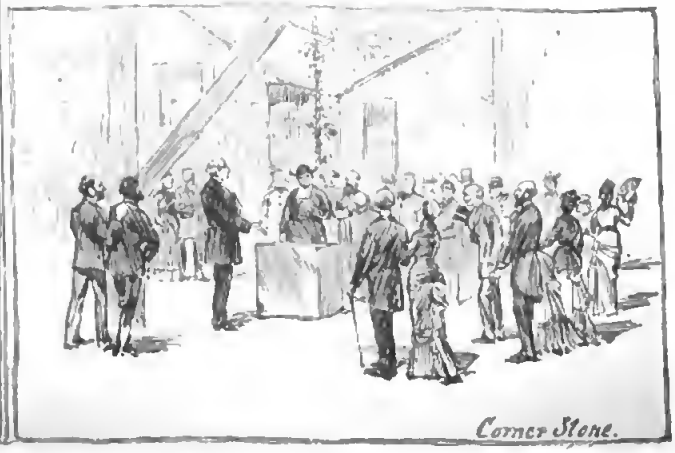

THE MONTREAL FESTIVAL.—From Sketches by W. Chipendale.—[See Page 410.]

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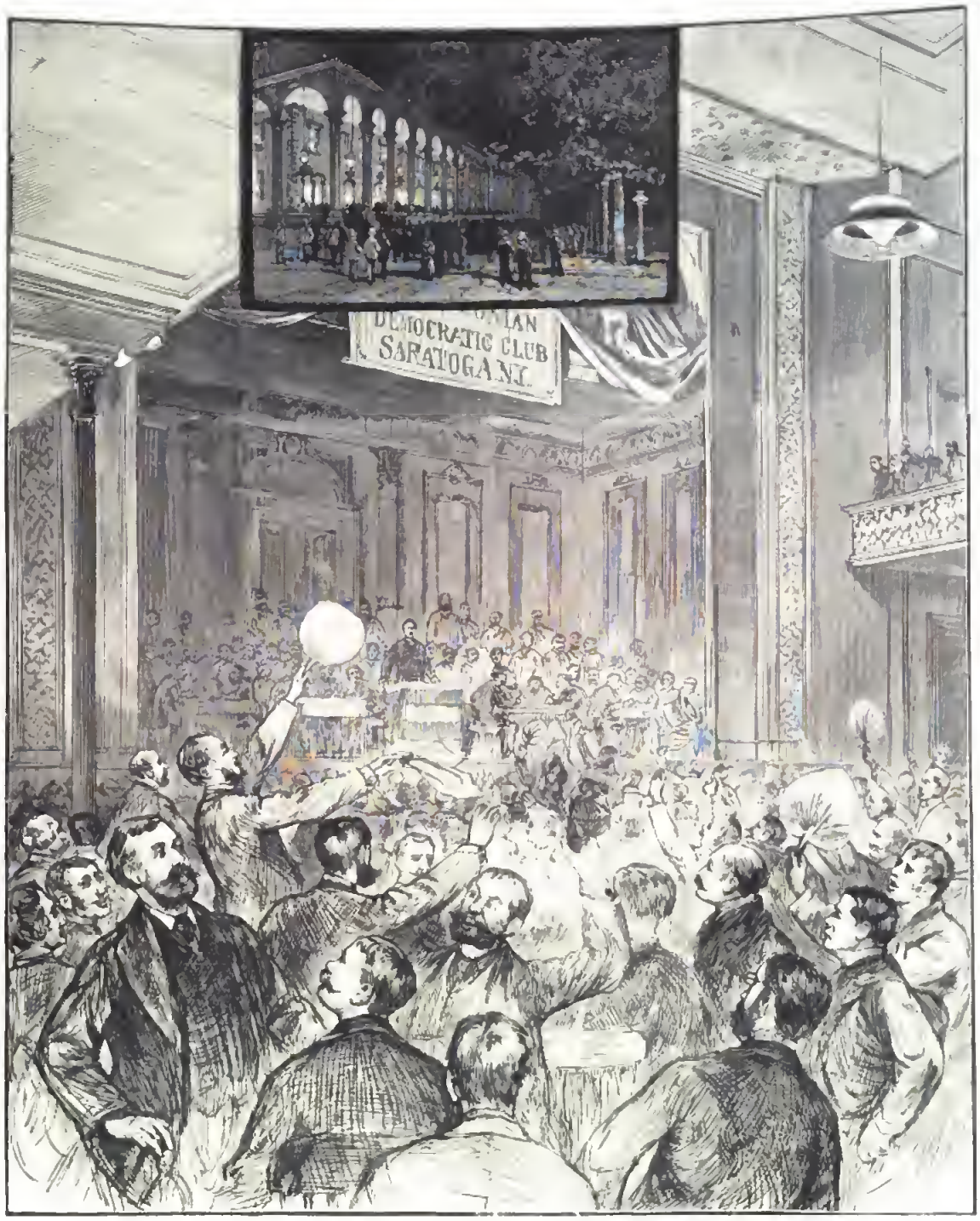

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION AT SARATOGA.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 407.]

THROWING THE BOOMERANG.

THE boomerang used by the natives of Australia is a piece of thin wood about an inch and a half wide, an eighth of an inch thick, and perhaps twenty inches long; its shape varies, sometimes being like the segment of a circle at others like a man's arm bent at the elbow, but the way of using both these forms is exactly the same.

The weapon is grasped at one end in the right hand, with the concave side uppermost, and the black man takes a run, such as the ordinary cricketer does when he is throwing a ball. On a sudden he stops, and away flies the boomerang, not straight, as one might suppose, but revolving on its own axis so quickly that in the air it looks like a circular piece of board; this motion gives it the wonderful power of flight, which must really be seen to be believed. At first the course is in a direct line from the thrower, and at such a height as he may require, but as it draws toward the limit of its distance it swerves slightly to the right, and making a semicircle, turns toward its owner, coming back in an exactly opposite course to that which it took on the outward journey generally falling within a few feet of the thrower. During the flight the revolving of the boomerang causes a peculiar purring sound, not unlike the hum of a top.

LA CLAQUE.

IN French provincial theatres the *claque* is not a recognized institution. Here the curious custom prevails of allowing, and even inviting, the audience at the beginning of each season to express its approbation or disapprobation of the actors or actresses who come before them the first time. Each has three so-called débuts in three different parts; and they are engaged permanently or dismissed according as they please or displease. The existence of a hired *claque* on such occasions would, of course, be intolerable. A Frenchman is said to have taken out a patent for an applauding machine, an instrument of wood, which is worked behind the scenes, and which imitates perfectly the noise made by the stamping of sticks on the floor of the pit. There is very little novelty in the idea, which was originally put forward by Addison in the *Spectator*. The instrument of applause mentioned by Addison was simply, however, an oaken cudgel, which the man who wielded it beat violently against the panels of the galleries. Like the French *claqueurs*, he does not seem to have received any salary. But Addison tells us that when, in consequence of his vigorous exertions, the gallery furniture needed repairing, the actors vied with one another in their eagerness to pay the cost.

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THE MONTREAL FÊTE

MONTREAL enjoys this week a celebration of an almost unique character upon this continent. It is of five days' duration. It embraces, during these five days, a series of horse, bicycle, foot, and canoe races, swimming matches, picnics, excursions upon the river, procession of steam-boats, besides all those other sports which have by common consent been termed Canadian. Thus there are on foot one or two grand lacrosse matches by the most dexterous players, French and Indian, in Canada. Lacrosse is an almost historic game, and being of Indian origin, goes back into the very early days of the colony's history. The artist has given a very effective sketch of what is even more purely local, and certainly as historical. We mean the Indian games, the war-dance of the savage, when in full costume and paint he throws the tomahawk thrown to purpose so deadly by his ancestors.

Every year the 24th of June is peculiarly set apart by the French Canadians as a national holiday. But on this occasion they commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of a society, semi-religious, semi-patriotic, and wholly French—that of St. John the Baptist. Its founder, DUVERNAY, appears in effigy upon the official programme of the week's rejoicings. This is the primal object of this midsummer revel. But there is a secondary one, if secondary it can be called. No less than the forming of all the branches of the St. John Baptist Society, scattered throughout Canada and the United States, into one federal government, of which the head shall be in Montreal, while each branch shall retain its separate organization.

To facilitate the annual assembly of their vast body, it is proposed to erect a National Hall wherein the Congress shall in future meet. The artist represents the laying of the corner-stone of this new edifice, which took place on the afternoon of the second day. The speeches upon this occasion, by the first Canadian orators, are of course appropriate to the circumstances. No race upon this continent has better retained its historical character and preserved its individuality than the French Canadian. Surrounded by people of various nationalities, alien to it in language as in religion, this sturdy offshoot of France is in many respects what it was in the days of Louis le Grand. Its career is therefore deserving of close attention, and any event which brings this people together, and displays their forces in a special manner, is of interest to the student of history, as to the student of ethics. Their success in eloquence as in literature, during the last century in particular, is almost without a parallel. But that in spite of intellectual advancement and genuine sympathy with the true culture of the day, the Canadians cling with reverence and respect to the old traditions of their race, is evident from the tone and manner of their celebration. We had almost said it was mediæval in its character. At least it points backward, with a curious pride and an indescribable fondness for the martial character of this people's ancestry.

The formal opening of the week's proceedings was a solemn Grand Mass upon what are known as the Exhibition Grounds. The Bishop of Montreal conducted the ceremony. The clergy and choristers were in attendance. Below the platform was the military guard of honor, the sixty-fifth battalion of infantry, as well as knights belonging to the cavalcade which we hereafter shall describe. Two thousand voices, representing almost every choir in the city, sang during the services, together with a full orchestra. At the more solemn parts, usually announced by sound of bell, there was heard first a flourish of trumpets, second a discharge of musketry, third a salute from the battery placed, for the occasion, on the mountain-top.

The evening of the first day the city was ablaze with illumination. There was a meeting, too, the first meeting of the National Congress. At the session in St. Mary's Academic Hall, belonging to the Jesuit College, the president, Hon. P. J. O. CHAUVEAU, took the chair. He is of foremost rank as a politician, orator, and writer. Delegates are present even from Dakota, from California itself. Such enthusiasm, such patriotism, and so French in its expression. Every heart was stirred, every pulse beats, *la France et la chère Canada*. I do not say that loyalty to Mother England was forgotten, but the other is an older and, might one venture to hint, a deeper love. There is no Canadian whose eye does not brighten at that magic name, *la France*.

On the morning of the 26th the grand event of the festival occurred, the triumphal procession. The artist shows it at more than one point of view, as, for instance, at the Champ de Mars, its meeting place and its terminus. He gives a very life-like representation of it as it passes along Notre Dame Street under one of the grandest arches. The shops on either side were gay with flags and evergreens, and as the French element predominates in that quarter of the city, the passage of the procession was a perfect ovation.

The great feature of the pageant is the historical cavalcade. It represents, as seen in the drawing, LOUIS IX. of France setting out for the Seventh Crusade. He is preceded by heralds-at-arms in gorgeous trappings, and attended by lackeys and pages in all the scarlet and gold-lace that gave splendor to mediæval France. The knights are ablaze with burnished armor; LOUIS rides upon a horse superbly caparisoned. He has just received the oriflamme at St. Denis, and goes forth to the Sacred Wars. It is a dream of ancient France in this bustling, commercial Montreal. No expense was spared on the costumes. They are very appropriate, and really extremely handsome.

Another feature of the procession is the historical cars. As they relate exclusively to the history of Canada, they are most interesting. One car contains a representation of JACQUES CARTIER receiving his commission from FRANCIS I. Here, too, the apparel is very splendid, and there is a certain dignity in the pose of the figures quite impressive. Another car is devoted to CHAMPLAIN, the founder of Quebec, and the sturdy old pilot of many seas is rivalled by the grace of the knightly MAISONNEUVE, founder of Montreal. Another represents the first house built in Canada; yet another, DOLLARD and his companions, as heroic a band as the annals of any country can show. DE SALABERRY, the Leonidas of Canada, with his far-famed voltigeurs, occupies one of the final cars, while DUVERNAY and St. JOHN Baptist come each in turn to remind Canadians of the dual objects of their festival. An Indian wigwam is excellently carried out, and surely has a place in a city once trembling "from dawn till dewy night" for terror of the Huron and the Iroquois. The St. John Baptist Society in its full force of course composes the main body of the procession.

Each evening the heralds-at-arms ride out through the city, proclaiming the coming sports, and inviting all to the revels.

In one of the illustrations the artist gives the knights tilting at the ring, or rather at the moment when the successful champion is saluting the ladies upon the grand stand. The tournament has its place among the week's festivities. It embraces the tilting at the ring, and the quintain, a chivalric sport which is perhaps less familiar to most readers, and may be thus described: There is a revolving wooden manikin, the point of attack for the cavaliers. Each in turn rides toward him, striking him full force with his lance; if the thrust fails, the manikin revolves and deals his assailant a blow. The tournament is held at the Exhibition Grounds, the latter being shown by the artist in the illustration with its various buildings upon it. The most prominent French ladies of Montreal distribute the prizes to the tourney's victors.

At the meetings of the National Congress, held every evening in the week, the public are having a rare treat. Canadian orators of all shades of politics are setting forth their views upon the moral, intellectual, and religious advancement of the French-Canadian race.

But the grand banquet held at the Windsor Hotel displays at once every star in the galaxy of eloquence. The toasts are to the Queen and to England, to the neighboring republic and to France—that France which, as we have already told, is so dear to Canadians—and to the ladies, and to literature, and to poetry. Mr. FRÉCHETTE, the Canadian poet laureate, composed a poem for the occasion, and the golden-tongued Secretary of State, the Hon. J. A. CHAPLEAU, may be mentioned as a specimen of the speakers. A touching sight is the appearance at this fiftieth anniversary dinner of ten of those who took part in the first banquet, held in 1834, on the foundation of the society. One of these was then but a boy of seven, who was called upon to sing a song. He is now a priest. Others were middle-aged men, old and decrepit now.

Soon the last sound of the heralds' trumpets will have died upon our ears, this mediæval pageant will have vanished, and it will leave upon our minds the impression that a sunset gorgeous in form and color leaves. But new links shall have been formed among the branches of a powerful organization, and the greatest reunion of a scattered race ever seen on this continent shall have come and gone, leaving its traces only in the memories that have been evoked, the prejudices eliminated, the sympathy extended to this offshoot of the Celtic tree by their fellow-citizens, and the foundation of a federal assembly that shall bring the expatriated children of New France from the remotest portions of the United States and in Canada from the far Northwest, to rejoice not only in their own union and strength, but to pay each his tribute of individual worth to whatever country or city may be his by adoption.

ANNA T. SADLIER.

PERCHÈ!

Just a little letter which mamma's maid Romilda slips into my hand as she stands beside me, and tells me that mamma wishes to see me in her dressing-room—a little letter over which my fingers close greedily, while the color rushes hotly to my face, for I know that it is from Benedetto, and that the eyes of my brother's wife are fixed watchfully upon me.

"You must be very nervous, Laura, to blush so violently because mamma desires to see you," she says, coldly (she is English, like my mother, and her nature is ice itself).

"The signorina has cause to be nervous, with all these balls and *festas*," interposes Romilda, who, having nursed us all from babyhood, feels herself privileged to speak whenever she chooses, and who has been my warmest friend and defender ever since I, the youngest of her nurslings, first laid my baby head on her broad breast.

Confident that she will satisfy Mary's chilly curiosity as she pleases, I leave the salon, and rush along the corridor to my own little room, the smallest, cosiest room in the palazzo, being only a corner of the loggia walled up, with one wide, many-paned window overlooking our beautiful, ill-kept garden. My letter is just a scrap of paper with one line written on it, and neither address nor signature.

"If you love me, *anima mia*, meet me to-night without fail."

If I love him! I am a foolish little girl, fond of costumes and festas and dancing, but I love him—love him so well that I shudder sometimes to think how terrible a thing it is to love one of God's creatures so much better than Himself and all the rest of His fair world. I kiss the paper, and then I tear it into tiny pieces, and let them float away through the open window, for I dare not keep even one little word of my lover's letters, for Benedetto Bucelli is as poor as he is noble, and my parents think wealth the only attribute worthy the hand of a Rinaldi. I do not stay to watch the sweet, rose-scented breeze scatter the fragments of my letter, for I must not keep mamma waiting. She is lying on a sofa in her dressing-room, with a cup of coffee in her hand, and when I have kissed her she looks up into my face with those penetrating eyes of hers, and says, gently (I never knew my mother to speak loudly, though she can say more cruel things than my father in his most violent anger).

"Laura, there is to be a *musicale* at the Benvenuto's this evening, and I have promised that you shall sing. You would do well to practice two of your favorite songs for an hour or two."

She looks away, and slowly finishes her coffee, while I sit watching her mutely, my heart sinking heavily, and such an oppression in my throat! Mamma, being English, takes me always out in society with her, and I know that I must go to this *musicale*; for even my father never rebels against mamma's decisions, and I dare not utter a desire to remain at home, for fear that I should excite suspicion in her who is so easily suspicious, and yet— Oh, Benedetto, who will wait so eagerly under the orange trees in the garden, how can I sing if I know that you are waiting there in vain?

"You need not wait, child," mamma says presently, putting down her coffee-cup and taking up an account-book. She is such a practical, clever woman, and has done wonders, all the five-and-twenty years of her married life, to keep our proud heads above the deluge of debt in which we Rinaldis have struggled for generations. "Tell Romilda that you are to wear white."

So I go to Romilda, not to tell her that I am to wear white to-night, but to fling myself down, with my head on her knees, crying out all my trouble there, as I have done ever since I can remember. When my grief is told I kneel on, while her hard brown hand wanders over my hair, and I am not quite hopeless, for I am sure that Romilda is plotting, and what she plots rarely fails.

"Spoil not thy pretty eyes, *carina*," she says presently, lifting me to my feet, and smiling her shrewd, kindly smile; "only be thou in the garden after thou hast dressed for this festa, and I will see that Pipo has not the carriage ready until after ten o'clock."

It is not dark until nine this lovely June weather, and it is past that hour when I, gathering my white dress up from the dew-laden grass, steal softly across the terrace behind the palazzo, and into the garden. It is very dark here, for the moon is not yet risen, and through the overhanging orange trees the stars look very far away, but I am glad of the darkness, and not afraid of anything, except that by some mischance Romilda may be obliged to call me before Benedetto comes. I am not much afraid even of that, for this is his hour, and he is too careful of me, too anxious about the risk of discovery, to keep me waiting here alone. I seat myself on a stone bench, and look up at the stars I love, because it is they who see us most often together. Presently I hear a little scramble on the high garden wall, then a light fall, and then— What is darkness or the danger of discovery to me, clasped close in my lover's arms? We are not given to much talking in the brief hours we spend together, for he is always very silent for an Italian, and though I chatter like a magpie to the rest of the world, with him I am too content for words. But to-night he speaks hurriedly and brokenly, holding my hands so tightly that they ache in his strong grasp.

"Love, do you love me? Yes, I know you do, sweetly and tenderly, as women love their first loves; but is it a love that will live through parting and absence, for months and perhaps for years, with no joy but your own faithful love and your belief in mine?"

"You will not leave me?" I gasp, the bitterest terror I have ever known chilling my heart, as I try vainly to see his face in the darkness.

"We are discovered, Laura. Do not tremble so, *carina*"—his voice taking the caressing tone I know so well. "I do not mean that any one knows of our meeting here; but some one has discovered that we love each other, for I have been ordered to Elba, and I am certain that it is through your father's influence. Nay, my blessed one, if you weep so bitterly how can I tell you that, after all, this may be good news, if only we are true to each other? Be brave, *anima mia*, and listen."

What is there that I would not do if he told me to do it? I smother the sobs that are choking me, and listen while he tells me all that he hopes and fears. He must go to Elba to-morrow, to remain certainly six months, probably a year; but the purpose for which he is sent is the construction of some engineering work, and in such work lies his only means of earning distinction, promotion, and the dim, distant hope of such success as may enable him to ask me of my father with some chance of consent. I listen, and though the ache in my heart grows no less, yet, with my head on his breast and his voice in my ears, I can not be hopeless, I can not doubt the faithfulness of his love or my own. So, heart to heart and cheek to cheek, we swear to keep true and loyal the love we bear each other, even if we should meet no more on earth.

"Signorina! signorina!" comes the shrill voice of Romilda through the darkness, "art thou mad to linger thus in the dew?"

Very hurried and very silent is our parting, and presently I enter the salon, where my parents are waiting for the carriage, with a glow in my cheeks and a light in my eyes which make my father declare approvingly that his *bambina* is growing pretty. I am resolved to be brave, and bear myself with the cheerful courage which becomes one who knows that the truest heart in the world belongs to her, and that God in His good time will bring him back. All the evening at the *musicale* I am gay, and I sing so well that even mamma looks pleased. Only once, when the grand sweet voice of Countess Lowenstein swells out in a pathetic old German song, I astonish Count Benvenuto by a sudden sob.

> "Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath
> Dass man vom Liebsten was man hat,
> Muss scheiden, ja scheiden."

Three hundred and sixty-five dreary days and nights with that terrible sea between us, and nobody but Romilda to tell my trouble to! O God! how shall I ever bear it?"

I am to be married to-morrow. The trunks are all packed and locked, except the one in which my wedding dress is to be placed. Romilda has put my little room in something like order, and has left me, after a tender stroke of my hair and a husky "Cheer up, *carina*."

I am alone, leaning out of the window, with a damp breeze fanning my hot cheeks, while I gaze up at a sky which is without stars, and almost as dark as my heart. It is all over—the struggle, the submission, the suspense, the despair—and I am to be married to-morrow. It is ten months since Benedetto went away, and though I have written him twice since the war began between my parents' will and mine, he has sent me neither word nor sign. Six weeks after he left, Count Benvenuto asked me in marriage, and being enormously rich, and of a name as ancient as my own, my parents resolved that I should marry him, and they have won their resolve. I am to marry him to-morrow. Eight months is a long, long while for one weak girl to oppose her whole world, with only dead silence in answer to her appeals to the man for whom she suffers a persecution none the less cruel that all its cruelty is moral. They did not strike me, nor starve me, nor shut me up—only talked to me constantly of my duty while I was at home, and finally sent me to a convent *en retraite* for two months. It does not sound hard, but God knows (if He has time to know one miserable girl's heart) it was hard to bear. I am not a strong brave woman who can stand firm against reproaches and taunts, but only a poor weak child used to pleasantness and kindness; disapproval subdues me, coldness kills me, and when I lost faith in Benedetto the little strength I had failed me, and I yielded.

My father tells me that I shall be the happiest, wealthiest, most admired woman in Florence. My mother says that I have done wisely to prove that I am not pining for any faithless lover. Count Benvenuto assures me that he can trust to his own devotion to make me love him. And I— Ah, Benedetto! Benedetto!

I am married. It has been a long, weary day, of whose weariness I am too conscious to feel much else. Every one is gone but ourselves, and Count Benvenuto and I leave for Rome in two hours. Romilda, with dim eyes and trembling fingers, has dressed me for travelling, and now, because my head aches, they have let me come out to the garden for half an hour's solitude. Very still and sweet is the twilight, with the moon just coming up over the palazzo, and yet, oh, my garden! that have been the garden of paradise to me, you will never rest weary head or tired heart for me! I seat myself on that stone bench where my false love and I swore faith eternal to each other, and I close my eyes. Is he false? Have I been faithless? I am so tired of asking myself these questions, and yet I dare say I shall repeat them to myself as long as I live. There is a little scramble on the high stone wall, a light fall, and then I spring to my feet, and stand face to face with Benedetto Bucelli. He is terribly pale, and his eyes burn like a madman's as we stare at each other for an instant of silence, while he clasps both my hands in his.

"Are you true to me, as you swore to be, or are you false, as they have told me?"

His touch is hard, his voice is hoarse and faint, but they are his touch and his voice, and a wild, unreasoning rapture fills my heart.

"Oh, Benedetto, my love!" I cry, passionately kissing the hands which clasp mine so tightly.

"Am I indeed your love?" he says, huskily. "You are Laura Rinaldi still? It was a lie that you married Benvenuto to-day? Ah, my God!"

I have torn myself from his grasp, and have sunk on the bench, with my face hidden in my hands.

"It is so, then? Your love, poor weak child, was the thing of an hour. A little absence from your first lover, a few tender speeches from your second lover, and the story is told."

The deadly coldness in the low, slow words is harder to bear than wildest reproaches, and I cry, "I have been weak and faithless, but not false. Why did you not answer my letters?"

"Letters? I have seen no letters. I believed you true as the angels until a week ago. I heard that you were to marry Benvenuto. They refused me leave; I resigned. They refused again, and then I forgot honor, pride—everything but you—and I deserted. I have travelled night and day in disguise, and I arrive here to find you are married."

"Kill me!" I cry, falling at his feet, and gazing up at him wildly. "Before God and all His blessed saints, I am not false. I love you—you—you. I would rather die than be Benvenuto's wife!"

He lifts me from the ground, madly kissing lips and cheeks and hair; then he draws me down beside him on the bench.

"See, my own," he whispers, taking something from his pocket. "Prove to me then that your words are true. Will you live for Benvenuto, or die here with me?"

The moon is shining full on his white face, his gleaming eyes, and the bright blade of a knife.

"Kill me!" I murmur—"kill me, my poor love. I am not afraid!"

"Yes, I will kill you, and then I shall die with you in my arms! One sure, strong blow will not hurt, carina." The shining blade is lifted, but as I gaze up in his eyes their look changes. "I am mad!" he says, faintly. "I can not—my little love—my brave true love!" The broken words cease suddenly, the knife slips from his hand, and his head sinks heavily on my breast.

God was very good to us, Padre Anselmo tells me, in saving my love from slaying himself and me, and he bids me live, that by prayer and fasting and good works I may win forgiveness for the soul which passed so suddenly to God. So I live. I am to be a nun, for even Count Benvenuto, even my mother, admit that I can be no man's wife now. I am to be a nun, and vow to God the heart which, while it beats, will hold only one human image.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

SEA-BATHING FOR THE STRONG.

A healthy person needs no preparation for sea baths; he only needs to use intelligent precautions and to get rid of unintelligent prejudices. A very injurious prejudice in this matter is that of the people who say, "Always cool off before going into the water." The truth of the case is exactly the reverse. The natural instinct in this matter may be safely followed by every healthy person, and the natural instinct is to go warm, not cold, into the water. You can not, indeed, be too warm, under any ordinary circumstances, for a bath in the summer streams or sea. Unless you are actually exhausted with fatigue, it is safer to enter cool water before "cooling off" than afterward; the more "cooling off" you permit yourself, the less you are in condition to resist and to enjoy the lower temperature of the water. The school-boy perspiring from his games, the workman from his labor, the colt racing in the summer pastures, know very well what is good for them when they plunge into the stream without waiting to "cool off."

Of course there are rational precautions which must be borne in mind. The water must not be too cold for comfort; the bather must not stay in too long. And how long is long enough?

The rule is that the swimmer must not overlook the first sensation of cold that comes over him, and sooner or later this sensation will come even to the stoutest swimmer. It will come the sooner with the weaker individual and with the colder water; it will come the later in proportion as the swimmer's own animal heat is abundant and the water is warm. The proper duration of a bath will thus vary indefinitely, according to the circumstances. In October, a cold north wind blowing, I have bathed in Lake Ontario when five minutes of it was enough and too much, and I have bathed on the sandy beaches of Hilo Harbor for five hours at a time, and in that warm blue water of the lava reefs five hours was none too long. I must add that after these beach-combing revels the backs of the young swimmers were commonly burned as red as boiled lobsters, and after blistering in due course the cuticle came away in hand-broad patches, like the casting of the skin of any other young creatures. But what draughts of strength and sunlight these young swimmers imbibed with that sea air and tropical sunlight!

The proper duration of a bath, then, is the resultant of three factors: the strength or vital heat of the individual bather, the amount of exercise he takes while in the water, whether by swimming or otherwise, and the temperature of the water itself. Of course no one can say beforehand, either for himself or another, how long any bath should last; but the practical rule is very simple, and I will repeat it: it is to leave the water before you begin to shiver; to stay longer is to take a certain amount of risk, which varies with the strength of the individual constitution. In proportion as one is active and expert in swimming will both the safe duration and the enjoyment of the bath be increased.

Swimming is a fatiguing exercise to those who are imperfectly practised in it, or out of practice; but even to them, in moderation, it is strongly tonic. Nothing more promotes good sleep and good appetite. But when the accomplishment is well matured, and kept in hand from day to day, there is no better exercise. Skating in the winter and swimming in the summer are sufficient training to form the constitution and to make the athlete, and these are exercises that are available for a larger part of the world of young and vigorous persons than horseback-riding is, or even rowing.

Having pointed out one current fallacy about swimming, let me point out another. Every summer one may read in the journals some sapient advice to bathers, of which the formula usually runs pretty much as follows:

"*To Persons about to Drown.*—Retain your presence of mind as if you were in your own parlor. Throw yourself promptly on your back. Cease to struggle. Simply keep your nose out of the water, and breathe through your nose, and you will float, and presently some one will come and pull you ashore."

Now we all read this every summer, and perhaps some of us believe it. What are the facts?

1. The human body, fat or lean, is in nine cases out of ten heavier than fresh water, so that you will infallibly go to the bottom in spite of your presence of mind, unless you can swim.

2. The human body is a little lighter than salt-water, and a person might float upon his back if he were provided with a tank or other perfectly smooth surface for the experiment. But—

3. Yachting accidents, shipwrecks, and other sea casualties do not usually occur in perfectly smooth water, and a person who should try this plan in salt-water in case of need could only float if the water were perfectly smooth, and if he held his nose accurately skyward. The least submersion of the face by the waves, and our floater is gone as hopelessly as if in fresh-water.

This question (recently discussed by a German scientist) I have repeatedly verified by experimenting on the floating and sinking qualifications of the human body. In many trials I have not found a single person who can float in fresh water except during a full inspiration of air. Some experts, by taking very rapid and full inspirations, can keep afloat for a time in fresh water, without moving hands or feet. But they sink promptly in making the ordinary respiratory movements. How much sooner would a person ignorant of swimming sink! No, there is no way of keeping afloat that is quite so good as knowing how to swim. The art is easiest learned in salt water, for the reason I have pointed out. And whenever any one of my non-swimming readers comes across the conventional exhortation to retain his presence of mind and keep his nose out of water, let him use his presence of mind in going to a swimming school.

Titus Munson Coan.

MIND AND BODY.

Some of the most remarkable results of an unusual mental stimulus upon the body have actually been induced by the lucid description of them in the hearing of the persons who became thus mysteriously affected. Lecturers on the practice of medicine in the universities and medical schools rarely, if ever, deliver a statutory course to their students without exemplifying the truth of the foregoing observation. The writer well remembers an instance in point, occurring in a class-fellow of his own who attended the practice of physic class with him. During and after the description of skin diseases this student suffered extremely from skin irritation, induced by his too vivid realization of the symptoms described by the lecturer. These uncomfortable morbid feelings culminated one day when the lecturer described the symptoms of a certain disease supposed to possess a special sphere of distribution in the northern parts of Great Britain. For days afterward the student was tormented by an uncomfortable and persistent itching between the fingers, which no treatment seemed to alleviate, but which passed away when an eruption of a simple type appeared on his hands, the latter induced by no known cause, but apparently as the result of the morbid mental influences to which he was subject.

Not a session passes in the medical schools but the lecturer on physic has occasion to quiet the nervous fears of nervous students, who simulate in themselves the symptoms of heart-disease, and require the gravest assurances that their fears are ungrounded, and that they have simply been studying with a morbid interest the lecturer's remarks on heart affections. In his work entitled *De l'Imagination*, Demangeon tells us that Nebelius, lecturing one day upon intermittent fever, and lucidly describing ague, noticed one of his pupils to become pale, to shiver, and to exhibit at last all the symptoms of ague. This lad was laid up for a considerable period with a true attack of the fevre in question, and recovered under the usual treatment of the disease.

If, however, it is found that the influence of the mind and the vain imaginings of a morbid fancy may induce disease, it is no less certain that a like action of the mind may occasionally cure an otherwise stubborn malady. No better illustrations of such cases can be cited than those in which a severe fright relieves a condition which may have resisted every effort of treatment. An attack of toothache not unfrequently disappears when we seat ourselves in the dentist's chair. A severe attack of the gout has been cured by the alarm raised consequent upon the house of the patient being set on fire, whilst more than one case of severe pain has been cured by the patient ignorantly swallowing the paper on which the surgeon's prescription was written instead of the prescription itself.

OLD-TIME FISHING.

Among the ancient nations of the Old World fishing was well known, and the modes employed were not much dissimilar to those now used among the islanders of the Pacific. There was a great consumption of fish in ancient Egypt. The Israelites fondly regretted the fish of the Nile while they were in the desert. Nets like our seines, as well as hand-nets, were largely used, and may be seen represented on the monuments. Fish were caught also by hand lines, and by quaint short fishing-rods. It would almost seem from the representations of those who fished with the rods and with bronze hooks that this exercise was indulged in, as with us, for recreation, while the net was more used by professional fishermen.

Fish were also speared. Wilkinson gives an amusing illustration of an old gentleman fishing from a chair with as much nonchalance as a modern punt fisher on the Thames. The allusions of the Hebrew prophets to fishing, which Walton mentions, were due to their old knowledge of fishing in Egypt. A fish was in that country sacred to Athor, the Venus of the land, from its productiveness, and the same emblem of nature-worship is found almost universally through the religions of the East. Thus in Phœnicia the great diety was a fish god, Dagon, represented on the gems as half man, half fish. The same symbolism may be seen in the sculptures of Nineveh. In conformity with their deity, the Phœnicians, besides being great traders, were also great fishers.

The fish is among the sacred creatures of India, along with the peacock and elephant, at the present day, and, as in ancient Egypt, certain castes are exclusively employed in fishing. With the Buddhists the sacred fish of legends attained a vast size, showing how the idea of divinity inherent in fish gradually developed and was transferred to physical qualities and size, as the purity of the original religion of Gautama Buddha declined. In the Buddhist sacred sea "there are fishes called Timinda, 2000 miles in size; Timingala, 3000 miles; and Timira Pingala, 5000 miles." As if this were not enough, four others are named, each 10,000 miles in size.

Nin, the eponymus of Ninus and Nineveh, was a fish god. At Nimrud and Kouyunjik Assyrians are frequently represented fishing, either from the bank or while astride upon inflated skins. Oddly enough, although, in common with the Chaldeans and Egyptians, they must have known the use of bronze fish-hooks, they are never represented as using a fishing rod.

A curious mode of fishing is mentioned by Herodotus in his account of the singular dwellers in pile houses over the lake Prasias, in Pæonia. These people opened a trap-door in the floors of their houses, and letting down an empty basket into the lake, speedily drew it up full of fishes, with which, he says, they fed their horses and beasts of burden.

It has often been noticed how sparse are the allusions to fishing in the Homeric poems. Naturally they would be out of place in the Iliad, so that only one reference is made in that poem to the fisher's craft. A hero having thrust his spear into an adversary, then drags him by it out of his chariot, "as when a man, sitting upon a projecting rock, drags a mighty fish from the sea to the shore with line and gleaming hook."

The procedure is more exactly described in the sister poem. Scylla drags from the ships of Odysseus six of his comrades, and lays them panting on her rocks before she devours them—

"Just as when a fisherman on a jutting point with a very long rod, dropping down baits as a lure to little fish, casts into the sea a horn of the farm-yard ox, and then having caught them, snatches them out panting and lays them on dry land."

Here are a long salmon-like rod in the one instance, and a hook with a horn sheath over it to protect the bait either from crabs or from smaller fish, or (as Eustathius supposed) to keep the line from the bite of the fish itself; in the other the fishing seems to be done with a long line and no rod. In any case, at the dawn of Greek literature the implements of the fisher's craft appear much the same as at present. Odysseus himself regarded fishing as a mean occupation. He had rather starve on the Egyptian shore than join his mariners, "who ever wandered round the island fishing with bent hooks." In another place Homer alludes casually to spearing fish, "joyless dinetles," as if a fish diet itself were unpleasant. So Plato, in his ideal *Republic*, would not permit his guards to eat fish, observing that Homer shows us that when the heroes feasted on their expeditions, even at the Hellespont, they never ate fish or boiled meat, but only what was roasted. These views probably sprang from that old-world superstitious reverence which prompted the Egyptians to hold their fish, especially those of the Nile, sacred.

TRAVELLING IN NORWAY.

In proportion to its population, no other country has so long a mileage of well-made and well-kept post-roads as Norway, and this in spite of extraordinary natural difficulties. These roads are maintained, under government supervision, by the peasant proprietors of the land through which they pass. On all these roads at distances of seven to ten English miles are "stations," where horses and carriages, bed and board, are supplied on fixed terms. The government publishes every year a pocket hand-book stating the distances between each station and the charges payable. This hand-book has two good maps, one for the northern, the other for the southern half of the country. An English edition of this hand-book, revised for every season, is published, with detailed information concerning every station. As an example, I open the copy before me at random, and find that Aune, on the Dovrefjeld route, is an "excellent station. The longest beds on the whole route." The character of the accommodation, quality of provisions, etc., are similarly specified with stern impartiality for nearly a thousand stations.

These stations are farm-houses, some in their original and primitive condition, others with special buildings for the accommodation of travellers. The host is the owner of the house and of the land around, the place in many cases bearing his family name. Thus the Toftemoen station on the Dovrefjeld is owned by Tofte, a descendant of Harald Haarfagre (the fair-haired), the first king of united Norway. The same family has held this farm since the days of the Vikings. In 1860, when King Charles XV. was on his way to be crowned at Trondhjem, he stopped to dine at this farm-house station. Tofte told the king that he need not unpack his plate, as he had enough of silver forks and spoons for the thirty or forty guests in his suite.

Not all the farmers are as rich as Tofte. Some are very poor, but all are proud; they expect to be treated with consideration by their guests, and know how to resent the insolence of travelling snobs who imagine that money can purchase servility everywhere. When properly treated, nothing can exceed their courteous hospitality. The number of horses which each station is bound to supply daily is defined, and every traveller enters on the "day book" of the station how many he has taken. In the season there is commonly an excessive demand, and by mid-day the specified number is usually exhausted. Then the station-master may do as he pleases about supplying more. In the ordinary course he borrows from his neighbors, but if a swaggering snob becomes offensive, the farmer simply walks away to his work in the field, leaving the snob in a state of raving helplessness. If snobby is driving his own cariole, which some consider "the thing," he has no alternative but to put himself between the shafts and wheel it, barrow fashion, eight or nine miles, to the next station, or wait until the next morning. If he is hiring both horse and vehicle, he must shoulder his luggage and walk on. I have been told of six cases of cariole barrowing during one summer. Complaints were lodged at Christiania, inquiries made, and the verdict in every case was, "Serve him right."

The cariole with its long shafts, low single seat between horse and axle, from which the driver is not thrown out even if the horse goes down on descending a steep hill, is still the national vehicle, but it is a mistake to suppose that there are no others. There is, in fact, one magnificent district of Norway (that around the great Justedals Ice Fjeld) where the single cariole is unknown; it is replaced by the stolkjaerre, or chair-car, or chaise, always seated for two. Besides these, double carioles with seats for two are now to be had everywhere, and on the main road a variety of four-wheeled vehicles, even stage-coaches of the old English pattern, are running.

FANS.

By whom fans were introduced into medieval Europe—authorities differ on the subject—we have no precise means of telling. Some say that perhaps the Crusaders brought the fashion from the East; it is probable that the custom of using the fan never quite lapsed, but that it descended and spread until the belles of Spain and France came to consider their toilet incomplete if one of these favorite appendages were missing. The flabellum, known by the name of "esmouchoir," was in use in France during the thirteenth century, but it was not employed in private life until the following century. Fans were made of lamels of ivory, and the circular kinds of rice straw, of silk, of cloth of gold or silver, and rich embroidery was lavished on these attractive luxuries. Queen Clemence had "a fly flap of broidered silk," and King Charles V. "a round folding fly flap in ivory, with the arms of France and Navarre, and a handle of ebony." Queen Louise de Lorraine received a gift from Queen Marguerite of a fan of mother-of-pearl, which was valued at more than twelve hundred crowns.

Spanish fans in the fifteenth century were circular, and composed of paper ornamented with feathers. Tufts of feathers attached to ivory handles were used in Italy in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and were suspended from the girdle by a small chain. Italian fans were introduced into France by the perfumers who formed part of the retinue of Catherine de Medicis, and they soon became fashionable at court. That effeminate monarch Henry III., when he went into the forest with his falconers, carried a large fan to protect his delicate complexion from the heat of the sun's rays; but what less could be expected of a man who wore gloves and masks lined with cosmetics for the sake of improving his skin? Under Henry IV. fans were so much used as to become an important item in the trade of the country. Anne of Austria, in her turn, introduced Spanish fans that attained great popularity amongst French women, and those of scented wood came into vogue; but the fancy was only a transitory one, for they were surpassed in elegance and lightness by those made in France. The weathercock fans shaped like flags appertain especially to Italy; they were made of cloth of gold or some rich silken fabric. There is a portrait of Titian's wife in the Dresden Gallery which represents her with such a fan.

The remark that fans were the only presents which a sovereign could receive from a subject is attributed to Queen Elizabeth, but how she could reconcile such a speech, if she made it, with her acceptance of costly gifts at New-Year's-tide, is a mystery. But women have as much right to be fickle as men have to grumble, and probably the sight of the priceless articles that were showered upon her caused her to change her mind as to the propriety of receiving her subjects' offerings. She at her death owned twenty-seven fans—a meagre allowance enough, some of our modern belles may exclaim; but in those days, when fashions did not change so rapidly as they do now, it must have been accounted a goodly number. Here is a description of one given her by Francis Drake as a New Year's present in 1589: "A fanne of fethers white and redd, the handle of gold, enameled with a half-moone garnished with sparks of dyamonds, and a few seede-perles on the one side having her Magestie's picture within it, and on the back side a device with a crow over it."

A letter dated 1595 informs us that "her Magestie is in very good health, and comes much abroad. Upon Thursday she dined at Kew, my Lord Keeper's [Sir John Puckering] house. Her entertainment for that meale was great and exceeding costly. At her first lighting she had a fine fanne, with a handle garnisht with diamonds." The Earl of Leicester's gift must have been superb: "A fanne of white fethers sett in a handel of golde; the one side thereof garnished with twoe very fayre emeralds, especially one, and fully garnished with dyamondes and rubyes, and the backside and handell of lyke golde, garnished with diamondes and rubyes, and on each side a white beare and twoe perles hanging, a lyon ramping with a muzzled beare at his foote." The Countess of Essex carried a fan at her trial. "She stood pale and trembling at the bar, and during the reading of the indictment covered her face with her fan." Catherine of Braganza brought the fashion of using large shading fans to England. Her Portuguese ladies-in-waiting, when they went out without their masks, shaded their faces from the heat of the sun with their fans.

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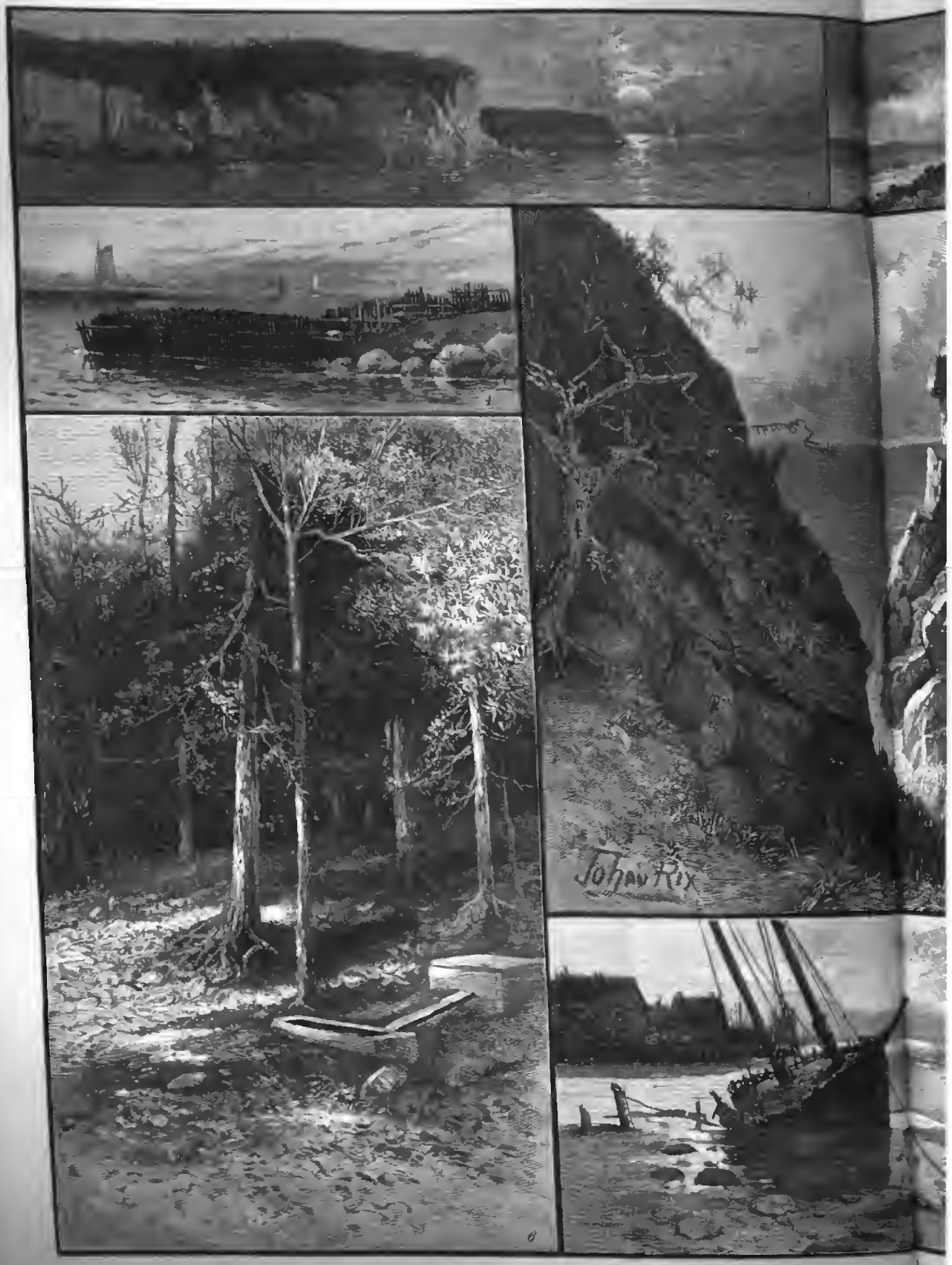
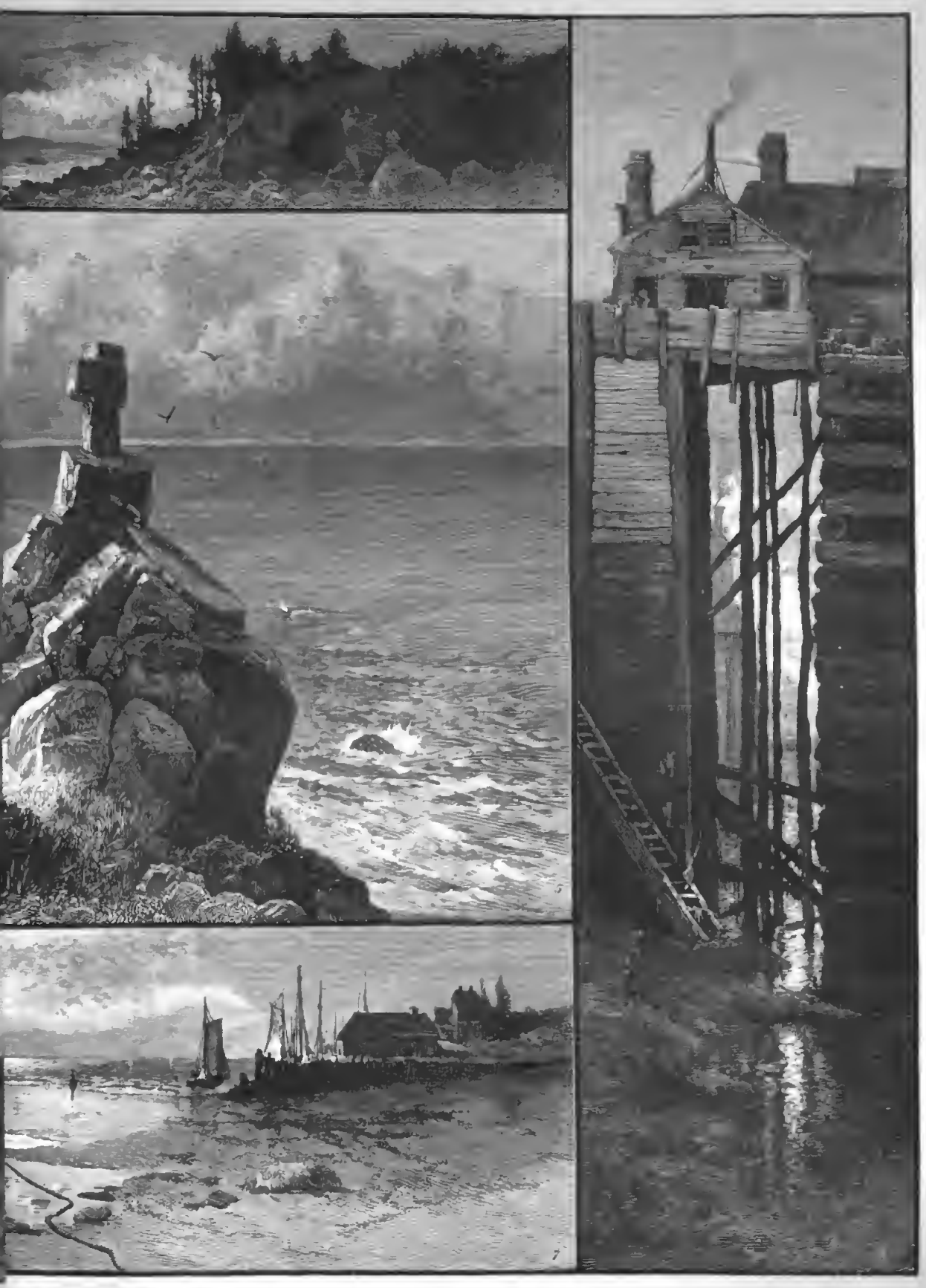


PICTURESQUE SCENES ALONG THE COAST OF M



OF MAINE.—Drawn by John Rix.—[See Page 414.]

"I SAY NO;"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "MR LAPE'S MONEY," "THE MOONSTONE," "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

THE CLINK.

CHAPTER LVII.

A CHURCH OF TWO.

EARLY in the last century one of the picturesque nests of robbers and murderers, practicing the vices of humanity on the border-lands watered by the river Tweed, built a tower of stone on the coast of Northumberland. He lived personally in the perpetration of atrocities, and he died penitent, under the direction of his priest. Since that event he has figured in poems and pictures, and has been greatly admired by modern ladies and gentlemen, whom he would have outraged and robbed if he had been lucky enough to meet with them in the good old times.

His son succeeded him, and failed to profit by the paternal example—that is to say, he made the fatal mistake of fighting for other people instead of fighting for himself.

In the rebellion of 'Forty-five, this northern squire sided to serious purpose with Prince Charles and the Highlanders. He lost his head, and his children lost their inheritance. In the lapse of years the confiscated property fell into the hands of strangers, the last of whom (having a taste for the turf) discovered, in course of time, that he was in want of money. A retired merchant, named Delvin (originally of French extraction), took a liking to the wild situation, and purchased the tower. His wife—already in failing health—had been ordered by the doctors to live a quiet life by the sea. Her husband's death left her a rich and lonely widow; by day and night alike a prisoner in her room; wasted by disease, and having but two interests which reconciled her to life—writing poetry in the intervals of pain, and paying the debts of a reverend brother who succeeded in the pulpit, and prospered nowhere else.

In the later days of its life the tower had been greatly improved as a place of residence. The contrast was remarkable between the dreary gray outer walls and the luxuriously furnished rooms inside, rising by two at a time in the lofty eighth story of the building. Among the scattered population of the country round, the tower was still known by the old name given to it in the bygone time—"The Clink." It had been so called (as was supposed) in allusion to the noise made by loose stones, washed backward and forward at certain times of the tide, in hollows of the rock on which the building stood.

On the evening of her arrival at Mrs Delvin's retreat, Emily retired at an early hour, fatigued by her long journey. Mirabel had an opportunity of speaking with his sister privately in her own room.

"Send me away, Agatha, if I disturb you," he said, "and let me know when I can see you in the morning."

"My dear Miles, have you forgotten that I am never able to sleep in calm weather? My lullaby for years past has been the meaning of the great North Sea under my window. Listen! There is not a sound outside on this peaceful night. It is the right time of the tide, just now, and yet 'the clink' is not to be heard. Is the moon up?"

Mirabel opened the curtains. "The whole sky is one great atom of black," he answered. "If I was superstitious, I should think that horrid darkness a bad omen for the future. Are you suffering, Agatha?"

"Not just now. I suppose I look sadly changed for the worse since you saw me last?"

But for the feverish brightness of her eyes, she would have looked like a corpse. Her wrinkled forehead, her hollow cheeks, her white lips, told their terrible tale of the suffering of years. The ghastly appearance of her face was heightened by the furnishing of the room. This doomed woman, dying slowly day by day, delighted in bright colors and sumptuous materials. The paper on the walls, the curtains, the carpet, presented the hues of the rainbow. She lay on a couch covered with purple silk, under draperies of green velvet to keep her warm. Rich lace hid her scanty hair, turning prematurely gray; brilliant rings glittered on her bony fingers. The room was in a blaze of light from lamps and candles. Even the wine at her side that kept her alive had been decanted into a bottle of lustrous Venetian glass. "My grave is open," she used to say, "and I want all these beautiful things to keep me from looking at it. I should die at once if I was left in the dark."

Her brother sat by the couch, thinking. "Shall I guess what is in your mind?" she asked.

Mirabel humored the caprice of the moment. "Guess!" he said.

"You want to know what I think of Emily," she answered. "Your letter told me you were in love; but I didn't believe your letter. I have always doubted whether you were capable of feeling true love—until I saw Emily. The moment she entered the room I knew that I had never properly appreciated my brother. You are in love with her, Miles; and you are a better man than I thought you. Does that express my opinion?"

Mirabel took her wasted hand, and kissed it gratefully.

"What a position I am in!" he said. "To love her as I love her; and if she knew the truth, to be the object of her horror—to be the man whom she would hunt to the scaffold, as an act of duty to the memory of her father!"

"You have left out the worst part of it," Mrs. Delvin reminded him. "You have bound yourself to help her to find the man. Your one hope of persuading her to become your wife rests on your success in finding him. And you are the man. There is your situation! You can't submit to it. How can you escape from it?"

"You are trying to frighten me, Agatha."

"I am trying to encourage you to face your position boldly."

"I am doing my best," Mirabel said, with sullen resignation. "Fortune has favored me so far. I have, really and truly, been unable to satisfy Emily by discovering Rose Jethro. She has left the place at which I saw her last—there is no trace to be found of her—and Emily knows it."

"And, now you are in the neighborhood, Emily expects you to discover Mrs Rook. Suppose the woman has not got the complacency which she heard of in Scotland? She may have returned to her late master's house since I wrote to you. You may meet her face to face, and she may recognize you."

"Not likely, Agatha."

"Why not?"

"Am I the man, with the short hair and the little half-whiskers, whom she remembers at the inn?"

"Who was it said, Miles, that the thing we never expect is the thing which generally happens? Be prepared for the thing you don't expect."

Mirabel shuddered. "I am surrounded by dangers whichever way I look," he said. "Do what I may, it turns out to be wrong. I was wrong, perhaps, when I brought Emily here."

"No."

"I could easily make an excuse," Mirabel persisted, "and take her back to London."

"And, for all you know to the contrary," his sister after replied, "Mrs. Rook may go to London, and you may take Emily back to time to receive her at the cottage. In every way you are safer in my old tower. And—don't forget—you have got my money to help you, if you want it. In my belief, Miles, you will want it."

"You are the dearest and best of sisters! What do you recommend me to do?"

"What you would have been obliged to do," Mrs Delvin answered, "if you had remained in London. You must go to Redwood Hall to-morrow, as Emily has arranged it. If Mrs Rook is not there, you must ask for her address in Scotland. If nobody knows the address, you must still bestir yourself in trying to find it. And when you do fail in with Mrs. Rook—"

"Well?"

"Take care, wherever it may be, that you see her privately."

Mirabel was alarmed. "Don't keep me in suspense," he burst out. "Tell me what you propose."

"Never mind what I propose to-night. Before I can tell you what I have in my mind I must know whether Mrs. Rook is in England or Scotland. Bring me that information to-morrow, and I shall have something to say to you. Hark! The wind is rising, the rain is falling. There is a chance of sleep for me—I shall soon hear the sea. Good night."

"Good-night, dearest, and thank you again and again."

"One word more, Miles. Be on your guard with that old servant of Emily's. Mrs. Ellmother is no friend of yours; I saw her look to you."

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE ACCIDENT AT BELFORD.

EARLY in the morning Mirabel set forth for Redwood Hall in one of the vehicles which Mrs. Delvin still kept at The Clink for the convenience of visitors. He returned soon after noon, having obtained information of the whereabouts of Mrs Rook and her husband. When they had last been heard of they were at Lasswade, near Edinburgh. Whether they had or had not obtained the situation of which they were in search, neither Miss Redwood nor any one else at the Hall could tell.

In half an hour more another horse was harnessed, and Mirabel was on his way to the railway station to Belford, to follow Mrs Rook, at Emily's urgent request. Before his departure he had an interview with his sister.

Mrs. Delvin was rich enough to believe implicitly in the power of money. Her method of extricating her brother from the serious difficulties that beset him was to make it worth the while of Mr and Mrs. Rook to leave England. Their passage to America would be secretly paid, and they would take with them a letter of credit addressed to a banker in New York. If Mirabel failed to discover them after they had sailed, Emily could not blame his want of devotion to her interests. He understood this, but he remained desponding and irresolute even with the money in his hands. The one person who could rouse his courage and estimate his hope was also the one person who must know nothing of what had passed between his sister and himself. He had no choice but to leave Emily without being cheered by her bright looks, invigorated by her inspiriting words. Mirabel went away on his doubtful errand with a heavy heart.

"The Clink" was so far from the nearest post town that the few letters usually addressed to the tower were delivered by private arrangement with a messenger. The man's punctuality depended on the convenience of his superiors employed at the office. Sometimes he arrived early, and sometimes he arrived late. On this particular morning he presented himself at half past one o'clock, with a letter for Emily; and when Mrs. Ellmother smartly reproved him for the delay, he coolly attributed it to the hospitality of friends whom he had met on the road.

The letter, directed to Emily at the cottage, had been forwarded from London by the person left in charge. It addressed her as, "Honored Miss." She turned at once to the end, and discovered the signature of Mrs Rook!

"And Mr Mirabel has gone," Emily exclaimed, "just when his presence is of the greatest importance to me?"

Shrewd Mrs Ellmother suggested that it might be as well to read the letter first, and then to form an opinion.

Emily read it:

"LASSWADE, NEAR EDINBURGH, *September 20th.*

"HONORED MISS,—I take up my pen to bespeak your kind sympathy for my husband and myself; two old people thrown on the world again by the death of our excellent master. We are under a month's notice to leave Redwood Hall.

"Hearing of a situation at this place (also that our expenses would be paid if we applied personally), we got leave of absence, and made our application. The lady and her son are either the stingiest people that ever lived, or they have taken a dislike to me and my husband, and they make money a means of getting rid of us easily. Suffice it to say that we have refused to accept starvation wages, and that we are still out of place. It is just possible that you may have heard of something to suit us. So I write at once, knowing that good chances are often lost through wordless delay.

"We stop at Belford on our way back to see some friends of my husband, and we hope to get to Redwood Hall in good time on the 28th. Would you please address me to care of Mrs Redwood, in case you know of any good situation for which we could apply? Perhaps we may be driven to try our luck in London. In this case will you permit me to have the honor of presenting my respects, as I ventured to propose when I wrote to you a little time since?

"I beg to remain, Honored Miss,

"Your humble servant, R. ROOK."

Emily handed the letter to Mrs Ellmother. "Read it," she said, "and tell me what you think."

"I think you had better be careful."

"Careful of Mrs Rook?"

"Yes—and careful of Mrs. Delvin too."

Emily was astonished. "Are you really speaking seriously?" she said. "Mrs Delvin is a most interesting person; so patient under her sufferings, so kind, so clever, so interested in all that interests me. I shall take the letter to her at once, and ask her advice."

"Have your own way, miss. I don't like her; I don't like her."

Mrs Delvin's devotion to the interests of her guest took even Emily by surprise. After reading Mrs. Rook's letter she rang the bell on her table in a frenzy of impatience. "My brother must be instantly recalled," she said. "Telegraph to him in your own name, telling him what has happened. He will find the message waiting for him at the end of his journey."

The groom, summoned by the bell, was ordered to saddle the third and last horse left in the stables; to take the telegram to Belford; and to wait there until the answer arrived.

"How far is it to Redwood Hall?" Emily asked, when the man had received his orders.

"Ten miles," Mrs Delvin answered.

"How can I get there to-day?"

"My dear, you can't get there."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Delvin, I must get there."

"Pardon me. My brother represents you in this matter. Leave it to my brother."

The tone taken by Mirabel's sister was positive, to say the least of it. Emily thought of what her faithful old servant had said, and began to doubt her own discretion in so readily showing the letter. The mistake—if a mistake it was—had, however, been committed; and, wrong or right, she was not disposed to occupy the unfortunate position which Mrs. Delvin had assigned to her.

"If you will look at Mrs. Rook's letter again," Emily replied, "you will see that I ought to answer it. She supposes I am in London."

"Do you propose to tell Mrs Rook that you are in this house?" Mrs. Delvin asked.

"Certainly."

"You had better consult my brother before you take any responsibility on yourself."

Emily kept her temper. "Allow me to remind you," she said, "that Mr Mirabel is not acquainted with Mrs. Rook, and that I am. If I speak to her personally, I can do much to assist the object of our inquiries before he returns. She is not an easy woman to deal with—"

"And therefore," Mrs. Delvin interposed, "the sort of person who requires careful handling by a man like my brother—a man of the world."

"The sort of person, as I venture to think," Emily persisted, "whom I ought to see with as little loss of time as possible."

Mrs. Delvin waited a while before she replied. In her condition of health, anxiety was not easy to bear. Mrs Rook's letter and Emily's obstinacy had seriously irritated her. But, like all persons of ability, she was capable, when there was serious occasion for it, of exerting self-control. She really liked and admired Emily; and, as the elder woman and the hostess, she set an example of forbearance and good humor.

"It is not of my power to send you to Redwood Hall at once," she resumed. "The only one of my three horses now at your disposal is the horse which took my brother to the Mill this morning. A distance, there and back, of twenty miles. You are not in too great a hurry, I am sure, to allow the horse time to rest?"

Emily made her acknowledgments with perfect grace and sincerity. "I had no idea the distance was so great," she confessed. "I will wait, dear Mrs. Delvin, as long as you like."

They parted as good friends or even—with a certain reserve, nevertheless, on either side. Emily's eager nature was depressed and irritated by the prospect of delay. Mrs. Delvin, on the other hand (devoted to her brother's interests), thought hopefully of obstacles which might present themselves with the lapse of time. The horse might prove to be incapable of further exertion for that day. Or the threatening aspect of the weather might end in a storm.

But the hours passed, and the sky cleared, and the horse was reported to be fit for work again. Fortune was against the lady of the house, the last no choice but to submit.

Mrs Delvin had just sent word to Emily that the carriage would be ready for her in ten minutes, when the coachman who had driven Mirabel to Belford returned. He brought news which agreeably surprised both the ladies. Mirabel had reached the station five minutes too late; the coachman had left him waiting the arrival of the next train to the north. He would now receive the telegraphic message at Belford, and might return immediately by taking the groom's horse. Mrs. Delvin left it to Emily to decide whether she would proceed by herself to Redwood Hall or wait for Mirabel's return.

Under the changed circumstances, Emily would have acted ungraciously if she had persisted in holding to her first intention. She consented to wait.

The sea still remained calm. In the stillness of the moorland solitude on the western side of "The Clink," the rapid steps of a horse were heard at some little distance on the high road. Emily ran out, followed by careful Mrs. Ellmother, expecting to meet Mirabel.

She was disappointed—it was the groom who had returned. As he pulled up at the house and dismounted, Emily noticed that the man looked excited.

"Is there anything wrong?" she asked.

"There has been an accident, miss."

"Not to Mr Mirabel?"

"No, no, miss. An accident to a poor foolish woman, traveling from Lasswade."

Emily looked at Mrs. Ellmother. "It can't be Mrs Rook?" she cried.

"That's the name, miss! She got out before the train had quite stopped, and fell on the platform."

"Was she hurt?"

"Seriously hurt, as I heard. They carried her into a house hard by, and sent for the doctor."

"Was Mr Mirabel one of the people who helped her?"

"He was on the other side of the platform, miss, waiting for the train from London. I got to the station and gave him the telegram just as the accident took place. We crossed over to hear more about it. Mr Mirabel was telling me that he would return to 'The Clink' on my horse, when he heard the woman's name mentioned. Upon that, he changed his mind and went to the house."

"Was he let in?"

"The doctor wouldn't hear of it. He was making his examination, and he told nobody was to be in the room but her husband, and the woman of the house."

"Is Mr Mirabel waiting to see her?"

"Yes, miss. He said he would wait all day, if necessary, and he gave me this bit of a note to take to the mistress."

Emily turned to Mrs. Ellmother. "It's impossible to stay here, not knowing whether Mrs. Rook is going to live or die," she said. "I shall go to Belford, and you will go with me."

The groom interfered. "I beg your pardon, miss. It was Mr Mirabel's most particular wish that you were not, on any account, to go to Belford."

"Why not?"

"He didn't say."

Emily read the note in the man's hand with well grounded distrust. In all probability, Mirabel's object in writing was to instruct his sister to prevent her guest from going to Belford. The carriage was waiting at the door. With her usual promptness of resolution, Emily decided on taking it for granted that she was free to use as she pleased a carriage which had been already placed at her disposal.

"Tell your coachman," she said to the groom, "that I am going to Belford instead of to Redwood Hall."

In a minute more she and Mrs Ellmother were on their way to join Mirabel at the station.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1433.

THE COAST OF MAINE.

Is it fog-land, dream-land, or a hard reality of rocky, darkly wooded cliffs, of steep slopes, up which here and there has clambered a white cottage, in the high distance looking like a stray sheep straggling from the flock crowded below within reach of some long arm of the sea?

It is fog-land one day, as you steam along it, that is in a still, small, foggy world, all beyond what not by the silver gray mist blending with the silver-gray circle of tumbler rippled water. The sun opens a round, dim, yellow-white window above; you hear the beating of an invisible sail, just as you nearly graze a fishing schooner, the long-drawn moan of the fog-horn sounds threateningly out of the blank from some high-house upon hidden rocks. And if the steamer would has cease her answering moans and pantings, you might catch the tinkle of sheep bells on the slopes, so close you are upon them without seeing them, before the *City of Portland* moves orderly to the very doors of her sister of Eastport. The whole journey, whether you have set out from New York to Boston, has been one long series of changing views of ocean, beach, and rugged coastline. From Boston, indeed, until Portland is reached, the line of the Eastern Railroad runs

over so picturesque and interesting a route as that prosaic pioneer, the locomotive, has ever invaded.

But it is not the doors which you will notice first; that is, if it be low water. If the tide has fallen its score or more of feet, by far the most noticeable feature of Eastport, even now that the fog is lifting a little to show you the brown herring weirs, is the fish wharf here and there stretching out of the clear water its gaunt skeleton frame, clothed upon by the yellow green bladders, or the tangle of rock weed, black or green as the sea leaves it or loves it. Up and up its sides the ladders climb to the green mark of the high tides; and perhaps in the factory above you may find the delicate French sardine of Douarnenez, or Penmarch, "à l'huile," boiling away in its tin box, and quite forgetful that it was once a tiny herring from the weirs of Campo Bello opposite.

To Eastport, as to many another thing, the proverbial distance lends enchantment. Not that the white, red-roofed village climbing the bluff, and straggling over the ups and downs of its small island, is not pretty enough, but that, viewed as an opposite neighbor from the island of Campo Bello, sometimes it is an enchanted city. The fog loves this bay of Passamaquoddy. It does not like to hide it away behind the thick gray veil that may perhaps be flung over Grand Manan outside, but it clings to it, and lays soft white touches about it, making a changeful dream land out of it. Perhaps, if you wander down at sunset, under the slender firs and birches crowning Owen Head at Campo Bello, and, with the Queen Anne cottage of a hotel behind you, look across the water for Eastport Island opposite, you may find that the mirage has lifted it miles and miles away, and turned its green slopes into Atlas holding up the heavens on his purple-mantled shoulders. At his feet the cottages are marble palaces, and a church tower becomes a great fortress, out of which, ere yet the Northern sunset has altogether faded, the curfew-bell at nine o'clock swells solemnly over the waves.

It is not every day one has a mirage, and it is not every day one sees the herring taken in the weirs. For this, once in a way, you might willingly be out on some last of August or September morning when the sun is yet but dreaming of getting up.

As yet there is only a pale yellow "rose of dawn" beginning to lighten in the east; all that you can fairly see are the herring weirs stretching their brown net-work into the misty gray water spread before you, and the boats shooting through the narrow passage into the circling sweep of the weirs. The herring, you know, have come in through that same passage, and then finding themselves penned in with woven brush-wood walls fast rooted in the bottom, the fish lose their heads, as other trapped things do, and find no way of egress. And then there is a bewildering glare of torch light on the water, a silver shower, then another, and another, of the gleaming fish, as the seine gathers them, and the dip-nets take them out and pour them, shining, into the boats. Then presently you feel the cool salt breath of morning in your face, and you turn and see that the sun, like yourself, is up for the day.

Up for the day: and there is more than one pleasant way of spending it. Point Pleasant is one; the Indian village, a short distance up the bay, with its tribe of basket-makers, and its little Roman Catholic Church, where, if you chance upon St. Anne's Day, there is probably a wedding going on. It is a curious question how all these tribes came by the patron saint of Brittany, and might help to settle the doubt which the French Acadians themselves can not, it seems—whether the first French colonists in Acadie were to any extent Bretons instead of Normans. How their poor little fleets swept over these blue seas in vain! and have left perhaps their only trace on Doucet's Island, far up the Passamaquoddy, where, begirt with Indians, and besieged by the cruel winter, they perished of cold and hunger.

"How many red herrings grow in the wood," and wild strawberries and baked apples in the sea, or, at least, upon its very verge? For Harbor de Lute thrusts its arm into the very heart of the Campo Bello woods, fish-houses standing all about the island, with their pendent rows of herrings, as it were, shingling the inner walls. And the little fragrant strawberries and raspberries redden the headlands on the sea, and the heath is gilded by another berry, and you shut your eyes and open your mouth, and know you have a morsel of "baked apple." The woods are carpeted with ferns and scarlet bunch-berries; they are dusky with firs, and feathery with tamaracks, and silvery and graceful with the "lady birch"; and they lead you, at last, past some hill-side blue as the sea, with a long wind-rippled sweep of bluebells to the sea itself, the broad Atlantic—only narrowed just here by the misty walls, nine miles away, of the island Manthane, or Manane, which Champlain visited, leaving his anchor behind, as a certain rusty relic lately fished up is said to prove.

The cowled Friar standing at prayer, like a Baptist in the water, under the Campo Bello cliffs, and the Bishop in his pulpit where the waves do the thundering for him, at the northern head of Grand Manan, will never preach such "sermons in stones" as does the cross set up by nature over against her grand cathedral wall at Southern Head. The towers and pinnacles rise out of the sea, up to the sky, with fret-work of the blue-bell and wild rose. The dwarf spruce wood crowning the heights is a witness to a freak of bird-nature, chronicled by Audubon, of the adjacent islets—sea gulls building their nests in the trees. For the ledges here are insecure—piled one upon another, with but little earth mortaring them together, and with a curious masonry suggestive of the Giant's Causeway. The same red brown basaltic rock, on which it is not easy to disprove the marks of that cutter's tools, only where in the Giant's Causeway the columns are five, seven, and nine sided, here they run chiefly in threes, wedged together. As you stand above the sea, three hundred feet or so, and look across the Bay of Fundy's mouth, some forty miles away, you can just see a faint, low-lying cloud. It is the Nova-Scotian coast, off which there is a three-mile island facing the "French Shore," a rock between three seas, where the Giant may have "tried his prentice han'" upon the mossy towers and buttresses and turrets rising straight up out of the sea, with not one handful of earth among them. It is not far to wander from the coast of Maine, this tiny Beyer Island with its Westport opposite to Eastport, and there is nothing quite like Westport in its way—the fishing village's way: every pretty gabled cottage with its tiny pier and fish house, and its "fish-flakes" stretching their lattices up from the gate to the flower-bordered house door, their outspread burden of "codfish" drying in the sun upon their lattices.

As at Eastport, also, there are fish-flakes enough on Grand Manan, if you wander away from the Marble Ridge Hotel or the Sea-View, toward Pettes Cove, for instance, or Whale Cove. All this, with its weird growth of sea-weed on the submerged ledges, is the pasture ground beloved of the cod, the hake, the pollock, and haddock—those cold-blood relations that bear so strong a family likeness that it would be hard for the stranger to tell them apart were it not that Dame Nature has left the print of her hard-worked fingers upon some of them. They are the money of the islanders: so many yards of hake sounds drying, strung on their lines, for so many yards of calico, at the general shop where you may buy all things, from that yard of calico to the quaint *History of Grand Manan* and all the others of the adjacent three hundred and sixty-five islands of the Passamaquoddy that can fly the British flag.

There is money of another sort to be looked for at the sea foot of the darkly wooded buttresses of Money Cove. There the ubiquitous Captain Kidd hid away treasure which he and his crew row back to search for, all in vain, on certain cloudy nights when you may hear the dip of oars and the dull stroke of a ghostly spade. If it were not for the frequent fogs that veil the spectral pirate craft from sight, no doubt she would be scared from these waters by the shrill warning of the steamer waiting now to carry you away from cliff-built Grand Manan, back down the wild, surf-beaten coast of Maine.

SIMON BOLIVAR, LIBERATOR OF SOUTH AMERICA.

The unveiling of a statue of Bolivar in the Central Park recalls a name that has long been neglected among us. Yet to his countrymen of South America Bolivar stands first in their affections and esteem. He is the unselfish, ever-active, and successful deliverer of his country. Byron and Macaulay wrote or sang of him with equal enthusiasm, and placed him at the side of Washington, and by all the varied races of Spanish South America the words and memory of their national hero are treasured with ceaseless devotion.

Bolivar was born in 1783, of a wealthy family of creoles, natives of Caracas. His father died when he was an infant; his mother educated him with great care, and sent him to Spain and its universities. He travelled over Europe, was struck by the renown of the young conqueror Napoleon, attended lectures at Paris, visited Rome, and there, it is said, first conceived the idea of giving freedom to his native land. He married at Madrid, and came back to Caracas. His fair young wife died; and Bolivar, the wealthiest and most cultivated of the planters of Venezuela, resolved to risk fortune and life for his country. He was well formed and graceful, his countenance fine, his pallid features touched by a ceaseless melancholy, the most eminent of the young men of his native land. But he was a creole. The land was governed by rude adventurers from Spain. The creoles were allowed no share in the government of their country. Caracas and all Spanish America were weighed down by the bitter tyranny of their European lords.

Bolivar formed a secret association of creole young men. The rising took place on the 19th of April, 1810, that determined the fate of South America. At first all was success and triumph. Caracas was free, Granada, Chili, and Buenos Ayres followed its example. But a swift reverse soon came. A Spanish army in 1812 invaded the country and defeated the creole forces; an earthquake meantime, one of the most frightful ever known, had overturned the city of Caracas. Bolivar fled from his country, an impoverished exile, and the Spanish rule was enforced by ceaseless murders and confiscation. It was in exile and poverty that the heroic element of his nature shone out with new splendor; like Washington, he never desponded or despaired. In 1813 he was again the victorious ruler of Caracas. Soon he was forced to fly once more before the merciless Spanish troops. Again an exile, he sought to gain the aid of American or European powers. He was already famous, but no one helped him. He prepared a last expedition in 1816—a small band of soldiers—and threw himself into the midst of his foes. He was again defeated. He crossed the Andes into New Granada, and the country rose at his approach. At Boyacá, in 1819, he was victorious; at Carabobo, in his native land—Venezuela—June, 1821, he again routed the foreign forces. From that moment the success of the patriots was assured. They drove the Spaniards out of Peru, state after state threw off the foreign rule, and Bolivar, covered with renown, could now proudly announce to the world that South America was free.

In 1827 the hero came back to Venezuela and Caracas, its liberator and its chief. His life had always been unselfish and disinterested. He never grew enormously wealthy, like Napoleon and Cæsar, from the plunder of the people, but he was possibly sometimes too self-willed, and not master of himself. He was poor, and content to remain so. But he soon found himself surrounded by a cloud of envy, and pursued by a thousand foes. In the last year of his life a hostile faction gained the control of Venezuela, and drove the liberator into a new exile from the land of his birth. He knew all the pains of the reformer. He was in bad health; the ingratitude of his countrymen crushed his great soul, and he went forth to die, December 17, 1830, at Carthagena, on his way to Europe. From his sick bed he had dictated a last address to his countrymen. He urged upon them union, progress, and peace. "For my enemies," he said, "I have only forgiveness. If my death shall contribute to the cessation of factions, the consolidation of the union, I can go tranquilly to my grave." He died poor, and left little to his heirs. He sacrificed, like the Roman, youth, wealth, valor, life itself, to the liberation of Latin America.

For such a man, so true a friend, the people of every land must have a lasting sympathy. He was one of their leaders. He was the friend of no caste, nor even country, but of the human race. He advocated the abolition of slavery, and effected it in all Spanish America but Cuba. An unselfish patriot, he is worthy of a statue at New York by the side of Washington's, and of a high place in the hearts of all Americans.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

"The Paris police have again raided the book-makers and seized a large sum of money," says the cable. Persons unacquainted with terms used by speculative patrons of sporting events might infer from this that the police of Paris are hostile to literature, but such is not the inference that is borne out.

Some laborers digging near Onondaga Lake unearthed a large number of skeletons lying side by side with their heads toward the south. At first it was supposed that they had found the place where the *Sun* had put away all but one of the Democratic candidates for the Presidency; but the skeletons proved to be the remains of Indians.

The sea-serpent has not made his appearance this season, but there is a "giant lunatic" at large in the Pennsylvania mountains.

The Overseers of Harvard University have decided not to confer the degree of LL.D. on Governor Robinson, and have thereby robbed General Butler of one of the elements of his somewhat extraordinary personal conspicuity.

A physician connected with the Panama Canal Company is said to have successfully cultivated yellow fever germs, with which he has experimented by inoculating animals, and it is promised that an account of his experiments shall soon be published.

An advertiser in Texas for agents to sell Mexican ponies says: "Sample pony free on conditions; inclose stamp." This may indicate that the sample ponies are very small, or that the advertiser is misinformed as to the postal rates for certain classes of mail matter.

A dispatch from the city of Mexico says that the national elections passed off quietly, that the formality of providing the voters with ballots was generally omitted, and that "therefore few, if any, citizens voted."

In the event of Mr. Blaine's election it may be expected that his brilliant foreign policy will include overtures for closer relations with the natives of New Zealand. A cable dispatch says of the Maori king that "his high rank entitles him to be more odiously tattooed than any of his suite."

The fall of a tenement-house a few days ago occurred within sight of the corner where loss of life was occasioned some two or three years since by the collapse of an old building. It is probable that some of the tenants witnessed the sad scenes which attended that disaster, yet the usual reluctance to quit the unsafe building was shown. Strange as it seems, it is almost invariably necessary for the police to come in and hustle the tenants out when a dwelling has been condemned as unsafe. In the case of this latest building, the tenants were barely out of harm's reach when the crash came.

It is said that the President intended to make his recent trip to the North by sea, but was deterred by a prognostication of the Chief Signal Officer that the weather would be cold and stormy. This prediction was worked out especially for the President's benefit at the request of the Secretary of War. The weather turned out to be warm and pleasant. General Hazen, however, is too old an observer of things dependent partly upon chance to be discouraged by his failure to hit the nail on the head when he especially desired so to do.

The scent of the English policemen for dynamite fiends is as keen as that of our New York police for the smell of whiskey in the breath of persons attacked with illness in the street. There was an explosion in Greenwich a few days since, and near the scene a man was found dazed and badly hurt. Straightway the news was cabled across the ocean that the man who made dynamite for the Irish conspirators had been captured. Within a few hours the captive had sufficiently recovered to identify himself as a very well known scientific man, and to explain that the explosion occurred while he was experimenting with some chemicals.

Bathing cars are announced as among the attractions of one of the Coney Island beaches. They will be something new there, where the commingling of bathers and garbage of various grades hitherto has been unrestrained. It must be acknowledged, however, that the garbage was less offensive than the human scum that abounded, and with the seclusion which may be obtained through the use of the bathing cars, it will be almost possible to overlook the presence of flotsam from the city's scows.

The circuit of Long Island makes a yachting course which, with a little variation of weather, can give almost every style of craft an opportunity to show its good points. From Sandy Hook until the eastern end of the island has been rounded there is blue water, and there is apt to be wind enough for any craft in her racing rig. All sorts of weather may be reasonably expected on the Sound till the narrow water at the entrance to the East River is reached. Thereabouts a condition of glassy smoothness is not unusual, and the only sailing craft that can make headway is the spectral therpie.

There is congratulation in Philadelphia upon the acquisition of what appears from this distance to be a dude squad of policemen. They are the Chestnut Street "reserves." Instead of the usual club, they carry canes of polished walnut, and wear exceptionally dazzling uniforms, topped off with expensive helmets.

In the unique and comparatively unknown city of Hoboken, which lies a mile to the westward of New York, justice is administered in small doses by an official known by the title of Recorder. His court is to Hoboken what the police courts and the Special Sessions are to New York. The city is German in population, and is slow going. An illustration of what may happen there came up a few days ago, when the Recorder sentenced a prisoner to the penitentiary, and there being no policeman on hand, descended from the bench and took his convict to the prison.

The Indian Commissioners have bought nineteen thousand plug hats for the red men. This seems extravagant; but the hats were doubtless bought as low as two or three dollars each, and even three dollars a year for clothing an Indian chief is not unreasonable.

In the Roman Catholic cathedral at Cincinnati the announcement has been made that marriages will take place hereafter only in the morning. The reasons given for adopting this rule are that it is "more Catholic" for marriages to occur in the morning hours, and that in pursuance of the fashionable custom of afternoon and evening weddings "vows are often lightly taken, and divorces have multiplied." It is not easy to understand why the man and the woman, or either of them, should be less capable in the evening than in the morning of comprehending the meaning of marriage vows—unless he or she is given to indulgence in bewildering beverages. The best time for catching a toper sober is in the morning, and if a toper is to be married at all, it is best that he be married before the day and his inebriety have advanced. But it seems quite too bad to restrict all lovers to the choice of morning hours because of the weakness of a few very foolish ones.

PLUCKED TOO SOON.

"'Tis but a faded Flower."

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THE BUCKINGHAM STATUE.

THE occasion of the unveiling of the statue of Connecticut's war Governor, BUCKINGHAM, at Hartford, on the 16th inst., was celebrated with great éclat.

The city was in the full attire of a holiday, public and private buildings being elaborately decorated. There were about 6000 men in the procession, the majority being veterans of the war, who marched as regimental organizations. The gallant Seventh Regiment of New York took a prominent part, and were received with great enthusiasm. There were twenty-two bands of music and nineteen drum corps, making 618 musicians in all. The line was nearly an hour passing a given point. All of the ex-Governors of the State except CLEVELAND and HYDE were present.

At the close of the march the unveiling of the statue occurred. The statue stands in the west rotunda of the Capitol, where the battle-flags are kept. Here accommodations were made for several hundred people. Speaker HARRISON, of the House of Representatives, presented the memorial to the State, and it was accepted by Governor WALLER.

After a lunch in Bushnell's Park, at which plates were furnished for 6000 persons, Senator PLATT delivered the oration. He spoke of the five years of moral growth in Connecticut preceding the election of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and dwelt eloquently on the leading and directing hand of Governor BUCKINGHAM in the trying years of the war. Connecticut needed the services of a pure, wise, and strong man then, and for the occasion God provided BUCKINGHAM.

THE MONUMENT TO GOVERNOR BUCKINGHAM, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY STUART.

WAGNER AT HOME.

WAGNER was adored by his household. He lived for some time at Lucerne in great retirement—he was then working at the *Ring*. A friend who had at that time frequent access to him has given us through Mr. Haweis, some charming Wagnerian side-lights. Nervous and intensely impressionable, we are told his sentiments always ran into extremes, but his self-recovery was rapid. He sometimes wounded even his friends by the intense and passionate sincerity of his language; but he atoned so sweetly for a passing heat of temper that they loved him only the more. "In Wagner," said one of his orchestra at Baireuth, "it is the second movement that is good."

His life in Switzerland was as regular as it was laborious. He rose at six, bathed, then reclined and read till ten; breakfasted; worked uninterruptedly from eleven till two; dined; rested, always with a book in hand; drove from four till six, worked from six till eight; supped, and spent the evening in the midst of his family.

It was in these evenings that Wagner was most charming. Every cloud was cleared from his brow; his face seemed radiant with a certain light-hearted goodness which diffused a happy atmosphere around him. He had a kind word for every one, he entered into everything, and his conversation scintillated with brilliancy and humor. His boundless liberality sometimes brought him into pecuniary difficulties; he could never bear to see any one in want; he had known one much of it himself.

His poor relations took advantage of him. His rustic family connections seemed to rise out of the earth wherever he stood, and claim his assistance or protection. They would come on a visit and forget to leave; they would drop in at meal-time; they would use his name, order things of his trades-people and forget to pay, travel under his *prestige*, and lodge at his expense.

His heart was larger than his pocket; his generosity far exceeded the discretion of those who traded upon it. A French nobleman, Count Gobineau, said of him, "Here Wagner will never be perfectly happy, for there will always be some one at his elbow whose suffering or distress he will feel bound to share." As a rule, the French spoke as good of Wagner, nor Wagner of the French.

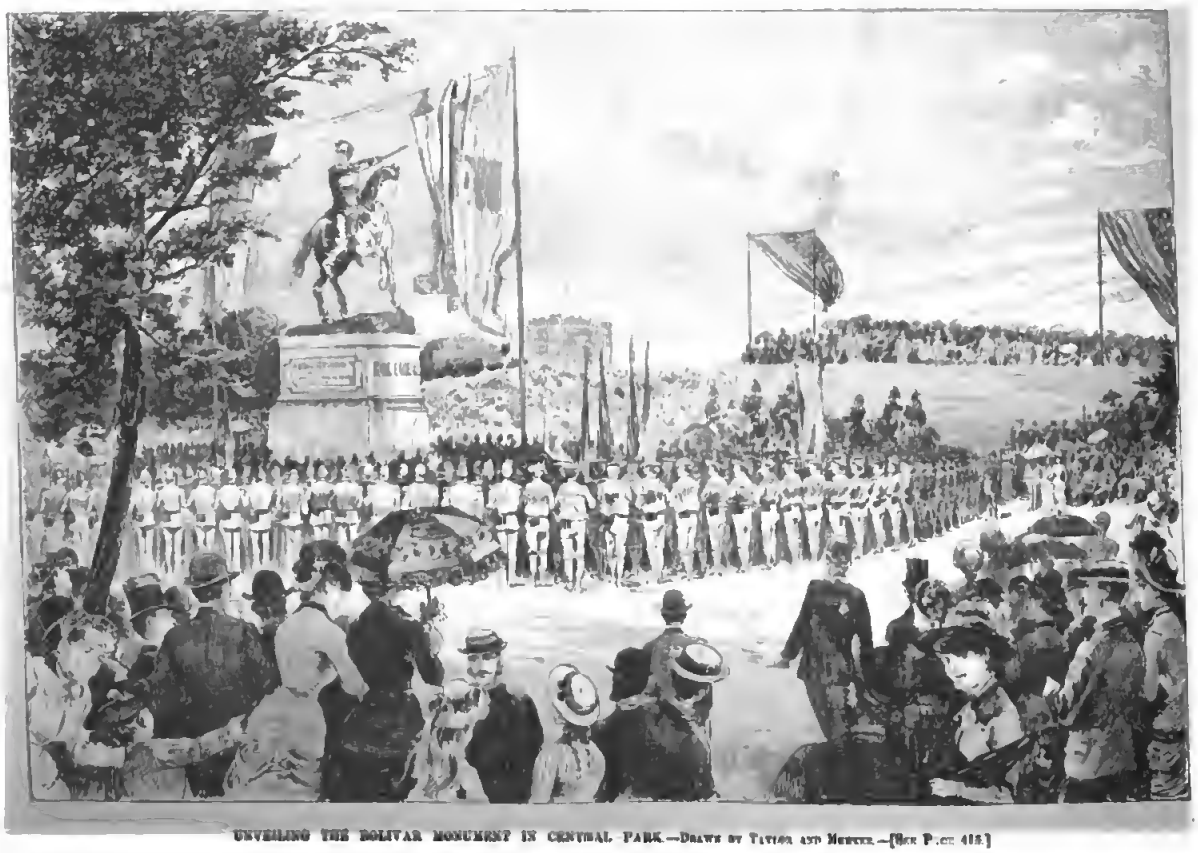
In some things Wagner was as simple and tender as a child—so true is it that there is a child-like element in most men of genius. His agility was surprising. He was fond of climbing the trees in his garden. On such occasions Madame Wagner would say to his friends, "I beseech you do not look at him or encourage him; he will only run greater risks."

He was very fond of animals, especially dogs; his favorite dog Mark is buried not far from his own grave. The *Meistersinger* was arrested for months in consequence of attentions paid to a poor dog he had met wandering sick and masterless. The ungrateful animal bit his hand, and for months Wagner was unable to hold a pen, but the dog was equally well cared for.

Like Liszt, he was a strong opponent of vivisection, and was fond of quoting Faust's saying to scientific doctors, "The very dogs wouldn't live in such a world as yours."

When not absolutely absorbed in his work he was most thoughtful for others, and was always planning for their comfort and happiness, and although quick and at times irritable, he could bear suffering calmly. On one occasion a lady remarked that he had been singularly sweet and amiable all day on a pleasure excursion, at a time when he was in actual physical suffering himself. He confessed at the end that he had felt very unwell, but had tried to hide this from those about him for fear of spoiling their enjoyment.

He was naturally adored by his servants, who stuck with him so long that they became like members of the family. He had an extraordinary power of attracting people to his person. There was something irresistible magnetic about that brilliant eye, that noble penetrating look, that insatiable and unresting vigor of emotion and intellect.



UNVEILING THE BOLIVAR MONUMENT IN CENTRAL PARK.—DRAWN BY TAYLOR AND MEYER.—[SEE PAGE 418.]

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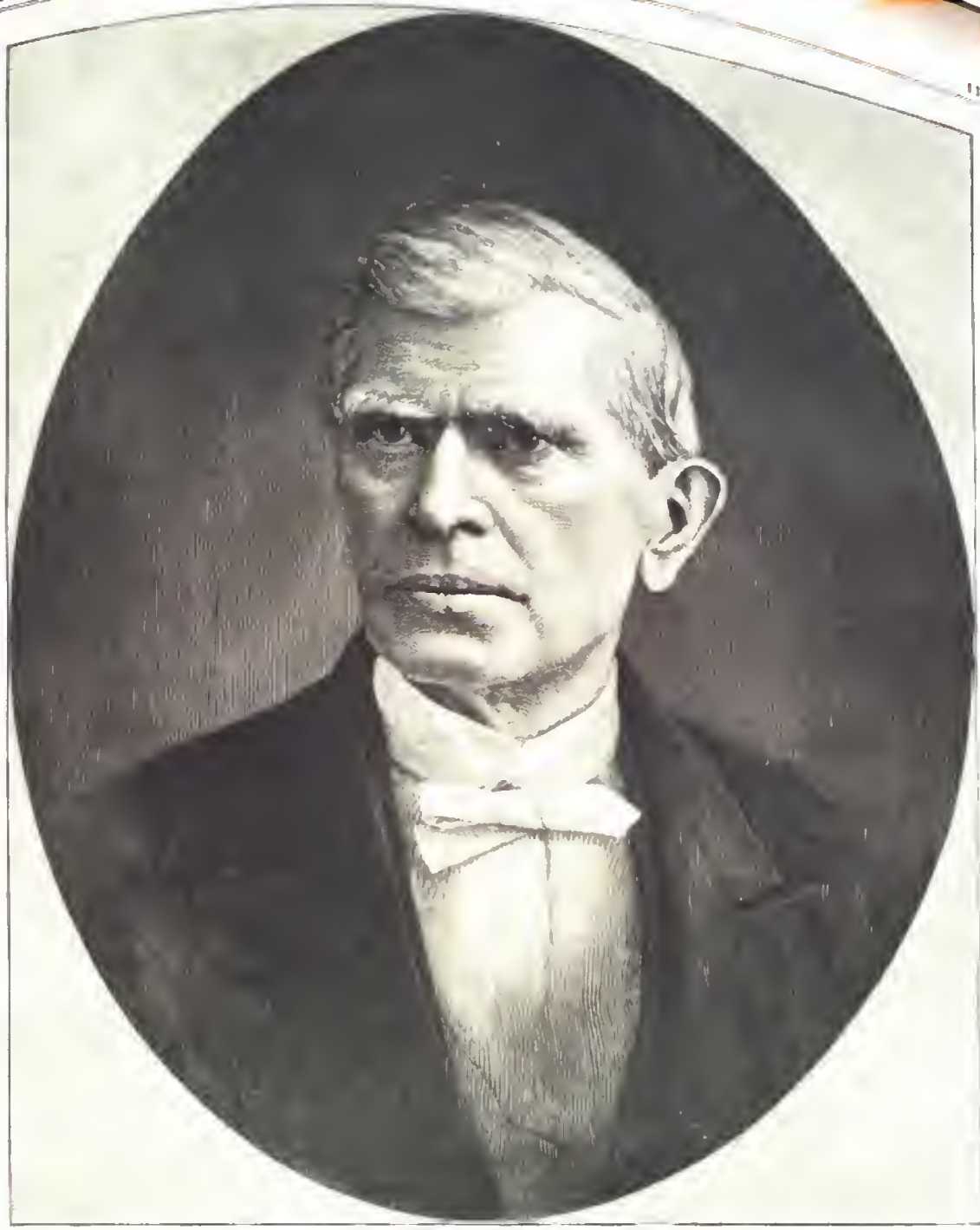

THE LATE BISHOP MATTHEW SIMPSON.—From a Photograph by D. Gardner.

MATTHEW SIMPSON.

By the Rev. John F. Hurst, D.D.

The Rev. Matthew Simpson, D.D., LL.D., who died in Philadelphia on the 17th inst., was elected to the episcopacy in the Methodist Episcopal Church in May, 1852. None of his associates were elected earlier than 1872, and he was therefore by twenty years their senior in office. His long and laborious life, his varied gifts, and his prominent relation to both our ecclesiastical and national life placed him in the front rank of Americans. He was born in Cadiz, Ohio, June 21, 1811. His father, James Simpson, was a native of Tyrone County, Ireland, but on the maternal side one of Scotch descent. Bishop Simpson belonged to the same Scotch-Irish element of our population which has produced the Breckinridges, the Duffields, Humes, the Alexanders, and others, who have been distinguished for intense clerical and theological vigor, and for earnest participation in all the strong questions of our entire national history. He received careful training in the place of his nativity, and entered the Madison College, Pennsylvania. Here he studied, in addition to the classics, the Hebrew language, and exhibited a strong tendency toward theological studies in general. On completing the curriculum he was appointed a tutor in the college. This position he occupied but a brief period, and returned to Ohio, where he began the practice of medicine. Feeling ill at ease in this profession, he entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. For four years he preached with remarkable success, and attracted much attention throughout the region bordering on Ohio and Pennsylvania. In 1837 he was elected Vice President of Allegheny College, and at the same time occupied the chair of Natural Science. In 1839 he was elected President of the new Indiana Asbury University, and devoted himself to the work of building up that institution, whose financial stability has only recently been assured by the gift of about $1,000,000 by the Hon. W. C. De Pauw, of New Albany, Indiana.

He remained at the head of the university nine years, and in 1848 was elected editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, published in Cincinnati. The most important General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was the session of 1844, in New York, where the southern delegates refused to agree with those of the North in their opposition to the exercise of episcopal functions by Bishop James O. Andrew, because of his ownership of slaves. This was the entering wedge which divided the Methodist Episcopal Church, and caused the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. In this Conference Dr Simpson took a prominent part, and exhibited that firm opposition to slavery which has characterized his life as a clergyman and citizen. From his election to the episcopacy in 1852 until his death he labored with untiring zeal in the discharge of the arduous duties of his office. In 1857 he represented his Church at the Irish and British Conferences, and was a delegate at the Berlin session of the Evangelical Alliance in the same year. He made an extensive tour through Europe, Egypt, and Syria, but returned in 1854 in ill health, produced by fever contracted during his travels in the

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East. Having regained his health in a year, he again became absorbed in his work, and for twenty-five years was able to perform his official duties almost without interruption. He travelled through every part of the territory occupied by his Church, excepting only some parts of the foreign field. He made several episcopal tours in Europe and along the Pacific coast, and notwithstanding his age, shared equally with his colleagues in the more laborious part of their administration. As lately as 1881 he served as delegate from his Church to the Œcumenical Methodist Conference held in London, and was one of the speakers in the Exeter Hall meeting held in memory of President GARFIELD, when his closing sentiment, "God bless the Queen for her womanly sympathy and queenly courtesy," produced demonstrations of wild enthusiasm, the audience rising and applauding it again and again.

Bishop SIMPSON was very early attracted to the principle that the Christian minister is none the less a citizen because of his sacred office; on the contrary, that it is the duty of every clergyman to so interest himself in the civil development of the nation that every department of the political life of the people shall be elevated through his influence. Of this idea Bishop SIMPSON was himself a remarkable example. We find evidences of his influence in civil affairs long before the late war, but it was this crisis which brought him into close relationship with the Administration. There was an important change in the issue when he does not seem to have been consulted by President LINCOLN. He urged the latter to emancipate the slaves long before the people demanded it, and before the President himself was ready to adopt the extreme measure. He had been acquainted with Secretary STANTON since their youth; his advice was repeatedly sought by the latter on matters bearing upon the conduct of the war. President LINCOLN prized him as a friend, and it was fitting that the Bishop should offer the prayer before the martyr's body was borne from the White House, and again when it was deposited in its final resting-place in Springfield, and that a statue of him should be one of the figures surrounding the LINCOLN monument in the same city. He was compelled to decline all propositions that would interfere with his official duties. For this reason he did not accept Secretary STANTON'S invitation to make a Southern tour with a view to establish the Freedman's Bureau, and later declined the appointment by President GRANT as one of the San Domingo Commissioners.

Bishop SIMPSON was an industrious writer. His *Hundred Years of Methodism* and *Cyclopædia of Methodism* are largely the outgrowth of his own large experience as an acute observer of the development of his own Church. In 1882-3 he delivered the LYMAN BEECHER Course of Lectures in the Yale Seminary, which were afterward published under the title of *Lectures on Preaching*. In this volume he has furnished not simply such general principles as underlie pulpit eloquence, but those practical sides of the subject which only the orator of wide and long observation and of subtle skill in stirring the deepest sympathy of audiences is able to furnish.

The most distinguishing trait in Bishop SIMPSON'S character was his power of public speech. His sermons are simple and clear in style, and of cumulative quality, ascending from a few general propositions by a method, peculiar to himself, of combined logical firmness and rhetorical finish, until the climax is reached. His power over large audiences long since entered into the history of the Church to which he devoted his life. His subtle process of reaching the heart and producing conviction was the fruit of infinite care over himself and of a warm and chaste imagination. His voice was tender, occasionally tremulous, and had a far reach. He could be heard as easily in a large hall as in a parlor. The oration which he delivered in the New York Academy of Music during the war, on "The Future of our Country," possessed many rare qualities, but was particularly strong in arousing popular sentiment to increased sacrifice for the sake of the Union. This oration was delivered in many cities, and not infrequently the entire audience arose as one body and applauded the sentiment of the speaker.

Bishop SIMPSON was always distinguished for his advanced ideas. In nothing but years had he grown aged. He had all the hopefulness of youth, and the faith of a man who thinks the best is yet to come. His favorite topics for sermons were on the aggressive side of Christianity. His own Church has never taken a step forward, as in the introduction of the lay element into its legislation in 1872, without his earnest advocacy. He was a beautiful example of a man of rare endowments and broad experience, keeping step with his aggressive times, and allowing nothing to chill the ardor of his early and sanguine manhood.

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C. C. SHAYNE, wholesale manufacturer of Sealskin and all leading fashionable furs, is retailing during the summer at lowest cash wholesale prices. Garments manufactured to order. Repairing and altering done. Fur fashion book mailed free. No. 103 Prince St., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

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[* The third stage of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys.]

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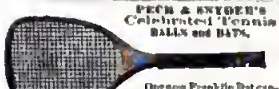

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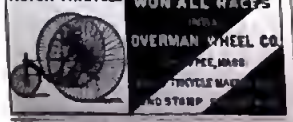

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ON THE RIVER.

A GONDOLIERS' HOLIDAY.

These expeditions are expensive, and the Venetians spend freely when about them; their open-handedness limits the number of times that they can afford a day in the country, which is, at most, twice a year. The season chosen is spring or autumn, and the occasion is either the winding up of a gondoliers' bank, or else the meeting of one of those clubs called *Morti e Maghe*—a society of friends and their wives, formed especially for these expeditions. The company chooses a head, and he arranges the day and the place in accordance with the amount of money at his disposal. They are sure of a welcome wherever they go, for the Venetians make themselves popular on the main-land, and their advent and noise and songs are a pleasant break on the monotony of many a quiet village of the plain. But even if their welcome were not a ready one, they would take care to secure punctual and submissive attention.

They are prompt to stand upon their dignity at a moment's notice, and give themselves abundant airs, one would almost suppose that they remembered the fact that all these cities at one time owned the sway of Venice. It is a perilous thing for a landlord to show them less than the greatest attention. I remember once at Castel Franco a fair was going on in the market place; the landlord of the Spada let his best room to a company of Venetian gondoliers, but let the balcony to another party, and forgot to mention the fact, which only transpired when supper was on the table. The whole party of gondoliers walked out of the house and over the way to the rival inn, leaving the landlord to do what he chose with a supper for fourteen thrown upon his hands.

The gondoliers have a great capacity for finding out where the best food and wine are to be got, and travelling about among these small villages and out-of-the-way towns one can not do better than go where the gondoliers go. When the party arrives at their inn the cape sends for the landlord and orders supper, which, of course, is regulated by custom, rice and chicken being the invariable rule. He also tastes and chooses the wine, seals up a small bottleful, and puts it in his pocket. This sample bottle is placed on the table at supper-time, and referred to if the landlord is suspected of changing the quality as the feast goes on.

Too often, it must be confessed, time hangs heavily on the party, and spirits are apt to run low. But supper, the climax of the day, comes to pick them up again; and after supper, songs and a dance, and then the scramble to catch the last train, which takes the party back to Venice somewhere about midnight.

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A WILD R

LOCUSTS AND LOCUSTS.

Texas are locusts and locusts. "The locust insect" of American poetry is a very different fact from "the scourge of Allah" which the Oriental world lives in fear of. The awful rustling overhead when the Eastern locust hordes eclipse the Indian sun at noon, and throw upon the landscape the ominous shadows of coming rain,

> "as when the potent rod
> Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
> Waved round the coasts, upcalled a plashy cloud
> Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
> That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
> Like night, and darkened all the land of Nile,"

has nothing in common with the voice of

> "The harmless locust of this Western clime
> That at intervals, mid the leafy mazes,
> Is heard to sing, with one unbroken strain,
> As with a long-drawn breath, beginning low,
> And rising to the midst with shrillier swell,
> Then in low cadence dying all away."

I have seen on the frontier of Beloochistan the one surge up on the horizon in gloomy swarms that spread out as they approach into sullen, [illegible] patch of vegetation, wild or cultivated, and leaving it as desolate as if a flame-wave had swept over the land. On the African Veldt I have seen a prairie fire, and redden over the black and cindered soil in its track. But the fire was not more certain and scarcely more rapid in its course of destruction than that host of locusts which I saw passing across the Indus into Hindostan.

How strangely, then, read Holmes's delightful lines of the locust:

> "The shrill-crying cicala of summer's heat,
> Piping from its leafy seat,
> The slim pavilion of embowering green,
> Beneath whose shadowy screen
> The sweet aspirant tries its single note
> Against the song-bird's throat."

Imagine a locust—the real locust—sitting idly to sing in a dim pavilion of embowering green! Charm the terrific insect—before whose vegetation withers as bare frost before the sun, shrivels up like a moth's wing in a flame—piping in a leafy seat!

[illegible] of creature. It winds (to Drake) a "merry horn", it "pours from its world of green a dreamy song" in one park, and in half a dozen other besides Holmes "sings." Sometimes it "chirps," and at others has "cheerful" voice. So, as I have said, it is accepted generally as a rather pleasing feature of the rural scene. And this of a locust!

The truth, of course, lies in the fact that the American poets do not really mean a locust when they use the word. But what they do mean I am not undertake to say—it may be a cricket or a grasshopper. Holmes, for instance, makes both cricket and locust "pipe"; Bryant makes the both "chirp". Longfellow has both grasshopper and locust singing. [illegible] the majority of cases it is probable they mean neither locust, cricket nor grasshopper, but the cicada, which I have heard in a dozen States of America shrilling through the day, just as I have heard them in Asia and in Egypt. And if I am right in my surmise, the poets have the justification of the sympathy of antiquity, for the cicada is a classic [illegible] and to this day petted in the isles of Greece. Occasionally the individual insect is unmistakably specified, either by name, as in Holmes's poem

E FOR LIFE.

the katydid, or by some touch of description that identifies it, as in Bayard Taylor's

"The air was dry, the night was dark and clear,
And in the dying clover crickets chirped,"

or Holmes's

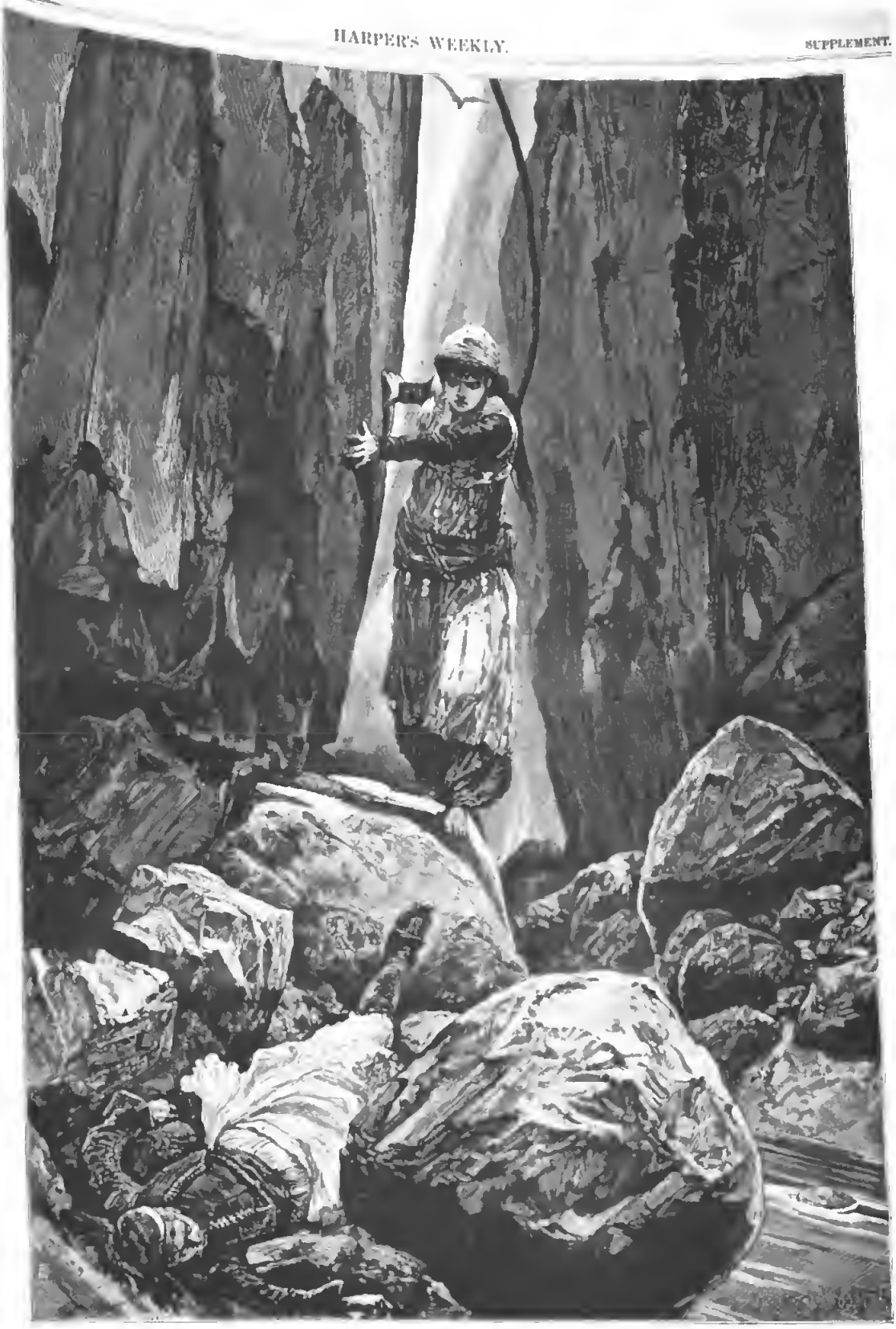
"Little mourners clad in black,
The cricket sliding through the grass,
Shall pipe for her an evening mass."

But in very many cases there is a wider margin left for doubt as to the species of insect intended.

But with such an appalling insect as the locust there ought to be no trifling. Its very name commands respect, for it means "a burned place," and conveys, therefore, a terrible significance, which recalls at once the description in Holy Writ, "A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a fire burneth." Passing over a district, they do indeed seem to scorch it, for the green surface on which they rest turns on the instant a dull, dark brown, and on they move along, the bare earth behind them presents all the appearance of having been swept by fire. In their flight the noise of their wings strangely resembles the sounds of a strong flame driven by the wind, and when the myriad are feeding, the rear ranks, by constantly fluttering or leaping over those in front, make it seem, even from a short distance, as if a low wave of smoke were rolling across the ground.

Their devastation marks its course, while no advance is irresistible. Mountains offer no obstacle to the strong winged destroyers, and the painful device of setting slight great bonfires in their paths is successful by the insects smothering the conflagration by multitudinous suicide. In what one are flies and forces against an enemy that can be computed by its superficial area in miles, or the length of time it takes in passing overhead? A shoal of locusts three miles in reported by a trustworthy observer to have passed over Damascus in 1824, and though flying with all the speed of their wings, accelerated by the steady wind blowing behind them, it took five hours in passing. Another swarm was computed to be not less than eighty miles in length, and when in the morning the heat rose from the ground the sun was literally eclipsed, and the travellers rode on their way under a living cloud. The Tartars over that human beings have been smothered by locusts—just as in other climates they are smothered by snow flakes—the grain stores of the caravan having tempted the hungry flight to alight.

In Arabia especially it is a chronic scourge, but it is the privilege of the Arab herdsman to revenge himself on the locust swarms that consume his pasture by making soup of them. Revenge is thus rendered palatable, and if sweetened with a little honey, it becomes to the Arab taste quite delicious. Nor, looked at objectively, is the eating of the species less noteworthy, for history, as a rule, represents longsuffering poets as being beyond the reach of a collective and cathartic punishment. When the foxes ate the grapes of the prophet's vineyard, Isaiah deplored the ravages, but we are not told that penalties followed on his lamentations. Even prophets—and they have fared badly at times, the most respectable of them—may not descend to eating foxes. Again, when "the very strong man Kwasind" was pecked to death with fir cones as the river Taquamenaw by "the little people," we do not read in "Hiawatha" that the Indian hero was avenged by any massacre of the pigmies, or even conflagration of fire. Had Asher any compensation of the bees that stung his birds to death? or can even a Viceroy of India expect redress against the mosquitoes that plague the viceroyal person? Elephants, again, are powerless before porcupines, and even pigs will put the huge earth-shaking beast to flight, as is recorded in the *Liber Pontificis*, when Alexander the Great then routed an Indian army which was arrayed against him, with many "elephantes bestiae cuspidibus of wood on their backs,



THE RESCUE.

and knights in the castles." We are told that the pigs were driven in among the stately beasts of war, and that "the jarring of the pygges" so disconcerted the "olyphantes" that they began to fly, each one casting down its howdah, with the knight therein, and that by this means "Alexander had the victorye." In cooking his locusts, therefore, the Bedouin enjoys an exceptional privilege of avenging an insult from an insignificant foe, and one which, considering the exceptional character of the winged pest, ought hardly to be grudged him.

"They have an king, yet they go forth in bands," and though each individual of the swarm operates independently, the multitude just possesses sufficient discipline to concentrate its malignant voracity, and to make the desolation of its path complete. To jest about such creatures seems almost criminal flippancy; but in spite of the vision the mind conjures up of vast clouds of locusts darkening the sky, and the horror of devastation that marks their descent to earth, the knowledge that the passive Asiatic, looking up at the evil his gods have sent him, sees in the awful scourge an easy meal, diverts the vision of much of its gloom.

The descent of a hostile army is less dreaded, says a competent writer, in the countries subject to these visitations, than the appearance of the hosts of the locusts, "which were regarded by the ancients, both Jew and pagan, and are still by the Arabs, as the avenging armies of the Deity and the scourge of God." The Arab legend makes the locusts interview Mohammed himself, and even in the presence of the Prophet the insects asserted their terrific capacity for evil. "We are," they said, "the army of the great God. We produce ninety-nine eggs, and if the hundred were completed, we should consume the whole earth and all that is in it." The modern Arabs, in fact, declare that the locust bears a statement to this effect, in good Arabic, in the marking of its wings. But this does not interfere with the same Arab frying the locusts for his dinner. Treated as we treat shrimps, the dire pest gives a pleasant zest to bread, but more often "the scourge of God" is stewed with a little oil and eaten alone. Occasionally, also, the provident Bedouin, apprehensive that another similar plague may not befall the country for some time, pounds up "the armies of the Deity" into a meal, which he carries about with him for daily consumption. And thus out of the eater cometh forth meat!

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JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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HOISTING THE OLD FLAG.—DRAWN BY SOL. EYTINGE, JUN.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 455.]

AN OLD PRIVATE AND A YOUNG CAPTAIN. "Now, Grandpa, stand ready to salute the Old Flag!"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1884

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THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

THERE is unusual interest in the action of the Democratic National Convention because of the deep and wide spread Republican purpose not to support the Republican nominations, and because of the general conviction that parties now cohere by the mere force of tradition, and not as representatives of distinctly defined and opposing policies. For some time the interest of the political situation has lain in the endeavor of certain Republicans and certain Democrats to adjust their parties to the new issues. The old questions on which the parties have carried on the controversy for years have been mainly settled or are in the way of settlement without serious difference. But the questions of more immediate moment disclose differences of opinion in both parties. There are ardent protectionists among the Democrats, and resolute revenue reformers among Republicans. But although party traditions are very strong, there have been frequent evidences, as in the elections of 1879 and of 1882, that in New York at least there is a spirit which values public honor and honesty and decent politics more than the party tradition.

The point in the situation of which the Democratic Convention will probably take especial account is the independent support that would doubtless be given to a Democratic nomination which should raise the simple issue of pure administration by a man of proved character, capacity, and courage, and of especial experience in such administration. The Democratic tradition and the Democratic nomination, as such, would of course not command independent support. That could be commanded only by the nomination of a man who has shown his ability to withstand the bad influences of his own party, and naturally all those influences would be strongly arrayed against his nomination. Yet should these adverse influences fail, and the nomination be secured, the independent support which it would receive would greatly strengthen the candidate, should he be elected, to pursue the course which had procured his election. An administration coming into power under such circumstances would be peculiarly independent, and it would undoubtedly tend to clear the political situation. It is always a question, which has been often discussed in these columns, whether parties which are organized upon certain issues can be adapted, upon the settlement of those issues, to others, or whether questions which are really essential and fundamental must not form their own parties. Nothing has more fatally shaken the confidence of sincere Republicans in their own party management than the enormous abuses and scandals which have been exposed during the last few years, and for which the party has been naturally held responsible. But the feeling of many such Republicans has been that it was all inevitable, or that the Democratic party was quite as bad as the Republican. But when a party is supported for the avowed reason that it is not quite so bad as some other party, it is obviously in its decadence. And when the other party discloses a man who shows that such evils are not inevitable, and that administration which looks wholly to the public welfare and not to party advantage is perfectly practicable, the eyes and hopes of good citizens instinctively turn to him as the kind of man that the times require in the Presidency.

It is such a man that Governor CLEVELAND of New York has shown himself to be. He is strong, not because of his party, but despite of it. The immense majority that made him Governor was not a Democratic majority. It was a protest against vicious and fraudulent political methods. It gave him at once a power of independent action, which no mere party majority could have conferred, and of which he has made noble use. It gave him a unique distinction among all conspicuous public men in the country at this time. As the force of the argument for his nomination drawn from probable independent support is undeniable, his opponents in his own party seek to weaken it by decrying the independent support that he would receive as comparatively insignificant. In reply to this assertion, which is made by Democrats who for various reasons oppose his nomination, the actual and long existing political indifference among many Republicans must be considered, the amazing character of the Republican nomination in the present condition of public feeling, and the fact that the open and positive Republican protest is unparalleled, and implies a discontent which in great part, as is always the case, will not care to announce itself except by voting at the polls. The number and character of those, for instance, who in Boston, New Haven, New York, and elsewhere have publicly declared themselves opposed to the election of Mr. BLAINE show how large and influential the actual and unreported defection must be—a defection which in close States like Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New York may be decisive. It is a defection, moreover, which does not require elaborate organization to adhere to its purpose and to make it effective. There was very little organization of discontent in 1882 except in Brooklyn. The Republican voters understood the situation, and whether they voted or staid at home, they effected their purpose. Under the circumstances, when opinion is ripe upon a certain subject, as it was upon the meaning of the fraudulent proxy in New York, and as it is upon the significance of the Republican nominations at Chicago, it will express itself adequately. If such opinion is not ripe, no organization can vitalize it. But there is no doubt of its full maturity now. At this time, therefore, a Democratic nomination which should be in itself an earnest of sober, upright, clean administration, of respect for the reformed civil service, of freedom from any kind of association with the vast frauds and venal combinations which have long preyed upon the public Treasury, of honesty and tranquillity at home, of peace with honor abroad, would be the strongest possible nomination, because it would receive the independent vote, except that part of it which would not be cast for either party.

THE WASHINGTON RATIFICATION.

THE first important meeting to ratify the nomination of Mr. BLAINE was held in Washington, and several distinguished gentlemen took part in it. Mr. SHELLABARGER gibed at the virtue which threatened us with an archangelic chaos. Senator HAWLEY smiled at "the good men" of Boston. Senator SHERMAN had no patience with Republicans who could bolt a regular nomination. Senator FRYE emphasized the party enthusiasm for the candidate; and Mr. BAYNE, Mr. HORR, and others spoke in the same general strain. There were, however, but two noticeable points in all that was said: one was the admission of a most significant Republican dissatisfaction with the nomination; the other was the striking neglect of every speaker to give any good reason why a conscientious Republican should cast his vote for the Presidency for a candidate whose letters show that he anxiously and persistently pleaded for a personal pecuniary advantage upon the ground that as Speaker of the House he had been serviceable to those who could grant the advantage, and that he was in a position to serve the undertaking effectively. To this point, which is the most signal illustration of the kind of reasons which have produced the Republican revolt, not one of the distinguished speakers at the Washington meeting addressed himself, and whatever they may have thought the exigencies of a ratification meeting demanded, we have much too high a regard and respect for them to suppose that they were themselves satisfied with their own sneers in a Republican meeting at Republican conscience and honor and a reasonable standard of public virtue.

Mr. SHELLABARGER can hardly suppose that it is a fabulous and archangelic requirement that a candidate for the Presidency shall be above suspicion of the kind that attaches to the Republican candidate, and Senator HAWLEY is not ignorant that the "good men" of Boston and of the country have been the real strength of the Republican party. Senator SHERMAN is impatient of Republicans who will not stand by the regular nominations, but he seems to be very patient of regular nominations which repel conscientious support. All these gentlemen would doubtless say that whatever they may think of the candidate, they can not countenance Democratic success. But they can not avoid the question whether Republican success with any candidate, of whatever record and character, must be always better for the country than the election of a Democratic candidate who is in himself a platform of undaunted administrative courage, honesty, independence, economy, and reform. The doctrine that the worst Republican is better than the best Democrat may be plausible when there is an overwhelming issue, as, in our recent history, of slavery or the war. But it is not plausible when no such issue impends, and when the chief question is that of pure administration, free from all complicity or suspicion of private interests, speculations, rings, jobbery, and rascality.

Neither would the orators of the Washington meeting probably take refuge in the plea that the people have passed upon the MULLIGAN letters and have acquitted the candidate. That is a cry which may serve the turn of desperate newspapers. But does it satisfy the gentlemen in question? They are familiar with the facts. They know the reasons of opposition to the nomination. They know that the revolt is not due to disappointment in personal preferences, nor to individual ambition, nor to any unworthy motive whatever, but that it springs from Republican disgust and alarm, and disgust and alarm which are not lessened by Republican sneers at an honest protest against a doubtful candidacy. They know perfectly well—or they are less politically sagacious than they are reputed to be—that the arguments which are used to whip the revolters back into support of the candidate are the old Whig arguments against the Conscience Whig and Free-soil movements, which, if accepted as valid, would have made reform impossible. The desirability of high protection, of reform in the civil service, of sound finance, or of any other specific policy of administration is not an argument to persuade voters who think that the candidate has shown himself to be unworthy of the Presidency. If the Washington orators believe that Mr. BLAINE is wrongfully accused, why did they not say so, and offer to the country the explanation which satisfies them? They can not be allowed to raise a false issue by asserting that all good Republicans will support the candidate of the party. All good Republicans would doubtless support any party candidate who did not make support impossible upon precisely the grounds alleged in the present canvass.

THE NEW HAVEN PROTEST.

THE great and enthusiastic meeting at New Haven of Republicans who can not support the Republican nomination is another significant sign of the times. Original and "old fashioned" Republicans will not deny the truth of the words of the chairman of the meeting, Mr. SIMEON E. BALDWIN:

> "It is a sad thing to see our old party falter and break when great and new questions come up before it. But it would be sadder still if there were none to stand against this tendency. We are Republicans, but we are not slaves. We belong to the Republican party, but not as camp-followers. No party's life is worth anything unless that party has some high ideal.
>
> "The Republican party was organized to bring the moral idea into American politics. It has had a glorious past. It may have a glorious future, but it will only be when it writes on its banners, 'Retrenchment, purity, and reform'. ...I say it is right for us here, met as we are in open light before the public eye, to utter our protest against that nomination. I regard it as an assault upon the better aims of the party. I say it as one who, come what may, will cast no vote for JAMES G. BLAINE....
>
> "We do our duty to-night if we openly declare that no man shall receive our vote who is not clean and pure, who does not value his character as more than his life."

This is the old and true Republican tone. To reply that the party must be sustained at all costs is to say that, whatever it does, the party ought to be supported. A more slavish doctrine, and one more utterly unworthy of intelligent American citizens, can not be imagined. It is because the men who formed the Republican party spurned such a doctrine that slavery has been abolished, and the republic saved.

The New Haven meeting resolved that it is the duty of every friend of Republican principles to stand by them even if the party should desert them, and that the Republican candidates are unworthy of support. It also appointed a committee to co-operate with those already formed in other cities, and adjourned amid an enthusiasm which recalls the early Republican days. The Republican protest is evidently not "blowing over," and the reason is that it does not spring from "soreheads" or self-seekers, but from the old Republican conscience and patriotism.

THE EGYPTIAN CONFERENCE.

THE English Government has received the acceptance of France, Germany, Austria, and Italy to the Egyptian Conference, which will have begun when this paper is issued, if the plan is carried out. Another effort will doubtless be made in Parliament to compel the resignation of Mr. GLADSTONE and the ministry. But nothing especially warranting such action has occurred since the abortive attempt to extort this resignation several weeks ago, and it is not probable that the present effort will succeed. The serious defect in the Tory situation is the want of a competent, or at least of a trusted, leader. Lord SALISBURY seems to have incurable faults which disqualify him, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE apparently lacks the adequate

confidence of his party, and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL can hardly be seriously considered as a real party chief. On the other hand, Mr. GLADSTONE's ascendency over the Liberals is very great, and if the Egyptian policy is open to censure in some of its details, no better policy has been proposed.

The disposition of the French Government is shown in the speech of Prime Minister FERRY, who said:

"Since 1882 France has been quite inactive, so far as Egypt is concerned, inasmuch as she declined to take part in the British expedition. It is too late now to think of reviving the scheme of condominium. It is altogether impossible. Egypt is neither French nor English. Her fate is a matter of concern to all Europe, and what it is to be will always be a European question. Mr. GLADSTONE's Government recognized this fact, and was the first to propose the neutralization of Egypt. France has the best chance possible to settle the question with the GLADSTONE cabinet. It is necessary that harmony be maintained between the two nations whose accord is so important to the peace and liberty of the world. It is necessary also to limit the English occupation of Egypt; but France has no intention of substituting French occupation therefor."

The Chamber of Deputies received the speech with distinct favor, but the *Moniteur* denounces the alliance.

The Conference will sit in London, and will be in session during the debate upon the vote of confidence in the ministry. At least this is the present statement, and the plan argues that the ministry is confident of the result, as it would scarcely invite the representatives of other governments to witness its own discomfiture.

POLITICAL CALUMNY.

IT is a tolerably clear proposition that because WASHINGTON and other great men have been calumniated it does not follow that everything alleged against a public man is a slander. The *Aurora* poured out a torrent of abuse upon WASHINGTON, and accused him of betraying liberty. But it never offered any evidence of his offenses against his country, and his prostitution of official trusts. Forged letters were issued to blacken his character. But no letters of his own were ever produced which stained it.

The endeavor to liken every accused public man to WASHINGTON, and to assume his innocence because WASHINGTON was innocent, necessarily fails. Every such case must be judged by itself. Personal assaults are doubtless made upon all candidates for high office, and in every canvass there is immense defamation. But it can not be assumed that every candidate who is arraigned is therefore defamed, for he may be guilty. His known character, the associations of his public life, the nature of transactions in which he has been engaged, will all be taken into the account. When evidence is circumstantial, all such considerations are of high importance. There is no surer defense than character against a general shower of accusations or apparently strong evidence. WASHINGTON's character was proof against every charge of doubtful public conduct. There was nothing in his life, his associations, his pursuits, which made any charge of indirect or improper conduct probable. No such accusation "stuck," because it was in itself improbable, and no word or deed of his furnished any support to the charge.

On the other hand, HAMILTON's moral nature was not felt to be so severe as WASHINGTON's, and when a charge was insinuated affecting his official honor, he knew the adverse weight in his case of doubtful circumstances, and he did not hesitate, at the most painful cost, to prove conclusively that the circumstances were to be satisfactorily explained without a stain upon his official character. WASHINGTON and LINCOLN and JOHN JAY and SUMNER were never, in the current phrase, tattooed, because the charges against them were only like dirty water thrown in foolish rage. But injurious charges which stick and stain because they can not be explained do tattoo a man. It was a wise course for the Methodists to seize the name which was thrown at them in contumely, and wear it as an honor. But had it implied any actual discredit, they could not have done it. We shall see whether those who hold Mr. BLAINE to be unjustly assailed will adopt as ornaments the names and words which have become familiar in the controversy.

FOREIGN CONTRACT LABOR.

THE bill prohibiting the importation of labor under contract has passed the House of Representatives by a vote of 102 to 17. The number of votes was about a third of the votes of a full House, but the majority of those cast was decisive. The proposed object of the bill is to protect the American laborer against the immigration of the foreign laborer. But of course no such bill can effect that result. The immigration of the foreign laborer can be prevented only by a law like the Chinese bill, which forbids them to come at all. A regulation prohibiting the entry of laborers under contract can be evaded without any trouble.

Prohibition of immigration is a logical part of a high protective policy, for if cheap goods are to be excluded, it is only fair to exclude the cheap makers of cheap goods. Indeed, the prohibition is the more necessary because the high protection, being a public bounty upon certain industries, naturally attracts laborers to them from all parts of the world.

The bill is in accord with the policy of America for the Americans who are already here, and it is the inadequate expression in law of a feeling which is strongly stated in the New York *Herald*: "Anarchists and Socialists come among us and scatter over the country, poisoning the political and social atmosphere. And meanwhile the Mormon elder pursues his insidious schemes abroad to strengthen the already uncontrollable element in our midst, which will presently reach a state when, from being passive, it may become aggressive. We are rapidly growing to be the almshouse, hospital for moral leprosy, and Botany Bay of all Europe."

PARTY OBLIGATION.

THE view of party obligation, with its conditions and limitations, which the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY are accustomed to see presented in these pages is clearly and conclusively stated by ex-Governor CHAMBERLAIN in a letter to the New York *Times*.

He supposes that DORSEY and ex-Governor MOSES

"had been regularly nominated, with as scrupulous a regard to all the rules and proprieties as Mr PIERCE claims for the last Chicago Convention; suppose, in order to meet the claim of Dr. ARMITAGE, that no members had protested or announced their intention to bolt these nominations during the Convention—I should like to know what the Rev Dr ARMITAGE or JOHN SHERMAN or Senator HAWLEY would say ought to be done in such a case. Of course I am bound to believe each of them would refuse to support such nominations. But why? By the supposition DORSEY and MOSES were fairly and regularly nominated, and the Convention adjourned without any protest. The answer must be: It is not the duty of any man under any circumstances to support such candidates, because they are personally dishonest and unfit. So then, after all, there is a plain, unquestioned limit to our obligation to support party nominations, a limit which lies in the very nature of moral duty, a limit the denial of which is the denial of moral distinctions."

No man can deny the truth of this simple statement who does not put the will of a majority of a party Convention in place of his own sense of honor and duty.

A PLAIN TRUTH.

THERE has been no better statement of the situation than the following, from the *Christian Register*, published in Boston. It is worth pondering by those who think that goody-goodies and Sunday-schools had better not dabble in politics. It was when the Sunday-schools and the religious press were warmly friendly to the Republican party that it achieved its great victories.

"For the first time in its history the Republican party has deliberately challenged the fealty of a large and respectable class of its own voters, and has notified the independents, whose action has decided two Presidential elections, that it has no need of their sympathies or their votes. This may be 'audacity,' but it is not good 'practical' politics. Needless to say, it is not a policy worthy of a party whose boast has hitherto been that it responded quickly to the noblest aspirations and the highest purposes of the people."

A CORRECTION.

In speaking of the announcement that Mr. J. S. C. HARRISON, of Indianapolis, would not support Mr. BLAINE, we stated incorrectly that he was a delegate to the Republican Convention at Chicago. It was Senator BENJAMIN H. HARRISON who was a delegate. Mr. J. S. C. HARRISON was a government director of the Union Pacific road in 1872, who moved for the committee to investigate the exchange of the seventy-five bonds, and who withdrew the motion upon the urgent private representation that the investigation would be fatal to a conspicuous man. We have seen no denial of the statement made directly after the Convention that Mr. HARRISON would not support Mr. BLAINE.

GENERAL CROOK AND THE INDIANS.

THERE will be no wiser, nobler, or more useful words spoken at any college this summer than those of General CROOK to the graduates at West Point. It is refreshing to hear sentiments so humane in regard to the Indian proceeding from one of the ablest officers of the army, and one of the most experienced soldiers in the Indian service. His speech marks a great and inspiring progress in public sentiment, and is the earnest of the ability of that sentiment to procure still further Congressional action to remove from the national name the stain of our long injustice to the Indian. By his speech at West Point General CROOK has added another illustrious service to those that he has already rendered the country.

"With all his faults, and they are many, the American Indian is not half so black as he is painted. He is cruel in war, treacherous at times, and not overcleanly. But so were our forefathers. His nature, however, is responsive to a treatment which assures him that it is based upon justice, truth, honesty, and common-sense. It is not impossible that, with a fair and square system of dealing with him, the American Indian would make a better citizen than many who neglect the duties and abuse the privileges of that proud title.

"It, no doubt, will be the lot of many of your number to serve with or near the Indians, and to such I say that too much care can not be taken in your daily association with them. Make them no promises which you can not fulfill; make no statements that you can not verify. When difficulties arise, as occasionally they will, endeavor to be so well informed of all the circumstances of the case that your action may be peaceful and convincing because just and impartial. Let the Indian see that you administer one law to both the white-skinned and the red-skinned, and that you do this without regard to blame or censure, and you will gain his confidence, because you have shown yourself worthy of it. The rest will be easy. Don't expect too much at once, and don't lose courage or patience on account of backsliding. He should be encouraged to work and save. The man who works and saves is fast leaving savagery behind him. You will find that the Indian has no rights which our people are compelled to respect. The benefit of laws which protect the white man are not extended to the Indian. Even the courts are closed to him, and to secure him common justice and to protect him from outrage will frequently require all your intelligence, courage, and energy."

PERSONAL.

WE are having one of those ideal ocean voyages (writes a New-Yorker on board the *Celtic* in June) which one hears of and perhaps dreams of. Six days out from New York, and no racks on the table. A row-boat could not only live, but be a pleasant place of residence, on the water we have glided through. For myself, good sailor as I am, I would have preferred a few more agreeable people and a little rough weather. We have a few friends, and we try not to yawn into each other's faces. Last night they gave me my first lesson in poker. I have read trashy novels till my brain aches. How many more charming things one can find in one's own mind than people ever think of putting into books! Perhaps our present existence is somewhat like being dead: we are very happy, yet have no means of communicating with you. How glad I was to get away from that hot town, and how the smells from Hunter's Point filled our room (on Murray Hill) that last night! I actually thought my maid had blown the gas out, and I went around trying all the burners!

—In Calumet, Michigan, a few days ago (writes a correspondent of this journal) a circus was passing. On one of the wagons sat a woman holding a switch in her hand, in front of her stood a tiger, and in front of the tiger was the driver, not five inches away from the animal's nose. "I wouldn't like to be in that feline's place," remarked one of the crowd. "Oh, he's all right," replied another; "the tiger has tried him, and don't like the flavor."

—For many years past President ANDREW D. WHITE, of Cornell University, has been collecting in Europe as fine specimens of artistic furniture, old and new, as he could procure. During his residence as Commissioner at the Paris Exhibition, and as Minister to Berlin, he was successful in securing several pieces of Renaissance work—cabinets, tables, and so on—which would be an ornament to any collection in the Old World. At sundry expositions in Düsseldorf and Leipsic he found specimens of the best designs and workmanship of the present German masters in the same line. All these objects are now in the president's house at Ithaca, New York.

—Near the university grounds at Ithaca stands the house of the late Mrs. MCGRAW FISKE, which contains some of the noblest rooms in this or any other country, very beautiful in decoration, especially the hall and picture-gallery, where hang some splendid pieces of tapestry bought by Mrs. FISKE at the sale of Prince DEMIDOFF, at San Donato. A large carved marble chimney-piece in Italian Renaissance style, from a villa at Padua, is very notable. It may be added that in the houses of Mr. GEORGE BARNES and Mr HOWARD G. WHITE, at Syracuse, New York, there are several rooms which, from an architectural and purely artistic point of view, would rank among the very best modern examples.

—What happened on board the Cunard steamer *Aurania* when, on her way to Liverpool, on the 11th of June, she went ashore on the rocks of Dursey Island, in a dense fog, is described by one of her passengers: "At half past seven o'clock in the evening she struck a rock about sixty feet high, which we did not see until we came into immediate contact with it. She bounded back, and struck the rock a second time. The engines were immediately reversed, and with such violence that one of the piston-rods got heated. A dreadful stillness came over the passengers when the captain was heard ordering the fore water-tight compartment to be closed, and all hands on deck. He directed that the boats be lowered and manned, and that all passengers retire to the aft part of the vessel. Though greatly terrified, they did not lose their self-possession, and there was no rushing about, no panic, such as is likely to take place on such occasions. They mutely obeyed the captain's orders, and beyond some slight emotion on the part of the ladies, were thoroughly self-possessed. The captain behaved with remarkable coolness, and his orders were obeyed by a thoroughly disciplined crew." There were 483 cabin and 140 steerage passengers. No one was injured, nor was the vessel materially damaged. Fortunately she was near the end of her voyage.

—The sinister expression "removed," used by GUITEAU to describe his assassination of GARFIELD, has entered French journalism. Some dynamite conspirators in Paris recently told a reporter of the *Matin*, in a jaunty way, that three or four informers would be "removed," that is to say, murdered.

—Mr W. H. VANDERBILT is credited in London with having his eye on the Blenheim collection of old masters, which will soon be sold by auction, and the *Times* of that city describes "how sore and irreparable a loss it will be if the 'Madonna dei Ansidei,' the two family pictures of RUBENS, and the VANDYCK portrait of CHARLES I. are allowed to escape us and leave the country. Failing the National Gallery, these pictures will not be sold to English buyers, but will go to the Louvre, as Mr. MORRIS's Raphael did, or to the Berlin Gallery, like the HAMILTON manuscripts, or to Italy, like the ASHBURNHAM illuminations, or to the ROTHSCHILDS, or to Mr. VANDERBILT." For our part, we frankly wish that Mr. VANDERBILT would buy them. He has been more generous with his art treasures than any other American, living or dead. Last winter he admitted twenty thousand persons into his private gallery.

—Of Lord SALISBURY, the English Tory leader, a political opponent says: "He still cherishes the idea that an ambitious foreign policy is possible and agreeable to the people of England, and that England is doomed to certain decay and ruin if it does not continually enlarge and extend its empire. As regards Egypt, his policy would practically amount to annexation, in spite of the most emphatic promises and declarations which England made to Europe. He would have had the government send an army to the Soudan in the heat of summer to almost certain destruction by the climate, to involve England forever in the responsibility for the management of those illimitable and worthless regions. He still harps on the old policy of Afghanistan, and would have England assume at once a hostile attitude toward Russia." The noble lord seems to be a sort of British BLAINE.

—The Archbishop of Canterbury thinks that the most significant proof of the estimation in which the Church of England is held by Englishmen lies in the fact that the number of bishoprics is constantly increasing.

—A very valuable and unique work by Mr. NESTOR PONCE DE LEON, of New York, now in process of publication, is an English-Spanish and Spanish-English Technical Dictionary, in which are given all terms and phrases relating to science, art, mechanics, commercial life, railroads, mining, and industries of all kinds. The need of such a work at the present time is pressing. Commercial intercourse between the United States and all Spanish American countries is increasing with great rapidity, and manufacturers of all kinds of machinery have had great difficulty in finding Spanish words to designate their wares, as all dictionaries hitherto published are very poor in technical terms. To all mining, civil, and electrical engineers this work will be an invaluable assistant, and also to all persons commercially connected with Spanish-speaking countries. Many modern scientific and mechanical English words have no equivalent word in Spanish. To meet this difficulty Mr PONCE DE LEON's dictionary gives carefully prepared explanatory phrases, together with a Spanish form of the English word, as, To [illegible] *cabinar*. The careful and scholarly manner with which the labor necessary to prepare this work has been accomplished deserves the highest praise. Six numbers, carrying the work as far as *Pall*, have already appeared, and the remainder is nearly ready for publication.

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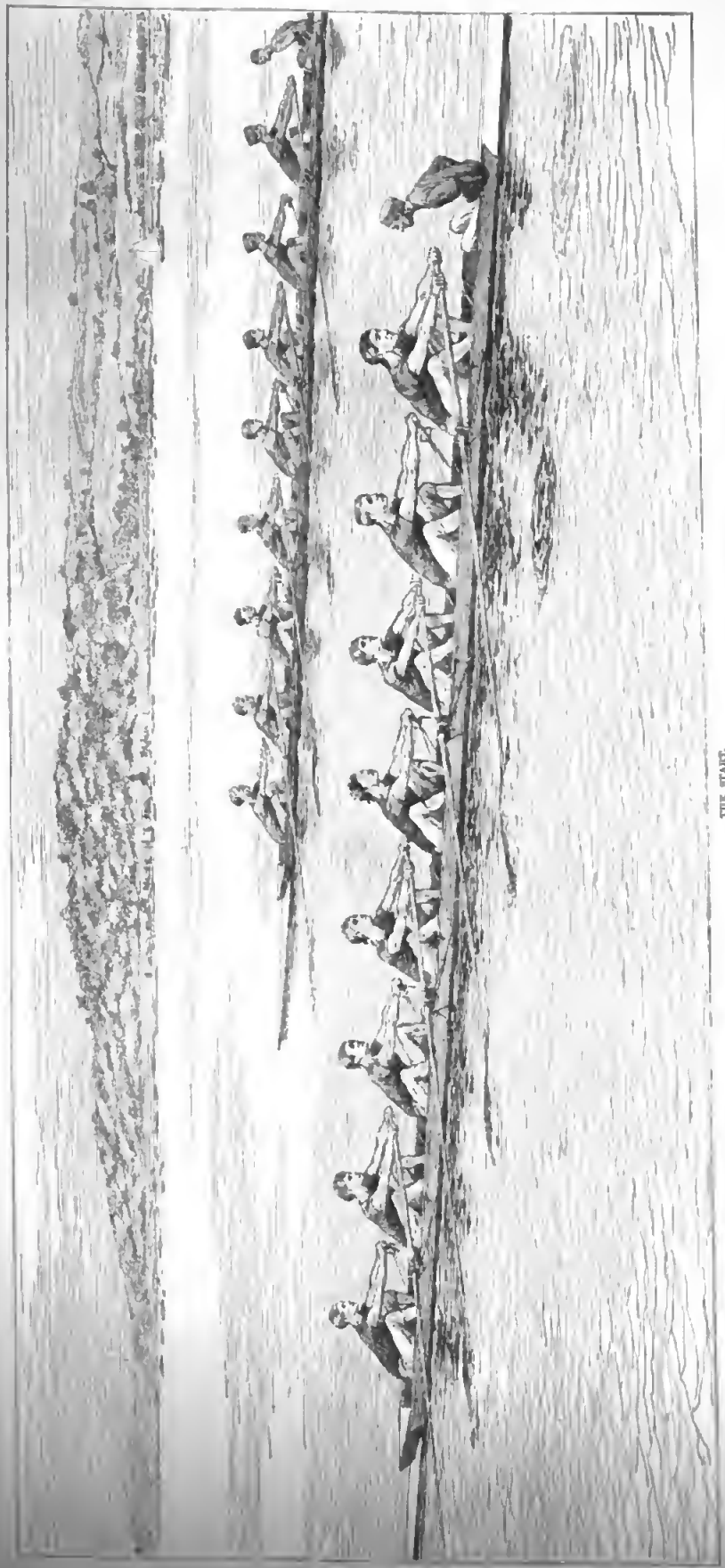

THE START.

THE FINISH.

THE YALE-HARVARD BOAT-RACE AT NEW LONDON.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.—[SEE PAGE 435.]

SEE BLAINE AND GO ONE BETTER.

FIRST JULY CHICAGO CONVENTIONIST. "Have we Democrats got to nominate a ticket to suit them Republican 'Pharisees' and 'Mugwumps'?"

SECOND JULY CHICAGO CONVENTIONIST. "Now you just keep cool! If it's KELLY'S or BUTLER'S racket, we'll get a reg'lar dynamite ticket, that all the boys can turn in and work for."

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"I SAY NO:"*

or,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "MY LAST'S MONEY," "THE MOONSTONE," "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

THE CLINK.

CHAPTER LIX.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

EMILY found Mirabel in the waiting-room at Belford. Her sudden appearance might well have amazed him; but his face expressed a more serious emotion than surprise—he looked at her as if she had alarmed him.

"Didn't you get my message?" he asked. "I told the groom I wished you to wait for my return. I sent a note to my sister, in case he made any mistake."

"The mere made on mistake," Emily answered. "I was in too great a hurry to be able to speak with Mrs. Delvin. Did you really suppose I could endure the suspense of waiting till you came back? Do you think I can be of no use—I who know Mrs Rook?"

"They won't let you see her."

"Why not? I'm sworn to be waiting to see her."

"I am waiting for the return of the rector of Belford. He is at Berwick, and he has been sent for, at Mrs Rook's urgent request."

"Is she dying?"

"She is in fear of death—whether rightly or wrongly I don't know. There is some internal injury from the fall. I hope to see her when the rector returns. As a brother clergyman, I may with perfect propriety ask him to use his influence in my favor."

"I am glad to find you so eager about it."

"I am always eager in your interests."

"Don't think me ungrateful," Emily replied, gently. "I am no stranger to Mrs. Rook; and if I send in my name I may be able to see her before the clergyman returns."

She stopped. Mirabel suddenly moved as to place himself between her and the door. "I must really beg of you to give up that idea," he said. "You don't know what horrid sight you may see—what dreadful agonies of pain this unhappy woman may be suffering."

His manner suggested to Emily that he might be acting under some motive which he was unwilling to acknowledge. "If you have a reason for wishing that I should keep away from Mrs. Rook," she said, "let me hear what it is. Surely we trust each other? I have done my best to set the example, at any rate."

Mirabel seemed to be at a loss for a reply.

While he was hesitating, the station-master passed the door. Emily asked him to direct her to the house in which Mrs. Rook had been received. He led the way to the end of the platform, and pointed to the house. Emily and Mrs. Ellmother immediately left the station. Mirabel accompanied them, still remonstrating, still raising obstacles.

The house door was opened by an old man. He looked reproachfully at Mirabel. "You have been told already," he said, "that no strangers are to see my wife."

Encouraged by discovering that the man was Mr Rook, Emily mentioned her name. "Perhaps you may have heard Mrs. Rook speak of me," she added.

"I've heard her speak of you oftentimes."

"What does the doctor say?"

"He thinks she may get over it. She doesn't believe him."

"Will you say that I am anxious to see her, if she feels well enough to receive me?"

Mr. Rook looked at Mrs. Ellmother. "Am there two of you wanting to go upstairs?" he inquired.

"This is my old friend and servant," Emily answered. "She will wait for me down here."

"She can wait in the parlor; the good people of this house are well known to me." He pointed as the parlor door, and then led the way to the first floor. Emily followed him. Mirabel, as obstinate as ever, followed Emily.

Mr Rook opened a door at the end of the landing, and turning round to speak to Emily, noticed Mirabel standing behind her. Without making any remark, the old man pointed significantly down the stairs. His resolution was evidently immovable. Mirabel appealed to Emily to help him.

"She will see me if you ask her," he said. "Let me wait here."

The sound of his voice was instantly followed by a cry from the bed-chamber—a cry of terror.

Mr. Rook hurried into the room and closed the door. In less than a minute he opened it again, with doubt and horror plainly visible in his face. He stepped up as Mirabel, eyed him with the closest scrutiny, and drew back again with a look of relief.

"She's wrong," he said; "you are not the man."

This strange proceeding startled Emily. "What man do you mean?" she asked.

Mr. Rook took no notice of the question. With his eyes still fixed on Mirabel, he pointed down the stairs once more. In silence Mirabel had heard him; in silence Mirabel obeyed him. Mr. Rook turned to Emily.

"Are you easily frightened?" he said.

"I don't understand you," Emily replied. "Who is going to frighten me? Why did you speak to Mr. Mirabel in that strange way?"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1429.

Mr. Rook looked toward the bedroom door. "Maybe you'll hear why, inside there. If I could have my way, you shouldn't see her; but she's not to be reasoned with. A cautious, miss. Don't be too ready to believe what my wife may say to you. She's had a fright." He opened the door. "In my belief," he whispered, "she's off her head."

Emily crossed the threshold. Mr. Rook softly closed the door behind her.

CHAPTER LX.

INSIDE THE ROOM.

A DECRIPT elderly woman was seated at the bedside. She rose and spoke to Emily with a mingling of sorrow and confusion strikingly expressed in her face. "It isn't my fault," she said, "that Mrs. Rook receives you in this manner; I am obliged to humor her."

She drew aside, and showed Mrs. Rook with her head supported by many pillows, and her face strangely hidden from view under a veil. Emily started back in horror. "Is her face is jured?" she asked.

Mrs. Rook answered the question herself. Her voice was low and weak; but she still spoke with the same nervous hurry of articulation which had been remarked by Alfred Morris on the day when she asked him to direct her to Netherwoods.

"Not exactly injured," she explained, "but one's appearance is a matter of some anxiety even on one's death-bed. I am disfigured by a thoughtless use of water, as bring me to when I had my fall—and I can't get at my toilet things to put myself right again. I don't wish to shock you. Please excuse the veil."

Emily remembered the rouge on her cheeks and the dye on her hair when they had first seen each other at the school. Vanity, of all human frailties the longest-lived, still held its firmly rooted place in this woman's nature; superior to torment of conscience, unassailable by terror of death!

The good woman of the house waited a moment before the left the room. "What shall I say," she asked, "if the clergyman comes?"

Mrs. Rook lifted her hand solemnly. "Say," she answered, "that a dying sinner is making atonement for sin. Say this young lady is present by the decree of an all wise Providence. No mortal creature must disturb us." Her hand dropped back heavily on the bed. "Are we alone?" she asked.

"We are alone," Emily answered. "What made you scream just before I came in?"

"No, I can't allow you to remind me of that," Mrs. Rook protested. "I must compose myself. Be quiet. Let me think."

Recovering her composure, she also recovered that sense of importance in talking of herself which was one of the marked peculiarities in her character.

"You will excuse me if I exhibit religion," she resumed. "My dear parents were exemplary people; I was most carefully brought up. Are you pious? Let us hope so."

Emily was once more reminded of the past.

The by-gone time returned to her memory—the time when she had accepted Sir Jervis Redwood's offer of employment, and when Mrs. Rook had arrived at the school to be her travelling companion to the north. The watched creature had entirely forgotten her own loose talk, after she had drunk Miss Ladd's good wine to the last drop in the bottle. As the was boasting now of her piety, so she had boasted then of her best faith and hope, and had mockingly declared her freethinking opinions to be the result of her ill-assorted marriage. Forgotten—all forgotten in this later time of pain and fear. Prostrate under the dread of death, her innermost nature—stripped of the concealments of her later life—was revealed to view. The early religious training, at which she had scoffed in the insolence of health and strength, revealed its latent influence—intermitted, but a living influence always from first to last. Mrs. Rook was tenderly mindful of her exemplary parents, and proud of exhibiting religion on the bed from which she was never to rise again.

"Did I tell you that I am a miserable sinner?" she asked, after an interval of silence.

Emily could endure it no longer. "Say that to the clergyman," she answered—"not to me."

"Oh, but I must say it!" Mrs. Rook insisted. "I am a miserable sinner. Let me give you an instance of it," she continued, with a shameless relish of the memory of her own frailties. "I have been a drinker in my time. Anything was welcome, when the fit was on me, as long as it got into my head. Like other persons in liquor, I sometimes talked of things that had better have been kept secret. We have that in mind—my old man and I—when we were engaged by Sir Jervis. Miss Redwood wanted to put us in the next bedroom to hers—a risk not to be run. I might have talked of the murder at the inn, and she might have heard me. Please to remark a curious thing. Whatever else I might let out when I was in my cups, not a word about the pocket-book ever dropped from me. You will ask how I know it. My dear, I should have heard of it from my husband if I had let that out—and he is as much to the dark as you are. Wonderful are the workings of the human mind, on the past sure; and drink drowns care, as the proverb says. But can drink deliver a person from fear by day and fear by night? I believe, if I had dropped a word about the pocket-book, it would have sobered me in an instant. Have you any remark to make on this curious circumstance?"

Thus far Emily had allowed the woman to ramble on, in the hope of getting information which direct inquiry might fail to produce. It was impossible, however, to pass over the allusion to the pocket-book. After giving her time to recover from the exhaustion which her heavy breathing sufficiently revealed, Emily put the question, "Whom did the pocket-book belong to?"

"Wait a little," said Mrs. Rook. "Everything in its right place, is my motto. I mustn't begin with the pocket-book. Why did I begin with it? Do you think this veil on my face confuses me? Suppose I take it off? But you must promise first—solemnly promise you won't look at my face. How can I tell you about the murder (the murder is part of my confession, you know) with this lace tickling my skin? Go away, and stand there with your back to me. Thank you. Now I'll take it off. Ha! the air feels refreshing; I know what I am about. Good heavens! I have forgotten something. I have forgotten fans. And after such a fright as he gave me! Did you see him on the landing?"

"Whom are you talking of?" Emily asked.

Mrs Rook's failing voice sank lower still.

"Come closer," she said; "this must be whispered. Whom am I talking of?" she repeated. "I am talking of the man who slept in the other bed at the inn, the man who did the deed with his own razor. He was gone when I looked into the out-house in the gray of the morning. Oh, I have done my duty! I have told Mr. Rook to keep an eye on him down-stairs. You haven't an idea how obstinate and stupid my husband is. He says I couldn't know the man, because I didn't see him. Ha! there's such a thing as hearing, when you don't see. I heard—and I knew it again."

Emily turned cold from head to foot.

"What did you know again?" she said.

"His voice," Mrs. Rook answered. "I'll swear to his voice before all the judges in England."

Emily rushed to the bed. She looked at the woman who had said those dreadful words, speechless with horror.

"You're breaking your promise!" cried Mrs. Rook. "You false girl, you're breaking your promise!"

She snatched at the veil, and put it on again. The sight of her face, momentary as it had been, re-assured Emily. Her wild eyes, made wilder still by the blurred stains of rouge below them, half washed away, her disheveled hair, with streaks of gray showing through the dye, presented a spectacle which would have been grotesque under other circumstances, but which now reminded Emily of Mr Rook's last words, warning her not to believe what his wife said, and even declaring his conviction that her intellect was deranged. Emily drew back from the bed, conscious of an overpowering sense of self-reproach. Although it was only for a moment, she had allowed her faith in Mirabel to be shaken by a woman who was out of her mind.

"Try to forgive me," she said. "I didn't willfully break my promise. You frightened me."

Mrs. Rook began to cry. "I was a handsome woman in my time," she murmured. "You would say I am handsome still, if the clumsy fools about me had not spoiled my appearance. Oh, I do feel so weak! Where's my medicine?"

The bottle was on the table. Emily gave her the prescribed dose, and revived her failing strength.

"I am an extraordinary woman," she resumed. "My resolution has always been the admiration of every one who knew me. But my mind fails—how shall I express it?—a little vacant. Have mercy on my poor wicked soul! Help me."

"How can I help you?"

"I want to remember. Something happened in the summer-time, when we were talking at Netherwoods. I mean when that impudent master at the school showed his suspicions of me. (Lord! how he frightened me when he turned up afterward at Sir Jervis's house!) You must have seen yourself he suspected me. How did he show it?"

"He showed you my locket," Emily answered.

"Oh, the horrid reminder of the murder!" Mrs. Rook exclaimed. "I didn't mention it; don't blame me. You poor innocent, I have something dreadful to tell you."

Emily's horror of the woman forced her to speak. "Don't tell me!" she cried. "I know more than you suppose; I know what I was ignorant of when you saw the locket."

Mrs. Rook took offense at the interruption.

"Clever as you are, there's one thing you don't know," she said. "You asked me, just now, whom the pocket-book belonged to. It belonged to your father. What's the matter? Are you crying?"

Emily was thinking of her father. The pocket-book was the last present she had given to him—a present on his birthday. "Is it lost?" she asked, sadly.

"No, it's not lost. You will hear more of it directly. Dry your eyes, and expect something interesting—I'm going to talk about love. Love, my dear, means myself. Why shouldn't it? I'm not the only nice looking woman, married to an old man, who has had a lover."

"Wretch! what has that got to do with it?"

"Everything, you rude girl! My lover was like the rest of them; he would bet on race-horses, and he lost. He owned it to me, on the day when your father came to our inn. He said, 'I must find the money—or be off to America, and my good by forever.' I was fool enough to be fond of him. It broke my heart to hear him talk in that way. I said, 'If I find the money, and more than the money, will you take me with you wherever you go?' Of course he said Yes. I suppose you have heard of the inquest held at our old place by the coroner and jury? Oh, what shots! They believed I was asleep on the night of the murder. I never closed my eyes—I was so miserable, I was so tempted."

"Tempted? What tempted you?"

"Do you think I had any money to spare? Your father's pocket-book tempted me. I had seen him open it, to pay his bill overnight. It was full of bank-notes. Oh, what an overpowering thing love is! Perhaps you have known it yourself."

Emily's indignation once more got the better of her prudence. "Have you no feeling of decency on your death bed?" she said.

Mrs. Rook forgot her piety, she was ready with an impudent reminder. "You hot-headed little woman, your time will come," she answered. "But you're right—I am wandering from the point; I am not sufficiently sensible of this solemn occasion. By the bye, do you notice my language? I inherit correct English from my mother—a cultivated person, who married beneath her. My maternal grandfather was a gentleman. Did I tell you that there came a time, on that dreadful night, when I could stay in bed no longer? The pocket-book—I did nothing but think of that devilish pocket-book, full of bank-notes. My husband was fast asleep all the time. I got a chair and stood on it. I looked into the place where the two men were sleeping, through the glass in the top of the door. Your father was awake; he was walking up and down the room. What do you say? Was he agitated? I didn't notice. I don't know whether the other man was asleep or awake. I saw nothing but the pocket-book stuck under the pillow, half in and half out. Your father kept on walking up and down. I thought to myself, 'I'll wait till he gets tired, and then I'll have another look at the pocket-book.' Where's the wine? The doctor said I might have a glass of wine when I wanted it."

Emily found the wine and gave it to her. She shuddered as she accidentally touched Mrs. Rook's hand.

The wine helped the sinking woman.

"I must have got up more than once," she resumed. "And more than once my heart must have failed me. I don't clearly remember what I did, till the gray of the morning came. I think that must have been the last time I looked through the glass in the door."

She began to tremble. She tore the veil off her face. She cried out, piteously, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner! Come here," she said to Emily. "Where am you? No! I daren't tell you what I saw; I daren't tell you what I did. When you're possessed by the devil, there's nothing, nothing, nothing you can't do! Where did I find the courage to unlock the door? Where did I find the courage to go in? Any other woman would have lost her senses when she found blood on her fingers after taking the pocket-book—"

Emily's head swam; her heart beat furiously. She staggered to the door, and opened it to escape from the room.

"I'm guilty of robbing him; but I'm innocent of his blood!" Mrs. Rook called after her wildly. "The deed was done—the yard door was wide open, and the man was gone—when I looked in for the last time. Come back! come back!"

Emily looked round.

"I can't go near you," she said, faintly.

"Come near enough to see this."

She opened her bed-gown at the throat, and drew up a loop of ribbon over her head. The pocket-book was attached to the ribbon. She held it out.

"Your father's book," she said. "Won't you take your father's book?"

For a moment, and only for a moment, Emily was repelled by the profanation associated with her birthday gift. Then the loving remembrance of the dear hands that had so often touched that relic drew the faithful daughter back to the woman whom she abhorred. Her eyes rested tenderly on the book. Before it had lain in that guilty bosom it had been his book. The beloved memory was all that was left to her now, the beloved memory consecrated it to her hand. She took the book.

"Open it," said Mrs. Rook.

There were two five-pound bank-notes in it.

"Has it?" Emily asked.

"No; mine—the little I have been able to save toward restoring what I stole."

"Oh!" Emily cried, "is there some good in this woman, after all?"

"There's no good in the woman," Mrs. Rook answered, desperately. "There's nothing but fear—fear of hell now; fear of the pocket-book in the past time. Twice I tried to destroy it, and twice it came back to remind me of the duty that I owed to my miserable soul. I tried to throw it into the fire. It stuck the bar, and fell back into the fender at my feet. I went out and cast it into the well. It came back again in the first bucket of water that was drawn up. From that moment, I began to save what I could. Restitution! Atonement! I tell you the book found a tongue, and those were the grand words it dinned in my ears morning and night." She stopped to fetch her breath—stopped, and struck her bosom. "I hid it here, so that no person should see it, and no person take it from me. Superstition? oh yes, superstition! Shall I tell you something? You may find yourself superstitious if you are ever cut to the heart as I was. He left me! The man I had disgraced myself for deserted me on the day when I gave him the stolen money. He suspected it was stolen; he took care of his own cowardly self, and left me to the hard mercy of the law if the theft was found out. What do you call that in the way of punishment? Haven't I suffered? Haven't I made atonement? Be a Christian—say you forgive me."

"I do forgive you."

"Say you will pray for me."

"I will."

"Ha! that comforts me. Now you can go."

Emily looked at her imploringly. "Don't send me away, knowing no more of the murder than I know when I came here. Is there nothing, really nothing, you can tell me?"

Mrs. Rook pointed to the door.

"Haven't I told you already? Go down-stairs, and see the wretch who escaped in the dawn of the morning!"

"Gently, ma'am—gently! You're talking too loud," cried a mocking voice from outside.

"It's only the doctor," said Mrs. Rook. She crossed her hands over her bosom, with a deep-drawn sigh. "I want no doctor now. My peace is made with my Maker. I'm ready for death; I'm fit for heaven. Go away! go away!"

CHAPTER LXI.

DOWN-STAIRS.

In a moment more the doctor came in—a brisk, smiling, self-sufficient man—smartly dressed, with a flower in his button-hole. A stifling odor of musk filled the room as he drew out his handkerchief with a flourish and wiped his forehead.

"Plenty of hard work in my line, just now," he said. "Hullo, Mrs. Rook! somebody has been allowing you to excite yourself. I heard you, before I opened the door. Have you been encouraging her to talk?" he asked, turning to Emily, and shaking his finger at her with an air of facetious remonstrance.

Incapable of answering him, forgetful of the ordinary restraints of social intercourse—with the one doubt that preserved her belief in Mirabel eager for confirmation—Emily signed to this stranger to follow her into a corner of the room, out of hearing. She made no excuses; she took no notice of his look of surprise. One hope was all she could feel, one word was all she could say, after that second assertion of Mirabel's guilt. Indicating Mrs. Rook by a glance at the bed, she whispered the word: "Mad?"

Flippant and familiar, the doctor imitated her; he too looked at the bed.

"No more mad than you are, miss. As I said just now, my patient has been exciting herself; I dare say she has talked a little wildly in consequence. *Hers* isn't a brain to give way, I can tell you. But there's somebody else—"

Emily had fled from the room. He had destroyed her last fragment of belief in Mirabel's innocence. She was on the landing, trying to steady her mind, when the doctor joined her.

"Are you acquainted with the gentleman down-stairs?" he asked.

"What gentleman?"

"I haven't heard his name; he looks like a clergyman. If you know him—"

"I do know him. I can't answer questions. My mind—"

"Steady your mind, miss, and take your friend home as soon as you can. *He* hasn't got Mrs. Rook's hard brain; he's in a state of nervous prostration, which may end badly. Do you know where he lives?"

"He is staying with his sister, Mrs. Delvin."

"Mrs. Delvin? she's a friend and patient of mine. See! I'll look in to-morrow morning, and see what I can do for her brother. In the mean time get him to bed and to rest, and don't be afraid of giving him brandy."

The doctor returned to the bedroom. Emily heard Mrs. Ellmother's voice below.

"Are you up there, miss?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Ellmother ascended the stairs. "It was in an evil hour," she said, "that you insisted on going to this place. Mr. Mirabel—" The sight of Emily's face suspended the next words on her lips. She took the poor young mistress in her motherly arms. "Oh, my child! what has happened to you?"

"Don't ask me now. I can hardly stand—help me to get down-stairs."

"You won't be startled when you see Mr. Mirabel, will you, my dear? I wouldn't let them disturb you; I said nobody should speak to you but myself. The truth is, Mr. Mirabel has had a dreadful fright. What are you looking for?"

"Can we get into the air?"

There was a court-yard at the back of the house. They found their way to it. A bench was placed against one of the walls. They sat down.

"I had better not tell you about it now," said Mrs. Ellmother. "It's easy to see, my dear, you have been sorely tried already. Must I go on? I won't be long about it. Mr. Mirabel came into the parlor where I was, and Mr. Rook came in too—and waited, looking at him. Mr. Mirabel sat down in a corner, in a dazed state, as I thought. It wasn't for long. He jumped up, and clapped his hand on his heart as if his heart hurt him. 'I must and will know what's going on upstairs,' he says. Mr. Rook pulled him back, and said, 'Wait till the young lady comes down.' Mr. Mirabel wouldn't hear of it. 'Your wife's frightening her,' he says; 'your wife's telling her horrible things about me.' He was taken on a sudden with a shivering fit; his eyes rolled and his teeth chattered. Mr. Rook made matters worse: he lost his temper. 'I'm damned,' he says, 'if I don't begin to think you *are* the man; I've half a mind to send for the police.' Mr. Mirabel dropped into his chair. His eyes stared; his mouth fell open. I took hold of his hand. Cold—cold as ice. What it all meant, I can't say. Oh, miss, you know! Let me tell you the rest of it some other time."

Emily insisted on hearing more. "The end!" she cried. "How did it end?"

"I don't know how it might have ended if the doctor hadn't come in—to pay his visit, you know, upstairs. He said some learned words. When he came to plain English he asked if anybody had frightened the gentleman. I said Mr. Rook had frightened him. The doctor says to Mr. Rook, 'You had better mind what you are about. If you frighten him again, you may have his death to answer for.' That cowed Mr. Rook; he asked what he had better do. 'Give me some brandy for him first,' says the doctor, 'and then get him home at once.' Mr. Rook went away to the inn to order the carriage. Your eyes are quicker than mine, miss—I think I hear it now."

They rose and went to the house door. The carriage was there.

Still stunned by what the doctor had said, Mr. Rook appeared, carefully leading Mirabel out. He had revived, under the action of the stimulant. Passing Emily, he raised his eyes to her, trembled, and looked down again. They had driven to Belford in a close carriage. When Mr. Rook opened the door, Mirabel showed a momentary return of courage. He turned to Emily and spoke.

"I am as innocent as you are," he said to her.

She started back from him, and caught at Mrs. Ellmother's arm. "You go with him in the carriage," she said. "I can't."

"How are you to get back, miss?"

She turned away, and spoke to the coachman: "I am not very well. I want the fresh air—I'll sit by you."

Mrs. Ellmother remonstrated and protested: in vain. As Emily had determined it should be, so it was.

"Has he said anything?" she asked, when they arrived at their journey's end.

"He has been like a man frozen up; he hasn't said a word; he hasn't even moved."

"Take him to his sister, and tell her all that you know. I can't face Mrs. Delvin. Be patient, my good old friend; I have no secrets from you. Only wait till to-morrow—and leave me by myself to-night."

Alone in her room, Emily opened her writing-case. Searching among the letters in it, she drew out a printed paper. It was the handbill describing the man who had escaped from the inn, and offering a reward for the discovery of him.

At the first line of the personal description of the fugitive, the paper dropped from her hand. Burning tears forced their way into her eyes. Feeling for her handkerchief, she touched the pocket-book which she had received from Mrs. Rook.

After a little hesitation she took it out and opened it.

The sight of the bank-notes repelled her; she hid them in one of the pockets of the book. There was a second pocket which she had not yet examined. She put her hand into it, and touching something, drew out a letter.

The envelope (already opened) was addressed to "James Brown, Esq., Post-office, Zeeland." Would it be inconsistent with her respect for her father's memory to examine the letter? No; a glance would decide whether she ought to read it or not.

It was without date or address; a startling letter to look at—for it only contained three words:

"I say No."

The words were signed in initials: "S. J."

In the instant when she read the initials, the name occurred to her.

Sara Jethro!

CHAPTER LXII.

THE DEFENSE OF MIRABEL.

The discovery of the letter gave a new direction to Emily's thoughts, and so relieved her mind, for the time at least, from the burden that weighed on it. To what question on her father's part had "I say No" been Miss Jethro's brief and stern reply? Neither letter nor envelope offered the slightest hint that might assist inquiry; even the postmark had been so carelessly impressed that it was illegible. Emily was still pondering over the three mysterious words, when Mrs. Ellmother interrupted her.

"Have you misunderstood me?" she asked.

"In what way, if you please?"

"I said I wished to be left alone till to-morrow."

"There's another person who has wishes to be consulted, miss, besides yourself. Mrs. Delvin says she must positively see you to-night. It's my belief that she will send for the servants, and have herself carried in here, if you refuse to do what she asks. You needn't be afraid of seeing Mr. Mirabel."

"Where is he?"

"His sister has given up her bedroom to him," Mrs. Ellmother answered. "She thought of your feelings before she sent me here, and had the curtains closed between the sitting-room and the bedroom. I suspect my nasty temper misled me when I took a dislike to Mrs. Delvin. She is a good creature, and she has a good reason, in my opinion, for wishing to see you."

"Did she seem to be angry when she sent you here?"

"Angry! She was crying when I left her."

Emily hesitated no longer.

She noticed a remarkable change in the invalid's sitting-room—so brilliantly lighted on other occasions—the moment she entered it. The lamps were shaded and the candles were all extinguished. "My eyes don't bear the light so well as usual," Mrs. Delvin said. "Come and sit near me, Emily; I hope to quiet your mind. I should be grieved if you left my house with a wrong impression of me."

Knowing what she knew, suffering as she must have suffered, the quiet kindness of her tone implied an exercise of self-restraint which appealed irresistibly to Emily's sympathies. "Forgive me," she said, "for having done you an injustice. I am ashamed to think that I shrank from seeing you when I returned from Belford."

"I will endeavor to be worthy of your better opinion of me," Mrs. Delvin replied. "In one respect, at least, I may claim to have had your best interests at heart—while we were still personally strangers. I tried to prevail on my poor brother to own the truth, when he discovered the terrible position in which he was placed toward you. He was too conscious of the absence of any proof which might induce you to believe him if he attempted to defend himself—in one word, he was too timid to take my advice. He has paid the penalty, and I have paid the penalty, of deceiving you."

Emily started. "In what way have you deceived me?" she asked.

"In the way that was forced on us by our own conduct," Mrs. Delvin said. "We have appeared to help you without really doing so. We calculated on inducing you to marry my brother, and then (when he could speak with the authority of a husband) on prevailing with you to give up all further inquiries as absolutely hopeless. When you insisted on seeing Mrs. Rook, he had the money in his hand to bribe her and her husband to leave England."

"Oh, Mrs. Delvin!"

"I don't attempt to excuse myself. I don't expect you to consider how sorely I was tempted to secure the happiness of my brother's life by marriage with such a woman as yourself. I don't remind you that I knew, when I put obstacles in your way, that you were blindly devoting yourself to the discovery of an innocent man."

Emily heard her with angry surprise. "Innocent?" she repeated. "Mrs. Rook recognized his voice the instant she heard him speak."

Impenetrable to interruption, Mrs. Delvin went on.

"But what I do ask," she persisted, "even after our short acquaintance, is this: do you suspect me of deliberately scheming to make you the wife of a murderer?"

Emily had never viewed the serious question between them in this light. Warmly, generously, she answered the appeal that had been made to her. "Oh, don't think that of me! I know I spoke thoughtlessly and cruelly to you just now—"

"You spoke impulsively," Mrs. Delvin interposed; "that was all. Now that I am encouraged to go on I may tell you the rest. Let me say first that I have an interested object in view. I understand but too well that there can be no hope, now, of a marriage engagement between you and my brother. When you leave me—how can I expect you to remain here after what has happened?—I wish you to leave me knowing all that I know, and not deceived by appearances, as the coroner and jury were deceived. You are aware, I suppose, that your father and my brother were strangers when they met at the inn?"

"Yes, I know that."

"If there had been any conversation between them when they retired to rest, they might have mentioned their names. But your father was pre-occupied, and my brother, after a long day's walk, was so tired that he fell asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow. He only woke when the morning dawned. What he saw, when he looked toward the opposite bed, might have struck with terror the boldest man that ever lived. His first impulse was naturally to alarm the house. As he got on his feet, he saw his own razor—a blood-stained razor—on the bed by the side of the corpse. At that discovery he lost all control over himself. In a panic of terror he snatched up his knapsack, unfastened the yard door, and fled from the house. Knowing him as we know him, can we wonder? Many a man has been hanged for murder on circumstantial evidence less direct than the evidence against poor Miles. Do you think I am exaggerating?"

"Certainly not!"

"More than that I must not ask you to concede," Mrs. Delvin continued. "In the utter absence of proof of my brother's innocence, how can I complain of your having been convinced of his guilt? I dare not even contradict you, if you declare that I am myself deceived in believing him to be as innocent as I am of that horrible crime. All I can hope is, that I may have shown you some reason to doubt. Will you give him the benefit of the doubt?"

"Willingly!" Emily replied. "Am I right in supposing that you don't despair of proving his innocence even yet?"

"I don't quite despair; but my hopes have grown fainter and fainter as the years have gone on. There is a person associated with his escape from Zeeland—a person named Jethro—"

"You mean Miss Jethro?"

"Yes. Do you know her?"

"I know her—and my father knew her. I have found a letter addressed to him, which I have no doubt was written by Miss Jethro. It is barely possible that you may understand what it means. Pray look at it."

"I am quite unable to help you," Mrs. Delvin answered, after reading the letter. "All I know of Miss Jethro is, that but for her interposition my brother might have fallen into the hands of the police. She saved him."

"Knowing him, of course?"

"That is the remarkable part of it: they were perfect strangers to each other."

"But she must have had some motive?"

"*There* is the foundation of my hope for Miles! Miss Jethro declared, when I wrote and put the question to her, that the one motive by which she was actuated was the motive of mercy. I don't believe her. To my mind it is in the last degree improbable that she would consent to protect a stranger from discovery who owned to her (as my brother did) that he was a fugitive suspected of murder. She knows something, I am firmly convinced, of that dreadful event at Zeeland, and she has some reason for keeping it secret. Have you any influence over her?"

"Tell me where I can find her!"

"I can't tell you. She has removed from the address at which my brother saw her last. He has made every possible inquiry—without result."

As she replied in those discouraging terms, the curtains which divided Mrs. Delvin's bedroom from her sitting-room were drawn aside. An elderly woman-servant approached her mistress's couch.

"Mr. Mirabel is awake, ma'am. He is very low; I can hardly feel his pulse. Shall I give him some more brandy?"

Mrs. Delvin held out her hand to Emily. "Come to me to-morrow morning," she said, and signed to the servant to wheel her couch into the next room. As the curtains closed over them, Emily heard Mirabel's voice. "Where am I?" he said, faintly. "Is it all a dream?"

The prospect of his recovery, the next morning, was gloomy indeed. He had sunk into a state of deplorable weakness, in mind as well as in body. The little memory of events that he still preserved was regarded by him as the memory of a dream. He alluded to Emily, and to his meeting with her unexpectedly. But from that point his recollection failed him. They had talked of something interesting, he said, but he was unable to remember what it was; and they had waited for somebody at a railway station, but who the person was he could not tell. He sighed, and wondered when Emily would marry him, and so fell asleep again, weaker than ever.

Not having any confidence in the doctor at Belford, Mrs. Delvin had sent an urgent message to a physician at Edinburgh, famous for his skill in treating diseases of the nervous system. "I can hardly expect him to reach this remote place before to-morrow," she said. "I must bear my suspense as well as I can."

"You shall not bear it alone," Emily answered. "I will wait with you until the doctor comes."

Mrs. Delvin lifted her frail, wasted hands to Emily's face, drew it a little nearer, and kissed her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BUTTERFLY IN THE CITY.

Fair creature of a few short sunny hours,
Sweet gilded fay,
Whence flit'st thou, from what bright world of flowers,
This summer day?

Why didst thou quit thy comrades of the grove
And meadows green?
What fate untoward urges thee to rove
Through this strange scene?

Oh, hie thee to the fragrant country air
And liberty!
The city is the home of toil and care—
No place for thee!

RICE CULTURE IN THE SOUTH.

A pound of the best rice in the New York market costs eight cents. It has a pearly, transparent glint, a beautiful polish and lustre; yet very few who use this very attractive article of food are aware of the labor and expense required to place it before them in this perfect state. As an article of food it is second alone to wheat, and is the grand natural cereal upon which at least four hundred millions, or nearly one-third of mankind, mainly subsist.

Almost incalculable areas of it are raised in India and China, the various varieties seeming endless. On the island of Ceylon alone no less than 161 varieties are known, but the finest is raised in our own States of North and South Carolina and Georgia, where those vast expanses of low-lying swampy lands and heavy vegetable soils render its cultivation comparatively easy and profitable.

The great fields lying low along the river-banks are divided into sections, and trunks and canals carry the water to each one separately by smaller ditches, by which they are flooded whenever desired. The rice is frequently sown on the water-covered soil, where it quickly germinates, covering the fields with a beautifully delicate green grassy carpet, which turns a lighter and yellower tinge as it ripens.

As most of the fields have been reclaimed from the rivers near which they lie, they are continually subject to sudden overflows, the utmost vigilance being required to guard against this enemy, which often in one night ruins the fruits of months of labor. Some of the larger plantations cover two and three thousand acres, and employ several hundred men, women, and children.

From 1720 to 1740 the export of rice from the Carolinas was 143,996 tons. For 1740 alone 90,000 barrels were shipped. At the outbreak of the war one million acres were under cultivation in South Carolina alone. In 1860 the production was 181,162,082 pounds, but the war almost ruined this immense industry, and in 1870 the combined production of the two Carolinas, Louisiana, and Georgia was reduced to 50,000,000 pounds. A steady improvement, however, toward the old-time prosperity is now seen by comparing the productions of later years with that of 1866, when it had dwindled to the comparatively insignificant amount of 12,002,000 pounds.

Very few besides Chinese and negroes can be kept on the plantations as workers, and owing to the intensely trying nature of the climate in summer, with its accompanying marsh fevers, the question of labor supply is a very serious one to the planters; but while the old-fashioned methods of cutting, sowing, and transporting still prevail on most plantations, numerous labor-saving machines and improvements have been introduced with marked success in the various milling processes.

Many large mills are to be seen on the low shores of the Mississippi, in the vicinity of New Orleans, but those at Charleston and Savannah are perhaps the largest and most complete in their appointments. Many are lofty buildings of brick or iron, their many stories crowded with the latest improved machinery for hulling, dusting, cleaning, burnishing, and packing the grain ready for shipment. Situated at the water's edge, their tall chimneys pouring forth heavy columns of smoke, their derricks lifting the rough grain from the decks of the river craft, while the elevators, with long-armed spouts, dip deep into and fill the great holds of sea-going steamers with milled grain, the clouds of drifting chaff dust, the whir of machinery, and hurrying of boats and tugs, all present a most charming picture, and unmistakably indicate the rapid revival of one of the most valuable of our Southern industries.

THE NEW PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL.—Drawn by F. B. Schell.—[See Page 434.]

Western Dome
Court Jury

JULY.

Heavens Love's hand through all the July heat,
I stood with gentle songs my happy feet,
And passed through tinkling fields of golden wheat,
Holding Love's hand.

I pulled the crimson poppies all aglow
With light and heat: at, bending low,
Found out the place where sweet hedge-berries grow,
Holding Love's hand.

I heard, through steam deep scents of bleaching hay,
The sounds of labor, cheer and far away
From the green peace where I could rest so stay,
Holding Love's hand.

I breathed for very joy in deep low sighs,
Under the pines, like dim and dreary skies.
Ah, it was sweet to look into Love's eyes
And hold his hand!

Over the green miles of the long marshy grass
I watched the summer shadows idly pass;
For there are shadows in Love's sky, alas!
Holding his hand,

In brightest days I have a moment wept,
Just as in brightest hours tired Love has slept!
Ah, then what patient watch my eyelids kept,
Holding Love's hand!

Thus Love dreamed sweetly through our hearts' July!
Under the cloud and sunshine of our sky,
Dreamed of Love's harvest-time, while I sat by,
Holding his hand—

While I sat by and mused, for well I knew
Would not be always July. Need I rue
If life's strange first mystery I pass through,
Holding Love's hand?

THE PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL.

In the "mount of marble" that is to have the city government of Philadelphia had no other claim to notice than that of being the largest public building in the United States, it would still be very noticeable. It is a parallelogram, nearly a square of 474 feet in extreme dimensions, surrounding an interior court. Although only of four apparent stories, counting the roof story, it measures at the lowest parts 118 feet in height, while the centre pavilion in each front rises to the height of 201 feet, and the statue of PENN, which is to culminate the tower that is so yet visible only from the court-yard, is to end 535 feet from the ground, "making it," says the official pamphlet, "the highest artificial construction in the world." The building covers 2300 square feet more than the Capitol at Washington, and some 40,000 square feet more than the Capitol at Albany.

The magnitude of the building, however, is by no means its only distinction. It puts in a very positive claim to admiration as an architectural monument in right of its general composition, the treatment of its separate features, the design of its strictly architectural detail, and the extraordinary profusion of its sculptured adornment.

In comparison the architecture may be described as arbitrary, in opposition to the suggestive treatment which derives the exterior forms from the interior arrangement. The four fronts here are all virtually identical in composition, and each is exactly symmetrical. A pavilion at each end, one window side, flanking a curtain wall of four openings, and this a projected wall of three openings, from which in turn the central pavilion is projected. It is plain that this façade repeated four times must be a mask and not a face for the apartments of different magnitudes and of different degrees of importance and dignity, from courts and council-rooms to clerks' offices, which must be provided within. If the motive of the architecture were to express the interior of the structure, abundant variety at least would ensue; but the variety that comes from an expressive design has been abandoned for an arbitrary series of projections and recessions, of heightening and lowering. The entrance archway in the centre of each front is the only feature of which the meaning is unmistakable. Elsewhere it is plain that the only relation of the interior to the exterior is one of mechanical adjustment. So far, indeed, has the arbitrary method of design been carried that, whereas the building is for the most part actually in six stories, it appears to be only in three, the windows being enlarged to make them more impressive objects, and the actual second and fourth floors appearing as transoms in the openings of the first and second stories.

The architectural features of the pile are not, for the most part, its constructional features. They consist of groups of free-standing columns, of attached pilasters, of pediments closed and open, carried sometimes on colonnes and sometimes on caryatides. It is not an exaggeration to say that without these things the building would contain no architecture, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that these things might all be removed without detriment to the stability of the building, which is to say that the building is one thing and its architecture another.

This is only another way of saying that the building is a work of academic Renaissance, since it is only of modern Renaissance buildings, and of the classical Roman buildings from which they are derived, that this can ever be said. Specifically, the style is the French architecture of the Second Empire. In its general composition the Philadelphia City Hall is a building of the same kind as, for example, the New York Post office. Even in general composition it is very much better done. The differences of projection and of height are not mere jogs to account for separate roofs, but are bold enough really to vary the outlines, and the basement gives a sense of mass and solidity. But upon the whole the general design does not rise above the ordinary level of official architecture, and its commonplace character is not elated by the floridness and intricacy of its features.

Nevertheless, there is one Renaissance of Paris and there is another Renaissance of Peoria, and the general impression of the Philadelphia building is that of Parisian sumptuousness, and not of Peorian pretentiousness. The difference is entirely due to the treatment of detail. Apart from the sculptural decoration, the purely architectural detail everywhere in the exterior walls shows trained skill and study in adjustment and in design. The effect of the parts is not that of laxness and carelessness, but of moderation and restraint. The north entrance is perhaps the best proportioned and best detailed piece of Renaissance work in monumental architecture that is to be seen on this country, and the detail elsewhere has the same educated character. Upon the whole, the decorative appendages are overdone, comparing them with similar features upon works so florid as the most recent pavilions of the Louvre, so even on the New Opera; but every feature by itself, even the feature formed in each central pavilion by three tiers of grouped columns carrying a pediment, is so well designed that it is difficult to call it excessive, and everywhere the detail is that of a designer unquestionably trained in the style he has adopted.

The architecture of the interior court becomes important from the great size of the space which it surrounds, and interesting from the difference between its treatment and that of the exterior. Instead of an example of the official French architecture of the nineteenth century, this is a reminiscence of the free French architecture of the sixteenth century—the architecture of the château. Here the two stories, which on the outside are masked by one range of windows, are confessed in the treatment; winding staircases are shown for what they are, the great semicircular staircase at the base of the tower appears as an effective object, and altogether the architecture is less like a screen and more like an expression. This gives a refreshing sense of reality, and when in the interior we come upon a stone staircase which is simply an ornamented construction, and in which the forms of the parts are determined by their functions, we receive the same impression. Unfortunately this expressive architecture is much less skillfully designed than the conventional architecture of the outside: the construction is not developed till it becomes decorative; there is little study in the arrangement of the openings; and the effect of the court in upon the whole that of flatness and thinness, redeemed in some degree by the picturesque outlines of the turrets at the south end, and especially by the apsidal building at the north end, which contains the staircase already mentioned.

The tower as yet comes only as part of the architecture of the court. The drawings indicate that it will exhibit several interesting points of design, especially the ingenious insertion of the drums at the angles which soften the transition from the square to the octagon at the clock stage. But they also indicate that the chief purpose of the designer has been, not that of crowning his edifice with a structure which should be justly proportioned to it, and should have the effect of bringing all its parts into unity, but that of "making it the highest artificial construction in the world." This is not an artistic motive, and it has had the effect of "spinning out" the tower to dimensions beyond what its design would justify.

The praise which we have given the design for the moderation and restraint of its detail must be understood of the walls alone. Above the cornice line these qualities are rarely to be detected. The design of the dormers is not happy, and the large dormers above the pavilions are overloaded with objects themselves extravagant in scale. In the iron work of the roofs restraint is lost altogether. The sheet metal cornice at the top of the Mansard is grossly excessive, and is its form, instead of being a projecting flap, is an imitation of a heavily moulded stone cornice in a position in which stone would be impossible. In opposition to the Parisian refinement of detail below, the treatment of the roofs is wildly Peorian. One unfortunate effect of the use of iron in stone forms and painted white is to throw a doubt upon the genuineness of such of the actual masonry as is too remote from the eye to be unmistakably marble.

There is scanty space left in which to speak of the sculptural adornment of the building, though the profusion of this is perhaps the most noticeable fact of the great pile, and its artistic quality the most creditable. It includes a vast amount and a great variety of carved ornament, floral and animal, a series of portrait medallions, and no amount of allegorical figure sculpture which, in conjunction at least, is approached by any public building in this country, and by very few modern buildings in Europe. All of this work has been modelled by Mr. CALDER and his assistant Mr HAMILTON, and all of it shows a technical facility which attests a thorough training not merely in decoration but in independent sculpture.

Upon the whole, the purely decorative work is perhaps the most successful. It is rare to meet with decorative sculpture to come upon work better than the best of the work here. In grace and spirit, as well as in technical facility, the modelling in the panels on either hand of the north entrance, and in some of the ornaments of the lintels and jambs elsewhere, leaves nothing to be desired, and the carving is everywhere executed with admirable sharpness and precision. The more ambitious sculpture appears in the spandrels of the principal arches, over pediments, and as caryatides in the dormer. The modelling is everywhere equally faithful, and many of the compositions are extremely graceful. The whole iconography of the building would repay days of study. The intruding, however, of so great and ambitious a scheme to any single sculptor made it inevitable that there should be a somewhat tiresome sameness, insomuch that having inspected two or three of the designs, the hasty observer is apt to conclude that he has seen them all. This impression is the more readily received since Mr. CALDER's talent has been more in the expression of gentleness and grace than of force, and his best work is telling rather than exciting. Where vigor is attempted, as in the caryatides of the dormers, the result is much less successful than his adaptation of flowing contours to the lines of the spandrels.

We may waive the architectural objections to the employment as caryatides of figures so realistic as these, but the objections to the Michelangelesque superposition of recumbent figures on pediments are not so easily waived, and there are too many reminiscences of the Medicean tombs. Although it is so abundantly precedented in French architecture, the use of different scales in the figure sculpture of the same façade is always confusing. In one of these central pavilions, for example, the figures in the spandrels of the arches are of life size, in the spandrels of the second story are of heroic size, and under the pediment of the third are much smaller, while colossal caryatides carry the broken pediment of the dormer, on which in turn repose two Michelangelesque figures which agree in scale with nothing underneath. This confusion is very unfavorable to the general view of the pavilion from a point not so remote that the figures count only as an enrichment of the surface.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the Philadelphia City Hall undoubtedly offers the most successful as well as the most extensive employment of allegorical sculpture as architectural decoration that has been attempted in this country. And if Mr. McArthur's work is commonplace and uninteresting in general design, the intelligent study and adjustment of its detail give it interest, and make it by far the best example we have of the exuberant and unclassical classicism of modern French architecture—at least on good an example as the Capitol at Washington is of the really classical severity of an earlier style.

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

THE CLOSING OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Soon all over the land a hush will fall on its countless busy school houses; six millions of children will be let loose from school, and a hundred thousand weary teachers find the brief rest they have so well deserved. It is one of the most pleasing and the most re-assuring of all the traits of the time that so large a part of the nation is passing through the processes of education. Children, it is well said, are the best agents of social reform. If they are taught order, a sense of propriety, and at least the elements of knowledge, they will apply these acquirements to the best uses of society. If they are left to ignorance and dullness, they sink into brutality and crime. Nations have come to regard themselves as only large families, in which none of the members should be left without a careful training. It has been found easier to prevent than to cure evil. Education has been applied upon a scale and at an expense that must have seemed incredible to our semi-barbarous ancestors of the past centuries, and the results have been singularly beneficial. Diseases that once ravaged the Western world have been repelled or eradicated. Famines that once desolated Europe have been prevented by free trade in food. Crime diminishes wherever knowledge has prevailed. It is even hoped that the fell spirit of war may yield at last to the power of education, and men learn to celebrate their work in peace for the common good.

The past fifteen years have been the most memorable in the annals of popular education. Never has it made so swift a stride, so wonderful an advance. In both hemispheres it has been equally victorious over mediæval and modern prejudice. In Europe, far away in Servia and Roumania, and in the empire of Austria and Hungary, a wonderful system of free schools has grown up, and millions of children have been added to the lists of scholars. France and England, in 1860 among the least progressive of nations, have already their universal systems of popular instruction. Belgium has made rapid strides. Germany, Holland, and Scandinavia have long been among the best advocates of nations. Italy, young, yet covered with the glory of literary ages, has already reduced the proportion of its illiterates by a new scheme of education. Spain lingers far behind Italy, while, on the eastern borders of Europe, Russia and Turkey still represent the semi-barbarous dullness of the past centuries. Yet even Russia and Turkey are stirred by the power of knowledge.

In America the advance of public instruction in the past fifteen years has been more remarkable than even in Europe. The great States of the West and the Northwest and all the Pacific shore have gathered in an immense number of children into their public schools. Canada has an excellent system of public instruction. While through all the broad districts where slavery once repelled knowledge, from Texas to the Potomac, education for all the people has at last begun. The teacher has already awakened and renewed the South. Its rare treasures have been discovered and brought into use. Its crops are greater than ever before. Its railroads grow with admiration. South Carolina has unfolded its wealth of fertilizers, Georgia its cotton factories, the Alleghanies range its stores of iron, coal, and all the materials of labor. The teacher's magic wand has been waved over the neglected land. In Mexico and South America we hear little as yet of the progress of popular education. Chili has done much, and Brazil something. It would be well for South American republicans to give all their energy to the establishment of public schools.

Immense numbers of children have recently been brought under the teacher's influence and care. England boasts that it has within ten years added 2,000,000 to its school population. France must have done nearly as well. It is said that in Paris a seat in a school is provided for every child. We must compute several millions more for the numbers added in Italy, Austria, and Spain. The heat is swelled by the accessions in our own country. A million of children are now taught in our Southern States who in former years would never have thought of education, and north and west the triumph of the teacher moves on. Yet it is still to be confessed that our educational system is inferior in thoroughness to the national systems that have recently been introduced into France and England. But the host of children who are now gathered into the national schools of both hemispheres is at least encouraging. The accessions alone during the past ten years are not less than five millions.

Over this immense host presides a faithful and devoted band of teachers. No class of men are in general so useful, so true often to their profession, so modest, so sincere. Teachers are seldom well paid; their earnings are small compared to the higher profits of the bar, of commerce, or even of the churches. Yet they have the reward of a rare purity of conscience, of generous aims, of laudable labors for the community and for mankind. Many of them feel and enjoy the high privilege of a blameless conscience; and he is fortunate who in this age of exaggeration can do only good to his fellow-man. But still to the teacher something more is plainly due. He is at the head of the universal movement for reform. To him is committed the care of forming the taste and intellect of the future. He is the most important of all the paid instruments of government. It would seem that his useful, unselfish labors should be rewarded generously. Yet a moment at least they are nearly at an end. Teachers and taught will seek rest over Europe and America. But if, as M Laurent, of Belgium, asserts, "children are the best agents of social reform," we may well look upon the immense multitude who fill the world's public schools as the forerunners of a higher life for the nations.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

"Taking it out" of ex-Royalty.—Charles Reade's Note-Books.—In the Matrimonial Line.—The Sense of Smell.—Thought Reading.—The Baker Case.

THE notion of catching a once despotic sovereign, with whom one has had a grievance, on neutral ground, "and taking it out of him" with a stick, is novel; indeed, I think the ex-Khedive of Egypt is the first upon whom the experiment has been attempted. I hear it has been a complete success, and that so far from the aggressor being likely to be punished, he has had a very considerable "tachelesh" for holding his tongue as to what his grievance was about, and keeping out of the way. There was a thoroughly Eastern and Arabian Nightish air in the behavior of the belaboured potentate after the proceedings; he betook himself, we are told, "badly bruised," to a jeweller's in the Palais Royal, where he was "soothed with an extract of orange blossoms." Under similar circumstances a European would have patronized a chemist, and inveighed the victim of opodeldoc.

I suppose no writer, not even Southey, was ever so purely professional as Charles Reade; he not only "magnified his office" as a novelist, but never forgot it; all men who pursued the same calling, unless he chanced to have had a row with them, were welcomed by him as brethren, and never asked for advice or assistance of him in vain. This *esprit de corps*, in company with an egotism equally characteristic, has made itself manifest in his will. After forbidding any son to sell his personal effects by auction—"a practice, though common, I consider brutal and heartless"—he directs his godson "to offer for inspection at my own house, for a period of two years from my death, all my note-books and scrap-books to professional writers, especially of dramatic or narrative fiction, and public notice of this is to be given by advertisement."

In connection with the copyright question, so much debated at the present moment, I call from Hawkins's *Life of Johnson* a very curious manifesto upon the subject, issued no doubt by the great lexicographer himself. The sale of the *Universal Chronicle*, which contained "The Tatler," was interfered with by literary depredators—rival proprietors of magazines—who "conveyed" his papers into their columns without permission or acknowledgment. "We shall lay hold," he says, "in our turn, on their copies, degrade them from the pomp of wide margin and diffuse typography, contract them into a narrow space, and sell them at a humble price; yet not with a view of growing rich by confiscation, for we think not much better of money got by punishment than by crimes; we shall therefore, when our losses are repaid, give what profit shall remain to the Magdalens, for we know not who can be more properly taxed for the support of penitents than those in whom there appears neither penitence nor shame."

"A shabbily dressed man, over fifty, and of miserable appearance," has been charged with marrying five wives, all living at this present moment. The amazement of the spectators, if not of "the Court" itself, seems to have been aroused at his having persuaded any one to marry him at all. His last investment in the matrimonial market was a lady with £600 a year of her own, who is constituted, by-the-way, that all these charges against her beloved consort are the result of a "conspiracy," as that there seems no reason, judging from analogy, why this gentleman should not have gone on making new and better marriages to the extreme limit of his existence, but for the officious interference of the police. There must surely be some attraction about such an individual, which it would be worth the while of a student of human nature to inquire into. It is his rôle, I conjecture, just now, to exhibit himself merely as an object of pity, since he

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plaintively besought the magistrate to "send him to some hospital"; but I have a notion that he can "make up" so as to represent more characters than one. If his charms lie in his conversation, as those of Wilkes did—who, notwithstanding his squint, used to boast that he was "only a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest man in England" in making his way with the fair sex—the police court was hardly a place for the exhibition of them, and there I am inclined to think they do lie. I believe women of a certain class, and that not a low one, are more easily won over by "palaver" than any other means. But at all events this anything but gay Lothario seems to have met with universal acceptance. It is fair to add that he does not seem, as a rule, to have deserted his wives: he distributed himself amongst them as well as circumstances permitted, but it struck each of them that his absences from home were "rather frequent."

In a recent action for damages a gentleman has been made a great deal of fun of for setting a fancy value upon his sense of smell, which he affirmed had been lost through the negligence of a railway company. With the case itself I have nothing to do, but the ridicule of the public has been misapplied. Not only do people lose a great deal who are deprived of their olfactory nerves—Wordsworth, for example, never smelled anything but once in his life, a bean field, and exclaimed, "This is heaven"—but also a valuable safeguard. A friend of mine to whom this misfortune had happened was making light of it to his doctor. "After all," he said, "there are as many bad smells as sweet scents, so that no great misfortune has happened to me."

"No misfortune," replied the other, gravely, "but a very serious drawback; you can not smell fire, which generally makes its danger known through the organs of smell, and you will never know when gas is escaping."

If our detective police are really so dull and useless as the impunity of so many murderers of late would lead one to imagine, it is possible that we shall have to take to thought-reading and muscle-feeling to supply their place; but in that case I, for one, am off.

"Though Power should make from land to land
The name of Britain trebly Great,"

though we should have an imperial policy of the most admirable kind, yet "waft me from the harbor mouth, wild wind," somewhere where I shall be safe in my bed. I do not believe in Messrs. Bishop and Cumberland as detectors of crime, and the effect of the latter on my morals is wholly confined to the visible ones. The doings of these gentry, however, are like the Tichborne trial, extremely significant, for they manifest an amount of public credulity that would be otherwise undreamed-of, and of the existence of which it is just as well that those who are accustomed to boast of the march of intellect should be made aware. When we see a canon of the Church of England permitting himself to be tied by a wire to a man with his head in a bag, and led through the streets in search of a pin, we may expect anything in any place in the way of human folly. The art of picking up a pin is not of itself a very useful accomplishment, and seems scarcely to require the personal attendance of a dignitary of the Church and a chief rabbi to see it done. As to the pretended reading of bank-note numbers, I notice that one figure out of four is generally hit upon, and considering that the number of digits is but nine, such a very modest success needs hardly to be ascribed to miraculous intervention.

The best answer to the clamor which the riff-raff of both sexes are making for the re-instatement of Baker Pasha in the English army will be found in a letter from the author of *Tom Brown* in *The Spectator*, wherein the difference between a soldier of fortune and a soldier in a national army is admirably pointed out, and also what is reasonably to be expected from one in the latter position. The whole movement for the restoration of the offender in question is curiously significant of the sort of morality that underlies a music-hall popularity and a Jingo policy.

R. Kemble, of London.

THE NEW LONDON BOAT-RACES.

The Yale-Harvard boat-race at New London, June 26, was a very plucky and gallant contest. The Yale crew "beat the record" by fourteen seconds, winning by two lengths, while the Harvard crew came in only one second behind the best time ever made in previous races between the College and the University.

The storm which prevailed all the morning prevented a large attendance, but those who braved the weather were well rewarded. The start was made by both crews in excellent form, and for the first half of the course they kept well together, almost abreast. Now Yale and now Harvard forged slightly ahead, and the excitement among the spectators was most intense. But the superior training of Yale, under Robert J. Cook, at length began to tell, and Harvard was left hopelessly behind. The melancholy defeat of Yale last year is atoned for by a victory which is all the more brilliant for the spirited performance of her gallant antagonist.

There have been nine eight-oared races between Yale and Harvard, including this year's, of which the record is as follows: In 1876, Yale won by 29 seconds in 22.02; 1877, Harvard won by 7 seconds in 24.36; 1878, Harvard won by 44 seconds in 20.45; 1879, Harvard won by 1 minute and 8 seconds in 22.15; 1880, Yale won by 42 seconds in 24.27; 1881, Yale won by 6 seconds in 22.16; 1882, Harvard won by 6 seconds in 20.47; 1883, Harvard won by 2 minutes and 47 seconds in 25.49; 1884, Yale won by 17 seconds in 20.31.

The Freshmen race between Columbia and Harvard, later in the same day, resulted in another defeat for the latter. At the close of the two-mile contest the Columbia crew were apparently as fresh as when they started, while the Harvards had rowed as far as they were able. Columbia's time was 10 minutes, 19¾ seconds, and Harvard's 10 minutes, 32 seconds.

HOISTING THE OLD FLAG.

Ay, lad, we'll hoist the Starry Flag,
The banner of the Free,
That o'er the land we love to-day
Will float from sea to sea,
Beneath whose folds the patriot hosts
Our Independence won:
Long may that goodly heritage
Descend from sire to son!

Ay, lad, the banner of the Free,
But not of conquering wars.
Has never subject country cursed
The flag of Stripes and Stars!
We'll welcome 'neath its sheltering folds
Oppression's exiled poor;
And firm against the world in arms
We'll hold our freedom sure!

Beneath its folds on bloody fields
Our country's freedom grew;
And ever to its glorious name
Let Freedom's flag be true,
The hallowed legend that it bears
To every land shall be,
"Peace and good-will to all the world,"
Its message from the Free!

BATHS FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE.

Bishop Clemens, of Alexandria, used to denounce warm baths. Four assignable reasons for bathing, he used to say, existed, to wit, cleanliness, warmth, health, and pleasure. Men may bathe for health, women for health and cleanliness, no one for any other reason. Baths for warmth and pleasure were to be utterly forbidden. Such was the inhibition of the good Titus Clemens at the beginning of the third century.

There was more cause for it than might be supposed, except by the student of ancient luxury. Italy, and Rome especially, were full of magnificently appointed baths of many kinds. The structures of the Baths of Caracalla covered an area of 720 by 375 feet, or about six acres—nearly twice as much ground as the Capitol at Washington covers, and considerably more than the ground area of St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome. Seneca writes: "The Thracian stone, formerly a rare sight even in our temples, surrounds the capacious basins into which we cast our bodies, weakened by immoderate sweats; the water flows through silver pipes. I speak as yet only of plebeian baths; what shall I say when I come to describe the baths of freedmen? What a profusion of columns do I see supporting nothing, but erected merely as ornaments, and for ostentation of expense! What quantities of water flow murmuring down the steps! We are come to that pitch of luxury that we disdain to tread on anything but precious stones."

The manners of the bathers were quite as luxurious, and their license had to be checked by law. Seneca adds that "it was common to see tipsy people wandering along the sea-shore, and to hear the shores of the Lucrine Lake resounding with the songs of pleasure parties of men and women, who skimmed about in gayly painted boats of every variety of shape and color, decked out with crowns and chaplets of roses. Ancient writers describe these aquatic excursions as scenes of voluptuous pleasure."

But the old Romans did not confound, as we do, the distinction between bathing for health and bathing for luxury; let them have credit for this. Among all Northern peoples and their descendants there is more or less of a race and religious enmity to the Roman civilization and its doings. But at least we may admit that the Romans were not hypocrites in their open devotion to pleasure. If the Roman critics, on the other hand, could look upon our bathing customs, what would they find? Even Seneca would remark with surprise and blame that bathing for pleasure is now restricted to the pond and river bathing of small boys; and Bishop Clemens would denounce the affectation, to call it by a mild name, of the bathers at watering-places or in their terribly-tiled *sudaria*, who declare that they are seeking health when all they think of is fashion or pleasure. Fashion and pleasure are excellent things, too, if the amiable shade of Titus Clemens will permit me to say so; but let us clearly distinguish them from the concerns of health.

To begin with "tubbing"—an inoffensive custom, dear to the English. But why will Englishmen continually talk about it as if other people never bathed? Even a new American acquaintance will seize an early moment to explain to one that he takes a cold bath every morning. Now cold bathing is for many persons the best of tonics, and swimming the best of exercises. But for many others cold baths are too severe a treatment, nor is there in frequent baths of any kind any such virtue as people are often urged to believe. Even cleanliness may be dangerous: there are circumstances where one may be too clean for safety to health or life.

I will explain my paradox. The skin does not absorb the water of a bath at ordinary temperatures. But if it is denuded of the cuticle, or unusually irritated by inflammation, it will absorb medicinal or poisonous substances, as those contained in a blister. The epidermis is a protection against this risk of absorption. When it is removed, as by blistering, or partly removed, as by zealous soaping and scrubbing, this protection is greatly lessened. Galton, in his *Art of Travel*, says that English travellers in malarious regions of Africa indulge in their usual fervent ablutions only at positive risk to themselves. All the protection that the epidermis can give is needed. The notion that the pores of the skin become clogged unless the epidermis is continually scrubbed off is quite unfounded. No false physiology of recent years has been more widely repeated by physicians and accepted by the public than this. If it were true that the skin needed scrubbing, there would be no fur-bearing animals, or they would long ago have become hopeless invalids. The story told by Vasari of the Florentine lad who was covered with gold-leaf, and died in consequence, does not prove that a covering of epidermis, or even of dirt, is hurtful to the health of either man or beast.

The removal of the epidermis is, then, no necessity for health, and if we are exposed to contagions it may be actually unsafe to denude our skins of their natural protection. But we are not all African travellers, and we may look upon warm baths for cleanliness in their true light, that of a refinement and a luxury—the luxury not a source of health. The cold bath (any bath below 20° centigrade=68° Fahr.) is a tonic. It gives a glowing complexion, and a strengthened yet quieted circulation of the blood. The warmth of the bath is its element of luxury; its coldness is the tonic element.

I have said that a daily cold bath is an excellent tonic for many, but too severe a course of treatment for some. How are we to know to which category we belong, whether to the list of those benefited, or to that of those for whom some other tonic agent is better? Full-blooded persons generally belong to the first, the pale and delicate to the second class. But a careful course of trials is the only way to settle this question for the individual. If the warm glow come promptly to the skin, if one feels better after the bath, with better appetite and sleep, there can be little doubt that the baths are doing good.

But, on the other hand, (1) the cold bath is not adapted to anemic persons—to those who have cold hands or feet and pale complexions—not, at least, until after they have gained strength enough to stand it, (2) the aged, and young infants, are seldom strong enough for baths that are colder than 60° Fahr.; and (3) persons who have a tendency to heart-disease should avoid them.

For cleanliness, warm baths or ablutions are the best for all; and what Miss Nightingale said is worth remembering in these days of cant about ablutions and "tubbing." "One may take as good a bath with a quart of water as with a tubful."

Titus Munson Coan.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

It has been discovered that the cañons of the West act as gigantic speaking tubes in conveying sounds. Speaking of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, a writer in the Oakland *Tribune* says: "A train of cars crossing the bridge at the Needles is heard on a quiet day at Cottonwood Island, eighty-four miles away, the music of fife and drum at Fort Mojave is recognized at Bull's Head, an equal distance; the sunrise gun at the fort awakens light sleepers at El Dorado Cañon, ninety-six miles beyond."

There is said to be a school in Chicago in which young men are taught the use of terms characteristically English, and are coached in the etiquette of the London clubs. If it is true that such a school flourishes there, it is not less noteworthy than the fact that persons who profess to teach English chirography find pupils among the Anglomaniacs of that city.

A workman fell over the wall of one of the bear-pits in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, and lay insensible with a bleeding wound in his head. The visitors at once tried to divert the attention of the bears by throwing pieces of bread among them, but one of the beasts walked leisurely to the wounded man and began to lick up his blood. Amid intense excitement the keepers arrived, threw a rope into the pit, and tried to drive the bear off by punching him with sticks. Happily the injured man meanwhile had regained his senses, and presently clutched the rope and was drawn aloft, much to the irritation of the beast, which made no effort to conceal his disappointment. His case will be referred to Mr. Bergh.

It has been more than a score of years since that memorable season when there was severe frost in every month throughout the summer in the dairy regions of New York State. The July cold snap came on the night of either the 3d or the 4th, and the growing corn was killed. This season's June frosts were unusually severe, but so was this season's June heat. Between the frosts and the heat, the city is deprived of the usual late supply of delicious strawberries.

Thirty women of Clinton, this State, offered their votes in opposition to the proposal to spend a considerable sum for supplying the village with water works. The votes of fifteen were rejected on the ground that their names were not on the assessment rolls, but the others were accepted and counted. The conservative women and other property-holders were defeated by a small majority.

The Parisian pianist who has wagered a large sum that he can play the piano in a lions' den seems to be in a fair way to find out that it is one thing to disperse a gathering of people, and quite another thing to put a den of lions to flight.

In Philadelphia a judge has sentenced a man to three months' imprisonment for pointing a pistol at another. What makes the judge's action especially gratifying to the public is that the prisoner "didn't know it was loaded." No punishment is too severe for these desperadoes.

The new steam yacht of Baron Nathaniel Rothschild will be launched early this month, and will be the largest pleasure yacht afloat. If somebody who is several times a millionaire would have the hardihood to build a yacht three-quarters of an inch shorter than the baron's, the tendency toward magnitude might be checked.

The Yankee captain of a schooner that recently came up the coast with a load of lumber is the author of a whale story as boldly conceived and as fearlessly executed as any iceberg story that ever a Dutch master of a merchantman brought into port. His vessel sailed among whales for many hours. The leviathans obligingly stood on end so that he could guess as to their length. They rolled over, and were generally "sized up" by the sea-faring man. When hit on the nose with logs hurled from the schooner, they didn't seem to mind it much. The captain didn't try to harpoon any of them, for fear they would break his ship.

A police sergeant in Jersey City was boasting of the honesty that prevailed in his precinct.

"Why," he said, "you might hang your gold watch on a lamp-post in the evening, and find it there still in the morning."

"You don't mean to say nobody would take the watch?" exclaimed a listener.

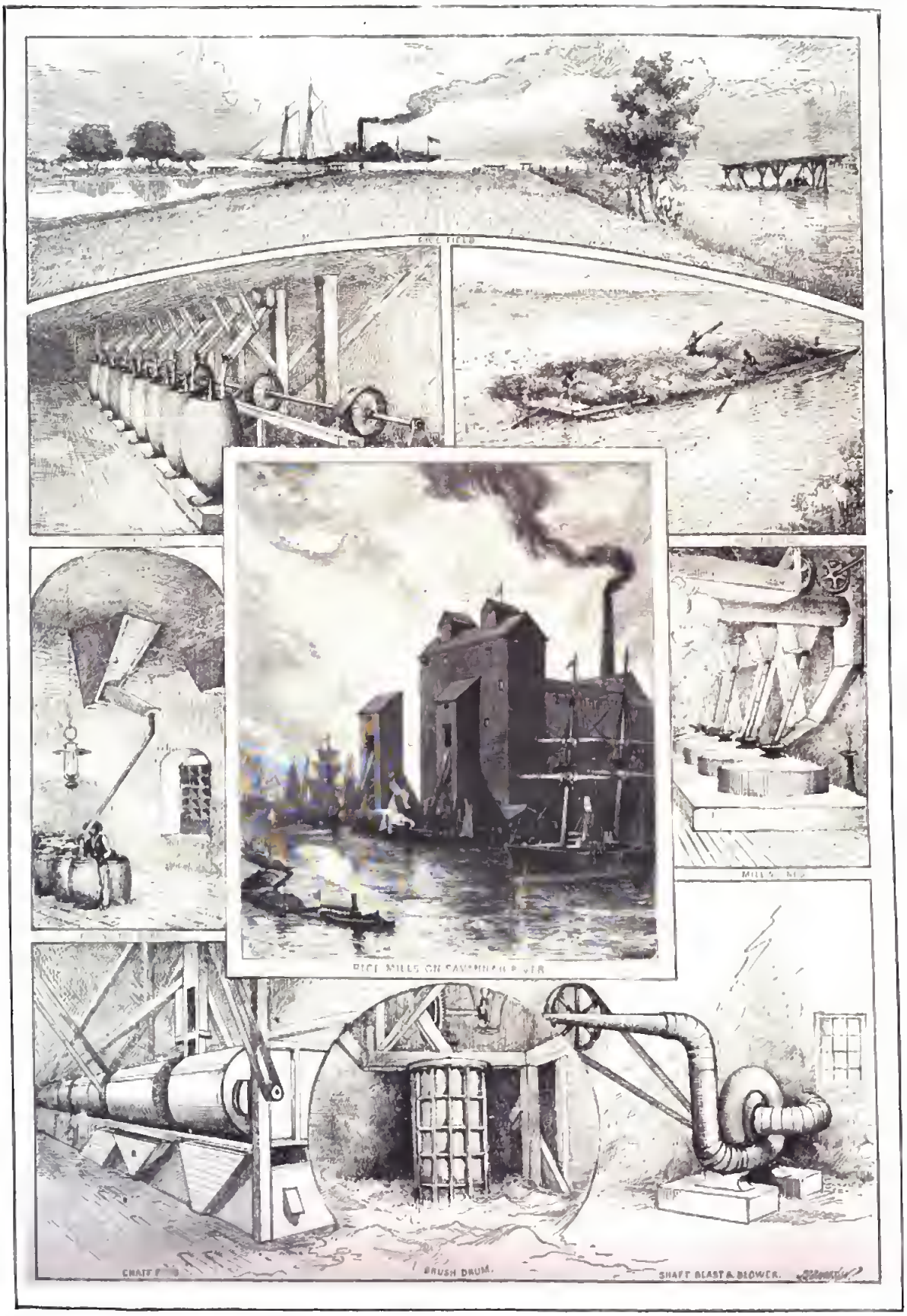
"No; I mean to say nobody would take the lamp-post," said the sergeant.

There will be persons who will find it impossible to feel wholly satisfied with the statue of John Harvard which is to have a place on the grounds of the university bearing that good man's name. The work is wholly ideal, for there is no likeness of him, nor is there any description which would have materially aided the sculptor in an attempt to produce a likeness. The ideal statue represents a young clergyman in the dress of Harvard's time, seated in an arm-chair, holding an open Bible on his knee, and looking forward with thoughtful expression. The face is Puritan, and shows indications of consumption, the disease of which John Harvard died. The discontent of those who can not be satisfied with a statue that is not a likeness of the man will be in no respect a criticism of the sculptor's work, and he will therefore be fortunate in his avoidance of a class of critics who are as relentless as incompetent.

The income of an English writer of plays last year was twice as large as that of the most successful English lawyer, and three times as large as the incomes of the doctor and the artist who led their associates in the matter of money-getting.

TOO "TREW."

"We'd better take the next road, Abby. They dew tell as how them things hurt some, when they tumble, they dew."



RICE CULTURE IN THE SOUTH.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 431.]

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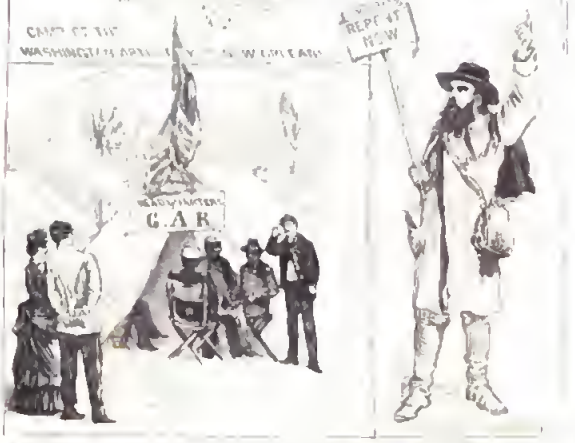

THE HON. W. H. CALKINS, THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF INDIANA.—[SEE PAGE 438.]

WILLIAM H. CALKINS

MILITARY MANŒUVRES AT CAMP HENDERSON, DUBUQUE, IOWA.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN FROM SKETCHES BY ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 438.]

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close—first, in an Indiana infantry company enlisted for three months' service, and next as a lieutenant in the Fourteenth Regiment of Iowa Infantry. He was afterward made a major of the Twelfth Indiana Cavalry, and when mustered out of the service, in 1866, he was brevetted a lieutenant-colonel. He was in the Libby and Macon Confederate prisons for seven months in 1862. He was in the battles at Fort Donelson, Fort Henry, and Shiloh. He began the practice of law at Valparaiso after the close of the war, and in 1866 he was elected a prosecuting attorney for a district composed of nine counties in northwestern Indiana. In 1870 he represented Porter County in the Indiana Legislature, and six years later was elected a member of Congress from the Thirteenth Indiana District.

THE DUBUQUE ENCAMPMENT.

The recent military encampment at Dubuque, Iowa, of which we give illustrations on page 437, was very successfully conducted under the supervision of General C. S. Bentley, a veteran of the late war. The stone-wars, the sham fight, the parades, drills, processions, and other displays incident to such a gathering, were conducted in a manner which elicited the warmest praise from the officers of the regular army by whom they were witnessed.

Like the Inter-State Encampment of 1883, at Nashville, Tennessee, at which General Bentley was also in command, the Dubuque Encampment was attended by military organizations from many sections of the country, North and South, and the regular army was represented by batteries from Fort Omaha and Fort Snelling. New Orleans sent a battery from her well known "Washington Artillery," and there were companies from St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, Mobile, Muscatine, St. Paul, and many other cities.

The association of detachments from the regular army with National Guardsmen in these encampments has proved to be a very happy idea, and General Bentley has been highly complimented by officers of the former on the success of his experiment. Companies from all sections of the country took part in the sham fight on the 20th ult., all meeting in friendly rivalry under the old flag.

SIBERIAN HOSPITALITY.

Even hospitality, that true Sclavonic virtue, has not become acclimatized in this inhospitable region. The peasants like to visit and treat each other, especially on high days and holidays; but this hospitality is the result of calculation. When a man is going to visit his neighbor, he never goes straight to the house, but walks along the road, and stops as if by chance at the window and begins a conversation; then, if the master or mistress wishes to see him, they invite him in. When the samovar is ready, they drink tea out of saucers, now and then taking a bite of a piece of sugar. In this way they consume about three cups, and then turn the cup upside down, placing on the bottom the remains of the sugar they have been nibbling at.

As soon as tea is over, the guest rises to go, and then the following dialogue invariably takes place: "Why are you in such a hurry?" says the hostess.

"Time to go home," answers the guest.

"Stay a little longer."

"Thank you; you have given us plenty to eat and drink."

"There was but little."

"No; there was quite enough; we had plenty."

This conversation, which always takes place, and is almost mechanically repeated, being ended, the guest approaches the host, and taking his hands, says, "I thank you for the vodka, the tea, the cakes, the sugar," etc.

It is indispensable, when thanking the host, to enumerate everything the guest has consumed during his visit. At the end of this catalogue the visitor humbly begs his host to come and see him, which, after a time, he does, and things go on in exactly the same way. Care must be taken that the viands provided are of equal quantity and quality. If at any time a man eats or drinks more than the host, when his guest, on a former occasion, did, quarrels, upbraidings, or sarcastic remarks are the result.

"I gave them tea and sugar, and they gave me nothing but tea;" or, "I gave them cake, and had nothing but bread in return."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
EXCELLENT RESULTS.
Dr. J. L. Wiltam, Eliot, Me., says: "Horsford's Acid Phosphate gives most excellent results."—[*Adv.*]

FROM COL. D. McDANIEL,
OWNER OF SOME OF THE FASTEST RUNNING HORSES IN THE WORLD.
Jerome Park, *June* 21.
This is to certify that I have used Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment and Derby Condition Powders on my race-horses, and found them to give perfect satisfaction. In fact, they have never failed to cure any ailment for which they are used. The liniment, when rubbed in by the hand, never blisters or takes the hair off; it has more penetrative qualities than any other I have tried, which I suppose is the great secret of its success in curing sprains. The ingredients from which the Derby Powders are made have been made known to me by Dr. Tobias. They are perfectly harmless.
D. McDaniel.
Sold by the druggists and saddlers. Depot, 42 Murray Street, New York.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Dentist" Tooth Powder. Try it. 15c. Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Headache, Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Fenner's St. Vitus' Dance Specific always cures. By dealers. Circular Fredonia, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

A bottle of Angostura Bitters, to flavor your lemonade or any other cold drink with, will keep you free from Dyspepsia, Colic, Diarrhœa, and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Be sure to get the genuine Angostura, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt-rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.—[*Adv.*]

C. C. Shayne, wholesale manufacturer of Sealskin and all leading fashionable furs, is retailing during the summer at lowest cash wholesale prices. Garments manufactured to order. Repairing and altering done. For fashion book mailed free. No. 103 Prince St., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

Prevalence of Kidney Complaint in America; "Buchu-paiba" is a quick, complete cure. $1.—[*Adv.*]

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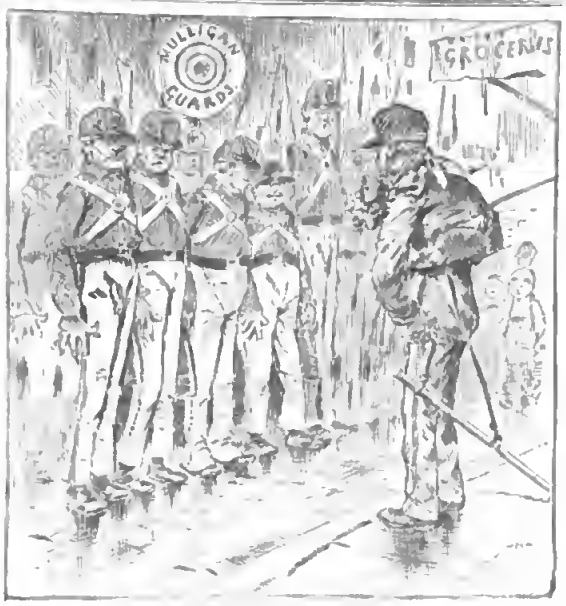

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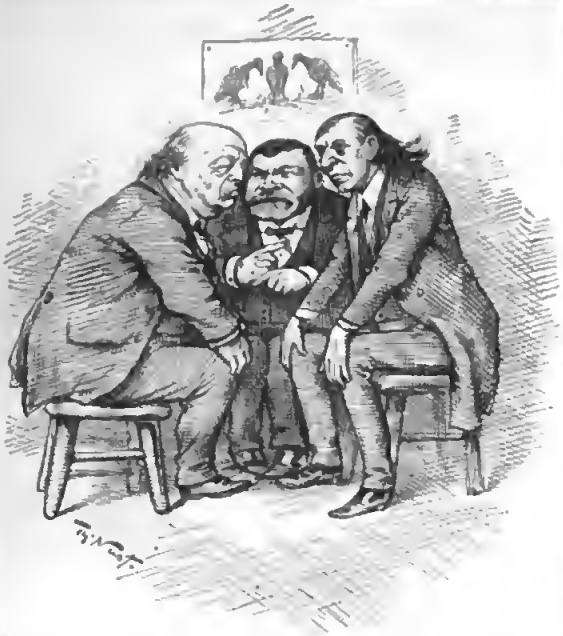

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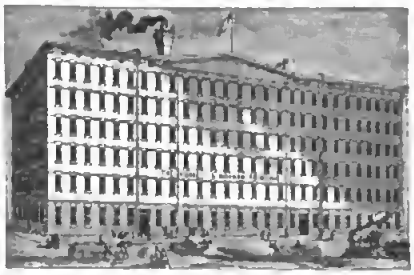

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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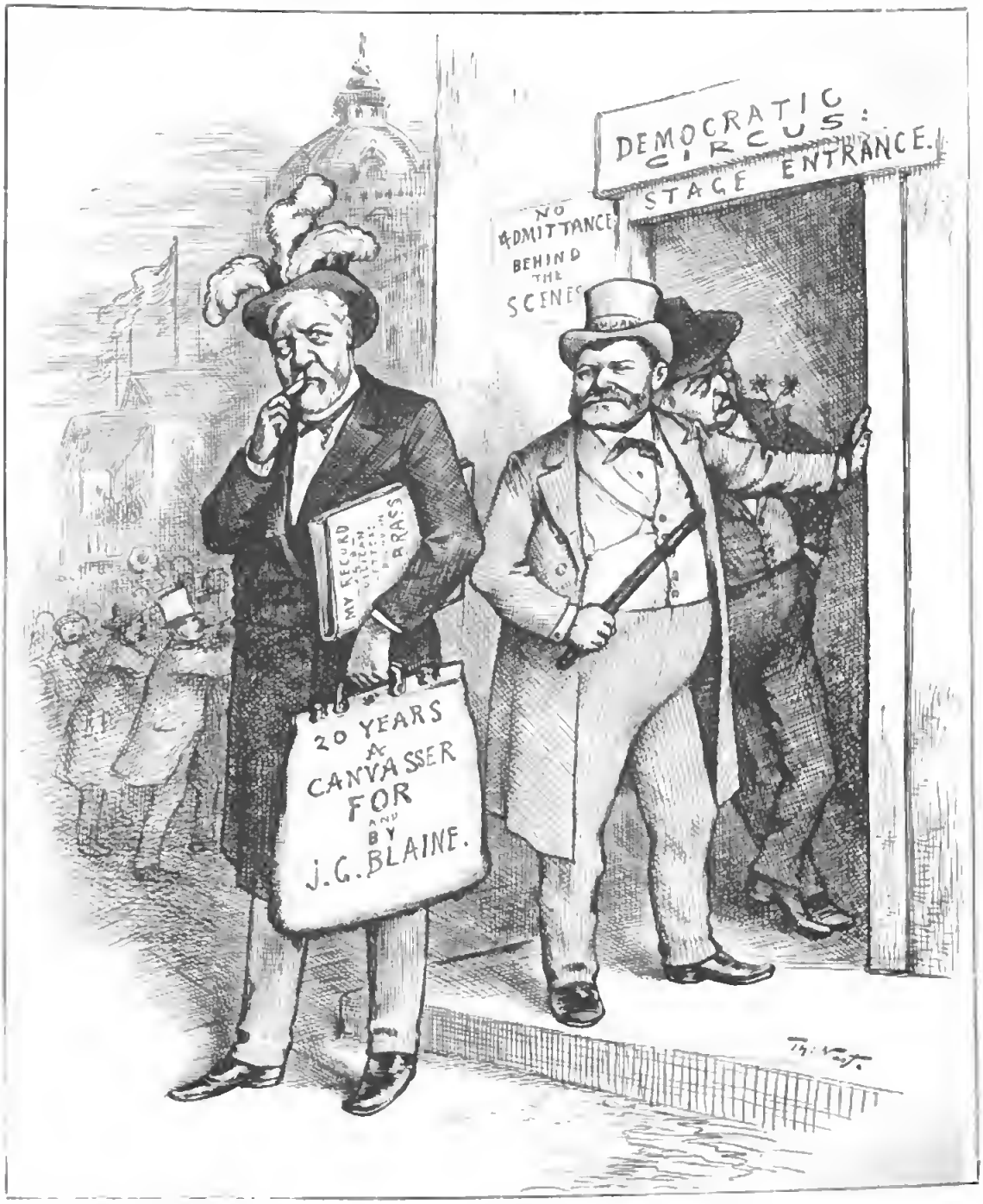

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DEMOCRATIC BOSS KELLY *to* REPUBLICAN BOSS BLAINE. "I hope I can manage MY Convention as well AS YOU DID YOURS. If I don't, *I'll see you later.*"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1884

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by W. O. STODDARD, *with illustrations by* ALFRED FREDERICKS; *also a short story for girls, entitled "The Little Aztecs", and Chapter X. of the popular serial, "Left Behind."*

Among a number of excellent short articles, special attention may be called to "Bicycles and Tricycles," by the Captain, and "Walking-Canes," by A. W. ROBERTS.

The poetry in this number includes "Tom Brown's Fourth of July," by THOMAS O. CONANT;

"THEY BOTH WENT OFF,"

a humorous rhyme by MARGARET EYTINGE, *accompanying a most amusing picture of a kitten playing with a lighted firecracker; and "Charley Loves Good Sugar Cake," a nursery rhyme, illustrated by* JESSIE MCDERMOTT, *the music by* S. B. MILLS.

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THE CAMPAIGN.

THE Presidential campaign of this year is to be inevitably in a great degree personal, because the nomination of Mr. BLAINE requires a constant personal defense against the general protest which is made upon grounds of public morality. Thus far the Republican campaign has been directed against that protest, and has not opened any question of national policy; and as long as the protest continues, no other course is possible. The extent of the dissatisfaction it is impossible to deny. For a long time it is notorious that multitudes of Republicans have observed that as the old issues were passing away, a new spirit, new associations and tendencies and purposes, were developed in the party, with many of which they had little sympathy. Such Republicans look upon the nomination of Mr. BLAINE as the proof that the moral force of the party is spent, and they await events. Others feel, as in the New York campaigns of 1879 and 1882, that while they can not support the nominations, the party itself is not beyond recovery. Others still, and with great ardor, hold that the practical duty of every Republican who can not vote for Mr. BLAINE is to vote for his opponent if he be personally unobjectionable. The one thing in which all agree is inability to support the candidate. It is plain to them that the election of Mr. BLAINE, in face of his extraordinary record, would be the declaration that if a man be clever and dashing and plausible and popular, if his election promises to "make things lively" at home and abroad, it is absurd and supersublimated to insist that it would be most demoralizing to public sentiment, or that any practical harm could result. This inevitable demoralization, however, is already shown in the manner in which the protest is treated. It is decried as contemptible by those whose attention and anxiety discredit their own words. It is, of course, assailed as desertion and treachery, as if American citizens by individually making use of a political agency called a party had lost the moral right of deciding for themselves whether that agency would be still serviceable for them. The sole effective answer against the protest, namely, disproof of the facts upon which it rests, is not attempted.

What kind of an answer is it to specific charges against a public man that "the people have passed upon them, and have triumphantly acquitted him"? What is the explanation which is alleged to have satisfied them? We have pressed the question upon the most enthusiastic supporters of the Republican candidate, and their reply has always been that the thing had been disposed of a hundred times—although they do not say how—and that just as bad things could be shown against every other public man. This is a most astonishing and, as we believe, most unfounded calumny against American public men. But if it were true, if our public life had so deteriorated that we must expect every public man to be trafficking in his place for his own personal profit, could any conceivable issue be so pressingly important as that of emphatically arresting such a tendency by the defeat of candidates who especially represent it? Then there is the other reply, that even if everything be true, it is of no importance compared with the election of a Republican President. Such a remark is the most striking illustration of the demoralization of which we speak. Suppose that DORSEY were nominated, the argument for supporting him would be just as valid. "DORSEY," it would be said, "may not average quite up to the ordinary Republican standard. There are some difficult and disagreeable points in his record, and his nomination is a pity. But he is the candidate, and all good Republicans will stand by the party." The same argument would be equally cogent when even a lower standard than that of DORSEY was offered.

In other words, the argument is simply this, that every man who has generally supported Republican nominations because of his general preference of the Republican party, ought to support Republican nominations whatever they may be. Party folly could not go farther. There were Republicans who declined to sustain the second nomination of General GRANT because, with SUMNER, they feared the character and tendencies of his administration. There were other Republicans who were repelled by the whiskey ring frauds and other disclosures, and who could not vote for Mr. HAYES, who was personally unobjectionable, even to elect a Republican President. There were still others who would not have supported a third term in 1880, although its defeat would have involved that of the Republican candidate. So now there are old and hitherto strong and steadfast Republicans who can not support the nomination of Mr. BLAINE because of his public character and the familiar record. These facts show that there are plenty of Republicans who do not feel any obligation of any kind to support bad Republican nominations because they have supported good ones. They see that to insist upon support of the regular candidate, without regard to his character or career, for the reason that to oppose him would endanger the party, is to hold either that the party can never nominate an unfit candidate, or that however unfit a candidate may be, and whatever light his nomination may throw upon the party, nobody who has ever voted with the party would be justified in voting against him. This is a doctrine which no self-respecting man and no intelligent Republican can hold; and the Republican protest of this year will have been most serviceable if it should do no more than show more clearly than ever, what this journal has always maintained, that the first duty of a citizen is not to a party, but to his own conscience.

THE STATE AND CITY CIVIL SERVICE.

THE Civil Service Reform Association of New York has issued a timely and admirable little circular, or "leaflet," showing what results have been accomplished in New York during the last year, and what may be done elsewhere. No national legislation has been added to the reform bill, but the national Commission has been faithfully at work, and the House Committee on Reform in the Civil Service has just unanimously expressed itself "satisfied with the thorough, conscientious, and non-partisan work" of the Commission, and the committee warmly commends the principle as well as the practice of the reform.

The circular summarizes the civil service laws of New York as follows, regarding them as almost complete. In the State. (1.) The State Commission classifies the service, prescribes the rules, and presides over the examinations. It is empowered to inquire into the nature, tenure, and salary of all offices, to subpœna witnesses and order the production of books and papers, and to recommend any needed legislation. (2.) All admissions to the State service are through the competitive system, with the exception of elected officers, those confirmed by the Senate, and laborers, and of fifty two special cases added by the Commission for reasons ample and fully stated.

In the city service: (1.) The law applies to every incorporated city in the State. Of these there are twenty-three, viz., Albany, Auburn, Binghamton, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Cohoes, Elmira, Kingston, Lockport, Long Island City, Newburg, New York, Ogdensburg, Oswego, Poughkeepsie, Rochester, Rome, Schenectady, Syracuse, Troy, Utica, Watertown, and Yonkers. (2.) The Mayor of each is required to carry out the reformed system. (3.) Admissions to the city service are through the competitive system, the only exceptions being elected officers, subordinates to superiors financially responsible for them, officers in charge of and accountable for public moneys, those in the educational department, and (possibly) election officers. (4.) The rules or changes promulgated by any Mayor are subjected to the approval of the State Commission.

There are certain general provisions affecting both the State and the city service, as follows: (1.) No recommendation or certificate, except as to character or residence, can be received from any member of the Legislature, officer confirmed by the Senate, or judge. (2.) All assessments and solicitations of every kind are prohibited. (3.) Political opinions or affiliations may not be inquired into. (4.) Officials and candidates for office are forbidden to use or promise influence toward securing office as a reward for votes or influence. This, as well as the use of threats, is defined and punished as "bribery." (5.) Honorably discharged soldiers and sailors are preferred over other competitors of equal merit.

Thus, in the State where the abuses of patronage have been most flagrant, a thorough reformed system has been first introduced, and with signal success. This success is due in a great degree to the hearty sympathy of Governor CLEVELAND, who appointed an admirable Commission, with which he has constantly co-operated, listening to its suggestions, and recommending to the Legislature or enforcing such of them as he approved. The immense and difficult work of organization in detail has been the task of the Chief Examiner, Mr. S. W. BURT, whose services have been invaluable in the practical beginning of the reformed system. The perplexing and novel duty of applying the reformed system in the city of New York has fallen to the Examining Board appointed by Mayor EDSON, which has shown the same spirit that has animated the Governor and the Commission, while the Mayors of Brooklyn and of Buffalo have been active and most efficient coadjutors. The friends of reform have every reason to rejoice that it has begun in New York under conditions so singularly auspicious; and, as the circular truly says, what has been done in a State where the difficulties have been peculiarly great, can certainly be accomplished in States more favorably situated.

THE ELECTORAL COUNT.

A CONFERENCE committee has been appointed upon the Electoral Count Bill, and we trust that the matter, which is of the highest importance, will be satisfactorily adjusted. The Senate bill has been carefully considered at two sessions, and it has been unanimously adopted. Republicans and Democrats concur in its constitutional and equitable provisions. The House bill is a mischievous partisan measure. Its theory is plainly not that of the Constitution, and it would invite the very troubles which such a bill ought to remove.

The Senate bill leaves to every State the settlement of any controversy in the State over the vote for electors, and it provides that no electoral vote from any State which transmits but one certificate to the Vice-President shall be rejected without the consent of both Houses. If there be a question as to which of two State tribunals is the lawful one, no return shall be received from that State except by the concurrent vote of both Houses. And upon every question proposed the Houses are to separate for consultation, and upon re-assembling they are to vote as distinct bodies. This is all in strict harmony with the plain intent of the Constitution and with the practice under it. The House bill, on the other hand, provides that the two Houses as a joint assembly shall decide every question by a majority vote. This annuls the distinct action of the two Houses, and gives the control to the party which has a majority in the joint convention. It deprives the States of their constitutional rights, and it encourages dangerous disputes, in order practically to confide the election to the partisan majority of the joint assembly.

This plan is the mere device of a partisan eager to benefit his party. It disregards the Constitution and the public welfare. Of course it is impossible that the Senate should agree to such a loose and dangerous scheme; and should the House insist, against the deliberate judgment of the Democratic Senators, it must take the responsibility of the defeat of one of the most pressingly important measures now before the country—a measure absolutely unpartisan, and passed by the unanimous consent of both parties in the Senate.

MR. GLADSTONE'S POSITION.

THE vote upon confidence in the GLADSTONE administration, which it was supposed would be urged at the beginning of the sessions of the Conference, has been delayed, if not practically defeated, by a motion of Mr. GLADSTONE himself to allow it to take precedence of all other business. His motion was defeated by a vote of 190 to 148, and as the adverse vote was increased by Mr. GLADSTONE'S and that of members of the government and their immediate friends, the prospect is so unpromising for a strong opposition that it is very possible that the matter will rest.

It is tolerably clear that this Parliament will not censure Mr. GLADSTONE. It may not approve his Egyptian policy in all its scope, and it may indeed disapprove certain measures and incidents. But the personal confidence which he inspires, and the want of similar confidence in any leader of the opposition, and the want, also, of any definite plan more acceptable to public opinion, make the position of the Prime Minister and of the ministry, for the present, secure.

Undoubtedly it is the personal character of Mr. GLADSTONE, the national confidence in his integrity, and the patriotism and purity of his official conduct and public aims and methods which maintain him so unshaken amid all the storms of opinion and feeling. His position is a signal illustration of the power of personal character in public life. It is one of the un-

seen forces whose efficiency is derided, and sometimes even furiously denied, but which is as sure as the control of the moon over the tides. It is the want of this character which often vanquishes a man's utmost cleverness in politics. Indeed, Mr. GLADSTONE'S unrivalled intellectual and political ability alone could not have secured the steady support which he has received during his stormy administration. That has come, we repeat, from profound trust in the integrity of his personal and official character. The revelation of any defect in that integrity, the disclosure that in any way whatever his political or official position had been used by him to promote his personal advantage, would be regarded in England and wherever he is known as a public calamity, and it would instantly close his public career.

SIGNS AND STRAWS.

THE alleged understanding between General BUTLER and JOHN KELLY should be considered in connection with the frequent remark of the particular friends of Mr. BLAINE in New York, that the Democrats will supply any loss in the Republican vote two to one. There is probably no doubt upon the part of any well-informed man that both General BUTLER and JOHN KELLY would very much prefer the success of Mr. BLAINE to that of Governor CLEVELAND, or of any similar Democratic candidate; nor does any such man in New York probably doubt that if a Democratic candidate of the CLEVELAND type should be nominated—that is, a courageous, sturdy, independent man with strong reform convictions and a positive reform record—there would be deals and bargains between Democrats like BUTLER and KELLY and Republicans of the same school for the defeat of such a candidate.

The reason of the preference of the BUTLER and KELLY politicians for Mr. BLAINE is the reason of a strong Republican opposition to him. It is understood in Massachusetts that a part of last year's BUTLER vote for Governor will be probably cast for Mr. BLAINE as President. The appeal to the "Irish vote" has begun. But all the activity and all the cries are not of a kind to diminish the Republican protest. What feeling attracts leading Democrats toward the Republican candidate? Why does JOHN KELLY insist upon the inability of Governor CLEVELAND to carry New York? Last year most of the Democratic State officers were elected upon a strict party contest. This year Governor CLEVELAND would have the accession of a large independent vote. What equal Democratic defection would there be, and why? Whatever that defection might be, it would be due entirely to the honest and brave conduct of the Governor in withstanding the demagogues of his party, and good citizens would naturally prefer a candidate as best for the country whom such gentry would sell out.

The friendly regard of Messrs. BUTLER and KELLY would not strengthen any candidate in the minds of voters who see that the issues in this election are mainly those of honest, economical, and clean administration. It would have the good effect, however, of showing more plainly the real character of the contest, and of inducing many reluctant voters to pause still further and move surely. The Democratic nomination may—or may not—define still more precisely the issue which the Republican nomination has raised. If the Convention should be wise, it would present a simple alternative to the country which, in the present state of the public mind, could not be obscured.

"THE REMNANT."

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S doctrine of "the remnant" was not received with much favor in this country, because we are bred in profound respect for the majority. But the true value of the doctrine lies in the fact that the remnant determines the majority. In the State of New York, for instance, where there are more than one million of voters, the voters are so equally divided that a few thousands of votes will give the victory to one side or the other. In 1880 the whole popular vote in the country for President was 4,442,950 for GARFIELD and 4,442,035 for HANCOCK, and for all others 319,443. The States were equally divided, nineteen for each. But GARFIELD had 214 electoral votes, and HANCOCK 155. In New York GARFIELD'S plurality over HANCOCK was 21,033, and his actual majority over all was 6483. Had GARFIELD lost the vote of New York, he would have been defeated.

These figures show how small "a remnant" may decide a Presidential election. The vote of New York is closely divided, and it is singularly fluctuating. In 1868 the Democratic majority was 10,000. In 1872 the Republican majority was about 50,000. In 1874 the Democratic majority in the State election was about the same. In 1876 the Democratic majority was more than 26,000. In 1879, at the State election, the Republicans had nearly 35,000 majority over the Democrats, and in 1880 about 21,000. In 1882 the Democrats, in the State election, had nearly 200,000 majority, and in 1883 a plurality of 15,000 to 18,000, except upon one candidate. What may be called the normal majority in the State, one way or the other, is about 20,000. This is made up of the independent vote, which, in a State so large and of so mixed a population, is naturally very great. Party organization and discipline are nowhere more absolute and thorough than in New York, but the number of voters who disdain party allegiance when it conflicts with moral conviction is a host.

The number of independent voters is of course largely increased when an election does not represent a definite policy upon imminent and commanding issues, but when personal considerations and the spirit and methods of administration must play a chief part. As we write, it is too early to see what course "the remnant" in New York will probably pursue. One thing, however, is clear—it will not vote for a candidate whom it believes to be unworthy.

PLEASE OMIT SAND.

IT is a comical comfort which some ardent persons evidently take in calling those who insist upon clean and honest politics Pharisees. They are like grocers who, upon being invited not to sand the sugar, should reply that they didn't wish to deal with such confounded holier-than-thou customers, or milkmen who should reply to a summons not to scant the measure, that to demand an honest quart of milk is to insist upon an ideal perfection quite beyond human attainment.

Yet to ask that the grocer shall not sand the sugar, and that the milkman shall give fair measure, and that the car conductor shall return the right change, is no more to insist upon a nonsensical, sentimental, and "ideal" perfection and purity than to ask that candidates for the highest and most honorable offices shall be of a clear and clean record. It is those who present such candidates, not those who decline to sustain them, who assume the responsibility of defeat.

The Boston *Herald* says, truly:

"It is wearisome to be obliged to repeat that parties exist as means, not as ends—as instruments to work with, not as the final result. With the professional party follower, everything that succeeds is success. With the citizen whose only interest in parties is to secure decent politics and good government, much that succeeds is worse than a failure. His interest in party success is to secure a reduction of burdensome and unnecessary taxes upon the necessities of the people, to extend and perfect the reform in the civil service, to maintain an honest and stable currency, and to continue the safe, traditional policy of minding our own business, and avoiding either entangling alliances or officious intermeddling in the affairs of other nations. Neither BLAINE nor LOGAN represents the views and wishes of a large body of Republicans and independent voters upon these and other important questions. Why should any man vote the way he does not think, if a better alternative is offered to him? Should not an honest man's vote represent a principle rather than a prejudice, and conviction rather than cowardice?"

THE TRUE WAY.

THE Greenfield *Gazette and Courier*, one of the leading papers in western Massachusetts, says, very sensibly:

"It will be found that the effective way to win over the Republicans opposed to Mr. BLAINE is to show that as a matter of fact there are no spots on his record, and no reason to believe that he is an enemy to reform of the civil service and a reduction of the burden of taxation; that he has in the main showed himself a safe leader, a calm and careful student of our foreign relations, a man not apt to stir up strife for the sake of a sensation, a man who has no faith in the scheme to continue to collect heavy taxes and distribute the surplus among the States."

That seems to be about all that is necessary.

FORTY-NINE TO TWENTY-SIX.

IT is a very significant fact that in the First Ward Republican Association of Brooklyn a resolution approving the Chicago nominations, which might be supposed to pass as a matter of course in such an association, was adopted by a vote of 49 to 26. This is the regular Republican association in one of the wealthiest and most intelligent wards of the city, and the incident shows the depth and the strength of feeling against the Chicago action among the most earnest and intelligent Republicans, who have no personal ends to serve, but who have always been Republicans because they held the party to be what its opponents taunted it with being, a party of moral ideas. They evidently do not believe that morality can be safely divorced from politics, nor political cleverness take the place of political principle.

AN INFAMOUS LAW.

THE *Woman's Journal* says that "several years ago a citizen of Washington, who happened to be poor, married a young lady who had great wealth. They had but one child, who died. The husband had entire control of his wife's property, and managed it wisely. At his death, not long ago, it was discovered that nearly the entire estate stood in his name, and as there was no will, his relatives got the most of it. The widow, who was worth $200,000 or $300,000 when she married, is now comparatively poor, and her late husband's relatives, who had nothing, are comparatively rich. Even the house in which her father lived, and which was her own when she married, went to them under an odious and wicked law which provides that a woman in the District of Columbia has no right of dower in property that is incumbered."

If this story be true, it shows what outrages are committed in the name of law, and if women had been legislators, and had passed such a law, it would be cited as conclusive evidence of their total incapacity to deal wisely with the most important interests, and of their proclivity to tyranny and injustice.

It is a generation since Mr. GLADSTONE described the English divorce laws, devised by men, as infamous. Such a law as that mentioned in the *Woman's Journal*, which enables a husband, even unconsciously, to deprive his wife of her property and transfer it to his relatives, is worthy of the same epithet. It is infamous. It would be interesting to know what kind of people they are who can enjoy without wincing the booty which such a law gives to them.

PERSONAL.

MR. GRANT ALLEN has been trying to prove that man owes a great debt to insects, in that without them the whole presence of color in nature, otherwise than green, would be wanting. This color, he claims, is due to æsthetic selection on the part of the insect tribes for innumerable generations. It is the bee and the butterfly that have given us the gorgeous orchids and massive creepers of the tropics, the gentians and rhododendrons of the Alps, the camellias and heathers, and the primroses.

—One of the late CHARLES READE'S friends speaks of him as impetuous, generous, hot-headed, strong as adamant in his resistance to any attempt at coercion, yet gentle and almost child-like in his pleased submission to persuasion; in his friendships and his hatreds, in his convictions and his prejudices, and in the superb vitality of his nature, a man of the Elizabethan epoch.

—An Eastern traveller is not sure that elephant-riding ever becomes altogether a pleasure, but its discomforts vary greatly with the individual animal, one trudging smoothly along, another jolting hatefully. He rode his beast "quite in the rough," with only a pad as a saddle.

—Wells along the highways of India are favorite places of suicide for Hindoo women. One of these poor creatures recently, after great effort, was fished out alive, and promised immunity from punishment if she would tell the name of her would-be murderer. She replied promptly that she had done the deed herself, and on being further questioned gave as the reason that her husband had declared she could not cook his food properly, "and did the sahib think that any woman could survive such an insult?"

—The variety of authors is a fact not much disputed, but a literary editor who has had dealings with many of them tells a story of a young lady contributor to his periodical, whose father, after her death, wrote to him in utter ignorance that his daughter was an author. "The considerable sums," he said, "which she seemed to have at command for charitable purposes had for some time astonished us; but her disposition was as reticent as it was benevolent, and she never let us into her harmless secret."

—A visitor to the city of Edinburgh recalls the fact that a beggar stood on the old bridge for ten years with a placard on his breast bearing the inscription, "Blind from my birth—I have seen better days," and no one ever seemed to perceive that it was a contradiction in terms.

—The silk sash or girdle which Japanese women wear is long enough to be wound twice around their waists and be tied into a huge bow. It often costs twelve dollars, and a Japanese girl estimates the wealth of any other girl she may see in the streets by the quality of her girdle, and the number and value of her hair-pins.

—The German Theatre in Berlin is modelled after the Comédie Française in Paris, and devotes itself to representations of the classic drama. Recently its rank has been much elevated by the simultaneous presence of such actors as BARNAY, HAASE, and FRIEDMAN, who have united their efforts in order to make the theatre, what it has never yet been, a worthy rival of the theatres of Munich, Vienna, and Dresden. Its managers are confident that Berlin will soon lead all the German cities in dramatic excellence.

—A recent critic of Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S theology declares that it is inadequate to the case of the skeptical working man who has parted with his belief in heaven, not because heaven is too materialistic, for nothing can be more materialistic than the miseries from which it would be a refuge, but because he has learned on general grounds to disbelieve in its existence. There is nothing to prevent him from making for the shipping office when he thinks of booking his passage to his preferred colony, except the voice of Mr. ARNOLD exclaiming, "To righteousness belongs happiness. Try it, you can try it, you will find it is so." But to this the working-man replies, "I know I can. I have tried it; and I find it is not so. I have been righteous for thirty years, and I never had a stroke of luck in my life until to-day, when I happened to find a roll of one-hundred-dollar notes." Mr. ARNOLD'S theology is essentially one for the cultivated and comfortable, and this is its weakness.

—Mr. HERBERT SPENCER laments that there is no getting people to accept the truth—which, nevertheless, is conspicuous enough—that the welfare of society and the justness of its arrangements are at bottom dependent on the characters of its members, and that improvement in neither can take place without that improvement in character which results from carrying on peaceful industry under the restraints imposed by an orderly social life. There is no political alchemy by which you can get golden conduct out of leaden instincts.

—Candidates for the priesthood in France will not be exempt from serving the usual three years as soldiers, the French Chamber of Deputies having refused to make an exception in their case, although a strong influence had been brought to bear upon the members.

—Referring to Mr. IRVING'S published *Impressions* of subjects "on which his opinion is quite as valuable as Mrs. Todgers's notion of a wooden leg," the *Spectator* recalls the famous actors of the past, and finds it impossible to imagine GARRICK, PHILIP KEMBLE, or EDMUND KEAN posing for arbiters of taste, gravely pronouncing on international politics, or seriously disclaiming an intention of going into Parliament. They had their vanity and their follies, and so had the society whose professional amusers they were; but the pose of the contemporaneous actor was not within the attainments, and would not have been to the taste, of those great players.

—A Berlin newspaper announces that the Emperor WILLIAM was afraid to make his usual annual visit to Wiesbaden this year, because the police had been warned from the United States that a woman with a deep sonorous voice would come over with four mysterious trunks, and attempt to make herself famous at that watering-place. The inference was that the trunks would contain dynamite. Such a woman did land recently at Bremen, and was immediately arrested.

—The Empress of Austria, who has suffered much from rheumatism, went recently to Amsterdam, and was cured by a Dutch physician. The treatment was massage.

—Probably no historical event was ever so fully and so faithfully illustrated as was the American civil war in HARPER'S WEEKLY. As the plates of the WEEKLY have been destroyed, the only work in which these illustrations are now perpetuated is *Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion*, for sale only by McDONNELL BROTHERS, 113 Dearborn Street, Chicago. Wholly apart from the value of the illustrations, this history of the war is the most authentic and the most complete that has appeared.

—The art of cooking, observes a current writer, does not advance. The natural way for a civilized people, if they cared for nice food, would be to intrust the preparation of it to professionals, who would learn their trade by apprenticeship, and incessantly improve; but, except in Tuscany and southern France, this is hardly done anywhere, though it ought to be the easiest of arrangements. Man does not, as a rule, know even what is good for his health, and shortens his life with half-cooked flour, which is deadly to the old, or kills off his children in heaps with half-swelled grain, though he sees in the latter case that they are distended to a degree which in his animals would seem to him dangerous or distressing. The multitude everywhere care little what they eat, so that they be but filled. If they only knew, as doctors and missionaries and barrack sergeants could tell them, what food could be made to do for them, they would very soon alter their tone, and be clamorous for knowledge. It is the gain to be obtained from good food, not the enjoyment to be expected from it, which will ultimately attract the millions. It can only be got by direct teaching, for cooking is one of the arts in which knowledge does not filter down.

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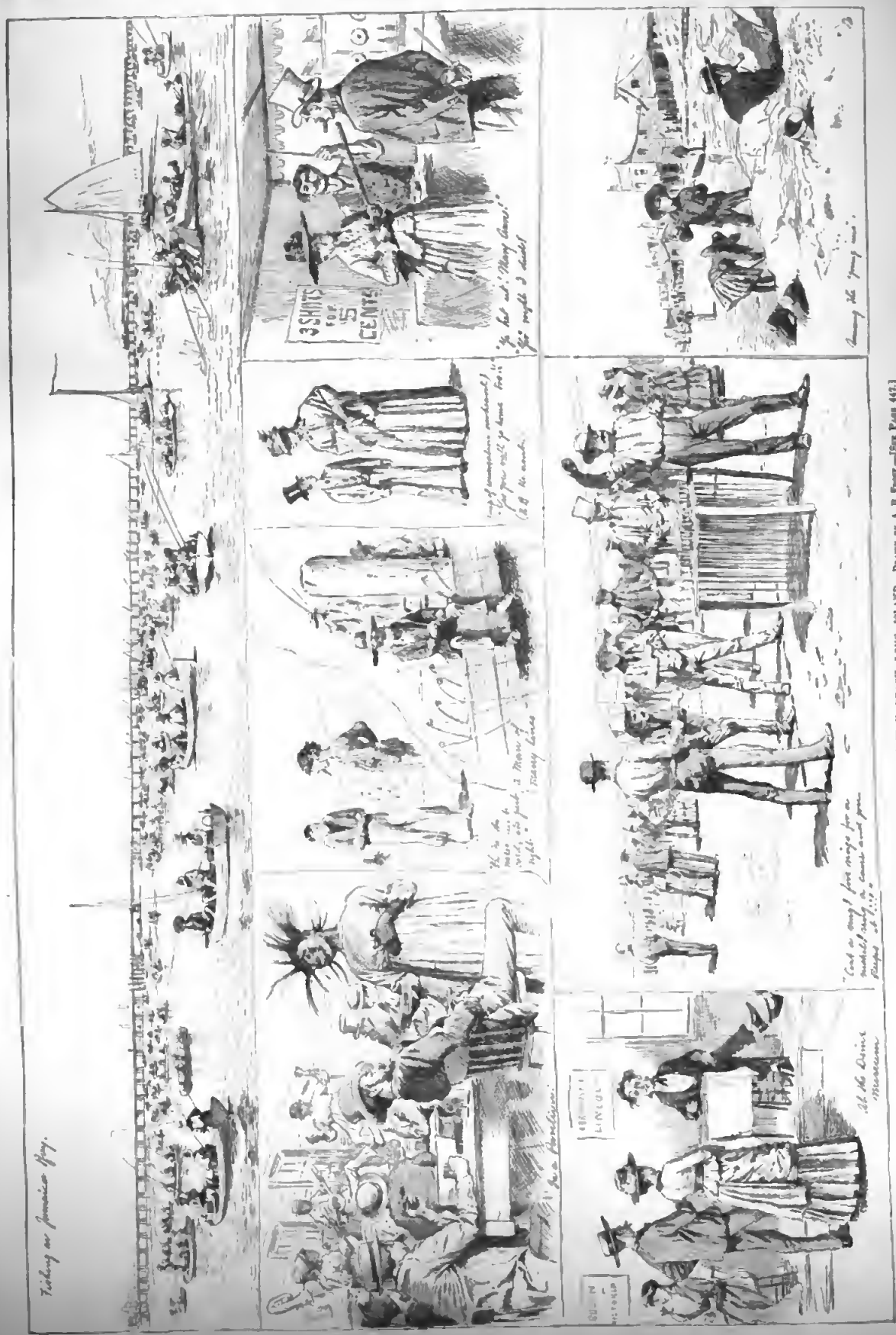

SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT ROCKAWAY BEACH, LONG ISLAND.—DRAWN BY A. R. FORT.—[SEE PAGE 447.]

MUNKACSY IN HIS STUDIO.—From the Artist's own Picture.—[See Page 447.]

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"I SAY NO."*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

THE CLINK.

CHAPTER LXIII

ON THE WAY TO LONDON

THE parting words had been spoken. Emily and her companion were on their way to London.

For some little time they travelled in silence—alone in the railway carriage. After submitting to long as she could to lay an embargo on the use of her tongue, Mrs. Ellmother started the conversation by means of a question. "Do you think Mr Mirabel will get over it, miss?"

"It's useless to ask me," Emily said. "Even the great man from Edinburgh is not able to decide yet whether he will recover or not."

"You have taken me into your confidence, Miss Emily, as you promised, and I have got something on my mind in consequence. May I mention it without giving offense?"

"What is it?"

"I wish you had never taken up with Mr. Mirabel."

Emily was silent. Mrs. Ellmother, having a design of her own to accomplish, ventured to speak more plainly. "I often think of Mr Alban Morris," she proceeded. "I always did like him, and I always shall!"

Emily suddenly pulled down her veil. "Don't speak of him!" she said.

"I didn't mean to offend you, Miss."

"You don't offend me. You distress me. Oh, how often I have wished—" She threw herself back in a corner of the carriage and said no more.

Although not remarkable for the possession of delicate tact, Mrs. Ellmother discovered that the best course she could now follow was a course of silence.

Even at the time when she had most implicitly trusted Mirabel, the fear that she might have acted hastily and harshly toward Alban had occasionally troubled Emily's mind. The impression produced by later events half not only intensified this feeling, but had presented the motives of that true friend under an entirely new point of view. If she had been left in ignorance of the manner of her father's death—as Alban had designed to have him; as she would have been left but for the treachery of Francine—how happily then she would have been from thoughts which it was now a terror to her to recall! She would have parted from Mirabel when the visit to the pleasant country house had come to an end, remembering him on an amusing acquaintance, and nothing more. He would have been spared, and she would have been spared, the shock that had so cruelly assailed them both. What had she gained by Mrs. Rook's detestable confession? The result had been perpetual disturbance of mind, provoked by self-torturing speculations on the subject of the murder. If Mirabel was innocent, who was guilty?—the false wife, without pity and without shame, or the brutal husband, who looked capable of any enormity? What was her future to be? how was it all to end? In the despair of that bitter moment, seeing her devoted old servant looking at her with kind, compassionate eyes, Emily's troubled spirit sought refuge in hopeless self-betrayal—the very betrayal which she had positively resolved should not escape her hardly a minute since.

She bent forward out of her corner and suddenly drew up her veil. "Do you expect to see Mr Alban Morris when we get back?" she asked.

"I should like to see him, miss, if you have no objection."

"Tell him I am ashamed of myself, and say I ask his pardon with all my heart!"

"The Lord be praised!" Mrs. Ellmother burst out, and then, when it was too late, remembered the conventional restraints appropriate to the occasion. "Gracious, what a fool I am!" she said to herself. "Beautiful weather, Miss Emily, isn't it?" she continued, in a desperate hurry to change the subject.

Emily reclined again in her corner of the carriage. She smiled for the first time since she had become Mrs. Delvin's guest at the Tower.

BOOK THE LAST.

AT HOME AGAIN.

CHAPTER LXIV.

MISS JETHRO UPRAISE.

REACHING the cottage at night, Emily found the cards of two visitors, who had called during the day, waiting for her. One of them had been left by Doctor Allday, who merely desired to inquire after her health; the other card bore the name of "Miss Wyvil," and had a message written on it which strongly excited Emily's curiosity.

"I have seen the telegram which tells your servant that you return tonight. Expect me early to-morrow morning, with news that will deeply interest you."

To what news did Cecilia allude? Emily questioned the woman who had been left in charge to the cottage, and found that she had next to nothing to tell. Miss Wyvil had flushed up and had looked excited when she read the telegram—that was all. Emily's impatience was, as usual, not to be concealed. Expect Mrs. Ellmother treated the case in the right way, first with supper, and then with an adjournment to bed. The clock struck twelve when she put out the young mistress's candle. "Ten hours to pass before Cecilia comes here!" Emily exclaimed. "Not ten minutes, my dear," Mrs. Ellmother reminded her, "if you will only go to sleep."

Cecilia arrived before the breakfast table was cleared, on lovely, as gentle, as affectionate as ever, but looking unusually serious and subdued. "Out with it at once!" Emily cried. "What have you got to tell me?"

"Perhaps I had better tell you first," Cecilia said, "that I know what you kept from me when I came here, after you left us at Monkswoot. Don't think, my dear, that I say this by way of complaint. Mr Alban Morris believes you had good reasons for not taking me into your confidence."

"Mr Alban Morris! Did you get your information from him?"

"Yes. Do I surprise you?"

"More than words can tell!"

"Can you bear another surprise? Oh, Emily, Mr. Morris is the kindest, dearest, noblest of mortal creatures; and, to make him completely perfect, he doesn't in the least know it himself."

"What has he done?" Emily asked, a little sharply.

"You shall hear, my dear, in his own words. He has 'solved the mystery at Zeeland.'" Cecilia put her pretty hand into the pocket of her cloak. "Wait a little," she said.

"I won't wait a moment! Has he discovered Miss Jethro?"

"He has indeed. And, what is more—don't, pray don't excite yourself!—he has discovered that Mr Mirabel has been wrongly suspected of a dreadful crime. Our amiable little clergyman is guilty of being a coward—and guilty of nothing else. Are you really quiet enough to read about it?"

She handed to Emily some leaves of paper filled with writing, in Alban's hand. "Where is he?" Emily asked. "What does this mean?"

Cecilia explained. "It's Mr Morris's own account of all that passed between Miss Jethro and himself."

"But how do you come by it?"

"Mr Morris gave it to me. He said, 'Show it to Emily as soon as possible, and take care to be with her while she reads it.'"

Emily looked nervously at the manuscript in her hand. "Why doesn't he tell me himself what he has discovered? Is he"—she leaves began to flutter in her trembling fingers—"is he angry with me?"

"Oh, Emily, angry with you? My dear love, read what he has written, and then you shall know why he keeps away."

Emily opened the manuscript, and found it thus written:

"*My Interview with Miss Jethro.*

"1. *She Receives Me.*

"The information which I have obtained from Miss Jethro has been communicated to me on the condition that I shall not disclose the place of her present residence. I desire to pass out of notice as completely as if I had passed out of life. I wish to be forgotten by some, and to be unknown by others. With this one stipulation she left me free to write the present narrative of what took place at the interview between us—if I felt that the discoveries which I had made were too important to the persons interested to be trusted to memory.

"Finding Miss Jethro's place of shade with far less difficulty than I had anticipated (thanks to favoring circumstances), I stated plainly the object of my visit. She declined to enter into conversation with me on the subject of the murder at Zeeland.

"I was prepared to meet with this rebuff, and to take the necessary means for obtaining a more satisfactory reception. 'A person is suspected of committing the murder,' I said; 'and there is reason to believe that you are in a position to say whether the suspicion is justified or not. Do you refuse to answer me if I put the question?'

"Miss Jethro asked who the person was.

"I mentioned the name—Mr Miles Mirabel.

"It is not necessary, and it would certainly be not agreeable to me, to describe the effect which this reply produced on Miss Jethro. After giving her time to compose herself, I entered into certain explanations in order to convince her, at the outset, of my good faith. The result justified my anticipations. I was at once admitted to her confidence.

"She said: 'I must not hesitate to do an act of justice to an innocent man; but in such a serious matter on this you have a right to judge for yourself whether the person who is now speaking to you is a person whom you can trust. You may believe that I tell the truth about others, if I begin—whatever it may cost me—in telling the truth about myself.'

"2. *She Speaks of Herself.*

"I shall not attempt to place on record the confession of a most unhappy woman. It was the common story of sin bitterly repented, and of vain effort to recover the lost place in social esteem—too well known a story, surely, to be told again.

"But I may, with perfect propriety, repeat what Miss Jethro said to me in allusion to later events in her life, which are connected with my own personal experience. She recalled to my memory a visit which she paid to me at Nethercwoods, and a letter addressed to her by Doctor Allday, which I had read at her express request.

"She said: 'You may remember that the letter contained some severe reflections on my conduct. Among other things, the Doctor mentions that he called at the lodgings I occupied during my visit to London, and found I had taken to flight; also, that he had reason to believe I had entered Man Ladd's service under false pretenses.'

"I asked if the Doctor had wronged her.

"She answered: 'No. In one case he is ignorant; to the other he is right. On leaving his house I found myself followed in the street by the man to whom I owe the shame and misery of my past life. My horror of him is not to be described in words. The one way of escaping him was offered by an empty cab that passed me. I reached the railway station safely, and went back to my home in the country. Do you blame me?' It was impossible to blame her, and I said so.

"She then confessed the deception which she had practiced on Miss Ladd. 'I have a cousin,' she said, 'who was a Miss Jethro, like me. Before her marriage she had been employed as a governess. She pitied me; she sympathized with my longing to recover the character that I had lost. With her permission I made use of the testimonials which she had earned as a teacher—I was betrayed (to this day I don't know by whom)—and I was dismissed from Netherwoods. Now you know that I deceived Miss Ladd, you may reasonably conclude that I am likely to deceive you.'

"I assured her, with perfect sincerity, that I had drawn no such conclusion. Miss Jethro proceeded as follows.

"3. *She Speaks of Mirabel.*

"'Four years ago I was living near Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, in a cottage which had been taken for me by a gentleman who was the owner of a yacht. We had just returned from a short cruise, and the vessel was under orders to sail for Cherbourg with the next tide.

"'While I was walking in my garden, I was startled by the sudden appearance of a man (evidently a gentleman) who was a perfect stranger to me. He was in a pitiable state of terror, and he implored my protection. In reply to my first inquiries, he mentioned the inn at Zeeland, and the dreadful death of a person unknown as him, whom I recognized (partly by the description given, and partly by comparison of dates) as Mr James Brown. I shall say nothing of the shock inflicted on me, you don't want to know what I felt. What I did was to hide the fugitive from discovery, and to exert my influence with the owner of the yacht. Mr Mirabel was put on board that night, and was safely landed in Cherbourg.'

"I asked what induced her to take this extraordinary interest in the fortunes of a stranger who was under suspicion of having committed a murder.

"She said: 'You shall hear my explanation directly. Let me have done with Mr Mirabel first. We occasionally corresponded during his long absence on the Continent. In this way I knew that he had been in the wilds of Brittany when the newspaper reports of the inquest at Zeeland appeared, and that he congratulated himself on this circumstance, because he had no wish to be reminded of an event which is was the one effort of her life to forget. His last letter reached me after he had established himself at Vale Regis. Writing of the scenery in the neighborhood, he informed me of his introduction to Miss Wyvil, and of the invitation that he had received to meet her friend and school-fellow at Monkswoot. I knew that Miss Emily possessed a handbill describing personal peculiarities in Mr Mirabel, not hidden under the changed appearance of his beard and face. If she remembered, or happened to refer to, that description while she was living in the same house with him, there was a possibility, at least, of her suspicion being excited. The fear of this took me to you. It was a morbid fear, and, as events turned out, an unfounded fear; but I was unable to control it. Failing to produce any effect on you, I went to Vale Regis, and tried (vainly again) to induce Mr. Mirabel to send an excuse to Monkswoot. He, like you, wanted to know what my motive was. When I tell you that I acted solely in Miss Emily's interests, need I say why I was afraid to acknowledge my motive?'

"I thought of a memorable conversation between Dr Allday and myself, of which Miss Jethro was ignorant. The Doctor had said, 'That ex-teacher at the school knows how the late Mr Brown died, and how his daughter has been deceived about it.'

"Remembering this, I understood that Miss Jethro might well be afraid of the consequences if she asked any allusion to Mr Brown's horrible death (knowing that it had been kept a secret from his daughter), and if it afterward chanced to reach Emily's ears. But this state of feeling implied an extraordinary interest in the preservation of Emily's peace of mind. I asked Miss Jethro how that interest had been excited.

"She answered: 'I can only satisfy you in one way; I must speak of her father now.'"

Emily looked up from the manuscript. She felt Cecilia's arm tenderly caressing her; she heard Cecilia say, "My darling, there is one last trial of your courage still to come. I am afraid of what you are going to read when you turn to the next page. And yet—"

"And yet," Emily replied, gently, "it must be done. I have learned my hard lesson of endurance, Cecilia; don't be afraid."

Emily turned to the next page.

"4. *She Speaks of the Dead.*

"For the first time Miss Jethro seemed at a loss how to proceed. I could see that she was suffering. It was distressing to witness the effort that she made to control herself. She rose, and opening the drawer in her writing-table, took a letter from it.

"She said: 'Will you read this? It was written by Miss Emily's father. Perhaps it may say more for me than I can say for myself.'

"I copy the letter. It was thus expressed:

"'You have declared that our farewell to-day is our farewell forever. For the second time you have refused to be my wife; and you have done this, to not your own words, in mercy to me.

"'In mercy to me I implore you to reconsider your decision. If you condemn me to live without you—I feel it, I know it—you condemn me to despair, which I have not fortitude enough to endure. Look at the passages which I have marked for you in the New Testament. Again and again I say it—your true repentance has made you worthy of the pardon of God; are you not worthy of the love, admiration, and respect of man? Think! Oh, Sara, think of what our lives might be, and let them be lives united for time and for eternity!

"'I can write no more. A dreadful faintness oppresses me. My mind is in a state unknown as me in past years. I am in such confusion I sometimes think I hate you. And then I recover from my delusion, and know that man never loved woman as I love you.

"'You will have time to write to me by this evening's post. I shall stop at Zeeland to-morrow, on my way back, and ask for a letter at the post-office. I forbid explanations and excuses; I forbid heartless allusions to your duty. Let me have no answer which does not keep me a moment in suspense.

"'For the last time I ask you: do you consent to be my wife? Say Yes—or say No.'

"I gave her back the letter. It was needless to ask what the reply had been, except for the purpose of testifying my interest in the letter which she had permitted me to read. I put the question.

"'You said No?'

"She bent her head in silence.

"I went on—not willingly, for I would have spared her if it had been possible. I said, 'He died, despairing, by his own hand, and you know it?'

"She looked up. 'No!' she answered. 'You say that I know it is too much, to say that I feared it is the truth.'

"'Did you love him?'

"She looked at me in stern surprise. 'Have I any right to love? Could I disgrace an honorable man by allowing him to marry me? You look as if you held me responsible for his death.'

"'Innocently responsible,' I said.

"She still followed her own train of thought. 'Do you suppose for a moment I could anticipate that he would destroy himself when I wrote my reply? He was a truly religious man. If he had been in his right mind he would have shrunk from the idea of suicide as from the idea of a crime.'

"On reflection I was inclined to agree with her. In his terrible position it was at least possible that the sight of the razor (placed ready with the other appliances of the toilet for his fellow-traveller's use) might have fatally tempted a maddened man, whose last hope was crushed, whose mind was tortured by despair. I should have been needless indeed if I had held Miss Jethro accountable thus far. But I found it hard to sympathize with the course she had pursued in permitting Mr Brown's death to be attributed to murder without a word of protest. I told her what was passing in my mind. 'Why were you silent?' I said.

"She smiled bitterly.

"'A woman would have known why without asking,' she replied. 'A woman would have understood that I shrank from making a public confession of my shameful past life. A woman would have remembered what reasons I had for paying the man who loved me, and for accepting any responsibility rather than associate his memory with a passion for a degraded creature, and an act of suicide. Even if I had made that cruel sacrifice, would public opinion have believed such a person as I am against the evidence of a medical man and the verdict of the jury? No, Mr. Morris! I told nothing, and I was resolved to say nothing, as long as the choice of alternatives was left to me. On the day when Mr Mirabel implored me to save him, that choice was no longer left—and you know what I did. And now, again, when suspicion (after all the long interval that has passed) has followed and found that innocent man, you know what I have done. Have you more to ask of me?'

"'I have to ask your pardon for not having understood you,' I said, 'and one last favor to request. May I repeat what I have heard to the one person of all others who ought to know, and who must know the truth?'

"It was needless to hint more plainly that I was speaking of Emily. Miss Jethro granted my request.

"'It shall be as you please,' she answered. 'Say for me to his daughter that she has made this dead heart of mine feel a revived breath of life when I think of her. She will never see me more—I implore her to pity me, forget me. Farewell, Mr Morris, farewell forever!'

"I confess that the tears came into my eyes. When I could see clearly again I was alone in the room."

CHAPTER LXV.

THE TRUE CONSOLATION.

DESIRE the relief of tears, Emily closed the pages which told her that her father had died by his own hand.

Cecilia still held her tenderly embraced. By slow degrees her head drooped until it rested on her friend's bosom. Silently she suffered. Silently Cecilia bent forward and kissed her forehead. The sounds that penetrated to the room were not out of harmony with the time. From

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1409.

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a distant house the voices of children were just audible, singing the plaintive melody of a hymn; and now and then the breeze blew the first faded leaves of autumn against the window. Neither of the girls knew how long the minutes followed each other unevenfully before there was a change. Emily raised her head and looked at Cecilia.

"I have lost true friend left," she said.

"Not only me, love—oh, I hope not only me!"

"Yes. Only you."

"I want to say something, Emily, but I am afraid of hurting you."

"My dear, do you remember what we once read in a book of history at school? It told of the death of a tortured man, in the old time, who was broken on the wheel. He lived through it long enough to say that the agony, after the first stroke of the club, dulled his capacity for feeling pain when the next blows fell. I fancy pain of the mind must follow the same rule. Nothing you can say will hurt me now."

"I only wanted to ask, Emily, if you were engaged at one time to marry Mr Mirabel. Is it true?"

"False. He pressed me to consent to an engagement, and I said he must not hurry me."

"What made you say that?"

"I thought of Alban Morris."

Vainly Cecilia tried to restrain herself. A cry of joy escaped her.

"Are you glad?" Emily asked. "Why?"

Cecilia made no direct reply. "May I tell you what you wanted to know a little while since?" she said. "You asked why Mr Morris left it all to me instead of speaking to you himself. I put the same question to him. He pointed to what he had written. 'Not a shadow of suspicion rests on Mr Mirabel,' he said. 'Emily is free to marry him—and free through me. Can I tell her that?' For her sake and for mine it must not be. All that I can do is to leave old remembrances to plead for me. If they fail, I shall know that she will be happier with Mr Mirabel than with me.' 'And you will submit?' I asked. 'Because I love her,' he answered, 'I must submit.' Oh, how pale you are! Have I distressed you?"

"You have done me good."

"Will you see him?"

Emily pointed to the manuscript. "At such a time as this?" she said.

"My darling, it is now, when you most want to be comforted, that you ought to see him. What can quiet your poor aching heart so far as I can?" She impatiently matched up the manuscript and threw it out of sight. "I can't bear to look at it," she said. "Emily, if I have done wrong, you will forgive me?" I saw him this morning before I came here. I was afraid of what might happen—I refused to break the dreadful news to you, unless he was somewhere near us. Your good old servant knows where to go. Let me send her—"

Mrs Kilmother opened the door, and stood doubtful on the threshold, hysterically sobbing and laughing at the same time. "I'm everything that's bad!" the good old creature burst out. "I've been listening—I've been lying—I said you wanted him. Turn me out of my situation if you like. I've got him. Here he is."

In another moment Emily was in his arms—and they were alone. On his faithful breast the blessed relief came to her at last: she burst out crying.

"Oh, Alban, can you forgive me?"

He gently raised her head so that he could see her face.

"My love, let me look at you," he said. "I want to think again of the day when we parted in the garden at school. Do you remember the one conviction that consoled me? I told you, Emily, there was a time of fulfillment to come in our two lives, and I have never wholly lost that dear belief. My own darling, the time has come."

CHAPTER LXVI.

GOSSIP IN THE STUDIO.

The winter-time had arrived. Alban was cleaning his palette, after a hard day's work, in the largest room at the cottage which offered him a good light. The servant announced that tea was ready, and that Miss Ladd was waiting to see him in the next room.

Alban saw us, and received the visitor cordially with both hands. "Welcome back to England!" he said. "I needn't ask if you are better. The sea voyage has done wonders: you look ten years younger than when you went away."

Miss Ladd smiled. "I shall soon be ten years older again if I go back to Netherwoods," she replied. "I didn't believe it at the time, but I know better now. Our friend Dr Allday was right when he said that my working days were over. I must give up the school to a younger and stronger successor, and make the best I can in retirement of what is left of my life. You and Emily may soon expect to have me as a near neighbor. Where is Emily?"

"Far away, in the north."

"In the north! You don't mean that she has gone here to Mrs Dolvin?"

"She is gone back, with Mrs Kilmother to take care of her, at my express request. You know what Emily is when there is no act of mercy to be done. That unhappy man has been sinking (with intervals of partial recovery) for months past. Mrs. Dolvin sent word to us that she and you were near, and that the one last wish her brother was able to express was the wish to see Emily. He had been for some hours unable to speak when she arrived, but he knew her and smiled faintly. He was just able to lift his hand. She took it, and waited for him, and spoke words of consolation and kindness from time to time. As the night advanced he sank into sleep, still holding her hand. They only knew that he had passed from sleep to death—passed without a movement to a sigh—when his hand turned cold. Emily remained for a day at the Towers to comfort poor Mrs. Dolvin: and she comes home, thank God! this evening."

"I wouldn't ask if you are happy?" Miss Ladd said.

"Happy? I sing when I have my bath in the morning. If that isn't happiness (in a man of my age), I don't know what is."

"And how are you getting on?"

"Famously. I have turned portrait painter since you were sent away for your health. A portrait of Mr Wyvil is to decorate the town hall in the place that he represents, and our dear kind-hearted Cecilia has induced a fascinated Mayor and Corporation to confide the work to my hands."

"Is there no hope yet of that sweet girl being married?" Miss Ladd asked. "We old maids all believe in marriage, Mr Morris—though some of us don't own it."

"There seems to be a chance," Alban answered. "A young lord has turned up at Monkmoor; a handsome, pleasant fellow, and a rising man in politics. By my advice he sent his steam yacht express to Rouen to fetch some of the famous pastry—just before Cecilia's birthday. All the relations gave her commonplace presents. When our young lord made his modest offering of foreign tarts you should have seen her! If I could paint that smile and those eyes, I should be the greatest artist living. You may take my word for it, the pastry has helped him to produce the right impression. Need I say how rich they will be? We shall not envy them; Emily and I rejoice in prosperous circumstances. Everything is comparative. The portrait of Mr Wyvil will be three hundred pounds in my pocket. I have earned a hundred and twenty more by illustrations since we were married. And my wife's income (I like to be particular) is only five shillings and tenpence short of two hundred a year. Moral—we are rich as well as happy."

"Without a thought of the future?" Miss Ladd asked, slyly.

"Oh, Dr Allday has taken the future in hand! He revels in the old jokes which used to be addressed to newly-married people in his time. 'My dear fellow, you may possibly be under the painful necessity of fetching the doctor one of these days. In that case let it be distinctly understood that I am Honorary Physician to the family.' The kind old man talks of getting me another portrait to do. 'The greatest man in the medical profession,' he informed me, 'has just been made a baronet, and admiring friends have decided that he is to be painted at full length, with his hands legs hidden under a gown, and his great globular eyes staring at the spectator. I'll get you the job.' Shall I tell you what he says of Mrs. Rook?"

"What he says?" Miss Ladd repeated. "You speak of that wretch as if she was still living."

"Certainly! Mrs Rook is living—and, what is more, she has become a public character. It is the first case on record of any person getting over such an injury as she has received. Dr. Allday looked grave when he heard of it. 'I begin to believe in the devil,' he said, 'nobody else could have saved Mrs. Rook.' Other people don't take that view of it. She has been celebrated in all the medical newspapers, and the hospital has been admitted to some excellent almshouses, to live in comfortable idleness to a green old age. The best of it is, that she shakes her head when her wonderful recovery is mentioned. 'It seems such a pity,' the cove; 'I was so fit for heaven.' Mr Rook, having got rid of his wife, is in excellent spirits. He is occupied in looking after an imbecile old gentleman; and when he is asked if he likes the employment, he winks mysteriously and slaps his pocket. Now, Miss Ladd, I think it's my turn to hear some news. What have you got to tell me?"

"I think I can match your account of Mrs. Rook," Miss Ladd said. "Do you care to hear what has become of Francine?"

Alban, rattling on hitherto in lavish high spirits, suddenly became serious. "I have no doubt Miss de Sor is doing well," he said, shrewdly. "She is too heartless and wicked not to prosper."

"You are getting like your old cynical self again, Mr Morris—and you are wrong. I called this morning on the agent who had the care of Francine when I left England. When I mentioned her name, he opened a drawer in his desk and showed me a telegram received from her father. 'There's my authority,' he said, 'for letting her leave my house.' The message was short enough to be easily remembered: 'Anything my daughter likes, as long as she doesn't come back to us.' In those cruel terms Mr de Sor wrote of his own child. The agent was just as unfeeling in his way. He called her the victim of slighted love and clever prosecuting. 'In plain words,' he said, 'the priest of the Catholic school close by has converted her, and she is now a novice in a convent of Carmelite nuns in the west of England.' So far as we know now, there is the melancholy end of Francine de Sor."

As Miss Ladd spoke, the bell rang at the cottage gate. "Here she is," Alban cried, leading the way into the hall. "Emily has come home."

THE END.

ROCKAWAY BEACH.

That portion of the Long Island shore where Mr Frost found the subjects for his amusing sketches on page 444 is noted as one of the most popular of summer resorts in the vicinity of New York. It is accessible for steamboat and railway, and is a favorite spot for excursion parties. Its broad, hard ocean beach, which presents a stretch of several miles, is crowded with people who have come from the hot streets to gain a breath of fresh air and an invigorating dip in the surf; while the bay, across which the railroad is carried on a long bridge, affords facilities for fishing and still water bathing.

Thousands of poor people, who can only spare the means for a day's outing at a time for themselves and their children, find Rockaway Beach a perfect paradise. All sorts of cheap amusements are provided, such as minstrel shows, a dime museum, dancing floors, etc. As a rule, perfect good order prevails among the excursionists, and very little of the rowdy element is to be found there.

MICHAEL MUNKACSY.

The name of Michael Munkacsy has been made familiar even to home-staying Americans by the fact that two of his best known pictures are owned in this country, while the etchings displayed in the print-sellers' windows have made us acquainted with the composition at least of nearly all his principal works. "The Last Days of a Man Condemned to Death," the picture by which Munkacsy's name was first made known to the general public, is owned by Mrs W. P. Wilstach, of Philadelphia, and the "Milton dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his Daughters" belongs to the famous Library of the city, and is the chief attraction of the gallery of that institution.

The history of Munkacsy is the ever-interesting one of talent struggling out of obscurity into the light of day; of the gallant fight of ardent youth believing in itself, its eyes fixed on some far-off shining goal, to which, with heart aflame and will resolutely bent, it makes its way through misery, sickness, want, overbearing and beating down all opposition, and succeeding at last in grasping the prize at the very moment when fortune seemed to have turned her face resolutely aside.

He lost his mother when an infant, and he was only four years old when his father died in prison—a victim of the tyranny that crushed Hungary in 1848. He was one of five children, but the little orphans were taken in charge by kind-hearted relatives. The little Michael was adopted by an aunt, but he had not been with her long before, in that wild time, the was murdered by robbers, and the child was taken to the home of an uncle who had once been rich, but was now too poor to do more for the boy than to give him a home and to apprentice him to a joiner. He worked industriously at his trade, and in old moments learned to read and write, and picked up some knowledge of history and literature, but his life was a hard one, and what he earned was paid for with his life-blood. His health was sapped: exhausting work, hunger, sleep given up for study, hope deferred, brought him to the door of the grave. All would have been lost had not better times come to the good uncle, who took the boy from Arad to Gyula, where he lived. It was in Gyula that Munkacsy first found his calling as an artist. While living with his uncle he met a portrait painter, Szamos, and it was in watching this artist work that the word came to him which has come to so many youths on first waking to a knowledge of their powers, and makes them cry out, with Columbus in the legend, "I too am a painter!"

Sentenceforth there was only one errand in this world for Munkacsy—he was bound to be a painter. He he once began to study under the direction of Szamos, and he made such progress that he soon found himself able to support himself by teaching. In the time not so employed he painted several pictures, which he sold for good prices—his youth and obscurity considered—and with the small fortune of about one hundred dollars, laid up from his savings, he took a hold bradoo into the sea of life. He first went to Vienna, and after working awhile in the museum there, returned to Pesth, where he suffered much with his eyes, and for a time was threatened with blindness.

After a slow recovery, with a heart as strong as ever, but with only a few dollars in his pocket, he went to Munich, and after studying there for two years, found his way to Dusseldorf, where Knaus was teaching, and where he painted the picture that first made him known, and which he has never excelled—"The Last Days of a Man Condemned to Death."

How often it is seen that the most heroic struggles for the fulfillment of man's dearest desire leaves him, after the accomplishment of his purpose, without an object, and reconciled to walk for the rest of his days in the road with his fellow-men! The joy, the inspiration, come from the struggle itself, from the fight with the blind, dumb forces of nature, and when the day is won, there is nothing left, not even the enjoyment of the victory. Into his first picture—for the "Last Days of a Man Condemned to Death" was in effect his first picture; all that went before it was only learning to use his tools—into that first picture Munkacsy put the full expression of all that he had learned from life in days of darkness and pain. It was a sincere picture, sincerely painted, and in that brilliant Salon of 1870, where, besides himself, Knaus and Zamacois disputed with the crowds that swarmed about their canvases for the first place, Munkacsy's picture made the deepest impression on the people, because it was not, like Knaus's "Salome," merely a splendid *tour de force*, nor, like Zamacois's "The Education of a Prince," a bitter political satire—it was a tragic picture of one of the dark sides of human life, drawn by a man who had himself eaten the bread of sorrow, who had "spent dark some hours weeping and waiting for the morrow," and who well knew the gloomy powers that fence man's road to peace.

But this triumph once achieved, and fame and fortune secured, there seemed, and has ever since seemed, no errand further for the artist in this world, no aim different from that which is pursued by the great army of artists who live only to amuse themselves and the public. It would be useless to criticise his later pictures from any ideal stand-point. They are made to exhibit, to be engraved, and to sell, and they fulfill the end of their being to admiration. Munkacsy is a painter of great skill, but of few ideas, with no historical sense in his so-called historical and religious pictures, painted not out of himself and his own feeling, but solely and mechanically at the demand of the dealers. For him the day of dreaming dreams and of seeing visions seems to have departed.

This picture of himself in his studio is a melancholy comment on a life whose springing youthful fountain of hope and earnest desire has run away and wasted itself in the sands. He sits listless on the corner of a table, and looks at the canvas on his easel as if in a magic mirror he saw the happy past brightening again its dimmed and sorrowful surface. Here is all the old skill, and in the original, a struggle to break through the blackness and the dullness of his usual painting, and to give the outworn charm of color. But there is no life in the theme, nor anything to feed the mind, and the world, that in spite of its frivolity does sometimes ask a serious question, is asking to-day whether we must look in vain for fruit to justify the promise of Munkacsy's vigorous spring.

THE HON. ISAAC P. GRAY.

Hon. Isaac P. Gray, the Democratic nominee for Governor of Indiana, is a native of Pennsylvania, and nineteen years of his life, before he settled in Indiana, were spent in Ohio. He was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, October 16, 1828. After obtaining a common-school education he began the study of law, but relinquished it, and accepted a clerkship in a small store at New Madison, Ohio. He soon became a partner, and afterward the sole proprietor of the business. He located at Union City, Indiana, in 1855, and entered into the practice of law. During the war he was Colonel of the Fourth Regiment of Indiana Cavalry. In 1866 he was defeated as a Republican candidate for Congress in opposition to Godlove W. Julian. He was elected a member of the Indiana Senate by the Republican party in 1868. When Mr Greeley was nominated, four years later, Mr Gray became a Democrat, and in 1876 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor on the ticket with James D. Williams, known as the "Blue Jeans" Governor.

THE SCHOOL SAVINGS-BANK.

One of the European improvements in education is the school savings-bank. Its object is to teach children how to save and accumulate money. The natural tendency of youth is to a lifelong waste, to spend constantly, to be led away by casual temptations. The habit of saving is seldom taught and seldom learned until the rude experience of life brings with it the iron pressure of necessity. The folly of extravagance prevails chiefly among the young, and the recent annals of one city and country abound in instances of ruined lives and wasted hopes, the results of the luxurious and thoughtless manners of the age. Our young men of business have too often never learned in early life how to save; their only conception of living is how to get, in order to spend. The passion of extravagance grows upon them. Their salaries are too small, their profits insufficient, compared to the demands of a growing love of pleasure. They soon overstep their legitimate expenses; they rush into speculation: they fall at last into crime. The awful moment comes too soon, and the ruined victim of his own folly perishes, dishonored and lost, because he had never learned in youth the practice of saving.

It is not so much to the wealthy as to the poor that this habit is all important. The wealthy may waste the accumulations of his forefathers; but to the working man, the professional man, or the man of business the habit of saving is the only security from suffering and often despair. It is a safeguard that should be thrown over every family and taught in every school. The school savings-bank has been found singularly useful and successful in connection with the public schools of various countries. It was suggested in France many years ago, and has already extended to Germany, Hungary, Italy, Belgium, and Holland. The system is very simple. The teacher tells his children that he is ready to receive their small savings, and explains to them how they may be made to increase. He gathers in their pennies and centimes, keeps a register with the name of each depositor, and when the sum amounts to a francs or more, places it in a neighboring savings-bank on lends it to the state. The business is transacted out of school hours; it teaches the pupil some of the niceties of trade. He keeps a duplicate account of his deposits, and can only draw any part of them with the consent of his parent or guardian.

The plan has proved very attractive to children. In Ghent, out of 45,000 pupils, there are 12,000 depositors, each for more than one franc. In France the number of school banks is 10,261, with 218,125 depositors. The whole amount deposited by the children was in 1880 more than one million dollars. The school banks form a part of the system that would make education a practical thing, and more than ever useful in preparing the youth of the nation for active life. To teach the great body of the people in childhood the habit of saving would of itself alone more than repay the public outlay upon education. It is the foundation of honesty, the chief support of national honor. In it lie the safety and purity of families, and much of the happiness of domestic life. Without the habit of saving, our young men and young women often wander recklessly on a perilous track, and perish miserably for want of an early training in frugality.

Eugene Lawrence.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AT CHICAGO—SOME CHARACTERISTIC FEATURES OF THE CITY.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 451.]

LINCOLN PARK
ON DREXEL BOULEVARD
NEW BOARD OF TRADE
RAIL ROAD
DEPOT

TAKE BACK THIS RING.

The spacious dressing-room of Albert Carnes opened into a passage connecting with a no less spacious apartment, the sewing-room of his sister Frederika.

Through this arrangement there happened a chain of circumstances which would have been extremely obnoxious to Mrs. Grundy, whose foresight, indeed, had not been consulted in the plan.

The young men who visited Albert on the most intimate terms, and who without exception, if not lovers, were certainly admirers, of Miss Frederika, found it very delightful to saunter through the passage from the masculine boudoir of the brother into the sanctum of the sister whenever the open door allowed.

Edward Lovell, whose engagement to Miss Frederika Carnes had been formally announced, was the only one who seldom entered the tell-tale precinct, where already delicate embroideries, bursts of fine linen, and exquisite Mechlin and Valenciennes anticipated the exigencies of an approaching day.

In this well-lighted apartment of sewing all the cases sent from Paris with the season's surprising costumes were deposited and opened. In that apartment two seamstresses were forever bending over the needle, one plying it industriously by hand, the other "*at machine*" evolving the elaborate stitchery. The first was an old maid of antediluvian prestige, who, although her piercing black eyes were fixed on her stitches, never lost sight of an outside glance or motion; and who, deaf as an adder, insisting that every order should be howled into her left ear, heard with her right every syllable whispered or spoken. The other was a young creature who worked upon the sewing-machine, a delicate girl eighteen years of age, graceful in figure, with a face gentle yet piquant, soft brown hair coiled carelessly around a brow fresh-white as a pearl, soft brown eyes, and lips. Frederika Carnes was really fond of her little sewing-maid. She inquired into the history of the young girl, and learned that she supported by her labor an infirm and widowed mother, and, moreover, that in the approaching spring she was to be married to a young man with whom she was in love truly, an undertaker by trade.

One evening in the February twilight—the working hour was past, and the old maid seamstress had gone home—two young men entered the room. Josie Harte, bending over the clicking machine, was desperately in earnest finishing some important work. She did not glance up at the entrance. Joseph Bell threw himself full length upon a sofa. He was possessed with an idea that he was personally irresistible to the pretty sewing-girl. He laughed in his sleeve at "the absurdity of Harrison's supposing he had any winning chance there." Spencer Harrison drew an arm-chair close to Josie's side.

Josie went on working. But through the steady low noise of the work she heard—she could not but hear, and indeed she had often heard the same strain before—Harrison's protestations of admiration, nay, more, his protestations of love.

"I am engaged to be married," said Josie Harte, lifting her eyes once, and only once, as she changed the work beneath her needle.

"To some coarse, laborious man, I'll be bound," said Harrison, "who will make you stitch and drudge to your life's end. Josie, you were not made for this. Every turn of your graceful head, every gesture of that dear little hand, protests against it. You shall not sacrifice yourself, Josie."

Josie Harte arose and left the room. In a closet of the adjoining corridor her shawl and bonnet hung. In a moment she had put them on. Quickly she was at the front door—quickly in the street. But scarcely had she gone the distance of a block when footsteps sped behind her. Spencer Harrison, with his passionate eyes ablaze, and his lips pale beneath his black mustache, had followed and approached her. Again he was at her side.

"Josie, you provoking little witch, you are flying, I know, but you can not fly away from me. Love is the winged god, *ma petite*. Is it anything, nothing to you, Miss Harte, that you are making my life miserable?—nothing to you that I adore you, that I love you, that I truly— Oh! you must know it!"

"Leave me," said Josie. "This moment leave me."

"Never," said Harrison—"never until—"

Through the deepening dusk, and with pace quickened like their own, some one came to Josie. A gentleman, waiting but a second for permission, drew her arm within his own. It was Edward Lovell. He had seen the rapid movement of the girl, and the expression of the man that followed her. Appreciating the situation in a moment, he determined to save her from annoyance if possible.

His good intention was not misplaced. When Josie Harte reached the dingy door of her humble home, she said to Edward Lovell, with sincere fervor, "I shall never forget your kindness."

"Our last drive in the Park," said Frederika, turning her dark eyes, sufficiently eloquent of affection to satisfy the most exacting lover, upon Edward Lovell.

"The last *this season*," he suggested.

They were driving in a landau, with Albert Carnes and Spencer Harrison sitting opposite. Crowding up Fifth Avenue, their talk was interrupted; it was not until they had entered the Park, and had somewhat escaped the throng, that Albert Carnes said to his sister,

"Freddie, show Edward that ring. I'd like to have him say now if he has no respect for African diamonds. Two thirty-carat stones, Spence," he added, turning to Harrison, "of the first water and a perfect match. For my part, I prefer—other qualities being equal—these brilliant off-color stones. When I'm engaged to be married, my engagement ring shall be an African solitaire. I like the smoky tinge of the southern adamant."

Frederika drew off her soft gray glove, and Edward Lovell, ever sensitive to the least display of her refined charm, glanced warmly at the little "lily-white hand." She took from the forefinger of the hand not engagement-pledged a diamond ring. The eyes of Spencer Harrison and of Albert Carnes were fixed upon the jewel. Edward Lovell glanced at it vaguely. He had already, however, taken it into his hand.

"Very beautiful," he said. "These Cape diamonds have fire, to say the least. One could—" He paused. He had seemed, as he spoke, in the act of returning the ring. Suddenly it had escaped from his fingers. He looked for it. It was gone.

"Give me my ring, then, Ned, if it is so fiery," said gentle Frederika. "I like to keep to myself all that burns."

"Where is it?" asked Lovell, bewildered.

"You have dropped it," Albert exclaimed, moving so as to look on the floor of the carriage.

"Give back the ring, Lovell," said Harrison. "You took it, you know. Come, that's not fair."

"Where is it?" reiterated Lovell. The diamond ring had vanished.

"Oh, somewhere in the carriage," said Frederika, somewhat petulantly, drawing on her glove. "We shall find it when we reach home."

But the diamond ring was not found. The expressive face of Albert Carnes wore a grave frown when the group alighted and the carriage was searched. "It could not possibly," he said to Frederika, "have fallen outside."

"What do you mean?" asked his sister, alarmed to her heart's core. She was pale as the white lace scarf that she had drawn close around her throat in nervous self-infoldment from the hour.

"The engagement of Edward Lovell and Frederika Carnes is broken off," said Rumor, knocking at every "in society" door. "Miss Carnes is the chief actor in the unhappy affair. Edward Lovell has accepted a foreign partnership in the mercantile house to which he belongs, and has sailed for England in view of a permanent residence abroad." Rumor added that Lovell's departure was hastened to avoid a threatened exposure of circumstances seriously detrimental to his good name.

And all this happened on account of the mysterious loss of Frederika's diamond ring. The rumor that took bodily shape in the world's ear was the consolidated form of innumerable whispers in the *tête-à-tête* of parlors and the clubs. Spencer Harrison was accountable for the most subtly injurious of these scandalous breaths. To use his own phrase of thought, he "owed Lovell a grudge," and Fate had given him an opportunity of paying the ignoble debt.

As for Frederika, she could not stem the current of prejudice which had so cruelly set against her lover but with her whole soul she maintained her faith in his innocence. Her relatives had used authority to annul the engagement, but the girl secretly vowed that she would be the wife of no other man.

A year had passed. Josie Harte, whose marriage had been postponed because her infirm mother needed day and night a daughter's care, answered at last the inquiries of Miss Carnes, made a few weeks after the burial of Mrs. Harte, "I have fixed my wedding for this day fortnight."

"I wish you all happiness, my good Josie," said Frederika, with a smile and a sigh. "And now you will give me the pleasure to add a few trifles to your trousseau, since you were—ah, I do not forget it—so interested in mine."

Among the many useful gifts and the many not useful but quite pleasurable bits of finery that Miss Carnes pressed upon the acceptance of Josie Harte was a silk costume which for a twelvemonth had hung in the dark of a seldom-visited cedar closet.

"Do you know," said the sweet girl, "that I hardly like to give you this, and yet I will, hoping that time has taken from it whatever ill luck it had. For, Josie, this is the carriage dress I wore the day I lost all the happiness of my life. I felt that I ought to tell you this; but you need not be superstitious about it, for happy love makes all things right."

Josie accepted the gift, but not without a superstitious misgiving, with which she compromised by determining that she would alter the fashion of the costume at once.

The enterprising young undertaker, who, in spite of the solemnity of his trade, had found, as Josie said, his business "so good," and who was one of the sunniest-hearted beings in the world, encountered to last the "compensation" of his good times in the verified fact that "the course of true love did never yet run smooth."

The postponement of his marriage for a year, truly as he respected Josie's filial devotion, had occasioned him continued regret; and now, a fortnight before his wedding day, at the last moment, it seemed fate had a great trial in store for him.

One evening he noticed that Josie's manner showed unusual seriousness; but he "laughed it off," thinking, fondly, "when she is a married woman she shall have no care."

Just as he was about to close his visit, Josie said, "Robert, I want to speak to you about something."

"Speak away, darling," said her lover, possessing himself of what Harrison had called "that dear little hand," and quite content to listen.

"Robbie, you know I have two hundred dollars in the bank. It would have been more, but—"

"I know it, child," said Robert, relaxing slightly his clasp of the small hand.

"Well, dear," said Josie, speaking very quickly and softly, "I wanted to keep that money—or rather I meant to keep it—for a 'rainy day.' But now, all of a sudden, I want to spend it. And I want to spend it in a ridiculous way—at least you will think it is a ridiculous way, and I think so too, looking at it in one light. But never mind. Robbie, I want to cross the ocean—don't start so! that's nothing much nowadays—to cross the ocean, and come right back. Oh, right back, you may be sure, dear Robbie! But even that will defer our wedding day a little while. Hush. Don't say a word. You have good faith in me, Robert; you have shown that to me always, and without it, Heaven knows, you would not want me for your little wife, as *I shall be*, dearest. Well, on Saturday—and my passage is taken,—I am to sail. My heart is set upon it."

And on Saturday, Robert actually crying—"to a pity such uncommon things should be"—crying like a child upon the staunch wharf whence the jubilant-looking steam-ship departed—Josie "sailed."

A foggy night in London—a foggy night succeeding a foggy day, the fifteenth foggy night, succeeding fifteen foggy days. Very depressing to an American.

Edward Lovell, leaving his office late, and wearily wending his way to his lodgings, looked, this dismal night, oh, how much older than he looked a year ago! He had always been a thoughtful, he was now a sorrowful, man. His grief had told upon him. Those vague, deadly rumors—could any prosperity in business, any kindness, any admiration extended to him in his new field of career, ever dispel them? And Frederika—would her faith die at last of the slow poison?

Reaching his lodgings, Edward Lovell found a visitor awaiting him. "A young woman; a foreigner, I think, sir, very respectable like. She insisted on waiting, sir."

The young man did not recognize his visitor. She made herself known to him as the sewing-girl who worked for Miss Carnes. "Oh, do you not remember, sir?" she said. "Once you were so kind to me."

Then Josie Harte put into the hand of Edward Lovell a little object which she had found inclosed in a box pleat of a carriage dress, which "a fortnight before her wedding day" she had been remodelling.

A diamond ring—*the* diamond ring! Edward Lovell, strongly nerved man as he was, turned pale and staggered at the sight of it.

The day that Frederika Carnes, driving in the Park with her lover, showed him her ring, it slipped from his fingers, and lodged unseen in the open pleat of her skirt's goffered flouncing.

Josie Harte, the humble, obscure sewing-girl to whom Edward Lovell had shown a brief chivalric kindness, had crossed the ocean to put into his own hands the clew alike of his evil and good fortune.

"Take back this ring."

THE MORAL OF THE PELEW ISLANDERS.

Civilization sometimes reaches the corners of the earth, its garrets and cellars, so to speak, under strange guise. Thus, for instance, the Pelew Islands of the Caroline group have discovered what civilization means by the accident of having committed a piracy.

It appears that these light-hearted islanders one morning became aware of a small vessel wrecked upon their beautiful but inhospitable coast. The first man who saw it thought he would get to the prize before his neighbors, and made off to the beach with all his might; but he was discovered, and very soon the whole village was at his heels, men, women, children, pet goats, and all. There was the wreck, sure enough, and what with plunder and strange meats and drinks, the Pelew folk spent a very happy day indeed.

It was in vain that the crew tried to explain to the acquisitive natives that there was a considerable difference between "meum" and "tuum," and that it was not in good taste to loot a ship simply because it had been unfortunate. But the islanders were very indifferent to such matters of etiquette, and the head man, having heard the protest courteously to the end, replied by seizing the captain's sextant, and running off with it as a present for his elder wife. Piecemeal at first, but eventually wholesale, the wreck was plundered, and when the unsophisticated savages had comfortably distributed their ill-gotten gains among them, they sat down with the crew to palaver over the whole affair. Neither side understood the other, and as there were ten thousand of the Pelew people and only five of the crew, the balance of argument seemed to the audience very much in favor of the former.

From a moral point of view, of course, the seamen had the stronger position; but, after all, it is not easy to convince a savage with a long knife in his waist-belt that he is not behaving in a seemly manner in wearing other people's clothes without their permission. The result, therefore, was that the Europeans made no impression at all upon the islanders, but, on the contrary, were given to understand that it was a fortunate thing for them that they had brought with them sufficient to pay their expenses while on the island, and the fine which they had incurred for trespassing without permission on the Pelew group of the Caroline Islands. Otherwise they might have been made "long pig" of, and served up cold with salads.

Time passed. The seamen were taken off by a passing ship, and the islanders had given over talking about their great windfall. The captain's telescope, having served the head man for a truncheon for a long time, had got so twisted and battered that no one cared much about it; the crew's kit had been taken to pieces, and made up again to suit Pelew fashions; the sails and bunting had found their destinies in a variety of small useful household ways, and a good deal of ship's furniture had settled down in one place or another as ornaments or appurtenances of the various huts. The old order of things, in fact, had been completely re-established, and the episode of those absurdly talkative strangers who had drifted sideways on to the island in a leaky boat, and had been so fussy about the appropriation of their effects, had passed into a tradition remembered only by the material vestiges of the visit, such as the binnacle cup and a few life-buoys which met the eye here and there.

Their surprise, therefore, may be imagined when, ever so long afterward, another ship appeared in sight off their coast; but instead of drifting, as the other had done, log-fashion on to the beach, it anchored in the offing, and a boat approached the coast in a regular manner. A number of persons, ferociously armed, stepped out of the boat, and, as they had brought an interpreter, the astonished natives soon learned that they were to restore all the articles they had taken, or else to make them good in other ways.

A palaver was at once organized, and whether it was owing to the arms which the seamen carried or the strong language which they used, the Pelew men came at last to have a glimmering of "civilization." In vain did they protest that they had eaten all the ship's stores, burned up all its wood, cut up its canvas into canoe mats, and otherwise sequestrated the appointments of the vessel to their own uses.

The battered telescope was found stuck up on a little mound, where it had been established in a more or less clandestine way as a domestic fetich, and the binnacle hood was recovered from the medicine-man, who had been in the habit of taking very satisfactory auguries therefrom. The boatswain's Sunday shore trousers were reconstituted from scattered fragments which had hitherto been doing duty as head-dresses for the village magnates, and the captain's charts were dug up from the spot where the cautious medicine-man had advised them it would be best to bury such dangerous things. When, however, all they could find was collected together, it did not represent by a considerable interval the fittings and contents of a bark, and the savages therefore found themselves, for the first time in their lives, confronted with a "bill to pay."

They knew nothing of arithmetic, and still less of equity; but they soon understood what was meant when the seamen explained the equivalent of eight hundred pounds, the sum to which they assessed their losses by the plundering. At first they suggested spreading the debt over a number of installments, and paying it in lemons. But this idea was scouted.

They next suggested goats as a way out of the difficulty, and then added cocoa-nuts. Yet all their lemons, goats, and cocoa-nuts did not make the sum demanded, so they went out sadly into the island to see what they could put together to satisfy these terribly civilized white men. It was not much that they found—a wilderness of fowls, bananas innumerable, bread-fruit, sugar-cane, and melons. The sea was full of fish, the beach strewn with beautiful shells, the trees laden with tropical fruits. So they came back to report results.

Their reception was not encouraging at first, for an indemnity in chickens, lemons, and shells did not meet the views of the plundered crew. At last a bargain was struck, and the melancholy islanders went about their ways, collecting the payment of the penalty which they had incurred. Such days the Pelew Islands had never seen. Every savage was busy rummaging his house and garden for something to add to the public fund, and by putting in their weapons, canoes, horns, and spices, they managed to make up among them enough to content the claimants. Then the ship sailed away again, leaving the Pelew Islanders to their own reflections in their depleted huts.

It is difficult to put these reflections before ourselves, for the islanders had never probably until then had any idea conveyed to them as to the meaning of justice. On more than one occasion previously crews had come to their shores, and had never gone away, and nothing had been ever said of them by anybody.

But now, simply because they had allowed the strangers to depart instead of burying them comfortably in the middle of a melon bed, a number of armed men had returned and carried off in revenge everything that the islanders possessed! The equity of this must have been very difficult for the simple barbarians to understand, and we may depend upon it that the next time a boat is found upon their coast, the crew, if it has any, will be treated in a manner more conducive to the islanders' interests than their predecessors.

On the side of the savages there is much to be said, for they were a peaceable folk, living innocently upon the fish that swarmed in the lagoons, the fowls that overran the villages, and the bread-fruit, bananas, cocoa-nuts, and sugar-cane that flourished so luxuriantly on the island. So far from troubling any one, they seldom even troubled themselves. Expert as fishermen, they had ample supplies of wholesome food, while the women, admirable agriculturists, practically kept the sequence of fruit and vegetable crops in perfect order. No one could possibly be in want or cold. Their needs were few, and all were abundantly supplied, while being of a lazy, full-fed kind, they seldom had any agitation among themselves to excite them to effort.

In this contented, luxurious life they might have lived to the end of their days if it had not been for the unlucky accident of a bark, either from bad seamanship or from being unseaworthy, getting itself wrecked on their coast, and their own want of forethought in allowing the men on board to leave the island. But the lesson will never probably be forgotten that it does not do

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for savages to dabble in civilization. They must either be complete Christian, and leave wrecks alone when they see them lying about, or else they must be utter savages, and bury the strangers deep in the ground before dividing the wreckage among themselves. This half-and-half civilization that plunders a ship, and then sees its owners safe off to go and collect friends and come back with ruinous demands, can do no good to anybody.

AT THE GARDEN GATE.

"Come and unbar the garden gate,
My hands are full of gathered flowers,"
Sang blithesome Kate, as the polished sky
Was fading out 'mid evening hours.
A welcome song as my listening ear,
From prattling, pretty, winsome Kate;
So I hurried o'er the well worn path
That wound along by the garden gate.

A cloud of fragrant apple blooms
Was hung so closely overhead
That even sly eavesdropping birds
Could not make out a word as said,
Nor make a note of what was done
By bashful swain and blushing Kate,
And both have kept the secret well—
Those happenings at the garden gate.

Bright roses bloomed as Katie's cheeks,
While fading sunlight bathed her hair;
A merry twinkle filled her eyes;
Her lips—well, kisses nestled there.
I drew the bar and cleared the way,
That she might pass, my bonnie Kate;
But toll was claimed, she paid; and I
Returned it all at the garden gate.

Long years have rolled away since then,
And we have lived and loved together,
Sometimes in sun, sometimes in shade,
Unmindful of the wind or weather
Each year, when comes the apple blooms,
At eve I go with my darling Kate,
And on each anniversary day
Take toll anew at the garden gate.

CLARK W. BRYAN.

CHICAGO.

The interior of the Exposition Building at Chicago has been re-arranged since the meeting of the Republican Convention, and the Democrats gathered there this week will have the benefit of more convenient accommodations. The platform for the chairman and other officers of the Convention is better placed for the speakers, and there are other changes suggested by the experience of the former Conventions.

On our opening pages we give a new view of the Exposition Building, and sketches of other places and objects of interest in and about the city. Chicago is justly proud of its Lincoln Park, which, although it lacks the natural attractions of the Brooklyn and Philadelphia parks, is laid out with great taste, and kept in perfect order; and in no other American city are there more beautiful residence streets.

THE STATUE OF "LIBERTY."

THE position selected for the great statue as its pedestal is the centre of the parade of old Fort Wood on Bedloe's Island. This is a star-shaped fort, with high granite scarp walls, and forms a beautiful and grand setting for the pedestal. This position required that that base of the pedestal proper designed by the architect in chief (Mr. Richard M. Hunt, of this city) should be elevated at least twenty feet above the crest of the parapet wall.

To meet the requirements of height and solidity, General C. P. Stone, the engineer in chief, designed the foundation mass as it stands to-day, completed, and has constructed it in one great artificial stone. The sandy loam of which the surface ground is composed was excavated to the depth of fifteen feet, when a compact soil was reached composed of a reddish-colored gravel mixed with clay and small bowlders. Borings executed in the subsoil proved that this soil continued to the depth of thirty-five feet before rock was reached, and no layers of soft or running material were found.

The great monolith which forms the foundation mass, of which we give an engraving on page 452, is composed of *beton*, a mixture of cement, sand, and broken trap-rock mixed in layers of six inches thickness. The form was maintained by heavy plank moulds, a portion of which have been removed. The weight of this great stone is about 23,500 tons.

The dimensions of this great block are as follows: The base is *ninety-one feet* square. The upper surface, which is to receive the base of the pedestal, is *sixty-seven feet* square. The total height is *fifty-two feet, ten inches*. Two arched passages run through the mass, at right angles to each other, on the level of the parade. These passages are ten feet wide, and seven feet high on the springing lines of the arches, which have a rise of two feet. In the centre of the mass there is a vertical shaft ten feet square, in which a staircase will be constructed by which one can mount from the level of the parade to the interior shaft of the pedestal proper. It is proposed that an elevator shall be placed in the shaft of the pedestal, by means of which one can rise up into the statue itself, and a smaller elevator inside the statue will give access to the head, in which forty men can stand together.

The pedestal will be constructed of granite from Leete's Island, Connecticut. The quarrying and dressing of the stone is now in rapid progress, the stones of the first two courses, and some more, being already quarried and dressed ready for transportation to the island.

Mr. D. H. Kene, Jun., the official builder of the committee, is now preparing the plant necessary for the masonry construction, and has promised to have the first course laid, ready for the formal ceremony of "laying the corner-stone," by the first day of August next. The work will be prosecuted under the supervision of General Stone, the engineer in chief.

The walls of the pedestal will be seventeen feet thick on the base, and seven feet thick on the top, the height to be one hundred and seventeen feet. The exterior of these walls will be of granite, while the interior backing will be of artificial stone of the best quality. Spaces will be prepared in the lower portion of the pedestal for the display of the shields of the various States of the Union, while the shields of the United States and France will be displayed over the entrance.

Should funds be in hand, the pedestal can be finished and ready for the statue by the end of October of this year.

THE CHARACTER OF PORTUGUESE RULE

THE Portuguese race has unquestionably filled a most distinguished part in the world. At the period of which we write it had gloriously recovered its national independence, and was renowned alike for its splendid literature, its famous geographical discoveries—more especially those of Bartholomew Diaz, Vasco da Gama, Cabral, and Magalhaens—and its magnificent colonial possessions in the East as well as in the West; and that the race has not had all its energy is proved by such exploits of the present day as those of Serpa Pinto and others. But in two respects, as until to-day as two centuries ago, the same race is less honorably remarkable, namely, in addiction to the more superstitious adjuncts of Catholicism, such as worship of images, belief in every-day miracles, etc., and in addiction to every form of the slave-trade. The former may be considered as indication of puerile ignorance; the latter is a national disgrace.

There seems, indeed, something peculiarly ingrained in the Portuguese race which makes them take to slave-dealing and slave-hunting as naturally as greyhounds take to chasing hares; and this observation applies not to one section of the race alone, but to Portuguese wherever they are to be found beyond the reach of European law. No modern race can be cited as slave-hunters within memorable distance of the Portuguese. Their exploits in this respect are written in the annals not only of the whole coast of Brazil, from Para to Uruguay and along the Missions of Paraguay, not only on the coast of Angola, but throughout the interior of Africa. We meet with up the journals of one traveller after another, of Burton, of Livingstone, of Stanley, or of Cameron, and to whatever respect their accounts and opinions may differ, on one point they are one and all entirely agreed, namely, as to the peerless and remorseless activity of the ubiquitous Portuguese slave-catcher.

Nor does the existence of the Portuguese race as pioneers on the slave market end at the Dark Continent. In India, it is true, their activity in this respect is restrained by the presence of a paramount power; but further east their national character has found ample scope for its development. In the nineteenth century a Christian country of Europe has shown an example to such nations as China and Japan by maintaining at Macao an emporium of coolies destined for Peru and elsewhere, and sent out under conditions differing from those of slavery in name alone, and the records of which traffic are a pendant to those of "the middle passage." Finally, a branch of the Portuguese race has at this moment the unenviable distinction of possessing the only civilized country in which slavery is acknowledged by law.

FOLK-LORE OF COLORS.

AT a memorable convention of sorcerers, held in the year 1590, it is related that the light of a candle "apperit blue." Shakespeare too, it may be remembered, alludes to this superstition in *Richard III.* (Act. V., Scene 3):

"The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight;
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh . . .
Methought the souls of all that I had murdered
Came to my tent."

So, in *Julius Cæsar* (Act IV., Scene 3), Brutus, on seeing the ghost of Cæsar, exclaims:

"How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?"

This, however, was not the only way in which blue was supposed to be associated with evil. Dalyell, in his *Darker Superstitions of Scotland* (1834, p. 110), alluding to the theory that malevolent acts were effected by means of a thread, relates how a certain lady, having dismissed one of her servants, was the victim of the following malicious treatment. It appears that on leaving his situation the servant forthwith invoked the aid of a sorceress, who gave him a "blue thread," which he laid before the house of his late mistress, the result being that in a very short time she and her eldest daughter "took sudden sickness, and were both bereft of their natural life thereby."

Green has generally been regarded as an ominous color, and on this account is unpopular in Scotland at weddings; one reason assigned being that it is the fairies' color, who resent as a mark of disrespect its use by mortals. Hence nothing green must ever make its appearance at a Scotch marriage—a custom which is so strictly adhered to that even kale and all other green vegetables are very carefully excluded from the nuptial feast. This antipathy to green does not seem confined, however, to Scotland, being found in the south of England. Thus Mrs. Latham, in her *West Sussex Superstitions*, says she has heard "several instances of mothers absolutely forbidding it in articles of dress, or in the furniture of their houses." To be dressed in green and white, too, would, according to the popular rhyme, seem to be tantamount to wearing the million, for

"Those dressed in blue
Have lovers true;
In green and white,
Forsaken quite."

On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that green eyes have been praised by poets of nearly every land; and according to Aramdo, in *Love's Labor's Lost* (Act I., Scene 2), "green, indeed, is the color of lovers"; and the Nurse, in her description of Romeo's rival (*Romeo and Juliet*, Act III., Scene 5), says,

"An eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath."

It has been suggested that as green is the color most suggestive of freshness and spring-time, it may have been considered the most appropriate lover's badge.

Again, black is a mystical color, being generally found in combination with witchcraft; persons supposed to possess the faculty of transforming themselves nearly always adopt the shape of a black dog, a black cat, or some animal of a kindred color, illustrations of which may be found in the folk-lore of most countries. It is easy to discover why this should be so when we remember that black, from a very early period, has been reckoned as the type of darkness, which again has been held to be the embodiment of evil.

Thus, even among uncultured tribes, black victims are offered to demons, and in certain parts of Africa a black offering is the recognized propitiatory oblation on any important occasion. Clapperton, in his *Journal of a Second Expedition into the Interior of Africa*, tells us how, in a province on the east of the Niger, the inhabitants offer no animal sacrifice of a black bull, a black sheep, and a black dog on a high hill. Among other instances may be mentioned one in Tartary, where, Marco Polo informs us, sheep with black heads were granted by the Khan for sacrifice.

From the association of black with darkness may be traced the custom of using this color as an emblem of mourning, for, as Mr. Dalyell has rightly observed, "blackness is darkness, the place or picture of sorrow—the absence of joy and pleasure." To the same reason, also, may be assigned that ill luck associated with black which in a variety of ways is witnessed in every-day life. It is a common saying in Scotland, for instance, when a man is ill and not likely to recover, or when he has lost one of his family or kindred by death, "The black ox has trampled upon him." To quote another example: we are told that in Sussex it is considered unlucky to take a piece of blackthorn in blossom into a house, this being regarded as a death-omen.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

It has been ascertained that one-fourth of the population of Massachusetts consists of foreigners, and that another fourth part is of persons of foreign parentage. Descendants from old Massachusetts stock recognize the fact that the Commonwealth is a good State as hail from.

One of the East River Bridge towers is to be used as a Coast Survey station. A copper rod an inch in diameter, planted in the masonry, will serve as a tripod for holding the instruments. The most distant station visible from that point will be the one at Roslyn.

"The iron-mongers," says a commercial review, "report American pig without animation." If the iron-mongers could see a genuine Florida shoat, they would revise their report.

In Philadelphia the hostess are not on strike. The hosters ought to hold not well.

At considerable labor and expense a rather rare plant was introduced in the carp ponds of the Fish Commission at Washington, under the impression that it was excellent food for the young carp. The astounding discovery has just been made that the young carp are excellent food for the plant. It is known as the great bladderwort, on the floating leaves of which grow small bladders that entrap the young fry.

In the heat of this political strife somebody halts an inquiry, "Why does the President wear a white hat?" In any other than a Presidential year the public would be satisfied with the explanation that he wears a white hat to protect his head.

Mexican outlaws were a few months ahead of Mexican law makers in levying upon the capital which has been invested in railroads there by foreign capitalists. But it looks as if the governments would soon outdo the bandits in preparing expensive annoyances for the railroad interests to meet. The proposal to require that the roads shall be fenced on both sides through the wastes of that country is bad enough, but it is not so ridiculous as the appointment of a government inspector of railroads, who is to "supervise and regulate" matters of which it is impossible that he can have any knowledge.

It turns out that the infernal machine found in the baggage of Patrick Joyce, a bareback of O'Donovan Rossa's mild-eyed disciple, was a very carefully put-up drop of the real old creature. Patrick was not going to trust it to an ordinary dynamiter to the perils of an ocean voyage, so he put it into a strong glass tube, and packed the tube in a box made to hold it. The cable does not say whether the British government gave the whiskey back to Patrick. If it was not given back, the incident may have a powerful effect on keeping Irish-Americans away from English territory.

If anybody fancies that all New York has fled to the sea-shore and the mountains, let him go back into the dining-room of an up-town flat for a cool and quiet afternoon with his book.

In the new Dakota city of Chamberlain a circular was distributed a week prior to Independence day, setting forth that at the close of the reading of the Declaration of Independence and the other exercises six horse-thieves would be hanged in the grove adjacent to the city. The circular was signed "Vigilantes." As it was known that the six horse-thieves had not been selected, the circular occasioned some considerable uneasiness in Chamberlain society, and it was predicted that the only man besides the Vigilantes so venture near the grove on the day in question would be the clergyman who was to utter the oration. The telegraph, at the time of writing this, has not brought anything further concerning the observance of the day.

Many men were surprised when they learned from reports of a court case recently tried in this city that the barber is among the persons who must be "tipped" before they will do honest service. The barber, it seems, has the advantage of all the others in his ability to inflict punishment upon those who do not tip him. When a man has frequently occupied his chair, and has paid only the keeper of the shop, the journeyman barber can elevate the heel of his razor and scrape the face of his victim in such a way that within an hour after quitting the shop it will be a sight to behold, and something terrible to endure. The hotel or restaurant waiter, on the other hand, can not safely do more than disgrace one of his dinner if he suspects that he is not to be tipped.

The city of Louisville has changed back from standard to local time. The principal reason seems to be that the Mayor ordered that the city clock be set to standard time without authority from the City Council.

A writer in the Boston *Advertiser* treats of the effect of excessive lawn tennis playing upon the physical well being of American girls, and mentions the case of a young creature, "fair as Aurora and graceful as Hebe," who has been transformed into "a spare, angular maiden" by too much devotion to the delights of the tennis court. This is a matter worthy of the profoundest attention of medical men. Until the subject has been thus investigated it is not judicious to accept the prevalence of spare and angular maidens in Boston as proof that lawn tennis is fatal to feminine loveliness. The east wind, the indigestible bean, and the contiguity of the Concord School of Philosophy, and other things, are to be considered.

On the night of the recent June storm only two persons crossed the East River Bridge between midnight and 6 A.M. One of them was drunk, and the guards didn't find out what was the matter with the other.

In India the employés of the railway companies do not act even in emergencies without orders from head-quarters. A Calcutta paper tells of a station agent who telegraphed as follows to his superior: "Train just due. Tiger jumping about the platform. Please telegraph orders."

Natural gas which had escaped from a pipe and forced its way through loose earth into a stable in Pittsburgh exploded, with disastrous results, when a hostler entered with a lighted candle. A manufacturer in that city, speaking of the occurrence, said, "Unless some safer method of transportation is invented, we will literally be living on the top of a slumbering volcano."

The result of the "variety race" seems to prove that for college boys the so-called English stroke is the thing. Not long ago a crew came out of the Northwest, and seemed to prove that, for them at least, the "gather" stroke was the best. Whatever differences of opinion there may be as to the merits of the various styles of rowing, there is no doubt that there is much in proper training, and in doing all the quarreling before beginning to practice on the water.

It was a weighty question which the Tammany Committee on Organization was called together to decide a week before the Democratic National Convention. A dealer in hats had offered to equip the Tammany contingent with straw helmets free of cost, and the question before the committee was whether Tammany should accept the offer, and go to Chicago in the dual capacity of convention heelers and perambulating advertisements of a hat store, or should pay for the necessary head-gear. After sitting on the hats for some time, the committee decided to not accept the bounty of the hat-maker, and Tammany's four or five hundred representatives, more or less, went to Chicago in other cheap white hats of uniform build, which had to be bought. This decision added some little to the burdens of the place-holders, very many of whom go to Chicago as a matter of necessity, and not of their own accord. The railway fare is twenty-five dollars, and it is estimated that the additional cost in each case who is inclined to economize is about seventy-five dollars—to say nothing of the cost of a special hat. If a place-holder should not go to the National Convention, or should go in a hat of a pattern other than that decided upon by the committee, how could he have the face to appear again before the voters of his Assembly district as a whooper-up of enthusiasm?

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ALLAN PINKERTON, DETECTIVE.

Few lives have been as crowded with exciting incidents as ALLAN PINKERTON'S, the famous detective, who died at Chicago last week. Even before he became a detective he had gone through the political excitement of the Chartist movement in Glasgow, his native city; and since he made the forwarding out of crime a profession his name has been identified with much of the most stirring and brilliant detective work done in this country. His reputation was not fictitious. It had solid reasoning and hard work for a basis.

PINKERTON may be said to have inherited his police instincts, for his father was a sergeant of police in Glasgow. In 1827, when ALLAN was nine years old, Sergeant PINKERTON died of injuries received during a struggle with a prisoner. ALLAN found employment in the print-works of NEIL MCLEAN, who is still residing in Glasgow. Subsequently he learned the cooper's trade. At nineteen he was carried along with the Chartist excitement. When the movement was put down by the government, ALLAN, hearing that he was in danger of being prosecuted for seditious conduct, married his betrothed, JOAN CARSAL, and sailed for this country with her.

This was in 1842. They were shipwrecked, but rescued, and landed at Quebec. The young couple drifted to Montreal and Toronto, and finally made their way to Chicago by the great lakes. Here JOHN ADDERSON, the tobacconist, found employment for him in a brewery. But ALLAN, finding wages small, moved to Dundee, Kane County, where he set up a cooperage. He was successful almost from the very start. And now occurred the chance incident which shaped his career—he found his opportunity, and turned it to the best account. Money was pretty tight in Illinois in those days, and checks on certain well-known moneyed institutions were circulated in lieu thereof. Those of the Milwaukee Fire Insurance Company were poorly engraved and easily counterfeited, and large numbers of spurious checks were put in circulation by a gang of counterfeiters. PINKERTON was one of the sufferers by those. He was in the habit of visiting a group of little islands in the Fox River to obtain materials for his stock. One day by the merest accident he stumbled on a counterfeiters' plant on one of the islands. He kept careful watch, managed to identify the leaders, and then, with such assistance as he could obtain, proceeded to break up the gang. He had several desperate encounters, in which he was twice shot, but finally ran the gang down. He carried into that first detective job the maxim that guided him in everything he undertook, viz., whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

THE LATE ALLAN PINKERTON.

This exploit earned him considerable local reputation, and he was made a deputy-sheriff for Kane County. He entered upon his new pursuits with a zest and a success which soon procured for him an appointment in the more important office of deputy to WILLIAM A. CURTIS, of Chicago, the sheriff of Cook County. After serving under CURTIS and his successor, he was appointed on the city detective force. A brief experience here showed him the evil effects of carrying on a detective system under the control of a semi-political head like an American municipal police force. He saw the feasibility of establishing an independent detective bureau, and in 1852, at Chicago, "PINKERTON'S Detective Agency" swung out its first sign. Some half-dozen men were employed at the start. Two of these were GEORGE H. BANGS, who died last year, having risen to be superintendent of the system, and THOMAS WEBSTER, who was hung as a Union spy in Richmond during the war. PINKERTON'S system is very different from that in vogue in our municipal force. The detectives of the latter are all known to the criminals, and probably more carefully watched by the criminals than the criminals are by them. In the PINKERTON system the detectives are skillfully disguised, there being full sets of costumes in each branch office.

PINKERTON'S success was in a great measure due to his stubborn adherence to several rules he originated as cardinal. In the first place, he laid it down as a maxim that a criminal can not keep a secret. He has to tell it to some one, sooner or later, and PINKERTON trained his men to be that some one. He also made it a rule to employ honest, reliable men. He had the utmost contempt for the practice of setting a thief to catch a thief. Never once he never took a job on commission. The work done through his agency, whether successful or not, was charged for at unvarying prices. Divorce cases and matters involving family scandals he never touched.

Conducted on a system which was as novel to this country as it was practical, the agency was bound to succeed. PINKERTON was a cordial protector of the slaves. A warm friend of JOHN BROWN, he readily gave all his skilled assistance to the operations of the famous "underground railroad." In 1850 he formed, as an adjunct to his agency, the Merchants' Police of Chicago. Among his first notable cases was the Adams Express robbery at Montgomery, Alabama. The agency fastened the crime on MAGNEY, the company's agent. Dashing female detectives were employed to worm the secret out of MAGNEY, and dashing male detectives to worm it out of his wife. PINKERTON captured the train wreckers ARTHUR STUART BYRON, an illegitimate son of Lord BYRON, and NAPIER, a nephew of the English admiral. LINCOLN'S deviation of his intended route to Washington at the time of his inauguration was due to a discovery by PINKERTON of a plot to assassinate the President in Baltimore. The detective was put in command of the government secret service during the war.

He did not succeed in breaking up the JAMES gang, but always claimed he would have succeeded if he had been aided as Governor CRITTENDEN aided others. The breaking up of the Molly Maguire brotherhood, of the Reno and Anderson gang, and the capture of the Northampton Bank robbers, are among his most brilliant exploits. He took great pleasure in a farm near Chicago, and much of his leisure time was spent in writing his detective experiences.

The system he founded will survive him. His sons "Bob" PINKERTON and WILLIAM A. are brilliant detectives, trained in their father's methods. Of late years the agency has been extended to Europe. This was done with a view to getting business from Americans travelling in Europe. It has proved successful, and will doubtless be still further extended.

THE HON. S. E. PINGREE.

Colonel SAMUEL E. PINGREE, Republican candidate for Governor of Vermont, was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, August 2, 1832. His father was a well-to-do business man, and gave his son the usual schooling advantages of the times, principally the district schools.

Young PINGREE, being interested in books, gave himself a sort of fitting for college by studying at odd times, and finally arranged for one or two terms at a high school. Notwithstanding this limited preparation, he entered Dartmouth College in advance, at the age of twenty-one, and graduated in the class of '57. Soon after graduating he studied law with Hon. A. P. HUNTON, of Randolph, Vermont, and settled in Hartford, where he opened a law office.

When the war broke out he recruited a company and went to the front, going into the war a lieutenant, and coming out a lieutenant-colonel. After the close of the war he returned to Hartford, resuming his law business with success.

He has little ambition for politics, but was chosen delegate to the Chicago Convention in 1868, which first nominated GRANT. In 1882 he was, unexpectedly to himself and to the Convention, nominated for Lieutenant Governor of Vermont, to which office he was elected, and has now received the nomination to the Governorship, to which he will be triumphantly elected this fall, as a Republican nomination in Vermont is equivalent to an election. Colonel PINGREE is a man of very modest temperament, and has never by word or deed taken the least part in his nomination, and will carry to the Governor's chair a dignity and moral worth which will be an honor to that stanch old commonwealth.

THE HON. ISAAC P. GRAY, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF INDIANA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. H. PORTER.—(See Page 457.)

THE HON. S. E. PINGREE, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF VERMONT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY HARLOW.

THE GARFIELD MONUMENT.

Before preparing the design submitted by the successful architect, he visited the site of the proposed monument, and became convinced that a monument on such a mass, erected on so commanding a position, should partake somewhat of the character of him to whose memory it is to be built; that it should stand as grandly prominent in the landscape as General GARFIELD did in the estimation and affection, not only of his own country, but of the whole world. The career of GARFIELD might aptly be compared to the building of a tower, its foundations bedded in solid rock, and gradually growing, step by step, till it stands forth, rounded and complete, high above the surrounding country. Adopting the tower, therefore, which is one of the oldest of monumental forms, for the form of a monument to GARFIELD, the carved and sculptured tomb itself is made the principal object of the memorial, around which all the interest of the design is centred. The tower rises from broad terraces which are reached by wide-spreading steps, forming a dignified approach to the monument. A projecting porch at the base of the tower contains a vestibule, on one side of which is placed the keeper's office, and on the other a room for visitors' register and for the reception of interesting relics. The vestibule leads into a round, vaulted chamber, the stone domical roof of which is carried on eight massive polished granite columns arranged in a circle around the sculptured tomb which occupies the centre of the chamber. The capitals of the columns and the moulded arches between are richly carved. The pavement is tiled in harmonious colors and design, and the whole is lighted by richly mullioned windows, which throw a subdued light on the tomb. An aisle or ambulatory outside of the columns surrounds the chamber, the side wall of which is decorated with niches for the reception of statues or vases of flowers, and window-seats are formed between the jambs of the mullioned windows. A spiral staircase of stone leads from this ambulatory to the top of the tower, so constructed that in ascending the tower it winds around the tomb below. In making one revolution of the tower there are four flights of stairs, and a landing is provided at the foot of each flight, lighted by triple windows, from which a view of the landscape can be had. At the level D (see section) the spiral staircase opens on a wide gallery, from which the surrounding country can be viewed, and at the still higher level E a more commanding view can be obtained.

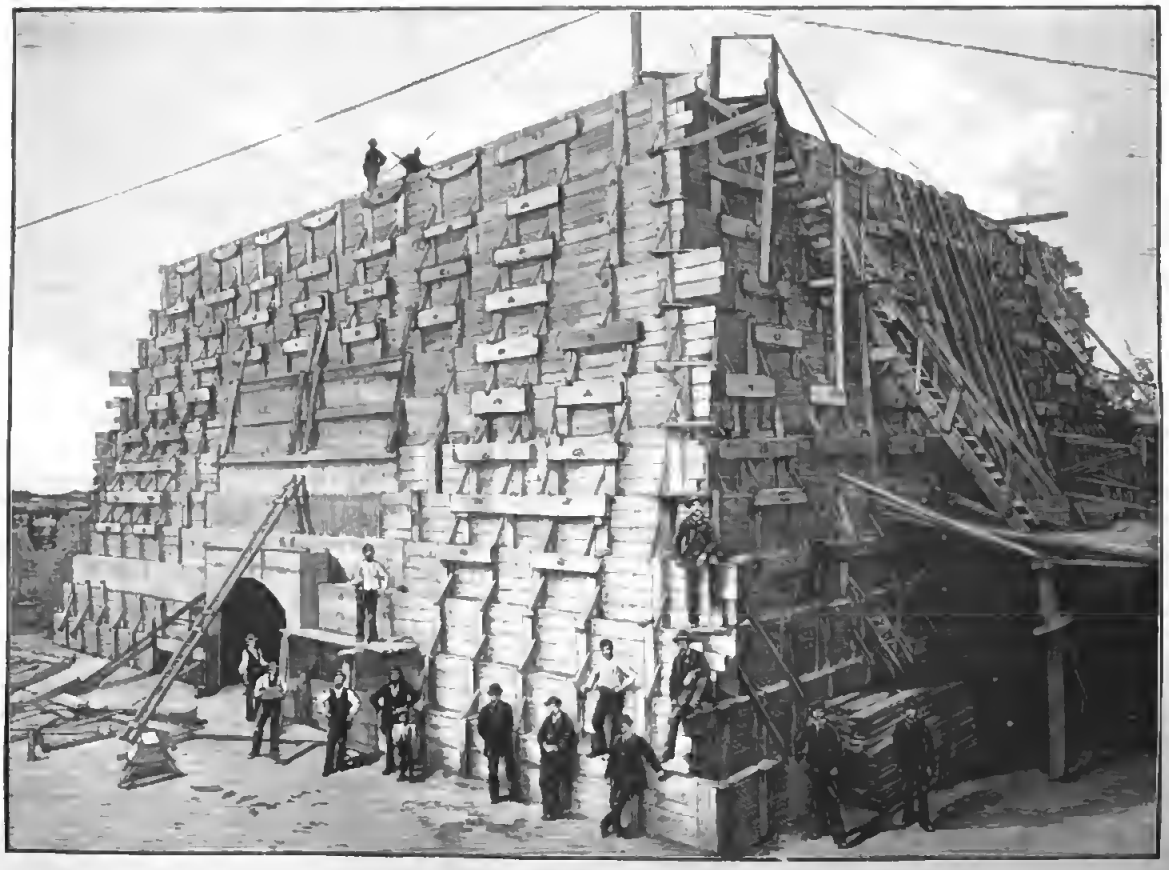
On the outside of the monument, above the deeply recessed portal, is a band or frieze of sculpture six feet in height, extending entirely around the base of the tower, and within easy view from the ground.

It is divided into panels containing bas reliefs which represent in a graphic manner the career of GARFIELD as an educator, a soldier, and a statesman, the long and anxious waiting and watching of the world over his death bed, and the remarkable funeral procession from Elberon to Cleveland. The cornice of the tower bears between the corbels the arms of the different States of the Union.

The remains of the deceased President are inclosed in a crypt built below the level of the chamber, and immediately under the carved tomb. Vaults for his family are provided back of the chamber, occupying the space between two of the bays.

The printed circular inviting designs gave the materials of the monument are to be granite and bronze. This design could be executed of such

THE PROPOSED NATIONAL MONUMENT TO GARFIELD.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. C. HOOPER FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DESIGN.



THE FOUNDATION MASS FOR THE STATUE OF "LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 461.]

materials, but for a monument of this magnitude other materials might be chosen which would be as suitable and durable, and probably more satisfactory in an artistic point of view. As a suggestion, I would advise Ohio stone for the structural part of the design, in connection with buff-colored terra-cotta for the frieze of sculpture which runs around the base of the tower. The terra-cotta proposed to be used is the color of Ohio stone, and a sample of it accompanies this design.

There is nothing more durable or suitable for the purpose than terra cotta, and in that connection a copy of a letter received from Quartermaster-General M. C. Meigs, U.S.A., whose long experience and judgment are entitled to the greatest respect, is appended. The chamber containing the tomb should be executed of the richest materials for the most artistic architectural effect, and the statue of Garfield should be either of bronze or marble, and represented seated or standing on a pedestal, or as suggested in the design.

THE MAHDI IDEA.

Though the Mahdi idea was originally a Persian or Shiyite doctrine, it soon spread to the Moslems of other nationalities and denominations, and consequently Mahdis have at different periods appeared in nearly every part of the Mussulman world. In Turkish history there have been several, but none of them obtained much popular support, and they were all arrested and executed without difficulty. The Turks, being naturally realistic and little disposed to religious mysticism, do not readily adopt an idea of the kind, and their traditional devotion to the dynasty of Osman makes them look with suspicion on all sorts of pretenders. The Persian, Arab, Berber, and negro populations of the empire are much more liable to be seduced from their allegiance, especially the Arabs, who regard the Turks as barbarians, and who would willingly free themselves from Turkish domination.

In all ages it has been assumed that the Mahdi would have both a political and religious mission—that he would be at once a political deliverer and a religious reformer. During the existence of the Caliphate as a great empire the tyrants who were to be overthrown were the Ommeyad and Abbasside dynasties, and the Deliverer was to be of the disinherited family of Ali, but these original conceptions have in the course of time been considerably modified by external conditions. There are no longer Ommeyads and Abbassides, but there are still tyrants in Islam, and Islam as a whole is now threatened by aggressive Christendom. A modern Mahdi, therefore, need not necessarily be a descendant of Ali, and he need not attempt to prove that he is a reincarnated Imam. All he requires to do is to put himself forward as a prophet whose mission it is to free Islam from external enemies and re-establish pure primitive faith.

It is in this sense, so far as we know, that the present chief of the Soudan insurrection professes to be the Mahdi. Not being surrounded by Persians, who are the only population of the Ottoman Empire capable of adopting and assimilating Mahdiism as an abstract mystical doctrine, he is not obliged to prove that in a previous terrestrial existence he was one of the legitimate Imams.

The simple people of the Soudan probably never heard of Ali, of Mohammed Ibn Hanafiya, of Djaffer Sadyk, of Ismail, of Moussa, or of the twelfth Imam. It is enough for them to know that Allah has sent a prophet and a deliverer who is to drive unbelievers and tax-gatherers out of the country, and to give his followers abundance of opportunities for obtaining plunder. So long as he continues to accomplish successfully that holy mission, his pretensions to being something more than an ordinary mortal will not be too closely scrutinized, and the *fetwahs* of learned sheiks in Cairo, Mecca, or elsewhere, declaring him to be an impostor, will produce very little effect upon his followers. The followers, on their part, need not know anything of the early history of Islam, or be capable of understanding Pantheistic doctrines. All they require is to be brave and enduring, and to be capable of a certain enthusiasm for the cause which they have espoused. That they possess these requisites in a very high degree they have abundantly proved in recent battles.

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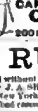
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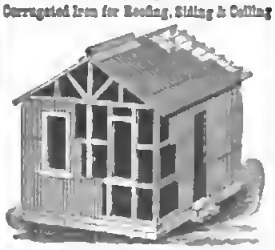

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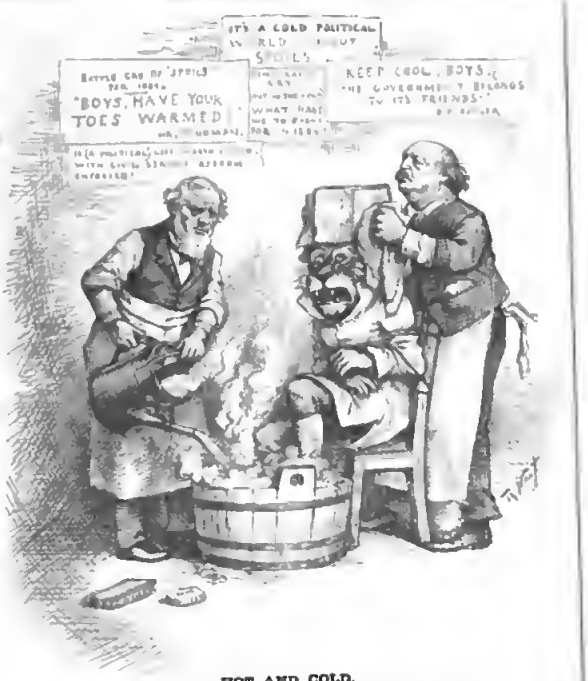

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GROVER CLEVELAND.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. J. BAKER.—[SEE PAGE 455.]

For President,

GROVER CLEVELAND, OF NEW YORK.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1884.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

THE nomination of Governor CLEVELAND defines sharply the actual issue of the Presidential election of this year. He is a man whose absolute official integrity has never been questioned, who has no laborious and doubtful explanations to undertake, and who is universally known as the Governor of New York elected by an unprecedented majority which was not partisan, and represented both the votes and the consent of an enormous body of Republicans, and who as the Chief Executive of the State has steadily withstood the blandishments and the threats of the worst elements of his party, and has justly earned the reputation of a courageous, independent, and efficient friend and promoter of administrative reform. His name has become that of the especial representative among our public men of the integrity, purity, and economy of administration which are the objects of the most intelligent and patriotic citizens. The bitter and furious hostility of Tammany Hall and of General BUTLER to Governor CLEVELAND is his passport to the confidence of good men, and the general conviction that Tammany will do all that it can to defeat him will be an additional incentive to the voters who can not support Mr. BLAINE, and who are unwilling not to vote at all, to secure the election of a candidate whom the political cings and the party traders instinctively hate and unitedly oppose.

So firm and "clean" and independent in his high office has Governor CLEVELAND shown himself to be, that he is denounced as not being a Democrat by his Democratic opponents. This denunciation springs from the fact that he has not hesitated to prefer the public welfare to the mere interest of his party. Last autumn, when the Democratic district attorney of Queens County was charged with misconduct, the Governor heard the accusation and the defense, and decided that it was his duty to remove the officer. He was asked by his party friends to defer the removal until after the election, as otherwise the party would lose the district by the opposition of the attorney's friends. The Governor understood his duty, and removed the officer some days before the election, and the party did lose the district. This kind of courage and devotion to public duty in the teeth of the most virulent opposition of traders of his own party is unusual in any public man, and it shows precisely the executive quality which is demanded at a time when every form of speculation and fraud presses upon the public Treasury under the specious plea of party advantage.

The argument that in an election it is not a man but a party that is supported, and that the Democratic party is less to be trusted than the Republican, is futile at a time when the Republican party has nominated a candidate whom a great body of the most conscientious Republicans can not support, and the Democratic party has nominated a candidate whom a great body of the most venal Democrats practically hold. Distrust of the Democratic party springs from the conduct of the very Democrats who madly oppose Governor CLEVELAND because they know that they can not use him. The mere party argument is vain also because no honorable man will be whipped in to vote for a candidate whom he believes to be personally disqualified for the Presidency on the ground that a party ought to be sustained. No honest Republican would sustain his party for such a reason, and the honest Republicans who propose to vote for Mr. BLAINE will do so because they do not believe, as the protesting Republicans do believe, that he made his official action subserve a personal advantage. Nothing is more hopeless than an attempt to persuade such Republicans to sustain their party by voting for an unworthy candidate. Should they help to reward such a candidate by conferring upon him the highest official honor in the world, they could not reasonably expect the nomination of a worthier candidate at the next election, and they could not consistently oppose the election of any candidate whom their party might select. The time to defeat unfit nominations is when they are made, not next time. The nomination of Governor CLEVELAND is due not so much to the preference of his party as to the general demand of the country for a candidacy which stands for precisely the qualities and services which are associated with his name.

THE TWO PARTY PLATFORMS.

AFTER long deliberation the Democratic Convention adopted a platform which completely sustains the view that we have always taken, that the campaign would not be conducted upon the tariff issue. The parties are divided within themselves upon this question, and it is practically removed from the canvass by the pledge of the Republican platform to correct the inequalities of the tariff, and to reduce the surplus without injury to the labor or to the great productive interests of the country; and by the Democratic pledge to revise the tariff in a spirit of fairness to all interests, and in making reductions not to injure any domestic industry, and by the further pledge that "the necessary reduction in taxation can and must be effected without depriving American labor of the ability to compete successfully with foreign labor, and without imposing lower rates of duty than will be ample to cover any increased cost of production which may exist in consequence of the higher rates of wages prevailing in this country."

The two positions are practically the same. No tariff issue is raised, and public attention will not be diverted by the platform declarations upon a tariff from the paramount question of personal character and administrative reform. The Democratic platform, also, like the Republican, opposes the importation of foreign labor, or "the admission of servile races unfitted by habits, training, religion, or kindred for absorption into the great body of our people or for the citizenship which our laws confer. American civilization demands that against the immigration or importation of Mongolians to these shores our gates be closed." The Democratic platform favors "honest civil service reform." The Republican platform specifically approves the reform already begun, and demands its extension and the repeal of all laws inconsistent with it. This plank President ELIOT calls the most immoral in the whole platform, because such a declaration becomes a meaningless profession in view of the candidates placed upon it. Any platform profession upon this subject must be estimated by the character and conduct of the candidate who is selected to stand upon it, and Governor CLEVELAND is in himself a platform of actual practical reform.

The Democratic platform is very long, and it touches almost every point of public interest at this time. Collated with the Republican platform, it illustrates the fact of which every intelligent man has been long conscious, that the parties, as such, cohere mainly by tradition and association. That is a situation in which considerations of personal character and purity, courage and independence in administration, become the controlling issues.

THE MULLIGAN LETTERS, ETC.

A CORRESPONDENT in California asks where he can find the story of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad in connection with Mr. BLAINE, and of the MULLIGAN letters. In the spring of 1876, when Mr. BLAINE was a candidate for the Republican nomination at Cincinnati, there were rumors of some extraordinary railroad transactions upon his part, which became so constant and pressing that on the 24th of April he made a statement in the House, supposing the MULLIGAN letters to have been destroyed, which will be found in the *Record* at that time, and which has been often reprinted recently. This statement was accepted by HARPER'S WEEKLY, and by the Republican press and public opinion generally, as entirely satisfactory, in the absence of further evidence. This evidence, however, was furnished by the investigation of a committee of the House, and the minutes of the testimony have been published. The MULLIGAN letters were obtained by Mr. BLAINE from a witness of that name, with the understanding that they were to be returned. He kept them, however, and on the 5th of June, the pressure of public opinion still continuing, he read parts of the letters in the House. A few days afterward the Convention met, and Mr. BLAINE fell ill. The investigation was arrested by his illness, and a report was not submitted.

The campaign of 1876 began immediately, and the subject dropped from the public mind. In 1880 Mr. BLAINE was again a candidate, but as the imminent danger was the third term conspiracy, the MULLIGAN affair did not play a prominent part. In the spring of 1884 Mr. BLAINE's candidacy was again urged. The old Stalwart power was broken, and public attention was once more turned to his whole career, including the railroad transactions, which were carefully considered, and led to a strong protest against his nomination. Some weeks before the Convention, Mr. BLAINE's intimate personal friend, Mr. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, published a letter in explanation of Mr. BLAINE's railroad transactions, in the course of which he covertly attacked Mr. EDMUNDS by detailing certain affairs in which he contended that Mr. EDMUNDS was just as guilty as Mr. BLAINE, but affirmed that both were innocent. This produced a curt and conclusive reply from Mr. EDMUNDS, and an exposure of the fallacy of Mr. PHELPS's defense from the *Evening Post*, to which journal his letter was addressed.

All this correspondence was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY of May 10, 1884, together with two editorial articles, in which the WEEKLY said that the explanation of Mr. PHELPS was not satisfactory. After repeating the charge, the WEEKLY said: "This is the charge against Mr. BLAINE, which the letter of Mr. PHELPS does not explain. . . . Indeed, both the substance and the method of the BLAINE defense show anger and desperation, but not the consciousness of irreproachable conduct." As no satisfactory explanation was ever made, it was impossible that HARPER'S WEEKLY should advocate the election of Mr. BLAINE unless it were willing to urge upon its readers the support of a candidate for the Presidency whose final explanation of matters fatally affecting his official conduct the paper had declared to be unsatisfactory. It is in these various places that our California correspondent must seek the information that he desires. Some time since a committee was appointed by the Young Men's Republican Club in Brooklyn to prepare an authentic statement of the matter, upon which work it is still engaged. Of its conclusion our readers will be duly apprised.

GENERAL LOGAN AND THE ZUÑI INDIANS.

THE Zuñi Indians are a peaceful stationary, agricultural tribe who have lived for centuries in a valley of New Mexico. In 1877 their reservation was established by an executive order of President HAYES, in accordance with a survey which by mistake left out certain springs which were said to be essential to the value of the Zuñi lands and industry. In 1883 President ARTHUR modified the order so as to include the springs.

In the mean while a son-in-law of General LOGAN and other persons had located and entered some of the land which was subsequently included in the reservation. The executive order, however, should have been the end of the matter, unless there was an intention to deprive the Zuñis of their land. But the correspondent of the *Herald* now states that General LOGAN said in an interview last year that he had seen the lands, and liked them, and would have them if he could get them and that he has endeavored to have the proclamation giving them to the Zuñis revoked. A letter from Mr. JAMES STEVENSON, of the Geological Survey, is also published, in which he proposes to dam the river, at an expense of $10,000, apparently in order that the Zuñi lands which have been pre-empted may still be diverted from the Indians.

In a letter upon the subject written by General LOGAN to the Chicago *Tribune* some time ago he shows plainly that he does not see why the Zuñis should be preferred as proprietors to loyal citizens; and while the charge that he had "grabbed" enormous tracts of land belonging to the Indians is not sustained, it seems to be clear that he is not averse to the appropriation to other persons of lands allotted to the Indians, which could not have been selected except by an acknowledged error in the survey. It is precisely from the spirit of hostility to the Indians displayed in General LOGAN's letter to the Chicago *Tribune* that the land grabbing schemes spring. He has, however, shown that the insinuation that he "tried to steal" land is totally unfounded.

A FOURTH OF JULY GIFT.

THE old-fashioned Fourth of July oration seems in great part to have disappeared. Independence-day is as universal and noisy a holiday as ever, but the glorification of the fathers is generally discontinued. This year the most striking event of the day was not at home, but abroad. It was the formal presentation in Paris of the BARTHOLDI statue of Liberty Enlightening the World to the American Minister in France, and the association of the French government with the event in sign of continued international amity. France on the Fourth of July presents a symbolic statue of Liberty to the United States, and, in the strain of the orators of a hundred years ago, it may

be said that the august shades of WASHINGTON and LAFAYETTE smile upon the auspicious scene.

It is, however, remarkable that a people so full of patriotism and of sentiment as we hold ourselves to be should show ourselves so singularly indifferent to this gift. The Revolutionary alliance and friendship with France is a tradition which we are fond of repeating, but it is undeniable that since the days of JEFFERSON and NAPOLEON, when France and England were both involved with American politics, there has been very little actual association with France upon our part, or even any especial sympathy with her political life. The weakness of the sentiment is shown by the indifference to the project of the statue. In fact, our attitude has been that of a person troubled and half vexed by the demonstrativeness of a very sentimental neighbor.

The French visit at the centenary of Yorktown was interesting, but it was an occasion of limited interest, and except for the official participation of the government, it is evident that the actual feeling of the country would not have carried it off successfully. Indeed, nations, as such, are in respect of mutual feeling much like corporations. All the gratitude for French aid and recognition after the surrender of BURGOYNE did not prevent a readiness to go to war with France at the close of the century; nor has it ever served to relax American insistence upon payment of the French claims. The ceremony in Paris the other day, however, and the kindly expressions of feeling upon both sides, were pleasant reminiscences of the time when France helped the struggling colonies; and in the midst of so agreeable an interchange of sentiment it would have been uncourteous to suggest that it was not from love of America or in approval of rebellion that France befriended us, but from quite another motive. Happily, the form of the service and its immense value have obscured the fact. It is enough that France was our good friend and ally, and that now, as a republic, she offers to the American republic a statue of Liberty Enlightening the World.

THE VETO OF THE GENERAL PORTER BILL.

THE veto of the FITZ JOHN PORTER bill was sustained by the Senate, and the bill is therefore lost. It has seemed to us that reflection and new testimony had demonstrated the judgment against General PORTER to be unjust, and we had hoped for the reparation which this bill afforded. The President, indeed, in the veto message does not discuss the merits of the case, and his previous official removal of disabilities imposed by the court-martial seems to show that he thinks General PORTER to have been treated with undue severity. That this is General GRANT'S opinion, who was formerly very hostile to General PORTER, is well known, and his favorable judgment, with that of the recent court of inquiry, must necessarily have great weight with the country upon such a subject, because comparatively few persons can have made a thorough study of the evidence in the case.

The message holds that the law authorizing the President to nominate General PORTER to a colonelcy in the army is unconstitutional because it is an invasion of the prerogative of the President, and therefore ought to be vetoed, or it is a mere offer of advice, and therefore ought not to encumber the statute-books. It is, however, obviously not an invasion of the Presidential prerogative, because the bill merely "authorizes" the Executive to take a certain course if he thinks fit to do so. It does not assume to be mandatory. It is, in effect, a solemn official declaration by Congress that it thinks a great injustice has been done to an officer of the United States army, of which the President is commander-in-chief, and that it hopes his judgment and conviction will induce him to rectify it. The other objection of the message, that if the bill be merely advisory, it should not encumber the statutes, is not forcible, in view of the fact that Congress frequently addresses recommendations and requests to the executive departments when it has no authority to command.

The further objection, that the judgment of a court-martial ought to be considered final, is also removed by the consideration that the law does not so consider it, because it permits a pardon, and by the further fact that the President in this very case has not so considered it, as his remission of penalties shows. If the judgment were to be held as rightfully final, it is plain that for the offense of which General PORTER was convicted the penalty was not excessive. The President, however, must have thought it so, or he would not have lightened it, and if he thought it so, it was, of course, because he did not hold the judgment to be quite just. But if it may be properly reversed in part, it may be set aside altogether for adequate reasons. We wish that the President could have taken another view of his duty.

MISS ANNA ELLA CARROLL.

IN reply to a recent suggestion in the WEEKLY, we have received a copy of the report of the Committee on Military Affairs in the third session of the Forty-sixth Congress upon the claim of Miss ANNA ELLA CARROLL. It is too long to reprint, but it sets forth in detail the various services of Miss CARROLL, especially in planning the Tennessee campaign, and after stating that the committees of the Forty-first, Forty-second, and Forty-fourth Congresses reported or placed on record the conclusion that the claim was "incontestably established," the report says:

"The committee believe that the thanks of the nation are due to Miss CARROLL, and that they are fully justified in recommending that she be placed on the pension rolls of the government, as a partial measure of recognition for her public service, and report herewith a bill for such purpose, and recommend its passage."

Four times this claim has been justified and urged. It has the testimony of Mr. LINCOLN, Mr. WADE, and a host of the most illustrious men of the war, and Miss CARROLL has waited nearly twenty years for the action of Congress.

Because she was a woman it was thought best to conceal her authorship of the Tennessee plan, which, for the same reason, she was asked to present unsigned. Those who might have been most serviceable to her are gone. But it is understood that the Grand Army of the Republic will take up the subject at their encampment during this month.

THE GREAT WORK OF THE TIME.

AN eloquent and vigorous tribute to the popular demand for reform in the civil service was paid by Mr. MCKELWAY, the editor of the Albany *Argus*, in the peroration of his oration at Albany on the Fourth of July, which was a historical study of the part taken by New York "in making and saving the Union." The indissolubility of the Union, free trade between the States, and the unwritten law against a third term, Mr. MCKELWAY holds to have been the three chief victories of the views of New York in the foundation of the national government. These were great achievements, and the maintenance of the Union and manhood suffrage were great achievements. But the orator forcibly remarks that other great results are to be achieved:

"The historian of the future will declare that the exigent work of 1884 and of the years immediately following it was the settlement of the civil service of our government on business principles. A nation of thirty-eight States and sixty millions of people will extirpate the spoils system as thoroughly as it extirpated slavery. It will do it by the agencies of peace. The work may take time and trouble, but it will be done. A people who conduct their private enterprises on the merit system will conduct their government business, local, State, and national, on that system too. The millions who do not want office are in sympathy with the reform purposes led by the wisest politicians and most conscientious statesmen of both parties. They are resolved that law—not caprice, nor favoritism, nor cabals of partisans—shall man the business service of the government; that law shall govern removal from as well as appointment to the general service of the nation; and that, while politics shall have its place and force in the offices affecting the policy of a government intrusted to parties, the ordinary business work, manual and clerical, done in the departments of that government shall be done by men not chosen by partisans, not removable by partisans, and not permitted to act as partisans in their positions. As truly as independence was the rallying cry and cause of the Revolution, as truly as the Union and liberty were the mastering motives of the nation in the war against secession and slavery, so truly is civil service reform the growing purpose of a people whose thoughtful citizens are as determined to achieve deliverance from the spoils system as their fathers were to achieve freedom from the remoter tyranny of a foreign king."

THE NEW FOREIGN MINISTERS.

IN the recent nominations for foreign diplomatic missions the President has shown his regard for the service and for the sound principles which should govern all such selections. Mr. JOHN A. KASSON, of Iowa, who goes as Minister to Germany, is an eminent and accomplished public man who has already served with distinction and with satisfaction to the government at Vienna, and who is peculiarly fitted for a high diplomatic post. Mr. ALPHONSO M. TAFT, of Ohio, is promoted from Vienna to St. Petersburg, and will take with him to his new sphere of duty the regard and respect which he has won in the old.

Mr. JOHN M. FRANCIS, of New York, is transferred from Portugal to Austria. He also has experience in the foreign service, having been Minister to Greece before his appointment to Portugal. Mr. FRANCIS is the senior editor and proprietor of the Troy *Times*, a sturdy Republican journal, which is also among the best newspapers in the State. A man of hearty, generous nature, and a thoroughly loyal American, Mr. FRANCIS is sure to make the legation at Vienna what he and his accomplished wife have made the other legations at which he has resided, a delightful American home. Mr. LEWIS RICHMOND, of Rhode Island, succeeds Mr. FRANCIS in Portugal. Mr. RICHMOND also has been in the foreign service, as Consul and Consul-General, and he is also a gentleman of fitting experience and qualifications for the post, and in the domestic circle of the Portuguese legation, as in that of Vienna, the most exacting American will forget that he is abroad.

Happily it is not often that our foreign ministers are called upon to conduct critical or threatening negotiations. The chief service of our legations is to maintain that friendly social understanding which, upon proper occasion, by prompt and timely statement and explanation, obviates the necessity of more difficult treatment. They are also national centres for the throng of travelling Americans; and when, as in the case of the recent appointments, they are placed under competent and experienced chiefs, they fulfill an admirable service to the country.

THE ELECTORAL VOTE.

THE whole number of Presidential electors this year will be 401, of which 201 are necessary to a choice. It is computed that Mr. BLAINE will certainly receive 164 of them. The doubtful States are New York, with 36 votes; Massachusetts, 14; New Hampshire, 6; Connecticut, 6; Indiana, 15; West Virginia, 6; New Jersey, 9. The vote of New York is of immense importance to the result. Mr. BLAINE could be elected without New York if he should carry most of the other doubtful States. But a Democratic nomination which would secure New York would probably secure Connecticut and Indiana. It is a significant and suggestive fact that Massachusetts must be classed among the doubtful States, and so classed because of the open protest of an immense body of the most pronounced and respectable Republicans in the State. Such a public protest implies a deep and strong feeling also among those who will not proclaim it, but who will express it at the polls.

PERSONAL.

MR. SPURGEON on his fiftieth birthday was interviewed at length. He was found to be as strong as ever in his antipathy to the Established Church, calling it "a great and crying injustice to all those who do not belong to it." In theology he stands where he did when he began preaching, i.e., where CALVIN stood in his mature years. "It is the Calvinistic way of looking at things which causes my sermons to have such an acceptance in Scotland, in Holland, and even in the Transvaal, where a recent traveller expressed his astonishment at finding translations of them lying beside the family Bible in the homestead." The efficacy of prayer has become not a matter of faith with him, but of knowledge and every-day experience. "I am constantly witnessing the most remarkable instances of answers to prayer. My whole life is made up of them." Every member who has joined his church is expected to do something for his fellow-men. The theatre exerts a powerful influence, introducing young men to what is called gayety, and familiarizing young women with things not calculated to preserve their modesty. "So far as I know, no person would think of going to a theatre unless he was prepared to sever his connection with us. I preach a Calvinistic creed and a Puritanic morality."

—Speaking from experience, the Postmaster-General of Great Britain declares that there is no surer way of promoting the happiness of the blind than to enable them, as far as possible, to live the same life as those who can see, sharing the same joys, cheered by the same sounds, invigorated by the same exercise; and that no greater mistake can be made than to aggregate the adult blind in large masses, thus separating them from all the indescribable joys and pleasures of home life.

—The most noticeable things in Friesland are the golden helmets of the women, which fit so closely to the heads that none of the hair is seen. They are usually heirlooms, and are worth about one hundred and fifty dollars each.

—The inns of Kampen, in Holland, display this sign: "The *table d'hôte* is at 4 P.M.; we can not and will not be bothered with cooking before that, and there is nothing cold in the house." Travellers who arrive at noon hear of no such thing as luncheon.

—Lady BRASSEY writes: "It is extraordinary how life on the Nile grows upon one. I had always felt inclined to pity people whom I have heard of as passing weeks or even months on board a dahabeeyah, and had feared that we should find our little expedition rather monotonous. But each day has been more enjoyable than the last. There is a subtle charm in the atmosphere of the valley of the Nile, which can not be described, a spirit of enchantment which still lingers where the great pulse of the world throbbed centuries and centuries ago. I am sorry to say that even the Bedouins are beginning to wear Scotch woollen shawls, instead of enveloping their heads in the hoods of their white burnooses. It is a deplorable exchange of the picturesque and beautiful for the commonplace but useful."

—The Khedive's sister, the Princess MANSOUR, recently gave a breakfast to a European traveller, who says that the meal had courses enough for a dinner. In the centre of the room was a large circular velvet carpet embroidered with gold. The table was rectangular, the cloth was an embroidered velvet, and the napkins were worked with gold thread. The *menu* was soup, roast turkey, calf's head stuffed with force-meat, pilau of rice and raisins, macaroni cheese, kabobs of mutton on skewers, asparagus *à l'huile*, pancakes, cream rice tart, pastry and jam, milk of almonds in a bowl with pistachio-nuts (eaten with tortoise-shell spoons), cheese, tea, and small cakes and coffee. The order was as given.

—Mr. MOODY has closed the meetings which for the last eight months he has held daily in London. He said it was a good thing for the converts to have them closed, for otherwise they would be relying upon them alone for spiritual sustenance. They should learn to be self-reliant. Revival services were well enough, but it was "unhealthy to keep on at them."

—Mr. STUART CUMBERLAND, the mind-reader, has been trying his gifts on certain members of the House of Commons in the smoking-room of that institution. He asked Mr. GLADSTONE to think of a particular number, and after that was done, Mr. CUMBERLAND guessed that it was 366; his guess was correct. Another distinguished person thought of the number 41,049, which Mr. CUMBERLAND guessed also. He made no mistakes in the series of experiments.

—Ex-Minister SARGENT on landing in New York looked fresh and strong after his tussle with BISMARCK, who wants to keep the American pig out of Germany. The German Chancellor, he says, is on the verge of the grave, and so are the Emperor WILLIAM and Count von Moltke, and their departure will greatly strain the government. "The spirit of the German nation is liberal. The professors of the colleges are liberals, and the learned men generally. The merchants, bankers, and manufacturers are also liberals."

—Mayor LOW, of Brooklyn, refuses to talk politics, and promises to take no active part in the campaign other than "the citizen's part of casting my vote for the candidate of my choice." The Mayor is loath to antagonize any of his supporters, who elected him, not as a political candidate, but as a man who would reform the municipal administration.

—Miss CATHARINE LORILLARD WOLFE, who has the finest villa at Newport, and one of the costliest collections of pictures in this country, has turned from architecture and painting to archæology, and will send Dr. WILLIAM HAYES WARD, with a party of explorers, to Babylon. If Miss WOLFE cares for celebrity, she has chosen a sure and short road to it. Her name will enter into literature at once, and will stay there.

—A gentleman who has studied the criminal classes for twenty-five years, and lived among them, reports that the cleverest forger he ever knew was a pretended clergyman, whose history would fill a volume, who forged documents which enabled him to preach, to marry people, to become the chaplain of an emigrant ship, and to perform all the functions of his sacred office, but who got seven years' penal servitude at last. He was a good scholar, excessively polite, polished in speech, but crafty, false, and ungrateful beyond degree.

—Three prizes were awarded to competing architects for the National Monument to GARFIELD at Cleveland, Ohio, of which we gave a picture last week. Besides Mr. GEORGE KELLER, of Hartford, Connecticut, whose design was successful, Messrs. C. F. & J. A. SCHWEINFURTH, of Cleveland, and Messrs. MOFFATT & DOYLE, of New York, were among the competitors, and received respectively the second and third prizes.

—A certain correspondence between the stage of Covent Garden Theatre and that of the Metropolitan Opera-house might have foreshadowed the selection of Mr. GYE, of the former institution, as manager of the latter. It will at least make Mr. GYE's task easier if he finds himself able to transfer the scenery and appointments of the Covent Garden Theatre to the Metropolitan Opera-house, and to set them up in their places without much fitting. He ought to be able to run the Opera-house at less expense than Mr. ABBEY did, and at the same time to provide it with the best vocal and dramatic attractions.

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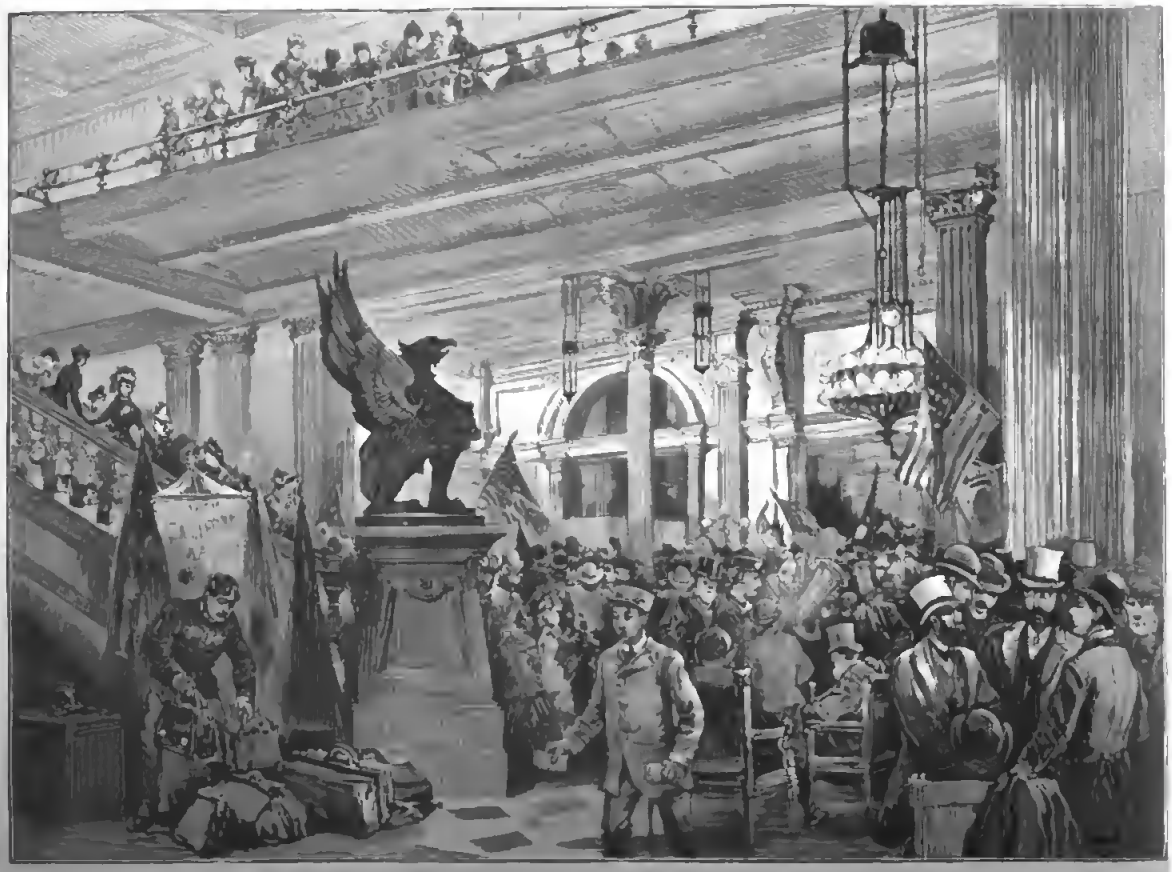
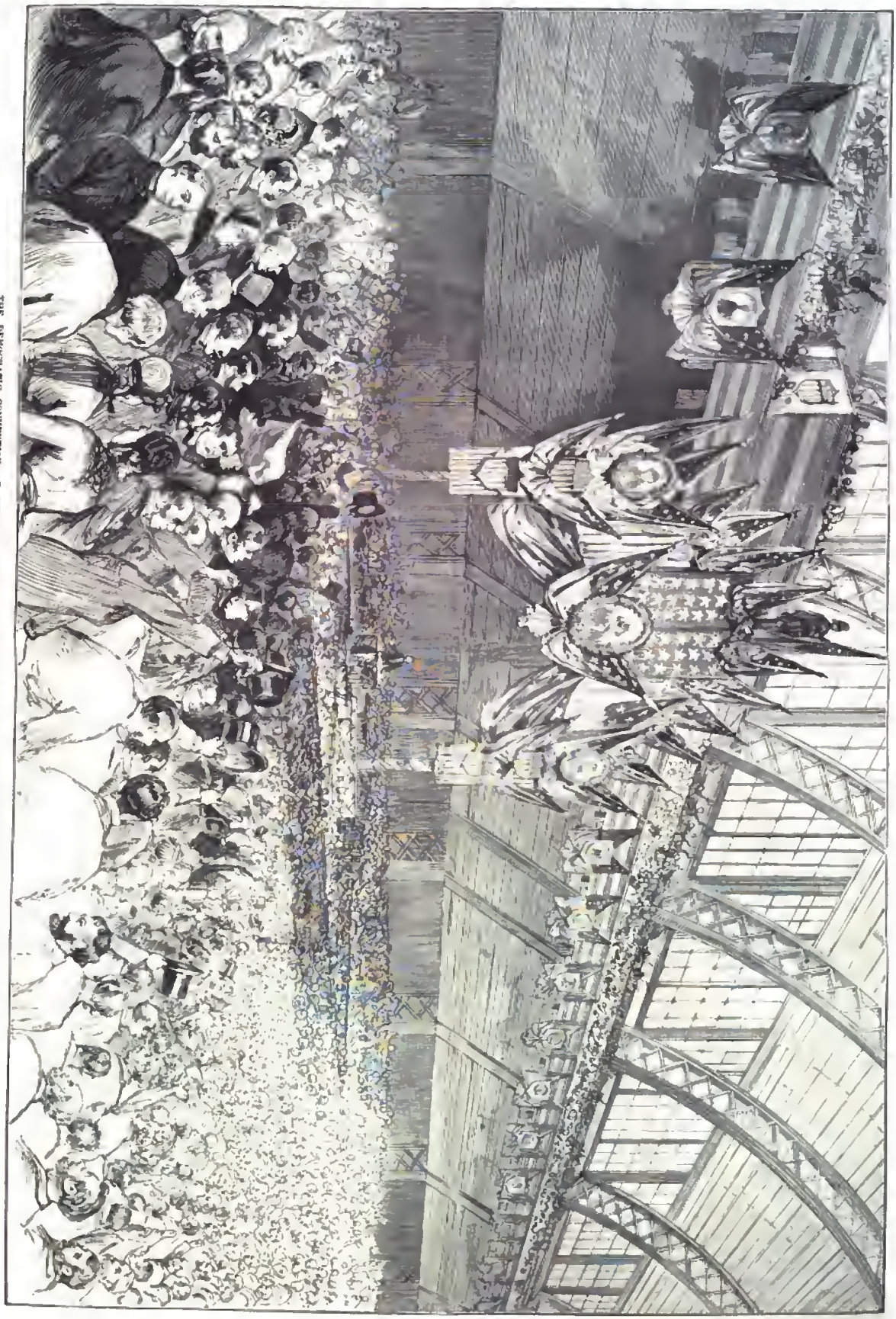
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 468.]



THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AT CHICAGO—IN THE HALL OF THE PALMER HOUSE.—BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 462.]



THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AT CHICAGO—CHEERING THE NOMINATION OF CLEVELAND.—By Our Special Artist.—[See Page 464.]

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UNDER A MICROSCOPE

Our ears are dull, our eyes are blind,
We are deaf to hidden sounds that float,
Like subtle music in the mind,
Through summer noons; we are remote
From beauty that has shape and place
In the secret earth and air; we trace
Beauty in old, familiar things—
The color of a rose, the grace
Of an oriole's wings.

Yet we are wiser than we seem;
Nature, that gave us human sight,
Gave us thought to pierce the dream
Which is our life, our day and night—
Strong, eager thought that quickens sense
With its divining instruments;
And thus, while we are blind, we see
Deep into darkness, nature's dense
Obscurity.

We watch through some enchanted glass
The breadth and splendor of the skies,
And mark the yellow suns that pass
In luminous shadow orbitwise.
Then, turning from their lights, we view
A strange world in a drop of dew,
A world where patient creatures live,
Each with his mote of vital breath,
That war together, hate, forgive,
And toil till death.

Looking at these, I see a life
Full of wild enchantment, forms
Fantastic in their puny strife,
Glowing like radiant arcs in storms—
Rich harmonies of hue and lines,
Delicate textures, quaint designs,
That hint of woods, and flowers, and trees,
Of wonders locked in fathomed brines
And unknown seas.

GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

FROM POST TO FINISH.

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE," "AT FAULT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"PHAETON'S LEGER."

THE chains are up on Doncaster Town Moor, and although the sun has not yet topped the horizon, through the dull gray of the early morning a knot of half a dozen people might have been discerned grouped around the famous winning post.

"You are sure you have made no mistake, Greyson?" said a tall, slight, saturnine man of forty or thereabouts.

"No, sir," replied the trainer. "I have measured them at home, I think, pretty correctly, and you will find it as I tell you, that though Caterham is the best of the pair, the other is about good enough to win this Leger with. But you will see for yourself in another minute. I can just catch the beat of their gallop; they must have reached the Red House by this."

The rapid thud of horses advancing at full speed was now distinctly audible; a few seconds more, and four horses flashed past the winning-post, the foremost with a three-quarters of a length lead.

"It's as I told you, sir," exclaimed Greyson, the trainer. "Caterham's won, but you can see he's not very much better than Phaeton. The old horse, too, is a good third; and that shows you that the form is pretty true."

"Oh, Lord, what a coup!" exclaimed a short, pursy little man, who was one of the spectators. "It ought to about make all our fortunes. To think of having the first favorite for the Leger, and a second string in the stable good enough to win with!"

"It looks like good business, Sam, doesn't it? To bet against Caterham and trickle our money on to Phaeton is our game for the next forty-eight hours. The only thing is, old man, that all this wants doing with a good deal of care. Remember, Caterham must remain first favorite till the fall of the flag, and therefore our hostile demonstration must not be too pronounced, while as for Phaeton, although we must back him to win a big stake, I want there to be pretty liberal odds against him till the very last."

"Beg pardon, sir," said the trainer, "but do you mean to give the Squire a hint of this? It's notorious, you know, that Mr Rockingham has backed the favorite for a very large stake—"

"Let my cousin look to himself," replied Cuthbert Elliston, bitterly. "If he had stood to me last year I should have felt bound to give him a hint of the way things stand; as it is, let him take his chance with the public generally."

"Take the horses home, Tom, as quietly as you can," said the trainer, as the four competitors in the trial walked up to him. "It was about all out of Caterham, I suppose?"

"Yes, Mr Greyson. I'd nothing much in hand; 'twas just about as much as I could do to get rid of Phaeton at the finish; and, what is more, I fancy he stays just a bit the best of the two."

A very nice trio were the three men who, the trial over, walked back from the town moor to breakfast at the Salutation that Monday morning before the Leger. Cuthbert Elliston, the first cousin of Alister Rockingham, lord of Cranley Chase, was about as evil a specimen of a gentleman blackleg as it was possible to encounter. It was the old story; a man of moderate means, he had gambled fiercely and wildly, and the pigeon of early days was now transformed into the unmistakable rook. All feeling of honor was dead in the man's nature, and in the larger either of the turf or the card-table there was very little that he would shrink from. He might hesitate about concealing the king up his sleeve at écarté, but he would have had no scruples about pursuing that game with an antagonist half-bemused by wine. Similarly on the turf; as long as he escaped the jurisdiction of the Jockey Club he was utterly unprincipled in his proceedings. He and Mr Sam Pearson, attorney at law, were the joint proprietors of a few horses, and trained at William Greyson's, a clever man in his profession, but with a somewhat shady reputation. As it so happened they were this year joint proprietors of a colt called Caterham, which, having won the Two Thousand and finished third for the Derby, was, owing to the going amiss of one of his Epsom conquerors and the non-entrance of the other in the Doncaster race, now first favorite for the Leger. And that the British public were likely to have an extremely bad race of it the trial we have seen and the conversation we have overheard pretty clearly indicate.

Arrived at the Salutation, the three sat down to a regular Yorkshire breakfast, a thing which, as you are a breakfast eater, is by no means to be despised, and over the broiled ham and game pie as delectable a robbery as was ever concocted at Doncaster—and this, by-the-way, is saying no little—was planned.

It is the day of the great race, and the crowd are pouring up the avenue that leads to the famous moor, upon which for more than a century the Blue Ribbon of the North has been decided. The street preachers shriek forth their vehement denunciations side by side with the three-card men hoarsely vociferating that you do not name the Queen of Clubs for "a crown." The quiet Yorkshire town is in that furious state of ferment that only occurs to it once a year, when train after train disgorges its hundreds, all ravenous for food, drink, and a bet on the Leger. Caterham would win. How could there be any doubt of it? He had beaten everything that was going to oppose him, with the exception of some two or three dark colts, of which little was expected. If ever there was a race upon which it seemed really judicious to back the favorite, this was it. And yet the pertinacity with which the ring fielded was wondrous strange.

"There's as much as seven to four going as ever you please to write down," said a veteran sportsman. "I don't understand it, Rockingham. I can't help thinking there's a screw loose. The ring would hardly field like this unless they knew something. Going by public form, it ought to be two to one on Caterham. I can't, for the life of me, see what the book-makers are going for. They are like sheep, we all know, and only let three or four of the magnates of the mystic circle make up their minds to bet heavily against a horse, and the smaller fry follow suit with wonderful rapidity. This outsider, Phaeton, who is in the same stable as the favorite, is nibbled at a good deal. I saw some cleverish men backing him last night, and again this morning. I tell you what it is, Rockingham, I shall just go and take the odds about him to save myself. Like you, I stand pretty heavily on the favorite, and don't fancy being spilt when they're winning with their second string."

"Nonsense, Archdiffe; it's little likely that they have got anything better than the winner of the Guineas in their stable. No, if Bill Greyson takes the Leger it will be with Caterham. I am standing him a raker, and I mean standing him out."

A tall, good-looking man is Alister Rockingham. Although he is turned of fifty, and his hair is shot with silver, he is a handsome man still, but his face is haggard and care-worn, and his lips twitch slightly as he thinks how heavy the stake is that Caterham carries for him. A more unblenching gambler than Alister Rockingham never cut card or rattled dice, but he can not help twinges of remorse at times when he remembers the broad, unencumbered acres that came to him at twenty-one, and reflects how woefully mortgaged his son will find them when he in his turn shall succeed. Ah! would he succeed? It was almost a question, and the next hour would materially assist in solving that riddle.

There was quite a little knot of spectators to see the favorite make his toilet for the great race. A right good-looking one, apparently as fit as hands could make him. Few troubled themselves to look at his stable companion, although Phaeton would not have been pronounced a bad-looking colt had Caterham been out of the way.

"I suppose the colt is all right, Greyson?" observed Cuthbert Elliston, meaningly.

"Quite so, sir," replied the trainer; "and Phaeton did such a good gallop yesterday morning that he is quite worth backing for a trifle on the off chance."

The roar of the blatant book-makers waxes more and more furious as three o'clock approaches, and the starters for the Leger pace slowly in Indian file past the grand stand. A few minutes more, and turning round they come thundering back in their preliminary canter. Nothing moves better than the favorite, and many an onlooker dashes back into the ring to make a modest investment on Caterham. At last the roar of the ring is hushed, and all heads are craned forward to gaze upon that gaudy little knot of silken jackets that are congregated at the foot of the slight incline that marks the commencement of the great Doncaster race. Two or three breaks-away, and then the fourteen runners for the St. Leger are dispatched, and the dark blue jacket of Phaeton is almost immediately seen in the van.

"Making running for his stable companion," exclaim the multitude.

"Strangling the lot," murmured Cuthbert Elliston to his partner, Sam Pearson. "Old Greyson would never put the double upon us?"

"No; it's right enough, you may depend upon it. If Phaeton don't win it it'll be because he's not quite good enough; but anyhow you may rest assured that whatever does win it won't be Caterham. I've seen to that *myself*."

All along the far side, down away past the rifle butts, the dark blue jacket leads the field a cracker. Still the backers of the favorite have no cause as yet to feel uncomfortable. He bears his straw banner bravely in front of the ruck, and now they come thundering round the Red House turn. The dark blue jacket holds a clear three lengths lead as they come into the straight, and suddenly arises that fatal shout which has made many a backer shiver ere now:

"The favorite's beat—the favorite's out of it," and through his glasses Alister Rockingham can see that the wearer of the straw-colored jacket is already hard upon his horse in the endeavor to keep his place. They are racing in real earnest now, and a very few strides more sees Caterham completely done with. One, two, three horses emerge from the ruck, and one after the other strives to get up to the leader, but the blue jacket stalls off each successive challenge, and finally glides past the winning-post half a length to the good.

Phaeton has won the St. Leger, while the favorite was not even amongst the first four.

"By Jove, what a coup!" exclaimed Cuthbert Elliston, as he slapped his turf partner on the shoulder.

"Yes," replied Pearson, who was already running his eye rapidly over his betting book; "but I'll tell you what—it's my impression, Elliston—it's my impression this will about finish your cousin. How deeply he's involved no one can know better than myself. I've had to manage the raising of the sinews of war, as you know, for some years now; but I fancy that I've never had a more troublesome job than I shall have to find the money for next Monday."

"Bah!" rejoined Elliston; "he has a couple of days yet to get home in."

"Get home!" returned the attorney, with a sneer; "you and I know what that means. How often does any one get out of the scrape that way? while the ease with which one's liabilities are doubled is simply miraculous."

It was with a weary smile that Alister Rockingham dropped his race glasses back into their case. He was a good loser, and might have sardonically exclaimed, "If I am not, I wonder who should be. I've been practicing it steadily for the last thirty years, and if I stop now it's simply because there's nothing left to lose." No one but himself knew how terribly hard hit he was by the race just won. Plenty of his friends knew that he had backed Caterham heavily; but even Sam Pearson, his solicitor, had no idea what a tremendous plunge he had made upon this race, with a view to recovering his losses on a most disastrous season. Had he known the extent to which his client was involved, it is more than probable that, despite his partner, Pearson would have given the Squire of Cranley Chase a hint about Phaeton; but though the solicitor could take his own line very fairly, there was a savage concentration about Cuthbert Elliston that made men rather shy of quarrelling with him. He had taken causeless umbrage at Alister Rockingham's refusal to help him pecuniarily a twelve-month ago; but, in good truth, Rockingham had no money to spare, and was almost as hard pressed as his cousin.

As Rockingham descended from the stand, a slight, handsome, dark-eyed youth dashed up to him, with a face brimming over with pleasure and excitement, and exclaimed:

"What a ripping race it was, father, wasn't it? And only think, I have won twenty-eight sovereigns over it, and got it!"

"Why, where did you get your inspiration, Gerald?"

"Well, mine came directly from old Joseph, our coachman; but who on earth put him up to the fact of Phaeton being a good thing I really have no idea. I got twenty-eight pound to two from one of those ready-money men, and he booked up like a gentleman as soon as the race was over."

I wonder if it is possible to imagine a grimmer contrast than this man who has just experienced Fortune's finishing blow affords to the bright-eyed Harrow boy who has just won his first stake over that most fascinating of all amusements, the backing of race-horses. Ruined Alister Rockingham was before Phaeton swept past the winning-post; but even he himself as yet hardly realizes what a thorough crash it is that has befallen him. It is the very irony of Fate. Here is young Gerald, who has just left Harrow and is going up to Cambridge next month, exulting over the winning of twenty-eight sovereigns, with an inheritance of ten thousand a year departed from him on the same race.

CHAPTER II.

DOLLIE GREYSON.

In Coney Street, York, dwelt a prosperous haberdasher of the name of Greyson. He was a man excessively popular not only in York itself, but with all the country families round about the city. Gloves, shirts, neck-ties, all the gentlemen of the district vowed could be obtained at no other place than Greyson's. Thomas Greyson did a roaring trade, and was a warm man in his vocation. He was brother to that William Greyson, the trainer who had prepared Caterham and Phaeton for the Leger. Though excellent friends, the brothers met but seldom—their paths in life diverged widely; but constantly through the shop in Coney Street flitted a fair-haired little maiden, who answered to the name of Dollie, and who was the daughter of William Greyson. It was not in the least that she was an apprentice in her uncle's shop; what service she chose to give there she did. When time ran heavy, and she got a little tired of her own society, then Dollie would flit into the shop, and take her turn in selling gloves over the counter; and it was notable that when Miss Greyson did take this business in hand the young bloods of York were apt to be rather lavish in their orders with regard to gloves and neck-ties. Dollie Greyson was staying with her uncle mainly for this reason. Masters were attainable in York, which, of course, was not the case on Middleton Moor, and in spite of a somewhat questionable turf career, Bill Greyson loved his daughter very, very dearly, and was anxious, to use his own expression, that she should have the advantage of "the very best training" money could give her.

A slight, auburn-haired girl, just turned seventeen, Dollie Greyson was no more ignorant of her own attractions than her sisterhood generally. She knew that she was pretty, and she knew that she was nice, and that gentlemen rather appreciated having their gloves fitted by her; but of all her admirers there was, perhaps, none Dollie liked so well as young Gerald Rockingham, the heir of Cranley Chase. A perfectly boy and girl love if you like, but school-boys, and school girls too, for the matter of that, catch the complaint, though not quite so sharply as their elders. From her antecedents it may easily be believed that Miss Greyson could ride, as they say, "above a bit." She had, in fact, lived in the saddle almost from childhood, and had been accustomed at home to ride all sorts of awkward animals. If there was one thing old Bill Greyson was proud of it was his daughter's witching horsemanship. He never seemed to recognize any danger to her on whatever he might put her, and was wont to say when one of his charges turned awkward with the boys, "We'll just hand him over to Dollie for a month. He'll be quiet enough by that time, I'll warrant." We all know what the delicate hand of an accomplished horsewoman can make of a horse, and it really was marvellous how many of these unruly youngsters Dollie Greyson had succeeded in teaching manners to. Now if there was one thing Miss Greyson missed in York it was her accustomed horse exercise. Her uncle kept no horseflesh of any description, and the few opportunities she had had of indulging her taste in that line had been through Gerald Rockingham. Gerald had more than once either hired or borrowed a horse, and taken the girl out for a day with the York and Ainsty, and the wild excitement of those gallops made Dollie's pulses tingle even now. Gerald in those cases acted as escort and pilot, and all the hunting men had a kindly word for the heir of Cranley Chase and Dollie Greyson, the trainer's daughter, who both rode as straight and went as well. They were mere boy and girl at present, and it never occurred to Alister Rockingham, any more than it did to any other of the veterans of the hunt, that there might be a love romance springing up under their noses. Gerald at present ordered his fair companion about in that peculiarly off-hand fashion that young gentlemen of his age are wont to employ to girls of their own standing. He made no bones about calling her moped, and was more apt to call her a little "duffer" than to sympathize with her when she got into trouble, though it must be at the same time added that he always stood loyally to Dollie in her misfortunes. Though he might permit himself to use the epithet of "duffer" when Miss Greyson met with mishap, yet to any one else Gerald would have given the flattest contradiction, and vowed there was never a girl in Yorkshire to compare with her.

It is high change at the shop in Coney Street, and Thomas Greyson, himself busy at the counting desk, is doing a thriving trade the week after the big Doncaster race.

"Fifteen and six, Mr Greyson, fifteen and six, that's what it comes to. Just give me four and six out of the pound, and quits we are," said a rubicund burly Yorkshireman. "I suppose the old shop is just running with champagne, and when you go to rest you simply wallow in seven cigars. Your brother aren't served us up such a startler on the town moor for many a long year. I got the hint at the last moment myself, and a hundred to seven once was good enough for this child. I'd a good race of it, and what with drinking old Bill's health and Phaeton's, I'm a little foggy yet as to where we've got in the week."

"Mighty glad to hear it, Mr Crofton. My brother, like yourself, had, I fancy, a pretty good race of it. At all events, he's given the girl there a pretty smart dress. Look at the little peacock fluttering her plumes around, and prinking herself out for the benefit of that young Rockingham! They do say," continued Mr Greyson, in a low whisper, "that the Squire's dropped a power of brass over the race. In fact, they say there's no such heavy loser at Doncaster this year as him."

"Aye, I've heard as mooch, and sorry I was to hear it, too. He's one of the real sort is the Squire. A real good and straight sportsman, but he's always been a terrible bould bettor. It won't be the first time he's burnt his fingers by many, I reckon."

Thomas Greyson shook his head in mute reply as he turned away to attend to another customer's account.

It must not be supposed from her uncle's remark that Dollie Greyson was a smartly dressed coquettish shop girl. Trim and prettily attired she always was, and quiet and modest in her manner as if born a lady; very self-possessed; and if the girl smiled at the gallant speeches occasionally made her, no one of Tom Greyson's customers would ever have thought of overstepping the Rubicon with his niece. She was, men felt intuitively, not a young woman to talk slang to. Although only a trainer's daughter, well as she rode, and brought up much as she had been amongst horses, yet no one ever heard Dollie talk "horse," and in that one particular alone she was immensely in advance of maidens of far higher station than herself. If some of these damsels only knew the rubbish they do talk on that subject,

and how they bore us, surely they would be more merciful.

A pretty golden-haired little girl, with the neatest of figures, tiniest of hands and feet, and longest of eyelashes, Dollie Greyson, as she stands at the counter, nominally turning over gloves for his inspection, but in reality chattering with Gerald Rockingham, by no means warrants the epithet of "little peacock," which her uncle has applied to her. She is attired in a soft gray serge, trimmed with braid to match, with snowy collar and cuffs. William Greyson, who loved his daughter better than anything in this world, had sent her, not a dress, but a pretty check, "to buy follals for herself," as he expressed it, wisely concluding that a girl's millinery was a little beyond his comprehension, though the old trainer was wont to asseverate, "I don't know how it's done, but, blame me, I do know whether they're turned out all right when I see 'em, and mean my girl to look as fit as any of 'em, I tell you."

Gerald is telling Miss Greyson all about the race, and relating with all a school boy's glee how he won twenty-eight pounds over Phaeton, and finally he produces from his pocket a little morocco case, and handing it across the counter, says, in a low voice:

"You must wear that, Dollie, just to remind you of me and the cheery gallops we have had together."

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed the girl, as she opened the case, drew from it a pretty diamond and emerald half-hoop ring, and slipped it on her finger. "How good of you, Gerald, but what nonsense to think I should want anything to remind me of you! Is it likely?"

"I hope not. Say it's to remind you of Phaeton's Leger. Say it's an 'engaged ring,' if you like."

"If you talk like that, Gerald, I won't keep it," returned Dollie, her face flushing slightly, and speaking seriously. "I like you very much, am very fond of you; but don't think I forget that you are a Rockingham of Framley Chase, while I am," and here she gave a significant little shrug of her shoulders, "the daughter of William Greyson, the trainer. Don't speak, Gerald, for a moment," she continued. "I'm just as fond and proud of my father as you can be of yours; but anything of that sort between us would be ridiculous. Good comrades ever, firm friends, if you will, dear Gerald; but not that last. Say it is so, or take back your ring."

"You're making too much fuss about it, Dollie," he replied; "it will be some of these days all the same. You are as much a lady as any of the girls I meet in society, and much jollier. Never mind now, call the ring a remembrance of Phaeton, but think a little of me when you look at it."

"I shall do that, Gerald, without looking at it. When do you go to Cambridge?"

"In about three weeks. It's a short term, thank goodness! for I fancy university life is pretty dull at starting. You don't know many fellows, and one don't know the ropes; however, I believe it's all jolly good fun after a bit."

"But, Gerald, surely your people expect you to work a bit to try to take a degree, or something of that kind, though I don't quite understand what that means."

"Nonsense, Dollie; fellows like me are not expected to go in for that sort of thing. We go up for a couple of years just to make acquaintances, and to be able to say we've been there. The dear old governor would be knocked into heaps at my taking a degree. He wouldn't mind it, you know, but he'd be awfully astonished. Phaeton's winning last Wednesday would be nothing to such a surprise as that."

"I thought it was what you were sent there to do," replied Dollie, simply. "I fancied you went to Cambridge to learn, just as I came to York, only I fancied they tested you to see if you knew things which they mercifully don't inflict on me. I do my best, but should have grievous fears of failure if tried."

"No; book-learning was never the *forte* of our family. We only pride ourselves upon some very minor virtues. We are brought up to shoot straight, ride straight, and *run* straight. You know what I mean by the latter, Dollie. We stick to our friends and to our word."

Miss Greyson was too country bred a girl not to hold the first two of these virtues in considerable esteem, and she had seen with her own eyes that Gerald spoke truth about the riding, while as for "the running straight," I think the most shifty, scheming, and mendacious of our fellows have a certain admiration for a man who does that.

"Yes, Gerald," she said, softly; "nobody in these parts ever doubts a Rockingham, but for all that I think you ought to work at Cambridge."

"You'd make a charming tutor, Dollie," he replied, laughing, "and perhaps under your auspices I might. Byron, I remember, somewhere advocates female teachers. Shall I find you here when I come back in December?"

"No; they'll want me home for Christmas. Father would be very much put out if I wasn't there at that time."

"And your mother too, I suppose?"

"Well," replied the girl, laughing, "she'll be glad to have me back, no doubt, but she don't think half as much of me as father. He never says a cross word to me, but mother can give me a bit of her mind when I don't please her. In short," continued Dollie, merrily, "father pets and spoils me, and mother does her best to counteract it."

"Then I shan't see you for ever so long?" said Gerald, somewhat moodily.

"Oh yes, you will. I shall be back in January time. You will have plenty of opportunities to take me for a gallop as you with the hounds, if your highness will condescend to be kind as of yore. And now, Gerald, you really must run away. If every young man was as long buying his gloves as you have been, the business of this establishment would never be carried on. Good-by," she concluded, extending a tiny hand, "and thank you so much for the ring."

Gerald shook hands, and then walked moodily off to the Black Swan in search of his hack. He was getting very much in love with Dollie Greyson, which was more than that young lady at present was with him. She liked him very much, was fond of him in a sort of half sisterly fashion; but a girl of seventeen is years older in reality than a youth a few months older than herself, and this was just Dollie's case. She was not a bit in love with Gerald, and saw quite clearly it would be ridiculous on her part ever to be so. She recognized quite clearly the great difference of their stations in life, and knew that she could never be his wife. A bright, quick-witted, warm-hearted, impetuous little lady, but with plenty of sound, practical common-sense. She may display plenty of romance and imagination later on should her affections be touched, but at present, despite her impetuosity, Dollie is a clear-sighted girl.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE DEMOCRATS AT CHICAGO.

The Democratic National Convention met in the large hall of the Chicago Exposition Building on Tuesday, July 8. The drapery of the hall was similar to that used by the Republican Convention. The platform was erected on the west side of the hall, the wings being reserved for the use of spectators.

The Convention was called to order by Mr. W. H. Barnum, Chairman of the National Committee, who in a brief speech nominated Governor Richard B. Hubbard, of Texas, for the position of temporary chairman. The nomination was ratified without a dissenting voice, and after the usual preliminary business had been transacted, ex-State Senator Thomas F. Grady, of New York, made a fierce attack on the unit rule. An acrimonious debate followed, in which Mr. John Kelly took a prominent and aggressive stand against the rule; but in the end Mr. Grady's motion to amend the rule was defeated by a decisive vote, and from that time to the adjournment of the Convention the vote of the New York delegation was cast as a unit by its chairman, Mr. Manning.

This debate occupied nearly the whole of the first day. Defeated in their attempt to amend the unit rule, the opponents of Mr. Cleveland determined to try the efficacy of delay, in the hope of forming some combination that would lead to his defeat. Immediately on re-assembling Wednesday morning, a stream of resolutions was poured in, relating to a great variety of matters, and it was some time before the Convention proceeded to the election of permanent chairman. The Committee on Permanent Organization presented the name of W. F. Vilas, of Wisconsin, for that position, and his appearance was greeted with tumultuous applause.

Mr. Vilas made a brief and moderate speech, after which another flood of resolutions and petitions was let loose upon the Convention. When it had subsided, a motion was made to proceed to the call of States for the presentation of candidates. After some delaying motions and speeches, a motion was made to table the proposition for the call of States. The object of this motion was not perceived until New York was reached in the roll-call, when Mr. Manning cast the seventy-two votes of New York in the negative. Mr. Grady seized the occasion to challenge the count. A scene of great confusion took place, and it was only quieted when the chairman promised to hear Mr. Grady at the end of the roll-call. He did so, when Mr. Grady said that the official record of the vote of New York was forty-nine noes, the other delegates who were present voting in the affirmative.

"Will the chairman of the New York delegation state the vote again?" Mr. Vilas asked.

Mr. Manning arose with much dignity, and in a resonant tone said, "New York votes seventy-two noes."

Mr. Vilas then decided that as the Convention had recognized the instructions of the State Convention, the New York delegation must vote as a unit. As it was now clear that a majority of the delegates from that State had voted against the motion, the vote would be recorded as given by the chairman of the New York delegation.

Mr. Grady's action materially aided the Cleveland movement. The vote stood 521 to 282 to proceed with the call of States, and this was accepted as the test of Mr. Cleveland's strength in the Convention. His opponents still endeavored to gain time by dilatory motions, and the Convention was for a time in great confusion. Quiet was at length restored, and the presentation of candidates was proceeded with.

Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, was presented by Mr. George Gray, of that State; Mr. Joseph E. McDonald, of Indiana, by Mr. Hendricks; Mr. Thurman, of Ohio, by Mr. Breckinridge, of California; Mr. Carlisle, of Kentucky, by Mr. McKenzie; Mr. Cleveland, of New York, by Mr. Lockwood, of Buffalo. At the conclusion of Mr. Lockwood's speech the irrepressible Mr. Grady again demanded recognition, but the chairman gave the floor first to Mr. Carter Harrison, of Chicago, and then to Mr. Jones, of Minnesota, before the spokesman of Tammany Hall was permitted to speak. The burden of his vociferous eloquence was unsparing abuse of Mr. Cleveland. Several efforts were made to silence him under rules of order, but at length Mr. Manning, in a cool and dignified manner, stated that it was the unanimous request of the New York delegation that Mr. Grady should be permitted to go on. This show of magnanimity took the edge off Mr. Grady's speech, and although he was allowed to go on, his remarks fell upon unheeding ears. He was succeeded by Mr. Cochran, who went on in the same strain of detraction, under pretense of seconding the nomination of Mr. Cleveland, and ending by calling upon the delegates to vote for Allan G. Thurman, of Ohio. By this time the Convention was tired, and a recess was taken till eight o'clock in the evening. The evening session was brief and unimportant.

The morning of Thursday was spent in presenting the names of Randall and Hoadly as Presidential candidates. Mr. Cummings, of Massachusetts, took the opportunity to continue the attack on Mr. Cleveland, under cover of a speech for Mr. Bayard. An allusion to Mr. Cleveland's enemies afforded General Bragg, of Wisconsin, the opportunity for a happy retort. Speaking of the young men of his State, he said, "They love Cleveland and respect him, not only for himself, for his character, for his integrity and judgment and iron will, but they love him most for the enemies he has made."

After a few other speeches the Convention adjourned till evening. On re-assembling, the first business was the announcement of the new National Committee. A proposition to abolish the unit rule in future was presented and defeated, and then the committee on the platform was ready with its report. When it had been read, General Butler presented a minority report. In a clear, ringing voice he said there were some things which he thought ought to be in the platform, and he wished to submit them to the judgment of the Convention. His platform was terse, and many of the "planks," especially those that related to labor, were loudly cheered. The General made a brief speech in favor of his ideas, but the motion to substitute his platform for that of the committee was lost by a decisive vote. The committee's platform was then adopted, with a few dissenting voices.

After this business had been disposed of, a motion was made for an immediate ballot. There was considerable opposition, but it was at length ordered, with the following result:

Cleveland	392	Bayard	170
McDonald	56	Carlisle	27
Randall	78	Thurman	88
Hendricks	1	Hoadly	3
Tilden	1	Flower	4
Total vote			820
Necessary to a choice			547

There was the same wrangle over the New York vote, but Mr. Manning, although he stated the preferences of individual delegates, cast the entire vote for Cleveland. The Convention then adjourned till next morning.

There were several attempts Friday forenoon to break the Cleveland ranks by starting a "boom" for Hendricks, and in other ways; but it was unavailing. Carlisle and Randall were withdrawn by their respective States. As the call of States proceeded, State after State cast its vote for Cleveland, and when it was completed he was nominated, on the second ballot, by 683 out of 820 votes. The nomination was then made unanimous, amid great cheering and rejoicing.

An evening session was held, at which Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, was nominated for the Vice Presidency, and the Convention then adjourned.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

An inventor in Washington is said to be "at work upon a plan to preserve calm or equilibrium of water on an inclined plain, so that steam vessels may sail up by the aid of their machinery the same as on a level." An inkling of the method employed in this ambitious effort is given. The up-hill waterway is to be an improvement and enlargement upon the ordinary contrivance for enabling fishes to pass from one level to a higher one. Water is to be led out of a swiftly flowing channel by means of narrow ducts which have an up-stream bend, and discharged into another inclined channel. Before it has lost its impetus it is to drop back into the main channel. Thus the water in every part of the other channel is to have an upward tendency while in that channel sufficient to preserve the equilibrium of the entire volume resting against the inclined plane.

There was a genuine bull-fight in a Kansas town on Independence-day. There have been bull-fights in this city, but they were under the supervision of Mr. Bergh. The event in Dodge City was not. Visitors poured into the town from all quarters. Five hundred cow-boys "graced the occasion" by their presence. There were five bull-fighters and four bulls. The first animal driven into the ring made only a fair-to-middling fight, the second wouldn't fight at all, the third made things so dusty that he was lassoed and hauled out, and the fourth proved a failure. Then the discriminating crowd called for the first bull, and he was returned to the ring. The bull was killed with a lance, and a matador had his ribs broken. Thus did the people of a part of the republic, aided by Greasers from Mexico, celebrate the nation's birth.

It is announced that a wealthy nobleman of England is organizing a party of seven earls to visit this country in August, and hunt elk and other big game in the Rocky Mountains. The party is to be attended by a small army of servants, and to be provided with the most improved sportsmen's outfit obtainable. Surely so distinguished a party will not make it the object of their visit to slaughter the greatest possible number of creatures that are already in danger of becoming extinct through the acts of blood thirsty gunners.

A writer in San Francisco says that many years ago a herd of camels was imported by the government to be used as beasts of burden in New Mexico and Arizona by the army; they were afterward turned loose on the banks of the Rio Colorado, and now there is a race of wild camels on the deserts at the head of the Gulf of California, where they find a congenial home, and increase steadily.

Somebody has said that daily reading for a few years of the well-written London newspapers would be almost equivalent to a college education. But when the man came to feathering an oar in rough water, or pitching a curve ball, he would be sure to betray his ignorance.

This year's Independence-day furnished several instances of over-enthusiastic production of noise in honor of the occasion. A gang of patriots passed through parts of Westchester County exploding five-pound nitro-glycerine cartridges, which tore holes in the earth and shattered walls and windows. In Swan City, Colorado, some miners blew up the post-office with giant powder; and in Mulberry Street, in this city, the houses were damaged and the resident Italians greatly alarmed by a blast the nature of which has not yet been ascertained.

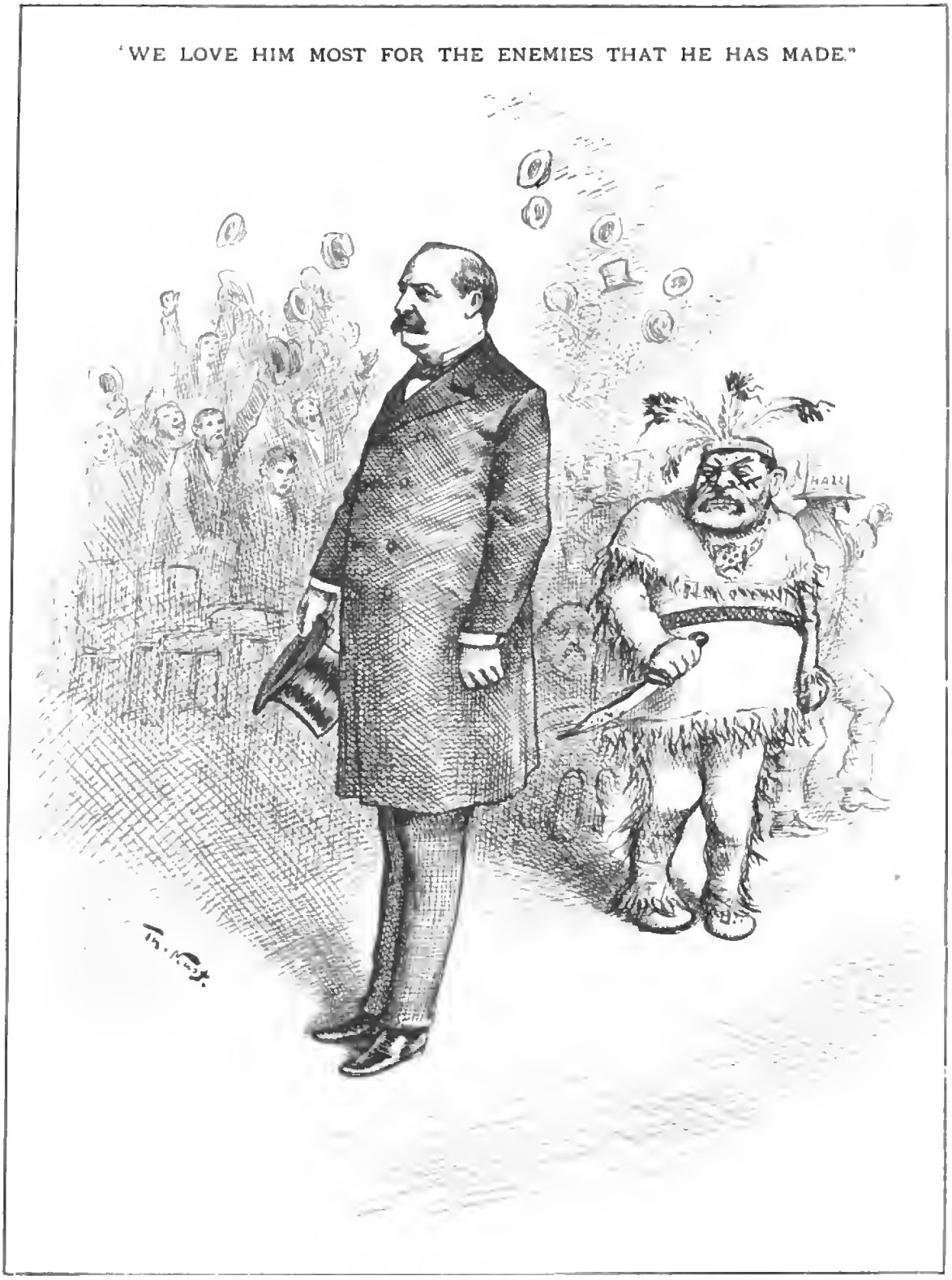
There is something suggestive in the name of the great Mohammedan university El Hazar—suggestive of the hazer that used to play a conspicuous part in our American colleges when civilization was not so advanced as now.

It is announced that a cremation society will build an incinerating furnace in Philadelphia at a cost of about $15,000. Meanwhile an advertiser in this city offers to furnish crematories complete "from $300 up."

It seems to have been settled that diamonds emit light when surrounded by darkness. Experiments were made not long ago in Paris with a gem of ninety-two carats, lent by its owner for the purpose. The stone was exposed to the sun's rays for an hour, and then taken into a dark room. For twenty minutes it gave out light enough to make a sheet of white paper visible. Being rubbed with flannel after the light had died out, the gem again emitted a feeble glow. The recent convention of plumbers afforded an opportunity which the savants of this country might have improved to follow up the experiment.

FE! FI! FO! FUM!
TO DISTRACT OUR ATTENTION FROM BLAINE'S RECORD, THE MANAGERS ARE SPRINGING THIS LITTLE TOY UPON US.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AT CHICAGO—TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION IN HONOR OF CLEVELAND'S NOMINATION.—By Our Special Artist.—[See Page 461.]



AN INDEPENDENT VICTORY.

The Democratic Party was Compelled to Nominate a man with a Clean Record—one whose knees will not yield, even to Boss Kelly.

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ROBERT RAY'S MESSAGE.

I was peeping through the branches of the honey-suckle vine
That closely draped my window sill, how sweet its blossoms are!),
And to the east the golden sun had just begun to shine,
And in the west there lingered still a lonely silver star.
When Robert Ray came up the lane in which our cottage stands—
He had passed that way each morning since the coming of the spring—
And I thought, as I looked proudly at his jaunty face and hands,
I'd rather be a farmer's wife than wed a lord or king.

For dearly did I love him, and I knew he loved me too,
Though in words he had not told me so—the lad was always shy—
And every dawn I watched for him, quite hidden from his view,
And blessed him in my heart of hearts as he went slowly by.

But the time he passed a moment as he reached the garden gate,
And something to the gate post tied; then quick away strode he;
And ere the corn field he had crossed—I could no longer wait—
I flew to see if what he'd left was something left for me.

I found a little posy—a moss-bed, a cedar leaf,
A four-leaved clover—and with joy "A message 'tis," I said:
A message, yes, that held a world, although it was so brief.
"I love you and I flee for you; be mine, sweetheart," it read.

Oh, gladly sped the way dry until again 'twas night,
Oh, gladly sped the fragrant night till morn came
more was here;
And as the gate my answer lay, a daisy snowy white,
A meadow-star that coyly said, "I'll think of it, my dear."

And now above all growing things I love a four-leaved clover,
A moss-bed, and a cedar leaf—shrined in my heart are they;
None of their kin could be so dear. "Nay," says my dark-eyed lover,
"The orange flowers will deaver be *you* wear your wedding day." MARGARET EYTINGE.

"MINE OWN FAMILIAR FRIEND."

"Mine own familiar friend hath betrayed me." The words dance up and down on the pages of the book I am trying to read, though no syllable of them is printed there. I fling down the book at last, with a bitter sense of how utterly, within the past few weeks, I have lost control of myself, heart, soul, and mind. I ring the bell, and stand staring ghastly out of the window. Nothing there, surely, to send such a pang through my heart?—nothing but that every foot of those green lawns, every tree in those dark woods, every mile of that blue river, and every rock of the gray old hills beyond is associated with the friendship, old as childhood, strong as brotherhood, which has increased with our years and grown with our strength, between John Churchill and me. Left to my father's guardianship, an orphan before he was five years old, we two grew up under the same roof, both at home and to school, and even when he became a merchant in New York, and the study of my profession took me to Paris, our friendship lost very little of its perfect confidence in our correspondence.

"Did you ring, sir?"

"Saddle Caar and Bess, and bring them down to Mrs. Bruce's. I will meet you there."

"Very well, sir," and William leaves the room with a smile, for which I should like to knock him down.

I catch up my hat and riding-whip, and pass through the open window, across the lawn to the avenue. Why should I be vexed with William? That smile was no more than natural from a servant who her known me since I wore knickerbockers. Why have I felt inclined to quarrel with every man or woman among my neighbors who within the last few weeks has hinted a congratulation? Why, above all, do I rage against myself with a bitterness of self-contempt which is the heaviest burden a proud man can be forced to endure?

Why? Because when I returned from Europe, a year since, it was with John Churchill's letter holding me to a true friend and brother to his promised wife while he was in China, and because, in spite of honor, of duty, of affection, I have dared to love her—to love her so madly that I can't even thank God that the dress not suspect my treachery, and that on shadow of my falsehood has fallen across her perfect truth. She loves him, not me. I say it over and over to myself, with a fierce pleasure in my pain, for it is half my bitterest anguish, half my only comfort, that neither he nor she nor any one will ever know that I am forever is my own sight a hypocrite lover, a false friend, a dishonored man. No one among our neighbors knows of their engagement, for, or John went away to China for three years, it was thought wisest that no one should be told but her mother and myself. So when I returned from Paris, a year later, it was only natural that what seemed brotherly kindness to Bertie and Mrs. Bruce should be me down as a lover's devotion by lookers-on. If I can only trust myself to keep my secret from those clear eyes of hers until I can find a reasonable excuse for returning to Europe, all will be well for her and for him. But, reason or no reason, not much longer can I ride with her, read with her, touch her hand, be so near to her, and feel—oh my God!—so guilty far from her. Once or twice within a few days it has occurred to me that the avoide being left alone with me, and that she spoke of John more often than she used, but in a colder and more constrained manner, and it rushes over me, with an agony which dizzies me for an instant, that my secret may be even now in danger, and that the little words life still has will be lost if I teach her to despise me. I stand still under the trees by the road-side, and resolve that today it must be done; we are to ride together, and I am to take tea with her mother and herself, and then, guarded from my weakness by her mother's presence, I shall tell them that I am obliged to leave for Europe in a few days. I light a cigar, for my hands are trembling like a girl's, and I must be calmer before I trust myself with her. I walk on slowly, in my efforts to be quiet, that William arrives with the horses just as I enter Mrs. Bruce's pretty garden, and before I ever ring the bell the door is opened and Bertie stands there.

"I shall not be able to ride to-day," she says, hurriedly. "I was just writing a note to tell you so, Mr. Eustace."

"I am very sorry," I begin. But she breaks in, nervously, "Will you come in no matter, and let me tell you my news?"

I follow her into the parlor. It is just such a room as refined, home-loving women can make beautiful, with a beauty a thousand times more charming than that of satin and gilding. Her little writing table stands before one of the windows, and she takes from it an open letter.

"From John?" I ask.

"Yes."

"No bad news?" I exclaim, for she is not like herself.

"Both bad and good," she says, slowly, still looking down to her letter. "Mr. Churchill will be here next week, but I am afraid he is very ill."

Her voice falters over the last words, but I can not speak. I stand and look to her as a dying man may look for life lost time on the woman he loves. Now indeed must I leave her, for to not them together would be more than I could endure. She is in white, which somehow suits her as it never does before women, and the sunshine streaming through the open window behind her touches her soft brown hair with a golden halo like a saint's in a picture. She is very pale, and there is such a look of suffering in her face or helps me to the self-control for which I am struggling.

"What is the matter with him?" I manage to ask, with sufficient composure.

"You know he had a fever some months since, and it must have been much worse than he wrote me, for he has never been quite well, and the doctors have ordered him home." Her voice grows steadier as she goes on. "He will be in New York in a few days, so mamma and I are going in to-morrow, and shall bring him back with us."

"Being with you—" I break off for an instant. "Your mother, I should think, might nurse any one well again."

The color rushes all over her pale face, and for the first time she raises her eyes to mine. "And I?" she asks, passionately. "You believe that I would die if I might save him?"

I dare not meet those shining eyes for fear that mine should reveal the love the must never know, so I turn and walk away to another window, over-come, as she thinks, by my pity and anxiety for John.

"Mr. Eustace, I date say mamma and I are more frightened than we need be. See, he writes quite cheerfully."

I take the page of the letter she holds out to me, and I go back to the window to read it, while she seats herself at her writing-table, saying:

"Will you post this note for me? It is to engage rooms for us to-morrow at the hotel where mamma always stays."

I stand staring at the lines she has given me to read, but I see only two words half way down the page—"My man." His own, not mine, forever. What a fathless wretch am I become, that what John says of his health matters nothing to me beside those two little syllables, which are at once the brand of my sin and my sentence of doom!

Through these bitter thoughts comes a sudden sharp cry:

"Help me!"

I turn and spring toward her as she stands cowering and bent together, and then I see that the loose sleeves of her dress have caught fire from the lighted taper on her writing table, and that the flames are spreading to the skirts with which she madly tries to smother them. I catch up the rug—thank God! a heavy solid carpet not easy to ignite—and clasp and crush her in it until she whispers:

"Let me go; I am safe."

Then I release her, and see that she is indeed saved. Beyond that first cry of here there has been no sound, and we are still alone. She sits down in the nearest chair, and shuts her eyes. Her pretty hair falls about her shoulders, and the white dress hangs scorched and crushed around her drooping figure.

"Are you hurt?" I gasp, roughly.

She opens her eyes, holds out one bare arm off which the sleeve has burned, and smiles.

"Only that."

Only that—a raw red wound half-way up the small white trembling arm. Only that, and yet I go quite mad at the sight of it, and fall upon my knees beside her, and clasp her alone—close or I hold her just now when I was fighting for her life, and my wild love has at last swept honor and conscience altogether out of sight. And she?—she trembles, but does not struggle; she lies white and with shut eyes under my passionate kisses, as if she were dead or I had killed her. Then my senses return to me, and I stand up, shivering with the realization of what her contempt for me must be, while she only stirs to put both hands before her face. I walk somehow blindly across the room to the door, and then I come back to her.

"You will never forgive me," I say, brokenly; "but some time, perhaps, you will despise me less, for I shall never trouble you again."

"Are you going away?" she asks, faintly.

"To-night."

"Wait," she says, in a hoarse, low whisper. "I can not let you go believing what is false." And then she clasps my hand in hers, and hides her face against it. "God help us both!" she cried, with a sudden wild burst of tears.

It is ten days later, and I am sitting in my room in a hotel in New York. I am to sail in the *Russia* to-morrow, and or pressing business in the West is supposed to have prevented me from meeting John Churchill, I have been spending these ten days in dreary railroad waiting-rooms, or still more dreary sleeping-cars. My feeling toward John has changed bitterly since my loss and I parted. The sacrifice which a love made of both our lives to our affection for him has surely blotted out all the kindly memories of "auld lang syne," as well as made my future such a blank before me, and my remorse has become resentment. It required all my small stock of submission when I promised her that he who was my friend and her lover should never know how utterly we had forgotten him and betrayed his faith in us. As I pace up and down to-night I can feel nothing but a pity and longing, which will last the whole dreary life before me, for her, my love, whose fair face I may never see again, who is even now with her betrothed lover, and who will be his wife whenever he wishes. A knock to the door makes me start.

"Come in."

"A letter, sir."

I take it listlessly, and the boy leaves the room. My heart beats thickly, though, or I recognize the writing, for it is John Churchill's. I open it hastily, assuring myself that it can contain nothing but a very natural regret at my departure without a glimpse of such other.

"MY DEAR STUART,—Is it really possible that you have business in Paris so urgent that you can't give me a sight of you after all these years?—years which have made men of us boys, only, I trust, to strengthen the friendship which is almost as old or we are. I am really ill, more seriously so, I sometimes imagine from my doctor's solemn face, than he will tell me; perhaps it is only a sick man's morbid fancy, but, dear old fellow, I feel so ill in letting you go now it may be for the last time, and there are many things on which I wish to consult you if anything should come of my fancies. You will put off your voyage for a week, and come to me for a few days if you can, I are sure. I am staying, as you know, with Mrs. Bruce, and Bertie joins me in my request. Yours, JOHN CHURCHILL."

I walk the room half the night before I decide that I can not refuse his request. I must make this one more sacrifice of seeing them together. Then, I think, wearily, or I to last try to sleep, surely I shall suffer all that even he could wish did he know my sin. Bertie joins in his request. My brave little girl! can I fall behind her courage and endurance?

It is late in the next afternoon when I arrive at home, and having previously telegraphed to John my coming, I walk down to Mrs. Bruce's directly after dinner. As I near the gate I stand still, startled out of my bitter thoughts as to the sight of a ghost. Can that be John, that gaunt, haggard man leaning over the low gate, and watching me with such curious, unnerved steadiness?

"It is really I, Stuart," he says presently, with a short, unfortified laugh, and he opens the gate, putting out both hands to me with a gesture that would be full of his old affection were it not for the strange questioning scrutiny of his hollow eyes. "I told Bertie you wouldn't know me, but she thought you would."

I scarcely hear him, in the rush of old tenderness and new pity which blinds my eyes and shakes his voice or I clasp his hands and stammer, "John! John! why didn't you come home before?"

"Why indeed! Can't you guess, Stuart? No, you have never loved, and felt that health and life were well risked to win a home for your wife."

"Miss Bruce is worth it, if any woman is," I say, quietly, or we walk up the path together; "and now that you are here, she and her mother will soon nurse you well again."

"It was kind of you to give up your journey and come to me, like my old friend who has never failed me yet. Let us sit here for a little, while you finish your cigar. Bertie will call us for a cup of tea presently."

We seat ourselves in the small vine-hung porch, and through the open windows I can hear the soft voices of Bertie and her mother. John lesser back in his chair and looks at the sunset, while I look at him, my friend, my brother, dying before he is thirty, and robbed, though he does not know it, of that which he has sacrificed his strong young life to deserve. God strengthen me for his sake, that I may bear the burden of my treachery in silence, and not fall down at his feet in my remorse! As far her whom we both love, God helps His own, they say, and surely He must help her, for whose sweet and tender sake the burden must be still heavier. Poor, pale child, she comes to the window now, and says, softly,

"John, mamma says it is too chilly for you now that she one has set."

"And what does Bertie say?" he asks, taking the little hand near him, and looking up in her face without rising.

She smiles. (Where do women, young, and sheltered all their days from trouble, learn to smile so naturally, though their hearts not breaking, where we men, with our boasted superiority of strength and courage, never achieve more than a grim calmness?) "Bertie says, 'Come,' too, she wants to sing for you."

John, still holding her hand, rises, and I rise too.

"Stuart," he says, gayly, "we must put off our talk until to-morrow. Bertie, you haven't spoken to our friend."

We then step into the lighted parlor as he speaks, and she and I touch each other's trembling fingers, and she tells me that it is very good of me to have returned to see John. As for me, I say nothing until I am shaking hands with Mrs. Bruce, when I manage to be fairly natural, so we seat ourselves about the pretty, familiar room, in which every chair and table and picture is dear to me or such things never are to men but for one reason. John sits in a large arm-chair near the piano, while Bertie sings the quaint and merry Scotch songs which please him best. Mrs. Bruce and I sit near each other by her work-table. Her face is very sad or she bends over her work, and under cover of the singing I ask her presently,

"What do you think of him, Mrs. Bruce?"

She lifts her eyes to mine—eyes which are almost as blue or Bertie's—and they are full of tears, which answer me more sadly than words.

Tea is brought in presently, and Bertie pours it out, and we all talk cheerfully. John, perhaps, says rather less than she rest of us, but he is by no means silent. After a while he asks her to sing, "O fair dove, O fond dove." When she has finished she seats herself beside him.

"I never knew you to like sentimental songs before," she says, cheerily, "and this is the fourth time you have asked me to sing this since you came home."

"I get fond of it last winter in China, when I was getting over the fever," he says, looking up to her with tender eyes, as he leans back in his low chair. "There was an English girl in the next room to mine who used to sing it over and over again, so distinctly that I could hear the words quite plainly, and that verse used to comfort me sometimes when I thought I should never see any of you again:

"'O maid most dear,
I am not here,
I have no peace, no part,
No dwelling more,
By sea or shore,
Save only in thy heart.'"

The low voice ceases, and Bertie's head sinks on the arm of his chair, with a sob which goes to my heart. I rise hastily, and Mrs. Bruce follows me from the room.

"You have known him all his life," she cries, through her tears, as we stand together in the porch. "What do you think of him?"

"It makes me doubt God's justice," I cry, with an outburst of the misery I have been struggling with all the evening.

Then I walk away through the moonlight, which seems to mock with its cold peacefulness the tumult of passion and agony in my heart.

The days slip by somehow, very slow and heavy in their passing, yet seeming very short and few when they are gone. John grows weaker with every day, and in less than a week after my coming is confined to his room. The doctors come and go, alternately shaking their heads solemnly or talking hopefully of the effects of smiles and climate, and whether they are solemn or hopeful, John lies on his sofa, and looks up to them with an odd smile in his hollow eyes, and says nothing. I do not see him often, though on the day after my arrival he used every argument of old friendship to induce me to postpone my voyage to Europe until the autumn, and I (against my own will, and knowing that the summer will be one long torture to me) consented, not so much out of my affection for him or to deaden what for one instant looked like a suspicion on his part of the motive for my refusal. When I do see him, Bertie is sure to be there, singing or reading to him, or sometimes sitting quite quiet beside his sofa. She grows paler and thinner all the time, poor brave little martyr, but she never fails in the part which she has assumed. We touch each other's hands and speak and look when it is absolutely necessary, but by no word or glance does she recall the love which I know is mine. I think the greatest horror to me both, through these dreary days and nights, is the thought which comes to us every now and then, half bitterness pain, half whilest joy, of what John's death may mean for all our lives.

He is grown very exacting of her care, Mrs. Bruce tells me when I come twice each day to inquire for him, and is only restless when she is out of his sight. When she is there, on reunion for his pain escapes him. "He is quiet and cheerful, and so pathetically tender with her," says Mrs. Bruce, "that I think he knows that he will only have her for a little while."

As for me, I sometimes fancy, in spite of his desire to have me near, that coming death has banished from John's once wide and tender heart all but the one grand passion of his life.

So the days slip by, and it is late July when one afternoon the servant brings me a note from Mrs. Bruce.

"DEAR MR. EUSTACE,—John insisted on seeing the doctors alone this morning, and hearing his exact condition. I saw them afterward, and they told me, what they had told him, that he can not live. He wishes to see you or soon or you receive this.

"Sincerely yours, MARY BRUCE."

I order my horse, and ride down through the glaring sunshine at a rate which I dare say in surprising to the few passers I meet, but such hours or I endure after I receive Mrs Bruce's note until I enter John's room can only be borne

by straining every nerve in some kind of action. Very quiet and still looks the little house, and the servant who opens the door for me and tells me that I may go at once to Mr. Churchill is the only person whom I see until I stand in John's presence.

The windows are open, the shutters closed, and in the fragrant half-darkness I can hardly discern at first that we are alone. John is lying on his sofa as usual, but he does not put out his hand as I stand beside him; only looks up into my face with two burning eyes, and says, sharply, "You know that I am dying?"

I bend my head, and sit down near him. Why do I not clasp his hands in mine, and weep those bitter tears with which heart and brain seem bursting? Because in those questioning eyes, in that sharp voice, I read something I dare not understand, but which crushes back the tenderness which I feel he would not believe. There is a silence, which he breaks with a harsh laugh.

"Have you nothing to say to me? Does my death mean nothing to you?—you who have been my more than brother since ever I can remember."

"Jack," I falter—"Jack" (the old childish name, unspoken for years, comes to my lips now with the rush of old memories and new fears), "don't let us quarrel now; you know that I love you."

"You love me!" The scorn of those three words sends the blood bounding resentfully through my veins, but I clinch my hands and sit motionless. What right have I to resent his contempt? "Traitor and coward, who dare not even confess your treachery! I am dying, sir, and I will not be deceived any longer."

I half rise. Such words are hard to hear, even when you have deserved them, and I was never very patient; but John goes on, more calmly: "Sit down. It was not to talk of you that I sent for you to-day. If you alone were false, I might forgive you as becomes a dying man; but you have made her false too—her whom I trusted to your care." He pauses with a gasp for breath.

"We meant that you should never know," I mutter.

"You pretend to love, and think I could be deceived?" he interrupts me, fiercely. "She loved me when I went away; her whole sweet heart was mine—mine until you stole it. Did you dream I had forgotten what she was to me then, that I could see her dutiful kindness now, and not feel what I had lost? My God! what did you take me for? Did you think I was blind and deaf and senseless?" Again he struggles for breath, and I am silent. My brief anger has faded. How slight, after all, has been her misery and mine compared to that which he, sick unto death, has had strength to conceal! "I knew that I was dying when I left China," he goes on presently, in a low tone of evident fatigue, but which has, for all its weakness, a force of hatred which sends a shudder through me as I listen; "but since I have known the truth, first from her, and then from you, I have struggled to live, and I have failed. I must die, and leave her to you."

He leans forward suddenly, and brings his white face and gleaming eyes close to mine, which by some power stronger than my will I can not turn away.

"I sent for you, not to rave of my wrongs and your sin, but to tell you my wishes. I hate you. You know what real hate is as little as real love, but I hate you. If I could have lived, I would have made her love me again, and punished you without a word. But I must die, and when the time has passed which her tender heart will force her to give to a pretense of grief for me, she will be your wife. Silence!" (as I make an effort to speak); "I wish it. I love her, and she will only be happy with you." He falls back on the sofa, and covers his face with his hands.

"Poor child!" he goes on presently, in a voice so faint that I can scarcely hear it, "she has been very patient and gentle with me all these weeks—God bless her!" Then, with a sudden rallying of strength, "Whether I wished it or not, you will marry her, but this is what you are to do for me—me whom you have robbed of what was dearer than life. You are to love her and make her happy, and for fear that any shadow should darken her life, you must promise me that she never shall know how utterly her poor little plan for my happiness has failed. I leave her to you, sir, whom I hate, the only curse in my power, the knowledge that the friend you betrayed died despising you, but she shall believe always that my faith was as undisturbed in her love as in my own, and as happy, as she never could be even with you, sir, if she knew what I have suffered." Then he breaks off abruptly, and points to the door, "Now, sir, go!"

I rise, I get to the door, and then I try to say some little word of self-defense.

"We could not help our love," I cry. "We were ready to sacrifice our lives for you. We—"

"Your excuses do not interest me," John says, bitterly. "I have no time left to waste in hearing them. After your fashion, you love her, and I can trust even your honor to keep a secret which is for her happiness."

With this late scant justice I go out of the room, out of the house, with something of that despair in my heart which sent Cain wandering over the new-made world when he had killed his brother Abel.

Three days later, when I come to make my usual inquiries, the servant tells me that Mr. Churchill is dying, and that he has asked to see me. With a heart fluttering like a girl's I go upstairs, but when I enter that room a great stillness falls upon me, for I see that the end is almost come.

The bed is drawn before the open window, through which a soft evening breeze is floating all the sweet odors of the garden below. Mrs. Bruce and the doctor are somewhere near, but I do not see them. I see only these two, my friend and my love. He is propped up with pillows, and his breath comes in long labored gasps, but his hands clasp hers, and he is looking at her as if even death shall fail to make him give her up. No lily was ever whiter than she, poor darling, except where sleepless suffering has drawn dark circles under her sweet eyes, and slow heavy tears are slipping one by one over her pale cheeks.

The sound, soft as it is, of my entrance, disturbs him, and he turns his eyes to me.

"Stuart," he says, faintly, "that is well. Come closer."

I stand beside her and look down at him, and while I live I shall never forget the deathless hatred in those dying eyes.

"Stuart," he gasps, "old friend, you will remember her? I can trust you?"

The dying face swims before me, but I answer, "Before God, who reads both our hearts, you may trust me."

He looks away from me, and puts both his arms about her.

"Kiss me," he murmurs. "My love, my love, how can I give you up?"

I see her bend over him, and I turn away. What am I that I should dare to look at that farewell?

IN CHARLES READE'S WORK-ROOM.

I had the good fortune to see Charles Reade's work room pretty much in the condition in which he left it. Those who visit it hereafter will find it in spick-and-span order, for on the day that I went there, Mr. Liston, the godson, friend, and executor of the novelist, was briskly engaged in reducing the general chaos to something like system. The house itself—No. 3 Blomfield Villas, Shepherd's Bush, is a comfortable, unpretentious place in one of the least fashionable districts of London. There is a tiny square of garden in front, and a good-sized pleasant lawn at the back, which a brick wall divides from the Uxbridge Road. The house is furnished in substantial but by no means showy style, with pictures everywhere; the most noticeable of which are a couple of canvases by Etty, and portraits of Reade himself and his friend and companion the late Mrs. Seymour.

The room of greatest interest to the literary visitor is a small barely furnished chamber on the upper floor, where are stored those wonderful records of Reade's laborious industry—his note-books and scrap-books. Shelf after shelf is crowded with huge tomes, filled from cover to cover with memoranda of every description. Each one is furnished with an index, and the whole forms a thoroughly unique collection of materials for the story-teller's art. Few facts which bore on those social phases that interested him most seem to have escaped his notice; and the shrewd marginal notes to the newspaper excerpts show that the selection was not made at random. The mere gathering together, the classifying and indexing, of the thousands of different facts with which these books are crammed, would seem to have been labor enough for the lifetime of one man; but Reade, when he had done all this, had scarcely touched the fringe of his real work. This was but the cutting and piling of the straw out of which the bricks were to be made.

More interesting in their way than the folios of cuttings and the commonplace-books are the great square cards on which he always made the rough notes for the work he happened to be engaged upon. Here we see the novel in embryo. He jotted down a hundred different things in apparently the vaguest and most careless fashion; but in reality not a word was set down that did not indicate some purpose in the author's mind; and if one looks carefully over the series of cards appropriated to any one of the novels, he may see the work steadily shaping itself to the end in view. The memos here are of the utmost variety; sketches of character, scraps of dialogue, quotations from books and plays, half-planned situations, incidents, steps to lead up to a climax, phrases and expressions of all sorts, and one whole card—belonging, I think, to the *Put Yourself in His Place* series, is covered with odd out-of-the-way words "likely to be used in this book." The cards relating to *The Cloister and the Hearth* are full of minute references to the social life and habits in the Middle Ages, extracts from works of the fathers and old books of travel, all bearing out his words to Dion Boucicault, when planning to write *Foul Play* with him, "My system is learned research and good digestion." In this patient, toilsome fashion he prepared himself for the task of putting his story into words.

It was not in this room, but in a large room down stairs, opening on the lawn, that the actual writing was done.

When once he had set himself at the table, he turned off sheet after sheet with great rapidity, for, with his story well in mind, he was seldom at a loss for words. Occasionally, after writing for a couple of hours without a break, he would stick at a particular phrase, and if a turn or two up and down the room did not bring it to him in the exact form he wanted, he would clap on his hat and fling out into the garden, frowning and muttering all the while. A vast smile and a chuckle presently denoted that he had found the word or words he was in search of, when he would return to his desk and write for two or three hours more without a pause. In a morning's work he would strew the floor with manuscript, which the house-maid gathered up when the sitting was over. The sheets were then sent to the copyist, who returned them written out in a fair round hand, and after that the labor of correction began. A second copy was made, which underwent a second revision, and then the sheets were sent to the printer.

Reade did his best work in the morning. He rose at eight or half past, breakfasted at nine, and commenced writing at ten, continuing till about two o'clock.

In his younger days, when he enjoyed the best of health, he was fond of physical exercise, took his walk of twenty or thirty miles with ease, was a lover of sport, and an excellent shot. Later in life he solaced himself with lawn tennis, and enjoyed a rubber of whist at his club. But toward the last, when pulled down by domestic sorrow and bodily pains, he gave up almost all forms of out-door recreation, devoted the evenings to reading, and was in bed by half past ten. In congenial company, and particularly in the society of ladies, he was an admirable talker, his robust personality lending an amusing and distinctive tone to his conversation.

To return to the room upstairs. One immense folio is devoted to "Letters from Eminent Men and Women," and contains a vast amount of curious and interesting correspondence. Many of the letters are capital in themselves, but they are made more interesting by the queer fragmentary comments of Reade upon them and their writers. There are epistles from authors, publishers, actors, actresses, and celebrities of all sorts. A simple enumeration of the writers' names would fill a column. Here on one page is a letter from Mr. George Smith, of the firm of Smith, Elder, & Co., respecting one of Reade's novels. The firm treated him handsomely, and he describes this particular member of it as "the Prince of Publishers." They gave him £2000 for the use of a story in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and £2000 more for its publication in three-volume form. Reade, by the way, was always able to command an excellent price. £2000 is probably a higher sum than any novelist receives nowadays for the right of printing a story in serial form in a newspaper or magazine; but it was nothing out of the common with Reade, and he had as much as £5 a page for short stories and articles. Writing to Dion Boucicault on the subject of *Foul Play*, he says, "Unless Smith & Elder will give £5000 down for the story, and even if they would, I should advise to produce the story as a serial speculation, in fortnightly numbers at 6d., monthly at 1s."; and he encloses letters from Ward & Lock, the publishers, respecting the same work, which he says "are the best terms that were ever yet offered to an author."

There are a number of letters from Dickens, in the small clear handwriting with which all his correspondents were familiar, and in the frank and genial style which was a part of the man. On one occasion a daughter of Dickens had something to write to Reade, and she signed her letter with a tremendous flourish, which he was unable to decipher. It put him out of temper, as is evident from the note he appended. "Unintelligible Christian name, and a surname Kent, so I wrote a curt reply to Mrs. Kent, because you don't offend by calling a spinster a wife, but by calling a wife miss you may." Miss Dickens sent a pretty little note of explanation, and the irate man of letters was soothed. Letters from Bulwer Lytton are here in considerable number. Reade had a high opinion of him as a novelist and dramatist, and there is a very friendly tone about their correspondence. It was Lytton, I think, who introduced Reade to Dickens. The author of *Pelham* writes a shocking scrawl on the shabbiest scraps of paper.

One long and interesting letter is from Wilkie Collins, containing "considerations for R." regarding the manuscript of *Put Yourself in His Place*. Over another of Collins's letters Reade has written "An artist of the pen. There are terribly few of these among writers." Miss Braddon, for whose work he had a great admiration, writes to him at the time she is taking a new house, "What a lot of helpless innocent creatures I shall have to slaughter 'sensationally' for the benefit of bricklayers and carpenters!" and further on she sends him a comical left-handed epistle, when he was writing to the newspapers to declare that the left hand ought to be used as readily as the right. There is a genial note from Artemus Ward, offering stalls for his lecture in Piccadilly; and one from Mark Twain, "An American humorist, and really has much humor." George Henry Lewes writes: "Are we never to see you on a Sunday afternoon? We are always in, and generally get some good talkers to come."

Letters from actors and actresses fill a considerable space. Of Jefferson, Reade writes, "An admirable American actor," and supports his opinion by a pungent bit of criticism. About Sothern, in connection with a letter from that actor, he writes: "This gentleman is a dry humorist. I believe he proposes to mesmerize, and is an imitator of the Davenport brothers. He can get his hands out of any knot I can tie. His Dundreary is true comedy, not farce. He is as grave as a judge over it, and in that excellent quality a successor to Liston." Of Ellen Terry he thought very highly, and the following bit of description is singularly happy: "Ellen Terry. An enigma. Her eyes are pale. Her hair rather long; her complexion delicate. Her expression kills any pretty face you ever see beside her. A pattern of fawn-like grace." Of her sister, Miss Kate Terry, who retired from the stage on her marriage, he says: "The sweetest, tenderest, and most intelligent actress of her day. Young in years, but old in expression, and fuller of talent than an egg is of meat."

I am far from having exhausted the letter-book, or the general contents of the room in which it finds place. The letters from mad people, both men and women, which he used in his preparation for the novel on the lunacy question, are a separate study in themselves, and besides these there are drawers, trunks, and cupboards filled with manuscript reminiscences of one of the most active literary lives of the century. But enough, perhaps, has been said to show that there is a rich treat in store for future visitors to the house in which Charles Reade spent his latest years.

As I said above, Mr. Liston is now engaged in bringing the papers into order; and it need scarcely be said that when he has finished his labors he will have collected materials for an instructive and entertaining biography of one of the best novelists of the nineteenth century.

Tighe Hopkins.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

SOUPS AND STEWS.

Continuing our note of facts and fallacies respecting the choice of food.

III. Water is one of the most important constituents of food.

Fallacy 4. That because water alone can not sustain animal life, therefore soups and other watery forms of food are of secondary value in our diet.

Accurately speaking, air is the most important of all foods. Its oxygen furnishes a large part of the solid constituents of our bodies; we are fed by every breath, our firm tissues are in large part inspissated air. But this elemental constant, and invisible nutrient is not usually spoken of as food; and water, which is supplied almost as freely, is overlooked in the same way. Yet even of our solid food water forms about half the weight, and in addition to this amount the system needs some four times as much more water.

That is to say, if twenty ounces per day be enough of *dry* food for a given individual, his complete physiological ration would average as follows:

Moist food	40 ounces.
Fluids in addition	80 ounces.

These numbers are of course only approximate, as no set rule can be laid down; but they say that we must attend to the proportion of liquid in our food.

Now the practical point is this: *Americans do not make enough use of liquids, and especially of soups, in their diet.* We live in a dry atmosphere, we have a withering summer climate, and except for the iced water that we consume during the hot weather, we who especially need liquid foods use less of them than any other people in Christendom. Soups are used freely in many parts of Europe. The Germans are drinkers of beer, the English of beer and tea, the French of wine and chocolate; but the American has no national beverage, except during the dog-days, and then he can not pour down enough iced water to last the year round. Whiskey, the national stimulant, can not be called a true beverage; certainly it can not well be imbibed at the rate of eighty ounces per day.

What, then, is lacking in the diet of a community which stands in special need of a more generous liquid diet?

One thing is needful especially, and that thing is *soup*. Except in the cities, Americans eat very little soup. A good bouillon or *pot au feu*, the most economical and appetizing of foods, is what we should use far more than we do. "It is the outcome," says Dr. Radcliffe, "of ages of experience on people who have a special genius for cookery. The animal and vegetable ingredients are so blended that the flavor of no one article is predominant. The bouillon contains all, or almost all, of the soluble portions of those ingredients which are necessary for tissue-forming or plastic purposes and for force production." A good *pot au feu* with bread is an excellent and sufficient meal, provided always that the *pot au feu* is made from a good piece of meat. A good bouillon may indeed be made from a tough piece, but what remains behind will be innutritious and indigestible, its virtues having gone into the soup. I have remarked in French families that the housekeepers provide good meat for the *pot au feu*, and though they boil it two or three hours, they take care not to extract its virtues entirely by too much boiling, so that the *bouilli*, or soup meat, is good and palatable when served with a sauce. Here is an approved recipe (Gouffé's) for a *pot au feu* for four or five persons: fresh meat (a good piece), one and three-quarter pounds; fresh bones, well broken up, a quarter of a pound; leeks, seven ounces; carrots, onions, turnips, each five and a half ounces; parsnips, one ounce; celery, one third of an ounce; salt, cloves, each one ounce; caramel, a very little; water, four quarts. Place the meat and bones in the stew pan, the bones undermost; pour in the water and add the salt; put it on the fire until the water boils and a scum begins to rise; then take the stew pan off, add a little cold water, remove the scum with a skimmer; then add the vegetables, and put the stew-pan near enough to the fire for the contents to simmer (not to boil) for three or four hours; do not close the lid tightly; then pour off the bouillon; when it is in the soup tureen, add enough caramel to give it a delicate orange tinge. This bouillon is quite as good on the second day as on the first. The *bouilli*, or meat, is prepared as a dish in several ways; it is commonly eaten with a sauce.

I have called this dish economical because nothing is lost. But though economical, it is not necessarily cheap; it is all the better for putting the best materials into it. Let us rehabilitate the bouillon in our own kitchens from the example of the best housekeepers in the world, the French—a people, indeed, from whom we Americans might learn, if we would, in other matters than those of domestic economy, more useful things than from any other people.

Titus Munson Coan.

THE HON. ALPHONSO TAFT, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO RUSSIA
PHOTOGRAPHED BY LANGE.—[SEE PAGE 466.]

THE HON. JOHN A. KASSON, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO GERMANY
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL.—[SEE PAGE 459.]

"A FEW SECONDS MORE, AND FOUR HORSES FLASHED PAST THE WINNING POST."—[SEE SERIAL, "FROM POST TO POST," PAGE 466.]

STRANGE EXPERIENCE IN A BALLOON.

THE incidents of a most noteworthy balloon voyage were reported from Montreal last week. The ascension was made from Montpelier, Vermont, on the afternoon of the Fourth, by Professor GRIMLEY, the aeronaut, and two companions. As they shot upward, at the rate of a thousand feet per minute, they threw overboard several bagfuls of sand ballast, most of which descended into a carriage from which a lady and gentleman were watching them. While pitying their sand-deluged admirers, though at the same time laughing at their plight, the voyagers rose to an altitude of over two miles, where they reached a current that drove them rapidly northward. During their northward flight they continued to ascend until the lofty peaks of the Green Mountains — even Mount Mansfield itself — looked like anthills beneath them. When they had attained an elevation of 14,800 feet, or very nearly three miles, the mountains were blotted from view by a dense bank of clouds, swept over them by a storm that raged a mile below the balloon.

At this time the remarkable temperature of the atmosphere was noted and commented upon. Although they were at an elevation of nearly 15,000 feet, where the ordinary temperature is ten degrees below the freezing point, it was found in this case to be the same as that of the earth from which they had started. Difficult respiration, pains in the head, deafness, and all the other symptoms pertaining to existence in the rarefied atmosphere of great elevations were experienced, but no cold. This departure from the law of a decrease of temperature with an increase of elevation is explained by meteorologists as being due to the currents of heated air which are often deflected from their proper line of movement by lofty mountains, and given an upward direction. On such mountain-sides it is frequently noticed, during summer afternoons, that the wind blows upward—an effect caused by the greater absorption of heat by the surface of the mountains than by the air strata around it at corresponding levels. The upward current of heated air thus formed is often maintained long after the sun has disappeared, and attains great elevations. It is more than probable that had Professor GRIMLEY's ascent been made in the morning instead of the evening, he and his companions would at their great elevation have experienced the proper degree of coolness instead of the warmth that so greatly astonished them.

At seven o'clock in the evening the party descended to the earth, their drag-rope was caught and secured, and they took supper at Waterville. In less than an hour they were again in upper air, sweeping over Lake Champlain, and soon afterward they evaded the revenue officers and crossed the Canadian line. At a tremendous speed they passed over the Lachine Rapids so close to the surface of the water that they could hear the drag-rope splashing through it, and soon afterward they landed safely in a suburb of Montreal.

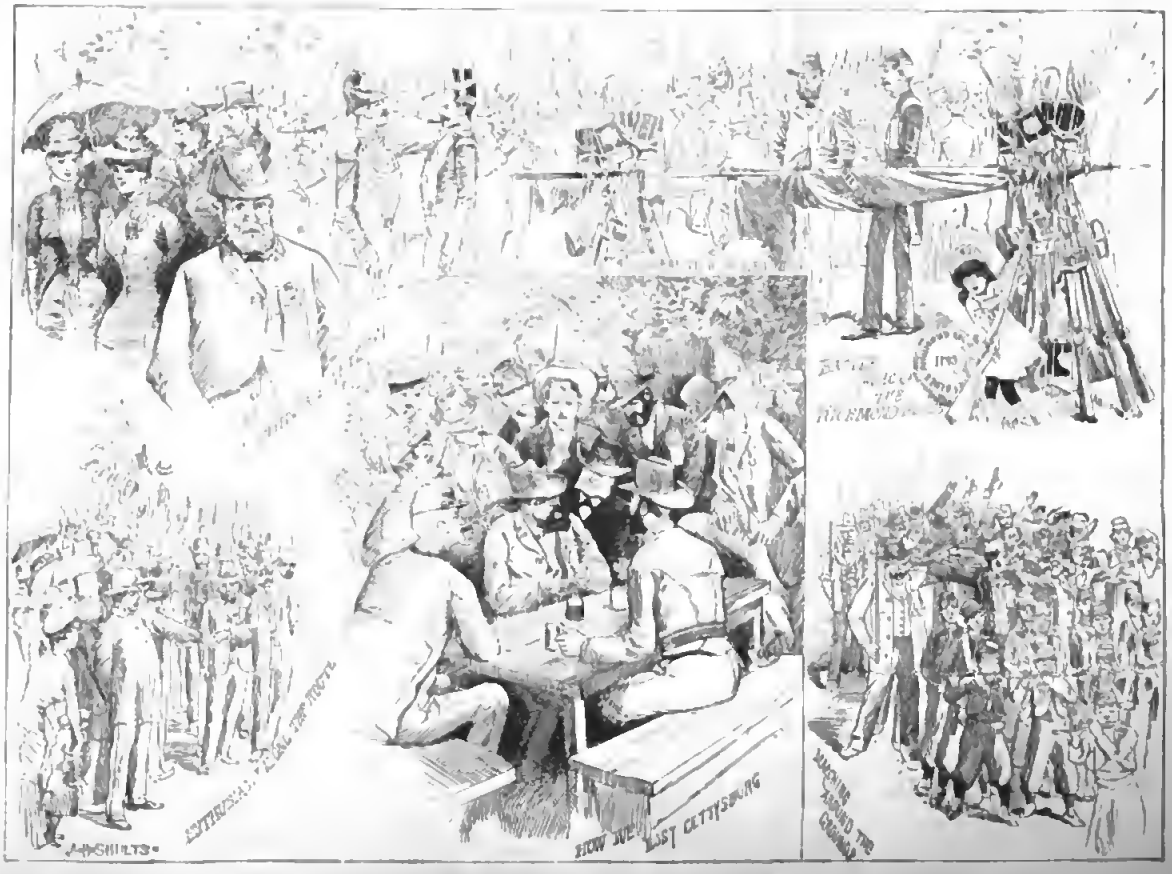
DRIFTING THROUGH THE CLOUDS.—DRAWN BY J. F. J. TARSCH.

A PLEASANT REUNION.

THE visits which military organizations North and South interchange every summer are not only a pleasant custom, but a gratifying indication of the gradual passing away of the passions and prejudices of the war. The latest of these reunions was the visit of the Richmond Light Infantry Blues, the Robert E. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans, and the Phil Kearny Post, No. 10, G. A. R., of Richmond, Virginia, to Lincoln Post, No. 11, G. A. R., of Newark, New Jersey, which took place on the 8th inst.

The visitors were received at the Chestnut Street Depot by several Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, and were escorted to the City Hall. There they were welcomed by Mayor HAYNES in a speech, which was replied to by Judge FLOURNOY, Secretary of State of Virginia. The visitors were next taken to the Academy of Music and hospitably entertained. About three o'clock they formed on Military Park, and, accompanied by the Grand Army Posts and the Newark militia, paraded through the streets to the Colesseum Park.

A pleasant incident of this visit was the returned a Union battle flag, rent by bullets, which was captured in August, 1862, at Lewisburg, by Captain Carter OTEY's Thirteenth Battery, Virginia Confederates. When the representatives of Lee Camp were leaving Richmond, Miss OTEY, the captain's daughter, intrusted to them the flag for Lincoln Post, which was to give it to the original owners when they were found. A piece of white canvas attached to the flag bears the words "Presented to the Volunteers of New Brunswick by the Citizens of New Brunswick."



A FRIENDLY INVASION—CONFEDERATE VETERANS VISIT NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.—DRAWN BY A. B. SHULTS.

PORTRAIT OF ROBERT BROWNING.

Mr. Barrett Browning has completed the portrait of his father he was commissioned by Professor Jowett to paint for Balliol Hall. The countenance of our great poet, as presented by his son, bears that expression of animation, shrewdness, and observant concentration that so strongly contrasts with the dreamy cast of features young ladies associate with their conception of a poet's appearance. Mr. Browning leans slightly forward as if engaged in conversation, his two hands resting on the bound MS. of the *Ring and the Book*. He wears the D.C.L. crimson robes, the full sleeves of silk contrasting with the texture of the woollen material composing the rest of the gown. The blue hood of the Edinburgh University is also worn by Mr. Browning, and the young painter has skillfully treated the difficulties of tone presented by the somewhat garish lines of the costume.

Mr. Browning is seated in a chair of carved oak, with low and rounded back—the favorite chair of his wife, the one in which she used to sit in that beautiful drawing-room of the Casa Guidi in Florence. The background of the portrait represents a tapestried hanging, on which are embroidered the Medici arms. This tapestry also used to hang in that room in Italy which was for so many years inhabited by England's greatest poetess. Mr. Browning's portrait by his son, apart from its value as a work of art, must be always invested with a peculiar interest for all who have been swayed and charmed by the works of that matchless husband and wife.

MR. SWINBURNE IN THE PULPIT.

In a most touching and beautiful sermon by the Rev. John Wellwood, just published, these exquisite lines are given:

"A little soul, scarce fledged for earth,
Takes wing, with heaven again for goal,
Even while we hailed as fresh from birth
A little soul.

"The little feet that never trod
Earth, never strayed in field or street;
What hand leads upward back to God
The little feet?

"The little hands that never sought
Earth's prizes, worthless all as sands:
What gift has death—God's servant—brought
The little hands?

"The little eyes that never knew
Light other than of dawning skies;
What new life now lights up anew
The little eyes?

* * * * * * *

"No storm, we know, may change the blue
Soft heaven that haply death descries;
No tears, like these in ours, bedew
The little eyes."

The sermon from which these lines are quoted was preached on the death of a dear sister-in-law, who, while she was dying—the little babe having gone before—would keep saying, as she thought of her husband, "Oh, you will be so lonely! so lonely!" and then, at some low-breathed, reassuring word, would smile, ready to go with perfect joy."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
AS A NERVE FOOD.
Dr. J. W. Smith, Wellington, O., says: "In impaired nervous supply I have used it to advantage."—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Dentist" Tooth Powder. Try it. 15c.
Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Headache, Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.—[*Adv.*]

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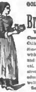

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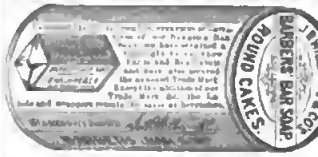

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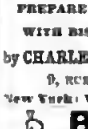
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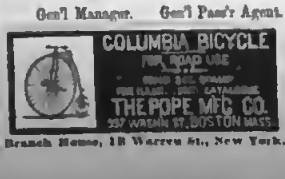

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1884.

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A CANDIDATE BEYOND SUSPICION.

THE hearty satisfaction with which the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND has been received is a feeling quite independent of party considerations. It arises from the general conviction that the chief issue of the election is honest and efficient administration, with sole regard to the public welfare, of which Mr. CLEVELAND is a conspicuous representative. Indeed, he owes his nomination, not to long party service, but to his career as an executive officer, and to the universal respect and confidence which his character and conduct have inspired. He was elected Mayor of Buffalo when the intelligent sentiment of the city demanded a reform policy, and a man able and courageous enough to enforce it. He was the candidate of citizens who were resolved that the city government should be conducted for the general welfare, and not for the benefit of rings and traders. He was elected, and he did not disappoint this desire and anticipation. He discharged his duties without regard to party advantage or private interest, or his own political or personal profit. He held his office as a public trust, baffling jobbery of all kinds, vetoing doubtful schemes or questionable laws upon clear constitutional and indisputable grounds, and by his direct, honorable, and energetic course winning the cordial regard of his fellow-citizens. It was natural that in the decline of great party issues, and in the alarming and dangerous progress of corrupt political methods, the voters of New York, hearing of the administrator of the government of one of the chief cities of the State as a man possessing the very qualities which promised the overthrow of political venality and mercenary intrigue, should have willingly supported him for Governor of the State, or should have gladly acquiesced in his election. His vast and unprecedented majority was in no sense partisan, and although, like most active Americans, he is a party man, the circumstances of his election enabled him, with the same quiet and unostentatious energy and ability, to take, without question except from the baser elements of his own party, the course of a thoroughly intrepid and public-spirited magistrate, and to administer the government of a great State as he had directed that of a great city.

In his letter accepting the nomination for Governor he alluded to the corrupting use of money at elections, and said, in words that deserve thoughtful attention in view of the notorious tendencies of our public life:

"It is useless and foolish to shut our eyes to the fact that this evil exists among us, and the party which leads in an honest effort to return to better and purer methods will receive the confidence of our citizens, and secure their support. It is willful blindness not to see that the people care but little for party obligations when they are invoked to countenance and sustain fraudulent and corrupt practices. And it is well for our country and for the purification of politics that the people at times, fully roused to danger, remind their leaders that party methods should be something more than a means used to answer the purposes of those who profit by political occupation."

His administration has been in full accord with the spirit of these words. Frank and plain in manner, scorning political charlatanry and the arts of a demagogue, his appointments to office, his thorough study of laws submitted to him, his vetoes based upon constitutional grounds and wholly unmindful of personal or partisan views and wishes, his hearty co-operation with every measure to promote non-partisan reform in the civil service, and his wise and energetic part in the purification of the unclean and corrupt municipal government of the city of New York, have naturally attracted the attention of the country to a public officer in a most dignified and responsible position whose career shows the qualities which the political situation especially requires.

To the powerful argument for his elevation to the Presidency which is supplied by this recital of undeniable facts, an administrative experience and ability, and an absolutely unquestioned and unsuspected official integrity, which can not be claimed for his opponent, the only reply is an assertion that the Republican party is more trustworthy than the Democratic party. This, however, is an argument which must be handled carefully. If Mr. BLAINE is to be regarded as the deliberately chosen representative of the official integrity, the political methods, the relations to corporate interests, the political morality and character, the conception of official trust and responsibility, which the Republican party adopts and approves, is it so very clear that it is a more trustworthy party than one which, in the present situation of the country, selects GROVER CLEVELAND for its representative? We are Republicans, but we should wish to be very wary of such an argument as this. Or is it meant that although the candidate may be unworthy, he should be supported for the sake of the party? But where does that argument bring us? If evil influences can control the selection of a Presidential candidate, is there any doubt that they could control his administration? How is a party trustworthy if its nominations and its action are controlled by influences that can not be trusted? Nobody can know better than we that there are trusty elements in the Republican party. But when those elements lose control of the party, we do not help them to recover control by confirming the ascendency of the evil element. To support nominations which the moral judgment of the voter rejects, for the sake of the party, is to accept a moral slavery as odious as the physical bondage which the Republican party overthrew. Protesting Republicans who support Governor CLEVELAND are told that it is better to endure four years of Mr. BLAINE than to elect a Democratic President. That is to say, it is better to support a candidate who is believed to be morally unworthy in the hope that a better candidate may be named next time. But those who urge this plea must see that to support such a candidate is not only to make the resumption of a better course infinitely more difficult, but it is to bind one's self always to support for the same reason any kind of candidate who may be nominated. As Republicans, we ask Republicans who hold that a party is an agency to be used, not an idol to be worshipped, whether they succeed in deceiving themselves with such an argument.

MR. BLAINE'S LETTER.

MR. BLAINE's letter of acceptance is characteristic. He is an adroit politician of great experience, and he has carefully surveyed the field and considered the situation, with a view to the service of the letter as a campaign document, before writing it. His nomination produced a moral revolt in the Republican party by raising questions of personal honor and character. During the time since the nomination was made this revolt has been extending and strengthening, especially among the young men of the party and the country. The tone of the ratification speeches has been one of exhortation to support the party, with the vaguest and most general allusions to the candidate, accompanied by a personal affirmation on the part of the speakers that they believed him to be an honest man. The necessity of such an extraordinary affirmation is one of the most significant signs of the BLAINE canvass. Besides this opposition upon grounds of personal character, there is a distrust of the general spirit of his political career as indicative of the demagogue rather than the statesman, and a feeling that the tendencies and practices in public life which have become alarming would be stimulated and increased under the auspices of a BLAINE administration.

It was natural, therefore, to expect a letter which should divert attention from the actual issues of the canvass, and seek to remove impressions resulting from a long public career by a prolonged treatment of public questions in general, couched in so quiet and moderate a key that it should seem to be the most conservative of documents, and to promise a safe and peaceful and even humdrum administration. This was the way to play skillfully upon the apprehension of the possible consequences of change, and to appeal to the feeling that would let well enough alone. This is the actual, as it was the anticipated, letter. It is long, carefully quiet in tone, and pacifying in expression upon the points where many persons might have expected a bold and aggressive tone. Its spirit is very different from the restless air of the State Department under Mr. BLAINE, and the letter, considered in itself, is a tranquil statement of opinions upon certain public questions. But it is not a letter which deals with the paramount issue of this election, which, in the absence of great national policies as between the parties, is that of pure and honest government in conflict with the mercenary and demoralizing tendencies which have become aggressive and powerful.

Mr. BLAINE is a high-protectionist, and he argues at length the advantage of that policy. But the opposition have not raised that issue, and its declarations upon the subject are neither radical nor alarming. He desires in our foreign policy peace with honor. But while upon that point there is no pending issue, it is remembered that the friends of Mr. BLAINE, when he left the State Department, derided the policy of his successor, in contrast with his own, as tame and un-American, if not cowardly. In the Southern States Mr. BLAINE would stimulate a spirit of patriotism, which every good citizen in all parties favors. The Chinese and the Mormons receive from him little quarter, and, indeed, as Mr. HOAR said in Boston, public opinion desires little quarter for the Chinese, while the Mormon offenses find no defenders. Upon the question of reform of the civil service, Mr. BLAINE pronounces himself an early and even zealous reformer. The subject has been agitated for some years. Public men have declared themselves upon it. It has been the especial object of a certain body of citizens. But to there Mr. BLAINE is wholly unknown in the capacity of a reformer, except in a declaration favorable to terms of seven years—if we remember correctly—which showed little comprehension of the vital purpose or nature of the reform. The letter, indeed, is an ingenious avoidance. It does not touch—for it could not touch successfully—the point upon which the Republican protest rests, and its general discussions of many unprotested questions will not for a moment deceive those Republicans who accept an issue of personal character and official integrity, when once fairly raised, as necessarily superseding in a Presidential contest the question of the candidate's abstract views of certain public questions.

MR. EVARTS FOR THE DEFENSE.

IT was natural that Mr. EVARTS should be retained for the defense. But even he could not defend. He is at the head of his profession. He has great and varied experience in difficult cases. He is an eloquent orator and an adroit advocate, and he was quite sure to speak to a jury whose minds were made up. What, then, was his plea? Stripped of its excellent rhetoric, it was simply this, that if a man upon the whole prefers Republican ascendency, he must support Republican candidates, and apparently whatever he may hold their character to be. The report may have done the orator injustice, for we can not conceive a more demoralizing doctrine, nor one more unworthy to be enforced by a public leader. CATILINE was called a corrupter of youth, but what doctrine could be more disastrous than this, should it be accepted as a rule of action by young American voters? It is not improved by the assumption which has been made in this canvass that a nomination must be regarded as the end of all question of the moral fitness of candidates. When Republican argument has reached this point, may not a Republican justly ask himself whether his party is still the party of moral ideas?

Mr. EVARTS had not thoroughly prepared his case, and he was humorous at the expense of accuracy. His sneer at Governor CLEVELAND as a reformer for not removing the Commissioner of Public Works of the city was pointless, as Mr. EVARTS should have known that the Governor has not the power to remove him, and the Governor's refusal to sign the tenure of office bill was approved by the author of the bill, because the value of the bill had been lost by the amendments of Republican bosses. Mr. EVARTS did the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY the honor to quote from him some severe strictures upon the Democratic party. Not only are speeches of the editor, but the columns of the paper for many years have been full of such strictures. General support of the Republican party, with a due reservation of becoming independence and regard for principles rather than parties, may be found not only in the columns of this paper, but in the proprietary announcements published in its columns. HARPER'S WEEKLY advocated the election of Mr. LINCOLN, of General GRANT, of Mr. HAYES, of General GARFIELD. It would certainly have supported an unimpeachable Republican candidate at this election. But Mr. EVARTS's case required him to avoid answering the crucial and paramount question which the impeachable character of the candidate at once presents—whether HARPER'S WEEKLY or its editor ought to support for the Presidency an unworthy candidate because he was nominated by a Republican Convention. Whatever may be thought of the Democratic party, a more immediate and pressing issue than that of a Democratic Presidency is that of unsuspected integrity in the Presidential office. The Republican nomination has set aside the issue between the parties, and has raised that of candidates in a manner that can not be avoided, unless the voter is willing to accept the plea, that the character of can-

didates need not be considered—a plea good enough for a politician in straits, but hardly worthy of an American statesman.

The cleverness of the adroit advocate fails utterly to show that the nomination of an unfit candidate for the Presidency should foster confidence in the party which makes it, or that a trustworthy party should be sustained in the nomination of a candidate whom hosts of its honest members distrust. Probably half of the respected officers of the meeting, and possibly the orators themselves, regard the nomination, which as party men they feel bound to support, as a terrible blunder, for the very reason that it hopelessly alienates upon moral grounds the support of other party men who are not less patriotic, honorable, and earnest than they. Mr. SEWARD, a statesman whom Mr. EVARTS honors, was accustomed to rest his political arguments where it is desirable that they should always rest—upon the general character and tendency of parties. But why did he habitually avoid the discussion of candidates? For the excellent reason that he gave in the campaign of 1856, "Because it is not the habit of parties in our country to select unfit, unworthy, or unreliable men to be their representatives." When that habit is abandoned, however, the point of the discussion and the significance of the election necessarily change, and then the argument that honest patriots may vote for any candidate whatever, in order to secure a Republican President, is seen in its true light. Personal preferences every honest citizen will yield, but not moral convictions; nor will the utmost ingenuity of trained advocacy persuade one honest American to doubt that unbending principle and the courage to assert it are better than intellectual ability and accomplishment devoted to moral sophistry.

THE OTHER SIDE.

A CORRESPONDENT in Florida denies the accuracy of the statements of an Arkansas correspondent, to which we referred some weeks ago, in regard to the position of the slaves and colored people in the Southern States during the war, and he wonders whether the WEEKLY will be fair enough to publish the substance of his rejoinder. We are sorry that he should wonder, because he can not justly have found any hostile disposition upon the subject in these columns. The question is not to be decided by individual testimony alone, but by the general consent of evidence, and by "the nature of things," including human nature. Our Florida correspondent asserts that the slaves were faithful to their masters who took them to the army, that they were perfectly loyal when left at home among old men and women and children, and in camp demanded to be armed against the Union soldiers, until the Union army obtained possession of certain points. Yet the slaves knew that the war was waged for their liberation.

Our correspondent then questions whether the colored men are Republican at heart, and denounces the frauds of Northern elections, insisting that so long as the Southern States were held by military power, and "Massa's negro militia" ruled the roast in South Carolina, and a kind of Union terrorism prevailed in the Southern States, there were no Republican complaints of unfair elections, although every honest Republican in the country knows what a parody of free government the Southern situation was. To our remark that the Democrats have made no effort to settle the race problem upon any basis but that of making the freedmen a pariah class, our correspondent replies that he and others hold the white race to be superior, and that intelligence and honesty ought to prevail over ignorance and dishonesty; and he asks why Republicans should complain of the efforts of intelligent white men in the Southern States to prevent the ascendency of an ignorant, demoralized, and lately servile class, which is in some States actually a majority, when Republicans themselves prohibit by severe penalties the entry into the country of a few thousands of a race superior to the African, simply because they will work more cheaply than native Americans. He also alleges that the denial of civil rights to the colored people is even more frequent in the Northern than in the Southern States, and that Northern judges have sustained the denials.

The weight of testimony, it seems to us, shows what would be only natural—that the slaves, while peaceful, were friendly to the Union cause, but they naturally kept quiet until actual occupation by the Union army made them less cautious. Even our Florida correspondent will admit that slavery is not a condition which inspires gratitude in the heart of the slave or antipathy to his rescuer. For the same general reason that the slaves were friendly to the cause of their own emancipation, the freedmen have been naturally friendly to the party that secured it. Our correspondent also would agree that the Moses *régime* under a Republican name is no excuse for similar offenses under Democratic auspices, and that the "superiority" of the white race can not be pleaded in extenuation of any kind of injustice to other races. As for his retort about the Chinese exclusion, although it is true that it is commended in the Republican platform, it is none the less opposed to the views of the best Republicans. It is as Americans and men, not as Republicans and Democrats, that intelligent and patriotic men everywhere in the country should consider the question of race.

CHOLERA.

IT seems to be very improbable that we shall escape some visitation of the cholera, although the sanitary condition of the city is reported to be good, and proper precautions will be taken at quarantine. Since it scourged certain parts of the country half a century ago, the character and propagation of the disease are very much better understood, and the value of cleanliness, general care, and moral equilibrium is fully comprehended.

There is great excitement at Marseilles and Toulon. The heat is intense, and the sanitary situation doubtless invites disease. But the extent of it is not yet appalling, if the reports may be trusted. Forewarned is fore-armed. The authorities at Washington are in communication with the consuls at the ports whence the contagion may be supposed to escape toward this country, and the local boards of health are on the alert. Public expectation demands the most rigid scrutiny at quarantine, and especially of cargoes, for it is more in the cargo than the cabin that the contagion is conveyed.

Meanwhile care, moderation, temperance in everything, are safeguards which every one can provide for himself. Fortunately the summer thus far is healthy, and public attention will be more than ever directed to any apparent neglect of the active duties of the Board of Health.

PUBLIC OPINION.

REPUBLICANS will weigh carefully the argument for supporting Mr. BLAINE which is drawn from the party rather than from the candidate. Thus the Rev. Dr. GULLIVER, an old abolitionist, writes to the *Independent*, which is one of the best of religious journals that can not sustain the nomination:

"The issue of to-day is upon the question whether the national government is to be administered in the personal interest and for the pecuniary emolument of individuals. The question twenty years ago was like unto it, whether the country should be controlled in the interests of a class—the knights of slavery. But that is no longer a question. Another question, engendered by the war and its demoralizations, the question whether jobbery and thieving, falsehood and bribery—all the small trade and dicker of 'practical politics'—shall have the approval of the nation, has now taken its place. Does the Republican party stand for emancipation from those traders and money-changers, who have crowded into the places vacated by slave-holders? If it does not, why should it be allowed to live on a dead issue, like a carrion bird? Hardly can more be said as to the weight to be given to another common consideration—that drawn from personal character as distinct from political character. That a man may have a charming manner, and own the happy faculty of making every one he meets pleased with himself, with no intellectual or moral superiority to disturb any one's self-complacency, really proves nothing to the purpose concerning his fitness for office. It rather justifies the presumption that he is a man inclined to be 'true to his friends' rather than to his country."

The *Christian Union* also says what finds an echo in thousands of Republican hearts:

"The nominations at Chicago have brought genuine grief to a large and very intelligent body of voters inside the Republican party. They were never more ardently attached to Republican principles than they are to-day, and they stand aloof from their old-time fellowships, in the crisis of a Presidential election, with unfeigned regret. But they can not do otherwise. Again and again in the last eight years they have declared their unalterable determination not to support Mr. BLAINE for the Presidency. Their opposition is not captious; they have come to distrust Mr. BLAINE with reluctance, and have yielded to doubt only because they could not shut it out; they have never endeavored to impose any candidate of their own upon the party. It is through no fault of theirs that they now stand silent for a campaign to which they had looked forward as opening another and nobler chapter in the history of the nation."

The Boston *Herald*, taking up the same refrain, asks:

"And what is a party except a means to an end? If Republicanism does not mean a reformed civil service, reduced taxes, honest money, economy in the government, purified politics, and a restoration of statesmanship in the conduct of public affairs, what interest in the Republican party have conscientious voters who believe in these things? And who will say that BLAINE and LOGAN stand for any of them?"

These seem to be quite as pertinent and impressive arguments as the doughnuts contributed by the old pastors of Mr. BLAINE. We do not recall this particular argument, that of clerical certificates, in previous campaigns. Is it felt that a candidate who is morally assailed by his own letters and words requires this special kind of "backing"? Or is it supposed that if a man goes to church in an edifying manner, it is conclusive evidence that his official conduct has been above suspicion or reproach? Clergymen and quiet people who take little active part in politics must smile at this transparent device, and possibly the word humbug may be murmured in their meditative walks.

THE LORDS AND THE COMMONS.

THE political situation in England is interesting because of the threatening difference between the Ministry and the House of Lords. The Franchise Bill introduced by Mr. GLADSTONE is held by the peers to imperil their political power in the counties, and Lord SALISBURY, who is never so happy as when fighting, has apparently persuaded the Lords not to listen to any proposition until the Ministry submits its plan for the redistribution of Parliamentary seats.

This course naturally arouses the growing feeling that the House of Lords is a mere obstructive body, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* says, plainly, "If the compromise on the Franchise Bill is rejected, the Liberals will not sheathe the sword until they exterminate a power which is incompatible with the government of modern England." Such language is unmistakable, and it shows the intensity of public feeling. JOHN BRIGHT, an old opponent of the House of Lords, has expressed his purpose to take part in the controversy if it should arise.

A class of hereditary legislators in a country so politically enlightened and so "modern" as England is of course an anomaly. Like the absolute royal veto, it could be tolerated only when absolutely passive. If the crown should attempt to defeat the lawful will of the Commons, the country would not submit, and the same feeling would undoubtedly prohibit any actual interference with the will of the Commons by the House of Lords. The responsible government of the country is a committee of the House of Commons, which is elected by the people, and the people would not suffer a hereditary and irresponsible body of peers to baffle its policy. The Lords, however, have always yielded, and there is probably little doubt that they will yield again.

PERSONAL.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury notices the great annual increase of bishops. He himself has consecrated bishops for four new sees during the past twelve months, and he fears that if this goes on at the present rate, Egyptian Hall will soon scarcely be able to hold the Council of Bishops. The Bishop of Ohio says that 122 American prelates have been consecrated in this country in the last hundred years. The Archbishop adds that he will not pause to say how hard bishops work. People who are not already convinced of it will not be convinced by being told.

—The late General TOTLEBEN, the famous Russian soldier, was the son of a tradesman. When the Allies invaded the Crimea he was intrusted with the defense of Sevastopol, and kept their powerful armies and fleets at bay from October, 1854, to September, 1855. Of this magnificent defense Prince GORTSCHAKOFF said, "It is a fact unexampled in military annals that a town hastily fortified in the presence of an enemy should have been able to hold out so long against a force the means of attack of which have exceeded everything that hitherto could have been foreseen." The General invested Plevna with great brilliancy of plan, and it was under his command that in April, 1878, the advance upon Constantinople was made. He became a Count soon afterward, and lived in retirement in failing health. He died on the 1st of July, at Wiesbaden, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

—The Attorney-General of Great Britain reminds the House of Lords that though not subject to popular election, its members are trustees for the people, and therefore ought to pay due regard to the just and reasonable demands of the people. A decided and irresistible popular demand exists for equal electoral rights on counties and boroughs. Professor THOMAS ROGERS, M.P., says that the only privilege the peers have on the statute-book is the right of being tried for murder by their own class. Only one of them had been hanged for murder during the last two centuries; but if he were to tell his hearers how many deserved to be hanged, he should keep them listening until the following morning. Half of them were absorbed in profligacy. He wanted to know how long the English nation would consent to be at their mercy and caprice.

—SARAH BERNHARDT has been playing Lady Macbeth in London. She represents that personage (says one of her critics) as never dignified, never noble. When she is pouring into Macbeth's ear the thought of Duncan's murder, she wraps him in a clinging embrace, as if she would play upon his senses rather than upon his reason. She wheedles but never masters him. Even the costume she wears seems designed to dwarf her own importance, dramatically speaking; for instead of the queenly robes affected by English actresses, we find her clad in a tight-fitting Jersey embroidered with *fleurs-de-lis*, with a singularly ungraceful shirt attached. In the sleep-walking scene she comes in with naked feet and a clinging night dress. This aroused an extraordinary degree of enthusiasm in Paris, but the English public view the spectacle unmoved.

—President ARTHUR to the Pan-Presbyterian Council at Belfast: "Coming from hundred ancestry, the kind greetings of the Scotch-Irish are especially pleasing to me, and very cordially reciprocated."

—A European who has travelled on foot four thousand miles down the African coast declares that in manliness and shrewdness, in intelligence and honesty, and in the essentials of government, the black man is quite as good as the white. Roll down your idea of civilization as much as you please, and unless you make it consist of the mere use of pocket-handkerchiefs, you will find that these so-called savages are as civilized as any Europeans. They are traders, and keen traders too. They have their own religion, their own laws, and their own patriarchal methods of life. All the best of them are Mohammedans. They administer justice in their own way, and show more hospitality to the stranger than does the ordinary foreigner. They have no penny newspapers, but they have what will serve the Spaniard and the Portuguese as a very effective substitute in the shape of their barber shops, which are the accepted news centres of the neighborhood. Every one goes to the barber shops to learn the news.

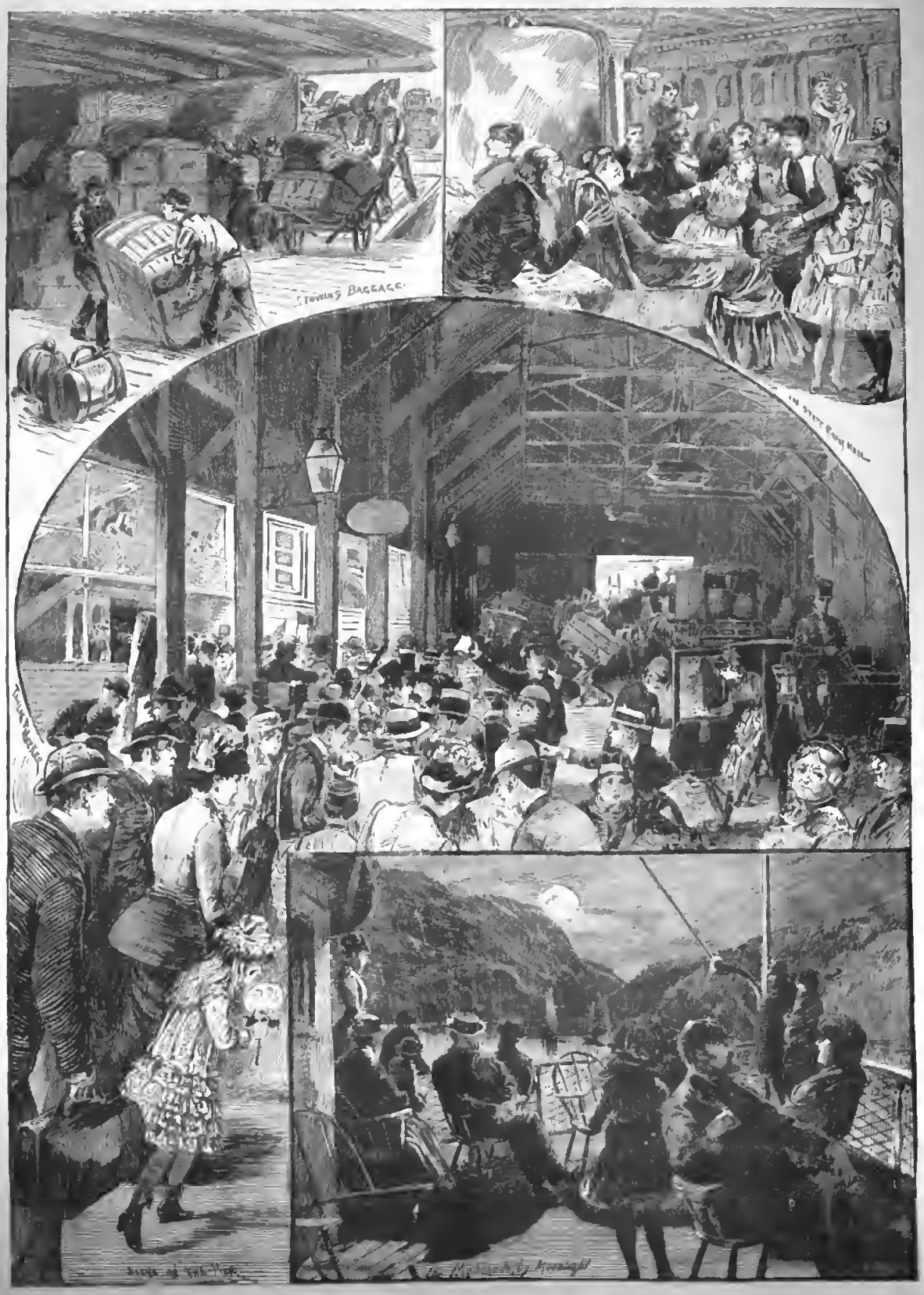
—The School of Medicine for Women, in London, was opened in 1874, with six pupils. There are now thirty-seven women on the medical register. They are more successful in the cities than in the country, first, because in the cities there is more work for specialists in women's and children's diseases; and secondly, because the need for physical strength in riding round in the middle of the night is less. The demand by women for women doctors is becoming greater.

—The sermons of the late Bishop SUMNER, edited by the Rev. GARDNER R. CROSSE, D.D., will be published by MARPER & BROTHERS. Bishop SUMNER was an earnest, cogent, and lucid preacher. "His sermons," says an eminent authority, "were simple and clear in style, and of cumulative quality, ascending from a few general propositions by a method, peculiar to himself, of combined logical firmness and rhetorical finish, until the climax was reached."

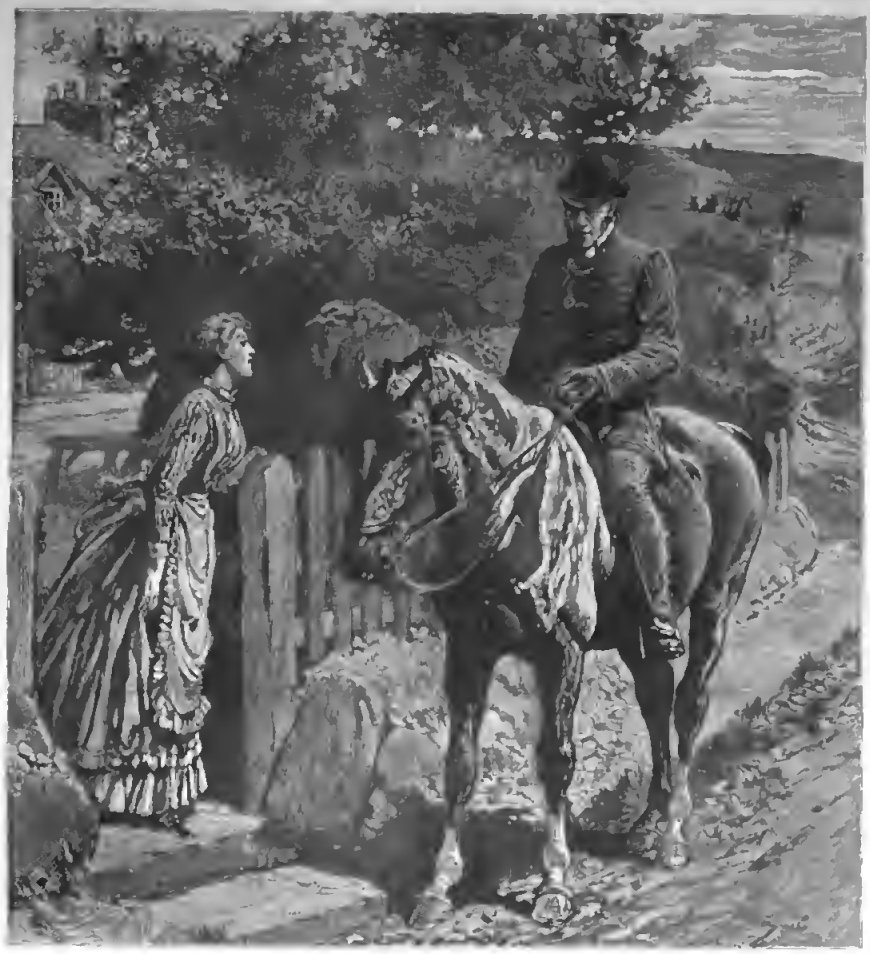
—A party of New-Yorkers were visiting Niagara Falls last week, and on Sunday morning left their hotel for a stroll. The usual importunate gang of hackmen attacked them with offers of service. "My friends," gravely replied one of the excursionists, an athletic young man, "would you have us break the Sabbath?" The gang seemed paralyzed, and the athletic youth walked on with his companions, bearing the proud consciousness of being the first excursionist who ever silenced a Niagara Falls hackman.

—Mr. W. S. KINBALL's house in Rochester, an excellent example of a free colonial style, has two interior features of note: First, the sense of distance and mystery produced by the combined effect of a screen across the main hall, a row of organ pipes on the first landing of the staircase, and another screen of open-work and glass above the organ itself: the hall looks more than twice its real depth. Secondly, the use of stained glass floral ornaments in a window of the conservatory. Standing in the parlor, and looking across the conservatory at this window, the visitor seems to be introduced to a collection of blooming flowers that includes preternatural varieties of extraordinary brilliancy.

—Bishop HIRAM MILLER THOBURN's testimony to the healthfulness of Mississippi, especially for persons whose throat or lungs trouble them, and his assertion that malaria is more to be feared from a week's residence on the Hudson River than from a lifetime in Mississippi, do credit to his candor and his intelligence.



THE SUMMER EXODUS FROM NEW YORK—THE ALBANY NIGHT BOAT.—DRAWN BY TAYLOR AND MEEKER.—[SEE PAGE 479.]



"IT'S A TREAT, DOLLIE, TO HAVE YOU BACK AGAIN" SAID OREYSON, AS HE REINED HIS COB UP AT THE GATE."

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Beccles Lassoed," "Horsed to Win," "The Great Tontine," "At Fault," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

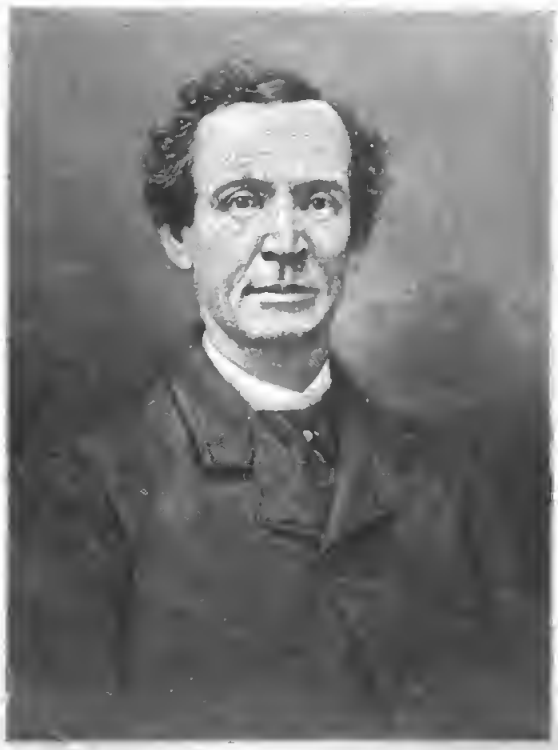
CRANLEY CHASE.

There were few more picturesque old mansions in the valley of the Ouse than Cranley Chase, the seat of the Rockinghams. They had not come in with the Conquest, or acquired their lands in the spoliation of the monasteries under Henry VIII.; their presence in Yorkshire was of later date, and somewhat more prosaic in its cause. The first of the family that had appeared at Cranley was one of Marlborough's favorite lieutenants, who had received his humble share of the honors and wealth that accrued to his great commander. The founder of the Churchills, it is true, was not wont to let money trickle through his fingers for the benefit of his subordinates; but Colonel Rockingham thought he could not better show his admiration for his great chief than by closely imitating him. Like his principal, he was reckless in battle and ruthless in plunder. But his great stroke of good fortune was when, thanks to his handsome person and the influence of his patron, he succeeded in winning the hand of pretty Mistress Haselby, the great Yorkshire heiress. She brought to Colonel Rockingham Cranley Chase and many fat acres in the valley of the Ouse, and when, the wars over, the Colonel settled comfortably down as a Yorkshire squire, he was soon intimate with all the gentlemen of the country-side.

The Chase, which stands about five miles from York, a little to the right of the Great North Road, is an old Elizabethan red brick house, a perfect incongruous mass of wings and gables; a fairly big house apparently to start with, to which each succeeding Rockingham felt it incumbent on himself to add a wing. It stood in a fine old park of some two fifty or three hundred acres, studded with old oak and elm. That the greater part was as draughty and uncomfortable as all such fine old family seats invariably are need scarcely be mentioned; but the modernized wing, chiefly inhabited by the family when they were alone, was exceedingly comfortable. When Alister Rockingham entertained right royally, as he was wont to do for the York races, the York balls, and such like occasions of festivity, then the old house was full from garret to cellar, and the latter, despite the fierce inroads made on it at such times, held bravely out. Cranley claret was provincial, and Cranley port and Madeira pronounced by no means bad to take. On such occasions the big drawing room and dining room were thrown open, and, in taking his party up to the Kearsmere, Alister Rockingham was wont to be as regal as that traditional nabob who exclaimed, "Bring some more carriages."

Still, before the Pharaoh Leger it had been for some little time rumored that Alister Rockingham was in trouble, but the Square kept a stiff upper lip, and chated not an iota of his en-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1429.



W. H. DAILY.—Photographed by Jones & Lowe.—[See Page 478.]

DOMINICK J. RYDER.—Photographed by Mrs J. B. Lowe.—[See Page 478.]

customed hospitality, and people doubted whether there was any truth in these reports. It is possible to go on for some time after you are ruined if you conceal all symptoms of the catastrophe; and for a man who has indubitably possessed property, and who is vaguely rumored to have lost it, to be pronounced insolvent shows much indiscretion on his part.

Poor Alister Rockingham! there was something more than pecuniary troubles the matter with him. He had "lived his life," as it is called, ay, every inch of it. Had flung the dice in "The Rooms" in Doncaster boldly, as he had backed favorites on the town moor. He had lived a fast pace in London in the season; had buttoned up his kid gloves tightly as he called for a fresh lot of blue counters, and went into the Cocoa Tree on a Saturday night to try that last desperate expedient of a *beau joueur*, the redeeming a bad week at Epsom or Newmarket by the throwing in half a dozen mains running. He might have said with perfect truth:

"I have lived my life, I am nearly done,
I have played the game all round,
But I freely admit that the best of my fun
I owe it to horse and hound."

It was not only, poor fellow, that his fortune was nearly spent, but Alister Rockingham felt that his life also was nearly spent. There are signs to certain periods of a man's existence when he feels intuitively that the clock is running rapidly down. There may be nothing radically the matter, but he realizes the fact that the hour-glass will admit of little more turning; and it was with a heavy heart that he drove home to Cranley Chase at the end of the week destined to be known in Doncaster annals henceforth as Phaeton's Leger. It was a bitter feeling to the man as he swept up through the fine old park, and his eye ranged over the wide undulating grass land and gnarled old oaks, to know that it was all gone, and that when his will came to be read his son would find himself a beggar. But broad acres however numerous, as broad pieces however many, are speedily got through when a man takes to gambling in earnest. Alister Rockingham had no very great right to complain; he had had a very fair innings, had some big strokes of luck certainly in the earlier part of his career; and though things had gone against him latterly, it had taken him twenty years to get through his inheritance. It was done now, and the Squire of Cranley Chase recognized that Phaeton's Leger had finally ruined him.

He had an awkward task before him, and he knew it. Wild he had been, gambler he had been, but no other woman had ever compared in his eyes to his wife Beatrice, and to a great extent she shared his confidence. She knew they were in difficulties; she knew things had been going badly with him of late, but she did not know how desperate his affairs were.

She had done her best to dissuade him from going to Doncaster, knowing how costly such holidays had been of late, and he was painfully aware there would be much anxious questioning as to how he had fared in the fray. As he expected, Mrs. Rockingham met the Squire the minute he entered the hall. She knew the face too well not to understand that he brought no good news home.

"I am afraid, Alister, that it has been, as is always seems to be of late, an unfortunate time with you. But there is no need to speak about it now. You look fagged, and it will be quite time to tell me all about it, if you choose, after dinner, dear."

She was a gentle-hearted, clever woman, and knew well that the male creature was wont to make confession of his difficulties in his post-prandial moments. Dinner over, the Squire having finished a bottle of champagne, began to take a somewhat brighter view of his Doncaster reverses. He even half-persuaded himself that things were by no means so bad as he had at first thought them.

"Yes, Beatrice," he said, "it has been an awkward week. Who could think that old villain William Greyson rejoiced in the possession of two horses, either of them good enough to win the Leger? I knew nothing about Phaeton, and backed Caterham, of course, as all the world did. I went from bad to worse all Thursday, and a plunge to get home on the Cup didn't mend matters."

"It's unlucky, Alister, because I know money is scarce with us just now, and I hear that you have sent for Pearson, which is always an ominous sign. Still," she continued, with a faint smile, "it is no use crying over spilt milk, as I have heard you say so often; but, Alister dear, if you could refrain from racing in future I think you would be a great deal happier, and at all events you would please me so very much."

"Well, Trixie, I think," rejoined Alister Rockingham, with a rather grim smile, "I may safely promise you that for the future you need have little fear of my giving up racing—it has given me up. As Rochefoucauld says, 'When our vices have left us, we flatter ourselves that we have left them.'"

At this moment the door opened, and in burst Gerald Rockingham, his bright, dark, handsome face glowing with high spirits. I don't know whether I have quite described Gerald. He took after his mother, who was one of those *petite* brunettes that tall fair-haired men of the Saxon stamp so delight in marrying. When Swedenborg wrote volumes to prove his Doctrine of the Affinities, he might have condensed the whole thing into the one short sentence—that men and women are very apt to fall in love with their antithesis. Gerald was small and slight in stature, but for all that the boy had inherited all the hereditary pluck of his family, whether on battle-field or at card-table. He understood, to speak metaphorically, "how to die and make no sign." He was all wire and whip-cord, and would have no more thought of flinching from the biggest fence of the York and Ainsty country than he would from standing up to a man of double his size who had insulted him. There had never been a Rockingham who couldn't both ride and shoot straight, and Gerald certainly promised to prove an exception to the traditions of his race.

"Oh, mother, darling!" exclaimed the boy, as he threw his arms round her neck, "I begin to think there's nothing like racing. I don't know when I have had such a jolly time as I have had this week. I've won twenty-eight pounds, which wasn't so bad, you know, for a young one. It's the most glorious sport in the world—and isn't Bill Greyson clever? Think of his having those two horses in the race, and selling the public all round by winning with the one they didn't believe in!"

A shiver ran over Mrs. Rockingham's face as she thought how her son was already developing a passion for a sport which had so sorely embittered her own life, while I am afraid Alister Rockingham with difficulty gulped down the execration that rose to his lips at this encomium on Bill Greyson's cleverness.

"How was it you didn't come home with me, Gerald?" he inquired. "I looked for you at the station, but saw nothing of you."

"No, father; I left a little before you. I'm not a swell, like you, who waits for the Monday to gather his winnings—I got mine at once, and I wanted to stop in York to buy something for Dollie Greyson. She is such a jolly girl, you know, and as it is her father to whom I'm virtually indebted for the money, I thought it was the proper thing to do. She is staying with her uncle in Coney Street."

"Ah! it's not so long ago," said Alister Rockingham, musingly, "since that distinguished patron of the turf who notoriously never bets wagered the famous sixpence with his trainer's wife against his horse winning the Leger. He paid it out in a magnificent pearl and diamond bracelet, which always remained one of her proudest possessions. I'm curious to know what you gave your trainer's daughter?"

"Why, I gave her a ring, father, which took about half my money to buy; but then, you know, she's far away the prettiest girl in these parts, and rides as well as I do. Why, you've seen her out hunting yourself."

"Yes," replied his father, "I know Miss Greyson by sight. A pretty little thing, and, as you say, she can ride. But, Gerald, remember, I want no nonsense either one way or the other between you and old Bill Greyson's daughter."

"You can trust me, father," replied Gerald, proudly. "If you knew Dollie, you would know she would not even come here as my wife without your consent and mother's."

As Gerald continued to tell his mother the story of his week's doings, as was his habit, the Squire fell into a sombre reverie. His son's triumph recalled to him those days of his youth when fortune smiled on him whether he gambled for love or for money, and he winces sadly when he thinks what is to be Gerald's fate, who he feels will have shortly to confront the world, not as he himself began it, but with a mere trifle of money at his back.

At this moment the door opened, and Miss Rockingham (the Squire's only daughter) quietly entered the room. It was somewhat curious, but Ellen Rockingham, who was some two or three years older than her brother, was utterly different to the rest of the family in all her tastes and pursuits. Dark in complexion, like her brother, and considerably taller, she regarded such things as hunting, shooting, and racing with disdain. She had already made up her mind that life was a thing to be treated in earnest, and was that somewhat unpleasant type—a young lady with a mission. She was convinced that the rich did not half do their duty by their poorer brethren. She meant well, poor young woman, but contrived to make life very bitter to some of the necessitous peasantry round Cranley. It is bad enough to have a difficulty about earning your bread, and comes terribly hard to a good many people in this world, but it is still harder to be told that the absence of the quartern loaf is owing to your own want of energy and thrift. Miss Rockingham was wont to be more lavish of rebuke than largess, and the impecunious cottagers under the Cranley sceptre infinitely preferred the sight of the Squire's wife to that of the Squire's daughter.

"Sorry, Ellen, that you weren't here to welcome me at dinner."

"You know, father, it was school night, and that is a duty I am very loath to neglect."

A parlous evening did some of those young rustics pass at times with Miss Rockingham. She had all the pluck and pride of her race, and was a rigid disciplinarian.

The Squire, to tell the truth, stood just a little in awe of his daughter. He was puzzled at times to understand how any daughter of his could have taken up those peculiar views. He would have about as soon thought of confiding his troubles or confessing his peccadilloes to the clergyman of his parish as to Ellen. His son was too young, and if he only half whispered his troubles to his wife, it was simply because he could not bear to pain her.

"I don't want to interfere with your views of right or wrong, Ellen," he rejoined, a little sharply, "but I think most girls, when their father had been away from home for ten days, would have been there to welcome him home, and not allowed such rubbish as a 'night school' to interfere with their doing so."

"I am sorry—very sorry," rejoined the girl, as she came over and kissed him. "I would not have been out of the way for one moment if I had supposed you would have felt in that way about it. I try hard to do what I consider right. I have read and thought a good deal for myself, and I know I don't hold quite the same views as you and dear mother, but you surely know that I am in no way wanting in love for either of you. If I have done wrong, forgive me."

"Pooh! Nonsense, girl!" rejoined the Squire, completely melted, as he kissed his daughter affectionately. "Don't say another word about it, but go and get your dinner at once."

"Thanks, father, but I don't want any. I had some dinner at the Rectory."

"Dinner at the Rectory! Child, absurd! They never dine there—they only eat. Go and do as I tell you."

CHAPTER IV.

DOLLIE AT HOME.

What they call a "moor" down in the "West Countree" means a large expanse of open ground, plentifully sprinkled with gorse and heather; what they call a moor in Scotland means pretty much the same thing, with rather less gorse and a good deal more heather; but in Yorkshire they have moors and moors—the one corresponding to those of Scotland, the other more closely resembling the downs of the southern counties. Riddleton Moor was one of the latter description, and over its springy turf many a famous race-horse had been prepared for his engagement.

Standing on its edge was a many gabled, comfortable-looking farm house, roomy undoubtedly, neither tiled nor slated, but thatched in the old-fashioned way, but all kept as neat and trimly as it could possibly be. Some hardy creepers were trained about the walls, and interlaced themselves over the old-fashioned porch. A square garden lay in front of the place, the conspicuous feature of which was a large and old-fashioned grass-plat, with a fine old oak-tree in the centre. Wondrous handicap coups and manifold racing schemes had been talked over beneath the branches of that old oak. William Greyson was accounted clever of fence in all matters of turf policy, but he had of late years achieved the distinction of being rather too astute in the management of horses. Like many a better man, he was suffering in a great measure for the sins of others. His principal employers were men whose only canon on the race-course was "make money," and who would have quite pooh-poohed the old rider of "honestly, if you can." Greyson had, of course, to carry out the instructions of his employers, and their views were simply that their horses should win or lose as best suited their betting-books. It is only in puritanical human nature that the employed refuse to comply with the instructions of their employers. Greyson was no particular saint; he dropped quietly into the groove assigned to him, and thought he might just as well make money as Cuthbert Ellison and Sam Pearson, and the consequence was that the stable's reputation was now of the shadiest.

A little past eight on a bright October morning, and Dollie, looking as fresh as a rose, emerges from the porch, walks to the garden gate, and glances up the road leading to the moor, to see if there are any signs of her father. She hadn't long to wait before the slight, wiry frame of the trainer, astride of his pet cob, was seen making his way leisurely home.

"It's a treat, Dollie, to have you back again, and find you waiting breakfast for me," said Greyson, as he reined his cob up at the gate for a moment. "Run in, child, and brew the tea, for I'm as hungry as a hunter. I shall be in as soon as ever I've taken Blucher round to the stable."

"All right, father," replied the girl; "breakfast will be all ready for you in ten minutes. I hope the work went on all satisfactorily?"

"Satisfactory!" said Mr. Greyson, rather bitterly; "I think the Dancing Master will about break my heart. Here have I got the best horse in England, and I can't get a boy to sit on him. But I'll tell you all about it when I come in, child."

A real Yorkshire breakfast is a thing to sit down to for those rejoicing in a healthy appetite, and the table at Riddleton Grange was very amply furnished. Dollie presided there in her mother's absence, for Mrs. Greyson was somewhat of an invalid, and rarely, when Dollie was at home to make the tea for her, came down-stairs until the last possible moment. A few minutes, and William Greyson enters the room. A keen, shrewd face, clear gray eyes; the look of a man, indeed, that a shrewd judge of physiognomy would hold you are not likely to get the better of; and, unless report belied him, there were not many who had ever had the best of William Greyson. He walked up to the top of the table, kissed his daughter, and smoothed her bright golden tresses; for if there was one thing the trainer prized in this world it was his daughter.

"And so, father, the Dancing Master has been tiresome this morning. Why, that iron-gray colt is the handsomest you've got in training, or have had for a long while. You'll have to let me try my hand at him after all."

"God forbid, child! He got Joe Butters down this morning, and you know I don't much like putting Joe up, on account of his weight, except in dire extremity; he's rather too heavy."

"Yes," replied Dollie, laughing; "you see he has such an excellent appetite."

"Excellent appetite!" replied her father, querulously, as he proceeded to make short work of a dish of fried ham and eggs. "Ain't I always telling them that nothing about a racing stable has a right to have an appetite but the horses? As for the bipeds, they can't be too strict in their abstinence. Joe Butters is the victim of gluttony. Who can say what position he might have taken in his profession if he could have put any restraint on himself? But, with his passion for corned beef and old ale, no wonder he outgrew his opportunities."

"But, father, you know Joe's a real good boy."

"Of course he is," replied the trainer; "but just think how much better he'd have been if he had been a couple of stone lighter." And as he spoke the trainer proceeded to help himself to some game pie.

"And you really believe in the Dancing Master, father?"

"Undoubtedly I do, as much as it is possible to believe in a colt with such a fiendish temper. But you know what they are, Dollie; there's no doing anything with women or horses when they exhibit uncontrollable temper."

"Libel, father—rank libel. When women and horses prove uncontrollable, it is in nineteen cases out of twenty the result of ill treatment. Take them properly, and you can make them do anything. I'd wager my best frock to a new hat that the Dancing Master and I get on together."

"Nonsense, child," replied Greyson, sharply. "I've put you up on some awkward ones before now. And you can ride," he continued, proudly; "but I'm not going to risk your life on the back of the Dancing Master."

"Never mind, father dear. I'm not preferring any request. We don't show to much advantage when we are kicked off, and, in spite of my braggadocio, I should probably share the fate of the others.—Ah! good-morning, mother. We put the tea down by the fire to keep warm for you, and now what shall I get you for breakfast?"

Mrs. Greyson, in sooth, was somewhat of a trial to her husband. It was not altogether her fault; but continuous ill health is wont to sour ordinary tempers, and Mrs. Greyson was apt to be a little waspish in her remarks about things generally. She could not get about to see after things herself as she had done in days of yore, and had she been allowed her way, would have kept Dollie at home as her vice-agent. But William Greyson was much too proud of his daughter to stand this sort of thing, and insisted that she should go into York, and have the best "training" money could buy her. No man who is not a thorough autocrat is of much use as the head of a racing stable, and William Greyson was not only that, but thoroughly master in his own house as well, and his wife was quite aware of the fact that when he really had made up his mind there was no disputing it.

"The butter's not quite what it ought to be," said Mrs. Greyson, querulously. "Now you are at home, and not taking lessons on the piano, or flirting about your uncle's shop, you might keep an eye on the dairy."

"I don't think there's much fault to find," replied Dollie, cheerfully. "Jeanie knows her work well, and requires little supervision."

"Don't you fret yourself, wife," said William Greyson. "You can't get about now to see after things, of course; but you taught them all their work in the days when you could so thoroughly that the domestic machine runs pretty smooth now."

"Very good of you to say so, William; but I can see plenty of short-comings, though I can't get about to see after them nowadays."

Mrs. Greyson was a little hard on her husband, and even her friends, in this respect. She undoubtedly suffered from ill health, and, after the manner of many invalids, she persistently dangled this fact before their eyes as if it were a virtue.

Under the tree in the front of the house, in the mean time, might have been observed in conversation the offending Jeanie and Joe Butters, the head lad of Greyson's stables, a short, sturdily built man of seven or eight and twenty.

"Jeanie, my dear," he observed, "you look uncommon nice, you do, this morning. You're as plump as a partridge, and that's a real virtue in your sex, while for us men, especially when we have to do with racing, it becomes quite criminal."

"Well, Mr. Butters, you know you're not near as stout as you were. It's very odd that we should take such different views of things. You say that you don't like a girl to be too thin, but mercy on us, *I* live in perpetual fright of losing my waist. But you look tired. Suppose you come into the dairy, and I'll give you a glass of fresh milk."

"There, now, that's just where it is. If there's one thing I should like, it would be a draught of fresh milk, and to ascertain exactly how far it is round that waist of yours; but, bless you, milk means blubber, and when you give up your mind to horses, you can't afford that sort of thing. Tired, indeed! I should rather think I was. That gray brute has put me down once, run away with me twice, and blessed near pulled my arms out this morning. A nice article to keep on the premises, he is! I wish he'd kill somebody at once, and have done with it."

"Oh, lor, Mr. Butters! Don't talk in that way. Why, you know it would be more likely to be you than anybody else. Of course they hand him over to you because, as we all know, you're the best rider in the stables."

"Well, my dear," said Butters, in the most patronizing way, "I know I'm not so dusty, and if it wasn't for my disgusting weight I'd pretty soon let 'em see in Newmarket what I can do; but that Dancing Master—oh, Lord! Come in, Jeanie, and get me a mug of ale."

Joe Butters, having given up his weight as a problem utterly beyond his own control, confined himself now simply to severe abstinence from such saccharine matter as he had no particular craving for. Milk in the morning was a thing that Mr. Butters admired from a very abstract point of view; he took much credit to himself for his abstention in such little things, but before he strolled off to his own quarters I'm afraid there were two or three little matters that he had solved thoroughly to his own mind, namely, that the Riddleton Grange ale had not deteriorated, and that it was quite possible to get his arm comfortably round Jeanie's waist.

"Dollie!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Greyson, "may I ask how you came by such a ring as that?"

"Certainly," replied the girl, as she drew it

from her finger and handed it across to her mother. "Mr Gerald Rockingham gave it me *directly*, and you, father, gave it me *indirectly*. He bought it for me out of the money he won over Phaeton's Leger."

Bill Greyson couldn't refrain from a slight start at his daughter's speech. No one knew better than he what had happened to the Squire of Cranley Chase over that race.

"He was so pleased, father—exulted so much in his winnings, that he insisted upon giving it me as a memento of landing his first stake."

"A more costly stake, perhaps, never was won," muttered Greyson to himself. "He's a chip of the old block, Dollie, and has begun early, like his father before him; but I think it would have been better for the Squire if he'd never set foot on a race-course. There's a foolish blood in all these Rockinghams, and that sort as a rule don't make good gamblers."

"You don't mean, father, that Mr. Rockingham lost a great deal of money at Doncaster, do you?"

"Yes, my girl, that's about what it comes to. It was hard, but it's not altogether my fault. As a thorough sportsman and belonging to the county, I tried all I could to make them give him a hint; however, they wouldn't do so, and as it chanced, I never had an opportunity myself."

"That, then, I suppose, will come very hard on Gerald?" rejoined Dollie, opening her large gray eyes to their fullest extent.

"Yes, that and a few similar scrapes that the Squire has got into," replied her father, dryly.

"I am very, very sorry," replied the girl, gravely. "It almost makes me dislike my ring. I feel quite grieved Gerald should have spent so much of his money on it."

"You needn't distress yourself much on that account," replied her father. "That amount will make very little difference to what I'm afraid last Doncaster cost the Squire." And with this observation the trainer strolled out of the room.

"What age is young Mr. Rockingham?" inquired Mrs. Greyson.

"Just a few months older than myself," said Dollie; "he's going to the University," and then she quietly followed her father's example, and left the room. She had no fancy for talking about Gerald Rockingham to her mother.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SUMMER EXODUS.

On page 476 we give several illustrations of a summer evening trip up the Hudson, the truth of which will be recognized by any one who has taken the night steamboat for Albany. Nothing can exceed the natural beauty of the Hudson, whatever it may lack of the romance of the Rhine and the Danube. No ruined castles crown its lovely banks, with their traditions of feudal life; but the cities, hamlets, villas, and farm-houses that are reflected in its clear waters tell the story of prosperous and happy homes, which, after all, is better than the story of the robber chieftains who built the picturesque castles of the Old World.

TWO HEROIC MEN.

On page 477 may be seen the portraits of two men who are neither candidates for political honors nor members of champion base-ball nines, but who simply make a business of life-saving by the rescue of human beings from drowning. So successful have they been in this business that the fame of their heroic deeds has reached Washington, and there received the prompt recognition that is so well deserved. This recognition has recently come to both of these men, one on the Atlantic and one on the Pacific coast, in the shape of the great gold medal coined at the Philadelphia Mint in accordance with an act of Congress passed June 20, 1874, and bearing the inscription, "In testimonial of heroic deeds in saving life from the perils of the sea."

The elder of them, he of the Pacific coast, is WILLIAM H. DAILY, an athlete, swimming teacher, and life-saver, of San Francisco. He is about forty-five years of age, and a native of Boston, Massachusetts, but has lived in California since 1859. Until 1872 he devoted himself to general athletic sports, particularly rowing, but in that year he turned his attention to swimming and life-saving, and to teaching both these arts. His record is that of having taught more people to swim than any other man in the United States, and of having saved the lives of thirty-two persons who were in danger of drowning, which is also probably a nobler record than can be shown by any other one man in the country. Mr. DAILY—or "Professor" DAILY, as his pupils call him—is a smooth-faced, rugged man, standing six feet high in his stockings, and weighing two hundred and ten pounds, except during the swimming and life-saving season, when his arduous labors on the beach reduce his weight to a hundred and seventy-five pounds. He is one of the heroes of the Pacific coast, and well deserves the honor which he has won.

The man of the Atlantic coast upon whom a similar honor has just been conferred is DOMINICK J. RYNES, of New York city, whose athletic form and sun-tanned face have for several years past been familiar to the bathers of Rockaway Beach. He was first employed there as bathing master, and afterward as a life-saver. Although only twenty-four years old, the young life-saver's long and intimate connection with salt-water has earned for him the title of "Captain," and this year the bronzed face and watchful eye of Captain RYNES reassures many a timid Long Branch bather; for he has transferred himself and his apparatus from Rockaway to the Branch, where he has already become a prominent and noteworthy figure of the beach. This young life-saver has a record of nine lives actually saved, and over fifty persons rescued from perilous situations in which they were in danger of drowning.

Before receiving the great United States medal he was already entitled to wear that of the American Humane Society, and several that have been presented to him by individuals and the guests of sea-side hotels.

Captain RYNES has invented and brought to his aid in his work several pieces of simple but efficacious life-saving apparatus. Most valuable of these is the little steel catamaran which he can launch through any surf, and which will float right side up, in any sea. It is formed of two light steel hulls, each about the width and half the length of a single-scull racing shell, supporting a simple frame, to which are attached the rowlocks and oars with which the craft is propelled. The catamaran is only used when the drowning person is at such a distance from shore that too much valuable time and strength would be lost in reaching him by swimming. On the catamaran are carried a tough bamboo pole about twelve feet long, and an India rubber ring life-preserver, to which is attached a coil of line. The captain's favorite position during bathing hours is lying stretched at full length in the warm sand within a few feet of the water. Here he is apparently an indifferent observer of what is going on, but at the first sign of trouble among the bathers, at a cry for help, he springs up, keenly alert and ready for action. It takes but a second to launch the catamaran, or to spring into the water and strike out for the scene of distress if it is within short swimming distance. If the drowning man retains his consciousness and self-possession, the end of the bamboo pole is thrust to him, he grasps it, and is towed ashore; or the life-preserver is tossed within his reach, and he is drawn to the catamaran, for the captain's policy is always to keep, if possible, beyond the reach of those who in their fright might grasp his body or arms in such a manner as to imperil both their lives. If the unfortunate has lost consciousness, the life-preserver is fixed over his head like a collar, and he is towed ashore by the strong swimmer, or he is seized under the shoulders, or by the hair if it is long enough, and drawn to the beach.

Although the service to which Captain RYNES has devoted his life is full of peril and arduous duty, it is not devoid of humorous incidents. One of these, which occurred recently, is related by him with much gusto. He says he was lying in the sand one pleasant afternoon watching a party of Israelites who were disporting themselves in the shallow water inside the life-lines. Suddenly they came rushing from the water, gesticulating frantically, and screaming, "Mishter Swarthmore ish drowning! Mishter SWORTHMORE ish drowning!" Seeing in the water a struggling form, of which the head and feet had disappeared beneath the surface, the life-saver waded out to it, grasped it by the waistband and shirt collar, and by a dexterous movement stood the corpulent and gasping "Mishter SWORTHMORE" upon his feet, in water but little above his waist. He was nearly exhausted, and so thoroughly bewildered and frightened that his violent struggles had all tended to keep his head down. Thus, with every desire to live, it is probable that, but for Captain RYNES's timely presence, the unfortunate Hebrew would have been drowned in three feet of water.

A NATIONAL SPORT.

JUST as an Italian carries his love for garlic with him wherever he goes, and a Chinaman is never to be met without his pigtail, so wherever a sufficient number of Englishmen are collected they will surely organize themselves into a cricket team. As soon as the British soldier had accomplished the "occupation" of Cyprus he began to play cricket there; on the plains of Candahar, with Ayoub Khan almost in sight, the officers of the different British regiments were industriously accepting challenges and playing off matches. In Zululand, in the intervals of tedious and pestilential marches, assegais were set up as wickets, and the English soldiers knocked sweet-potatoes about with a knobkerry, which did duty as a bat; and more recently in Egypt, while Sir Garnet Wolseley was slowly working his way to victory, the British marines were making long scores in the dust of Alexandria. The knapsack of every French soldier is said to contain a field-marshal's *baton*; but certainly "Tommy Atkins" never started on a march without a bat and ball and set of wickets on his back.

It has indeed become a hackneyed phrase that Englishmen take cricket with them wherever they go, yet few perhaps understand how completely it is true. In Africa, not only at Natal and George Town, Wynberg, Port Elizabeth, Sunday's River, and other spots in the south, but on the western coast at Lagos and elsewhere, and on the north in Algeria and in every part of Egypt, the game is played. In Asia not only have matches been recorded from every part of India and Burmah, the China and Straits settlements, Japan, and Ceylon with its half-dozen clubs, but also from Aden in Arabia, and Zanzibar. In America, though base-ball holds the foremost place in popular esteem throughout the North, whether in the States or Canada, cricket is played regularly; while in Mexico and at Panama, as well as all along the southern continent, from Guiana to Buenos Ayres, Montevideo and Estancia Adela, round to Chili and Peru, up the Plate River, the astonished natives have seen the aliens amusing themselves after the fashion of the cold climates whence they came. In Europe it is needless to say how wide-spread the game is, while in all the strange nooks and corners where Englishmen have found a home it is systematically practiced. At Gibraltar and Malta, in Jamaica and on St. Helena, New Zealand and Nova Scotia, the Bermudas, Barbadoes, the Falkland Isles, and the Feejees—at all these places matches have been settled as well as the climate, the country, and the circumstances would allow.

Mr. Alfred Jingle's famous account of the cricket match in Ceylon, in which hot water had to be poured on the ground to make it possible to pitch the stumps, and where the field all dropped in their places asphyxiated, has always been received as a rather highly colored piece of reporting; but lightish blue-jackets play at Acapulco with the temperature in the field at 145 degrees, and a match was reported from Upper India a year or two ago when, in the middle of the hottest month of one of the hottest seasons ever recorded, two elevens met and actually played out a game. "Not a living thing," the reporter wrote, "dared the heat, and yet each side scored over a hundred runs. The vultures even had taken refuge in the shade; but the British soldier ran the overthrows with all the energy he could have shown at Sandhurst on an English summer day." The ground, too, had its defects, for long leg stood waist-deep in brushwood, while back-stop had a ravine behind him over which he had to scramble for every bye. But even this compares somewhat favorably with that Egyptian cricket ground described as "the acres of brown powder, within the centre an oblong patch of lime and sand, seven palm-trees being dotted about the field." Yet whatever the obstacle, the cricketer will have his game, and whether on the beach of Turk's Island or the shingle of Pernambuco, throws all his energy into the work before him.

Indeed much of the foreign history of England might be written from its matches, for wherever a regiment or a man-of-war is stationed, there will cricket be played. Every nation in turn has wondered at the Englishman—the lethargic Hindoos to see the sahib, in whose hands are life and death, pursue a ball which any one of his hundred subordinates looking on would esteem it a favor to be allowed to fetch for him; and the pigtailed Chinamen and swarthy Malay to behold the "Tuan," otherwise so dignified and important a person, taking delight in running backward and forward with a heavy bat in his hands which a servant might just as well have carried. The bewildered Japanese as well as the astonished Peruvians have dubbed the game as "madness," just as in India a picnic is called a "lunatic's dinner," and a fancy ball a "fools' dance."

Yet in India the natives are coming to wander, and are beginning to play themselves. At first they would have nothing to say to a game that tested the nerves and fatigued the limbs; but after a bit the more robust minds—not always the more robust bodies—caught the great truth that healthful exercise was one of the secrets of the Englishmen's power, and one by one the swarthy players came on to the field.

At Bareilly not long ago—where the keener air and more rugged country have bred a vigorous race—a school eleven of native lads beat the artillery team, and local journals now record regularly the prowess in the field of Hindoo and Mohammedan cricketers of Agra and Lucknow, Delhi and Lahore, Benares and Allahabad. Travelling, too, from India eastward, we find in Burmah and Singapore, in China and Japan, the natives joining in the amusements of the English communities; and whether at Rangoon or Amoy, Nagasaki or Yokohama, the heathen names have their place in every cricketing eleven. With the English language the English pastime has travelled round the world. Empty beer bottles, it has been said, have hitherto marked the advance and limits of British enterprise; but with greater truth it may be alleged that the presence or absence of cricket defines the area of British predominance and the extent of British influence. And it is surely a finer demarkation than the institutions which commonly evidence the boundaries of conquest or oppression, for instead of bringing with it extortion and cruelty and death, it forms a bond of fellowship between the natives and the aliens, and is a never-failing source of health and strength.

OFF FOR THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS.

WHEN an Indian chief is carried to his place of burial, whether it be a grave or a rude platform of branches swung on the limbs of a tree, his body is preceded by a company of musicians, who chant his praises in rude strains. His famous exploits as a warrior and hunter form the burden of their song, and with their sorrow for his death are mingled wishes for an even greater career in the happy hunting grounds to which his spirit has passed on.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THERE has been suggested in London a scheme for reducing to five days the time required for making the journey between that city and this. It is to make Galway the port on the other side, and utilize fast steam-ships and express trains to the best possible advantage. "It is a contingency," says the London *Money*, "which is not impossible, possibly not remote."

In a go-ahead Western town the clergyman does most of his parochial visiting by telephone. He hopes that he will get his parishioners educated up to the use of the telephone for donation purposes by next winter, and will thus prevent the destruction of his household furniture and the depletion of his choicest winter supplies.

It is cheering to be promptly informed through special cable despatches that the reputation of the United States for being well up toward the front in all manly things is maintained in the Bois de Boulogne foot-races. These races, it is said, are very popular with the French and American ladies in the gay capital, who win and lose dozens of gloves by backing their favorite runners. The fleet-footed contestants are young gentlemen of leisure. They assume race-course names that would be appropriate for steeds, and in other ways the events suggest those of the equine race-track. America's champion in the latest of these contests was a young Philadelphian, who won the 1000-meter race, and also the Prix de Nice medal in the 100-meter dash.

An inkling of the secrets of trade can be obtained from the fact that such drugs as opium, oil of peppermint, and camphor have advanced in price about twenty-five per cent. in this market since the cholera alarm in France began to spread.

A newspaper says that a number of cattle have died in Pennsylvania of hydrophobia, "caused by the bite of a strange dog on a tramp." Perhaps M Pasteur will turn his attention to the problem how the cattle got hydrophobia when the strange dog bit the tramp, and whether the animosity of dogs for tramps is likely to result in disaster to the dairy interests generally.

Twice at least in recent years cholera has entered this country by the way of New Orleans. Yet it is said, on the authority of a physician, that the money spent annually on the Mardi Gras would make that city clean and healthful. The success of the contemplated Exposition is at stake this time.

A man was arraigned in a Brooklyn court a few days ago for beating a woman who was a stranger to him. He explained to the judge that he mistook the woman for his wife, and he seemed greatly surprised when the magistrate refused to consider the explanation amply sufficient.

A strange story of attempted robbery in a church comes from Mexico. In that country funerals are often held early in the morning, and the priest of the Soledad de Santa Cruz Church did not think it strange when permission was asked to take an encoffined body to the church on the evening before the funeral. In the night the body—that of a live thief—stole the church jewels, but did not get away with them.

A thoroughly methodical person eventually becomes convinced that it is not good policy to take things for granted. After spending an hour in drilling at a safe door in Newark, a burglar was frightened away. The men who frightened him off discovered that the door had not been locked at all.

In Italy there is a sort of communistic society that is "supposed to combine brigandage with anarchism"—thus differing from the Communists of our own land, who combine beer with their anarchism—whose members to the number of about three hundred are to be put on trial in June. The trial promises to be more noteworthy in some respects than the Star Route trials were. For instance, fifteen hundred witnesses have offered to testify for the prosecution, while a hundred and twelve lawyers have been retained for the defense of prisoners.

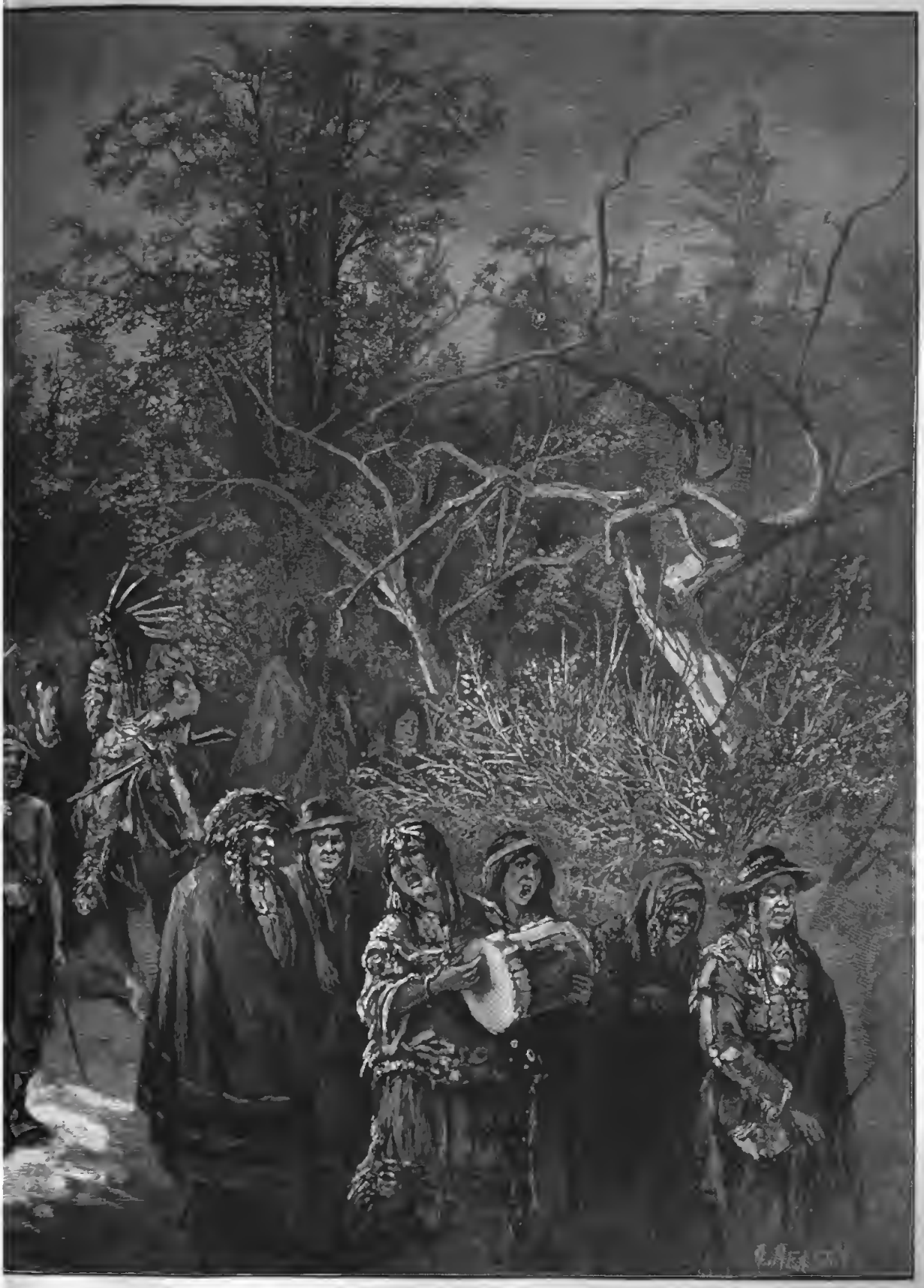
It has been twice decided of late—once in this city and once in Philadelphia—that a package placed on the top of a street letter-box is not properly in "an authorized depository for mail matter," and that a person who takes the package therefrom and carries it away does not commit a punishable offense. In the Philadelphia case it was proved that the prisoner went up to the mail box, put his hat over the package, lifted both up, and stole away.

A correspondent of an Indiana newspaper has been giving his attention to poetry and poets, and he has come to the conclusion that "they say things in rhyme which if said by other folks in prose would land them in the penitentiary before Saturday night."

The Chief Signal Officer having decided to establish a signal station in Alaska, it is possible that the bad eminence of Duluth as a breeder of blizzards will be less conspicuous. In that case the name of the "zenith city of the unsalted seas" will be not as frequently on the lips of men. The general belief in this region is that blizzards go out from Duluth in all directions, like ripples from a pebble dropped in water. If this belief is justified, then Alaska is to be congratulated upon its new facilities for being forewarned and forearmed against Duluth weather.

"Mother, dear mother, don't you hear your little Pointer calling? I feel that you are near me, though I can't see you, mother."

AN INDIAN FUNERAL—OFF FOR THE HAPPY



ING GROUNDS.—Drawn by P. Frenzeny.—[See Page 479.]

LOVE AND MIRAGE;

OR,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

THE LANDING.

FREE to roam and free to love! Could words more welcome come and go in a young man's brain? Unbidden came they there and unbidden stayed they, after the fashion of all sweet guests, sure of approval as the rose and the zephyr. And the happy conviction somehow took possession of Arthur Venning's mind that having roamed so far he should find love. If not here, where indeed? This sunny place seemed made for love and romance, a little world islanded from commonplace or vulgar gloss. As yet he was but on the threshold, and what a fresh and tranquillizing picture met his eyes that summer morning! what soothing sounds greeted his ears accustomed to the bustle of cities! Close under the windows of the little hostel flashed quiet waters upon a green shore, and the sun, as it rose slowly in the heavens, shone upon a repetition of the same scene, far and wide, cool gray waters and grassy banks. A few hundred yards lower down lay the little steamer which had landed Arthur Venning and his fellow-traveller on this sweet place the night before, and it was with a feeling of satisfaction he now watched it gradually move away in the direction of the open sea. The last link binding him to the world of every day was broken. Who freer now to wander and to love?

It might seem strange to others, as indeed it often perplexed himself, that a young man so favored of nature and circumstance as Arthur Venning should be in quest of romance. He blamed rather the world, whose favorite he was, than himself that he had well-nigh reached his thirtieth year without ever having fallen in love. Men go a-wooing and maidens are won, it is true, in brilliant circles of great cities, but are hearts ever broken there? Arthur Venning had no wish to break his heart, he only wanted to feel sure that he possessed one; like many another, he was rebelling against the monotony with which excess of culture has leavened social life. He would fain taste a little naturalness, breathe a more ingenuous air. His best years must not be absorbed in coldly gratifying a curious intellect, or enjoying an existence no less satisfactory to himself than to outsiders. Lazily as he might acknowledge the fact, it was patent to all. None could pronounce Arthur Venning a failure.

But is not that life a failure which has no passion in it? Yes, said this young critic of life in general, and his own being especially. It must be so, otherwise the great poets of all time have but fabled, and poetry itself is a sham and a make-believe. Then he smiled at the notion that a man of the world like himself, and a frequenter of fastidious circles in London and Paris, should have come to this outlandish spot in search of an emotion!

With that smile on his lips, half satirical, half self-approving, he set about the business of his toilet. After all, he reasoned, continuing his soliloquy, what are the endings of most romance but disillusion and commonplace? The fireside, the home, the headship of a house—are these to be set against a man's freedom? Never.

His thoughts were rudely disturbed by the intrusion of a head, with hair the color of his own, from behind the door, and a voice asking in humorous dismay:

"*Did* you put in any soap?"

Only a brother could have intruded thus, and with brother-like unceremoniousness the speaker was answered by a bar of soap flung at his head. Then the elder shouted, as he went on with the business of dressing: "You lazy fellow! I thought you were out reconnoitring long ago."

"And I could hardly believe my ears when I heard you get out of bed just now. You were to be up at five o'clock!" retorted the other.

"I wish you would make haste and look after a trap," replied Arthur. "I say, Harvey, I can get a sketch if you will send me a cup of coffee and manage everything."

"Sketch away," was the good-natured answer, and the careless dialogue nicely indicated the position of the pair. Arthur's playfully assumed superiority, Harvey's as playful submission. The elder brother did not ever of the younger,

> "All thy passions, matched with mine,
> Are as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine."

A stranger might have made the comparison with some aptness. The two were uncommonly alike, but as yet the alike force of character and mental supremacy clearly belonged to the first-born. Arthur, moreover, had a better presence, a finer appearance, although nature had kindly endowed both brothers as to the outer man. And Arthur had already made himself a position in the world of art and letters, while Harvey, of an artistic turn also, although presumably studying law, was still wondering what he should do with himself and his opportunities. Meantime the sketcher set to work in business-like fashion, and the idler went down-stairs to flirt with the pretty girl preparing breakfast, make acquaintance generally, and find out what was to be had in the shape of a conveyance. The people assorted well with the place, a charming rusticity, an ingratiating patronizing, stamping both, not unmixed with a touch of roughness, free, however, from acerbity. The brothers continued their journey in exuberant spirits. Their cariole was of the rudest—for seats they had only sacks stuffed with straw—the horses ambled slowly over stony ways; but the pleasant little land, the pearly sea hemming it round about, the gleaming noon after the cool dayspring—how could they ever forget these first impressions?

And as they journeyed on amid the yellow corn fields, losing sight of the sea for a while, a veritable Eden seemed this unknown island under the Northern Star.

There were roses growing in strange abundance before thatched dwellings, the trimmest, most romantic imaginable. "Surely fay-folk should live in them," said Arthur to his companion. Nor were the golden plateaux between village and village hardly less wonderful, so had the flowers run riot from one end of this land to the other. 'Twas one vast parterre in the midst of cool grey seas. Lovelier and more surprising still was the last stage of their journey, for straightway the road led them without warning into the heart of a dense beechen forest, where once more they caught gentle sea sounds. When they emerged, instead of mellow corn fields and Arcadian homesteads, there lay the blue waves close under their feet, wooded ways and hanging rose gardens leading down to the marge.

"Arrived, then!" said Harvey, turning over the pages of a sixpenny guide-book bought on the other side of the water. "And yonder handsome white house with the lawn and the lime-trees should be the hotel. Suppose we dine?"

"Suppose we do, and we can make out our plans afterward," said the elder brother, wholly absorbed in contemplating the naive graces of the place. "But, my stars, how beautiful! I must go to the water's edge."

"There goes the dinner-bell. A *table d'hôte* at noon, then? Well, I will go in-doors and secure our places," Harvey good-naturedly replied.

He paid the driver and sauntered toward the hotel, whilst Arthur found his way to the shore, five minutes' walk only by whitewashed cottages, each standing in its bower of roses. This was the village street, and the ease to which the fisher-folk had turned their homely dwellings was indicated by the prevailing life and bustle.

Arthur Venning sighed as he met groups of well-dressed holiday-makers. The world, if not fashion, then, had invaded his Arcadia. Yet he admitted that there might be consolations, as he caught sight of one pair of blue eyes after another. When indeed should these northern roses and northern beauties be found together except under such conditions? This cool green island, caressed by summer seas, was inaccessible during the greater part of the year. It must be taken, like a wit, when in the humor. He was about to descend a little wooden stair leading to the shore, when Harvey came up to him flushed with running.

"You really must turn back," he said. "The dinner has begun, and I have secured our places opposite the two prettiest girls in the world. Was ever such luck?"

Back they turned, therefore, Arthur, as usual, making merry at his brother's expense. How absurd it was, ever working himself up to a pitch of excitement about pretty girls, and nothing coming of it year after year! Nevertheless, when he took his seat, he could but acknowledge that Harvey was right. The pair of sisters on the other side of the table were, well, quite distractingly pretty, thought the young man, as, having bowed courteously, he glanced from one to the other.

Blue eyes, silken curls, rosy lips, and velvety cheeks, however, are common enough, and often make up a combination wholly uninteresting. Nothing, indeed, gives the observer a more irritating sense of waste than prettiness without beauty; but here was a charm independent of both. The look, glance, expression, call it by what name we will, of the two beautiful sisters might have redeemed a downright ugly face, and is not the look to a human being what manner is to a book? If that fails to please, all other graces are vain as touch an coldly. We may be instructed after a fashion; enriched and delighted, never.

Like as were the pair in the matter of eyes blue as alkanet, the loveliest blush imaginable, brown hair, and teeth of pearl, there was the same difference between them as between the brothers. The largest share of outward beauty, and evidently strength of character, had fallen to the first-born. Just as Harvey was a copy of Arthur, so the younger girl was a copy of the elder—a charming copy too! One hardly coveted the original more than the picture beside it. It must here be explained that the Teutonic maiden has little in common with a certain type of her English to American sister.

This quartette could now fall into easy, pleasant talk without need of further introduction than a smile and an inclination of the head; firstly because such was the fashion of those parts, but chiefly because coquetry is not a plant that flourishes on German soil. The naturalness of the girls' behavior was due as much to circumstances as to character. They could freely talk with two strangers of the other sex because custom permitted, and there was no consciousness of being on forbidden ground to lead them further; and if not here, surely in no corner of the world could ceremony be dispensed with. Who would be at the trouble of going half-way to the North Pole without prospective reward?

CHAPTER II.

"EYES BLUE AS ALKANET."

AN introduction of some kind can generally be contrived by those who have their wits about them; Arthur, ingenious of the ingenious, a stickler by routine in the matter of etiquette to boot, before ten minutes were over had put himself and his brother almost on the footing of old friends. He recollected that he had with him the card of a well-known German professor whose pupil he had been at Göttingen years ago, and now produced it with excellent effect. The lines scrawled on the back were so conveniently worded as to introduce him at any time, to any one, and in any place.

The elder girl smilingly read it and handed it to her sister; she in her turn, after perusal, passed it on to the elderly pair under whose protection they seemed to be.

"Very good! very good!"

Thus saying, the old professor and his wife, who were evidently kindly disposed toward these well-bred young Englishmen, nodded in friendliest fashion, and before coming back to Arthur the card had gone the round of the table, and the question of their respectability was settled. He was now on the point of producing another, but on second thoughts refrained, at least for the present. The other card withheld, thin as writing-paper and having a gilt edge, was inscribed with the name of a very grand personage indeed, no other than that of a reigning prince, commending him to another, the potentate of these parts, and one of the richest subjects of the Empire.

Arthur feared to appear a snob in the eyes of his ingenuous friends, and then as yet there were no more difficulties to smooth away. The rest of the meal passed off pleasantly as a family dinner party. How wonderful what followed was in the eyes of the London-bred men! For two or three hours later they were out-of-doors, with the two girls for guides, four happy lovers a-Maying in the old ballads no more natural or pleased with each other's company. A party of half a score quitted the hotel together, but soon Arthur was leading the way under the older sister's wing, carrying her basket, gathering flowers for her, feeling on a sudden as if he were young indeed. It was the first time he had ever gone a-Maying with a beautiful girl, and the first time he had ever known a woman named Elizabeth. The name, as well as the simple white dress she wore, took his fancy. No fashion, no artificial graces, no lendings here. A sweet woman, a sweet name, a sweet gown. That was all.

"What made you come to this island?" asked Elizabeth, when they sat down to rest.

"To wait for a mirage," Arthur answered, with perfect seriousness. Then he turned to her, putting in his turn the same direct question.

"What made you come to this island?"

Elizabeth's answer was prompt as his own. "To fly from a sorrow," she replied, looking down at her flowers. "Will the mirage come, do you think?" she added.

"Will the sorrow go?" asked Arthur. "We must both have faith."

And as he glanced at the eyes blue as alkanet that had suddenly filled with tears, he would have given worlds to ask more.

"They say here that sooner or later all seekers after mirage are rewarded; but there are sorrows not to be charmed away, and mine is one," she said. "Let us not talk of it. I am happy at this moment."

"Who could help being happy?" again asked Arthur.

The girl laughed bitterly.

"You speak as if there were no lost souls in the world," she said. "Can happiness, or even enjoyment, be the portion of a burdened conscience?"

"Well," Arthur replied, soothingly, "thank Heaven, I have not a burdened conscience, and I am sure you have not either."

"Nor my little sister Flora," answered Elizabeth, glancing behind her.

"Nor my brother Harvey," echoed Arthur, also glancing round him. The other pair were close behind, but quite occupied with each other.

Elizabeth's mood now changed, and she said, almost in a merry vein, although there was significance in the words, "Then you shall watch over your brother, and I over my sister, to see that no harm comes to them."

"As if harm could happen to them!" laughed Arthur, lightly. Once more Elizabeth grew enigmatic and grave.

"You may be able to answer for your charge, I can not answer for mine."

"Nay," again retorted Arthur, lightly, "I can be responsible for no one. Were this island a pitfall of dangers as you seem to believe, Harvey must be his own paladin."

"But my little sister's case is different," said Elizabeth, with the staidness of a nun. "Beauty a peril of one kind, youth of another. I must watch over her like a mother." Arthur smiled, but did not venture to utter the thought in his mind. If then Elizabeth so watched over the lovely Flora, who watched over the lovelier Elizabeth?

"I am several years older than my sister," said the girl, as if reading his thoughts. "She is but eighteen, and I am twenty-three."

"Strange coincidence," cried Arthur. "I am just five years my brother's senior."

"I wish I had a brother," sighed Elizabeth, her mind evidently going on another track.

"I can not conceive why any girl should covet such an appendage," laughed Arthur. "What good is a brother except to make holes in stockings for his sister to darn? I confess, though, I have often envied men their sisters, though not of the darning kind."

"I will tell you why I have wished for a brother," Elizabeth replied, looking at him with that charming directness he found irresistible. "Because a woman can not fight a duel. That is why."

Then she blushed crimson, as if accusing herself of forwardness, and talked for a while of bagatelles.

When Arthur declared that he had come to this island in search of a mirage, he was not uttering a jest. This breezy, fabled, flowery land was the cradle of wonderment and natural marvel. At times, so folks said and believed, lovely cities and scenes would be seen pictured in the sky, cloud pageantry as gorgeous as visited the inner eye of the blind Apocalypt. Nor did the sea offer spectacles less strange and beautiful. On certain days when the atmosphere was more transparent than usual, and not a breath stirred the heavens, cities that had been buried under the waves for ages and swallowed up on account of their sins might be seen, and the stately folk that still inhabit them. Sometimes these phantom streets would present a scene of bustle and animation; at others, the inhabitants might be seen clad in stately robes and sitting in golden chariots, or with slow, solemn pace following a funeral car. Arthur had read of these things, and in visiting this island was realizing a plan nursed for long years. Here at least he had said to himself he should see something new and strange.

Meantime Harvey, a finished flirt in London drawing-rooms, found himself at a sweet and unexpected disadvantage here. Do what he would he must be natural, himself, and nothing but himself. Not a London phrase or smile would serve his turn now. The ingratiating candor and artlessness of his companion made him also feel fresh and youthful. A few minutes after inwardly smiling at Flora's enthusiasm for flowers, he was gathering them as eagerly as herself. It was verging on the absurd but delicious all the same.

"How happy it makes me to see Elizabeth so friendly toward your brother!" cried the girl, with the naiveté of a five-year-old child.

"And how rejoiced I am at the thought that Arthur may at last make a real friend of a woman!" said Harvey.

"Has your brother, then, hitherto held aloof from our sex?"

Harvey laughed.

"And I was just going to ask if your sister, for any reason or other, felt animosity toward ours?"

"She has been embittered," Flora answered, briefly. "Never was any one born with a sunnier disposition. Now tell me why your brother should dislike women."

"Heaven forbid!" laughed Harvey. "No, Arthur has no strong feelings of an unpleasant kind—or the reverse. He is too indifferent. I want to see him more in earnest in his likes and dislikes. I want to see him—" the young man did not venture to say "in love," although the words nearly escaped him. He blurted forth, after a moment's hesitation, "—emphatic, enthusiastic—you must know what I mean."

"Yes, I understand you," Flora said, "and I feel exactly the same with regard to Elizabeth. If she would only throw herself heart and soul into some new interest. If she would only believe that human beings are worth caring for—which they are, I am sure," added this eighteen-year-old philosopher, with eyes blue as alkanet and the sweetest white gown in the world.

"We will plot, we will connive," Harvey replied, enchanted at the possibilities opening before him. "You shall lay a trap for your sister, and I will set a snare for my brother. They shall confide in each other and become fast friends."

"Elizabeth's dream night and day is to find a confidant, a fast friend. But it must be some one who is as loyal as he is brave, and as good as he is loyal."

"Arthur is all that, I can answer for him," Harvey answered, eagerly. He had never been more serious in his life.

The girl smiled at his impetuosity.

"It is natural to praise one's brother. If I began praising my sister I should never leave off. We were all so happy a year ago!" she sighed.

"This place seems made for felicity," put in Harvey, parenthetically.

"I can not help being happy wherever I am," said Flora, with a little remorse.

"But you ought to feel thankful that you can thus exercise a cardinal virtue."

"Oh! to be happy is not to be virtuous," Flora cried.

"I have always believed the contrary. The really happy person must be a benefactor of his kind, since he makes others so."

Flora reflected.

"'One smile, like one swallow, brings a skyful,' says the proverb. Yes, under certain circumstances, to smile may become a duty."

"Then we will do our duty in right good earnest, and feel thankful that it is no harder one."

Whereupon each looked into the other's face and smiled. Just then Elizabeth beckoned Flora to her side on the rustic bench. Harvey, following Arthur's example, flung himself on the turf.

"What have you two been talking about?" asked Elizabeth, with the authority of an older sister.

"We began by particulars, and ended in generalities," Harvey answered, quickly. "Is it right or wrong to be happy? That is the ethical problem we were deep in just now. And what have you been talking about?" he asked of Elizabeth, smiling in his turn.

"We have riddled as one sphinx to another," was Arthur's reply.

"May we not hear the riddles?" asked Flora, simply.

"Hear, then, and be wise. One running after a mirage, one eluding a shadow. What will they find? Or, let me put you in a mizmaze more hopeless still. A phantom brother, a dream sister, a suspended sword."

"We have been discussing the reciprocal advantage of having brothers or sisters," put in Elizabeth, with a sign of impatience. "But why do we talk so much in a beautiful place? Let us go on."

CHAPTER III.

THE WALK.

WHY, indeed? The place was too lovely for prattle; the very breath of praise seemed inappropriate. With deepest wisdom Nature has

surely ordained that the butterfly and the beetle play their brilliant little parts in her great show without a word. Were the animal world as loquacious as the human, who could support the universal hubbub? They had been climbing all this time, ever a musical plash of waves in their ears, ever interlaced branches overhead, broad patches of azure visible here and there, but the sea and the sky shut out for the nonce; under their feet velvety moss, about them many a gray old trunk, tapestried with bright leaves and blossoms of creeping plants, the scarlet and the blue. By-and-by they came to a break in the wooded foreland, and what a change! The earth had here been cleft asunder, and from two dimpled hills that parted gently was seen the wide, open sea, still and far off, as in a picture, and of a pearliness lovelier than any color. But the little dell between the twin slopes—and 'twas but one of many hereabouts—who shall describe the ineffable charm of those grassy stairs, the dark runlet trickling down, the golden warmth above, the cool green shadow below? In the light of golden lawny spaces beyond the opening glanced white-winged butterflies, as the wide expanse of sea and sky was broken by silvery sea-birds or the flashing sheen of a ship at anchor. Wild with delight, the girls now sprang from one hill to another, holding by stem or branch as they peered down.

"Have no fear for us!" cried Elizabeth, as standing on the giddiest height. "We are both accustomed to precipices now, and this is nothing to what we will show you to-morrow." She let Arthur hold her hand, however, as she slowly descended the steep sides of the tiny ravine. Flora also accepted Harvey's help, and soon all four were safely landed at the bottom.

"Will you really show us more wonderful places to-morrow?" asked Arthur.

"It is the custom," replied Elizabeth, "that those who arrive on the island first should act the cicerone to new-comers. We will, then, next take you, with other acquaintances, to the Black Lake."

"An awful name!"

"But a sweet place. We can go by steamer, and walk home, making a halt on the way."

"And after the Black Lake?"

"There is the light-house. Like no other ever built. Nothing here is to be matched anywhere in the world."

Arthur glanced at his beautiful companion, and thought that the remark applied at least to one of the beings on it. She continued to enumerate the marvels to be seen in the happiest humor. The sea, the forest, the glory of the day, and the sense of freedom seemed to intoxicate her.

"Then there are the fisher-maidens of the Blue Bay," she went on, gayly. "They wear wonderful dresses, of the fashion of a thousand years ago, and have the bluest eyes in Christendom."

Arthur did not say it, but the thought was in his mind that eyes blue enough were to hand.

"Ah," he broke in, laughingly, when she had come to an end of her list, "you do not read your guide-book. You are an untrustworthy cicerone; you have left out one of the chief sights of the island."

The four had been running hither and thither in search of butterflies, making posies with the zest of school-children, had joined in a summer song, when Arthur spoke, Elizabeth, kneeling on the ground, was letting Flora wreathe her hat with flowers.

"And what is that?" asked the girl, without looking up.

"You must know that a prince has his château and chase here?"

She made no answer, and Arthur went on in the same careless, teasing voice:

"An amiable and charming prince, too, if report speaks truly. Have you never heard of him?"

Elizabeth sprang from the ground, and Arthur saw that, for some reason or other, the question had ruffled—nay, disconcerted—both sisters. Flora crimsoned and fanned herself, pretending to be suddenly overcome with the heat. Elizabeth, whilst outwardly self-possessed, could not conceal her discomposure. She did not change color, but scorn and anger flashed from her eyes as she made curt reply:

"I have no love of princes."

Arthur smiled inwardly. In this fair girl had he found one of the would-be reconstructors of society on revolutionary principles, as numerous among the one sex as the other. The daringness and independence of character showed by Elizabeth in bagatelles seemed to warrant the idea. It tickled his fancy to think that here he had a beautiful convert to win over to the cause of order and expediency.

"I hope you do not include all in your category. You would not, for instance, think the worse of me for knowing this same prince?"

Perfect mistress of herself, Elizabeth still made an effort to conceal her scorn. It took entire possession of her as she turned upon her companion quickly with another question.

"How much do you know of him?" she asked.

Arthur laughed lightly.

"To tell you plainest truth, nothing at all as yet. I merely put the question to probe the depth of your democratic convictions," he said, feeling now that he was on the wrong track.

Elizabeth laughed also, the short, artificial laugh that seemed to hide a feeling of relief.

"Indeed you are wrong there. I am no democrat in the sense that the word is generally used. One may have well-founded dislikes without being a theorist."

"I am thankful that you are no theorist," Arthur said.

"And I am thankful that you do not keep bad company."

"Oh!" he cried, with a shocked look. "Can there be bad company on this island?" He would not now say a single word about the letter introductory from one foreign prince to another in his pocket.

"So they say. But let us wait for the others to catch us up. We will then make a halt at the forester's, where we can have curds and whey."

Meantime Harvey and Flora had been absorbed in almost artless confabulation. The poor child seemed ready to cry of chagrin after that little episode, and quite unable to resist taking this new friend into her confidence.

"Elizabeth feels things too strongly," she said. "She can not help speaking out before strangers." Then correcting herself, she added, apologetically: "Of course, coming from Professor Brandt, we do not consider you as strangers. But think no more of what she said just now."

"Your sister has evidently a poor opinion of princes in general, and of this one in particular," Harvey made indifferent answer. How many other generous-minded girls were ready, like Elizabeth, to castigate those who fell below their own lofty standards of morality, especially of the other sex! The little outburst of feeling seemed to him to mean no more than this. The prince in question was a worldling, a votary of pleasure—in fact, he had obtained an unenviable reputation. He should tell Flora nothing about the introduction in Arthur's pocket for the present.

"There are some things Elizabeth will never forget or forgive; she says we are not bound to pardon injustice. But of what use to eat one one's heart without being able to obtain redress for wrongs?"

"Ah ha!" thought Harvey. "There is a question of family pride or interest here. This high personage has affronted or injured one of Flora's kindred, and refuses to make redress." Then he ran over in his mind the various probabilities that might meet the case. Yes, there had been high play at cards; a brother, uncle, or cousin of the lovely Elizabeth and her sweet, haughty apologist had been ruined by enforced payment of a debt of honor.

"Some families are born to misfortune," resumed Flora, as if such a summing up afforded comfort. "We must bear what trials Heaven sees fit to send; only, of course, I can not mention to Elizabeth, as she is an elder sister."

"I do not think moralizing does anybody any good. Arthur preaches to me perpetually, and I am not one whit the wiser."

Thereupon both laughed gayly.

"Strange," began Flora, "that you should feel toward your brother as I do toward Elizabeth. We love each other dearly, yet she seems to forget that there are only five years between us, and that I am no longer a child."

"If you have no more to complain of, you are fortunate," rejoined Harvey. "Not a day passes but I tell Arthur he must think me an idiot. We are the best possible friends for all that."

Thus the pair prattled on whilst they continued their wonderful walk through the beechen forest above the sea. At first the way had led them through coppice, woods, and tangled undergrowth, now close to the edge of the bluff, now through the heart of a tiny comb opening upon the glassy bay. Here might be seen those storm-beaten trees, such as were used by Trojan archers. Not a stem or branch but had been contorted by the wind into the strangest forms; some of them might have been taken for Kobolds or other woodland folk, their quaint forms and eye-like cavities having a curiously human look.

They had now reached higher open ground, where veteran trees of superb aspect had been allowed ample room in which to throw out their branches, each standing in open lawny spaces, magisterial and alone. Nothing more strikes the imagination than these glorious relics of ages long passed away; for not a tree was here but, if transported to a modern park, would have dwarfed its neighbors, as an African lion its menagerie-bred brethren. There they stood, and there, if left undisturbed, they would stand for ages more, proud, generous, superb, while generations of pigmies passed under their shadow uttering feeble praises.

"There is the forester's. We can now rest," Flora cried. "And see, Elizabeth is nodding and waving her hand to friends on every side. It is the universal meeting-place."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LATEST ARCTIC TRAGEDY.

A little more than three years ago Lieutenant GREELY set sail for the arctic seas, to establish, in accordance with an international arrangement, a station of observation in Grant Land, about latitude eighty-two degrees north, whence expeditions could be dispatched in the direction of the pole. He had with him a company of experienced and brave men, a supply of provisions for four years, material for building a strong and secure station, and abundance of fuel. It was arranged that a second expedition should follow the next summer with fresh supplies, and every precaution was taken to prevent a repetition of the sad tragedies which have marked the history of arctic exploration since the early navigators first ventured into these icy seas in search of the Northwest Passage.

The beginning was propitious. On the 14th of August, 1881, the *Proteus*, with Lieutenant GREELY's party on board, cast anchor in Discovery Bay, after a seven days' battle with the ice, and there he determined to establish his permanent camp. The work of unloading the stores was begun at once. The carpenters set to work building the house. It measured sixty-one by twenty feet, and had double frames for better security against the severity of the arctic winter. The station was named Fort Conger, in honor of Senator CONGER, of Michigan, who had been instrumental in securing the passage of the act of Congress which authorized the expedition. On the 18th of August the *Proteus* left the party in their arctic quarters, and brought back the intelligence that they were safely and comfortably housed, and looking forward to a year of activity and enterprise. From the day that the *Proteus* returned to St. John's nothing was heard of Lieutenant GREELY and his brave comrades until last week, just three years lacking a month from the time she left them.

In June, 1882, the *Neptune* sailed from St. John's to carry supplies to the party, but could get no farther than Cape Sabine. After establishing caches there, it returned, and another year passed before a second relief expedition, consisting of the *Proteus* and the *Yantic*, could be sent out. The disastrous fate of this expedition is still fresh in the minds of our readers. The *Proteus* was crushed by the ice and sunk, and the persons on board made their escape to the *Yantic*, which was obliged to return to St. John's without accomplishing the object of the expedition.

The colony at Fort Conger consisted of twenty-five men. Twenty-two, including the commander, had sailed from this country. At Disco, Greenland, OCTAVE PAVY, M.D., was taken on board to fill the position of acting assistant surgeon; and at Proven, JENS EDWARD, an Esquimau, and FREDERICK THORLEIP CHRISTIANSEN, a half-breed, were engaged to accompany the expedition.

Until the time arrived when Lieutenant GREELY, the relief expeditions having failed to reach him, decided to abandon the station, the members of the colony were engaged in explorations and researches which resulted in many important discoveries, and added greatly to the body of geographical and scientific knowledge. The story is best told in Lieutenant GREELY's modest dispatch to General HAZEN from St. John's, Newfoundland, under date of the 17th inst.:

"For the first time in three centuries England yields the honor of the farthest north. Lieutenant LOCKWOOD and Sergeant BRAINARD, May 13, reached Lockwood Island, latitude 83° 24' north, longitude 44° 5' west. They saw from 2000 feet elevation no land north or northwest, but to northeast Greenland, Cape Robert Lincoln, latitude 83° 35', longitude 38°. Lieutenant LOCKWOOD was turned back in 1883 by open water on North Greenland shore, party barely escaping drift into Polar Ocean. Dr. PAVY, in 1882, following MARKHAM's route, was adrift one day in Polar Ocean north of Cape Joseph Henry, and escaped to land, abandoning nearly everything.

"In 1882 I made a spring and later summer trip into the interior of Grinnell Land, discovering Lake Hazen, some sixty by ten miles in extent, which, fed by ice-caps of North Grinnell Land, drains Ruggles River and Weyprecht Fiord into Conybeare Bay and Archer Fiord. From the summit of Mount Arthur, 5000 feet, the contour of land west of the Conger Mountains convinced me that Grinnell Land trends directly south from Lieutenant ALDRICH's farthest in 1876.

"In 1883 Lieutenant LOCKWOOD and Sergeant BRAINARD succeeded in crossing Grinnell Land, and ninety miles from Beatrix Bay, the head of Archer Fiord, struck the head of a fiord from the western sea, temporarily named by LOCKWOOD the Greely Fiord. From the centre of the fiord, in latitude 80° 30', longitude 78° 30', Lieutenant LOCKWOOD saw the northern shore terminating, some twenty miles west, the southern shore extending some fifty miles, with Cape Lockwood some seventy miles distant—apparently a separate land from Grinnell Land. Have named the new land Arthur Land. Lieutenant LOCKWOOD followed, going and returning, an ice cape averaging about one hundred and fifty feet perpendicular face. It follows that the Grinnell Land interior is ice-capped, with a belt of country some sixty miles wide between the northern and southern ice capes.

"In March, 1884, Sergeant LONG, while hunting from the northwest side of Mount Carey in Hayes Sound, saw on the northern coast three capes westward of the farthest seen by NARES in 1876. The sound extends some twenty miles farther west than is shown by the English chart, but is possibly shut in by land which showed up across the western end.

"The two years' station duties, observations, all explorations, and the retreat to Cape Sabine were accomplished without loss of life, disease, serious accident, or even severe frost-bites. No scurvy was experienced at Conger, and but one death occurred from it last winter."

It is evident from Lieutenant GREELY's narrative that had the relief expeditions succeeded in reaching Fort Conger, or in making caches of supplies where they could be found along his line of retreat, the whole party might have returned alive, with the story of the most successful arctic expedition that ever spent three winters in the "Land of Desolation." The arrangements for the comfort and security of the men left nothing to be desired, and Lieutenant GREELY's management was in the highest degree judicious. There was no sickness in the party. The men were kept in good health and spirits by active employment, and such amusements as were possible under the circumstances. Lieutenant GREELY and Dr. PAVY occasionally gave the men lectures on various subjects, and each man was allowed to celebrate his birthday by choosing the dinner, of which all partook. No jealousies or dissensions marred the harmony of the little band. The discipline was of necessity rigid, but kind. A sense of fraternity and common dependence ruled the spirits of all. Even the failure to receive supplies and news from home does not appear to have made the men despondent. It is impossible to read of their quiet heroism, their manly self-control, without admiration for the noble qualities they displayed, and profound sorrow that so few of them have survived to share in the plaudits of the world.

Lieutenant GREELY's orders directed him, in case no succor arrived, to abandon the station not later than September 1, 1883. He waited until August of that year, and then determined to make his way southward. On the 9th of that month he left Fort Conger, and reached Baird Inlet on the 29th of September. Here he was compelled to abandon his boats, and was adrift for thirty days on an ice-floe in Smith Sound. The party was at length driven upon Cape Sabine on the 21st of October, 1883. A permanent camp was established there, and named Camp Clay, at the point where the few survivors were found by the *Bear* and *Thetis*. At Littleton, just across the sound, was a cache of supplies, but the violent gales that prevailed all winter prevented the unfortunate men from reaching them. During nine months Lieutenant GREELY's party had to live upon a small allowance of food brought from Fort Conger, that cached at Payer Harbor and Cape Isabella by Sir GEORGE NARES in 1875, but found much damaged by lapse of time, that cached by BEEBE at Cape Sabine in 1882, and a small amount saved from the wreck of the *Proteus* in 1883, and landed by Lieutenants GARLINGTON and COLWELL on the beach where GREELY's party was found camped. When these provisions were consumed the party was forced to live upon boiled seal-skin strips from their seal-skin clothing, lichens, and shrimps preserved in good weather when they were strong enough to make exertion. As 1200 shrimps were required to fill a gallon measure, the labor was too exhausting to depend upon them to sustain life entirely.

In the WEEKLY for April 19 we gave illustrations of the third relief expedition, which sailed from this port last spring. It consisted of the *Bear*, the *Thetis*, and the *Alert*, the latter having been presented by the British government to the United States. It was understood that this gift was in return for the action of the United States government in refitting and sending back to the British government the steamer *Resolute*, which had been abandoned in the Arctic regions, and afterward picked up by an American ship. Before being sent across the Atlantic the *Alert* was fitted up with new rigging and spars, and her bow was strengthened with iron plates.

The *Bear* sailed from this port on the 24th of April, the *Thetis* on May 1, and the *Alert* on May 10. Each ship was admirably fitted out, and probably no better equipped expedition ever left for the arctic seas. The ships made a favorable voyage, meeting with many obstacles, but none that seriously impeded their progress. On the 18th of June the *Bear* and the *Thetis*, in company with several whalers, passed into clear water off Cape York, and being now in a region where they might hope to find traces of the GREELY party, colors were hoisted to attract attention. On Sunday, the 22d, both ships arrived at Cape Sabine and made fast to the ice, and parties were landed to scour the hills for records. In about an hour a cheer was heard, and soon after a seaman ran down toward the ships shouting, "We have found the GREELY party!" He brought records which had been discovered, dated October 21, 1883, containing the news of the retreat, the location of the camp, and other information. The *Bear*'s steam-launch was immediately sent to the scene of the encampment.

It was soon reached, and not an hour too soon. The few survivors were dying of starvation and cold. A furious gale was blowing, and had succor been a little delayed, not one would have been found alive. Very tenderly the heroic men were cared for. Food was given them with great caution, and as soon as possible they were taken on board the ships, with the bodies of all the dead that could be recovered. Only seven out of the twenty-five were living. They were Lieutenant GREELY, Sergeant BRAINARD, Sergeant FREDERICKS, Sergeant LONG, Sergeant ELISON, Hospital Steward BIEDERBICK, and Private CONNELL.

After securing all the records and instruments belonging to the party, the ships steamed toward Disco. The *Alert* was met on the way, struggling bravely through the ice, in company with the transport *Loch Garry*, and on the 5th of July the ships anchored at Disco. Sergeant ELISON died soon after undergoing the amputation of his hands and feet, which had been badly frozen during an expedition in search of food. The remains of FREDERICK CHRISTIANSEN were interred in the grave-yard at Godhavn; the other dead were placed in alcohol to be brought home. On the morning of July 9 the expedition sailed for St. John's, where the *Bear*, the *Thetis*, and the *Loch Garry* arrived on the 17th, the *Alert* having been separated from them in a heavy gale.

The relief expedition was well planned and ably conducted, and its officers and men deserve the highest praise for the zeal and bravery with which the search was prosecuted. On page 484 we give the portraits of the officers of the *Bear* and the *Thetis*, whose good fortune it was to rescue the survivors; and on page 485 the portraits of Lieutenant GREELY and several of the members of his party. It was a heroic band, and the story of their achievements and their sufferings will form one of the most striking chapters in the annals of arctic exploration.

THE SONG-MAKERS.

"SINGER, how do you make your songs?"
I find them ready-made for me.
I find them in the busy streets,
And in the woods, and by the sea.
I hear them too in Labor's halls—
The great wheel hums a song for ore;
The engines throb in perfect time,
As to a noble symphony.

For all, the starry sky is bright;
For all, the earth is green below;
For all, June has her sun and rose,
For all, is winter's fire and snow.
My songs are in the country lane,
And in the thousand-streeted town;
For Nature sings them everywhere,
And I?—I only write them down.

Go find your songs; keep eye and ear
Attent to all that Nature sings;
For know that Love is melody,
That Labor gives the spirit wings.
And there are sweeter, grander songs
Than any form of rhythmic words;
Some work them bravely out like men,
And others sing them like the birds.

Chief Engineer G. W. McGuire. Ice Pilot J. W. Norcross. Lieut. S. L. Semp. Surgeon L. H. Green. Ensign C. H. Harlow.
Lieutenant Emory H. Tassat. Commander W. S. Schley. Lieutenant Uriah Sebree.

OFFICERS OF THE "THETIS."

Surgeon Ames. Lieutenant E. H. Usher. Lieutenant J. B. Culwells, Navigator. Captain Ash, Ice Pilot. Lieut. F. H. Crosby, Executive Officer. Ensign L. E. Reynolds. Chief Engineer John Lowe. Lieutenant V. H. Emory, Commander.

OFFICERS OF THE "BEAR."

THE GREELY RELIEF EXPEDITION—OFFICERS OF THE "THETIS" AND THE "BEAR."—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. R. HAYNES.—[SEE PAGE 482.]

SERGEANT EDWARD ISMAEL.
Died May 27, 1884.

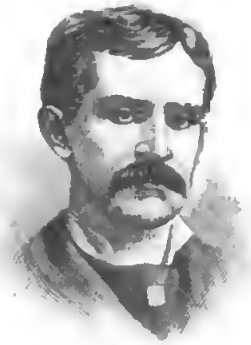
PRIVATE MAURICE CORNELL.

SERGEANT DAVID LINN.
Died April 6, 1884.

LIEUTENANT JAMES B. LOCKWOOD.
Died April 9, 1884.

LIEUTENANT A. W. GREELY.

LIEUTENANT FREDERICK K. KISLINGBURY.
Died June 1, 1884.

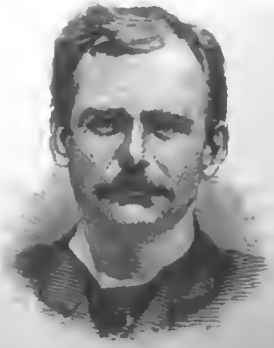


SERGEANT DAVID L. BRAINERD.

PRIVATE JULIUS FREDERICKS.

SERGEANT HAMPDEN S. GARDINER.
Died June 18, 1884.

SERGEANT GEORGE W. RICE.
Died April 9, 1884.



SERGEANT WINFIELD S. JEWELL.
Died April 18, 1884.

LIEUTENANT GREELY AND SOME OF HIS COMPANIONS.—Photographed by Rice.—[See Page 488.]

HOME NURSING.

Apart from the helpless tediousness of a long illness, which alone may affect the patient's temper and cause varying degrees of irritability, there is, with some diseases, an accompanying fretfulness or moodiness most difficult to manage. So marked may this become that occasionally the patient seems to have changed his character, and the most amiable and unselfish in health may become the most impatient and exacting in illness. The trained nurse, accustomed to watch the effects of disease, will understand and make allowance for such perversion; but in private nursing the patient's friends often suffer acutely from manifestations of ill temper, for which they could only account on moral grounds.

There is such a thing as spoiling a patient, even though he be past the age we generally associate with the word "spoil." Illness often brings back some of the wayward peevishness of childhood, and you get such things to contend with as positive refusal to take food or medicine, or to comply with some order of the doctor's. As regards the question of how far to give in to a patient's whims and fancies, there is no better general rule than this: oppose his wishes only on questions of right and wrong; and when opposition becomes a necessity, use special efforts so to keep your self-control as to avoid all expression of anger or impatience.

How far you succeed in steering your patient through such troubled waters will depend greatly upon what measure you possess of that invaluable gift, *sympathy*; in other words, the power of putting yourself in another's place, seeing from his point of view, and feeling with him in his difficulties. A hard, cold, or even a merely narrow nature can not be trained into a really good nurse; and indeed, as a broad rule, lack of health and lack of sympathy are the only two absolutely insurmountable obstacles in the way of those who desire to be helpful in the sick-room.

You observe that the qualities of self-control, cheerfulness, and patience, though much easier to some than to others, are within the reach of all who earnestly strive to possess them; and, moreover, each and all are capable of being developed and cultivated to an almost unlimited extent. Sympathy, on the other hand, though capable of development by its fortunate possessor, is one of those natural gifts which no amount of training can impart, and which is no more within the reach of all than is that good health without which attempts at nursing can not but end in failure. Given these two special gifts of health and sympathy, and you have the "born nurse," needing, indeed, much patient care and training, but one who may confidently count upon success.

Various other qualities and habits, such as humility, gentleness, firmness, order, and accuracy, are useful in nursing. There are also various gifts, as good hearing and sight, cleverness of fingers, and natural quickness of apprehension and of movement, which, though very desirable, are not absolutely indispensable, and on these it is not necessary to dwell. Those who have them may rejoice, and those who have not need not be disheartened, as they can very well be dispensed with, provided there is thorough, conscientious effort made to acquire those more necessary things which are to be had for the trying.

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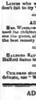

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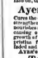

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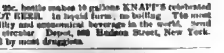

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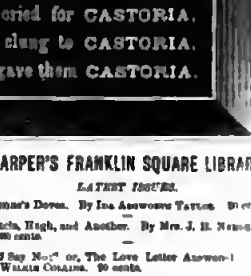

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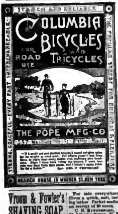
[Approved. J. E. Hilgard, Superintendent.]



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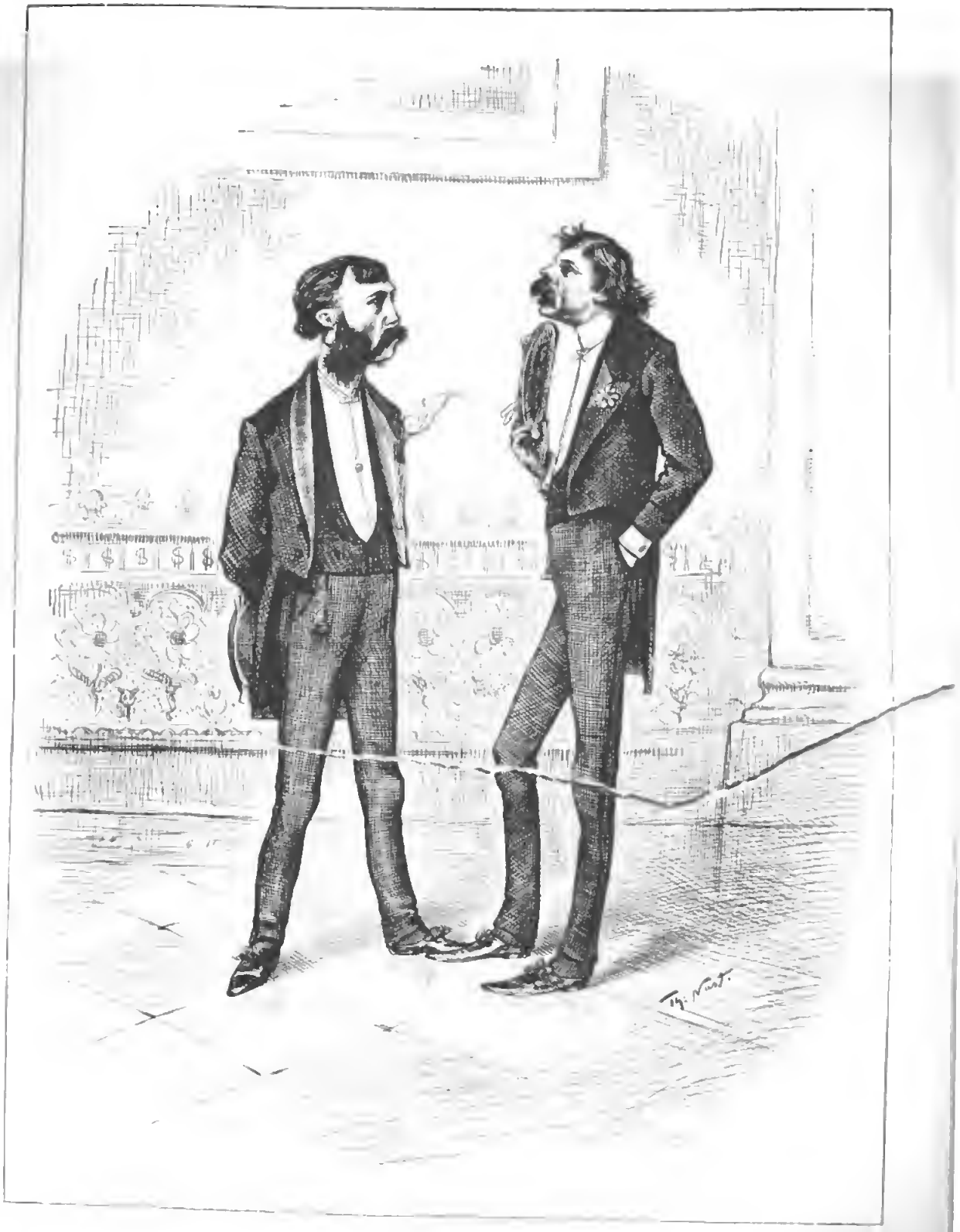

SOUND POLITICAL ARGUMENTS.

WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS (*the Jersey Lily*). "I say, my dear boy, is there anything more to be done, after that letter of mine, in BLAINE's defense?"

WHITELAW REID (*the New York Daisy*). "Oh yes, my dear Bangtry; we must call those who do not PROTECT Mr. BLAINE's record, *Free-traders*, and *Britishers*, and DUDES, and all that sort of thing, you know."

THE CIVILIZATION OF BLAINE.

John Chinaman. "Am I not a Man and a Brother?"

From Harper's Weekly, March 8, 1879.

"PROTECTING WHITE LABOR."

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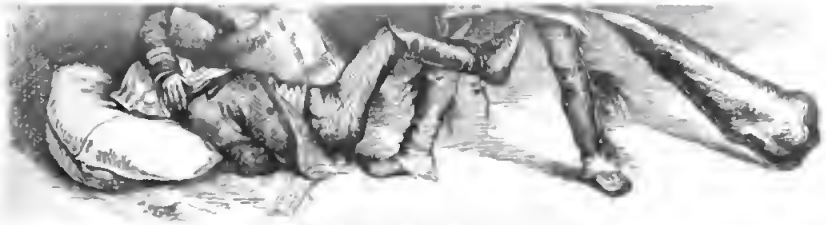
From Harper's Weekly, March 22, 1879.

"THE PLUMED KNIGHT."

Mr Blaine, please "keep your shirt on"—(it's the only thing you have).

From Harper's Weekly, June 5, 1880.



THE SMITHS GIVE A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE.

POWHATAN BLAINE. "Just let me give him one whack to show how strong I am."

POCAHONTAS CHAMBERLAIN. "No, don't, Jim; you'll make a mess of it."

From HARPER'S WEEKLY. **February 7, 1880.**

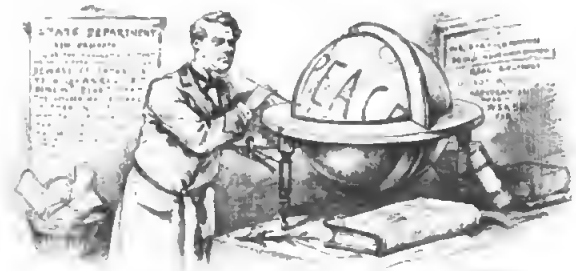
THE "*MAGNETIC*" BLAINE: OR, A VERY HEAVY "**LOAD**"—TOO FOR THE REPUBLICAN PARTY TO CARRY.

From HARPER'S WEEKLY. **May 8, 1880.**

POLITICAL CAPITAL AND COMPOUND INTEREST.

NEW-YORK. "Now Mulcan Man know mashee how it is himself."

From HARPER'S WEEKLY. **January 31, 1880.**



WHAT IS OUR FOREIGN POLICY?—(FRELINGHUYSEN —— BLAINE.)

From HARPER'S WEEKLY. **March 18, 1882.**

BLAINE'S TEASE.

From HARPER'S WEEKLY. **March 20, 1880.**

BOOM! BOOM!! BOOM!!!

And all the Chinamen are for BLAINE.

From HARPER'S WEEKLY. **May 1, 1880.**

TRYING TO BULLY AND OVERWEAT EACH OTHER.

MR. BLAINE (to MR. BARNUM SHERMAN). "I hope you will treat me as a gentleman. I am not in a police court to be bamboozled."

From HARPER'S WEEKLY. **May 13, 1882.**

SELECTIONS FROM BLAINE CARTOONS PUBLISHED IN *HARPER'S WEEKLY* FROM **MARCH 8, 1879**, TO **MAY 13, 1882.**

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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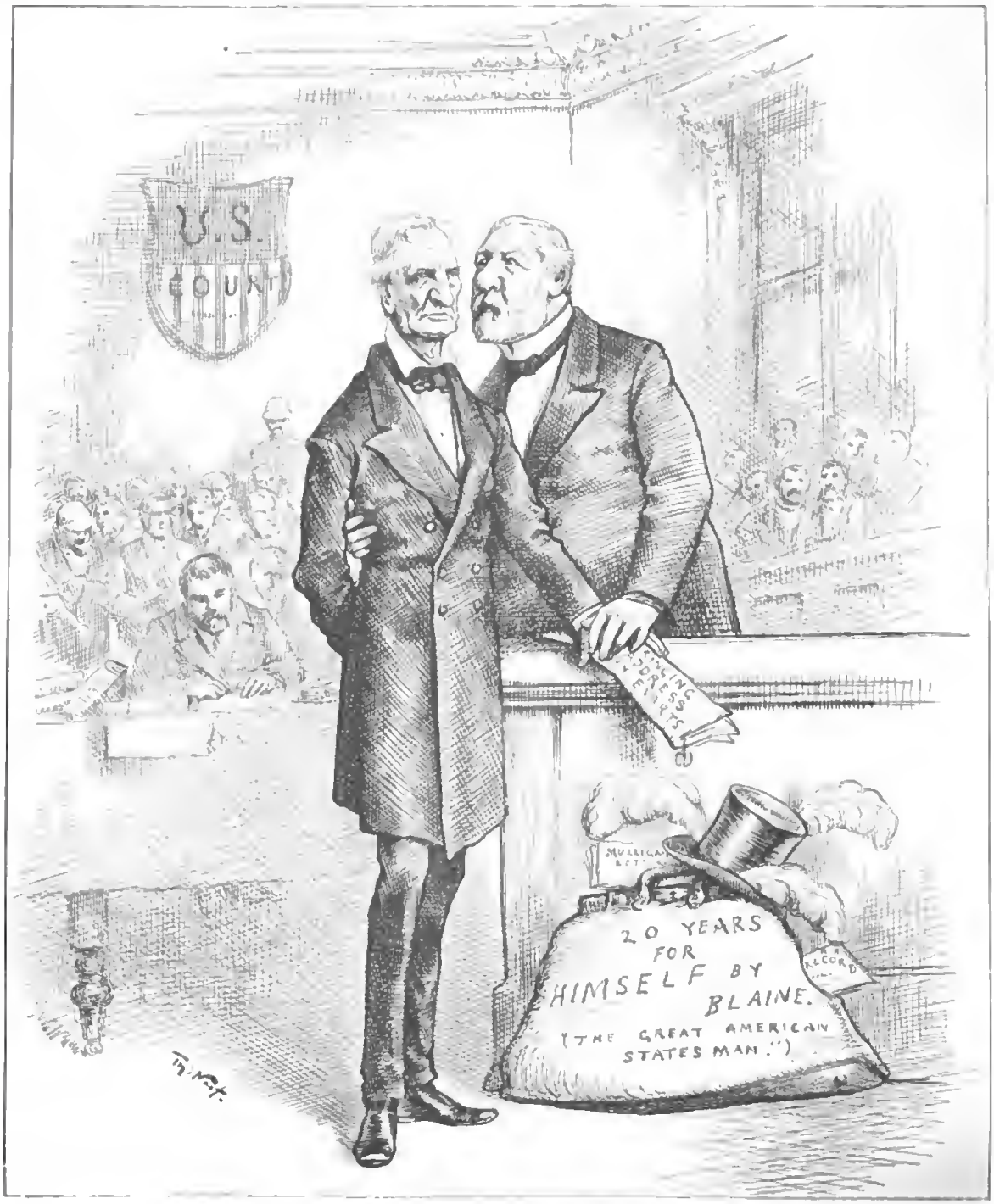

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1884

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THE Independent Republican Conference, or, more strictly, the Conference of Republicans and Independents, was a very significant assembly. It was a large and enthusiastic body of intelligent men, mostly young men, who have a very clear conception of their position and the reasons which lead them to occupy it, and who bring to their work a freshness of spirit, an earnest conviction, and a patriotic and generous purpose which are indicative of a new epoch in our politics. It was plain from the first in the Conference, as it had been in the large and widely extended correspondence which preceded it, that the members were mostly Republicans. The Independent voters strictly, like President SEELYE, of Amherst, and Mr. WILLIAM EVERETT, were ably represented, and they are an increasing political force. But the bulk of the Conference was composed of young and working Republicans, who are proud of the party name and achievement, but who understand that a party is but an agency, and who reject wholly the false and demoralizing doctrine which many Republican leaders are busily trying to impose upon young Americans, that the command of a party is to supersede principle and conscience.

Mr. CODMAN'S speech, as President of the Conference, was evidently the expression of the general sentiment. Every sentence was received with enthusiasm, often rising into cheers. It was an eloquent and vigorous statement of the reasons of the Republican protest. These are substantially the unfitness of the nomination, as shown by the words and acts of the candidate, which are of official record, and not yet explained. As the movement does not contemplate a third party, nor an organization which will necessarily outlast the canvass, although it may very possibly happen that under some form it may be continued, there was no discussion in Mr. CODMAN'S speech of general questions of public policy. The special object of the meeting was to define the purpose of the protest and to take measures to make it effective, reserving beyond that the consideration of all other plans and questions. The formal address unanimously adopted by the Conference was an amplification of the President's speech. It stated the political situation, and the chief issues of the election, and in general the reasons of the dissent, which the documents and work of the campaign will elaborate and sustain. The address stated expressly that Republicans do not propose to abandon their party, nor Independents to ally themselves permanently with any party; that upon cardinal public questions there were the same divisions of opinion in the Conference as in the two great parties; and that in elections for Representatives in Congress, and for State and other officers, every member would vote at his pleasure. The address recommended support of Governor CLEVELAND as the most effective way of carrying out the common purpose. The nomination of a third candidate would have compelled the general and detailed organization of a new party, which, under the circumstances, was impracticable; and those who had thought it desirable, upon reflection, decided that it was best, while reserving and declaring Republican sympathy and entire independence, to accept the course which the constitutional provisions for a Presidential election made most feasible.

Mr. EVERETT'S proposition to nominate the Democratic candidates was not accepted, for the same general reasons. There is no third party, and consequently there is no third party platform to be presented for Mr. CLEVELAND'S approval. The Conference represented those who, with no declaration of other common views and purposes, unite to vote for Mr. CLEVELAND in order to make their opposition to Mr. BLAINE most effective. The proceedings were singularly harmonious, and the speeches were unusually eloquent and admirable. The delegates were in force from the important and decisive States of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Jersey, and those from other States were representative of the wide spread protest against the nomination of Mr. BLAINE. The chief significance of the assembly, indeed, was its representative character. Those who are willing to come forward in such a movement, and to take time and trouble and receive the volleys of abuse, are few compared with the great silent host who mean to vote against Mr. BLAINE and to say nothing about it. The election brings the country to a test which it will not evade. The question submitted is whether the American people desire to see absolutely unsuspected official integrity in the highest trust of the government. Those who think such an issue trivial only show how deep and far the demoralization has spread. In the early days of the government, in order to clear up a mere suspicion of official integrity, ALEXANDER HAMILTON did not hesitate to reveal private immoralities which, as he said, would bring the acutest pain to the tenderest bosom in the world. But even at that cost he felt the necessity of removing every doubt from his official character. That was the demand of public opinion then. If now that opinion is indifferent to official character, and would regard with unconcern even a doubt or suspicion of integrity in the chief office, it is not a trivial thing—it is a national dishonor.

THE LETTER OF MR SHERMAN S. ROGERS.

THE letter of Mr SHERMAN S. ROGERS, urging anti-BLAINE Republicans and the friends of civil service reform to support Mr. BLAINE, has been read with the respect which his words naturally command, and with sincere regret that he does not justly apprehend the real ground of Republican protest against Mr BLAINE'S election. The question for the individual voter which is raised by the nomination, and which must be met directly, and not evaded, is whether an honest voter ought to sustain an unworthy candidate because he has been regularly nominated, and because of the voter's general preference for the party which has made the nomination. If a man, for instance, finds himself called upon to countenance by his vote a want of official integrity, is he likely to be persuaded to do violence to his moral convictions by the argument that the candidate was regularly nominated, and is the free choice of his party? Will he not rather be forced to ask what is the party which deliberately selects unworthy candidates, and requires unquestioning support of them as the test of party allegiance? Mr. ROGERS declined to support Mr. FOLGER for Governor in 1882, a candidate of unsuspected official character, against whom no charge was ever breathed, because of the methods of his nomination. But if a voter may oppose his party candidate, although a perfectly unimpeachable man, because of the way in which he was nominated, is it less his duty to oppose a candidate whom he holds to have misused his official place for his own gain?

Mr. ROGERS says that the charges against Mr. BLAINE have, in his judgment, never been substantiated, and he says, like General HAWLEY, that he does not believe his conduct to have been questionable, and that he does not hold him to be corrupt. Of course, therefore, neither of these gentlemen could oppose his election upon that ground. But their simple affirmations can not be conclusive with those who, with no desire to differ from them nor to do injustice to any man, do not share their view of the doubtful transactions. Nor can the fact that General GARFIELD may have thought otherwise persuade those who, upon careful consideration, must take another view. These are surely not arguments to move Republicans who hold that the situation demands first of all the stern correction of corrupt tendencies in public life, which every good citizen, of whatever party, acknowledges and deplores. Willingness to resort to arguments so inconclusive and inadequate, in order to preserve party prestige, is one of the significant signs of that alarming tendency which has culminated in a nomination that many even of those who advocate and sustain it have owned to be a blow at the good name of the Republican party. Mr. ROGERS alludes to the depreciation of public men which is sought by signalizing them by nicknames as "Tom," "Dick," or "Harry," and which would belittle Mr. BLAINE by calling him "Jim." This can be hardly urged seriously by so sagacious a man as Mr. ROGERS. But as he recalls the feeling of other years, which called HENRY CLAY "Harry of the West," and ABRAHAM LINCOLN "Uncle Abe," and still more, although he does not mention it, "Honest ABE LINCOLN," it is fair to ask whether the popular sobriquet of Mr. BLAINE, in view of the unexplained record, is ever likely to be the same.

Mr. ROGERS'S appeal to civil service reformers proceeds from a man whose interest in that cause and service to it are beyond question. He thinks that the Republican party is pledged to it, and that the Democratic party is not, and that it would be safer in the hands of a Republican President than of a Democrat. But he does not, of course, present Mr. BLAINE, as Mr. BLAINE presents himself, as seriously interested in a real reform of the civil service. It is, as Mr. ROGERS knows, an executive reform, deriving its vigor from the sincerity and intelligence of the Executive. Mr. BLAINE is wholly unknown either to any active friend of reform or to the country as its supporter or advocate. Mr CLEVELAND has been one of its most energetic and effective official promoters. We do not doubt that Mr. ROGERS believes that he would vigorously enforce the existing law and extend its operation. He would not disturb the admirable Commission appointed by President ARTHUR. He would summarily veto any attempted repeal of the reform bill, even supposing that such an attempt were made. There is, indeed, no public man in the country whose official action has proved that he can be trusted by the friends of civil service reform so completely and satisfactorily as GROVER CLEVELAND. Certainly no such claim can be asserted for Mr. BLAINE. Nor is there any executive officer who has shown greater ability to withstand an evil pressure from his own party than Mr CLEVELAND. In the matter of civil service reform Governor CLEVELAND has not been a man of words, but of deeds. He has fully justified Mr. ROGERS'S confidence of two years ago, when he advocated his election as Governor, and said of him, what we do not doubt he still believes:

"He is a man of absolute integrity, that directs him to conclusions which are almost invariably just. He will make one of the best Governors the State has ever had. He is honest, courageous, and firm almost to obstinacy. He will take no action except after thorough consideration, and he will execute his decision in spite of evil or outside pressure. I have no hesitation in saying I will vote for Mr CLEVELAND."

AN ILLUSTRATION.

THE strict observance of the doctrine that the candidate, whatever he may be, ought to be supported for the sake of the party, which seems to be the staple argument of the friends of Mr. BLAINE, leads to the most extraordinary results. We find among our exchanges the following paragraph taken from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* of the 23d of May, 1884, alluding to Mr BLAINE:

"He is an unclean man, and the people will not have him. He stands self-convicted of prostituting the high offices he has held to build up a private fortune, of cohabiting with corruption for dishonest money. His record would damn him."

If the *Globe Democrat* said this and believed it, its present support of Mr. BLAINE is a travesty upon decent and honorable politics. The more resolutely it argues that a candidate whom it thus describes is the free choice of the party, the more injury it does to the party, and the more it tends to relax the party allegiance of original and conscientious Republicans. The more loudly it denounces as "dudes and Pharisees" the Republicans who can not support the candidate, the more dishonest and contemptible does its own position become.

Yet that position is in strict accordance with the new doctrine of Republican orators, that the nomination purifies the candidate, or dispenses the voter from moral obligations. A view of party which holds that a journal or a man, believing a candidate to be unfit, ought still to support him for the highest official trust of the government, is a view which makes party a fetich as ignorantly worshipped as that of an African tribe. It is truly amazing that intelligent and honorable men can suppose that other men of the same kind can be persuaded by an appeal to support the party to vote for a candidate whom they condemn upon grounds of official integrity, and for whose election no exigency whatever can be pleaded. In the same way those who for the sake of political preferment vote, and ask others to vote, for a candidate of whom they hold the opinion which is expressed by the *Globe-Democrat*, can not hope to gain increased respect for themselves or greater confidence in the party whose action they justify.

THE PENNSYLVANIA BLAINE INDEPENDENTS.

THE independents of Pennsylvania, as is well known, are, and long have been, supporters of Mr. BLAINE, and it is not surprising that they propose to vote for him. They do not object to bolting, because they have been bolters. They objected to the political methods of Mr CAMERON, but they do not object to the political morals of Mr. BLAINE. As, however, they felt themselves justified in opposing a party nomination because they did not like the methods by which it was accomplished, their reprimand can hardly be very impressive when addressed to those who oppose a nomination because they think it to be morally unfit.

Upon this point they say that some other people

have rejected the charges, and therefore the protesting Republicans ought to submit. But the mere fact of rejection is not an argument unless there has been careful inquiry and a statement of reasons for exculpation which can be weighed by other persons. The Pennsylvania independents forget to give the particulars of the investigation, and to quote the reasons of the acquittal. The charges are not campaign slanders, they involve official integrity and personal veracity. Do the Pennsylvania independents really think that they are disposed of by saying that the people of Maine do not believe them, and that General GARFIELD did not credit them!

To speak of Mr. BLAINE as a reformer of the civil service is simply ludicrous, and the appeal to Massachusetts independents not to mistake a desire of revenue reform for conscience is comical to the point of pathos. The abrogation of the unit rule and the election of delegates by districts are excellent results to have gained. But to allege these as reasons for voting for a candidate who is believed to be unfit is a proceeding which would have certainly induced CHARLES LAMB, as in the capital story, to light his candle and respectfully ask permission to look at the bumps of the author of the argument.

AN IMPORTANT SUPPLEMENT.

A SUPPLEMENT issued with this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY contains a report of the proceedings of the Independent Republican Conference, with the speech of the chairman, Mr. CODMAN, and the national address in full. It is a convenient document for preservation, and the address is the authentic declaration of the Independent Republican position.

GENERAL LOGAN'S LETTER.

THE letter of General LOGAN accepting the nomination for the Vice-Presidency shows that he is in general accord with Mr. BLAINE. The letter is unnecessarily long, and the object of such a letter would have been attained had the candidate briefly stated his acceptance of the platform and his agreement with the views of the chief candidate.

In his remarks upon reform in the civil service General LOGAN seems to be anxious to express his distrust of life tenures and of a privileged class of public agents, rather than to show his interest in the actual reformed system, or his approval of reformed methods. His observations have the safe generality which is always a little suspicious. As there is a law by which a particular system of reform has been established, it would be well to know whether General LOGAN approves it, as, for instance, Governor CLEVELAND has shown his approval by his official action. The reform, just so far as it is honestly carried out, prevents the use of places as rewards for political and partisan and personal service. If General LOGAN approves the reformed system, he favors that prohibition. But it is a point which his letter does not elucidate. The declaration that he is in favor of the highest standard of excellence in the administration of the civil service is one that every candidate of every party would probably make.

There are many other safe generalizations in the letter, which follows the general course of Mr. BLAINE'S, but really adds nothing to it.

THE CONGO CONTROVERSY.

MR. HENRY M. STANLEY'S resignation of his position as director of the African International Association's work in the Congo country, looked at from a journalist's point of view, is a piece of bad news, mitigated by the assurance that he is about to arrive in England. While it can not be said of Mr. STANLEY, as is said of one of Lord TENNYSON'S heroines, that where'er he comes he brings calamity, it may be said of him that wherever he goes he furnishes interesting reading matter, whether his achievements are chronicled by himself or by another.

The ancient saying about two of a trade is especially applicable to explorers. Whether the discovered object be a gold mine or only a miasmatic bog, does not seem to signify in respect of the ardor with which the discoverer resents the claim of anybody else to a share in the discovery. The STANLEY and DE BRAZZA dispute has furnished livelier reading, however, than any other exploratory controversy from the days of COLUMBUS and VESPUCIUS down. Of late we have not heard much about the Congo country—an omission which may be due to the languishing of the controversy between the two associations of traders and philanthropists, but is more likely due to the fact that both STANLEY and DE BRAZZA have been for some time inaccessible to reporters. However, Mr. STANLEY will arrive in London with a large budget to open and a long series of arrears to bring up, and we may be prepared for disclosures of the liveliest possible character before the explorer resumes his mission of making new chapters of African history.

AMERICAN CRICKET IN ENGLAND.

THE local pride of Philadelphia is great, and so is the local interest of Philadelphia in the game of cricket. Cricket is too serious for New York, which addicts itself to the frivolities of base-ball. To this idle pastime cricket bears the same relation as whist to "railroad euchre." Like coloring a meerschaum or understanding the Jarndyce case, cricket requires the devotion of a lifetime. The distinction between amateur and professional cricket in England is mainly that the professionals get their living by the game, and does not prevent the existence of several hundred amateurs who do nothing but play cricket throughout the cricketing season.

Against these hardy persons the Philadelphians have pitted themselves, although they themselves are amateurs not only in the sense of not playing cricket for a living, but in the sense of doing something else for a living. The result of their tour thus far ought to insure them a tremendous reception from their patriotic city, which last year, if we mistake not, decreed a triumph to a professional base-ball nine. The boys have played sixteen matches thus far, mostly against amateur county teams, and have won at least ten of them. The four they have lost were to the Gentlemen of Scotland, the Gentlemen of Hampshire, the "Marylebone Club and Ground," and the Gentlemen of Sussex. The defeat by the "M. C. and Ground" was the worst, being a single inning defeat; but in this they have the consolation of being fellow-sufferers with the great Australians, who were brought to the same shameful grief. On the other hand, several of the American victories have been won in one inning, notably in the exemplary case of the Gentlemen of Cheshire, who were beaten by an inning and 292 runs. These things will not only warm the Philadelphian heart, but fire the Philadelphian ambition, and we may look one of these days for an eleven of Philadelphia setting out for the conquest of the Gentlemen of England. It may even happen that cricket will be so popularized as to be reported over the ticker.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

AMONG the notable humane movements of the time—a time which is especially active in devising methods for the prompt relief of suffering and for the efficient organization of charitable work—the formation of societies of "First Aid to the Injured" is one of the most beneficent and interesting. The movement began with the organization of the St. John Ambulance Association in London in 1877, to the practical value of which association there is the most gratifying testimony.

In New York the movement began about three years ago, and it has secured the hearty approval of the medical profession, and the active sympathy and co-operation of the most public-spirited and intelligent citizens. As it says for itself: "The Society teaches what should be done in emergencies when there is no physician at hand, when we must ourselves either do something instantly or stand helplessly by and see a man suffer the agony of a broken limb, or suffocate, or bleed to death, simply because we do not know how to help him. The society's instruction is of the most practical character. It is given by means of lectures, accompanied by illustrations, a 'subject' being present at each lecture, the pupils being furnished with the *Hand-Book of First Aid to the Injured*, published by the society. More than one thousand lectures have been delivered in New York city alone by well-known physicians, acting under Dr. HENRY B. SANDS as medical director."

Associations are formed and forming in other cities, and classes are collected from men and women in all pursuits, and none more promising than those of employés in large work-shops and manufactories, where exposure to accidents is constant, and where immediate intelligent treatment may save many lives and greatly mitigate suffering. The society is now organizing branches in all parts of the country, particularly the great railroad, manufacturing, and mining centres. The present officers are: Hon. JOHN JAY, President; Commander H. H. GORRINGE, Vice-President; JOHN PATON (of MORRIS K. JESUP, PATON, & CO.), Treasurer; and JOHN B. PINE, Secretary.

PERSONAL.

DR. S. IRENÆUS PRIME, editor of the *Observer*, and president of the New York Association for the Advancement of Science and Art, expresses a belief that the polar expeditions are useless so far as science and commerce are concerned. Many other citizens share this belief. But have exhibitions of personal bravery and selflessness no moral worth and weight?

—The late Mr. S. G. MCCUTCHEON was a successful delineator of children's happy faces and winning ways, as thousands of readers of the HARPER periodicals will testify. He died alone, in his studio, of a congestive chill, on the night of July 13.

—Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S visit to this country with his eldest daughter has really resulted in strengthening the bonds of union between England and America, and, as such, is the only notable case of the kind on record. Mr. FREDERICK W. WHITRIDGE, who will marry the young lady, is a distinguished Independent Republican, as well as a graduate of Yale, a college lecturer on legal subjects, and a New York lawyer.

—Mr. A. A. ANDERSON, the portrait painter, who is suing Mr. LUTHER A. MILBANK for $1000, the price of an oil painting of his wife, says that the defendant "wished to cultivate my father-in-law, who could help him in Wall Street speculations. He therefore came to me and ordered a picture. But before the picture was finished my father-in-law got tired of him, and consequently Mr. MILBANK had no more use for me, and never even came to see the picture in its finished state." MEISSONIER'S motive for suing Mrs. MACKAY was different. Mrs. MACKAY thought his portrait of her was inadequate. Considering the deep-seated vanity of most sitters, it is remarkable that portrait painters sue so seldom.

—Miss EMMA ABBOTT'S manager and husband, Mr. E. J. WETHERELL, claims that whether she sings well or not, her receipts are very large, and her operatic company is financially the most successful in the country.

—The late Professor ALPHEUS S. PACKARD, of Bowdoin College, was the father of Professor PACKARD of Yale, Professor PACKARD of Princeton, Professor PACKARD of Brown, and ex-Professor PACKARD of Bowdoin. His eldest son is a physician in Bath, Maine. His age was eighty-five. For forty-one years he was Professor of Greek and Latin, and since the retirement of General CHAMBERLAIN he had been acting President. He died of heart-disease while walking alone on the Maine coast.

—HENRY E. ABBEY lost from $5000 to $10,000 a week during his season at the Metropolitan Opera-house, and above $10,000 with LAWRENCE BARRETT in London. But he gained $60,000 with MARY ANDERSON in the same city, and $80,000 with HENRY IRVING in America.

—The cousin and biographer of the famous Sir ROBERT PEEL is dead. He was born in 1799, and his name was the Right Honorable Sir LAWRENCE PEEL.

—A notable course of lectures will be that of Sir WILLIAM THOMSON at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, next October. The lecturer is professor at Glasgow University. His subject will be "Molecular Dynamics."

—Dr. W. A. HAMMOND says of the novel: "Though the position of the novel in modern literature is a very high one, it is hard to say exactly where the novel stands, relatively speaking. For instance, you can not say it stands above or below history. But as a therapeutic agent we physicians put a high value upon the novel. I have known novels to save lives. Six or seven years ago the late rector of Calvary Church came to me, used up and unstrung by overtaxation of the brain. I ordered him into the country. He confessed he had not read DICKENS'S works. I ordered him to read them. He did. His mind, diverted from the ruts in which it had travelled so long, recovered its strength. He was himself again in six weeks. In the treatment of diseases of society, novels have been efficacious. The lunatic asylums of Great Britain were greatly improved by the fierce light which CHARLES READE'S novel, *Hard Cash*, shed into them."

—The attributes of a good policeman are defined by a New York police inspector to be courage, health, a strong physique, horse-sense, a general knowledge of the city and its laws (so far as they pertain to his duties), ability to read, to write plainly, and to calculate up to the rule of three, courtesy, tact, and politeness—a bunch of accomplishments that would not disgrace a Lord Mayor.

—The notorious Mrs. MANDELBAUM has been more fortunately circumstanced than Bill Sykes's unlucky pal. She was the banker and the depositary of all the leading sneak-thieves of the city. She kept and disposed of their wares for them, and when they needed cash, it was to her that they went.

—New York will undoubtedly do public honor to Lieutenant GREELY and Lieutenant SCHLEY on their return from the frozen regions. The American Yacht Club has already arranged for a grand banquet at DELMONICO'S, and Mayor EDSON has proposed a popular testimonial from the citizens of the metropolis, which, as he says, will surely be successful and brilliant if undertaken under proper auspices.

—For forty years an aged hermit has lived by himself in the forests of Pike County, Pennsylvania, and now that his seclusion has become closer still, the people believe that some foul play has befallen him, and he is more missed than many an ordinary citizen would be, so great is the strength of the popular imagination.

—Visitors to that charming university town, Princeton, New Jersey, will remember the residence of Rear-Admiral GEORGE F. EMMONS, which formerly was the Edgehill School, which the admiral bought and improved about fifteen years ago, and in which he died on the 23d of July, in his seventy-second year. He was of rather less than medium height and weight, with gray hair, a full, close-clipped gray beard, and a singularly refined cast of countenance. His society was much sought after, and as his advent was considered a social acquisition, his departure will be mourned as a loss.

—Mr. G. H. DARWIN, the son of the celebrated philosopher, has married a Philadelphia lady, Miss MAUD DUPUY. He has attained eminence as an astronomer, being the Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge. He will take his bride to England after a trip to Montreal.

—Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY, to whom the American drama is undoubtedly a debtor, has been well received with his comedy company in London. After the first performance he was called upon for a speech, in which his hearers heard once more of those old bonds of union between England and the United States which the elder HAWTHORNE, when a consul at Liverpool, used slyly to boast that he played upon as opportunity offered.

—Mr. CARTER HARRISON, who has been three times elected Mayor of Chicago, and whose administration has been very popular, has accepted the Democratic nomination for Governor of Illinois. The portrait of Mr. HARRISON was printed in HARPER'S WEEKLY for April 21, 1883.

—The President of San Salvador, recently on a visit to this city, is forty-three years old, and has served two terms as Chief Magistrate of a republic of 800,000 inhabitants. He is fond of travel, and not long ago went to Madrid, where King ALFONSO did him the honors in true Castilian style.

—Miss LULU HURST, the Georgia Wonder, who could hustle strong men about by an inconspicuous use of her muscles, was an object of some rational curiosity at first; but her later performances were scenes of tremendous rowdyism on the part of many spectators. It was for this reason mainly that the second Georgia Wonder, advertised to succeed her, was not admitted to the stage of Wallack's Theatre.

—An esteemed contemporary refers to Mr. HENRY BERGH as "the man who believes in the inalienable right of cats to steal milk without impunity"; but this scarcely does justice to the president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. What Mr. BERGH objected to, in a recent and now celebrated case, was the throwing of a cat out of a window because she had been caught in the act of stealing milk. If such cruelty was right and expedient, then the foundation of Mr. BERGH'S useful society is built on sand. Mr. BERGH has often said to his friends that his main motive in trying to prevent cruelty to animals is that such conduct degrades the men who are guilty of it.

—A new question is agitating theatrical circles, namely, "Will Miss MARY ANDERSON become a Carmelite nun?" The Carmelite order originated with the Jewish converts of the centuries near the Christian era, who fled to Mount Carmel for refuge from their heathen persecutors. In the twelfth century a brave crusader named Berthold vowed that if he won an important battle he would become a monk, and retire to Mount Carmel. The first Carmelite convent in this country was established at Port Tobacco in 1790, and removed thence to Baltimore. There is another convent at St. Louis. Practical newspaper men, however, are inclined to believe that the report about Miss ANDERSON is an emanation of the imagination of her advertising agent.

—In a review of the art exhibition at Leipsic the *Börsenblatt* of that city speaks in the very highest terms of the wood-engravings contributed by American artists, and commends in terms of special admiration the illustrations in Mr. GIBSON'S *Pastoral Days* and *Highways and Byways*, as well as the tasteful printing and binding of the volumes.

—The Communal Council at Namur, Belgium, lately made a funny suggestion on the management of the theatre there. A M. FIRMIN inquired whether the artistes "coming out" could not give a series of *débuts* in private, before a committee formed for the purpose, and so spare the public the *ennui* of "first appearances."

—Some months ago a champagne house at Épernay offered prizes for the five best poems on champagne. The subject seems to have inspired a large number of votaries of sentiment, seeing that no fewer than 1100 poems were sent in to the jury. The chief prize of 1000 francs has just been awarded to M. CLOVIS HUGUES.

—ARSÈNE HOUSSAYE has a mania for building châteaux. He now has seven at Beaujon, and is building an eighth. The seven were named respectively the houses of "Youth," "Love," "Knowledge," "Family," "Renown," "Wealth," and "Wisdom." They are appropriately furnished: the first looks like a museum of toys, the second is adorned with paintings and statues of Venus and Cupid, the third is a mere library, the fourth is the temple of his Lares and Penates, the fifth contains the gifts and written compliments of admirers, the sixth is rich with treasures and gems, and the seventh is dedicated to Plato and Socrates. The eighth, which he is now building, is the house of "Death," and will be the mausoleum in which its author's dust will be placed.

—Dr. ROBERT KOCH, the discoverer of the cholera bacillus, is now forty-one years old, and took his degree of M.D. eighteen years ago. He is a native of the Hartz Mountain country, and has reached his present high rank after many years of poverty and struggling for bare existence. He is henceforth to fill the position of Professor of Hygiene at Berlin.

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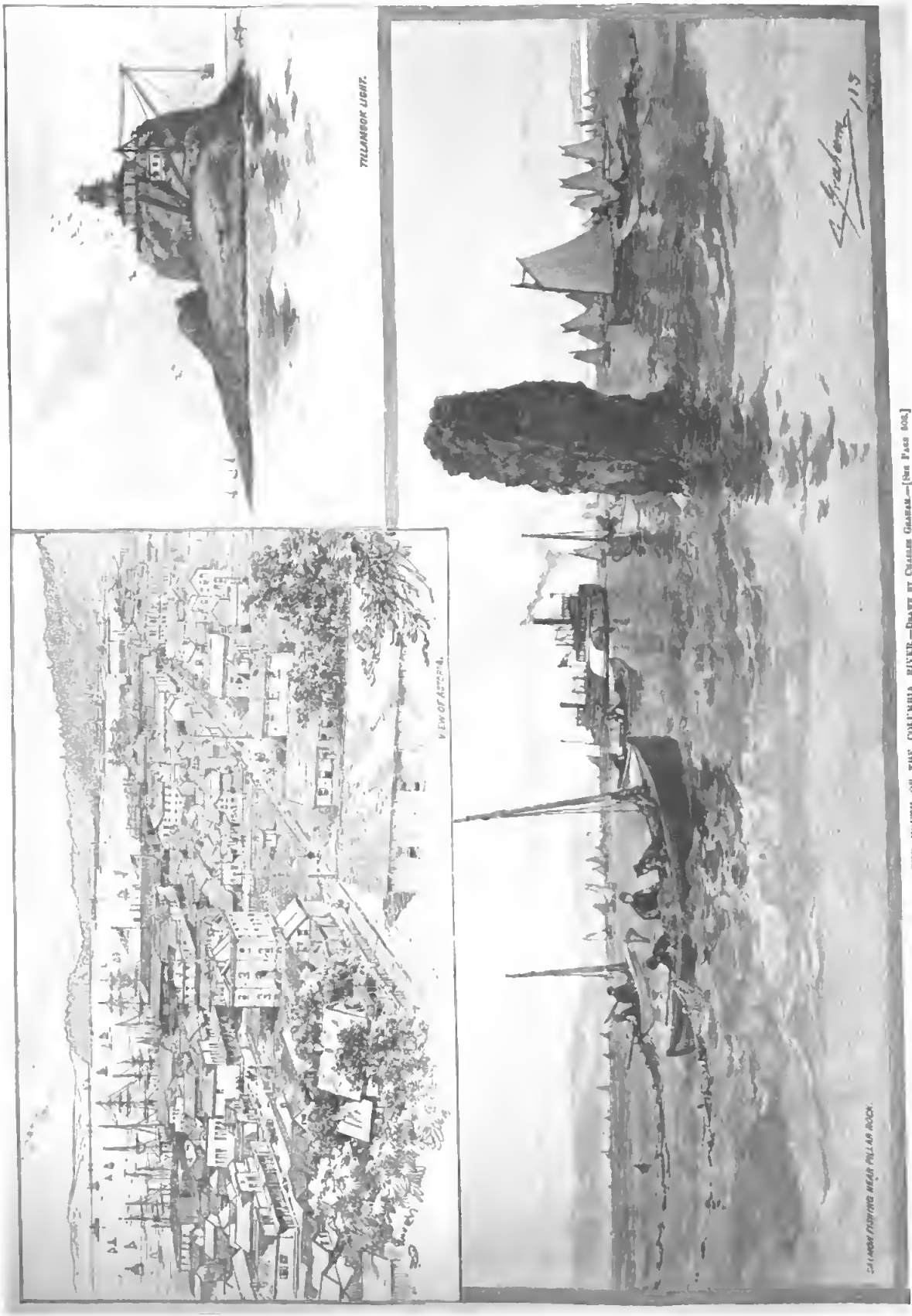

AT THE MOUTH OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 502.]

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FROM POST TO FINISH.

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Breeze Lawson," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," "At Fault," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

DEATH OF THE SQUIRE.

A COLD January day, and the bitter northeast wind swirled through the avenues of Cranley Chase, making the old oaks creak again. In the principal street of the little village men stopped each other, despite the keenness of the weather, to ask what was the news from the great house; for all Cranley knew that the lord of the Chase lay dying. The village doctor had said openly at the Rockingham Arms that it was a question now not of days but of hours. The famous London physician had been down, at Gerald's earnest request, only to shake his head solemnly, and say that there was no more to be done. On the Squire's family his mortal sickness came like a thunder-bolt; but it was no surprise to Alister Rockingham himself, who had long been conscious that life's machinery was giving way. For himself, he could have turned his face to the wall and met his doom calmly; but his soul was terribly imbittered at the thought of those he was about to leave behind. He knew very well what little provision there would be for them, and felt that it was he himself who had steered the ship upon the breakers. It may be doubted whether even Alister Rockingham himself was aware of how utterly ruined he really was. He did as men sometimes do under such circumstances—sent for his solicitor, Mr Pearson, and his cousin, Cuthbert Elliston, in the vague hope that they might devise some salvage out of the wreck, and very shortly after their arrival the Squire breathed his last, confiding the interests of those nearest and dearest to him—had he only known it—to the very two men who might, as they willed, have saved him.

It is the day after the funeral. Alister Rockingham has been laid to his rest with all due pomp and ceremony in the old church yard where so many of his race lie sleeping. His tenantry and the villagers—who, indeed, may all be included in the former category, as Cranley for the most part belonged to him—have stared their hardest at the sombre pageantry, and many of them shed tears by the grave-side of one who, reckless as he may have been of his own affairs, had always proved a kind landlord.

Seated in the library of the Chase were Samuel Pearson, solicitor, and Cuthbert Elliston. On the table between them stood a decanter of sherry and a plate of biscuits.

"Well, poor Alister has gone at last," said Elliston. "I suppose you've got the will there all ready to read to the widow and her children?"

"Yes," rejoined Pearson. "Just as he backed horses when they had no chance to win, so he made his will when he had no money to leave."

"Is it as bad as that?"

"Yes," rejoined Pearson. "The old place is mortgaged down to the conservatory; the house to the top rafter."

"You must have feathered your nest pretty well," observed Cuthbert, with a sneer.

"B—s it, Mr Elliston, I'll not stand such language from you, as if you hadn't had your share of the cake."

"Chut! man; keep your temper. We are not children, who, having eaten the kernel, quarrel over the shells. I suppose that last Leger almost finished him?"

"Yes; the poor Squire would have it that Catesham must win. Yes, I, Bill Greyson, and Broughton, the book maker, thought he couldn't; and when we think they can't win—"

"They generally don't," interrupted Elliston; "which shows what good judges we are, especially when they are in our stable. I suppose the widow will have to go?"

"Yes, Cranley Chase must come to the hammer, and there will be a very slender income left for Mrs Rockingham to live upon."

"And that young cub will have to turn out and get his own living?"

"That's so. You don't like that boy, Mr Elliston, but he's popular with the people about, and few of them would call him a young cub."

"I hate the whelp, and I don't care who knows it. I hate his mother; she always distrusted me, and taught him to do the same."

"I don't know that she was altogether wrong to do that," observed Pearson, sneeringly.

"Confound it, sir! what do you mean?"

"I thought we weren't to quarrel. I've just sent word to Mrs Rockingham to say that I want to see her on business, and she has replied she will be here in a few minutes."

The words had hardly left his lips when the door opened, and the widow, attired in her sable draperies, and accompanied by her daughter, entered the room.

"I have here," said Pearson, "your lamented husband's last will and testament, but it is my painful duty to inform you that he died a ruined man, and that I can see no possibility of averting the sale of Cranley Chase."

"Oh, Gerald, Gerald, where are you?" exclaimed the sorrow-stricken woman. "I can not understand it all. Oh, my son, come and talk to these men for me!"

THE HON JOHN P ST JOHN, PROHIBITION CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT
Photographed at Bastian.—(See Page 498.)

"THERE IS A RUSH OF THE LOOKERS-ON TO HIS ASSISTANCE, AS THERE IS DANGER OF THE HORSE STRIKING HIM IN GETTING UP."

"I am here, mother," said Gerald, who had entered the room noiselessly just in time to overhear his mother's last words; "what do you want of me?"

"It has been my painful duty," interposed Pearson, "to explain to Mrs. Rockingham the true position of her affairs—to break to her, in short, the sad fact of her ruin; and that Mrs. Rockingham should be very much upset at hearing it is only natural; but the truth had to be broken to her sooner or later, and I thought it more judicious that she should know of it at once."

"And I think Pearson's right," broke in Ellison. "It's on use shilly-shallying when an ugly story is to be told. It's a bad business, Beatrice, but you will have henceforth to face the world with very narrow means; while as for you, Gerald," he continued, almost brutally, "this means an end of Cambridge. I don't suppose you'll be doing much good there; you'll have to turn to now and get your own living."

"That is my business," retorted Gerald, sharply. "Neither my mother nor myself is likely to consult you about our affairs."

"You're surely not mean enough to think of living on her?" sneered Cuthbert.

"Certainly not," answered Gerald, his eyes sparkling with passion. "But it's nothing to you how I propose to earn my bread and cheese."

"Well," rejoined Ellison, as if bent upon irritating the boy, "you can ride and shoot; there never was a Rockingham that couldn't. I should suggest your turning under-gamekeeper or pad groom."

Gerald sprang forward, and had not his sister caught him by the arm, and Mr Pearson thrown himself in front of Ellison, the youth would undoubtedly have struck him.

"Do control your temper," said Ellen Rockingham, and for a few seconds more the young fellow's eyes flashed, and the veins in his forehead stood out. Then with a violent effort he controlled himself, and said, with sarcastic courtesy

"Thank you for your advice In the mean time, as I presume for the next few days Cranley Chase is still ours, allow me to point out that neither is my mother nor am I in the mood to entertain visitors at present." And as he concluded Gerald motioned significantly to the door. A furious scowl came over Ellison's face, and for a moment he seemed disposed to break out into a torrent of recrimination, but finally followed the example of his young cousin, and rejoined

"Good-by; I wish you success in either of your new vocations."

Pearson gathered up his papers, and as he followed his companion out of the room, whispered in his ear,

"If that wasn't a direct hint to go, I never got one."

"I mistrust that man, Gerald dear," said Mrs. Rockingham. "He deceives you, and I'm sure that he led poor Alister into many of his more serious scrapes Whenever they went racing together, your poor father always lost."

"And my cousin Cuthbert?" inquired Gerald.

"I don't know No one, I fancy, ever knew much about his affairs, but I have a suspicion that your poor father paid her him many a time when things went against him"

"You need not fear my making him my confidant," said Gerald. "He has always disliked me from my boyhood."

Mr Gerald Rockingham would have been mightily offended had any one presumed to hint that was still not quite over

"But, Gerald," interposed Ellen, "you surely have no idea of turning groom or gamekeeper? Of course, we must do our duty in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call us, but anything of the sort would be so very humiliating for a Rockingham!"

She had her mission, and her own ideas of doing good, but under no circumstances must there be any debasement of the family name

"No, Ellen," said Gerald, as he wound his arm round her waist, "I don't, of course, know what I am going to do yet, but I don't suppose I shall turn my attention to either of those pursuits. Still, it is very difficult to get something to do when you have been brought up to do nothing. I'm not a clever fellow, you know, and it's rather difficult to say to what I could turn my hand. Of course, mother, we shall have to leave Cranley Chase, but they are sure to give us decent time to arrange that. The sale of a big landed property is not managed in a moment. When you and Ellen are comfortably settled somewhere, then I shall begin to look about me."

The boy seemed transformed; the knowledge of the loss of his inheritance seemed to have made a man of him. Already he was facing the situation in the way men, if they have any "grit" in them, do face ruin.

"It comes hard upon you, Gerald," said Mrs Rockingham, as she kissed him, "but remember I could never bear to hear a word against your father"

"As if I would ever utter one against him? He was the best friend of a Yorkshire gentleman And if sin and shame is gone, why, we must just make the best of it. Do you think, mother dear, that Pearson has been quite honest in his dealings?"

"I can not say Your poor father placed implicit reliance upon him, especially in all cases of raising money"

"I shall ride into York to-morrow, and ask Mr Wriston to act for me on the settlement of our affairs. He has the reputation of being an honest man, and though I don't suppose he can do much for us, yet he may be able to save something for us out of the wreck There are one or two people I want to see besides."

The one or two people that Gerald wanted to see besides might have been condensed into Dollie Greyson, who he found had just returned to her uncle's after spending her Christmas holidays at Biddleton Grange.

The next day, accordingly, saw Gerald riding into York. Mr Wriston, a shrewd, able lawyer, gave him but cold comfort. He said he should be happy to do his best, but was afraid that Mr. Pearson had only too accurate a knowledge of the Squire's embarrassments. "Indeed, sir," he continued, "I regret to say that it has been rumored for some time that Mr Rockingham was in difficulties. However, as I said before, if you wish me to act for you, I will."

That point satisfactorily settled, Gerald made the best of his way to Coney Street. Dollie was not in the shop, and walking straight up to her uncle, Gerald asked if he could see her. He had so often taken the girl out riding that there was nothing unusual in this request, and Thomas Greyson replied at once.

"Yes; you'll find her in the sitting-room upstairs"

He found Dollie busy at the piano. She turned round when she heard the door open, and exclaimed, holding out her hand,

"Oh, Gerald, I am so glad to see you again, and I am so sorry for you besides, for, of course, we have all heard of your loss"

"Yes, though not, perhaps, the whole of it. I have come to say good by to you. When I put that ring on your finger last September, and wanted you to consider it an engaged ring, I honestly meant it. I looked forward to a few years to making you my wife. But it has all altered now I am simply ruined. Whether you would have said 'Yes,' I can't say; but I only know that as soon as ever I came of age I should have asked you to marry me."

"And if you had been the heir of Cranley Chase, I think I should have said 'No,' although I love you very dearly; but now I am yours, whatever your position in life may be, whenever you come to claim me"

"Ah, Dollie," he replied, gravely, "you don't know how complete a wreck it is. What is left will barely support my mother and sister, and how I am to get my own living I really don't know, unless I follow the advice that brute Cuthbert Ellison gave me. He told me I'd better turn pad groom or gamekeeper And it's bitterly true, Dollie. I can shoot, and I can ride, but I think I like riding best."

"Can ride!" cried the girl, with sparkling eyes, "I should think you can do it. You remember the famous day when you got leave to take me to Askham Bogg. What a day we had, but splashed, torn, and dishevelled as I was, we did see the finish of that run by hook or by crook, and there were many good men of the hunt who didn't."

"Ah, well, Dollie, I suppose I'd best go for pad groom, or something of that kind."

"Stop, I have an idea. Listen to me. You have often laughed, and said what a practical little woman I am. If you turn groom, Gerald, you'll remain a groom all your life; and though I'll be your wife all the same, I don't want that for your sake. Come into father's stable. He's a hard master, I know; but you will at all events see me a little, and I can, perhaps, make things easy for you. Father will do anything for me. Remember stable-boys become jockeys, and jockeys in these days make fortunes."

"But wouldn't he recognise me?"

"No. Your father hasn't trained with mine for many years. I have he never saw you at Doncaster last year, and even if he has seen you once or twice, he will never recognise the heir of Cranley Chase in the stable-boy seeking a situation But I shall, Gerald dear"

"By heavens, I'll try it, Dollie"

CHAPTER VI.

BIDDLETON MOOR.

About three months have elapsed since Gerald made up his mind to follow Dollie Greyson's advice. Both men and horses are pretty busy upon Biddleton Moor this March morning, for the racing season is now in full swing, and the trainer knows that his charges are wanted just as often as he can get them ready. William Greyson's is not a large stable; still, he has a tolerably good string, there being some sixteen or eighteen horses doing their work on the moor this morning, some taking walking exercise in their sheets, some of them, dressed of their clothing, doing good steady canters at different distances. But the whole excitement of the morning seemed centred in a group of three horses which are evidently preparing for a good strong gallop, and what particularly attracted attention to them were the vagaries of a shaking iron gray colt, the mounting of which even seemed no easy matter. As for the unfortunate boy destined for the top of that colt's back, he evidently looked forward to an pleasant ride. This was the Dancing Master, a magnificent three-year-old, but afflicted with a most uncontrollable temper. That the boy was thrown into the saddle was a matter of course, but the Dancing Master apparently deeply resented the indignity he bolted and twice wickedly, but the two three people about him understood him much too well not to have kept well clear of his heels. His young rider, although a good deal shaken in his seat, managed to stick on, and then the Dancing Master condescended to walk quietly after his two stable companions.

"Now, Donaldson," said Greyson, addressing the leading boy, who was mounted on a rich dark chestnut horse, "you know what I want—a strength pace for the first three-quarters of a mile, and then break them up a bit the last two furlongs. Now, then—off you go."

The horses jumped off, but that wasn't all, for the Dancing Master immediately indulged in two tremendous plunges, and his boy was jumped off too. The horse seemed perfectly satisfied with his achievement, for he remained quietly shaking his head, and made no attempt to follow his companions, who promptly stopped at Greyson's emphatic shouts to them to pull up.

"Confound you!" muttered the trainer, almost shaking his fist at the horse as he caught him by the bridle "What an unnatural brute you are! When you know you can run clean away from anything in the stable, why don't you go and do it, instead of indulging in these tantrums? —Here, Donaldson; walk your horse down to where Butters is, on the far side of the ground, and tell him he must come up here to give the Dancing Master his gallop."

Butters really was a fine horseman, and but for his weight might have been riding races at this time. He was very soon upon the back of the gray, and after two or three plunges the horse seemed to recognise there was no possibility of getting rid of him. Once more was the order given to go, and Donaldson again leads the way; this time the Dancing Master slips off in easy fashion, and follows his leaders in sober, decorous manner Things went very well till they came to the six furlong post, where, according to orders, Donaldson quickened his pace, and then, to Mr. Greyson's utter astonishment, the Dancing Master apparently couldn't hold his own. The trainer set spurs to his hack and galloped down as soon as the spin was over to know what was the meaning of this.

"Well, Joe," he exclaimed, as he arrived at the mile-post, "what was it?"

"Just this, sir," replied Butters; "the colonel called upon him to go a bit in earnest, he sulked and shut up."

"He wasn't done at all?" inquired the trainer.

"Done!" replied the head lad. "Not a bit of it; he was pulling my arms off He simply refused to go on. There's some of them have done racing when they have done pulling. Blessed if this horse isn't a conundrum! I believe him to be a real flyer if it wasn't for his temper I've backed him for the Two Thousand, and most devoutly wish I hadn't."

"Well, Joe, I think you may take 'em all home now There's no more to be done this morning."

When Mr Greyson, after handing his hack over to one of the stable-men, walked toward the house, he found hanging about the gate a dark-eyed-looking lad attired in a gray tweed stable jacket, moleskin trousers fitting pretty tightly to the leg, with some full-dress buttons at the bottom outside each ankle, a rather gaudy silk handkerchief twisted round his neck, and a tweed cap slouched over his brows.

"Well, my lad, what do you want?" inquired the trainer

"Work," replied Gerald, curtly, as he touched his cap.

"Of what kind? And what makes you come to me?"

"I think I can ride," replied Gerald.

"Nobody ever comes to me who doesn't," rejoined Greyson, "and it's astonishing how I differ with them at the end of the week. Mark me, my lad, there's always room in a racing stable for a boy who can ride; but I keep a trial horse Do you know what that means?"

"Of course one with which you test the capabilities of the other horses in your stable."

While they were speaking, the trainer led the way through the wicket, and strolling leisurely across the grass-plot, they now arrived at the porch. At the sound of their voices a half-open lattice was pushed still further open, and Dollie's head peeped out. The speakers could not see her in consequence of the roof of the porch, at the entrance of which they stopped, nor the them, but she could overhear every word they uttered, and naturally recognized their voices. It is almost superfluous to say that Dollie was perfectly well aware of the morning on which her lover was to make his application for employment at the Biddleton stables. Indeed, she had already exchanged a few words with Gerald at the gate while her father was on the moor.

"No; my trial horse is a test of my lads' riding. The Dancing Master—you'll understand his name when you've had a ride on him—is about the wickedest I ever had in training. Now, look here, boy, if you like to ride him a gallop to-morrow morning, and he don't put you down or run away with you, I'll give you a chance. Be here at six to-morrow morning, and in the mean time, if you go into the house, they will give you something to eat and a mug of ale."

Gerald winced a little at the trainer's last remark; but there was one who winced far more than he did, and that one was Dollie, who had not lost one word of the conversation. She could not repress a slight shiver at her lover's degradation was thus brought home to her, and she remembered that it was she who had counselled him taking this step. Many girls would have felt curious and frightened at the idea of the ordeal he was to go through on the morrow, and Dollie knew perfectly well what giving that iron-gray colt a gallop meant, but it must be borne in mind that Dollie had been brought up amongst horses and horsemen She knew Gerald would ride, and believed in his riding as only a girl does believe in her lover's ability to do anything. No, the might be a little anxious, but she had no fear for him on the morrow; it was the humiliation of to-day that wounded her so deeply, that her Gerald—Gerald Rockingham, of Cranley Chase, should be consigned to her father's kitchen to get "something to eat and a mug of ale"—and this was the first time he had crossed the threshold of her home! He who should have come there as an honored guest was meeting with the reception of a mere stable-lad on trial! And then Dollie knit her pretty brows to dire purposes, and wondered whether she had been right to advising the step.

As for Gerald, he cared little about it. He walked off to the kitchen, joked the maids, and devoured the food and drink set before him with a hearty appetite. One accomplishment stood him in good stead. It is not an uncommon one. People here in a county, although they may speak excellent English, can also, if they choose, speak the patois of their county. Gerald was one of these, and could speak the broadest Yorkshire when it pleased him He had thoroughly made up his mind to go through with his new part. The idea of riding the Dancing Master did not at all discompose him. He had ridden some very awkward horses before now. The only thing was, it would be an awful bore to be kicked off, and though he battered himself he could stick pretty close to anything, still, what has happened to many others might also happen to him, and then, he supposed— Well, old Greyson wouldn't give him an engagement.

So o'clock the next morning found Gerald seated under the tree that fronted the Grange, patiently waiting the arrival of the trainer. Already he had seen the elected string of thoroughbreds, and under the superintendence of Butters take their way to the moor. A few minutes later, and William Greyson emerges from the house, and walks toward the gate, where one of the stable helps is holding his hack for him.

"Ah! my lad, so you have come to be tested, and see what you can do with about the wickedest I ever trained."

"I'm good to try, sir," replied Gerald, quietly.

"I rather like that, my boy," said the trainer. "It's a good deal better than that confounded confidence of half these young whippersnappers in my employment, though I'm bound to say," he continued, with a grin, "the Dancing Master has taken the conceit out of most of them. Now you can just follow me up to the moor, and then I'll see what you can do."

Gerald trudged along by the trainer's side for about a mile, and by that time they were on the Biddleton training ground.

Do you suppose Dollie Greyson was in her bed this March morning when her lover's riding was to be so severely tested? She was up and dressed quite as soon as her father. Now it so happened that the upper windows of the Grange commanded an excellent view of the gallops on the moor. It was true it was a mile off, but that in easily within the range of a good once glass. Three pairs of these were hanging, as she well knew, in her father's room, and as sooner had he left it than she rushed across, and selecting what she considered the best pair, brought it back to her own room, opened the window, and prepared to be a spectator of the proceedings She saw her father and Gerald arrive on the moor, and then, after some little delay, she saw the horse led down, which, as soon as the sheets were removed, her practiced eye recognized as the Dancing Master.

There was a little group gathered round him, and it was evident that a consultation of some sort was taking place.

"Now, my lad," said the trainer, "there's the horse, and, mind, all I've told you about him is true; so take care of yourself. Here, lend him a pair of spurs and whip, some of you."

"Thank you, Mr. Greyson," replied Gerald; "but you've told me this is an awkward one, and I'd rather not have any spurs, though I'll take a whip."

"Look here, young fellow," said Butters, in a low tone, "if you can't ride above a bit, don't you try it. If you don't know how to fall, don't you try it, for he'll put you down to a moral You've a lovely weight if you know how to do it, and should come down light; but that colt—oh, Lord! he chucks them off so quick as you shell peas."

Another moment, and Gerald is on the back of the gray. For a moment or two after his hand is loosed, the colt stands motionless, whilst Gerald pats him on the neck, and, not the least deceived by this apparent calm, grips the saddle firmly with his knees. Then the Dancing Master commences his usual vagaries. A savage bolt out behind is followed by a couple of furious plunges, which Gerald sits like a Centaur, and then the fierce fight between horse and man commences. A practiced eye like Greyson's speedily detects that this new candidate for employment can ride, and what strikes the trainer even more than that, is the temper and patience he is displaying in the struggle. The Dancing Master has been kicking and plunging his wickedest now for some minutes, balking at intervals only to break out again with more malevolence. At last Gerald takes up the whip and uses it in real earnest. It seems to maddon the horse; he plunges worse than ever, and in response to every plunge the whip cracks relentlessly round his ribs. Having failed so far to get rid of his rider by the usual method, he suddenly rears up and throws himself back, and comes down with Gerald's leg under him. There is a rush of the bookers-on to his assistance, as there is, of course, danger of the horse striking him to getting up. When they draw Gerald from under the horse he is insensible

"Here—some of you!" cries the trainer, promptly; "put him in a spare sheet, and carry him down to the Grange. As for you, you devil," he continued, shaking his fist at the gray colt, as he stood trembling a little at the result of his fall, "I suppose we never shall teach you manners!"

As for Dollie, who has viewed the desperate struggle between horse and man, when she sees the colt go back, she feels sick, and turns white to her very lips. Then she sees him determinedly jerked away the minute the horse, commencing to rise, takes its weight off his leg, and then she sees again that ominous sign which makes her heart stand still—he will, that he does not get up.

"Oh, my God! he's killed," she murmurs; "and it is I who have killed him."

But Dollie was no helpless young woman in times of exigency. Bravely swallowing down a hysterical sob or two, she dashes down stairs and dispatches some one in pursuit of the nearest doctor; then stifling a strong inclination to order her own room to be prepared for the suffer-

so, she gives orders that a more modest apartment shall be got ready for him, and then, with beating heart and ashen cheeks, runs down to the wicket-gate to await Gerald's arrival. The first sign of it is the appearance of her father at a canter.

"Send somebody off for the doctor at once, my girl, and get a room ready on the ground-floor. The new lad has had an awkward fall."

"I have done all that. He is not killed, father, is he?" she added, the tears welling up to her eyes.

"Killed—no; but it's knocked the senses out of him. Until the doctor comes we shall hardly know to what extent he's hurt. But what's all this? Your cheeks are as white as a sheet, and the tears in your eyes."

"Oh, it's nothing, father; but I—I—I saw the accident, and it's rather upset me."

A few minutes more and Gerald is carried through the wicket and laid quietly down on the grass-plot under the tree. It requires all Dolly's self-control to prevent her throwing herself on her knees by his side and covering his pale cheeks with her kisses. She hardly dares trust herself to speak, but, motioning to the house, says, in a low voice,

"His room is ready."

As they raise him again, Gerald opens his eyes, and, in answer to an inquiry from the trainer, replies:

"No. I'm a good deal shook; still, I don't think I'm broke anywhere; but, Mr. Greyson, you try your boys rather high."

[to be continued.]

THE HON. JOHN P. ST. JOHN.

Mr. St. John, of Kansas, who has received the nomination of the Prohibitionists for the Presidency, was eulogized in the Convention by a lady—Miss Frances E. Willard—who called him the Path-finder, the John C. Fremont of the new campaign. She had known him as "a little man, a barefoot boy, with feet of tan," and had seen him make his way toward the West, and, when other men were asleep, study Blackstone and Coke, and when the war broke out, not wait to be drafted, but voluntarily bare his breast to "the enemy then, who is the friend of to-day." This speech was made by Miss Willard when she seconded his nomination, and it is not often that a nomination to the Presidency is seconded by an eloquent woman.

Mr. St. John is probably the strongest man whom the Prohibitionists could put in the field as a Presidential candidate. He is very popular in the West. In 1883 his party polled more than 92,000 votes in Kansas, electing him Governor of the State, and adopting a prohibitory Constitution. Mr. St. John's portrait is given on page 497.

THE GREELY EXPEDITION.

On page 501 we give an illustration, drawn from careful descriptions furnished by officers of the relief expedition, of the rescue of Lieutenant Greely and his surviving comrades, the account of which was given in the last number of Harper's Weekly; and on page 500 an illustration of the melancholy death scene of Mr. Rice, the photographer of the Greely expedition. On the same page will be found portraits of Dr. Pavy, the surgeon of the expedition, and of Biederbick and Ellison, the latter of whom died a few days after the rescue, as already related in our columns.

The tragic fate of Sergeant Rice, who died from weakness and exposure on the 6th of April, is told by his surviving comrade, Sergeant Frederick. These brave men had volunteered to leave the camp a few days before, and proceed a distance of twenty-five miles for some meat that was cached near Cape Isabella. They had a sled, rifle, and hatchet, and provisions for five days. They travelled for three days, but failed to find the cache. On the way toward their camp Rice became weak, and finally gave up. He was attacked by a blood flux that gradually wore him down. He succumbed, and was interred in an ice grave by his companion.

Frederick camped out that night under a fragment of a boat, and next day revisited his companion's grave to pay a last tribute to his remains. He retained sufficient strength to drag back the sled, with the hatchet, rifle, and cooking utensils, to the camp, where he learned of the death of Lieutenant Lockwood and another of the party. The cached meat that Frederick and Rice were in search of was brought to them a few days earlier from Cape Isabella, and was abandoned in order to drag Ellison, one of their party, who had been frozen, into camp. Rice was the life of the Greely party, full of hope, buoyancy, and energy, and his death was a terrible blow to them. He died in a brave struggle to prolong their existence.

A WAR OF EXTERMINATION.

At the time of the discovery of this country the entire temperate zone, from Central America to the arctic regions, and from ocean to ocean, was a buffalo range. White men saw and killed them within thirty miles of the site now occupied by the city of Charleston, South Carolina; in Virginia and Pennsylvania they were traced to the sea-board; and though no evidence remained to show that they ever ranged east of the Hudson or Lake Champlain, there was also none to prove the contrary. Like the fowls of the air, they migrated from North to South and back again with the changing seasons, and their trails, invariably seeking the easiest grades and safest crossing-places of rivers, were the pioneers of wagon roads and railways. Fifty years ago the magnificent beasts inhabited the vast territory between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains in such countless numbers that they were estimated by millions, and it was supposed that the supply of buffalo meat and robes in this country was absolutely inexhaustible. It was only in 1870 that a writer in Harper's Monthly Magazine laughed at the fears of the Indians that the buffalo would soon be exterminated, and declared such fears to be groundless. To-day, less than fifteen years from that date, the buffalo has practically disappeared from this country, and a few small herds, one on the Pecos River in Texas, and two or three in the extreme North, are all that remain of the millions of a decade ago. Even these are surrounded by an army of butchers, who slaughter them as ruthlessly as though they were vermin and their speedy destruction was imperatively demanded.

During these years every man's hand has been raised against them, and none has been lifted in their defence. The United States government has even encouraged their extermination, by furnishing cavalry escorts to parties of titled foreigners who have visited the plains with the avowed and sole purpose of becoming buffalo butchers. The writer has repeatedly seen such expeditions fitted out at Forts Riley, Kearny, Lyons, Laramie, Garland, and other military posts on the plains. The party was generally composed of two or three titled Englishmen, a retinue of hangers-on and servants, all armed with the most deadly repeating rifles, a company or squad of United States soldiers, and all the army officers and loafers of the post who could find time and an excuse to join the hunt. In two or three weeks they would return, after having killed as many buffalo as would have supplied all the Indians on the plains with meat, and leaving the carcasses to feed the wolves or to rot where they fell. Of course they had saved for the camp mess here and there tidbits of the meat when they had found time to stop and secure them, and a few hides had been preserved as trophies; but the main object of the hunt was invariably to see who in a given time could kill the most game. Merely for the sake of being afterward able to boast that they had wantonly destroyed so many dozens, scores, or hundreds of inoffensive animals, these so-called sportsmen threw aside their manliness and descended to the level of pot hunters and butchers. With no pretext save the satisfying of their lust for slaughter, they were more contemptible than the members of the army of white men who at this time infested the plains and made a living by killing the buffalo for their meat or hides. With the advent of railroads, which in 1870 traversed the breadth of the richest buffalo range, the country watered by the Platte, the Smoky Hill, and the Arkansas rivers, the slaughter increased tenfold, and trains rolled heavily eastward laden with tons of buffalo tongues and hams. What they carried away was not a hundredth part of what had been killed, for only the choicest portions of the best carcasses were deemed of sufficient value to transport even as far as the railway stations, and here hundreds of tons rotted before means for their further transportation could be obtained. Eastern markets became so glutted with tainted buffalo meat that the demand for it ceased, and those who had only hunted the buffalo for meat, leaving the skins to rot with the bulk of the carcass where the animal fell, now turned their attention with redoubled eagerness to killing for skins only. A hunter, armed with a magazine rifle and a horse of big endurance, could and did destroy an average of from seventy-five to a hundred buffalo per day, and furnished steady employment for the ten or a dozen skinners who followed his bloody trail. For a few years thousands of men were thus employed, and the doomed buffalo disappeared like dew before the summer sun. From time to time feeble protests have been made by the Indians, who have gazed aghast upon this wholesale destruction of their staple food supply; but the protests have been ignored, the protesters killed, and all has gone on as before.

After having completed their horrible work of destruction, and caused the buffalo to disappear from the face of the earth, these pitiful pot hunters returned to their legitimate business, and became scavengers. For six dollars per ton they gleaned from the plains a stinking harvest of bones, horns, and hoofs, and the plains which were laden, first with meat and then with robes, now groan beneath these useless relics of the once mighty race of buffalo, to-day practically extinct and wiped out of existence.

Still more contemptible than any of the buffalo butchers already mentioned are those who, from pure wantonness, have blazed away at him from the wagons of emigrant trains, from stage-coaches, and from railway cars, whenever he has come within range of their murderous weapons. Unmoved by the excitement of the chase or the hope of gain, these ignoble manipulators of fire-arms maintained their deadly fusillades as long as a buffalo remained within range, without knowing or caring whether their victims fell dead in their tracks or were left to linger for a time in agony. In this way, from the days of the first gold hunters until the buffalo had been swept from the plains, the main routes of travel were lined for hundreds of miles with their decaying carcasses and grinning skulls.

On page 500 our artist has graphically depicted a number of the scenes once common on the Western plains, but now to be numbered among the things of the past. Of these pictures, No. 1 is of buffalo cows and calves, No. 2 is of a mortal combat of rivals, and No. 3 shows the herd drawn up in order of battle, and presenting a formidable front to an enemy; No. 4 shows an Indian method of hunting, in which by single shots fired at considerable intervals the greater portion of a small herd could be killed before the alarm was given; No. 5 represents a party of white butchers at work, and No. 9 is the scene of their operations after they have passed on and left their victims to the mercies of wolves and buzzards; No. 6 is of a railway train that has been brought to a stand-still in order that its occupants may try their hands at murder; No. 7 represents a migrating herd, and in No. 8 a group of dejected buffalo occupy the only asylum in which they can hope for life—behind the prison bars of a zoological museum.

Kirk Munroe.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

There is a rumor that a comedy troupe has been massacred in Algiers. The wonder is that comedy troupes meet this fate so seldom.

It must be some horribly malicious person who originated and put forth anonymously the report that fashionable people arriving from Europe are evading the payment of duty on no end of finery by tacking upon their trunks cards containing addresses in Marseilles.

There is intelligence from the Old World to the effect that the suit begun in 1604 to recover forests and mines in the Hartz Mountains valued at some five millions of dollars "is hoped to be approaching a decisive point."

Some American students in Germany treated the Berliners to the spectacle of a game of base-ball on Independence-day. The nines were from Göttingen and Berlin, and the ground was the Tempelhofer Feld. The Germans are said to have looked upon the playing as something unique and amazing. They could not understand it, and the attempt of one of the German papers to make it plain to them by describing the game in detail in its next issue is said to have been in vain, though it afforded much amusement to American readers. The score—eighteen runs for the Berlin nine and eleven for the Göttingen boys—recalls the high figures that were scored when the game was twenty years younger in the United States.

It is gratifying to observe that even in New Jersey the laws of Nature are held to be superior to those enacted by the Legislature. The question came up whether a certain iron-mining company could be restrained from allowing water to run from its mine to a mine of another company on a lower level. The court held that water ran down-hill in accordance with natural laws, and that the statutes provided no remedy.

The supply of barons and other noblemen in Germany is far in excess of the demand, and it is asserted that a scheme has been devised for getting rid of the impecunious and burdensome surplus. It originated, the cable says, with the nobility, and it may have been suggested to them by certain combinations of nobility and capital which have resulted from the presence of American heiresses in the Old World. The plan is to send indigent male members of noble families to Chili, present them with land, and hope that they will succeed in marrying young women with money enough to feed both and improve the soil. Those who fail are to be assisted back to Germany. It is asserted that the Chilian government is favorable to the scheme, and will do something toward helping it along. From this distance the arrangement looks rather clumsy. When an American girl—that is, a North American girl—wishes to become a titled personage, she doesn't undertake to work a farm besides supporting a nobleman.

If the infliction of Asiatic cholera and Georgia electric girls are coming together, the people of this fated city may as well prepare to be doubled up. There is already an electric girl in every museum one open from Coney Island to the head of the Bowery, and they have only just begun to arrive. In England thought-readers are amusing the public, but they are less appreciated by the galleries than are any electric girls.

The biggest thing of its kind is always an object of interest to Americans, who are just now reading in almost every newspaper they take up that the biggest skylight in the United States is to be in the Chicago Board of Trade Building, and that its dimensions will be sixty by sixty-eight feet. It will cost about five thousand dollars.

While the recent great parade of trades unions in London was taking place, a series of loud detonations was heard in the direction of the government offices. The crowd thought the dynamiters had begun operations again, and there was a rush toward Whitehall. There they found the Horse-Guards firing a salute in honor of the birth of the Duchess of Albany's son.

A writer in London says that there is a revolt against late dining hours, which have prevailed there for some time. The Prince of Wales has given his sanction to entertaining at luncheon, and the victory is counted as good as won.

Among the persons who have called at the national head-quarters of the Republicans in this city with schemes for helping along the campaign was a man who said he had been a college professor, and is now the owner of a balloon. He proposed to attach a Blaine and Logan banner to his aerostat, float over a town all day, and settle down and make a speech in the evening. He asked for a week's salary in advance.

Early in the season the indications were that the upland resorts would attract unusual throngs of summer visitors, leaving the sea-side hotels and cottages with plenty of unoccupied room. These indications have not been realized, so far as the mountains are concerned. Somebody of a statistical turn has made a table purporting to show the number of guests at each of the hotels in the Catskill region in comparison with the number for which there are accommodations. These figures indicate that the hotels are not half full. It is estimated that there are twenty thousand less persons in the Catskills than there were last season at this time. Cool weather, financial troubles, and cheap fares to Europe are the causes assigned.

Out-going European steamers are carrying few passengers, while those arriving from the other side have long cabin lists. Cholera in Europe is the cause of it. It is fortunate for some of the steam-ship companies that the alarm came so far along in the season; otherwise there would have been few Americans in the Old World to bring home, and with the exceedingly close competition between lines, some of the companies might have gone to the wall.

There is less filth lying exposed in the streets of New York now than at any other time in many years. That the city is so clean and so well prepared to resist the spread of cholera, in the event of its coming, is not due to the efficiency of the street-cleaning service, but to the almost unparalleled showers that came not long ago. They flooded the streets with a volume of water sufficient to sweep away the accumulated filth, and left the lower streets almost as clean as those of Murray Hill. Persons who believe in luck ought to feel assured that the cholera will keep away from New York altogether, for when luck begins to run in any direction, it must, according to their belief, keep it up for a while.

THE COTTERS' SATURDAY NIGHT.

Last Arrivals at the Grand Broadway Hotel.

Clerk. "Very sorry, sir; not a room in the house, last one just taken. Have to give you a cot in the dining-hall; or, you might double up with that gent."

Skinny Party. "Yes, I might, but rather think it safer to try and double up with the cot. I'm not very robust."

1. A peaceful Family. 2. The Rivals—a Duel. 3. "A Hollow Square"—Attack by Wolves. 4. Clear the Track. 5. Slaughter. 6. A Still Hunt. 7. On the March. 8. In Captivity. 9. In the Track of the Hunter.

BUFFALO HUNTING.—Drawn by Bierstadt.—[See Page 499.]

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THE RESCUE OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE GREELY EXPEDITION.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON, FROM DESCRIPTIONS BY OFFICERS OF THE RELIEF PARTY.—[SEE PAGE 499.]

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LOVE AND MIRAGE;*

OR,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER IV.

A QUESTION.

The forester lived a little way off, and it was to a wooden hut or pavilion near that holiday-makers and wayfarers betook themselves for curds and whey or other homely regales.

The wide world could not show a fairer halting-place. The sea that lay close behind was shut from view by the thickly interlaced branches of beech and pine, whilst from the open sunny plateau on which stood the hut broadened on either side a vast wilderness or natural park, vista on vista of glade, grove, and alley, all now interpenetrated with the warm afternoon glow. On the smooth sward lay broad disks of gold-like yellowing leaves of water-lilies on an olive-green lake; but farther off, among the closely serried forest trees, sunshine played fantastically as the coruscations of lightning, inky cloud and fiery flash not more strikingly contrasted than the dense shadows of the beeches thus fitfully lighted up. Beyond all, cloud upon cloud, billow upon billow, stretched the remoter reaches of the forest, no horizon marking the separation of world and sky in the dim purple haze.

The score and odd idlers lounging in front of the pavilion were, however, not intent on exquisite lights and shadows just then. In a minute or two Elizabeth, with charming grace, had introduced the two young Englishmen to this group of acquaintance, and that and the four were sipping milk and less pastoral drinks at a long table with a goodly fellowship.

"How delightful are these garden taverns, this out-of-door innkeeping!" said Arthur, as he scanned the inscription over the door of the little hostelry opposite. "In England we have not the word because we do not possess the thing. Here the inn is only the place to sleep in, and the garden or forest is the keeping-room, the closet, the hall. To escape from walls and artificial horizons, and live for a time the life of the bee, the bird, the butterfly, can anything be more enchanting?"

"That reminds me," said Elizabeth, as she smilingly handed him the black bread and butter. "This day week there is to be a dance in the forest. The fishermen every summer thus do honor to their guests, and rich and poor dance in company."

"Shall we be invited?" asked Arthur.

"Every one is invited," answered Elizabeth. "But here come more friends, and more and more," and she rose, and Flora also, to greet the new-comers, most of them what may be called way-side acquaintances, friends made, as the fashion is, in these parts, at the mid-day ordinary, on the steamboat, or in forest resort. It is, moreover, no hard matter to find friends among those of the same manner of thinking and belonging to the same social grade as ourselves. These kindly professors and pastors, with their families, belonged to one pattern, and the same might be said of the merchants, military men, and sprinkling of titled personages. What difference of rank there might be was kept out of sight during the holiday season, just as school-boys fall out of rank on the play-ground.

On a sudden, however, there emerged from the depths of the forest the tall figure of a man who could evidently be no chance-made acquaintance of the two girls; rather a kinsman, or at least it seemed, from the affectionate way in which he greeted them, an old friend. Sunburned, travel-stained, with his knapsack on his back, and a huge knob-stick in one hand, he yet had a fine appearance. The well-shaped head, the lofty brow, the frank, honest expression, proclaimed the honest gentleman in spite of his somewhat ragamuffin exterior.

"At last we meet again!" he said, throwing down knapsack and stick, and glancing from one sister to another as he stood bare-headed before them. "At last!"

"After five years," Elizabeth answered. "Not so very long ago we heard of you in the heart of Africa."

"Where, indeed, have I not been since we last saw each other, my little friend? And Flora has grown up! But"—here he looked about him inquiringly—"there were three flowers when I went away. The eldest sister, the beautiful Stella, where is she?"

Flora crimsoned with a childish look of pain, whilst her rosy lips quivered, and tears fell from her downcast eyes. Elizabeth looked up rigid as a statue. The light that a moment before had been in her face died out. Speech did not come.

The man darted a glance at the gowns of the two girls. They were white, and white may also be the symbol of mourning. Then looking unutterably aghast and woe-begone, he got out the words under his breath, "She is dead?"

The younger sister looked at the elder. Elizabeth was now constrained to speak.

"We are but two."

The look of misery in her face stopped all further questioning, nor could any private conversation be carried on in such a place and at such a time. She added, with a great effort at collectedness: "Ask no more. We have come here to forget."

"Stella dead! Merciful heavens!" ejaculated the man under his breath; then gradually recovering himself, and seeing the humor in which Elizabeth was, he added: "I wish I were going to stay on this island since I find you here. But I never stay anywhere, as you know."

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1440.

"Why in such a hurry just now?" asked Elizabeth, who had by this time regained self-composure.

"I am bound farther northward, and only landed here a few hours ago to get a glimpse of the place. Our steamer lies at anchor in the bay."

Elizabeth now turned to introduce the stranger to her new friends, who had withdrawn a little. Mr. Venning and his brother would be glad, she felt sure, to shake hands with one of their oldest friends, and a naturalist not unknown to fame, attached, moreover, to a scientific expedition that must have been heard of in England. Carl Fleming, in his turn, must be pleased to find in these tourists former pupils of Professor Brandt, of Göttingen. So she said pleasant things all round, and the business of coffee-drinking went on more genially than before.

"I am glad that we now know each other's names," Flora said, simply, to Harvey, who had contrived to remain by her side. "Is it not odd that they should be the same in your language as well as ours? We have Herrn and Arthur, and you also have Elisabeth and Flora."

"And Flower is as pretty in one tongue as another, though your surname calls you flower twice over," Harvey laughingly rejoined.

"Yes," Flora answered, merrily, "I have my two names in one; but my sister's, Elisabeth Flower—Elisabeth Blume. That sounds better in English, I think."

The company soon broke up into little knots, some to penetrate farther into the recesses of the forest, others to explore the cliff; a few, Arthur and the new-comer among them, lazily stretched their limbs on the mossy carpet. Here and there might be seen the straw hat and blue veil of some fair sketcher, whilst in the open space before the little chalet a dozen children joined hands in a merry round.

"I can not tell you how shocked I was just now to learn that those beautiful girls had lost their eldest sister," said the naturalist, as he offered Arthur a cigar. "I have known them from childhood, though my wandering life keeps us apart. The rose is left"—here he glanced at the elder sister—"and the sweet, shy bird"—here he looked toward Flora. "But where now is she who was the star?"

Arthur listened almost carelessly. Truth to tell, he was watching the exquisite picture that the pair of sisters made as they moved gracefully to and fro beside the swing. Swinging was a favorite pastime here, and they were giving delightful turns to two youngsters left out of the round.

"Do you know how it happened?" added the other.

Arthur explained that his acquaintance with the whole company dated from that morning only.

"And I see no one else I can question. But why do I want to learn more?

"'The beautiful also must die.'"

Then, as if forgetting that he was not alone, he repeated the wonderful little poem he had begun.

At any other time Arthur would have heard Schiller's verses delightedly, but he was in no mood for a sentiment just then. This breezy forest world, which was yet the world of the sea, this unwonted freshness and freedom he was breathing as purer, less trammelled air, this little life he was living twice islanded from the world of every day—all these filled him with the said joy of living rather than deep musings about death and fate.

"Sorry enough am I to quit such a place and such a company," said Carl Fleming, rising as soon as he had finished his cigar. "Who knows? We may all meet here again on my return."

"I am in no hurry."

"Happy Englishman! enviable human being!" rejoined the other. "But summer is of the shortest on this little island. In six weeks from to-day, if you are wise, you will pack your portmanteau and be off and away. Otherwise you may be frozen in for the winter."

Time as well as Death may be a mere word in certain seas and at certain seasons. Arthur smiled, and his looks said what was in his thoughts. Six weeks seemed as far off just then as six years. Then his companion made brief adieux to the two girls, and hastened away. The rest of the company also began to disperse in groups of twos and threes.

CHAPTER V.

THE WALK HOME.

Somehow or other—none knew how it was—our little company returned in the order it had come, Arthur still keeping his place by Elizabeth's side, Harvey in close attendance upon Flora.

The girls had undertaken to show them a different way home, and what a way it was! Enchantment could go no farther.

They had suddenly quitted the upper forest world, still bathed in golden light, and, after a sharp descent of wooded pathway, found themselves in the cool twilight below, the waves of the tideless sea rippling gently on one side, whilst on the other rose chalk banks gleaming silvery white against the pure heavens, and fringed with rare flowers—hanging gardens by the sea.

High above, ripe sunshine lingered about the coppice woods, but around them all was gray, pearly, silvery, only one blotch of deep orange breaking the wide expanse. Just opposite lay a fishing brig at anchor, two ships instead of one, and the twin imaged in the water was more beautiful than the one solidly standing out against the sky; and as they walked along they saw colors no less bright close under their eyes, ruby-red and orange tangle, gleaming pebbles, patches of emerald-green weed, and how many other lovely things lying in the transparent water? Arthur's attention, however, was at once arrested by a flower in full bloom on the chalk bank. Starry bright it was, and exquisite in form, each perfect gleam shining out from the background of white cliff and glossy round green leaves. There seemed a spirit in every one of these blossoms, and, as you looked at them, it seemed impossible to believe that some pensive sympathy with human things might not be here, some wistful communing with mortal joy or sorrow. Flawless each tiny ivory cup as a gem, like one to another as pearls on a string, yet a narrow observer could hardly help finding a certain individuality, an approach, if not to consciousness, to that sentient being so closely allied to it.

"Will you get me some of my favorite flowers?" asked Elizabeth, for they were all growing out of easy reach.

"I am so little skilled in flower-lore that I do not so much as know the name," Arthur replied.

"The name tells you nothing, and this lovely flower has no legend that I know of. It is the only one I have ever had a real passion for; it was my sister's favorite flower; I love it for her sake."

Arthur understood the look of dreamy sadness that now filled his companion's eyes. It was not Flora she was thinking of—the careless, sportive, living Flora—but that other sister he would never know, Stella, the beautiful, the dead.

Meantime he was scaling the steep chalk banks, gathering a tuft of creamy buds, glossy leaves here, a tall peduncle there, Elizabeth watching him with pensive approval. The sight of this natural flower bed—sprinkling of earth stars before their brighter compeers shone forth—seemed to sadden her inexpressibly. She evidently forgot that this willing knight was a mere acquaintance of yesterday.

"Do not be ruthless. Leave plenty for others," she said, beckoning him to come down, and awaiting the spoils with almost passionate impatience. Then, when he was by her side, holding up both hands full of the pure white globes delicately pencilled with faintest violet, and shedding faint fragrance, she bent down, and ecstatically and tearfully kissed them where they lay.

What wonder that the polished London-bred man of the world had not a syllable at command? At last he did get out, in a low, subdued voice: "You loved her very dearly, then, this sister?"

Elizabeth, with tears still glistening on her eyelids, now motioned him to sit down, so that she might the more conveniently bestow the lovely things in her basket. As she did so, he watching her, she said, by way of answering his question:

"Do we not all love best that which is most beautiful? And these flowers, that I have never yet found growing anywhere else, will always be very dear to me, very dear and very sad, because they will always remind me of a joy that is gone."

"We must all look forward to the joy to come," put in Arthur, not in the least knowing what he meant, only knowing that the speech sounded appropriate under the circumstances.

"There might be joy for me—" began the girl, earnestly, then breaking off suddenly, as if she felt that she was too forwardly confiding to a stranger.

"Some day, perhaps," she added, "I may tell you what I mean. That is to say, if we get to know each other better, and I can look upon you in the light of a friend."

"Might I but be your friend!" cried Arthur. His manner was honest and hearty, without a touch of sentiment.

Elizabeth made answer: "Friendships are not made in a day." She went on speaking whilst she wistfully caressed her flowers, pressing one dainty floret to her lips, another to her heart, breathing their delicate fragrance, fondling them as if they were living things.

"You may in time become my friend, and prove very serviceable to me." She stopped short, smiling gravely, as she perused his questioning face. "How can I tell if the friendship I have to offer is worth the services I must ask in return? Are you a brave man?" she suddenly asked, still studying his physiognomy.

"Try me," was Arthur's tart reply.

Elizabeth saw the look of vexation that came into her companion's face, and made quick apology.

"Pray pardon me. I had no right to put such a question. I do not know how it is, I forget we are strangers to each other," she said.

"Let me also ask your forgiveness," Arthur replied, speaking with uncompromising sincerity. The strange new situation in which he found himself seemed to demand it. "I did wrong to take offence just now. How can a man aver of himself that he is brave till his courage has been put to proof? As yet mine lies dormant, alike physical and moral ordeals are to come. But"—here the young man's voice gained in fervor, and Elizabeth realized that there might be a heroic side to this pleasant, polished man of the world—"but let me tell you my theory about courage, no matter of what kind, for it is a subject on which I have cogitated deeply. A crisis there comes to every human being, so at least I believe, when his heroism is tested, when he must go through the fire for once and for all."

"That I believe also," put in Elizabeth.

"We must store up our little stock of the heroic virtues against they are needed, for needed they surely will be, and that perhaps when we least expect it," he went on. "Thus it comes about that although, Heaven be praised, my existence up to the present time has been unusually smooth and comfortable, I am always on the lookout for a summons, like a fireman off duty."

"Strange," mused Elizabeth, "such thoughts have often crossed my own mind. Once in every lifetime human beings are brought face to face with the awful aspect of destiny. Some are sore afraid, and others show almost a god-like resolution."

"Oh, do not let us soar to such comparisons. Is it not enough to be a man?" cried Arthur.

"It should be; and just a man's *sang froid*, a man's daring, I need now. If I might only find in you the friend, the brother, the champion of my dreams!"

She broke off again, taken aback by her own outspokenness and abandon, and glanced at Flora, now daintily picking her way through the water, Harvey holding her hand as she stepped from stone to stone.

"Flora and I are alone in the world, and you have no sisters. Perhaps that is why we are drawn with such friendliness one toward another," she said, in a half-apologetic voice, although her companion looked in no need of apology. She added, with the same irresistible manner, half joyfully confiding, half bird-like shy: "And none of us know how these things are. We often find friendship and sympathy when we most need them."

Arthur was about to make appropriate answer, when she quickly and, as he thought, unkindly changed the subject. She could not forget her flowers, and the recollections of mixed pain and delight they brought, whilst she was evidently anxious to discard personal talk.

"The thought in my own mind now must have struck you," she said. "Is it not strange that whilst we cling passionately to certain aspects and certain ineffably lovely creations of nature, they have nothing to do with us, and remain outside our poor little life of clouds and sunshine. The beautiful visible world is not made for us. Think of this island. I have heard my parents say that not so very many years ago never a stranger was seen in the fairy spot where we now are. Yet the water crystal clear flowed then as now, showing the golden flowers of the sea, those hanging gardens made the air fragrant, and there was the glory of the woods above."

"But is it not well for our peace of mind that it should be so?" asked Arthur. "Were the natural world in perpetual sympathy with us, nature a mirror of our joys and sorrows, who could support such dual existence? The weight of twofold memory, the real and the reflected, would crush us."

"You are right. Why must we be the slaves of one?" cried Elizabeth.

Then, with a sudden impulse, as if the sight of the flowers and the associations they called up were becoming unbearable, she emptied her basket. One by one she now took out each tall stem, with its twin leaves of deep green and blossom of snowy white, and laid them tenderly in a tiny hollow close by—memories to their grave!

"If we ever become friends," she said, "I will tell you why the sight of these flowers is insupportable to me. Now let us join the others, and all hasten home."

There was no hastening, however. Why should there be when every moment the evening became more delicious? Elizabeth and her companion still kept close to the cliffs, now threading lovely little green naves cut in the forest, that here dipped to the water's edge, now skirting the chalk banks, fragrant with wild flowers. Harvey and Flora, only removed from them by an arm's-breadth or two, remained on the shore.

The girl, playfully eager, was searching for amber. It was often found here, she said, and kept the wearer from disorder and the evil-eye.

"You surely do not believe in such things?" laughed Harvey.

"Only when I am on this island," Flora answered, with perfect gravity. "It is an enchanted place, as you will discover if you stay here long enough. You may throw aside your talisman when you reach the opposite coast."

"But if the sorcery is of an agreeable kind? Better submit to the spell," Harvey said, still mocking and ironic.

"I could tell you a story that I think would make you believe in evil influences beyond mortal ken," Flora answered, in a low, timid, yet eager voice. "Can it be otherwise explained how souls beautiful as those of angels become dark and evil? But I must not talk to you in this way. Elizabeth would be angry."

"Your sister has evidently taken kindly to my brother. She sees that we are not adventurers, anyhow," pleaded Harvey, in an aggrieved tone.

"Elizabeth is older than I am. I must be guided by her in everything," Flora made reply, and could not be brought to talk of amber or angelic souls any more. The four were now overtaken by friends and acquaintances, with whom they lingered on the strand till after sunset. A sunset it hardly seemed, rather a sunrising, so pure and bright the heavens, so intense the rosy glow gradually spreading over sea and heavens. The whole visible world seemed turned into a globe of ruby, and when the ruby faded, sapphire was there instead, waves and skies melted into one.

It was still early when the brothers reached their hotel, and Arthur, alone in his bed-chamber, took out his watch, smiling curiously as he wound it up. Just twelve hours were flown since he last glanced at the familiar dial, and in the interval he had fallen in love.

CHAPTER VI.

NOWHERE.

Love as well as sorrow may be a thing to shun, and next morning Arthur Venning was hurrying with what speed he could command from the scene of yesterday's glamour.

Capricious as lovers' mood seemed also the climate of this island: yesterday a fairy bower lapped by southern seas; on the morrow a dreary place. Vague sounds of storm had disturbed Arthur during the night, and when he drew aside his curtain he saw the lime branches tossed against the blurred pane, and heard the waves breaking angrily against the shore. No pleasure skiff could put out to sea in such a storm, and

were the day dawning goldenly, all the same he must be off and away. In the humor he now was, made up of feverish disturbance of sweetest kind, chains could hardly have bound him, fetters would have been forced somehow. The need of solitude and escape was imperative. He must separate himself from these new, bewildering impressions to find out if they were anything deeper or more lasting.

So, no word said, no warning given—thus unceremoniously the brothers treated each other always—he was out of the house betimes, bound with all dispatch nowhither. It is not very easy to escape either foes or fascinations in an island without railroads, where roads are few, and, like the paths of the sea, not to be trusted in bad weather. A mackintosh and umbrella are all very well, but avail little when rain is tumbling down in fits, and winds blow from the four corners of the globe. If there was only a railway, only a town, only some attainable dry place or other within reach! ejaculated Arthur Venning. What should he do with himself in such a hurricane, such a deluge, sighed the unfortunate lover, almost ready to anathematize the lucky stars he had blessed a few hours before.

Plodding on thus uncomfortably, with his sketch-book under his arm, he had reached the top of the village street when a rumbling sound and an unwieldy vehicle, shaped like an old-fashioned berlin, came to divert his thoughts. And in a twinkling this tumble-down conveyance, which, as he saw by the somewhat pompous insignia, carried his Imperial Majesty's mails, occurred to him as a solution of the problem. Here was the post ready to carry him, if not to a desirable place, certainly away from the spa in which he then was. Without a second thought he stopped the postboy, and took in the inside of a dingy old stage-coach, being better than the top under certain circumstances, he said to himself, as he shut out the wind and the rain.

He found himself alone, but for one heavy passenger of his own sex, who was fast asleep in a corner. Arthur took possession of the other, and comfortably disposing himself, began to wonder what he should do next. The post would stop somewhere or other. Anything deserving the name of a town, the island did not possess, and a village hostelry, with a smoky parlor and not so much as a newspaper to be had, offered few attractions. "Well," mused Arthur Venning, as he also closed his eyes for a doze, "anyhow I have brought my sketch-book and moist colors, and I may find a rustic beauty to sit for me."

He nodded and nodded, whilst the outlandish ramshackle vehicle toiled up-hill and down hill, till it was brought to a stand-still with a jerk that rudely aroused both passengers.

"What place is this?" asked Arthur of his fellow traveller.

"No place at all," was the reply. "But the horses are changed here. Are you going to the ferry?" he asked.

"In the name of all the saints, no!" cried Arthur, aghast. He had left the ferry just two days ago. Was there only one road, then, in this island? Must he go back or forward, cross the narrow strip of sea dividing him from shops, railways, and civilization, or return once again whither he had come?

"Then," politely replied the stranger, "if you are not going to the ferry, you are going to the Residency, of course, and there is the other coach waiting to take you."

A bright thought now flashed across his mind. Yes, there was certainly one dry spot in this deluged land. Not a church, not an interior, not a museum, could this luckless island boast of in which a dilettante might profitably spend a wet morning, as he had heard. But this Schloss was also a covered place. It contained, so at least folks said, some pictures and works of art worth looking at, which travellers were permitted to see. In fine, it offered exactly the pastime he wanted, and if the weather cleared up, he should have a pleasant journey home in the evening. That little missive introductory stowed safely away in his pocket, Arthur, of course, determined to withhold. To present himself before a grand personage on a wet day was out of the question. An umbrella and aristocratic acquaintances are incompatible; but he might fairly present himself at the doors as an English artist craving leave to see his Serene Highness's collections. Anyhow, on the arrival of the stage-coach at its destination, he would breakfast, or rather dine, the dinner in these parts taking place at mid-day, undergo a process of drying and brushing, and then proceed on foot to the palace. The weather did not improve, but Arthur's spirits rose when the tumble-down old carriage stopped before a well built inn, and a glance showed him that all the pleasant possibilities he had just now entertained would be realized. An hour later he was hastening across the park, sketch-book under his arm. If only the sky would clear, and the necessary permission be granted, he might make a charming study here, he thought. The views on all sides were said to be magnificent, the palace itself a gem of modern art; but under a leaden sky, and through a mist of rain, these things could only be guessed at.

Arthur had received glowing accounts of the prince's graciousness to art-loving strangers, but was hardly prepared for the reception accorded him. For no sooner were the words "An English artist" out of his mouth, than without waiting to hear more, the elderly woman who opened the door ushered him in, and beckoning him to follow, led the way upstairs.

He noticed, with a little surprise, that it was a side staircase she now took, and not the nobly proportioned flight of marble steps royally carpeted, that evidently led to the state apartments. His conductress had motioned him to wear a pair of felt overshoes lying on the threshold, so that it could be no precautionary measure on her part. He supposed he should see the grand entrance afterward, and followed without a word. What was his astonishment when the woman, still chary of words, opening the door of a small but beautiful room, evidently a woman's room, handed him a chair, and went away! His first impulse was to go after her and ask if she had made a mistake, explaining that he was there by no appointment. On second thoughts the matter seemed to have little mystery about it. He but waited for an informal permission to see the pictures. That was all. Five minutes passed, during which he surveyed the room, taking in every artistic feature with his quick, well-trained eye. The charming pictures on the wall, the choice modern furniture, the veriest bagatelle being a work of art, the superlatively bound books, all testified at the elegant taste of their possessor. What immediately riveted his attention, however, were two portraits of a beautiful and sumptuous woman that lay unframed, as it seemed hardly finished, on two easels. Each picture was evidently the work of a different hand, and never, surely, could portrait painter have had a harder or more delicious task!

Arthur was standing before the two canvases spell-bound, when, without any warning, the door opened and a lady came in. He saw at a glance that she was the sitter. But how much more beautiful! She was dressed in black, and as she turned toward him he fell back, hushed and awe-struck by the pathos in her face.

This glorious creature might have sat to-day for a Mater Dolorosa, yet the simple sable garment she now wore became her no less than the queenly gowns and dazzling textures with which she was bedight in both pictures. Perhaps even better. There was more here of the star than the queen, the quiet, subdued, yet overmastering loveliness that needs no mundane bindings, that enforces consenting homage because it is itself.

"You are an English portrait painter," she said, removing the two pictures from the easel, and seating herself opposite to it. "Pray begin the sitting at once."

Arthur now realized his dilemma. He was evidently mistaken for the third artist invited to enter the lists. A German, possibly a French, hand had failed to carry off the palm. Some countryman of his own was to compete in his turn. There was not a minute for deliberation: he unhesitatingly accepted the challenge. After all, he said to himself, explanation could not be very difficult. A painter not unskilled in portraiture, he had been accidentally asked to take this lady's portrait. What should he do but accept, leaving any mystery to be cleared up afterward? Such a misinterpretation of the true state of affairs under the circumstances could but meet with indulgence. And who knew? He might now succeed, as he had often done before, in achieving, no *chef-d'œuvre* certainly, but a sterling likeness. That was most likely the one thing needed, and was within his capabilities.

He set to work in business-like fashion, and having prepared his colors, turned expectantly to the sitter.

"Have you any instructions to give me?" he asked, not in the least knowing how to address her.

"None whatever," was the almost indifferent reply; "except that I wish to be taken in this plain black gown as I am."

Arthur bowed, mutely acquiescent, and leaning back in his chair, took that long, long look only permissible under precisely such circumstances. And as he gazed and gazed, the same feeling of awe and perplexity came over him, dominating mere admiration. Who could this rare creature be, and what was the secret of the more than sorrow looking out of her clear eyes?

Hardly the mistress of a proud house, he said, or even a member of it, otherwise would she stay there unattended and alone? He settled the question in his own mind by saying that she certainly belonged to the Prince's family, but was perhaps a humble kinswoman, one by whom trouble had come upon the rest. Not the burden of a secret grief only seemed to weigh her down.

Something more, also, he read as he studied that calm, pensive face. From those beautiful eyes looked forth no shy, girlish questioning of life and destiny, but a woman's collectedness and passionless resignation.

The mystery of existence had been solved for her. Of the future she had neither supreme joy nor sorrow to ask. No maiden, but a wife, was here. Whose, it behooved him not to ask.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MOUTH OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

Early in the last century vague reports were received by the Jesuits, who had reached Lake Superior, of a great river that rose near the western end of the lake, and flowed west into the Pacific. In 1775 Captain Bruno Heceta, commander of the Spanish exploring ship *Santiago*, sailed past what he believed to be the mouth of a river on the western coast of North America, near latitude 46°. He named it Rio de San Roque, but deemed it too insignificant to be worth exploring, and so did not enter it. Three years later the great navigator Captain Cook sailed along the same coast in the *Resolution*, but failed to note any traces of the great river. In July of the same year Captain Meares visited the coast on purpose to discover whether such a river as had been mentioned by Heceta existed or not. He discovered and named Cape Disappointment, called the insignificant inlet at its base Deception Bay, and sailed away, afterward reporting that the alleged river was merely a small inlet blocked by a sand spit.

In 1789 Captain Gray, of Boston, who was the first to bear the flag of the young republic around the world, while cruising up this coast fancied that, when in about latitude 46°, he saw signs of being off the mouth of an immense fresh-water river, but did not have time to stop and verify his supposition. Three years later, in the spring of 1792, he again found himself on this coast, in command of the ship *Columbia*, with time enough on his hands to carry out his cherished scheme of searching for the river of whose existence he felt so certain. He sailed south from the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and on his way down the coast fell in with Captain George Vancouver, on his famous exploring expedition that ended in the discovery of Puget Sound. The two captains exchanged courtesies and compared notes. Captain Gray mentioned the river that he hoped to find, and Vancouver laughed at him. The latter said that he had carefully examined the entire coast for two hundred miles under the most favorable circumstances, that the line of breakers was unbroken, and that he had only noted signs of river water near an opening that appeared so insignificant that he did not deem it worthy of attention.

On the following day, May 11, Captain Gray sailed the *Columbia* into this insignificant inlet, and discovered one of the grandest rivers in the world, which he named "Columbia," in honor of his ship. He named the extreme point of Cape Disappointment Point Hancock, and the headland on the south side of the river Point Adams, after the two most distinguished men of his native State. Behind Cape Disappointment he found a beautiful bay, which he named Baker's, and to the point bounding it on the east he gave the name of Chinook. Fifty years later the testimony of Captain Gray's log-book gave the noble river that he thus discovered to the United States, and moved the international boundary line three degrees north, to the Straits of Juan de Fuca.

On November 7, 1805, the intrepid explorers Lewis and Clark, coming from the interior, reached the mouth of the Columbia, which they called by its Indian name of Oregon.

In March, 1811, a company of fur traders, sent out from New York by John Jacob Astor, founded the settlement of Astoria, near the mouth of the river, which thus became the first American settlement on the Pacific coast. Astoria struggled for existence for three years, and then fell into the hands of the British, who changed its name to Fort George. It is comparatively but a short time ago that it again came under the American flag, and was rechristened Astoria. To-day it is a flourishing city containing several thousand inhabitants, who are very proud of their handsome Masonic Hall, their Custom-house, and, above all, of the immense salmon-canning business conducted by their merchants. The canning establishments are huge unsightly structures of wood, built out over the river on piles, and in them the entire process of preparing and canning the salmon is conducted by Chinese workmen. But if these establishments are blemishes on the landscape, the fishing fleet which sails out from Astoria every evening during the season presents a most picturesque sight. The boats are small, sharp at both ends, cat-rigged, and each carries the two men necessary to manage the gill net with which its cargo is to be secured. A favorite resort for the fishermen is in the vicinity of Pillar Rock, which rises abruptly from near the middle of the river a few miles above Astoria. From here they pursue their prey down to the mouth of the river, where it sometimes happens that they cast their nets so near the bar that the outgoing tide, rushing like a mill-race, sweeps them into the remorseless breakers. The products of their toil have found their way into every market in the world, and to-day Columbia River canned salmon commands a higher price than any other.

The most notable object near the mouth of the Columbia is the Tillamook Light-house. It is built on a rock so precipitous, and rising from the midst of a tideway so terrible, that no boat may approach it closely without being dashed in pieces. To overcome these difficulties a huge derrick with a far-reaching arm raises and lowers an iron cage in which are contained the visitors or supplies that reach the light-house from the mainland. In this peculiar feature of inaccessibility this light-house stands alone in the world.

BEETHOVEN'S STATUE.

Beethoven, the greatest of German musical composers, has been honored by our German fellow-citizens with a monument in Central Park. It was unveiled on the 22d of July, in the presence of a large gathering. A platform had been prepared on the right-hand side of the statue, which fronts the music stand on the Mall, for the accommodation of the speakers of the day and the officers of the societies present. On the left and in front of the statue were seats for the members of the visiting societies. A constantly increasing crowd stood around the outside of the seats. By the time the ceremonies began there were about 5000 people present. The procession was very late in arriving, but the crowd was good-natured and orderly.

It was late in the afternoon when the procession reached the Mall, and the ceremonies began. They opened with musical performances, and then General Viele, in a short and appropriate speech, introduced President [illegible], of the Beethoven Männerchor, who presented the statue to the city. Mayor Edson made a brief reply, in the course of which he said: "I can express but coldly the sentiments of those who feel the greatness of the art and the grandeur of the life and character of Beethoven. Our parks and public places are adorned with the statues of those great men whom we love to honor—men who have been the ornaments of literature, science, and politics. We have honored Washington, the Father of his Country, Lincoln and Seward, who preserved it through the storm, Scott, Burns, Humboldt, and Schiller. These are the men who have advanced the standard of civilization. But with all these the true representation of art was incomplete without music."

The statue is sixteen and a half feet high, with the pedestal, which is twelve feet in height. The head of the bust inclines forward, and the eyes are looking steadily ahead, as if in deep meditation. The mouth is firmly closed, and the hair falls flowing back from the forehead. The shoulders are enveloped in a cloak as well as a coat. At the base of the pedestal is a bronze statue of Music—a woman standing with her left foot slightly advanced, her head thrown back, and her lips parted as if singing, while in her left hand she carries a lyre, which she is just in the act of striking with her right. The pedestal is a plain shaft of polished granite, with the name "Beethoven" immediately under the bust.

THE HON. WATSON C. SQUIRE.

Mr. Squire, the Governor of Washington Territory, whose portrait is given on page 504, was born at Cape Vincent, New York, in 1838. He was educated at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, and after graduating, in 1859, he studied law at Cleveland, Ohio. On the breaking out of the war Mr. Squire entered the army, and commanded the first battalion of Ohio Sharp-shooters. At the close of the war he was Judge Advocate of the District of Tennessee.

For the last five years Mr. Squire has been a resident of Washington Territory, with whose interests he is thoroughly identified.

A USEFUL LIFE.

The late Rev. Nelson G. Merry, whose portrait is given on page 504, was one of the most useful and honored colored preachers in the South. For more than twenty-eight years he was pastor of the colored Baptist church on Spruce Street, in Nashville, Tennessee, and during that time his course was such as to command the respect and esteem of the whole community. He was an earnest preacher, a most faithful laborer among his people, and at the time of his death, a few weeks ago, the membership of the church, which was only one hundred when he took charge of it, was nearly twenty-five hundred. His influence was strong and beneficent among the colored people of Tennessee.

EFFECT OF PRESSURE ON LIFE.

M. Regnard, a French physiologist, has made some very interesting experiments on the effects on life of a high water-pressure. The experiments were carried out by means of a water-press of MM. Cailletet and Ducretet, giving a pressure of 1000 atmospheres—that is to say, such a pressure as would exist at a point 10,000 meters below the surface of the sea.

Yeast subjected to this pressure for an hour fell into a state of sleep or latent life, and on being withdrawn from the press it was only after an hour that active life returned and the yeast operated as a ferment. Vegetable algæ and seeds of the garden cress also fell into sleep, and only recovered slowly. The same may be said of leeches at a pressure of 600 atmospheres, mollusks, and infusoria. The leeches, indeed, only awoke some hours afterward.

Fishes deprived of their swimming-bladders were submitted to a pressure of 100 atmospheres with impunity; at 200 atmospheres they fell into the same sleepy state, but quickly recovered; at 300 atmospheres they died; at 400 they became rigid, and remained so even when putrefaction set in. This rigidity was accompanied by increase of weight, as was proved by fixing and weighing the limbs of frogs.

ANGLO-SAXON.

The time when Latin and Greek formed the chief essentials of learning is fast receding into the past, and these languages are having a place assigned them more consistent with the necessities of the modern world, which is not tolerant of the acquisition of a kind of knowledge that in great part is archaic and useless. Under the influence of this change our own language is rising into an importance which it could never attain so long as it was regarded simply as a vulgar tongue, and the historical study of English is becoming one of the most popular as well as one of the most useful pursuits of our philologists. The great English dictionary of the Philological Society is only one evidence of this; for individual scholars, during the last twenty years, have done not a little to lay bare to us the inner structure of our language, and the changes and modifications to which it has been subjected in the course of its long descent.

Anglo-Saxon literature is the oldest of the vernacular literatures of modern Europe. The materials of this early literature are found chiefly in written books and documents; but they are found also in such subsidiary sources as inscriptions on churches and church towers, sun-dials, crosses, and even on jewelry. One of the most remarkable in this last category is what is known as the Alfred Jewel. It was discovered in Newton Park, near Athelney, in 1693, and in 1718 had found its way to the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford, where it still is. It consists of an enamelled figure enshrined in a golden frame, with a golden back to it, and with a thick piece of rock-crystal in front, to serve as a glass to the picture. Around the sloping rim the following legend is wrought in the fabric: Ælfred mec heht Gewyrcan (Alfred me commanded to make). The language of the legend agrees perfectly with the age of King Alfred, and it seems to be the unhesitating opinion of all those who have investigated the subject that it was a personal ornament of the great West-Saxon king.

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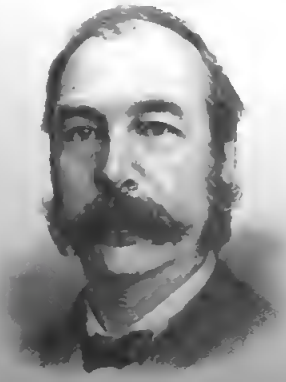
DR. OCTAVE PAVY, DIED JUNE 14.

SERGEANT JOSEPH ELLISON, DIED AFTER RESCUE.

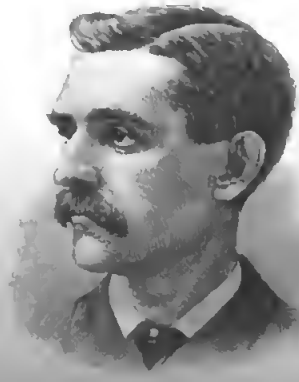
PRIVATE HENRY DIEDERBECK, ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.

THREE OF LIEUTENANT GREELY'S COMPANIONS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICE.—[SEE PAGE 499.]

THE DEATH OF SERGEANT RICE.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER, FROM DESCRIPTION BY SERGEANT FRISBUCKER.—[SEE PAGE 499.]

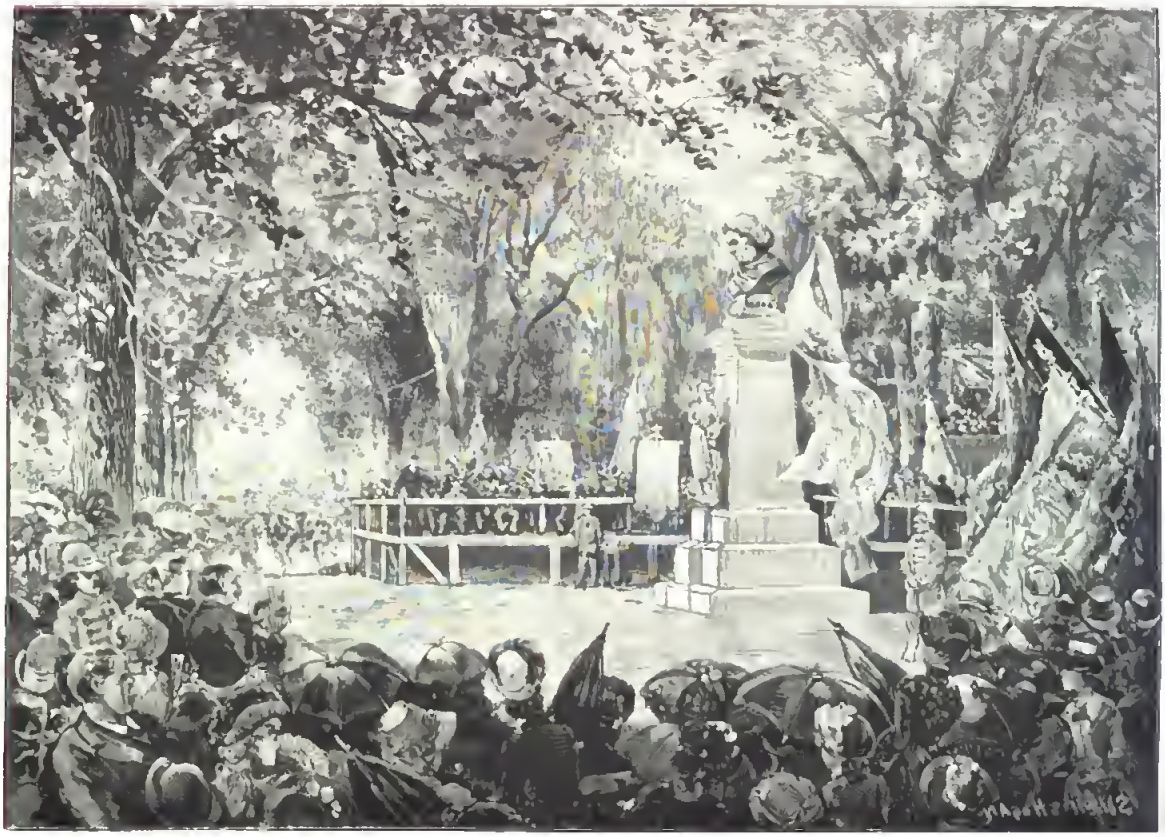


THE HON. WATSON G. SQUIRE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MOORE.—[SEE PAGE 505.]



THE HON. LYMAN W. REDINGTON.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY RUDDY.—[SEE PAGE 505.]

THE LATE REV. NELSON G. MERRY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. POOLE.—[SEE PAGE 505.]



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THE HON. LYMAN W. REDINGTON.

Mr. Lyman Williams Redington, Democratic candidate for Governor of Vermont, is a young lawyer of high standing and scholarly attainments. He has been a member of the State Legislature, and has filled other public stations with ability and credit. Mr. Redington is a native of Waddington, New York, where he was born in 1849, but he belongs to an old Vermont family, and since 1876 has resided in that State. His portrait is given on page 504.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

The Outcast Poor of London.—Theology and Medicine.—Curious Divorce Case.—A Question of Black Beetles and Rent.—The Du Maurier Exhibition.—Key to the "Waverley Novels."—An "Awful Ma."

A philanthropic magazine, entitled *Eastward Ho*, concerning itself with the outcast poor of East London, has just been started. With every sympathy with its aims, I am not sanguine as to its pecuniary success or length of days, but it contains at least one article, entitled, "A New Crusade," which is worthy of the most serious attention. The writer boldly asserts that the relations between the East End publicans and the police is one of "wholesale bribery and corruption," that "Bobby" has his beer and tobacco gratis in return for winking at what goes on in the public-house, and the inspector his box of cigars at licensing times, not to mention "an unknown quantity" in the way of pecuniary considerations. The evidence of the police about these houses "it is quite notorious," he goes on to say, "is unblushingly contrary to the fact." If such charges were made by the advocates of revolutionary change and the enemies of "order," they might easily be set down to malice, but appearing as they do under the auspices of high religious authority, they demand a strict investigation and, if possible, an official denial.

There is a church at Hackney the minister of which appears to combine the attributes of the medical and theological professions in a remarkable degree. While he preaches he heals you. Before me lies an advertisement of his double ministrations—his "dual control." "Morning service at 11; evening at 6.30." Diseases healed by request from the pulpit. "Testimonies," he calls them, one hundred and fifty-five during the last twelve months. These include both medical and surgical cases, which are duly particularized. Even this list, long as it is, is incomplete, because, as we are told, "the person who took the notes was absent part of the time." This is at least explicable. The person who took the notes, and was found out, was probably absent for two years at least.

A curious case has been developed in the Divorce Court. A lady obtained a decree nisi against her husband, and matters looked as though the twain would never be one again. This, however, happened in November. During the last seven months the lady thought better of him she once took for better or worse, and, with his consent, has asked the divorcing judge to rescind his order. I only remember one example of this kind, in which, however, the time before reconsideration extended over many years, and each party had made in the interim a new matrimonial venture. Experience convinced both widow and widower that if their first choice had not been perfection, it was at least above the average, and they resolved to stick to it.

A poor lady whose house was overrun by black beetles, which dwelt not only on the walls, but in the beds, applied the other day to a magistrate to know whether she could be compelled, under such circumstances, to pay her rent. The magistrate explained to her that the courts were divided upon the question. A house overrun with bugs had been pronounced uninhabitable, but not with beetles. She would have to carry the matter to the House of Lords. It is interesting and instructive in these revolutionary times to read that these matters can only be definitely settled by a hereditary chamber.

Perhaps the greatest test of popularity in this country is the spelling of a man's name right by those who are presumed strangers to him. To the day of his death the public would address Charles Reade as "Read" or "Reed"; for whenever it is possible to err in that way the public does err. I don't know how many years Mr. Du Maurier has been appealing to his fellow-countrymen—I use his own witty words—"to give the devil his Du," but I understand by this time that they have got his name right. It is a great and significant feat to have performed; for though one's name may be as familiar in men's mouths as household words, that does not insure its being correctly spelled.

In the exhibition that has recently been opened of Mr. Du Maurier's pictures the familiarity of the visitors with what they come to see is very noteworthy. They find themselves entirely at their ease in a company of old friends; or if in any case they stand in need of an introduction, Mr. Henry James (who has written "Notes" for the catalogue) acts as an admirable master of the ceremonies. These black and white sketches are, in fact, flesh and blood creations. Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns and the unhappy husband that is dragged into society at her chariot wheels were indeed actually in the exhibition, looking at their own portraits (and, I dare say, wondering where Mr. Du Maurier could have seen such creatures), at the very hour when I chanced to visit it. Sir Gorgius Midas, his wife, his son, and his footmen are as well known to us as the family of Mrs. Grundy used to be to our childhood after a protracted sitting at that game. Mr. Jolicoeur gives us the same feeling of loathing as though he were actually alive; and though Postlethwaite and the Cimabue Browns are dead, they were once alive, and we are all under obligations to the kindly yet satiric pencil that killed them.

How delightful, on the other hand, are all those graceful ladies and fair English girls! It is a liberal education to behold them as this great English artist has depicted them, and a perfect antidote to the poison that writers of the Ouida school have poured into our ears respecting them. And yet I don't know whether, after all, I do not thank Mr. Du Maurier most for his charming children. Sometimes I wish he would give us a "gutter child" or two, and make his pencil plead for their sad lot, but one is very grateful to him even as it is. For my part I can not conceive anybody taking the trouble to go "into society," especially in such weather as this, when he can see the whole round of it in an hour by a visit to Mr. Du Maurier's exhibition. I should not omit to mention a piece of unusual generosity in connection with it: a notice on the walls informs all comers that "the prices of the pictures may be had on application."

A key to the "Waverley Novels" has just been published, containing some interesting matter for some people, though not, I fear, for so many as could be wished. It is unhappily only too certain that the admirers of Scott are rapidly diminishing, or perhaps it would be more correct to say his readers, for a writer is admired long after he ceases to be read. The rising generation complains that Scott is tedious. This is, to speak truth, not a wholly unjust accusation; some of his novels are tedious; the extravagant laudation of our fathers, which included all his works, has done him harm with our young people; they have been told that Scott is always delightful, and finding that this is not the case, they have begun to disbelieve in him altogether. No such fate as that of Bulwer—whose work has died out quite suddenly, like a composition candle—can, of course, overtake Scott: he will live no doubt as long as our language, but he will never again be popular. "Is it possible," I say to my misguided children, "that you do not even love your *Ivanhoe*?" and there is no satisfactory reply. Even to those who hate them, in my opinion, "lost a sense," there will be still something of interest in this key to Scott. It can not but be curious, for example, to get for the first time an accurate notion of the number of characters created by a great and popular author. In this case they amount to no less than 662, and may be literally said to form "a world of their own." The ground he travels over—from the Orkneys to Palestine—is prodigious, and the time comprises three centuries.

Many people remember Charles Mathews in *My Awful Dad*—a play in which the prodigal son is transferred to the father. It must be still worse to have an awful Ma—a misfortune that appears to have befallen the Duc de Persigny, son of the notorious minister of the late Emperor of the French. This lady has squandered £80,000 in the last two years, besides half the fortune of her mother, the Princesse de Moskowa, and her son has petitioned a court of law to declare her "a prodigal"—an appeal which appears to English ears rather superfluous.

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THE INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN CONFERENCE.

IN response to the call for a Conference of Independents opposed to the election of the Republican candidates for President and Vice-President nominated at Chicago, a large number of delegates, representing sixteen States, assembled in the University Club Theatre at eleven o'clock on the morning of July 22. There were about 500 fully accredited delegates, besides many who attended the Conference in their individual capacity. In all, about 650 persons took part in the proceedings.

Applicants for tickets of admission were ushered into an ante-room in charge of the secretaries, and there supplied. When the roll was ready for summary, it showed that California was represented by 1 delegate; Colorado by 1, Connecticut, 28; Delaware, 2; Georgia, 1; Illinois, 2; Louisiana, 5; Missouri, 2; Michigan, 1; Maryland, 2, Massachusetts, 84; New Jersey, 33; Pennsylvania, 19, Rhode Island, 6, Vermont, 1; and this State the rest, of whom the city furnished 168, Brooklyn 56, and Buffalo, Albany, and other points in the State 49. Mount Vernon, which has a committee of 60, sent 14 delegates.

The Conference was called to order by Mr. George William Curtis, whose appearance was greeted with most hearty applause. He said:

"Gentlemen, it is my pleasant duty as chairman of the Independent Republican Committee of New York, and on its behalf, to welcome you to this Conference, and call it to order. This Conference is assembled in obedience to this invitation. [Mr. Curtis read the call for the Conference.] This call is signed by officers of the Independent Republican Committees of New York, Boston, New Haven, and Buffalo.

"I submit, gentlemen, for your consideration as officers for this Conference, as President, Colonel Charles R. Codman, of the Massachusetts Committee; for Vice-Presidents: H. A. Babbitt, C. P. Armstrong, H. W. Farnum, of Connecticut; William Endicott, Samuel Hoar, Robert Blackie, of Massachusetts; Carl Schurz, Francis C. Barlow, Theodore Bacon, of New York; William Hayes Ward, A. P. Gerbert, P. W. Burdge, of New Jersey; Henry C. Lea, Francis P. Reeves, Walter Wood, of Pennsylvania; James Boutelle, of Ohio; James F. Claflin, of Illinois; Charles J. Bonaparte, of Maryland; Benjamin F. Thurston, of Rhode Island; S. Wallis Merrihew, of Delaware; and William G. Thompson, of Michigan. Secretaries: George H. Earle, of Pennsylvania, George D. Miller, of Connecticut, and George Walton Green, of New York. Enrollment Committee: George W. Folsom, of New York, Talcott H. Russell, of Connecticut, Moses Williams, of Massachusetts, and Joseph Parrish, of Pennsylvania."

The list of officers having been approved by the meeting, Mr. Curtis called on Colonel Codman to assume charge of the proceedings. An enthusiastic round of applause greeted this sturdy leader of the Massachusetts Independents as he ascended the platform. When quiet was restored, Colonel Codman spoke as follows:

CHAIRMAN CODMAN'S ADDRESS.

FELLOW-CITIZENS,—You confer a great honor upon me in choosing me to preside in this Conference, not of office-holders nor of office-seekers, but of citizens desiring only the honor and welfare of the republic. We have not met here as party men; we are not sent here by party machinery; but we come representing large bodies of citizens, who have determined for the time being to set aside the claims of party, whatever those claims may be, and to act together independently to maintain ideas and, if possible, achieve results which shall be for the highest good, as we see it, of the whole country. The bond that unites us is a jealous sensitiveness for the national character and resentment at an attempt to lower it in the eyes of the world. It would be, we hold, an unspeakable disgrace—in full knowledge of the facts and with our eyes wide open—to place in the Presidential chair as the representative statesman of the United States a man who has never cleared his reputation from imputations which, if true, show that public office was used by him for private gain. We have examined the evidence against Mr. Blaine, and believing as we honestly do that it shows at the very least that his standard of public morality is low, that he is a man willing to expect and to claim pecuniary advantages from those whose interests he has been enabled to advance in the exercise of his public office, and who does not stop at this, but has no hesitation in promising to use his official power and influence to further the private ends of those with whom he desires to associate himself—claiming that he will be no "dead-head" in aiding an enterprise which will be the gainer by Congressional favor—joined with the disposition, when put upon his defense, to equivocate and to conceal material documents and material facts, believing all this, we say, as we are bound to say, to the American people that this man is not fit to be their President. We are making no charges against private character, but we hold that the official record and the public acts of Mr. Blaine, his attitude toward railroad legislation and all other legislation, his transactions when Speaker of the House of Representatives, or when holding any legislative position, with corporations asking for Congressional aid, or in any way dependent on Congressional action, are fit and proper subjects for investigation and for comment, and if we are convinced that his record shows moral malfeasance in office, it is our right and our duty boldly to declare our opinion, and to ask our fellow citizens to refuse to confer upon such a man their highest honors and their most important political trust.

That such is the conviction of the members of this Conference need not be said, for why else are we here to-day? Acting as all of us have done at times with the Republican party, and most of us never failing to support its nominations, and some of us as supporters when it was neither successful nor popular, it is not without pain that we find ourselves compelled to oppose the Presidential nomination of this historical organization; but we say that parties are but means to accomplish political ends, that they must stand for principles if they are to have any more vitality than that of mere organization, and that they can not live alone upon the memory of great results achieved, if they do not meet the demands of the time; and we do not see that at the present time the great parties that divide the country are clearly and unmistakably at issue upon any important question, so that we are confined in this Presidential canvass almost exclusively to the question of the fitness of candidates.

It is in some respects fortunate that it is so, for if the Democrats had declared themselves in opposition to any political ideas which we have been accustomed to consider the cardinal principles of the Republican party, and if then the Republicans had nominated Mr. Blaine, our position would have been far more trying than it is to-day. We should have been compelled to face the painful and discouraging alternative of not sustaining cherished political opinions, or of voting for a candidate we believe to be unworthy. But happily all the great principles to maintain which the Republican party was founded have long since been firmly established in the legislation of the country.

It is true that Mr. Blaine in his skillful letter of acceptance has at last expressed very positive opinions upon one subject. He has come out as an ardent civil service reformer, now that the country has pronounced for the reform, although on the day when the cause was struggling and weak it had no assistance from this always influential political leader. There have been one or two reactions, however, since then, and the people have in no uncertain tones proclaimed their will. It is certainly the fact to-day that political managers will not openly oppose the popular demand, and no backward steps will be taken in extending and maintaining the reform. We have not taken the decided action that brings us here to-day without some remonstrances from our party associates. They have urged upon us the claims of the old organization, and have rung the changes upon its achievements. They have told us that the great results of the war would be jeopardized if the Democratic party should come into power. They have warned us that capital would be destroyed and labor would be paralyzed if there should be a discontinuance of Republican administration. They have said that Mr Blaine should be chosen President because he would do what other Presidents have not done, and what he alone can do, and that is to make this country respected by foreign nations. To all such suggestions we have been impervious.

We have replied that the constitutional interpretations settled by the war are not disputed, that the Democrats, who are at least nearly half the people in the country, have no desire and can have no interest to check the national prosperity, and that this country is respected throughout the world for its power, its freedom, its energy, and its resources, and that it will continue to be so respected unless some "aggressive" and "magnetic" President shall succeed in making it ridiculous. There has not been much in such considerations as these to induce us to give our support to a discredited and obnoxious candidate. But an appeal has also been made to our sympathies and to our highest sense of justice.

Are we ready, it has been asked, to justify or condone such incidents as the Copiah massacre? Will we ally ourselves with a political party that carries elections by murder and intimidation?

I answer that I believe we yield to none in our abhorrence of the affair at Copiah. It was an outrage utterly without justification, and it is an infinite disgrace to the community that tolerated it. Nor will we ally ourselves to a party that carries elections by murder and intimidation; but before all things we will be just, and we will not charge the whole South or the whole Democratic party with the responsibility of an act that belongs to one small community alone; but our Republican critics know perfectly well—there are no men in the country that know it better—that these occurrences could not have been prevented by any action of the Federal government. If they could, how does it happen that during two Republican administrations there has been no attempt at Federal interference? And why is it that no Republican politician ventures to recommend such interference? No, gentlemen, the truth is that time, and education, and enlightened self-interest, and the influence of civilization and Christianity, are the agencies that must be relied upon to prevent these crimes; and if we may judge the future by the past, we may expect that at no distant period the barbarous ideas and practices which slavery has left as a legacy to the South will yield to these benign influences. No one can deny, and no one ought to fail to rejoice, that such incidents as that at Copiah, which were once common, are now exceptional, and that the two races which an overruling Providence has placed side by side in the Southern States are approaching, under the influence of universal freedom, of equal political rights and a wider diffusion of knowledge, a better understanding of and a more generous consideration for each other.

But however that may be, we are not to be turned from what seems to us a plain and obvious duty by an attempt to appeal to any sectional feeling, or even to our sense of the wickedness of men or communities for whom we are not responsible. We shall not give up our right to condemn and denounce lawlessness and oppression in the South any more than our right to condemn political dishonesty in the North. We shall exercise both of these rights. We shall not support Mr. Blaine, nor shall we support any man who justifies the Copiah murder, if indeed such a man can be found for whom any one would ask the suffrages of the people. We respect the convictions of others, but for ourselves we say that it is just as impossible for us to support Mr. Blaine as it is to lie or to steal. We are assembled here to-day to confer together and to consider what practical action we shall take. We have one purpose in view, and as reasonable men we desire to act together. But we shall not, I think, make any attempt to demand pledges or to bind consciences. Whatever is done here, every man is free to follow his own course. No pledges will be asked, and certainly none will be given.

For myself, I do not hesitate to say that the defeat of Mr. Blaine should be compassed by all honorable means. It seems to me that the cause of good government, of pure politics, of American character, requires it to be done. There is but one way to do it, and that way must be obvious to us all. We desire first of all a President that is incorruptible, and if, besides that, he is able and independent, so much the better.

We have not far to go to find a man who is all this. It has been said recently by some of the supporters of Mr Blaine that no Democratic President was ever able to resist the pressure of party managers. It may perhaps be true, and possibly some Republican Presidents have been open to the same criticism; but there is certainly one Democratic official who has shown the ability to successfully resist all pressure that would interfere with the faithful performance of official duty, and he is now Governor of New York, and the Democratic candidate for President of the United States—a man whose utterances and whose acts, whether as Mayor or Governor, have proved that he holds office not for personal ends, but as a trust for the people whose servant he is. As a life-long opponent of the Democratic party, and with no intention now of becoming identified with it, I will yet rejoice, and I will say that it is fortunate for the republic, that at a crisis when the party which has been the party of progress halts and is unfaithful, the party which we have been accustomed to distrust shows wise intelligence and civic courage. It has risen to its great opportunity, and those Republicans who would make effectual opposition to a candidate they believe to be unfit can, with no loss of self-respect, without surrendering a conviction, and in the exercise of the highest political expediency, give their votes to the reform Governor of New York.

Let us, then, in a vigorous and business-like way, proceed to the work before us. Let us take steps to lay before the country the evidence that has convinced us that the Republican nomination for President was unfit to be made. Let us declare that we stand together, and that we ask our fellow-citizens to join us, to make our protest effectual against corruption in office. Let us try to impress upon the voters by our words and acts that political straightforwardness is better than political success, and when we have done our work here, let us go to our homes and use such influence as we have to further the cause which we conceive to be the cause of our country.

When the prolonged applause by which the delegates expressed their hearty approval of Colonel Codman's address had subsided, Mr. Carl Schurz rose to offer a motion. He was enthusiastically greeted, and it was some time before the hall became quiet. Mr. Schurz then offered a motion providing for a Committee on Resolutions and Address, to consist of thirteen members, and to whom should be referred, without debate, all resolutions offered in the Conference. Pursuant to this motion the chair appointed as such committee Carl Schurz, George William Curtis, New York; Moorfield Storey, George F. Williams, Massachusetts; F. B. Reeves, William Hunt, Jun., Pennsylvania; C.

F. Armstrong, M. F. Tyler, Connecticut; W. Hayes Ward, New Jersey; W. G. Thompson, Michigan; Benjamin F. Thurston, Rhode Island; James F. Claflin, Illinois, and H. P. Goddard, Maryland.

At this stage of the proceedings Mr. Curtis submitted for referenc to the committee just appointed the petition of the National Temperance Society that the Conference declare for a constitutional amendment on prohibition. It was so referred without debate, the Conference desiring to exclude side issues.

Mr. Horace E. Deming then took the floor. He said he supposed that the conference was only beginning its work, and, that it might be continued, he moved the appointment by the chair of a committee of six on permanent organization, to report to the Conference a General Committee, which should have supervision of the movement. The Chair delegated for this duty Horace E. Deming, of Brooklyn, Talcott H. Russell, New Haven, C. Richardson, Pennsylvania, Moses Williams, Boston, William F. Kip, Buffalo, and Amasa F. Eaton, Rhode Island.

In response to a general call for speakers, addresses were made by Mr. Theodore Lyman, the Rev. Thomas R. Bacon, and Colonel Higginson. At one o'clock a recess was ordered for an hour. On re-assembling, the committees not being ready to report, addresses were made by Mr George Walton Green, Mr Claflin, of Illinois, and Professor Seelye, President of Amherst College.

Mr. Deming from his committee then offered a resolution for the appointment by the chairman of a committee to conduct the campaign and represent the Conference thereafter, to have power to add to its numbers, and to be known as the National Committee. The Chair announced as such committee Carl Schurz, Theodore Bacon, John H. Cowing, Charles P. Miller, R. R. Bowker, George H. Folsom, Ethan Allen Doty, and George Walton Green, of New York; William H. Forbes, Joseph Tucker, Joseph H. Walker, Samuel Hoar, George S. Leverett, and Winslow Warren, of Massachusetts; C. P. Armstrong, Simeon E. Baldwin, and H. W. Farnam, of Connecticut; Daniel Drake Smith, of New Jersey; Simeon Huntington, W. G. Peckham, Francis B. Reeves, Stuart Wood, and Joseph Parrish, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Carl Schurz then announced that the Committee on Resolutions had acted on the theory that the Conference had been called not to form a new party or frame a platform, and hence that no action had been taken on the temperance resolution referred to it. "But we are here," he said, "to do all we can for the perpetuation of honest government. An address was submitted to the committee by Mr. Curtis, and approved. He will read it."

Mr. Curtis was again greeted with hearty applause, and during the delivery of his address the appeal of its sentiments, especially the references to Governor Cleveland, were most earnest. Mr. Curtis said:

THE ADDRESS TO THE COUNTRY.

The paramount issue of the Presidential election of this year is moral rather than political. It concerns the national honor and character, and honesty of administration, rather than general policies of government, upon which the platforms of the two parties do not essentially differ. No position taken by one platform is seriously traversed by the other. Both evidently contemplate a general agreement of public opinion upon subjects which have been long in controversy, and indicate an unwillingness to declare upon other and cardinal questions views which in the present condition of opinion might seriously disturb the parties within themselves. Parties, indeed, now cohere mainly by habit and tradition, and since the great issues which have divided them have been largely settled, the most vital political activity has been the endeavor of good citizens in both parties to adjust them to living issues, and to make them effective agencies of political progress and reform.

The indispensable necessity of this course has been long apparent, for in a time of profound peace at home and abroad the most threatening national peril is an insidious political corruption, a mercenary and demoralizing spirit and tendency, the result of what is well described by Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, as "the shameless doctrine that the true way by which power should be gained in the republic is to bribe the people with the offices created for their service, and the true end for which it should be used when gained is the promotion of selfish ambition and the gratification of personal revenge." But this doctrine naturally has produced results which are still more alarming. The corrupt spirit and tendency have so rapidly developed that they seek political power not only to gratify ambition and revenge, but to promote private gain. They deride appeals to the public conscience, defend the soiled reputations of public men by the bold assertion that all public men are equally guilty, declare that success in obtaining eminent position disposes of every imputation and suspicion of wrong-doing, and despising all practical measures to reform the system of official patronage which fosters dishonest politics, make a great party nominally responsible for prolonged and monstrous fraud, and proclaim that it is the duty of every citizen who for great and beneficial ends has habitually supported a party to regard the success of the party at an election, without regard to the character of those whom it selects as its executive agents, to be a supreme national necessity. A tendency more fatal to the public welfare can not be conceived, and when by public indifference or misunderstanding this corrupt spirit is able to demand that the country shall approve it by according to it the highest honor in its gift, every patriotic citizen must perceive that no duty could be more pressing, vital, and imperative than that of baffling and defeating the demand.

If the Republican Convention had presented a candidate whose character and career were the pledge of a resolute contest with the tendencies that we have described; if they had foretold a stern dealing with political corruption and a vigorous correction of the vast abuses which the long and undisturbed tenure of power by any party is sure to breed; if the success of the candidate had promised inflexible honesty of administration, purification of the government, and elevation of the party standard—every Republican voter would have gladly supported the nomination. But these are precisely the anticipations which the nomination forbids. It offers a candidate who is an adroit leader, shown by his own words and his acknowledged acts, which are of official record, to be unworthy of respect and confidence; who has traded upon his official trust for his pecuniary gain; a representative of men, methods, and conduct which the public conscience condemns, and which illustrate the very evils that honest men would reform. Such a nomination does not promise in this Executive chair inflexible official integrity, calm and wise judgment, a sole regard for the public welfare, and an unshrinking determination to promote reform in the civil service, and ceaselessly to pursue and punish public robbers of every kind and degree. Independent voters have generally supported Republican nominations as more surely promising reform than those of the Democratic party. Independents, however, can not support a nomination which is the culmination of the tendency that they would correct. Republicans can not hope that under such leadership as we have mentioned the abuses of the past can be corrected or the party reformed. We are very proud of the great record and services of the Republican party, but not with our consent or connivance shall that record be disgraced.

Every party must be constantly renewed by the intelligent independence of its own members, or it will sink from an agency to secure good government into a remorseless despotism. The Republican party sprang from a moral sentiment. It was the party of political morality and of personal liberty. It appealed directly to the conscience of the citizen. But, like all parties, it was a political agency, not to be worshipped, but to be carefully held to the spirit and purposes on which and for which it was organized. "I do not know," said Mr. Seward, thirty years ago, when he left the Whig party to join the Republicans—"I do not know that it will always, or even long, preserve its courage, its moderation, and its consistency. If it shall do so, it will secure and save the country. If it shall become unfaithful, as all preceding parties have done, it will, without sorrow or regret on my part, perish as they are perishing, and will give place to another, truer and better one." This warning must not be forgotten. It is with profound conviction of its wisdom that Republicans faithful to their party, but holding with the great Republican fathers that political morality and purity of administration are more precious than party, are now constrained to oppose the Republican Presidential nomination in the interest of what they believe to be pure Republicanism, of the public welfare, and of the honor of the American name.

The Republican nomination has for the time superseded all other issues by raising the question of official honesty. This question can not be avoided except upon the plea that the official character of candidates need not be considered, and that in order to secure a party President, the members of a party ought to vote for any candidate whatever who has been regularly nominated. This is a plea beyond which party madness can not go. Acquiescence in it would require the surrender of the self respect of every voter. There could be no candidate so unfit that this plea would not demand his support, and Republican success justified by an argument which defies the public conscience would be the overthrow of the vital principle of the party, and show that the spirit and character which created its great traditions are rapidly perishing.

Upon the practical questions of tariff and finance, and other questions upon which both parties are divided within themselves, we also are divided in opinion. We shall vote, therefore, in the choice of Representatives and other officers, according to our individual opinions of their political views and their personal character. Divided on other questions, we are united in conviction that the fountain of office and honor should be pure, and that the highest office in the country should be filled by a man of absolutely unsuspected integrity.

As there is no distinctive issue upon public policy presented for the consideration of the country, the character of the candidates becomes of the highest importance with all citizens who do not hold that party victory should be secured at any cost. While the Republican nomination presents a candidate whom we can not support, the Democratic party presents one whose name is the synonym of political courage and honesty and administrative reform. He has discharged every official trust with sole regard to the public welfare, and with just disregard of mere partisan and personal advantages, which, with the applause and confidence of both parties, has raised him from the chief executive administration of a great city to that of a great State.

His unreserved, intelligent, and sincere support of reform in the civil service has firmly established that reform in the State and the cities of New York, and his personal convictions, proved by his official acts, more decisive than any possible platform declarations, are the guarantee that in its spirit and in its letter the reform would be enforced in the national administration. His high sense of public duty, his absolute and unchallenged official integrity, his inflexible courage in resisting party pressure and public outcry, his great experience in the details of administration, and his commanding executive ability and independence, are precisely the qualities which the political situation demands in the chief executive officer of the government, to resist corporate monopoly on the one hand and demagogic communism on the other, and at home and abroad, without menace or fear, to protect every right of American citizens, and to respect every right of friendly states, by making political morality and private honesty the basis of constitutional administration.

He is a Democrat who is happily free from all associations with the fierce party differences of the slavery contest, and whose financial views are in harmony with those of the best men in both parties, and coming into public prominence at a time when official purity, courage, and character are of chief importance, he presents the qualities and the promise which independent voters desire, and which a great body of Republicans, believing those qualities to be absolutely indispensable in the administration of the government at this time, do not find in the candidate of their own party.

Such independent voters do not propose to ally themselves inextricably with any party. Such Republicans do not propose to abandon the Republican party, nor to merge themselves in any other party, but they do propose to aid in defeating a Republican nomination which, not for reasons of expediency only, but for high moral and patriotic considerations, with a due regard for the Republican name and for the American character, was unfit to be made. They desire not to evade the proper responsibility of American citizens by declining to vote, and they desire also to make their votes as effective as possible for honest and pure and wise administration. How can such voters, who at this election can not conscientiously support the Republican candidate, promote the objects which they desire to accomplish more surely than by supporting the candidate who represents the qualities, the spirit, and the purpose which they all agree in believing to be of controlling importance in this election? No citizen can rightfully avoid the issue or refuse to cast his vote. The ballot is a trust. Every voter is a trustee for good government, bound to answer to his private conscience for his public acts.

This Conference, therefore, assuring that Republicans and independent voters, who for any reason can not sustain the Republican nomination, desire to take the course which, under the necessary conditions and constitutional methods of a Presidential election, will most readily and surely secure the result at which they aim, respectfully recommends to all such citizens to support the electors who will vote for Grover Cleveland, in order most effectually to enforce their conviction that nothing could more deeply stain the American name and prove more disastrous to the public welfare than the deliberate indifference of the people of the United States to increasing public corruption, and to the want of official integrity in the highest trusts of the government.

The address was unanimously and heartily approved, and then Mr. George F. Williams, of Boston, offered a resolution condemning Convention dictation. After discussion it was withdrawn. A resolution offered by Mr. R. R. Bowker, of this city, for the appointment of a committee of seven to consider and report upon party methods and party reform, was laid on the table. Mr Everett, of Massachusetts, then offered a resolution declaring Cleveland and Hendricks the nominees of "a Conference of Independent Republicans for President and Vice-President of the United States."

On motion of Mr Charles P. Miller, this resolution was also laid on the table. In making the motion, Mr Miller said that he did not doubt that the Conference was heartily in favor of the action indicated by the resolution, but it was equally in favor of the resolutions which had gone before. It would be unjust to the movers of the previous resolutions to slight them and pass the one then before the Conference.

The Conference then adjourned.

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LIEUTENANT A. W. GREELY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. H. HARLOW, U. S. N.—[SEE PAGE 516.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1884.

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A DISASTROUS ARGUMENT.

THE moment when a party has just made a nomination which a large body of its stanchest members can not support is an ill-chosen moment to insist upon the great party traditions. The BLAINE campaign thus far has been directed against Republicans, not against Democrats, and its argument has been that the party has rendered services so illustrious that any candidate whom it may nominate ought to be supported because of those services, and because the party is greater than any man. Would that argument satisfy any self-respecting Republican if DORSEY had been nominated? If not, it is no argument; because if a Republican might properly refuse to vote for DORSEY as an unfit candidate, he may with equal propriety refuse his vote to any other candidate whom he may hold to be unfit. The readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY are not unused to see the great Republican traditions and services justly honored. But the WEEKLY has most inadequately set forth its views if it has not plainly taught that the glorious issue of the civil war, the unconditional triumph of the national Union, the abolition of slavery, the political enfranchisement of the freedmen, the maintenance of the financial honor of the country unsullied, the legislation of reconstruction—all the famous deeds of the party—while just causes of Republican pride and congratulation, in which all Republicans share, are not reasons for any Republican to support a Presidential candidate whom he holds to be unworthy, merely because he has been nominated by a Republican Convention. Those who hold and defend this extraordinary view forget that a party is but an agency, and that nothing is more absurd than to talk of "treachery" to a party. There would never have been any Republican party if Free-soil Democrats and Conscience Whigs had not been "traitors" to their parties—in other words, if they had not been patriots. "I am here," said Mr. BRYANT—who had been a leading Democrat—at a Republican meeting in 1856, "because I have followed my principles out of my party."

The great traditions of the Republican party would never have existed except for the conviction and courage that make support of an unworthy candidate impossible. Mere personal preferences, differences of opinion, even points of policy, may be honorably and wisely yielded to promote a common purpose, but not considerations affecting official integrity and the national character. The doctrine which has long been a disgrace of our politics that the men whom a party selects for its executive agents need not be regarded, so long as the party is trustworthy, is a shallow sophistry which has not been frankly declared and defended by Republican leaders until now. Stripped of its smooth and plausible phrase, it is the old and familiar cry that we must vote for the devil if he be regularly nominated. The argument is that we vote for a party, not for a man, and if a party be trustworthy, the candidate need not be so. But if it were proposed to place a Star Route swindler in the chair of LINCOLN, the proposition would be defended by the same argument. And the conclusion is absurd, because if it be a reason for supporting a candidate for the highest place in the government, it is equally valid for supporting such candidates for all the lower places. If it be said that an unworthy candidate is only one man against a party, the remark implies that he is unfit, and then the question must be answered, why, if the party be so trustworthy, did it select an unfit candidate?

How is the trustworthiness of a party to be proved? Not by conduct which discredits its traditions, nor by appeals to its spirit and achievements in another generation, but by its deeds of to-day, and chief among them is its choice of executive agents. If the party be under the control of its true principles and traditions, it will select agents who represent its aims and character. If, however, it does not care for the influences that control a nomination, it will not care for those that control an administration. Had the Republican party in other days nominated a slave-driver, it would have been idle to argue that it was a trustworthy party of freedom. When it nominates a candidate whose official integrity is not absolutely above reasonable suspicion—not campaign slander and vague innuendo, but reasonable suspicion based upon his own words and acts for which no adequate explanation is offered—then it brings its own trustworthiness into question, and forfeits for that occasion the right to appeal to its own lofty traditions. There is something grotesque in the spectacle of a man urging the excellence and honesty of a great party as a reason for voting for a candidate whose nomination he privately deplores as not fit to be made. How long will a party which makes such a nomination, and whose leaders gravely defend and support it, probably remain excellent and honest? How long ought such a party to receive the respect and confidence of patriotic citizens? This is the inevitable question which the argument invites, and therefore the argument is not one which Republicans who are proud of their party will care to tolerate.

THE PROHIBITION NOMINATION.

THE Prohibition party has nominated ex-Governor JOHN P. ST. JOHN, of Kansas, for President. He was born in Indiana, and after practicing law in Missouri, settled in Kansas, where he served as a Republican in both branches of the Legislature, and was twice elected Governor. He tried to persuade the Republicans to adopt prohibition as a party policy, and upon his failure he left the party and devoted himself to the cause of prohibition. Governor ST. JOHN is about forty-eight years of age. The object of the Prohibition party is the repeal of the laws which permit the importation, manufacture, supply, and sale of alcoholic beverages. The platform recites at length the disastrous results in private and public morals, to the peace and welfare of society, and to the prospects of the country which are produced by the liquor traffic. It declares that the Republican party during the long term of its power has practically done nothing to restrain the ravages of the monstrous evil, and that the Democratic party guiltily allies itself with the liquor interest; and while the platform admits that important reforms are demanded to secure purity of administration and the general welfare, yet it holds that they are insignificant when compared with the reform of the drink traffic; and as the first Republican platform of 1856 classed slavery and polygamy together as twin relics of barbarism, the Prohibition platform of 1884 demands that no Territory shall be admitted as a State whose Constitution does not expressly prohibit polygamy, and the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

This is not the first time that the Prohibitionists have nominated a candidate, but the organization of the party has not been such as to bring out a very imposing and effective vote. There is a very wide-spread and strong public sentiment in favor of a strict regulation of the liquor traffic, and an important part of it undoubtedly favors prohibition. But the temperance party far outnumbers the Prohibition party, and this is partly the cause of the insignificant vote which the latter generally shows. Another and more effective reason is that to organize the means by which a separate party vote can be brought out requires time, money, and incessant and detailed labor, which not many men are able or willing to contribute. Thus to bring the voters who agree with the Prohibition platform to the polls requires the selection of an elector in every Congressional district in the country, and in every district an active committee which will canvass and enroll the voters, distribute documents, hold meetings, and take care that trusty men are provided at every poll in the State to supply the proper ballots, and to keep the tallies, and to bring the backward voters to the ballot box. This must be done at every poll in every district of every State, and the work required is so vast and constant that it will not be done unless at every point there is a body of persons who are so deeply interested that they will devote themselves to it. In 1880 there were 10,000 votes cast for NEAL DOW, the Prohibition candidate, and 707 for J. W. PHELPS, the Anti-Secret-Society candidate. Such figures, of course, are no index to the number of persons in the country who favor prohibition or the restriction of secret societies. But at only an insignificant number of polls in the country were ballots procurable, because there was no adequate party organization.

In some of the States this year, however, there will probably be an effective organization. The power of the Prohibition sentiment has been shown at the West, and in the general relaxation of party ties the probabilities of a large Prohibition vote in several States are much increased. The nomination of Governor ST. JOHN adds another element of uncertainty to the canvass. Probably nine-tenths of the Prohibition vote will be drawn from the Republican party, whose candidates are denounced by the Prohibition platform as virtually recommending the perpetuation of the traffic in their propositions to distribute among the States the revenue derived from it, thus making the States partners in the traffic. How far this may be set off by the open or concealed hostility of the BUTLER and Tammany Democrats to Governor CLEVELAND can not be determined. There will be, apparently, four candidates, and in the present abnormal and disturbed political situation it is not easy to calculate the chances very closely. That there will be more general independence in voting than there has been since the war is unquestionable. But the extent of Republican independence can not be measured, because the number of voters who publicly declare their intention not to support their party candidate is insignificant compared with the whole protesting body.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE English Parliament will re-assemble late in October, and during the intervening time the immediate topic of political discussion, upon which some of the most eminent orators have already spoken, will be the abolition of the House of Lords. This is already demanded by some of the journals, and Mr. BRIGHT in his speech puts very forcibly the point of the absurdity in an essentially popular government of a hereditary legislative veto upon the will of the people as represented in the House of Commons. The question, however, as we have said before, will hardly be pushed to extremity. The House of Lords will yield. It is, indeed, already practically nullified as a co-ordinate branch of the legislature, and it has been so shorn of actual authority, while its theoretical power remains unchanged, that it will still long remain probably as a decorative part of the British Constitution.

Indeed, the abolition of the House of Lords, however easily it might be formally effected, could not readily be actually accomplished. The power of a great social tradition is not seriously disturbed by an outward change. The prestige and influence that come from vast possessions, and a hereditary distinction which is not only a national tradition, but has become part of the national character, can not be abolished by act of Parliament. The experience of "OLIVER'S" Parliaments and of the French Convention shows the limits of legal authority in dealing with such questions. The English peerage, moreover, is not a body of Tom Noddies, nor of inferior men and women. It embraces character, courage, ability, cultivation, and refinement, which are conspicuous and essential forces in English life. The absurdity of much of its obsolete structure is undeniable. The inevitability of its change, to conform to the changed conditions of society, is not to be questioned. But equally unquestionable are the high character and the great ability which are to be found under coronets.

This power would remain, and it would be united and commanding, under any new form, unless there were a total overthrow of every fundamental condition of British polity and civilization, and that is not to be anticipated. The king over the water, a fugitive and forlorn, was still "his Majesty." LAROCHEJAQUELIN and MONTALEMBERT did not cease to be names which were spells because nobility was abolished. THACKERAY'S *Snob Papers* show only how ineradicable is the British love of a lord. Add to that feeling sympathy for misfortune, and you have made the loyalty only stronger. Already the political power of the British peerage is greatly curtailed. Its legislative veto is practically abolished. But until its vast estates are sequestered, and its social influence forfeited by a general decline of intellectual ability and by personal unworthiness, it will still remain one of the most interesting monuments of the older civilization, because still showing the reason of its existence and power.

MR. HENDRICKS AND THE CIVIL WAR.

IN reply to the charge that Mr. HENDRICKS was a Copperhead during the civil war the following statement is published, which was made by him to a journal which had apparently accused him of want of patriotism:

"Since the war commenced I have uniformly said that the authority of the government of the United States is not questioned in Indiana, and that I regarded it as the duty of the citizens of Indiana to respect and maintain authority, and to give the government an earnest and honest support in the prosecution of the war, until, in the providence of God, it may be brought to an honorable conclusion, and the blessings of peace restored to our country, postponing until that time all controversies in relation to the causes and responsibilities of the war. No man will feel a deeper solicitude in the welfare and proud bearing of Indiana's soldiery in the conflict of arms to which they are called than myself. Allow me to add that in my judgment a citizen or newspaper is not serving

the country well in the present crisis by attempting to give a partisan aspect to the war, or by seeking to pervert the cause of the country to party ends. T. A. Hendricks."

The highest praise of Mr. Hendricks that we have seen is in an article in the New York *Tribune* of July 22, 1872, when it was under its present editorial management. It describes him as

"an honest jurist, an able and incorruptible statesman, and a wise politician.... His record as Senator, Representative, Commissioner, and State legislator is pure and untarnished, and whatever he is able to do for justice and public morals, when chosen Governor of Indiana, we may be sure he will do.... He is willing to leave all past differences as immaterial to the intelligent consideration of the oath before us.... When public morality is to be revived, good men of all parties must combine. Pursuing this noble principle, then, Mr. Hendricks refuses to be distracted by the petty cries of men eager to alienate natural friends by recalling old-time differences.... What we have now to do is to put an end to unjust legislation, and reform the abuses which burden the whole government. We will not be deterred from this labor by those who strive to arouse evil passions that party supremacy may be maintained."

The *Tribune* now says that "to judge of the party the people must consider what sort of a man Mr. Hendricks was in the Senate and in his State, and the examination will not result to his benefit." In 1872, however, when the record was fresh, the *Tribune* considered it, and declared, as we have seen, that "his record as Senator, Representative, Commissioner, and State legislator is pure and untarnished."

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST CHOLERA.

The recent investigation into the progress of cholera in France indicates that whatever may be the origin of the disease or its methods of propagation, the conditions most favorable to its establishment as an epidemic are furnished by a neglect of obvious sanitary precautions. This is in one way an encouraging fact, but it puts upon the municipal authorities of all American cities a very heavy responsibility. The history of cholera indicates that we shall have some ten months in which to set our cities in order against the pestilence, and that if we have not then done our duty, we shall have a terrible penalty to pay for our neglect.

It remains true, however, that our first business is to keep cholera out of the country, not to take measures for limiting its ravages after it has entered. A case has just been reported in New York in which the Health Officer ordered the detention of three passengers arriving from infected French ports, but released them upon finding that they were merely in transit to South America, and permitted them to wander about the streets. This may have been his duty under the law, but in such cases as this usurpation of authority may be not only excusable, but a positive duty. Besides, international comity should prevent us from "passing on" a possibility of pestilence to countries as yet uninfected. The efforts of all governments should be directed to localizing the cholera in the countries where it has already appeared.

DIVORCE IN FRANCE.

Even the most earnest advocates of the Naquet law in France must have been surprised by the extent of the demand for that measure which has now been known to exist. As soon as the public was officially notified that the measure had become law, three thousand applications for divorce were entered, affecting, of course, twice that number of people who are married but not mated. It might have been expected that, in deference to the opinion of their neighbors, the great majority of the mismated people who are galled by their matrimonial bonds would wait to see how a recourse to the law would affect their social standing; and this is doubtless the fact.

That the marriage laws in most of the States of this Union are too lax, very few people will deny. Most certainly no cause for divorce should be allowed but that which defeats every purpose of the marriage relation. To a great extent it must be true that people must abide by the consequences of their mistakes. But the extreme ground that has been taken in France, and in most countries nominally Roman Catholic, is no more to be justified as a matter of public policy than it is calculated to promote private happiness. It can only be maintained by law where the sacramental view of marriage prevails, according to which a married person assumes all the responsibilities for the actions of the other party to the marriage, and a mistake in marriage is not legally retrievable except by death.

This view is no longer extensively held, even in Roman Catholic countries, except by the priesthood. The only secular arguments by which it can be maintained are that the absolute indissolubility of marriage tends to promote the welfare of children—whose welfare should be one of the chief objects of a marriage law—and that it tends to discourage immorality. The recent history of France does not confirm this reasoning. The welfare of children is not better secured because the happiness of parents is absolutely sacrificed to it, and the indissolubility of marriage acts as a direct encouragement to immorality. The new divorce law simply recognizes and faces the actual conditions of French society.

A LEPER SHOW.

A physician of San Francisco is reported to be on his way East with a small but select assortment of Chinese lepers, whom it is his amiable intention to exhibit for money in the cities of the East. It is needless to add that the exhibitor is not a vulgar showman, but that he has a high and holy purpose. His mission is to excite the apathetic people of the Atlantic sea-board to the active antipathy against the Chinese which now animates the Pacific hoodlum.

This purpose, however laudable in itself, can scarcely be called a practical purpose. The hoodlum has fully achieved his purpose. The anti-Chinese bill was drawn in strict conformity with his views, and both political parties have avowed their willingness to make any further enactment against the Chinese that may ease his mind. Nothing further has as yet suggested itself to him. Nothing further, indeed, can be suggested except to send back the Chinese who are already here, or to kill them where they are in order to save trouble. An exhibition of lepers would be relevant to that purpose if there were danger that the Chinese lepers would communicate their disease to the native population. Unfortunately for this purpose, the mediæval notions that leprosy was either contagious or infectious is now discredited by scientific authorities; and if there were any danger from that source, the readiest way to invite it would be to exhibit a troupe of lepers in our principal cities.

Nevertheless, an exhibition may be imagined which would excite in all fair minds a deep disgust for the Chinese. If a Chinaman could be found who had been permitted by the Chinese authorities and by Chinese public opinion to exhibit throughout the Middle Kingdom a party of American sufferers from a horrible malady, not, as he avowed, in order to pander to a particularly morbid curiosity, but to excite the hatred of his countrymen for the nation to which the wretched creatures belonged, such a Chinaman would constitute a valid anti-Chinese argument. If the hoodlums should capture him and show him throughout the country, with an authenticated statement of what he had been doing, the indignation against the country which had permitted him to do such a thing would be deep, and it would be deserved.

"A DEMOCRATIC VIEW."

We would call the attention of our readers to an important communication which appears in another part of this paper under the above heading. It is from the pen of the ablest constitutional lawyer of the country.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Tilden's health has improved of late, and although it might not have been equal to the responsibilities, cares, and activities of a Presidential campaign, it finds no difficulty in coping with the pleasing rusticities of Greystone and the yacht *Viking*. From the towers of his noble mansion on the Hudson the ex-Governor looks upon the roofs of West Point to the north, the green heights of Staten Island to the south, the sail-flecked stretch of Long Island Sound to the east, and the precipitous Palisades to the west. His Kentucky horses, his blooded setters, his Jersey cattle, and his improved farm are the admiration of his neighbors. Next winter he expects to take a trip to Southern waters. He is a famous host, but just now the quiet of Greystone is deep enough to have suited a Germanicus. Mr. Andrew H. Green, ex-Comptroller of New York city, and manager of the William B. Ogden estate, is Mr. Tilden's most intimate friend, most frequent guest, and most trusted adviser. During the last twelve months Mr. Green has spent most of his nights under the ex-Governor's roof.

—Our recognition of Lieutenant Greely's bravery and skill will be an appointment to a colonelcy in the Signal Service. The Mayor of New York has expressed a desire to heap civic honors upon him, and the American Yacht Club, of which the explorer is a member, will give him a magnificent banquet. The gallant lieutenant has fairly earned all the honors that a republic is likely to bestow. In France he would have received the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and in England would have been knighted at the feet of the Queen.

—The death of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's second son, Edward J. Holmes, is a severe blow to the distinguished scientist, novelist, and poet. The young man was a graduate of Harvard College, and at one time the private secretary of Dr. Holmes's intimate friend the late Senator Sumner. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jun., another son, is a lawyer, and a writer of books on the law.

—A book not worth the reading, and in all respects not worth the writing, is Zola's *Nana*, which the Austrian government has forbidden the sale of, on account of a conviction that it is an outrage upon morality. It will be remembered that soon after *Nana* was republished in this city its sale was interdicted at the railway stations. Daudet's last novel, *Sapho*, has also met with much discomfiture.

—The annual meeting of the British Medical Association at Belfast will be attended this year by two distinguished New York doctors, Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, the surgeon, whose specialty is chiropody, and Dr. Abraham Jacobi, who is an authority in diseases of children. These gentlemen can give points in their own lines to the most distinguished foreigners of that confraternity.

—The small surviving group of sportsmen of the past generation has been lessened by one in the death of Mr. Frank H. Palmer. Mr. Palmer was a notable follower of the craft. Technically accomplished, enthusiastic in the pursuit, a remarkable shot, of striking individuality, genial and gracious of manner, his sudden and unexpected decease will be sincerely deplored by a wide circle of acquaintances.

—The weightiest compliment yet paid to that charming actress Miss Ellen Terry is the fact that Mr. Henry Irving was compelled to close his Lyceum Theatre because of her illness. She had been playing Viola in *Twelfth Night*, but, owing to the consequences of a vaccination, was unable to continue her appearance. She would have been as much missed as Beatrice in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and it was Mr. Irving's great good fortune, while in America, that his performances were not subjected to so severe a test. No biographer or critic of the celebrated English actor has yet made adequate recognition of his indebtedness to the woman whom he is fond of calling his "sister-artist."

—M. Renan, now head of the College of France, has been made an officer of the Legion of Honor. His friends say that he cares little for the mob, being an aristocrat at heart, and a mourner for the demolished Bastile.

—Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jun., of Boston, will contribute a piece of her "needle painting" to the Cincinnati exposition. It will be a panel representing a sunset which she sketched from her window, and it will be the first piece of her work ever exhibited in public.

—Monsignor Capel proposes to add himself to the select number of distinguished visitors to this country who have determined not to write a book pell-mell on the United States. He insinuates that the example of certain actors in this respect does not allure him. He wants to learn more about us, and until he has done so will not rush into print with mere cogitations.

—Florence Nightingale, whose name for almost a generation has been a household word throughout the civilized world because of her self-sacrificing service among the sick and wounded soldiers of the British army in the Crimea, has turned to account her practical knowledge of contagious diseases by sending from Paris to this country some sound sense about the cholera. She understands that dreaded visitor, having sat up with him many a night, and she has a profound and rational faith in the power of sanitary science to keep him at a distance. The observations of Mr. Harold Frederic, recently editor of the Albany *Evening Journal*, in the slums of Marseilles and Toulon, tally well with those of Miss Nightingale. Mr. Frederic has honorably distinguished himself by his valuable investigations in those ill-fated districts.

—Mr. Henry Villard is visiting his old home at Speyer, in Rhenish Bavaria, and the citizens have been treating him to a public banquet and other honors. In the days of his prosperity the ex-railroad king made magnificent gifts to his native city, which the recipients have not forgotten. They decked their streets with flags, gladdened them with loud huzzas, presented addresses of welcome, and set off fire-works and bands of music. Mr. Villard is preparing to make an extended stay in Germany, and will soon be joined by his family, who are now at Mrs. Villard's place in Dobbs Ferry, on the Hudson. As her estate was settled upon her before the wreck, it remains in the family. It is valued at $250,000. Mr. Villard's friends expect that he will be a power in Wall Street again one of these days. They say that all he needs now is rest, and that he can best obtain it in his old home.

—The character of the late Mr. Frederick Denison Maurice is depicted in a recently published letter, in which he wrote that his mother once said to him: "If you only act on your conviction that Christ is in every one, what a much higher life you might live, and how much better work you might do!" "There was in that sentence," he said, "the clearest divination of what I felt and knew to be God's purposes in all His teachings and discipline which I have received, and of my failures. I was sent into the world that I might persuade men to recognize Christ as the centre of their fellowship with each other, that so they might be united in their families, their countries, and as men, not as schools and factions; and through forgetfulness of this truth myself, I have been continually separating myself from relations, letting go friendships, and sinking into an unprofitable solitude."

—The King of the Maoris, with his chiefs, dined recently in London, and impressed one of the guests with "the gentle, almost pathetic, look of his benevolent face. He was suffering cruelly from toothache all the time, but his face had in it more than merely the patience with physical pain; there was a look of disappointed hopes at the bitter fate that has pursued him and his at the hands of England. One of his chiefs, his brother-in-law, had a countenance full of intelligence, whose keen black eyes were constantly roaming about. He is very fond of music, and every now and then turned to watch the musicians. He is more tattooed than the others, with the exception of the king, whose face is very highly ornamented. This is effected by means of a sharp little bone instrument that is used to punch tiny holes in the skin, into which is afterward rubbed the sap of a certain tree. The operation is very painful, and it takes several months to decorate a whole face; but the greater and more elaborate the tattooing, the greater the warrior."

—The Prince and Princess of Wales's party on the 14th of July, in honor of the birthday of one of their daughters, was the first entertainment of the kind since the court went into mourning for the death of Prince Leopold. His sister, the Princess Beatrice, recently visited Chichester, and the bells of its cathedral were rung in honor of her arrival.

—Dr. Koch, the German scientist, now the leading authority on the cholera, has returned to Berlin after his visit to Lyons and other plague-stricken districts of France. At Geneva, on his way home, he was forced to submit to the process of fumigation, although he believes it to be useless, and so told the authorities. "Useless or not useless," said one of them, "you must be smoked like other travellers."

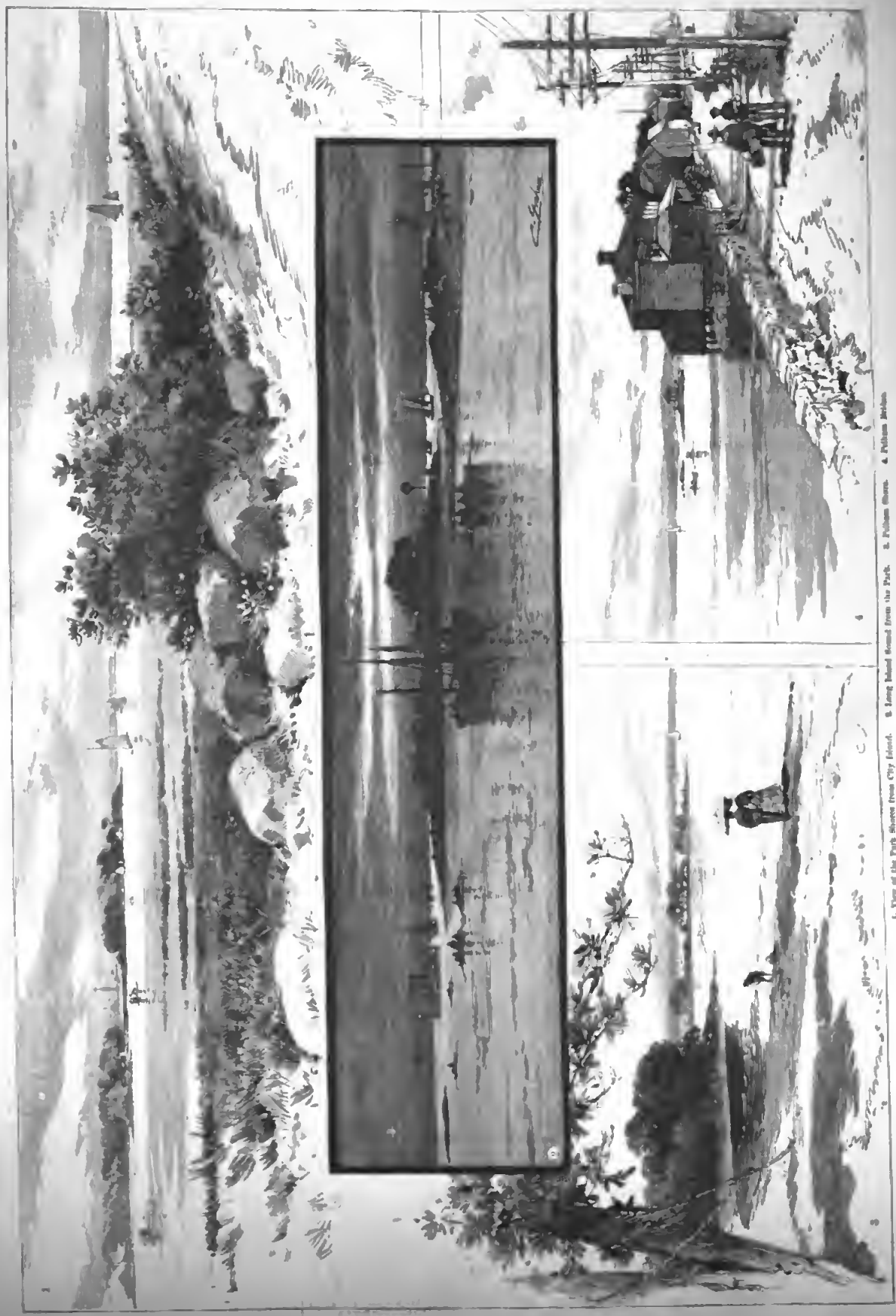
—The late Thomas Dickson, President of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, was a business man whose successful career never received a check. He passed untouched through the various panics, and died a millionaire with unlimited credit. A score of prosperous enterprises received the benefit of his counsel, and returned the compliment of dividends; his chief concern, the Delaware and Hudson, produces about five million tons of coal a year, and owns or leases more than seven hundred miles of railroad in addition to its canal. He had more influence over the miners of Pennsylvania than any living man, partly because in 1877 he publicly proclaimed his disapproval of shooting them during a labor strike. He lived without display at Scranton, Pennsylvania, and owned a summer place at Morristown, New Jersey. In boyhood he was a driver of mules in the mines. His age was sixty-two.

—The wife of Lieutenant Greely is described as follows: She possesses a face and figure of such remarkable beauty that they attract the attention and arouse the admiration of the most unconcerned. She is apparently about thirty years of age, tall and slender. Her complexion is dark, and her hair and large luminous eyes are as black as a raven's wing. On her regular and well-cut features are traces of care and sadness, caused by three years of uncertainty as to the fate of her husband. "My family," she said to a reporter, "gave up my husband as lost a long time ago, and tried to convince me that further hope was useless; but though I have worn mourning for several months past, I could never convince myself that I was in reality a widow. You see, my wifely instinct was correct, for my husband is returned to me safe and sound, and I hope never to leave his side again."

—Professor Max Müller on the late Professor Dorner, of Berlin, who not long ago attended a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in this city: "Professor Dorner was one of the most learned and influential theologians in Germany. His name is known to all serious students of theology in England, but as his well-balanced judgment and his historical studies kept him from becoming a mere partisan, he has never acquired a wide popularity. The historical spirit among the rising generation of German clergymen is chiefly due to his fostering care. Nor was his interest confined to the historical growth of Christian theology only. He knew that Christianity, in order to be truly understood, must be studied in comparison with other religions. A comparative study of religion, or a science of religion, had no terrors for him."

—George Augustus Sala has gone into print with a puff for a certain English brand of smoking tobacco, which he accompanies with this piece of advice: "Smoke plenty of tobacco (in the great scare of 1832 not one tobacconist died of the cholera), in order to combine enjoyment with health."

—Referring to the occasion when Mr. Henry Irving was hissed at his own theatre after playing in *Twelfth Night*, an iconoclastic spectator says: "A small minority of the audience insisted on expressing a dissatisfaction which, either just or unjust in itself, was clearly directed against the wrong person. Instead of hooting at Henry Irving, they should have insisted on seeing the true delinquent, one William Shakespeare, and giving him a bit of their mind. Not that his offense is great enough to merit very severe reprobation. It consists principally in having lived three centuries ago, and written to please our great-great grandfathers, with small thought of their great great-grandchildren. The humor of 1601 was different, both in dialect and in matter, from the humor of 1884. Some of us, by the aid of glosses and glossaries, succeed in finding it richer and racier for the keeping, but we can not expect a whole audience thus to place themselves in dead men's shoes, and attune their risible muscles to the whims of by-gone generations. If we insist on having these masterpieces resuscitated—and we do insist; it is we who force them upon Mr. Irving, not Mr. Irving who forces them upon us—we must make up our minds to grin at and bear such portions of them as have become obsolete or unsympathetic."



1. View of the Park Shores from City Island. 2. Long Island Sound from the Park. 3. Pelham Gorge. 4. Pelham Bridge.

PELHAM PARK, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[See Page 521.]

FROM POST TO FINISH.

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Beneath Layton," "Born to Win," "The Great Turfing," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

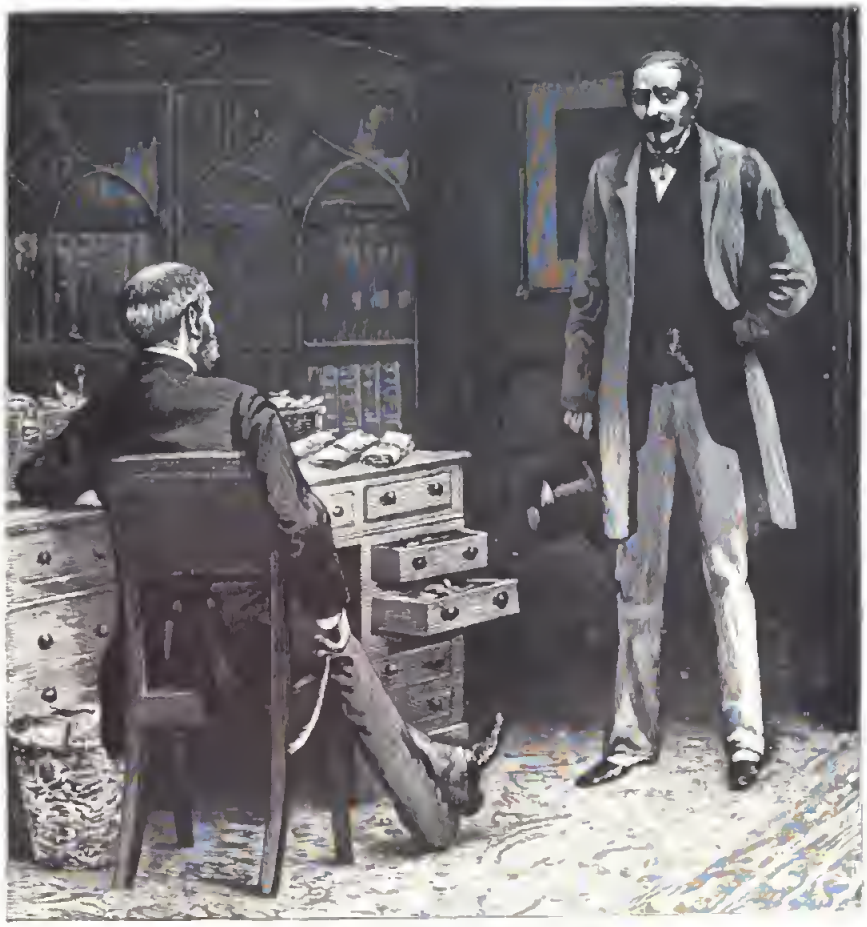
SAM PEARSON, SOLICITOR.

Mr. Sam Pearson resided in a very pleasant house, standing in prettily laid out grounds some little distance outside Micklegate Bar, in short, just before you came to "The Mount." Very handy, indeed, this to the Knavesmire, and Mr Pearson always kept open house during York races. The big county is notorious for its ignorance in the matter of horseflesh, but the solicitor enjoyed the reputation of being more than a match for any horsedealer within miles of the North Country capital, and was as shrewd a judge of both men and racing as any one in those parts. It was considered half the battle in a horse case to have Sam Pearson on your side. His practice was peculiar though extensive, consisting in a great measure of those last named cases, and also the extrication of gentlemen from pecuniary difficulties. Mr Pearson was, in short, a racing solicitor—a man who, had you security, would find you the money to pay for a high priced yearling, or to settle at Tattersall's. People who find money after this fashion don't do it for nothing, and that Mr Pearson should pluck a good many quilled feathers from his client for his own benefit was only in accordance with the regular order of things. Keen and sharp as he was in practice, the solicitor was, perhaps, all the more dangerous for a genial bonhomie that was apt to make his customers overlook the price they were paying for accommodation. His easy, languine manner communicated itself to them, and people who came reluctantly, but still with the grim knowledge that a certain sum must be raised at whatever sacrifice, were wont to walk out of his office impressed with the idea that borrowing money at forty per cent., washed down by a glass of wonderful old brown sherry, was rather a rollicking piece of business than otherwise.

Mr Wriston said no more than the truth when he told Gerald that he fancied there would be little to be done with Sam Pearson. Mr Wriston was a steady old family solicitor, and though his amour propre forbade him to believe he was not a match for any man in his own profession, yet he had an uncomfortable consciousness that upon this occasion he was pitted against the sharpest practitioner in all the West Riding. As for York and the country side generally, I think they would have exclaimed—

"What! old Wriston against Sam Pearson? Why, it's a gooseberry on Sam!"

Mr Pearson had his offices in Lonhall Street; a handy situation, no distance from either the



"I HAVE CALLED TO REPRESENT MR GERALD ROCKINGHAM."

THE GRAND ARMY REUNION AT MINNEAPOLIS—ARCH AT SYNDICATE BLOCK.—Photographed by C. A. Tuttle.—[See Page 512.]

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Market or Coney Street, both places at which clients of his were pretty well bound to resort, and two or three days after his interview with Gerald, Mr Wrinson stepped into the outer office, and sent in his card by one of the clerks. That the two solicitors knew one another was a matter of course; they had met as antagonists before the magistrates, and also in the Assize Courts, many a time. That Mr Wrinson should be received as soon as possible was a matter of professional etiquette, and he was speedily shown into Mr. Pearson's private sanctuary

"Delighted to see you, my dear Wrinson. Almost unnecessary to ask after your health, for I never saw you looking better. Sharp weather, sir. Sharp as a solicitor in good practice—a little overdone, for the matter of that. Interferes terribly with the hunting. But what am I saying? As if that was a thing concerned you! Pray sit down, and let me know if there is anything I can do for you."

"Well, Mr. Pearson," said the older attorney, whose formal and somewhat old-fashioned manner contrasted very much with the genial, off-hand carelessness of the other, "I have called as represent Mr. Gerald Rockingham, and look after his interests in the winding up of his father's affairs."

"A profitless occupation," laughed Pearson. "You'll find, I'm afraid, there is very little picking as he got off those bones"

"You don't seem as fallow me quite," retorted Wrinson, a little thorply "I'm here to ascertain what it is possible to save out of the wreck for the widow and children."

"Tut, man; don't be so touchy Salvage has always been one of the privileges of our craft. It is rather rough on the boy, I admit, to suddenly discover that his father has sucked the orange, and that he has merely inherited the skin; but it is so. Alister Rockingham lived all his life as if his purse was bottomless; and, mind, mind, was not the man to brook either interference or advice My instructions were generally a brief intimation that I must find so much money at very short notice; no need to tell you that that meant bills bearing pretty stiff interest, and then, of course, came the old story of renewing, after which, as we all know, it is a mere question of time. Poor Rockingham was so far favored that his fortune just saw him out, had he lived, nothing could have saved Cranley Chase from the hammer this year."

"Surely," exclaimed Wrinson, "you might have expostulated with him upon his reckless career?"

"Of course I might," replied Pearson, cheerfully; "and enjoyed the gratification of seeing some other of my brethren undertake when my very high principles had rendered me squeamish about. I have a wife and family," continued Pearson, with mock solemnity "The extensive borrowing of money throws very pretty pickings in the way of the legal gentleman who has the management of it; and in justice to my belongings it was not for me to let another pick up gold and silver fas the pocketing of which I had been vouchsafed the first opportunity. No, no, Wrinson," added Pearson, laughing; "I'm pretty straight, but you can't expect me to take off my hat and say, 'After you, sir,' when it comes to who is to be first on Tom Tiddler's ground."

"Well," rejoined the older solicitor, "I most assuredly haven't come to talk over either sentiment or morality, sorry though I may be to see a good old county name struck off the roll; but I presume I can see all the deeds, mortgages, and otherwise—in short, all the records of these money borrowing transactions?"

"Undoubtedly, undoubtedly," replied the other "Now, suppose you come and take a bit of dinner with me I'll give you a rare good bottle of claret, or port if you prefer it, and then we could run through all these papers over a cigar afterward; what do you say?"

"I regret, Mr Pearson, that I don't smoke; and that I've been brought up not to mix business matters with after-dinner enjoyments. If you will kindly let me know when day I can go over those papers with you here, I will call in again, and now I'll wish you good morning."

Sam Pearson gave vent to a low whistle as the door closed on his visitor

"Well, of all the old broomsticks," he muttered, "that ever I came across! He's as stiff, as wooden, and with about as much in him as is comprised within that very commonplace implement."

Another knock at the door cut short the lawyer's meditations, and he was informed by one of his clerks that Mr Ellston wanted to see him.

"Show him in," replied Pearson; and as his visitor entered, he rose to shake hands with him.

"Sit down," he continued. "Is it racing or money-borrowing brings you here? The former, I hope; because there's a want of appreciation of your autograph that makes the latter occupation somewhat difficult."

"You needn't be afraid, I've not come to trouble you about anything of that sort. I only want to talk to you about the horses. We have got two good clinking four-year-olds in the stable in Caterham and Phaeton; and as the latter beat the Two Thousand winner in the Leger last September, both the handicappers and the public are bound as conclude Phaeton the better horse of the two. Now we know he is just as many pounds behind Caterham as they will think him in front. It rather me that our game would be to run Phaeton out at Ascot, and keep Caterham for the autumn handicaps."

"Yes," said Pearson, meningly, "those appear to be sound tactics. Phaeton is quite safe to pick up a race or two at Ascot, which will, of course, impress that credulous community known as the British public more than ever with his superiority to Caterham. Yes, there seems a possibility of doing a smartish amount of business that way, but we're great unlucky with the young ones, none of the two-year-olds seem any good, nor the threes either, unless it's that iron-gray colt—"

"And he has the temper of Satan," interposed Ellston, quickly. "Lord Glasgow was right. When you are crossed with brutes of that description, the best thing is to shoot 'em right off."

"Yes," rejoined Pearson; "I don't suppose we shall do any good with him"

"Allowed to think otherwise. And now listen to what I've principally come to see you about. They have got a dark colt, called Pibroch, by the Piper, out of Maggie Louder, down in Dunbury, which I hear has done something very big. I know there's a big commission out to back it by the stable for the Two Thousand, and I think, old man, we had better swim in the same boat."

"All right I suppose you can place implicit reliance on your information? They are laying a goodish price against that colt in present, and therefore you had better mind in it as soon as you get back to town, as wire if you're going so linger down here. Now I've a little bit of news for you. Gerald Rockingham is going to institute a rigorous inquiry into his late father's affairs"

"Well," replied Ellston, "I should think that that matters very little to you; is may be inconvenient as me if sundry unredeemed promissory notes should come to light. No need to tell you that I borrowed a good bit of money from Alister in days gone by"

"Yes," rejoined Pearson, with a tinge of contempt in his tones, "I can easily imagine that, and yet you would not let me give him a hint about Phaeton for the Leger If these bills co lect, they're not in my keeping, but will very likely be found amongst the late Squire's papers at the Chase."

"Well, if they come into the hands of that young cub, he can't make any use of them. I conclude they are all long overdue."

"No," rejoined Pearson, looking at his turf confederate through half-closed eyes, "I should think not, but if Gerald Rockingham chooses to publish the fact of their existence, and to hand them about, now that is is generally known that he has been left pretty well penniless, I think it would be unpleasant for you, in a social point of view."

Sam Pearson was pretty unscrupulous, and a very keen practitioner to boot, but even he stood aghast sometimes at the cynical, cold-blooded selfishness of Cuthbert Ellston From his boyhood Ellston had never left a desire ungratified that could be obtained at the expense of his fellows What is might cost them was a matter of little moment to him. Of good family, he still held a brave front before the world, though there were items in his record which, if brought to light, were even more than the easy-going society of our times could condone. Ruthless he had been from his youth to either men as woman, sacrificing them all in turn to the mere gratification of the moment; but he was a good-looking man even yet, with a plausible manner and soft caressing address, apt to persuasive people in his favor, in reality false, heartless, and relentless as a panther, and well nigh as dangerous when brought to bay. Whatever his short-comings might be, there were three things which no one could accuse Cuthbert Ellston of lacking—nerve, determination, and bitterness of tongue, and yet on one who didn't know him would have guessed what savage sarcasm could fall from the lips of a man rather remarkable for his low trained tones

"There's something in what you say, Pearson," he remarked, as he lit a cigarette, "but you don't quite understand the game, you see. You're a devilish clever solicitor, and there's on better judge of racing in England, but you know about as much of London society as you do of Central Africa. Used as you suggest by Alister Rockingham, known all through the London world, the story of these bills would have been, as you say, a very unpleasant fact to face; but in the hands of a boy like Gerald, known to nobody, the thing is very different. Bah! *that* has any harm he could do me?" and Cuthbert Ellston snapped his fingers contemptuously

"You're quite right, Ellston," replied Pearson, good humoredly; "I don't pretend to say knowledge of the London world. I heard from Greyson yesterday morning, and he says the horses are all doing well, and coming on nicely. Is's on use our going over to Riddleton yet, but you must come down and put up with me a little later on, and we'll go over there and have a regular talk with Greyson about the forth-coming campaign. He will know still more about the nags than that he does now I suppose you go back in town pretty soon?"

"Off by the afternoon train, and as I want to get something to eat before I start, I shall wish you good-by. Drop me a line when you want me. As you say, visiting a training ground at this time of year is a——d cold and unprofitable. Good-by," and so saying Mr Ellston strolled leisurely out of the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE REV ROBERT THORNDYKE.

Two months have elapsed since Alister Rockingham's death, and his widow and daughter are established in a small house just outside the Minster Close They have not as yet made any fresh acquaintances, but the Rockinghams of Cranley Chase are well known to all the principal Church dignitaries in York, and some of them had failed to leave cards on them. Alister Rockingham had been a very popular man—"a right good fellow—on one's country but his own," was the universal verdict—and sincere commiseration for Mrs. Rockingham and her children was the general feeling all through the city and the country side. What had become of Gerald, on one exactly knew. He had disappeared immediately after establishing his mother and sister in their present modest abode, and all they knew about him was that he was in Cambridgeshire, where he said that he had got work to do which would enable him to get a living, though it was naturally quite unconnected with the University. Poor Mrs. Rockingham troubled herself very little about what this occupation might be. But with Ellen it was different, and she felt very inquisitive as to what is was her brother was doing; his his father's death had made a great difference in Gerald; he had passed from boyhood to manhood at one bound, and to all inquiries from his sister made short answer, adding that she might deem his present employment derogatory to a Rockingham, but that Rockinghams must live, and that he found it impossible to do so on the family dignity. Miss Rockingham was not a little astonished, she recognized quite as quickly as her mother did the change in Gerald's character As his elder, she had been accustomed to patronize and sometimes snub him she understood now that this phase of sisterly subjugation was passed. Our relatives are a little slow to do this, and are wont as snerlook the fact that on are no longer children.

"It's a come-down, mother, after Cranley Chase, still, the little house is clean and comfortable, and I shouldn't so much mind if it wasn't for the terrible want of earnestness of purpose manifest amongst all these Cathedral dignitaries. They seem to think choral services and brilliant sermons are the limit of their calling. I miss my work at Cranley dreadfully; I feel myself so utterly useless here."

"I am sure you need not fret, dear Ellen, about that. There are plenty of parish priests in York who are quite outside the Minster circle; in a big city like this you may depend on is any of those will find you plenty of such employment as you wish for without difficulty"

"Yes, I heard yesterday that the Rector of St. Margaret's was a real hard working parish priest. I think, mother, I should like to make his acquaintance."

"Surely there will be time enough, child, for that later on We are still within the shadow of our great loss"

"True, dearest mother," cried the girl, rising, and caressing her as she spoke, "but grief becomes no easier to bear to people of my age and temperament by sitting still with our hands in our lap I want work," continued Ellen, almost passionately—"something to take me out of myself I have been accustomed to a good deal of it, you know, during the last two or three years, and this enforced idleness maddens me Pray don't think that I have forgotten our trouble any more than yourself, but on do not all meet sas sorrows in similar fashion"

Mrs Rockingham stared at her daughter in no little astonishment. Ellen was a singularly undemonstrative young woman, sparing of her caresses, and reticent of any display of emotion; one of those self-contained natures that, when they are really moved, are wont to astonish those nearest and dearest to them Whether in love, anger, or righteous indignation, the habitual restraints once broken down they rage like a tornado, and the intensity of their emotions, once exhausted, seems to collapse with a sob and a shiver, after the manner of such fierce and fitful storms. Ellen Rockingham had, as to speak, been fas the last three years beating against the bars A quick, clever, intellectual girl, the dull country society to which she had been condemned wearied her to death; for, since she had come out, the Squire's reduced means had not admitted of indulgence in a London season for his wife and daughter A few weeks for himself, *en garçon*, about Epsom and Ascot times, had been all he could afford; while the ladies were left to vegetate in Cranley Chase. Now and again the met at some of the great houses in the neighborhood a few brilliant talkers from that great world which it seemed she was never destined to enter; and as at last, to relieve the intolerable dullness, Ellen Rockingham chose to consider herself endowed with a mission—namely, that of the regeneration of the rustic population of Cranley. Well, she took it not of herself a good deal as this way, and that, with the assistance of long solitary gallops on the back of her favorite mare, had constituted her life for the last two or three years. She got on badly with girls of her own age, questions of paramount importance in their minds had no interest for her. Dress! No one could ever say but what Miss Rockingham was well dressed; but still it was due to no exertion on her part. She had a good figure, a mother with exquisite taste, and a very clever maid. Under which circumstances a young lady may be faultless in costume without paying much attention to it herself. Indeed, I have heard is whispered more than once that there are great ladies whose appearance would be benefited considerably if they would only leave such matters as their maid and dressmaker

To say that the choral service of the Minster was anything new to Miss Rockingham would, of course, be absurd; she had attended services there often, and had arrived in the conclusion about the clergy connected with the Cathedral upon on grounds whatever. They might be what she imagined them—drawing good salaries, addicted to good dinners, and thinking they were thoroughly discharging the duties of their station by seeing that the music part of the services was as good as possible, but Miss Rockingham was not in the least behind the scenes, and these men might possibly be quite as much given as "good works" as Miss Rockingham herself, and perhaps a little more judicious in the manner of them. Ellen had fallen unfortunately under the austere influence of the Low-Church Rector of Cranley, an excellent, well-meaning man in the pulpit, what Boxne describes as a "pious and painful preacher"; but a man who unfortunately deemed any show of geniality of disposition not in accordance with his profession. The Cranley people, I fancy, infinitely preferred his predecessor, who troubled himself more about the hounds and "Scott's Derby bet" than the schools; who didn't preach, but simply read two short, drowsy sermons on Sunday, yet was ever open handed and sympathetic with his parishioners in their trouble.

Miss Rockingham, thrown by companions a good deal on her own thoughts, found herself perpetually musing over what this Rector of St. Margaret's might be like. He was a man much talked about in York just then. His had somewhat scandalized the dons of the Cathedral by what they were pleased to term his utter want of dignity and sense of his position. These rather High-Churchmen were in little aghast at his democratic tendencies. They talked patronisingly to the poorer members of their flocks the Reverend Robert Thorndyke would shake hands with his shoemaker, and treat him perfectly as an equal. At the same time there could be no doubt that he was a most energetic, hard-working man as his parish, in fact, as far as Miss Rockingham could hear, he was perfectly irreprachable, always bustling over with energy, and throwing himself into whatever he took up with a vehemence that usually swept all before it. There was a want of reverence, too, his the ecclesiastical authorities that some of the ladies of York especially shook their heads over. He had been known as contradict the Dean, and even to argue with the Archbishop. A desperate, contumacious man this, with a strong will and opinions of his own, and who, moreover, by no manner of means could be made to understand that it would be more proper to subdue those opinions in the presence of his superiors. There, again, was a case of the man's moral obliquity! He couldn't be made to understand that he *had* any superiors. The more Miss Rockingham heard of the Reverend Robert Thorndyke, the more curious she became to see him. She pictured him as herself as a somewhat ascetic, Low-Church, Puritanical clergyman, ablaze with all the fire and enthusiasm of a John Knox—one who railed at all High-Church doctrines, stern in his denunciation of anything which savored of Roman Catholicism as the great Scotch reformer And one Sunday afternoon Miss Rockingham put on her bonnet, and informed her mother that she was about to attend service at St. Margaret's. She arrived there in good time, thereby obtaining a good seat almost facing the pulpit. A few minutes, and the Rector entered the reading-desk, and Miss Rockingham opened her eyes wide. No one could say that the Rev Robert Thorndyke was in the least deficient in dignity in the pulpit, whatever he might be elsewhere. But then he was so utterly unlike what Miss Rockingham had imagined Instead of the pale, ascetic divine she had pictured to herself, the clergyman who commenced to read the service was a man of about four or five and thirty years of age, standing in least six feet one in his boots, with crisp brown curly hair, bright blue eyes, which, though now composed, one could see at a glance had a laugh in them, and a name what florid complexion. Another moment, and his voice rang through the building, clear, sonorous, and musical, and when the prayers were over Miss Rockingham thought she had never heard them more impressively read; and then she composed herself for the five-and-forty minutes' serious discourse which she felt sure was to follow But here Miss Rockingham was destined to be still further astonished In a quarter of an hour Mr. Thorndyke had said his say, and had preached a sermon breathing hope and charity, which presented a rather startling contrast to that weary catalogue of pains and penalties to which she had been accustomed to listen in Cranley church. The sharp, nervous, incisive sentences made a great impression on Miss Rockingham. What this man had to say he had said in such a clear, distinct fashion that a child might almost have followed him, whereas the clergymen at whose feet she had till lately sat was wont to be not only involved and wandering in his discourse, but to dwell with unctuous emphasis on all the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed

As Miss Rockingham walked home, I'm afraid she was thinking rather more of the preacher than of the service at which she had assisted. A clever girl herself, she recognized that short and apparently simple sermon as the work of a clever man, and came to the conclusion that for the future she would attend church at St. Margaret's. This was comforting to her, for to get their doctrine to their minds is sometimes a great tribulation to young ladies.

"Well, Ellen," said Mrs Rockingham, as her daughter entered the drawing room, "were you pleased with the service at St. Margaret's?"

"Very much, mother; but anything more unlike what I fancied him than the Reverend Robert Thorndyke is, it is impossible to conceive. He wears a mustache, and looks more like a dragoon than a clergyman, but he reads the service beautifully, and preached such a clever sermon."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GREELY'S FAR NORTH.

THE full record of the scientific discoveries of the GREELY party is not yet available for examination. If the press reports are corroborated, however, the present expedition must take first rank in arctic exploration. It has determined conclusively that man may live comfortably at a temperature of −30° Fahrenheit, and by artificial means conform himself to an inconvenable environment. During the long arctic night the explorers lived in a house within a house. They breakfasted at eight, lunched lightly at eleven A.M. and dine P.M., and dined at four. Observations were taken daily in meteorology, astronomy, magnetism, the temperatures, ice thicknesses, tidal motion, and velocity of sound at different

temperatures. Military discipline, one hour's exercise per day, and a weekly bath were required of all. The living apartments were kept clean. National holidays were observed with an extra dinner, and an interchange of presents on Christmas. Thus the dread disease of scurvy, which wore out two ships' crews for NARES, was prevented, and a fairly contented life enjoyed.

Arctic research has advanced about three hundred miles northward since BAFFIN immortalized himself in the year 1616. Since that time England's Union Jack has led the van in polar research until, on May 13, Lieutenant LOCKWOOD planted the Stars and Stripes over four miles north and forty-two degrees east of the highest northern latitude known. PARRY in 1827 reached latitude 70°; KANE, 80° 35' in 1854; HAYES, 81° 30' in 1861; HALL, 82° 16' in 1871; and NARES, 83° 20' in 1876. These latitudes are given approximately. Lieutenant LOCKWOOD stopped at latitude 83° 24', but saw and computed 83° 35', which most northern land now known he called Cape Robert Lincoln. The journey to and from this point occupied fifty-nine days. It would seem from accounts of it that even at a temperature of minus sixty-one degrees hares, lemmings, ptarmigan, snow-birds, snowy owls, polar bears, musk-oxen, and even vegetation exist and thrive. Grinnell Land was quite thoroughly explored. Lake Hazen, of either 600 or 3700 square miles area (the dispatches are contradictory), was discovered thereon. It would be interesting to know more of this fresh-water body and its inhabitants, if any. NORDENSKJÖLD discovered that late in the summer, great rivers, formed of melted ice, with icy beds and banks, make travel in the north impossible without small boats. Lake Hazen is described as being fed by streams from the ice cap of northern Grinnell Land, and emptying into Weyprecht Fiord. It was discovered in April, when some open water was seen. Doubtless in August a much larger sized lake, fed by innumerable large and swift-flowing rivers, would have been found. This lake, named after General HAZEN, is the most northern fresh-water body on the globe, one-fourth in size of Lake Erie. Lying contiguously to it, and parallel with the United States Mountains, were two ranges named after Senator CONGER and the late President GARFIELD. The highest land in the latter range, and indeed of all the country north of Disco Bay, was named Arthur Peak. It is 5000 feet in height.

On the shores of Lake Hazen the remains of an Esquimaux village were found, apparently the most northern habitation attempted by the Esquimaux. Here were evidences of possession by this people of dogs, sledges, and iron. It would argue that at no distant period there was a beautiful valley about the lake, with an abundance of vegetation and game. That the rigors of the most northern climate are slowly advancing south is evident in the gradual retreat of the Esquimaux. From this high latitude they have been forced several degrees, and that for no lack of game. Add to this the migration of Icelanders to Manitoba, after becoming hereditarily inured to the climate through an ancestry dating back a thousand years. Of late the ice-flow south has been increasing, until this spring it exceeded the combined fields of any three years known. The bergs have augmented in size, and this year were described as of enormous size, mountain-like, with valleys, rivers, and bays. The summers are growing so cool in the United States that the great cities, instead of being depopulated during alleged warm weather, are crowded. No doubt Major GREELY and his circumpolar contemporaries have data which will enlighten us on this subject. It is relevant to note that in 1821 Scandinavian seal-men found an open winter, the snow melting as it fell. KANE, in the winter of 1851, recorded an average temperature of about minus 5°. The *Polaris* expedition during the winter of 1872-3 experienced a temperature of minus 40°. Dr. HALL asserts that the mercury *froze*. Lieutenant GREELY, ten years later, records a mean thermometer of minus 41°, with a minimum of minus 62½°—the lowest degree yet noted.

Among the many interesting discoveries of the party were some enormous glaciers. Many were found by Lieutenant GREELY in the vicinity of Lake Hazen, the largest of which was named Henrietta Nesmith. This is the third prominent feature of the arctics named after woman. The others are Lady Franklin Bay and Victoria and Albert Mountains. The largest glacier discovered, and perhaps in existence, was found beyond Lake Hazen, in Grinnell Land, toward the polar ocean, and was named after AGASSIZ. It resembled the great wall of China, and was at first so christened. It forms the southern ice cap of Grinnell Land, and is separated from the northern ice cap by sixty miles. Looking out on the polar sea, not far from this glacier, Lieutenant LOCKWOOD saw the northern termination of Grinnell Land, which he named after Sergeant BRAINARD, who followed him persistently and faithfully during the long arctic night. To the south the southern termination was seen, and called Cape Lockwood. Beyond was open water, and across that a new country, which was named after President ARTHUR. Grinnell Land, so thoroughly explored by the GREELY party, may be called the land of glaciers. The Agassiz Glacier is now the most northern, and those of the Grand Tetons, in Wyoming, the most southern, known to North America. If these enormous ice mountains are increasing in size and number, it would not be too much to expect that the temperature of the entire continent is gradually lowering.

In the history of the world, no journey reads like that of the retreat of the GREELY party from Fort Conger south. It is a tale of heroism unparalleled. The rescue by BRAINARD, through a merciless storm, of three of his comrades frozen together in a bag; the poverty of living on shrimps and warm water soup seasoned by strips of seal-skin; the tale of the awful hardships during the last long arctic night, with a cache full of luxuries just across the open water on Littleton Island—must blazon the pages of scientific research while the world stands.

The unprecedented passage of Commander SCHLEY'S relief expedition has also its value to science. He forced his way through ice, often five feet in thickness, by the means of torpedoes and rams. At a future time, when some government resolves to appropriate several millions with which to complete arctic research, its expedition will be armed with powerful torpedoes, with which they may be able to open a broad highway from Cape Farewell to the pole. Had the millions which for three centuries have been scattered over a thin surface, to make so comparatively small progress in arctic exploration, been combined into one fund, there would be no polar mysteries to-day. Perhaps SCHLEY'S example may yet be followed by commerce, and a navy be located off Labrador to batter down the ice mountains, and prevent them from sweeping south and endangering the coast and shipping. By such means only can man aid the sun in arresting the future encroachments of the frigid zone.

CAMP CLAY.

The following account of the camp where Lieutenant GREELY and his surviving companions were found is kindly furnished to HARPER'S WEEKLY by Ensign C. H. HARLOW, of the *Thetis*, to whom we are also indebted for photographs of the hut, and other objects of interest.

Camp Clay, into which Lieutenant GREELY and his entire party moved on November 1, 1883, was situated about five miles west of Cape Sabine, in a little cove, about the same distance from Cocked Hat Island. This site was selected because it was near the scattered provisions that they found there, and because there were plenty of small rocks near by with which to build the house, the party being too weak to transport them from any distance. There was also a small lake, which supplied them with water up to the middle of February.

In May the party moved into tent, at the place where they were found, on a slight elevation overlooking the former camp, and about two hundred and fifty yards to the eastward of it. This change was made owing to the summer thaw setting in and washing out their winter quarters.

The scene about the entire camp was one of the most wretched imaginable. Quantities of débris, old clothes, cans, camp utensils—everything but fuel and food—covered the ground. Valuable chronometers, barometers, and other meteorological instruments were strewn about, showing the disregard that the poor fellows had come to have at the last for anything but life. The tent was an army wall tent, nine feet by nine feet, and was pitched with its opening to the northeast. The part which is seen standing in the picture was the rear, which was cut as the first step in order to remove the sufferers within.

The first words that gave signs of life to the rescuing party were those of GREELY, who said, in a feeble voice, "Cut the tent." The front and western sides had blown down, and the poles were lying across three of the party, who were stretched out in their sleeping bags, entirely too weak to lift the burden off. They had been in this condition sixty-two hours. Forty-eight hours more was the most that any of the party thought that they could survive under the circumstances.

The winter house was twenty-five feet by seventeen feet, with walls of small rocks about six inches in thickness piled to a height of three feet. Over the centre was laid the *Neptune's* whale-boat, forming a ridge-pole, and canvas was stretched across this for a roof. Blocks of snow were banked on the outside to keep out the wind. The door was on the south side, and was about two and a half feet by three feet, with a covered tunnel of the same size running out about twenty-five feet. There were no windows, and the only source of light during the dark, dreary winter nights was an Esquimaux blubber lamp. At the best it was a wretched hovel.

The photographs of the tent and winter house were taken at 11 P.M., with the wind blowing a hurricane. Twice the camera blew over despite the spread of its legs, and the circumstances were such that only the importance of the scene warranted the photographer to snap the shutter and trust to the sensitiveness of his plate. It was with many misgivings that the development was made.

The illustrations tell of the discovery at Cape Sabine, and present the scene which met the view of the rescuing party when they reached the tent. GREELY, too weak to walk, was carried to the launch in a canvas stretcher, while the others were borne through the gale by the sailors. A view is also given of the Devil's Thumb, in Melville Bay, sketched by Lieutenant CHAMBERS, the commander of the *Loch Garry*.

THE GRAND ARMY REUNION.

The reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic at Minneapolis, of which we give an illustration on page 508, was one of the best ever held by the veterans of the war. The crowd of visitors was immense. All the hotels were filled, and private residences in St. Paul and Minneapolis were thrown open to accommodate the guests.

A formal reception was held at Camp Beath, July 22, on which occasion speeches were made by Mayor PILLSBURY, Governor HUBBARD, and Commander BEATH. The next day the grand parade took place. It was a great success in every respect. The whole Army was in line, making the largest demonstration since the war. The weather was fair, and the streets along the line of march were thronged with people, who loudly cheered the boys in blue. At noon the procession passed the City Hall, where children on canopied platforms waved banners and sang an old war song, which the veterans took up as they passed on with uncovered heads. The tattered battle-flags were recognized by the veterans with shouts. The enthusiasm was unbounded.

On the 24th a reception was given to General LOGAN at the Illinois head-quarters, and in the evening to all the visiting generals at General WASHBURN'S residence. There were sports of a miscellaneous character at the encampment all day. A reunion of ex-prisoners of war was held, at which about one hundred gathered.

The newly elected officers of the Grand Army are as follows: Commander-in-Chief, General JOHN KOUNTZ, of Ohio; Judge J. S. REA, of Minneapolis, Senior Vice-Commander; IRA E. HICKS, of Dakota, Junior Vice-Commander; T. M. STANAFELT, of Michigan, Chaplain; and W. H. HALL, of Pennsylvania, Surgeon. Resolutions were passed that no picnics be held on memorial days or Sundays by Grand Army Posts.

The Relief Corps also elected officers, as follows: President, Mrs. KATE B. SHERWOOD, of Toledo; Senior Vice-President, Mrs. SARAH FULLER, of Boston; Junior Vice-President, Mrs. A. J. ANDERSON, of Topeka; Treasurer, Mrs. L. A. TURNER, of Boston; Chaplain, Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER, of Philadelphia; Inspector, Mrs. SARAH S. C. NICHOLS, of Auburn, North Carolina; Committee on Resolutions, Mrs. BROWN, of Kansas, Mrs. LOTTIE MYERS, of Ohio, and Mrs. ELLIOT, of Massachusetts.

BARTHOLDI'S STATUE OF LIBERTY.

On page 523 we give a drawing of the famous statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," sketched by our special artist while preparations were making for its removal. On this side we are getting ready for the reception of the statue. The corner-stone for the pedestal was laid this week, with appropriate ceremonies, and there is every reason to hope that it will be in readiness when the statue shall arrive in this country.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Under a recent decision in the Post-office Department, paper indented with words to be read by the blind is to be classed as printed matter, and may be sent through the mails at the same rate of postage as that paid on matter of the third class. The information at hand does not say whether this classification covers only such matter as is produced by the indenting machines for making raised letters, or includes messages that may be pricked by the blind for the reading of the blind in sheets of letter-paper. If the latter are included, the sightless possess a slight advantage over the seeing, which no one will begrudge them.

Occasional waves like tides in the Great Lakes have puzzled those who have attempted to explain them. There has been a sort of expectation among old observers that these waves would come once in seven years, and that has been the interval between the disturbances on several occasions. According to this expectation there should be a tidal wave in about two years, but there has just been a marked flow and ebb of the waters of Lake Michigan at Milwaukee. The ebb and flow occupies only about fifteen minutes. Persons bathing in the Milwaukee River, near its mouth, found themselves suddenly unable to touch bottom where they had been standing. At a place called the Straight Cut the water receded three feet, but soon returned. It is believed that storms are the cause of these so-called tidal waves.

Othello, played by a company of colored amateur players, is one of the midsummer diversions of the metropolis.

Unsuspecting summer tourists who would object, if they had a chance, to becoming heroes, heroines, or types of minor importance in novels—especially poor novels—yet to be written, and maybe to be published, will be dismayed by a bit of intelligence from Boston which must sooner or later reach them. It seems that there are "material hunters" wandering up and down the shores and the mountains looking for persons in the flesh whom they may reproduce on paper. In order that the forthcoming fiction may abound in characters of clearly defined individuality, it is necessary that the material hunter shall study the person intimately, and find out his or her innermost thoughts, and to that end, the Boston authority avers, the unsuspecting subjects are inveigled into crabbing parties, and in many other ways separated for a more minute inspection. When a man thinks he is entertaining with observations on the events of the time, his listener may be studying him up for reproduction as the city villain in her realistic novel. The young woman who takes compassion on the studious and melancholy looking visitor and endeavors to cheer him up may be submitted subsequently in manuscript form to half the publishers in the land as a type of the heartless beauty. There is consolation in the thought that several lawsuits and verdicts awarding damages have resulted already from this larceny of a person's identity.

General Butler's sure egotism was never displayed to better advantage than in his expressed wish that one of the many spokesmen in one of the several parties which have mentioned him for President would "stop trying to get immortality by writing about me."

At the close of the day on which the new divorce law of France was gazetted, three thousand suits for divorce had been begun, some of them involving noble and conspicuous families. At that rate, France will become the Cape Cod of the Old World.

Brooklyn ladies who come to New York on shopping expeditions are expected to contribute about two hundred dollars a day to the revenue derived from the big bridge. Allowing that none of them would think of walking either way, this would require that four thousand fares should be paid, or that two thousand ladies should visit New York on each week day. On a fairly cool day they would find pleasure in walking across to New York, on which trip they are burdened with nothing but the money they are to expend. But if they were to walk, they would not be able to do much shopping, under the system which employs impudent and indolent young women behind the counters, and loitering cash girls and bundle boys on the floors, and reach their homes before night-fall. So it is probable that if the figures of the bridge management are accurate, the number of women of Brooklyn who come to New York on shopping excursions is not far from two thousand a day. Time becomes so valuable to them that few can afford to cross by the ferries.

Being asked whether she could identify a negro prisoner as the man who had insulted her, a woman said that he looked like the person, "but I am not long enough in the country to swear positively in telling one colored man from another." It is an interesting fact that while there is perhaps as great physiognomical diversity among negroes as among white men, nearly all negro men look alike to persons who are not used to seeing them. The same is true also in respect to Chinese. It is a less interesting fact that all babies look alike to bachelors.

Ever since the pioneer three-card monte man at Coney Island scanned through green goggles the white expanse of sand in search of some one to entertain, the island has had the reputation of treating visitors from rural places with special consideration. It is impossible to picture the excess of exhilaration which the original monte man and his partners would have displayed if in their time they could have seen the throng of rural visitors that swarmed out of one of the railway stations on a recent Sunday. A drenching rain had begun early in the day, and all hands—including the "crooks," "fakes," and other reprehensible characters—had decided that there was nothing to do but make the best of the dreary situation. They were not aware that an enterprising man, two or three hundred miles up country, had started an excursion toward the island, and that no natural causes which were likely to come into operation could stop the eager excursionists. The visitors arrived unannounced, and the island, betraying as little as possible its almost stupefying astonishment, suddenly awoke to activity. The criers in front of the tents inclosing all manner of living monstrosities resumed their howling as naturally as though they had not thought of stopping on account of the rain. Everything was at the disposal of the two or three thousand excursionists, and the rural visitors went away with the conviction that Coney Island was indeed a wonderful place.

STORM AT MOUNT DESERT—CAUSE, MAGNETISM.

THE DEVIL'S THUMB, MELVILLE BAY.—From a Sketch by Lieutenant Colwell, of the "Long Island."

"FOUNDED"—THE WELCOME SIGNAL FROM CAPE SABINE.—From Descriptions and Sketches furnished to our Special Artist by the Officers of the "Tetter."

REACHING THE TENT.—From Descriptions furnished to our Special Artist by Lieutenant Greely.

THE RESCUE OF THE GREELY EXPEDITION.—From Descriptions furnished our Special Artist, and Photographs by C. H. Harlow, U. S. N.—[See Page 516.]

WHAT MET THEIR GAZE.

TAKING SURVIVORS FROM THE TENT TO THE LAUNCH.

THE RESCUE OF THE GREELY EXPEDITION—SCENES AT CAMP CLAY.—FROM DRAWINGS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. W. HAYWARD, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS, AND FROM DESCRIPTIONS BY LIEUTENANT GREELY.—[SEE PAGE 516.]

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AUGUST

Red summer burns to its last ember:
Wake, Love, and sing to me;
Wake, Love, and bring to me
The rose's sweet late ruin; let me hold
Great handfuls of the fervent marigold
And splendid peony.

And when young birds pipe at the early dawning,
Come, Love, and stay with me;
Come, Love, and stray with me
By languid pools where the dusk lily flower
Fades with the summer slowly, hour by hour,
In sleepy ecstasy.

Or to some sweet old-fashioned garden,
Come, Love, and walk with me,
Come, Love, and talk with me;
For peaches brown and gold and rosy red,
Upon celestial dews and sunshine fed,
Wait now for thee and me.

Or 'mid the orchard's blowing grasses,
Oh, Love, come come with me,
Oh, Love, come lose with me
The long green afternoons. There, warm and sweet,
The breath of flowers and smell of ripe fruits meet
In earnest mystery.

Red summer burns to its last ember:
Come, Love, with many a sigh,
We'll see fair summer die,
While August lilies in rich perfume drown
The royal head that wore the red-rose crown
Through June and not July.

LOVE AND MIRAGE;*

or,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER VII.

A CHANCE.

The pose was settled and the task fairly entered upon, when a strange sensation came over Arthur, for a moment hindering the facile pencil just before used with so much aplomb. Again and again he looked at his beautiful sitter, and each glance but heightened the sudden conviction that had flashed across his mind. He must have seen this unforgettable face before. Those clear eyes, so lovely and so pathetic, did not now meet his own for the first time. Yes, the matter was past doubt. At some period or other, and in a place indistinct enough, but certainly not dream-land, they had met before.

The revelation embarrassed him not a little, for any former acquaintance, however slight, must sooner or later force him to drop the mask, and he felt now some compunction at having assumed it. Yet, if he should succeed, his triumph would need no palinode.

Up to this time the sitter had only opened her lips to assent to his choice of position and other technical arrangements. When he paused she rose and inspected the sketch.

"You have certainly caught the likeness," she said, speaking in the same indifferent tone, as if her beauty were no more a thing to glory in than the black dress she wore. "And that is what those two miss," she added, glancing at the rejected canvases.

"The simpler a portrait is, the better, to my thinking," Arthur replied. "What we want is, not a picture, but a personality, unmistakable, stamped with character and originality on the living face itself."

"The life should be there," answered the lady. Then, changing the subject abruptly, she said, with affected carelessness, as if wishing to conceal her motive: "You come from England. Tell me one thing. Can a woman earn her bread there without difficulty?"

"Under certain circumstances, yes."

"What circumstances?" the question was put eagerly.

"A livelihood there depends, as I presume it does all over the world, on aptitude. A clever woman, I suppose, can earn much more than her bread anywhere."

"What do you call cleverness?"

"Well," Arthur said, with some diffidence, "I call it the faculty of giving out. Many people have a respectable amount of knowledge, but general dullness of parts makes it useless to them."

His interlocutor seemed to reflect.

"I am thinking," she said, pensively, "of common people and common cases. Are there more children than teachers in your country, more sick than there are nurses to look after them?"

"I fear not. But there is room for a few paragons even in that line. Can I help you with regard to any especial protégée?" he asked.

Instead of an answer came a question put in the simplest, most natural way in the world.

"What is your name?" she asked, looking straight at him.

Concealment was no longer possible.

Arthur started to his feet, positively blushing with contrition and dismay.

"Pray pardon me," he began, regaining self-possession as quickly as he had lost it. "I came here to-day in the capacity of a mere tourist, not of a portrait painter. But when I saw that I was mistaken for the professional artist evidently expected, I rashly hazarded the part. And I can handle the brush, as you see."

The ingenuous speech and honest smile accompanying it seemed in some degree to disarm the lady's displeasure. Still there was excessive hauteur in her manner and reproach in her astounded look.

"You are an utter stranger here?" she asked.

"Entirely so, a mere holiday excursionist, come to this island for a few weeks' pleasure. It is true I bear a letter introducing me to the Prince, but I had no intention of presenting it to-day. Allow me to see him, to explain—"

"The Prince is absent," she said, coldly. Then, after a pause, during which she seemed to ponder on what was best to be done, she looked at him as if to read him through and through, and made slow reply: "You are an Englishman, and they say an Englishman's word is worth something. Give me yours that not a syllable shall ever pass your lips concerning this interview."

"Certainly," Arthur said.

"They say that your countrymen are curt; but why may not one word suffice? I will trust you."

"I hope so," was the retort, again direct to bluntness. Then, with a sudden glow of eagerness, he asked, "Will you not permit me to finish the sketch?"

Once more the lady reflected. Yes and no were written by turns in that pale proud face; she seemed to wish for the picture, but was evidently anxious to be rid of his company. "I think it will be better to leave off now," she said at last, with some show of reluctance. "I will, however, keep the drawing, and you shall finish it at some future time if circumstances permit."

Arthur looked delighted, and at once proffered a visiting-card. It was, however, merely glanced at, and returned to him.

"English travellers are not so frequent here that there would be any difficulty in finding you," she said, smiling faintly. "But one word more before you go." She looked on the ground, paused irresolute, then, with strange hesitancy, got out the words: "This person—this protégée—of whom I spoke just now has no friends in England. Are the friendless flouted there or elsewhere?"

Arthur once more had recourse to his card-case. "Surely not; but pray let me leave my English address," he urged, feeling at that moment as if he could canvass every educational and philanthropic body in London on behalf of this adorable patroness. "On my return you can write to me. I shall be proud to serve your friend. But," he added, with sudden light breaking on him, "I have a letter introducing me to the Prince. We may meet here again."

A second time the lady became rigid as a statue. "The Prince is absent, and I am here for a few days only," she answered, with excessive hauteur.

Arthur, chilled into silence, began putting his brushes together without much alacrity, his incomparable sitter lingering as if to get out one unwilling word more. At last she said, when he stood on the threshold ready to go: "I thank you—and I rely upon you. Remember that."

The same woman-servant was there to conduct him down-stairs. He could only bow and hurry away, certainly in need of no more distraction yet awhile.

The lovely vision of Elizabeth was for the nonce effaced from his mind as completely as the most desperate lover could desire. Instead of a girlish figure in white, ineffably blue eyes speaking mystery, soft brown hair fringing a candid brow, and delicious glances of appeal, there floated before his inner vision an image lovely, passionless, pathetic, as the doomed heroine of old Greek tragedy. No life in those clear eyes but the life that was gone; no story written on that pale, beautiful face but of wrongs past telling and supreme endurance under misfortune. The more Arthur dwelt on this vision, the more it inthralled and perplexed him. Who might this rare lady be?

He had hardly quitted the precincts of the château when the clouds parted, the sun gleamed forth, and the rain, no longer a steady volume of water, became a mere sprinkling of crystal dew-drops on golden leaves. To his great astonishment he found that it was already three of the clock. Little time to spare if he would return from whence he had come that day. As he paused, irresolute whether to go or stay, no wonder a smile rose to his lips. Could he choose but laugh, half ironical, half self-deprecatory, at the predicament in which he now found himself? To go back, was to fly toward certain peril; to stay, was to run hazards perhaps more dangerous still. Fortunately the island was too small to hold a third snare, soliloquized the young man, almost cynically. He made up his mind to return. Harvey would expect him, and he had not so much as brought a pair of slippers.

"We may lose our hearts, but nobody can afford to lose his knapsack," again moralized Arthur, trying to make merry at his own expense. So he did not attempt to get an idea of the place, but hiring a carriage, or rather something that went by that name, drove straight back to the bower of roses above the bay. The country through which he passed was very uncommon, but Arthur wilfully refused to see it. What could have induced him to come to this remote spot? he mused. Much better to eschew romance, do the regular Swiss round, first with half a dozen conventional beauties, as he had often done, returning to his London life not a whit the wiser or the worse. But these lovely confidential Elizabeths, these beautiful mysterious goddesses in black—what would come of it all? No good, he felt sure, as he somewhat pessimistically and ill-temperedly reviewed the events of the last forty-eight hours, summing up with the thought that it was hardly worth while coming so far in order to make a fool of himself, the thing might have been done so much nearer home.

The sky was now brilliant, and the charming landscape glowed like a bit of mosaic. As the unshapely cariole crawled along, Arthur, though persistently unappreciative and ill-humored, could but take in an enchanting prospect here and there. "Am I in Italy?" he asked himself, as he caught sight of a tiny inland sea of parrot azure shut in by richest foliage, sapphire and emerald dazzlingly bright, or wound in and out little creeks, crystal clear, to which alike cloud-land and the bright world below were perfectly mirrored. Everywhere golden corn and wild flowers, scarlet and blue; everywhere silence and solitude save for companies of sea-ravens wheeling overhead.

The journey was made slowly, with many a halt by the way, and it was night-fall ere the traveller reached the top of the little rose-bordered street sloping toward the shore. The place, however, was all astir, and Arthur saw with astonishment gay Chinese lanterns hanging from every window, flags flying, bands of music on the march, and every soul on the alert.

CHAPTER VIII.

A COMPACT.

"You shall tell me what you have been doing with yourself afterward; let us go now and see the boats come in," cried Harvey, meeting him in the middle of the village. "You have lost the fishermen's regatta, but you will see the little procession on the water. And from *their* garden," he added, exuberantly.

He put his arm within the other's, and led the reluctant Arthur into the most romantic little garden in the world, in honor of the occasion also lighted up with globes of ruby red and deep orange. It was one of those hanging gardens by the sea of which there were many here, below it the lime-trees and rose beds, grassy banks running sheer into the water. A light palisade divided plot and steep bank, whilst on each side of the house were bowers for the use of the guests. This bit of poetry was translated into plain prose: a lodging-house kept by a fisherman and his wife of such good repute that they never had an empty chamber during July and August. These worthy folks and their children were now enjoying this animated scene with the rest of the company, four or five families in all, who slept in doors certainly, but made parlors of the little summer-houses allotted to them in the garden.

"I am delighted that you have come back in time," said Elizabeth, advancing toward Arthur with charming gayety. "Is it not a fairy sight?" she added, pointing to the little flotilla of illuminated boats on the water, "and will it not furnish a bright recollection of our island?"

It is wonderful how a sense of festivity exhilarates the mind as yet unsurfeited by handsomer shows. A few colored lights on the water, a band or two of rustic musicians, flags flying, and children dressed in white and crowned with garlands—how little was here, yet more than enough to put the company into a sportive mood. Elizabeth was no more radiant than the rest. One and all had entered heart and soul into the spirit of the occasion.

"We live here," Elizabeth went on, when Arthur had greeted acquaintances of yesterday's making on both sides, "and only go to the hotel to dine. But where have you been? What made you run away on this day of all others?"

"I am sure I can not tell. I went because I could not stay where I was, I suppose."

Elizabeth turned to him sharply. "And what makes you ever enigmatic?"

"May you not be my exemplar? You were riddling all yesterday."

She seemed ruffled. "We can not intrust the story of our lives to strangers," she said.

"And feelings must ever be more charily dealt with than facts," retorted Arthur.

"Oh!" cried Elizabeth, looking honestly aggrieved now. "Nobody here could intentionally have hurt your feelings, I am sure."

"I am sure of it also. But it is useless to reason with a tired, hungry, and ill-tempered man."

"Will you be in a better temper to-morrow?" asked Elizabeth, much as if she were lovingly sympathetic about a toothache. His captious mood seemed to damp her high spirits, and make her a little mistrustful.

"What is to happen to-morrow?" he asked.

"We have all made up our minds to visit the light-house, provided the weather is fair. The excursion has to be made by sea."

"All? Why must it be all?" retorted Arthur, glancing round, not with disdain, but certainly impatience. His looks said that, estimable as he found these worthy pastors and professors and their families, he should infinitely prefer a fellowship of four.

"Why, indeed?" laughed Elizabeth, gayly. "Because the little steamer is not safe unless well ballasted. We pack ourselves in as closely as we can to steady it."

Arthur made a comic grimace. "A delectable place, this island of yours, if an hour or two's sail is fraught with imminent peril of life and limb."

"Rare delights are worth rare hazards," answered Elizabeth, sententiously.

"I will cheerfully embark with you in a ship that has no bottom at all, on one condition."

"What may your condition be?"

"I am dying to know why you want a brother."

A shadow, but a shadow only, clouded Elizabeth's gayety. "We will make a bargain, then. You shall tell me what you mean by coming here to wait for a mirage, and I will explain—"

"The sorrow you fly from," Arthur put in.

"Nay," said Elizabeth, gently and pensively, "I can not promise so much."

"Make clear at least one of your mysteries. You hinted at a duel."

"You ask too much. We were strangers to each other two days ago."

"Who need dog's-ear an almanac except the bill-discounter? Friendships and peaches may ripen in a day: it depends upon the kind of day, of course."

"But if, indeed, time counts for little in the making of our friends, the fitness of things must be taken into consideration," said Elizabeth, demurely. "We are alone in the world, Flora and I. We must be very circumspect."

"Well," Arthur resumed, pleasantly, "you shall be as circumspect as you please to-morrow. You shall flout your faithful henchman, and fence yourself round with dragonish duennas. But I really will go to the light-house and help to keep the ship steady."

Just then a sudden blaze of fire-works diverted their attention, acquaintances came up, and the remainder of the evening was enjoyed in company. And not till near midnight the rose garden was hushed, save for the ripple of the waves, whilst till a later hour still the sound of music and singing disturbed the village.

Arthur could not sleep. He was in one of those moods when self-questioning was all the more tormenting because it seemed unnecessary. Why should he take any thought for a morrow which was pretty sure to be a pleasant echo of to-day? Why need he disquiet himself at having two beautiful images before his mind instead of one? The lovely Elizabeth might stay, "a cherished visitant"; the sweet and stately vision without a name would probably never be anything more. He dared not entertain the hope of seeing that incomparable lady in the black dress again. Those deep pathetic eyes that seemed to read the secret of destiny had without doubt questioned his own for the first and last time. He had lived through a brief distracting experience that must stand apart from the ordinary occurrences of life. But Elizabeth!—could not his introspections stop short here? How could harm come to him through this sweet girl? Why should he not in all trustingness and security allow himself to drift into love and marriage like others? Yet he reasoned, this young man, half æsthetic, half worldling, not without a touch of romance in his disposition, and certainly not without a touch of expediency. The thing I have desired is not an unmixed good. Love and wedlock, however charming, are disturbing influences. A man engaged heart and soul in intellectual work, and possessing some share of ambition, is best alone. Alike the paragon of spirit and attractiveness who absorbs him and the wrong-headed beauty who is as a millstone round his neck are hindrances to his mental expansion and highest intellectual aims. Measles in the nursery and *chefs-d'œuvre* in the atelier are incompatible. No; he would revel in all the deliciousness this island had to offer him, and turn his back upon it when the time came, as one who has seen a mirage and nothing more.

"An idea strikes me," he said to Harvey next morning as they took their coffee in the hotel garden. "Why not stay at the light-house for a few days?"

Harvey looked blank. "We are very well here."

"But we ought to see something of the island."

"That will not take us very long," the younger brother replied, still lethargic.

"I am afraid if I leave you alone here you will be making a fool of yourself about that pretty Flora."

"Well," Harvey retorted, bearishly, "I suppose making a fool of one's self, as you call it, is no disgrace."

"We know absolutely nothing of these girls, charming as they are—their social position, family history, and so forth," Arthur said, affecting his gravest, most didactic manner.

"I do not mean to be a prig when I take to myself a wife, or expect so great things of me in that line," Harvey answered, still ruffled and disrespectful.

"I tell you what it is: we had better take the next steamer and be off and away. I do not relish our position—I do not, indeed."

"You had better get ready to go to the light-house," Harvey answered, swallowing the remainder of his coffee. Then both brothers had a hearty laugh, and began to make their preparations, Arthur adhering to his first intention. He should stay away a week at least.

"I wish you joy of it," was all Harvey remarked.

CHAPTER IX.

SWEET TALKS OF TWO.

There was no harbor on this side of the island, so that passengers had to be embarked in small boats putting off straight from the shore. As Arthur and his companions took their places in one of these, they saw the empty steamer, lying at anchor, sway to and fro like a buoy. Elizabeth had certainly not exaggerated the business of ballasting. No toy boat could look less seaworthy than the frail craft in which some scores of pleasure-seekers were so gayly about to adventure themselves. As, however, one by one the boats discharged their burden, the tiny steamer grew gradually steadier, and when at last it could hold no more, there seemed nothing left to desire. Hardly a spice of danger to tickle the palates of the enterprising, although, if report spoke truly, these little cruises, whether made by steam or sail, could never be very safe.

The currents were treacherous, squalls apt to rise without warning, and bad the best steamers placed at the disposal of tourists.

Smooth seas, clear heavens, and gay company seemed to bring security, and soon not a soul on board paid further heed to the crazy structure cleaving the bright waves so unconcernedly. The day was flawless, yet without the dazzling splendor of lower zones. Warm, tender, suffused with pearly light, a lovely sublunar sphere seemed this every-day world of July. In the transparent atmosphere all things stood out clear against the pale azure heavens, cliffs shining white, cresting forests, sail of distant shallops, but with softly graduated light and shadows, and quiet dove-like harmonies.

Arthur, sketch-book in hand, persistently avoided an animated group within ear-shot. He heard the voices of Flora and Harvey in merry persiflage, mingled with Elizabeth's graver tones. One or two friends had joined them, and from a certain retiringness in the elder sister's manner he gathered that she meant to be so good as her

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1440.

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word, and to study circumspection for the future. Flora and Harvey she apparently regarded as a pair of children who only needed a frown now and then. For an hour they coasted the cliffs, snowy walls partitioning two blue worlds; then, as if about to turn their backs upon the island altogether, they steered straight out in the open sea for an hour more. They now reached their destination. On the other side of the fine foreland, come upon so suddenly, stood the famous light-house.

The laziest must climb the dizzy escarpment as best he could; no shelter from the noonday sun on the narrow strip of shore; nothing on wheels to raise them to the airy heights from which one or two pigmies were looking down; full-sized human beings they could hardly be. None, however, shirked his duty, and soon the almost perpendicular sides of the cliffs had been scaled by all. Sea sights and sea sounds now vanished. They found themselves in a golden world of corn and flowers, not a tree anywhere, but who wanted shadow under those breezy heavens, every breath wafting coolness and fragrance, every step lifting into airier regions?

"This is delightful," cried Arthur, in the best possible humor. "I shall be able to sketch. But I see no light-house."

"The wise traveller never looks out for anything," laughed Harvey.

"But," Flora added, in a matter-of-fact way, "the light-house we must see, because we dine there. And look, yonder is the tall red tower, and the tables already laid in front."

"May we sit at your table?" asked Arthur of Elizabeth, smiling rather mischievously.

"It is a great scramble. We must just take the first empty places we find," was Elizabeth's unpromising reply. And true enough, though Arthur found an empty place at a merry table, it was not hers. Harvey contrived to sit near the sisters.

"How charming is this homely fare eaten in such a place!" cried the enraptured Londoner. "Black bread soaked in beer soup! They taste to me perfectly delicious."

"Do they really?" Flora said, with an ingenuous sigh. "For my part, I would so much rather eat fine wheaten bread and such potage as they gave us at the hotel in Berlin every day."

"Poor little thing," thought Harvey, "the life I could offer her would indeed be soft and easy compared to that she is evidently accustomed to."

Elizabeth interposed with dignity, and in rather a satiric vein, Harvey thought. "I do not agree with Mr. Venning. The fare is detestable in our island, but I dare say it will do him good."

"Do you take me for so gross a materialist, then?" asked Harvey, affecting a grievance.

"Which of us is free from materialism?" answered Elizabeth, severely. "You confessed to me yesterday that to eat with steel forks cost you a pang."

Harvey took the reproof meekly. At any price he must ingratiate himself with the elder sister. Before Flora he needed no caution. Meantime Arthur, as soon as dinner was over, without a word, set off, sketch-book in hand, determined to shut his mind to other temptations for the present. Having come so far, it would be absurd to go home empty-handed, and wonderful sketching was here, of a dream-like, unearthly kind. The vast golden plateau, open to the four winds of heaven, the flower-crowned buttresses flanking a continent, the encircling sea dim and remote as in a picture, were not to be matched with any recollections brought from the Old World or the New. Austereness of the North was here side by side with Southern fullness of life and glow, dazzling brightness of flowers under pale Northern constellations. The light-house itself, a fine square many-storied tower of deep red brick, stood in the midst of the corn and the poppies, but who cared to climb to the top when the very ground on which it stood seemed to belong to an upper sphere? Arthur dawdled deliciously, choosing this spot and that for to-morrow's labor; his mind was quite made up now to stay behind, so that there could be no need of hurry, he reflected. Throughout all these artistic unthralments he was wondering what Elizabeth could be about, and at last made up his mind to go and see.

From the headland scores of fairy ways led down to the shore, and in whichever direction he looked he saw straw hats and fluttering veils. Some were disporting themselves on the flowery plateau, others taking giddy paths that overlooked the sea farther below, a few had escaladed the light-house, and were surveying surely half Europe from the top. Arthur skirted the cliffs, distracted by the matchless scene—the broad open sweeps bathed in golden light, and enamelled with flowers dazzlingly bright, the pale phantom-like sea, the ineffable solitude, and the silence that brooded over all.

He had not gone far when he espied Elizabeth sitting alone on a grassy ledge of the cliff. A freshly gathered posy lay beside her, but she was gazing intently on the sea, lost in a reverie: so absorbed her mind that not till he was within a few paces did she turn round to greet him, in no uncordial fashion, he thought.

"May I rest here also?" he asked, letting his knapsack slide to the ground.

"There is no privilege here, not a boundary mark or a barrier in the whole island," Elizabeth replied, smiling. "Pray sit down."

"Here, if anywhere under the sun, then, people should speak their minds," Arthur began. "You and I have something to say to each other. We should not stand upon ceremony as if in a drawing-room."

"Yes, I have many things to say to you—if I dared—" There the girl stopped, hardly a blush, just a deeper carnation, mantling her cheeks.

"And I have one thing to say to you—if I dared!" echoed Arthur, emboldened by her timidity.

"Why should any man be afraid?" asked Elizabeth, with that fine flash in her eyes he had seen before. "You may behave as you please: the breath of slander can not harm you. But what a little thing may suffice to cover a woman with shame!"

Arthur naturally interpreted her words to be a passing comment. "Surely this is the very reverse of a squeamish place," he urged. "If our *tête-à-tête* is ill-naturedly gossiped about, then our neighbors fare no better."

True enough, many a group of the little company scattered about the headland had broken up into twos, and with excellent reason. The paths in this love-making island now bore admittance of three.

"I am not thinking of a *tête-à-tête* just now," answered Elizabeth, "although even that might be blamed in me. I was looking further when I spoke." She turned toward him with the beautiful expression of candor and ingenuousness that rendered her face so charming, and added, "How can I feel sure that you are what I take you to be?"

"And what is that?" asked Arthur, briskly. All along he had been willing one thing and wishing another. He longed for the very confidences he felt ready to flee from.

"A good man," was the childishly straightforward reply. "None other can be my friend."

"What is goodness?" Arthur asked, impatiently. "Church-going?—then I am a sinner. Converting the heathen?—gramercy! write me down a villain. Almsgiving in the public ways?—'tis but a brand fit for the burning am I. But has not God given me a conscience as well as my more saintly neighbors? May not my creed be every whit as good as theirs?—better, if I damn them not? You catechise me."

"Are you pitiful toward the weak?" asked Elizabeth, with almost solemn inquisitorialness. "Could you slay the vile?"

Arthur smiled. "A man can hardly affirm so much of himself without blushing. Would you have me boast of being a paragon?"

Elizabeth mused. "My own countrymen have many virtues," she went on; "but I have always believed that there is more pitifulness in the English character, more gentleness, perhaps—dare I say it?—a higher sense of honor. Was it not in England that you invented the word gentleman?"

"That I am," Arthur said, almost meekly. He was trembling inwardly before this sweet confessor, wondering what she would ask him next.

"Then," said Elizabeth, with the same collectedness and directness of purpose, "if an English gentleman is all I take him to be, you will not despise a friendless girl for confiding in him. Listen," she said. "I must speak out. Something, I know not what, prompts me to appeal to you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PELHAM BAY PARK.

It has been once or twice remarked that parks were the lungs of cities. If Manhattan Island is not very well furnished with these useful organs, the "annexed district," when it becomes metropolitan instead of suburban, will have cause to bless the liberal pulmonary provision timely made in its behalf by the commission of which Mr. Luther R. Marsh was chairman, whose recommendations are now in the course of execution.

The entire scheme submitted by these gentlemen, and adopted at the last session of the Legislature, comprises three main parks: Pelham Bay, on the Sound shore of Westchester, just beyond the point at which the East River widens into the Sound; Bronx Park, nearly midway between the Sound and the Hudson; and Van Courtlandt Park, lying on the eastern, which is the gentler, slope of the heights bordering the Hudson beyond Spuyten Duyvil, extending northward to the boundary of Yonkers, and bordering upon the east Woodlawn Cemetery, and upon the south Jerome Park, which are for picturesque purposes continuations of it. The three parks are to be connected by ample avenues, and the system is completed by smaller detached parks in the southern and more closely built quarters.

The most extensive of all is Pelham Bay Park, which includes two islands in the Sound (one of them Hunter's Island), and embraces some 1700 acres, or twice the area of Central Park. It has a very great advantage over Central Park, in that it does not need to be made, but only to be preserved. As we all know, Central Park has no advantages of situation. Its name sums up all that can be said in favor of its site, and it was established as a compromise between the claims of the projectors of rival riparian pleasure-grounds. The original difference between an artificial park like the Central and a natural park like the well-named Prospect Park of Brooklyn can never be wholly overcome by art. The Westchester parks all have this initial advantage of a romantic situation, and they have also the advantage of ancient trees, the lack of which in the Central Park is only now, after a quarter of a century, ceasing to be painfully felt.

The new parks differ widely, also, among themselves. It would not be easy to find in the same area a greater diversity of scenery than they afford. Van Courtlandt Park, the heart of the ancient manor of Van Courtlandt, which two hundred years ago extended all along the lower Hudson, and the manor house of which is to be included in the attractions of the park, is a bold and rugged piece of hill country, and from it glimpses may be had across the Hudson of the still bolder and more rugged escarpment of the Palisades. At the foot of the declivity which Van Courtlandt Park occupies winds, generally in a languid fashion, Jacob Bronck's mill-stream, the "mine own romantic Bronx" of Rodman Drake, with banks still well wooded, and Bronx Park is a charming and peaceful reach of river. From the river to the Sound is a slightly undulating plain, having the flat and sedgy character that appears at intervals along the whole northern shore of the Sound, and that is especially marked in lower Westchester, where the plain is intersected by countless estuaries, and juts out into countless "necks," and where the roads have the aspect of causeways. The salt-marsh is of little esteem for agricultural purposes, and is quite unavailable for subdivision into villa sites, but it has a picturesqueness and a poetry of its own, as some painters and some poets have shown us, notably among the latter Lowell, who has celebrated the flats of his native Cambridge in the "Indian Summer Reverie," and Tennyson, of whom Carlyle declared that his birth and nurture among the fens of Lincolnshire had left an impression on his verse. Nowhere is this character more marked than at Pelham Bay, with its two islands separated from the mainland by little estuaries, and connected again by bridges. Beyond the boundaries of the park lies City Island, to which a bridge is thrown from an inner island, and beyond this Hart's Island. These diversify picturesquely the tranquil expanse of the Sound, here already a great sheet of water, the outlook over which is left for them unbroken.

There could be no better site than this for a public park by the water-side, and fortunately the dedication of it to that purpose will not interfere with any profitable private use, for the uses to which it has thus far been put have not been highly lucrative. Pretty as the place is, and although it is only five or six miles from Harlem Bridge, the charms of this shore have hitherto been almost unknown to New-Yorkers, except the marauders who come by water, and the citizens whose occasions take them over the Harlem River branch of the New Haven Railroad. Bartow, a station on that road, is within the precincts of the new park.

As has been said, Pelham Bay does not need to be converted into a park, but only to be preserved as a park. All that is needed to bring it into public use is more facility of access, and a police force which shall secure the innocent and quiet pleasure-seekers from molestation by pleasure-seekers who are neither innocent nor quiet. The parkway to Bronx Park will supply a more commodious drive than is now available. The waterway from the East River is already open and is ample. The construction of the wharves which will make it fully available for public use is a small matter. When this improvement is made, and walks are laid out within the boundaries of the park, Pelham Bay Park will be one of the most attractive, and not many years can elapse before it will become also one of the most frequented and useful, water-side parks in the world.

A DEMOCRATIC VIEW.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, *July* 24.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Will you allow me to make in your columns some observations upon the remarkable phenomenon of the Independent Republicans' movement? My active interest in national politics began more than fifty years ago, when General Jackson was a second time a candidate for the Presidency and Mr. Clay was his opponent. In all this long period there has been, in at least one respect, no parallel to the present situation of parties. For the first time in our political history the candidate of a great party is openly and publicly denounced by a large and influential section of that party as a corrupt and dishonest man. It is not for me to pronounce upon the justice or the injustice of the charge. In common with other Democrats, I have reasons for voting for Governor Cleveland that do not involve an inquiry into the character of Mr. Blaine. But this Republican revolt from his nomination is a very striking occurrence. The Whig party, of which I was a member so long as it existed as a national party, once made a nomination for the Presidency that was pronounced an "unfit to have been made." But the objection to General Taylor was confined exclusively to his want of civil experience. No man, in or out of the Whig party, questioned his honesty or purity of character, or dreamed of imputing his unfitness to anything but the fact that he was a mere soldier. But now we have a multitude of most respectable men coming forward from the ranks of their own party, and proclaiming that its candidate must be defeated by all honorable means, because he is morally unfit to be put into a high position of public trust. They propose to defeat it by voting for the candidate of the opposite party—a determination which is certainly practically wise, and for which the Democrats have reason to be thankful, because it is based upon the position that their candidate is a man eminently fit to be trusted in all respects.

Heretofore, if one had judged from the universal tone of the Republicans, it would seem to have been their conviction that the Democratic party could not develop a public man who ought to be trusted in the office of President. It now appears, on the frank testimony of leading Republicans who have been sufficiently warm and decided partisans, and many of whom have never before bolted a regular Republican nomination, that the Democratic party has developed such a man, and that he is to receive thousands of Republican votes, not because he will be a choice between two evils, but because his election will be a positive good. The value of this concession goes much farther than the contributory aid to Governor Cleveland's election that is to be given by the votes and the influence of these gentlemen. Their action evinces their complete emancipation from the old prejudice which has so long existed among Republicans against the Democratic party, and it is for this that the country is to be congratulated, and for this the country has become indebted to them. We Democrats have been trying for years to make the country feel, to borrow the words of Mr. Codman's statesman-like speech, that "the constitutional interpretations settled by the war are not disputed," that we "are at least nearly half of the people in the country," and that we "have no desire and can have no interest to check the national prosperity." It is no small public good to have these concessions and many others made by such a body of men as the late Conference of the Independent Republicans. And looking at the matter solely from our own position, we think we have a right to say that we have earned these concessions by our conduct, by the course and character of our leading men in public life, and especially now by the motives which dictated the nomination of such a man as Governor Cleveland, who was nominated because of our belief in his capacity and purpose to carry out the great reform which we wish to see made in the national government.

No one can find any fault with the Independent Republicans because they declare their separation from their own party to be a temporary one. But permit me to say that their just and honorable discrimination should lead them to appreciate the solid ground of the Democratic effort and purpose to reform the system of national taxation. It is quite true that in the Democratic party as well as in the Republican there are differences of opinion on the minor details of revenue legislation. But the distinction between the Republican policy, as represented by Mr. Blaine, and the policy in which all Democrats will be found to concur, is enormous. What we desire to change is the revenue system which pours into the Federal Treasury so much money that unconstitutional appropriations, and extravagance and waste in those that are constitutional, are the prevailing practice. We want an Executive who will watch both parties, and who will stop unconstitutional expenditures to the extent of his power, and will use his influence to prevent extravagance. We have reached a state of things in which the present system of taxation operates as a very insidious kind of corruption, and we are firmly persuaded that this corruption can be put an end to without injury to either capital or labor. It is amusing to read Mr. Blaine's defense of the existing system. He points to the law which applies the surplus to the national debt. Before there can be a surplus, the appropriations and expenditures of the fiscal year must be charged off against the gross revenue. Great as the surplus is—more than $100,000,000 per annum—before it is ascertained, there has been an enormous unnecessary expenditure.

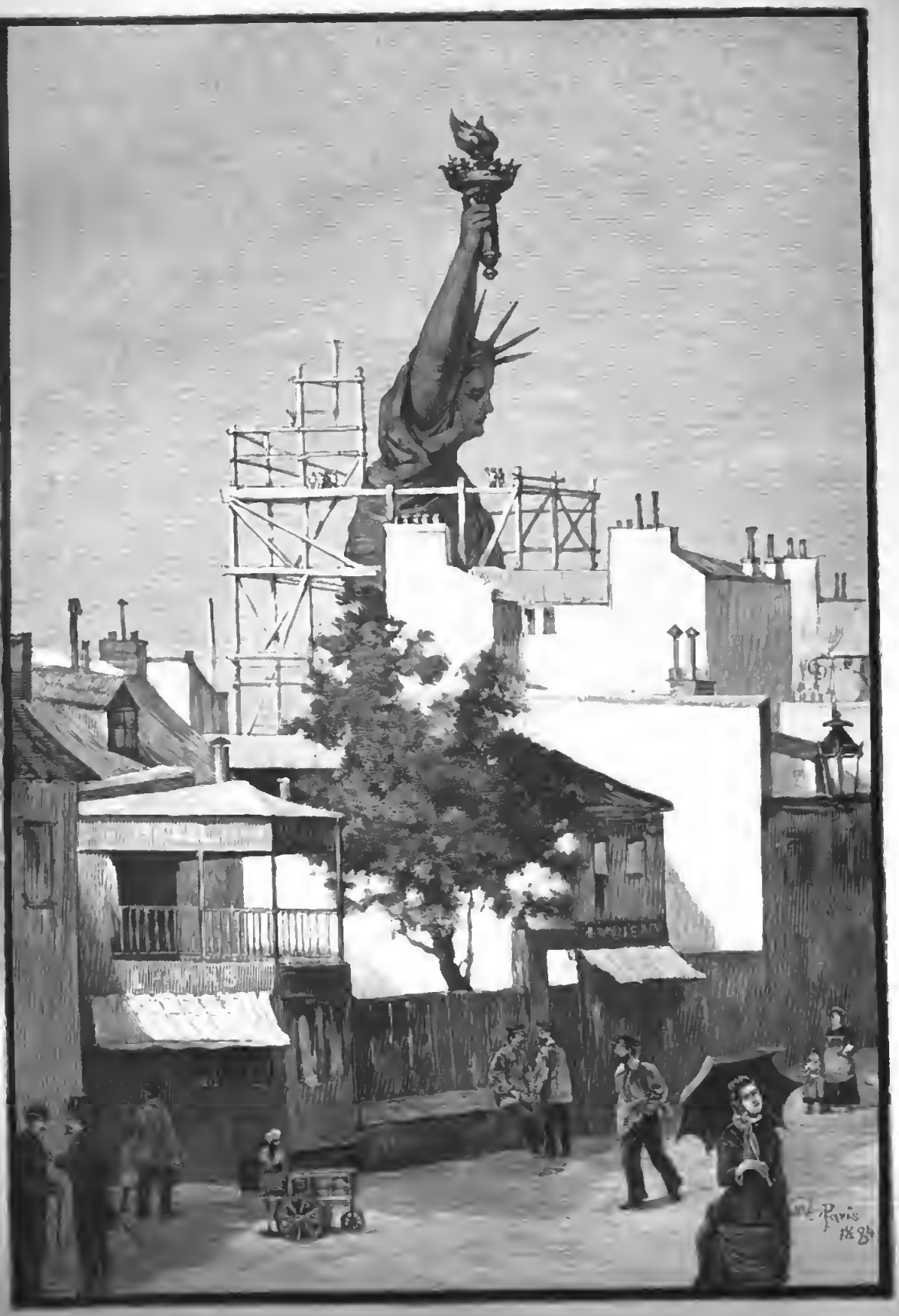
It is against many branches of that expenditure that we wish to strike, and we believe there can be a great reduction and still leave surplus enough for the extinguishment of the public debt as fast as it is expedient to extinguish it. If it were not for this and some other reforms, I for one should be willing to have the Republican party hold power as long as they wish to hold it. But I do not believe they can or will, under Mr. Blaine, restore the government to the true path of the Constitution, or check the waste of public money that is wrung from the people by onerous systems of taxation. Nor do I believe that they will or can carry out civil service reform. It makes all the difference in the world whether the civil service laws are administered by a party that is striving to retain power, or are handed over to a party that has just come in. If we can have a Democratic President who will begin by resolutely enforcing those laws in letter and spirit, sacrificing for himself and all around him every political advantage to be derived from his power over the holders or the expectants of office, and doing what he can for the perfection of that new system, the country may reap the benefits which it looks for. Such a President we may expect to find in Governor Cleveland, unless more than half of the nation are mistaken in his character.

G. T. C.

THE WEAR OF ENGLISH COINS.

More than eleven thousand pounds sterling worth of silver is wasted every year in the course of the circulation of crowns, half-crowns, florins, shillings, and sixpences. One hundred sovereigns of the date of 1820, which were weighed in 1859, showed a loss in weight through the wear of circulation which was estimated at £1 4s. 7d. There is therefore more waste produced in the circulation of gold and silver coins than is generally thought of. A coin, when turned out of the mint brand-new, has a number of vicissitudes to pass through before it is again called in. It is constantly being abraded even by handling. An ordinary chemical balance, which will turn with the $\frac{1}{1000}$th part of a grain, will not show that a shilling has lost in weight when the thumb has been rubbed over it, but one of the feats performed by the induction balance—an electrical instrument, widely different from the chemical balance—has been to show that a coin undergoes loss even when a finger is rubbed over it. It will readily be understood, therefore, that in the numberless handlings a coin has to submit to in the course of years the loss arising therefrom becomes at last sensible to the ordinary balance.

Coins likewise suffer much loss in weight by abrading each other's surfaces when jingling in the pocket, and they are damaged each time a shop-man rings them on his table to see whether they are genuine or not. Every minute particle of matter removed in these or other ways lessens the weight of the coins, and makes them look old; and in the lesser coins, which are much used, this proceeds to such an extent that some one finds difficulty in telling a threepenny from a fourpenny piece. Some years ago a number of precise experiments showed that £100 worth of sovereigns lost £3 0s. 9 4d. of their value in a hundred years, £100 worth of half crowns lost £18 11s. 6.9d., £100 worth of shillings, £36 4s. 3 1d.; and £100 worth of sixpences lost £50 18s. 9.5d. in value, or more than one-half.



THE BARTHOLDI STATUE OF LIBERTY—BEGINNING THE WORK OF REMOVAL.—DRAWN BY R. W. CHESSHIRE.—[SEE PAGE 817.]

THE LATE ROYAL PHELPS.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. D. FREDRICKS.

THE LATE HON. WALTER HARRIMAN.

For many years General WALTER HARRIMAN, who died recently at Concord, New Hampshire, was closely identified with the political history of that State. He served as Representative and as Senator in the State Legislature, as Treasurer, Secretary of State, and Governor, and filled each position with marked ability. Up to 1861 he acted with the Democratic party; but from the outbreak of the civil war he upheld the Union cause in the columns of the Manchester *Union*, of which he was the editor, and in 1862, when President LINCOLN's call came for more troops, he laid down his pen and took up his sword to aid in crushing the rebellion.

In August of that year he was commissioned by Governor BERRY Colonel of the Eleventh Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers, and in September left for the front. He led his regiment in the engagement at Fredericksburg, where they suffered severe loss. He was with the regiment until May 6, 1864, when he was taken prisoner at the Battle of the Wilderness, and was not exchanged until September 18 following. He was actively engaged in the canvass for the re-election of President LINCOLN in 1864, but returned to the front, and was active in the last fight in front of Petersburg, April 2, 1865. At the close of the war he was brevetted Brigadier-General, to date from March 13, 1865. In June, 1865, he returned home with his regiment, and was elected Secretary of State by two successive Legislatures. He was elected Governor in 1867, and re-elected in 1868. In 1869 he was appointed Naval Officer at the port of Boston by President GRANT, and held the office until 1877.

The last years of his useful life were passed in tranquil retirement. His health began to fail about two years ago, and on the 24th of July he died at the age of sixty-seven.

THE LATE MR. ROYAL PHELPS.

MR. ROYAL PHELPS, who died at his home in this city on the morning of July 30, after a painful illness of six weeks, belonged to a class of merchants which New York alone may be said to have created, and of which New York certainly has long been proud. He came hither without fortune, and his career increased the wealth and honor of the metropolis. He detested personal notoriety, but he was public-spirited in the large sense of the term. With everything to tempt him to cultivate the tastes and the demeanor of an aristocrat, he was a democrat on principle. His

THE LATE GOVERNOR HARRIMAN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. G. C. KENNEDY.

THE "GREAT AMERICAN" GAME OF PUBLIC OFFICE FOR PRIVATE GAIN.

This is not "*Protection*"; this is *very* "*Free Trade*" with the people's money.

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large fortune goes to the children of his daughter, the late wife of ex-Governor JOHN LEE CARROLL, of Maryland. Mr PHELPS was the head of the firm of MAITLAND, PHELPS, & CO., and a leader in the Chamber of Commerce. He had the reputation of giving some of the best dinners ever served in this city.

CURIOUS BIBLES.

BESIDES the "Breeches Bible," there are other issues renowned for curious misprints. There is the "Place-maker's Bible." "Blessed are the place-makers, for they shall be called the children of God" (Matt., v. 9). This extraordinary misprint occurred in the second edition of the Geneva Bible, published at Geneva in folio in 1561-2. The mistake was corrected, and, as far as I know, never occurred again. Again, there is the "Vinegar Bible." "The Parable of the Vinegar," instead of "The Parable of the Vineyard," appears in the chapter heading to Luke xx. in an Oxford edition of the authorized version which was published in 1717. The book was published by J. Baskett in imperial folio, and is said to be the most sumptuous of all the Oxford Bibles. The printing is very beautiful, and some of the copies were printed on vellum, but unfortunately the proofs were carelessly read, and the book printed by Baskett was called "a basketful of printers' errors." The book is now prized on account of its typographical faults.

There is, too, the "Wicked Bible." This extraordinary name has been given to an edition of the authorized Bible printed in London by Robert Barker and Martin Lucas in 1631. The negative was left out of one of the commandments, and William Kilburn, writing in 1659, says that, owing to the zeal of Dr Usher, the printer was fined £2000 or £3000. In Laud's published works there is a copy of the king's letter directing that the printers be fined £3000; but Dr Scrivener, however, asserts (I know not on what authority) that the real fine was one of £300, inflicted by Archbishop Laud, "to be expended on a font of fair Greek type." Only four copies of this scarce Bible are now known, as the edition was destroyed and all copies called in as soon as the mistake was discovered. Dr Scrivener declared that a copy existed at Wolfenbüttel. This led to a search being made. No such English Bible was discovered, but a German Bible with the very same mistake was found in its stead.

There is also the "Persecuting Printers' Bible." "Printers have persecuted me without a cause" (Psalms, cxix. 161). The word "printers" instead of "princes" has given occasion for the above name. All we know of this edition is stated by Mr Henry Stevens in the catalogue of the Caxton Exhibition of Bibles, where he says that these words were put into the mouth of Cotton Mather by a blundering typographer in a Bible printed before 1702. There is also the "Ears to Ear Bible." "Who hath ears to ear, let him hear" (Matt., xiii. 43). This adaptation to Cockney usage is found in an 8vo Bible published by the Oxford Press in 1810. The same book contains a more serious blunder in Hebrews, ix. 14: "How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the Eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from *good* works, to serve the living God." And among others we may note the "Standing Fishes Bible." "And it shall come to pass that the 'fishes' shall stand upon it," etc. (Ezek., xlvii. 10). The word "fishes" is used for "fishers" in a 4to Bible printed by the king's printer in London in 1806, and reprinted in a 4to edition of 1813, and in an 8vo edition of 1823.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

A GOOD THING.

DR. AMOS MILLAR, Chicago, Ill., says: "I have recommended Horsford's Acid Phosphate to my patients, and have received very favorable reports. It is one of the very few really valuable preparations now offered to the afflicted. In a practice of thirty-five years I have found a few good things, and this is one of them."—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats, Mice. 15c.
"Rough on Corns," for Corns, Bunions. 15c.
"Buchu-paiba," Great Kidney and Urinary cure.
"Rough on Coughs," Troches, 15c.; Liquid, 50c.
"Rough on Toothache," instant relief. 15c.—[*Adv.*]

SUMMER TOURS.

THE Eastern Railroad pamphlet giving Time-tables, Maps, Hotel lists, and tours covering the White Mountains, Mount Desert, the State of Maine, the Maritime Provinces, and all the Shore, Mountain, and Lake resorts east of Boston, will be mailed free to any address on application to LUCIUS TUTTLE, Gen. Pass. Agt., Boston, Mass.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

FLIES, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.—[*Adv.*]

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Softens the hair when harsh and dry.
Soothes the irritated scalp.
Affords the richest lustre.
Prevents the hair from falling off.
Promotes its healthy, vigorous growth.—[*Adv.*]

THIN People. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, etc. $1.—[*Adv.*]

C. C. SHAYNE, wholesale manufacturer of Sealskin and all leading fashionable furs, is retailing during the summer at lowest cash wholesale prices. Garments manufactured to order. Repairing and altering done. For fashion book mailed free. No. 103 Prince St., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

LADIES who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."—[*Adv.*]

A SUMMER SAFEGUARD

FOR TOURISTS.

A BOTTLE of Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment will be found invaluable to persons about to leave the city. For internal as well as external use in cases of cholera, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, pains of all descriptions, insect stings, &c., &c., it has no equal, being acknowledged throughout the world as the greatest pain reliever ever offered. Price 25 and 50 cents. Depot, 42 Murray Street, New York.—[*Adv.*]

But few articles have reached such a world-wide reputation as ANGOSTURA BITTERS. For over 50 years they have been the acknowledged standard regulators of the digestive organs. Their success has incited imitations. Be sure you get the genuine article, manufactured only by Dr J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.—[*Adv.*]

JOHN STUART MILL had a pipe sticking around in nearly every tree and nook of his spacious lawn. In his walks he regaled himself frequently with a smoke. He changed his pipe often, but when he struck a superior tobacco like Blackwell's Durham Long Cut, he stuck to it like a philosopher, evolving poetical economy from the smoke thereof.—[*Adv.*]

HALFORD SAUCE is conceded the standard relish. Halford Sauce improves every dish by its addition.—[*Adv.*]

CHILDREN slow in development, puny, scrawny, and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."—[*Adv.*]

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Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure* Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

THE TEST OF TIME
Has been applied to AYER'S PILLS, and they have borne it well. For more than forty years they have had a world-wide popularity, rivaled by no other purgative medicine.
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From ex-Postmaster-General JOHN A. J. CRESWELL.

I have read "The Entailed Hat" through carefully. It is, beyond all question, the best of Gath's works, both as to conception and execution, and tried on its intrinsic worth will be adjudged worthy to be preserved and read for many years to come. While to an Eastern Shore man it will have a special interest, because of the charm of genuine romance with which it invests the lower peninsula, it will move the true challenge and hold the attention of the reading public, by a succession of passages of extraordinary merit, all aglow with the fire of true genius, and equal to the most highly praised efforts of the modern masters. The description of Hardscrabble (page 16) is wonderfully suggestive. As I read it, I took in the whole scene, and actually felt that traditional yearning for solitude that a sight of the funeral cypress always brings upon me. That Meshach Milburn's night of sad reminiscences in the old family hut is portrayed with a fidelity and tenderness that make the lines almost liquid upon the page. The boy's ride, followed by the death of the mother, touched me profoundly. After the first reading I turned back and repeated it aloud, and when I concluded, the tears were rolling down my cheeks, and my whole soul went out in unison with the exquisite tone which the writer had drawn from the sympathetic chord in my heart. Vesta's realization of her father's condition, the description of the library, the mockingbird's song, the parcel of the place at the deserted camp-ground, are all true and faithful pictures, admirably drawn and colored. The chapter headed "Twiford's Island" is one of marvellous power. I think the title is too narrow, and suggests nothing of the larger scope and purpose of the book. The author has the fructifying, teeming mind kept in continuous activity by the inspiration of genius; a vivid and exhaustless imagination, coupled with a rare command of the most apt and telling language. I am confident that he will live to wear the laurel which the world gladly concedes to a great writer.

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From JOHN A. COCKERILL, *of "The New York World."*

I had been shut up in a sick-room for some time, and want to acknowledge my indebtedness to the author for having relieved the tedium of a portion of my imprisonment. I have just finished "The Entailed Hat." I want to congratulate Mr Townsend at having written the best story that has been contributed to American literature since Hawthorne's day. It is dramatically constructed, the interest is unflagging, the sentiment is good, and the characters are drawn with rare spirit. That he should have found opportunity to prepare such a thoughtful work in the midst of all his labors is really a marvel. If he had no other claim to literary distinction, he could afford to rest all upon "The Entailed Hat." Apart from its literary merit, I like the story because it is thoroughly American, because it is certain to lift our social tone, and because it is a picturesque history of an evil era, which unfortunately yet lies close to our broader and better civilization. * * * A history which needs to be recounted continually for the strengthening of new generations.

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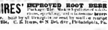

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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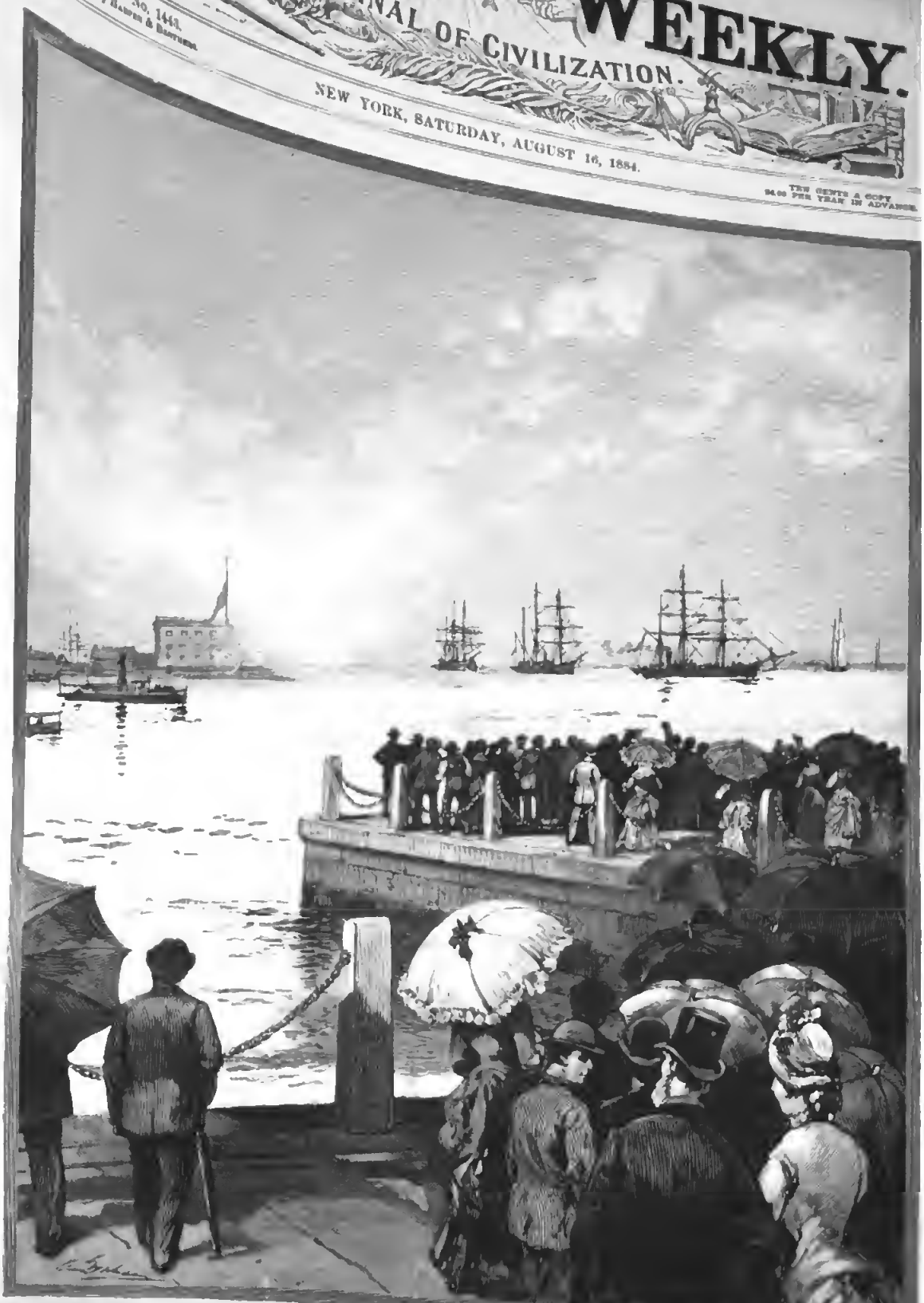

HONORS TO THE ARCTIC DEAD—THE GREELY RELIEF SHIPS PASSING GOVERNOR'S ISLAND—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM—[SEE PAGE 503.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1884.

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"TELL THE TRUTH."

WE have hitherto taken no part in the discussion of reports concerning the private life of the candidates for the Presidency, because such stories told in the midst of an election campaign require very careful examination before any opinion can be properly formed or expressed. We have received letters offering to furnish details of private scandals in the career of Mr. BLAINE, and letters asking our opinion of the scandalous charges which have been made against Mr. CLEVELAND. It is not necessary to say that HARPER'S WEEKLY is not open to such discussion except upon the plain necessity of the case, and after the most diligent inquiry. It is equally unnecessary to say that this journal would no more aid in the election of a notoriously debauched and drunken man to the Presidency than it would advocate the election of a man who had prostituted official place to private gain. The article in the Buffalo *Evening Telegraph*, whatever may be the character of that paper or the motive of the publication, has undoubtedly produced a profound impression. We should be sorry if it had not done so, because the question of the relation between private morality and public position is one of the highest importance, upon which the consciences of this country has been always very sensitive, and it would be a lamentable sign of national decay if that sensibility should be weakened. The article, however, is apparently a maliciously ingenious distortion, misrepresentation, and falsification of the real facts, which as we have ascertained them to the best of our ability are substantially as recited in the *Evening Post* of August 5.

Mr. CLEVELAND has met the charges in the most characteristic manner—a manner which may be well contrasted with that of Mr. BLAINE in regard to the MULLIGAN letters. Promptly and unhesitatingly, with a manliness that every honorable man in the country will appreciate, when the calumnious article appeared, Mr. CLEVELAND said to his friends at once, "Tell the truth." There was no whining about his "private business," no seizing of letters, and after a menacing pressure of public opinion, a theatrical reading of such parts as he chose, and with his own comments; there was no desperate equivocation and attempted concealment. "Tell the truth" was the only reply—a reply which showed a man honorably unwilling to receive any public trust under false pretenses. The truth, it is evident, if the version of the *Evening Post* be correct, as we believe, is totally belied in the article of the *Telegraph*. The truth leaves Mr CLEVELAND entirely free from any just charge of base conduct in the past, or of habitual debauchery and drunkenness "to this hour," of which no evidence known to us has been offered. The Buffalo *Express*, an independent Republican journal which supports Mr. BLAINE for the Presidency, but which earnestly supported Mr. CLEVELAND for Mayor and Governor, and whose editor is in a better position to know the truth than any clergyman or other person who has made himself prominent in disseminating the injurious charges against Mr. CLEVELAND, says, in reply to inquiries, "What we can say, based upon our information and judgment, is this, we do not believe that the charges are in any just sense of the word true." This is not only the conclusion of the editor of the *Express*, but of other most respectable citizens of Buffalo known to us, and it is our own conclusion after careful inquiry. Undoubtedly every good citizen would prefer a choice between two candidates absolutely irreproachable in every respect, and there are many honest persons who will prefer not to vote for a candidate of whom any kind of irregularity at any time can be justly alleged. Such voters, however, if they can not support Mr. CLEVELAND, who said at once, "Tell the truth," can still less support Mr. BLAINE, who said, "Let my private affairs alone," and tried in vain to deceive the country.

In the actual situation the practical alternative seems to us to be between a candidate whose offense is wholly of the past, and was of a kind which does not necessarily disqualify him for the highest public trusts, and a candidate who deliberately prostituted public office to private gain. No such man, so far as we recall, who was self-convicted of the want of official integrity which has aroused the indignant protest against the nomination of Mr. BLAINE, has ever been nominated or elected to a great office in this country. But FRANKLIN and HAMILTON and JEFFERSON and WEBSTER and CLAY, and other eminent men still nearer our own time, were held by their fellow-citizens to be worthy of the highest public responsibilities, although it was known that their private lives had not been always without stain. It was not that the people were indifferent to morality, but that they wisely discriminated between conduct which justly and necessarily unfits a man for public trusts, and that which experience and the general consciousness prove to be compatible with the utmost personal honesty and official fidelity. The allegation that Mr. CLEVELAND is at this time a libertine and a drunkard is unquestionably, upon any kind of evidence known to us, false. His official career has been open to the eyes of all men, and if during the time that he has faithfully executed great public trusts his private life has disgraced his public office, the fact is wholly unknown to us, and certainly no evidence of it has been submitted to the public. No honest man will mistake us as defending moral irregularities of any kind, nor, on the other hand, will he doubt our hearty contempt of those who affect horror at private immorality in order to divert public attention from official corruption. We shall fairly consider any farther disclosures that may be made, and all reasonable arguments that may be offered, and we sincerely deplore the reproaches that are threatened. The proposition to repel the charges against Mr. CLEVELAND by retorting in kind upon Mr BLAINE is intolerable. The supporters of Mr BLAINE have chosen by his nomination to raise the question of official integrity as an indispensable qualification for the chief office in the government. Such an issue can not be evaded, and it is the paramount issue of this election. But if those who are utterly unable to impeach Mr CLEVELAND'S official integrity, or to establish that of Mr BLAINE, should invite a contest of the comparative decency of their past private lives, the contest must be declined for the honor of the American name. A controversy for the Presidency which should turn upon such a discussion would be the most disgusting and degrading in our history.

THE QUINCY ADDRESS.

THE Republicans and Independents of Quincy, in Massachusetts, who propose to vote against Mr. BLAINE have issued an admirable address, and have instructed the chairman of their committee to invite the Republican town committee to a joint discussion of the merits of the canvass. The address draws a clear line of distinction between the duty of a citizen to his country and to his party. His paramount duty is to seek the public welfare, and the address says "that a party rightfully has and can have no claim whatever upon his support except in so far as it tends to promote the public good by a clean, capable, and honest administration of public affairs." The Quincy Republicans say further that the Republican nominations show so wide a departure from the principles which inspired the organization of the party and have maintained its existence as not only to relieve them from obligation to support it, but, so far as those nominations are concerned, to aid in its defeat.

"They do not withdraw from the Republican party," says the address, "and they do not propose to be driven out of it. They do not abandon its principles, nor do they adopt the principles of the Democratic party. They do not relinquish their hope for a useful future of the Republican party under wiser, better, and more honest leadership. They do not withdraw their support from deserving Republican candidates for other offices . . . . . They believe that the Republican party will survive Mr BLAINE'S defeat, and, reorganized and purified, enter upon a future as useful and honorable as its past has been." These Quincy Republicans do not hold that the election of Mr. CLEVELAND would "hand over the government" to its enemies, because they do not believe that the Democrats, however they may differ with them, are public enemies, and because they know that the President is not the government, and that Mr CLEVELAND as President would honestly, faithfully, and intelligently execute the laws, and veto any attempt to interfere with the laws which aim to purify the public service and to protect the public servants.

The address recites the objections to Mr. BLAINE, and adds: "It is to be borne in mind in respect to these personal objections that they are not mere suspicions or accusations, as has been so freely alleged, but they are logical and inevitable conclusions from premises furnished by the correspondence and statements of Mr. BLAINE himself. If his own statements are not reliable, he certainly is not a fit person for President; if they are reliable, we have his own certificate of his unfitness." The address says further: "The undersigned believe that Mr. BLAINE'S recent utterances show him to be an utterly reckless and untrustworthy leader. His declaration in favor of the distribution of the surplus revenue among the States, his proposition to pay the State debt of Virginia, can be accounted for only upon the theory that they are unscrupulous bids for ignorant votes." It arraigns him for his practice, not for his professions, in regard to civil service reform. "That he is in no sense a reformer is shown by the prompt and energetic rally to his support of all the objectionable elements of the Republican party. There is not a man who has ever brought scandal and disgrace upon it who is not enthusiastic in Mr. BLAINE'S behalf. Is there any intelligent Republican innocent enough to believe that Mr. ELKINS, in whose hands the management of Mr. BLAINE'S campaign is placed, is heartily, honestly, and sincerely laboring to elect to the Presidency an enthusiastic and determined civil service reformer?"

THE ASSESSMENT ROBBERY.

THE Civil Service Act of January, 1883, provides as follows:

"*Section* 11. That no Senator, or Representative, or Territorial Delegate of the Congress, or Senator, Representative, or Delegate elect, or any officer or employee of either of said Houses, and no executive, judicial, military, or naval officer of the United States, and no clerk or employé of any department, branch, or bureau of the executive, judicial, or military or naval service of the United States, shall *directly or indirectly solicit or receive, or be in any manner concerned in soliciting or receiving*, any assessment, subscription, or *contribution* for any political purpose whatever, from any officer, clerk, or employé of the United States, or any department, branch, or bureau thereof, or from any person receiving any salary or compensation from moneys derived from the Treasury of the United States."

The intention of this provision is clear. It is to break up the system of robbery of the public employés which is known as political assessments—one of the most offensive of all the abuses which the act in question seeks to reform, and which, as undertaken by a committee of which Mr. HUBBELL was chairman, aroused the indignation of the country two years ago. Loyal and honest regard for the spirit and intention of the act requires that the whole scheme of plundering under the name of voluntary contributions should be abandoned. To claim especial credit for the party as a party of reform, and to seek party success by the practice of the abuses to be reformed, is a proceeding upon which the public judgment will not be doubtful.

The Republican National Committee has appointed a sub-committee to collect funds in the District of Columbia. This is a perfectly proper measure. There are honest expenses in every campaign, which should be defrayed by those who are disposed willingly to contribute. But there is one class of the community which is not left to its free choice. The government clerks know perfectly well when they are "invited to contribute voluntarily" that if they decline to give, they are marked, and will be dropped upon the first occasion. The invitation to them is a threat, and the purpose of the law was to protect them against it, and to leave them wholly free like other citizens. This, however, can not be done except by honest treatment, which they do not receive. The law forbids certain officers to solicit or receive, or be in any manner concerned in soliciting or receiving, any assessment, subscription, or contribution from any officer, clerk, or employé of the United States. If, therefore, any member of the National Committee is an officer whom the law forbids to solicit, he is amenable to the law for soliciting a contribution if the sub-committee sends a soliciting circular to any employé of the government.

Undoubtedly the robbery of clerks under plea of invitations to contribute will not be undertaken without legal advice. It may be that no member of the committee or of the sub-committee falls under the literal prohibition of the law. But the summons to the clerks by men of the highest political influence, the arrangements for receiving the money, and the traditions of this familiar scheme of robbery show the intention of perpetuating the old abuse. If the law is to be honestly respected, there will be no appeal to clerks in the public service which is not made to clerks in private service and to citizens generally. No member of the committee who sincerely desires a reform of the abuses of patronage will under such circumstances directly or indirectly solicit a contribu-

tion from a clerk. But should any member of the committee or of the soliciting sub-committee prove to be within the prohibited class, we trust that the law will be tested, and that any such offender will be brought to justice. The penalty is a fine not exceeding $5000, or imprisonment for not more than three years, or both, at the discretion of the court. The Reform Associations are watching closely this endeavor to outwit the law, and their aid in enforcing it will not be wanting.

THE REPUBLICAN PROTEST.

Mr. Roger Wolcott, one of the most highly esteemed Republicans in Massachusetts, and eminent in all wise charitable movements in that State, has declared his inability to vote for Mr. Blaine. Mr. Ripley Ropes, a distinguished Republican citizen of Brooklyn, New York, and the Honorable W. J. Bacon, a Republican octogenarian of Utica, and former member of Congress, are among the later bolters. The National Committee of Republicans and Independents are constantly receiving letters from Republicans of the highest character who are not politicians, and who decline to support the nominations. The number who do not care to take any public position upon the subject is, of course, much larger than that of those who declare their opposition. The ratio is undoubtedly not less than two to one. The 5000 or more names already enrolled in Massachusetts alone by the Independent committee, therefore, show a very serious defection, and it is not a defection which lessens with a clearer understanding of the real issues of the campaign.

Judge F. O. Mason, long Judge of Ontario County, in New York, and law partner of Secretary Folger, who was a delegate to the Garfield Convention in 1880, a man of high character and sound learning, writes to the *Geneva Gazette*, New York:

"I think that in this instance the Democratic party has not made a mistake. It seems to have correctly apprehended the real demand of the people, which is for administrative reform, and to have met that demand by the character of its candidate. Cleveland has not yet had a long career, but it has been long enough to show that he possesses honesty and courage; that he regards office as a public trust for the benefit of the people, and not merely for a party; that he is sincere in his desire to reform the civil service and remove it from partisan control, and is in favor of honest government economically administered. As to Blaine, he is a man who, as Speaker of the House of Representatives, volunteered to make a ruling upon a motion affecting a land grant in the interest of parties to be benefited by the grant, and who immediately afterward importuned the parties benefited for pecuniary compensation for his official action, and took it. He adopted for himself a standard of morals in official life so demoralizing and degrading as not only to render him unfit for the Presidential office, but for any office of public trust whatever. He represents all that is lowest in tone, most reprehensible in methods, and most reckless in spirit in the Republican party. Apart from his moral unfitness, he lacks the poise of character, the just balance of high talents, essential to a wise and judicious Executive. He has shown no sympathy with civil service reform or any other reform, and his chief public utterances upon current topics since his retirement to private life consist of a justification for repudiators in Virginia, and of a proposition for the distribution of the surplus moneys in the Treasury—the most mischievous and demoralizing in character ever offered for public consideration. To select such a candidate to bear the standard of reform is to insult reform with burlesque."

A BOOMERANG.

Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony attribute to personal hatred the opposition of Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and other advocates of equal suffrage to the election of Mr. Blaine. But these excellent ladies strike unwisely at their own cause. If such men are actuated in so important a matter by so base a feeling, for what contemptible reason do they advocate woman suffrage?

A COLORED WEIGHER.

A colored weigher has just made his appearance upon the wharves of Philadelphia, where he is viewed with surprise by the general public, and with apprehension and alarm, as is reported, by his Caucasian colleagues. There are two noteworthy facts about this appointment. One is that the new weigher won his place after a competitive examination, in which he passed third, with an average of eighty-five per cent.; and another is that he is a full-blooded African, so that the hypothesis by which believers in the ineradicable intellectual inferiority of the negro have striven to account for the ability of persons of mixed race can not here be applied.

The appointment is not only highly creditable to the appointer, Mr. Tucker, but it is full of encouragement both to believers in democracy and to believers in civil service reform. It is an indication of that equality which Senator Bayard well described as "the equality of opportunity," which lies at the base of our political and social system. A white weigher or other functionary who resents the appointment of a black man to a place which he has fairly won is not a good American, because he is not a good man.

LOWERING RECORDS.

Within the week the trotting record for one mile has been lowered by one half second, by two stages of a quarter second each, and the record of steam-ship passages from New York to Queenstown by nearly two hours, the *Oregon* beating by that space the passage of the *America*.

There is a difference between one half second and two hours, but there is not so much difference in the proportion of the time by which the record has been beaten to the length of the course. The *Oregon's* passage is about one-eightieth faster than the best previous passage, while the last performance of Maud S. is only one-two-hundred-and-sixtieth better than her own previous best, or half that proportion better than the record of Jay-Eye-See, which was set her to beat.

These are very small notches by which the pegs marking best performances are raised. But they amount to something considerable in the course of a generation. A quarter of a second is not of much practical moment even to a man who is in a hurry to arrive by buggy, nor two hours to the most impatient voyager. Nevertheless, it is by such slight advances that the speed of horses and steam-ships has been increased since the day when Flora Temple astonished people by beating 2:20, and when eight days was the unattained ambition of captains of fast steamers.

It is to be noted that both these achievements are in the direction of practical utility. Unlike the thorough-bred, the trotter is a most practical and useful beast, and the swiftness of ocean voyages is a matter that intimately concerns all mankind. Both, too, are triumphs of art, for the modern trotter is an artificial creation almost as much as the modern steamer. It is by judicious efforts in breeding, training, and handling trotters that they have been developed to the point where a mile can be trotted very nearly as fast as a century ago it could be run.

BACK FROM THE FROZEN SEAS.

The welcome of their countrymen has already saluted the heroic survivors of Greely's expedition. We hold it to be an auspicious thing that the question *cui bono?* which was so commonly put when the fate of the explorers yet lay in doubt, is asked no longer, now that that fate is determined. There is not only a feeling that just now the question would be inopportune and ungracious, though that feeling doubtless has its part; there is also the feeling, which the story of the expedition is well fitted to arouse, that there is utility for all mankind in every exhibition of human heroism, and in the record of the steadfastness and courage shown "in watchings often," in cold and hunger through the long solitude of the arctic night, is the record of one of the noblest of such exhibitions. "Spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues," and as the value to mankind of a bloody battle may outweigh in example even its frightful cost in suffering, even so the cruel deaths of the victims of this expedition, and the cruel hardships its survivors have come through, may, when need comes, inspire volunteers to some signal service of humanity.

It is most fortunate for this purpose that in the latest story of arctic exploration there are no episodes of human weakness and cowardice to break the force of its showing of human strength and courage. Many gallant men, lately escaped from like trials of their manhood, have caused their fellows almost to blush for those whom they were yet forced to admire. Pitiable squabbles, mutinies, dissensions, scandals, have come to light as if to show us that man at his best is but a poor creature. We ought all to be thankful that no such pettinesses have come to light to belittle the heroism of the latest arctic explorer, and that there is nothing to indicate that any such have been concealed to be brought to light hereafter.

THE BARTHOLDI PEDESTAL.

The ceremonies at the formal laying of the corner-stone for the pedestal of the Bartholdi monument derived their chief significance from the addresses of the French consul, M. Lefaivre, on the part of France, and of Mr. William Allen Butler, on behalf of the association which has been formed to erect the pedestal. The century of friendship between France and the United States has never been interrupted, nor even seriously threatened, except very soon after its formation, when an indiscreet representative of France would have made trouble but for the firmness, dignity, and good sense of Washington. An ingenious writer has recently attempted to prove the error of the common belief that the Declaration of Independence owed either its substance or its form to the French writers of the eighteenth century, ascribing both to the English political philosophers of the seventeenth. But the attempt is not convincing to those who reflect how unlike are the bold generalizations of the French and the cautious and lawyer-like deductions of the contemporary English publicists, and who note how completely the French method is followed in the Declaration. The furry created by Citizen Genet would have been impossible but for the attachment of Jefferson and his followers to French political ideas, as well as for the gratitude of the new nation to the timely assistance of the French arms. During Washington's first administration, indeed, the country was divided into French and anti-French parties, who were mutually stigmatized as French infidels and British monarchists.

We are not perhaps more sympathetic with French ways of thought than are the English, but distance has removed from us the facilities for misunderstanding the French which the English so abundantly enjoy, and the three several efforts to establish a republic in France, including the latest and most auspicious, though really having little in common with our own political ideas, could scarcely fail to strengthen a feeling of good-will which had its origin in the boyish espousal of our cause by Lafayette, and the succor brought to our arms by Rochambeau and De Grasse. There could not be a more fitting symbol of this feeling than that which has been devised by M. Bartholdi. It will be extremely discreditable to New York, now that the part of France is fully done, if our preparations for receiving and exhibiting the gift of France are not made as fast as they are needed.

PERSONAL.

One of the most pathetic records of modern times is that which describes the meeting of Lieutenant Greely with his wife, after a three years' separation and unspeakable suffering. The event occurred on board the *Thetis*, off Portsmouth, New Hampshire. A peculiar signal, relates an eye-witness, was given on a boatswain's whistle to indicate that Mrs. Greely was ready to meet her husband. She trembled in every limb, her breath came in gasps, and her whole frame shook with emotion. With trembling steps she went to the cabin door, and just at the instant she entered, Commander Schley left the room. Lieutenant Greely was sitting with his back to the door; but when Commander Schley so abruptly left him he turned, and at the same instant saw his wife enter. With a loud cry, that was more like a gigantic sob half smothered, Lieutenant Greely bounded from his chair with eyes gleaming with joy at the sight that gladdened them. Mrs. Greely, tall, dark, and stately, sprang forward to meet her husband. The door was closed upon them. After they had been alone for twenty minutes, her brothers were called in, and cordially greeted their brother-in-law. It was noticeable on board the *Thetis* that everybody shed tears when Mrs. Greely entered the cabin where her husband was. Late in the afternoon the mother of Lieutenant Greely came from Newburyport, and was taken at once on board the *Thetis*. When she arrived there, Mr. and Mrs. Greely were seated in Commander Schley's cabin, alternately crying and laughing and embracing. An instant before, Commander Schley stepped to the door and said, "Lieutenant, your mother is here." Mrs. Greely then entered, and threw her arms around her son's neck, saying only, "My son! my son!" Lieutenant Greely spoke but one word, "Mother!" but in his tone and expression there was a world of tenderness. Clasping her in his arms, the Lieutenant did nothing else but sob, while the mother cried like a child.

—The American colony in London, observes Mr. Lawrence Barrett, is altogether different from the much talked-of Parisian colony. It is a colony of artists rather than of rich idlers, and yet the social position of these artists seems to be above what any millionaire, as a millionaire, could aspire to. There is a revival in England which places an artist to-day in the same relation to the social plane as was the case in Athens in the days of Pericles. Go to Leighton's, to Tadema's, to Millais's, houses, and you find palaces. Meet them in society, and they lord it over all. And it is into this circle of the elect that Abbey, Boughton, Parsons, Millet, and others have penetrated, and been received with open arms. Abbey, the artist, is the pet of every one. It is marvellous how popular he is. Frank Millet now spends his summers in England regularly, and is a bosom-friend of Alma-Tadema's, and a welcome guest everywhere.

—Senator John Sherman's new house in Mansfield, Ohio, of dark red brick, two stories high, with trimmings of reddish, many veined sandstone, and a Mansard roof, is one of the handsomest and most commodious private residences in the State. The rooms are large, the porches are roomy, the ceilings are high, and the windows are ample, looking out upon extensive and beautiful views of farm lands and wooded hills, the site being elevated to a degree unusual in that part of the country. Each room has its fire-place for ventilation and for cheery warmth, its electric bells, its well-joined floors, and its perfection of modern improvements. A better place for entertaining many guests, in summer or in winter, need not be wished for. The halls are so wide that a wagon load of hay from the Senator's farm might easily be driven through them.

—It now appears that early in his literary career Charles Dickens used his prolific pen in writing advertisements for tradesmen. One of his productions, recently unearthed, was for a manufacturer of blacking, as follows:

"I pitied the dove, for my bosom was tender,
I pitied the sigh that she gave to the wind;
But I ne'er shall forget the superlative splendor
Of Warren's jet blacking, the pride of mankind."

—"Byron's death [wrote Heine, at the age of twenty-five] has moved me much. He was the only man to whom I felt myself related, and we might certainly in many respects be compared, jest about it as you will. I have read him little the last few years: one prefers intercourse with men whose character differs from one's own. Intercourse with him I always held at my ease, and on terms of perfect equality, as with a fellow-soldier."

—At the recent session of the Concord School of Philosophy, Mr. John Fiske stated anew his conception of the Darwinian theory, and maintained that it was entirely compatible with a belief in personal, self-conscious immortality. Some of his hearers objected to such a view of Darwinism. "If we are descended from apes," said one of them, "we are no more immortal than they." To which Mr. Fiske replied: "But how do you know that apes are not immortal? Immortality is not, I admit, a logical deduction, but it is a fundamental conviction of my soul, and as such I stand by it."

—Said Thoreau: I am inclined to think bathing almost one of the necessaries of life, but it is surprising how indifferent some are to it. One farmer who came to bathe in Walden one Sunday while I lived there told me it was the first bath he had had for fifteen years.

—Mr. Henry Irving, at a banquet given by the Irving Amateur Dramatic Club, gloried in the fact that he had never applied for state aid in running his theatre, as the French and Continental managers do. Theatres subsidized by the state, he exclaimed, are a curse to the profession, and I hope that I may never be driven to such straits as to find it necessary to ask the government to assist me in placing the Lyceum Theatre productions before the public in a manner consistent with my ideas of the fitness of things.

—A lady visitor to Worth's establishment in Paris describes that dress-making celebrity as tall, burly, red faced, and slouchy-looking, with fishy eyes, and a hot temper for customers who refuse to leave orders after inspecting goods. All of his clerks are compelled to wear the same cut of clothes, and the color and fabric must be of fine material. Worth himself is very careless in attire, hasty in judgment, and decidedly petulant. He affects a passion for flowers, and owns some fifty acres of nursery plants and blossoms.

—Mr. Harry Ford, of Washington, has been recalling the incidents of the assassination of President Lincoln. "On the day of the assassination," he says, "about noon, John Wilkes Booth came down to the theatre, and stopped there to read a letter. I can remember very well seeing him sitting on the steps outside. I told him that President Lincoln and General Grant were coming to the theatre that night. I said that President Lincoln and General Grant would occupy one box, and added, as a joke, to tease him, that Jefferson Davis and General Lee would be in another box. He denounced General Lee very vigorously for having surrendered the sword of Virginia. That evening, after the performance had begun, he came to the theatre, and as he passed the box office looked into the window, and putting his arm through, placed a cigar, which he had partly smoked, on a shelf inside, and said, in a mock-heroic style,

'Whoe'er this cigar dares displace,
Must meet Wilkes Booth face to face.'

These were the last words I ever heard him speak. Later in the evening we heard a pistol-shot in the theatre. We opened a little window, and saw Booth crouching on the stage with a knife in his hand. A few minutes—which seemed an hour—passed before the whole terrible truth was known."

—Referring to the performances of Mr. Augustin Daly's dramatic company in London, Mr. Labouchere says: It was refreshing to sit under these quick, bright, intelligent, sympathetic performers—French in their facility, American in their eccentricity—after the dull, clumsy, wooden-headed dreariness often palmed off on us as a substitute for fun. It would be difficult in England to find a neater light comedian than John Drew, who is the pivot of the performance, a less offensive actor than Charles Leclercq, or a better soubrette than Miss May Fielding. They all strike the palate like wholesome dry champagne in place of thick, muddy, heavy beer. But the best artiste is Ada Rehan. Funny women on the English stage are generally old or middle-aged. To get a young woman who is both pretty and funny is something very new; and not to laugh at Miss Rehan's assumption of a seemingly modest and timid girl who knows her way about, is to be ignorant of what true fun is.

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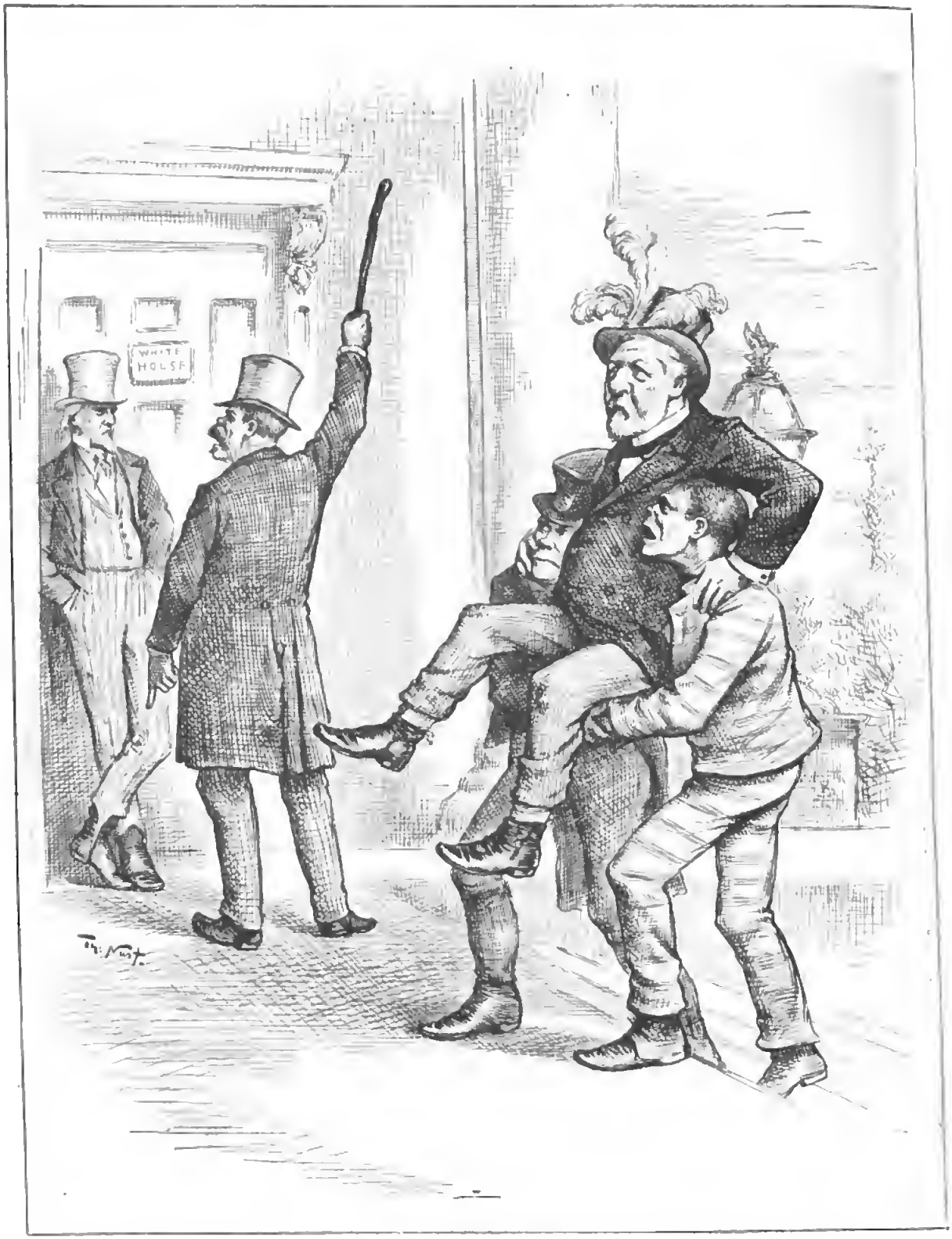

THE SO CALLED "INTENSELY AMERICAN CANDIDATE."

DYNAMITE DICTATOR. "I hope that the wire will flash the tidings of this magnificent demonstration to the English Aristocracy, telling them that THE IRISHMEN of America intend to put JAMES G. BLAINE in the chair of GEORGE WASHINGTON."

UNCLE SAM. "Gammon! The English Aristocracy is nothing to me. No true Irish-*Americans* are dynamiters—and I think I have something to say about this."

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JAY GOULD WINS THE YACHT RACE—THE "ATALANTA" PASSING FORT TRUMBULL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 540.]

"HE GOT ON PRETTY FAIRLY WITH THAT AMIABLE ANIMAL IN HIS BOX."—[SEE SERIAL "FROM FOOT TO FOOTE," PAGE 533.]

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART.

AUTHOR OF "BREAKING LONGSHOT," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TOUCHER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

SIR MARMADUKE MARTINDALE.

It was about this time that three suddenly rose above the turf horizon that bright particular star Sir Marmaduke Martindale, and with the advent of Sir Marmaduke came what is generally known as the era of the "plungers." At twenty-one the young baronet found himself in possession of twenty thousand a year and one hundred thousand pounds ready money, the accumulations of a somewhat long minority. During his Cambridge career Sir Marmaduke had shown much more taste for the computation of the odds than the absorbing study of conic sections. He preferred the lore of Newmarket to the teaching of the schools, and no sooner was he his own master than he promptly repudiated a University which, truth to tell, had been more than once on the verge of repudiating him. Sir Marmaduke had never affected the slightest intention of taking a degree, but there are plenty of men who go up to Oxford and Cambridge without any design of that nature. The baronet's irregularities had been pretty notorious, and that he should have escaped the pains and penalties of his offending was due partly to luck and partly to the leniency of the authorities. The Dons of his college don't trouble their heads very much about a man of this sort as far as his reading is concerned, providing he is subordinate to the discipline of the University, and does not out overtakers, they not on more of him. Never having expected him to be a credit to his college, they are content to rest satisfied as long as he avoids the other extreme, and does not become a disgrace to it.

In on man's blood did the fierce itch of gambling run hotter than Sir Marmaduke's. He had exhibited this wild passion for play while at the University, and had even then contrived to have a few horses in training at Newmarket; but once emancipated from all restraint, Sir Marmaduke embarked to coving on a colossal scale. He gathered together a lengthy string of thorough-breds, and the boldest of betters stared aghast at the magnitude of his speculations. He became the head of a small clique who played almost as boldly as himself. Betting in those days was carried on on a scale of which the young men of the present day have no conception, and sums of such magnitude could be won over the great races as is now no longer possible. Amongst other equine celebrities owned by Sir Marmaduke was this colt Pibroch, of which Cuthbert Elliston had spoken to Pearson. The horse had only two once as a two-year-old, when he had won a small stake at Newmarket, defeating some hour or five very moderate opponents. From his performances he had not the slightest right to be first favorite for the Two Thousand Guineas, but first favorite he was, and, what is more, one of the hottest favorites that had been seen for many years. That the stable knew a good deal more about him than the public it was only fair to conjecture, and when Sir Marmaduke and his friends really fancied a horse, the sheer weight of money that they invested upon him invariably brought him to the top of the poll. Both backers and book-makers are exceedingly like sheep, and invariably follow the lead of two or three guiding spirits.

Sir Marmaduke was a man who already, in his short career, had made some marvellous coups on the turf, and that ravenous section of the British public who indulge in such speculation were now keenly observant of everything he did, and excessively anxious to share his fortunes, consequently the public now were wildly backing Pibroch for the Guineas, although, of course, upon much less favorable terms than his owner and friends had contrived to do. Though it wanted yet almost a month of the day fixed for the race, seven to four was the latest quotation against Sir Marmaduke's colt.

Mr Cuthbert Elliston had been early in the field, and had contrived to appropriate a considerable proportion of money at the same price as the stable for himself and Pearson. Elliston was a man who had quite a staff of horse-watchers and people of that kind in his employ, and undoubtedly often was an early possession of valuable information concerning stables other than his own. He paid well for such, and never required by what means it had been come by, but on one point he was reticulum. If ever the information supplied by one of his surmisions turned out false, Cuthbert Elliston left on stone unturned to punish the offender. More than one of these jackals of the race-course had rued the day when, either from design or carelessness, they had dispatched false intelligence to Cuthbert Elliston.

Sam Pearson, as he read the weekly account of the doings at Tattersall's, felt well satisfied with what his partner had done about Pibroch. Too may know nothing about racing, but to buy shares at a low price and find them going up forty as fifty per cent, is a thing understood by most people, and that is precisely what the quotations from Tattersall's represented to Pearson.

Ah, well! it is all over now, and horse-racing, according to many people who study the signs of the times, is in a fair way to share the fate of pugilism. The days long syne when investors used to enjoy all the fun of watching the fluctuations of their stakes in the turf share-market all through the winter are gone. We live in days of cant and mock civilization, and are perfectly hysterical in our shrieks regarding cruelty to animals. We sacrifice our fellow-creatures without the slightest compunction in the number less petty wars in which we are everlastingly engaged, and yet shrink from putting the rope round the murderer's neck. Civilized, no doubt—our advancing in civilization! But what is the outcome of it all?

Sir Marmaduke had opened the season in rare form. The ring had winced at the setting over the Cavan Meeting, and were now perfectly paralyzed by another stroke of turf strategy in the part of that young Napoleon of the race-course. A dangerous three-year-old made his appearance at this last meeting, and landed a Biennial Stake over the Rowley Mile in such heroisome fashion as to suggest to the minds of the bookers-on that he was likely to imperil the victors of Pibroch in the Two Thousand, however good that colt might be. Before the ensuing week was over it became known through turf circles that Sir Marmaduke had bought this new-comer for a fabulous sum, and after that, as the book makers said, who could say what this daring young gambler might do? That he had a wonderful class, shrewd head, those who came most in contact with him were fain to acknowledge, that he was a very fair judge of racing was also apparent, while even his veteran trainer was often filled with astonishment at the information he possessed about antagonistic stables. Sir Marmaduke, indeed, employed a very array of horse-watchers. He eclipsed Cuthbert Elliston in this respect, and, though he might lack that gentleman's experience, he possessed a very much longer purse. Informers against horses, like informers against humanity, are ever at the disposal of the highest bidders.

It was curious to see the effect of Sir Marmaduke's appearance in the ring, when, with his hat slightly pushed back, flower in button-hole and cigarette in mouth, he stepped inside the roaring circle, and opened that betting-book, bound in the colors they knew so well, the book-makers swarmed round him like bees round a honey comb, and the quick, short note with which, the price once adjusted, he would pencil down three or four pages of bets, was a sight to see. Men don't back horses in such fashion nowadays, and perhaps it is an ill, but I never can help a lingering feeling of admiration for those bold betters of the "plunging era."

I suppose in the old days of the Prince Regent and Crockford's, when Charles Fox played hazard from sunset to sunrise, they perhaps gambled as fiercely; but I doubt if man of the present time can ever recall heavier gambling on the turf than when Sir Marmaduke Martindale was on the zenith of his career. There were all sorts of rumors concerning him. Twas said that he slept with his betting book and a Derringer pistol under his pillow, that he lived chiefly upon champagne and cigarettes. The rumors of his winnings were fabulous; of his losings people never spoke, and yet the most reliable axiom connected with gambling is contained in the line, "But dice will run the contrary way."

It was some three weeks before the First Spring Meeting at Newmarket, and Tattersall's was in tremendous blast that Monday. Hotter and hotter was the desire to invest upon Pibroch, but boldly as the backers came to the front, still the fielders never flinched. No sooner was six to four taken in hundreds than the student voice of Bob Broughton—one of the leading Northern book makers—rang through the room with:

"Here's another seven hundred to four against Pibroch."

Seated on one of the benches outside the little Subscription Room, with the eternal cigarette in his mouth, was the owner of that noble animal. His hat was tipped over his eyes on this occasion, and not thrown slightly back on his head, as was the case when he meant really transacting business; he seemed half asleep, and was only roused from his reverie by a good-looking man, who lounged up to him and said:

"I say, Morm, they're knocking your horse about like the dence inside. What's the matter?—is there anything wrong with him?"

"There wasn't at nine this morning. He did a good gallop, and pulled up fresh and well; and I should have been wired to in cipher had anything happened."

"All right, old man; blessed if I don't have another seven hundred to four about him at once. Broughton and some more of them there have got a crane that they know something."

"Well," said Sir Marmaduke, in his usual languid manner, "I think I wouldn't be in a hurry if I were you."

"Why? You tell me the horse is all right; what the dence do you mean?" exclaimed Captain Farrington.

"Well, as a rule, I usually mean what I say. I simply reiterate the horse is well; but if you take my advice, you won't be in a hurry to back him."

"But, hang it all, old fellow, just explain."

"My dear Farrington, if there's one thing I pride myself upon, it is the extreme simplicity of my English. I never go into verbose explanations. Do as you like; but don't turn round upon me afterward and say I might have told you. Turf tactics are beautiful in their simplicity and ingenuity, but you can't win if you lay your cards upon the table."

Captain Farrington gave vent to a subdued whistle. He was a bold and daring plunger, and had concentrated such brains as Providence had given him on the study of the mysteries of the turf. He knew better than to attempt book-making, being conscious that arithmetic was one of his weak points, but in the backing of horses, like the backing of the colors to rouge et noir, there is a delightful simplicity requiring but little intellect to master. He did not do so very badly upon the whole. He was a popular man, and received various hints from the racing magnates as to judicious investments, although, as in the present case, it took a little hummering into his handsome head.

"Should clever fellow is Marmy. Suppose I'd better wait and see what his little game is."

He hadn't very long to wait. As the clock in the Subscription Room marked a quarter to five, Martindale lounged in in his usual somnolent manner. "Want to back a horse, Sir Marmaduke?" was shouted from more than one throat, but above the din thundered Broughton's voice with.

"Here's seven fifties to four Pibroch!"

"Have a bet, Sir Marmaduke," said one of the wilest speculators on the turf market. "I've only just begun a book on the Guineas, and you haven't given me a cross yet. Let me write you down."

"So you shall," rejoined the heroine, "if you really mean betting."

"All right, Sir Marmaduke; what shall it be? In monkeys or thousands?"

"I'll tell you what you shall do," said the baronet, drawing his betting-book from his pocket, "you shall lay me ten thousand to a thousand against Bishbranger, and if anybody wants to go on"—and here the baronet looked defiantly at the surrounding crowd of book-makers—"they can lay it again!"

It was something like a shell exploding in that circle. Here was the owner of the favorite backing his new purchase instead of standing to his old love. There was a slight hesitation, and then from various quarters rang out offers to take the odds against Bishbranger, with the natural consequence that his stable companion, Pibroch, began to decline in the betting. As for Sir Marmaduke, he was inflexible. He offered to take ten to one not only again, but twice over, but the ring had got a scare, and eight to one was the highest offer. Muttering something contemptuously to the effect that he really had no time to waste with a lot of men who didn't mean betting in earnest, but were simply all talk, the baronet snapped up his book and left the Subscription Room. As he made his way up the narrow passage to the outer door he was overtaken by Farrington.

"By Jove, old fellow!" said that gentleman, "you've set 'em a tickle inside that will keep 'em thinking all night. But I say, Morm, is Bishbranger really the best?"

"My dear Hotchpot, don't ask indiscreet questions. Rest satisfied with what I told you at the beginning of the afternoon—namely, that if you waited you'd get longer odds about Pibroch."

The Honorable remained wrapped in reverie for some few minutes after the baronet left. At last his thoughts took tangible form, and he muttered, "It's a rum go, and which is the real pea I'm blessed if I know."

CHAPTER X.

AN UNDER-GRADUATE OF THE SADDLE.

GERALD ROCHINGHAM, under the assumed name of Jim Forrest, had now been installed for some three weeks at Biddleton Grange. He stuck closely to his work, was successively willing and punctual—though devotion in this last matter is a thing rarely known in a racing stable. He had won Joe Butters's regard, not only for these qualities, but from his perfect nerve with the horses. Jim Forrest, indeed, seemed quite indifferent as to what he rode, and was now appointed to back after the Dancing Master. He got on pretty fairly with that amiable animal in his box, and could administer to more with the horse on the training ground than any one else. I don't at all mean that he had exercised the devil entirely out of the brute. The horse still continued to show his savage temper, as heretofore. He would suddenly decline to move at all, then he would buck, kick, and plunge like a very demon. Then again he would take hold of his bit, and for once in a way gallop with a vengeance, cutting down both Caterham and Phracton at seven pounds less than weight-for-age in marvellous fashion, making old Bill Greyson grind his teeth with exasperation when he thought of the brute's waywardness.

"There's all the makes in the world at the villain's mercy if we could only rely upon him. What a thing temper is, both amongst horses and Christians!"

One thing the astute trainer noticed was that the Dancing Master had never succeeded in getting rid of young Forrest. He had thrown every lad in the stable, not even excepting the redoubtable Joe Butters, but Jim Forrest, thanks to his firm seat and untiring vigilance, had never been so disposed of, unless the first morning, when the horse went back with him, should be so accounted. Not a pleasant horse to ride, by any manner of means. He would go along quietly and easily just to lull you to sleep, and then without a word of warning break out as his nastiness, the result of which was that many a boy turned a somersault in the air. Jim owed his immunity to never relaxing his vigilance. After that first morning he had never asked for the favor of a whip, and Bill Greyson had often admired the patience with which the lad would bear with the horse's vagaries. He would sometimes wear the Dancing Master out when he was in one of his sullen moods by sitting unmovable as one of the sentries at the Horse-Guards, and quietly waiting till it pleased him to move, when at last the horse, I presume from sheer weariness of spirit, would break into life again, and either kick as plunge, or start down the gallop like a stand possessed.

"Tell you what, Dollie, that was rather a good pick up, that last boy—that young Forrest. He's only been with us three weeks as so, and I'm blessed if he isn't the best of the lot of them. Mark me, if he don't put no flesh nor become too heavy, he'll likely come out as a jockey some of these days," said Mr Greyson one morning.

That Dollie watched her lover's progress with the keenest interest I need scarcely say, but the very merely succeeded in exchanging a word with him. It would have been a terrible solecism for Miss Greyson to have been seen talking to one of the stable-boys. Should Jim Forrest ever become a jockey, then of course, it would be perfectly correct, as by the immutable law of entire jockeys seem invariably to look amongst the trainer's daughters for a wife. Although Jim bore his lot with great resolution, it had more discomfort then usual connected with it. It need scarcely be said that association with his companions was extremely distasteful to him, and that they should bitterly resent his standing rather aloof from them was only natural. They speedily recognized that he was of a class above them selves, and liked him no better for that, stigmatizing him as a "blasted swell," and subjecting him occasionally not only to their coarse jests, but further electing him as a fit subject to play practical jokes upon. However, all this sort of thing came very speedily to a end. One of the biggest boys, encouraged by the placid manner with which Forrest tolerated this sort of horse-play, thought fit to indulge his humor rather further one evening. He caught a Tartar with a vengeance. Jim's left shot out straight and steady as the matador's sword, and stretched the joker flat upon his back. "A ring! a ring!" shouted his companions, and with little stomach for the task the aggressor found himself obliged to stand up to his victim and fight him to outrance. Bob Matthews—for such was the aggressor's name—would have very gladly compromised matters; but his comrades had no idea of being defrauded of all the gratifications of a fight. Jim was about a year older than his antagonist, and besides a natural athletic for all athletic pursuits, had enjoyed the advantage of professional instruction. Three rounds saw the termination of the whole affair; and that Bob Matthews should have come up for the third time after the severe punishment he had received, showed that, though destitute of science, he was at all events not wanting in pluck.

I need scarcely say that from this out no one attempted to interfere with Jim. The stable lads had ascertained two very important points—not only that he would fight, but also that he could; in fact, the straightness, quickness, and accuracy of his hitting had excited an small admiration in the little community.

If the life was somewhat hard, it was at all event healthy. Early hours, lots of exercise on the bracing moorland, and plenty of wholesome food, for though jockeys are perforce condemned to lead the fiers of anchorites, the boys in any stable of repute are well taken care of, and by no means "muzzled." Still it was galling to one who had been brought up as heir to Cranley Chase to have to endure at times sharp rating from a man who had stood almost in the capacity of servant to his father, and, willing as Jim was, the scrapping down of his horse was new to him. He was not ignorant of how it ought to be done, but he lacked the practical knowledge. As Mr Greyson said emphatically to him one morning, "You've better in the saddle than the stable, my lad. Don't be afraid of your horse; rub him down as if you were polishing a dining table."

"He's a little as hard to deal with, sir," expostulated Jim.

"We never want answers unless asked for in a racing stable," replied Grayson, sharply. "Your business, my lad, is to take in what's said to you, and offer no opinion upon it. If I take a lion my head to train tigers, you'll have to do 'em properly, or go."

Trainers have their annoyances like other people. Annoyances, as a rule, are reflected in the temper like a face in a glass, and Mr Greyson at times would almost shake his fist and curse the Dancing Master after some out-of-the-way misconduct on that provoking animal's part. It was aggravating after such a piece of luck as carrying off the Two Thousand and Leger the previous year to find yourself with a colt in the stable quite capable of a similar feat if he could only be induced to do his best. But there it was. A queerer-tempered animal than the Dancing Master it had never been Bill Greyson's lot to take charge of. His legs seemed of iron. He was never sick nor sorry, nor any anxiety to his trainer to that way, but what vagaries that wayward gray might indulge in on a race-course no mortal could foresee. His owner, Cuthbert Elliston, felt more vindictive concerning him than even Grey son. His wrath at times would that ought to be a veritable gold mine to him, and obstinately declined to exert itself, was virulent in the extreme, and over and over again he declared that it was cheaper to shoot such hot-tempered brutes at once. You could not then be reduced by fallacious performances on the home gallops into losing your money over them on a race-course, and the Dancing Master, during his two year-old career, had proved a terribly expensive horse from his erratic caprices.

Gradually Jim got excessively fond of his charge, and the wayward gray second after his own fashion to reciprocate his attendant's regard. It was undoubted that he would behave better to Jim than to any other boy in the stable, but that was not saying on very much, after all. It was never safe to be at all careless in dealing with him, and on the training ground his behavior was as often as not quite as unruly as ever. Still, Jim, after the manner of the class with which he had identified himself, believed that his charge was the greatest three-year-old in England.

"If you could only make up your mind to take things in reason, old man," he would say sometimes, as he caressed the gray's black muzzle, when that fickle quadruped was in an amiable mood, "you could take a double first, you know you could. I know it's only your light-hearedness; but you carry it too far, you do indeed; and spoiling our waistcoat, or fetching me one on

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1439.

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the legs isn't a nice way of showing your gratitude."

Hazlitt has said "that the apprentice who does not believe that he will come to be Lord Mayor is in a fair way to be hanged." Similarly the stable-lad who does not think that the colt he looks after is a very possible Derby winner will do no good in his vocation. Jim stuck doggedly to his work, and never made answer again to any rebuke which Greyson addressed to him, rising gradually higher in that astute worthy's esteem than he could have imagined.

Another thing that had much perturbed Jim in the first few weeks of his novitiate was the fear of being recognized, but this gradually faded away, as he found how very few of his own class were ever to be seen about Riddleton Moor. True, he knew that some time or other he should probably have to encounter Cuthbert Elliston or Pearson, but, as Dollie pointed out, the difference of dress and their being so utterly unprepared to see him in such a position would make their noticing him improbable. If he would simply wear a wrap round his throat that he could pull well up if necessary, a very common article of attire with his companions, and take the precaution of pulling his cap well over his brows when such partial concealment of his face became necessary, there was little fear of his being recognized.

"Don't be offended, Gerald dear, but our patrons don't take much notice of the stable-lads as a rule," said Miss Greyson, "and you may trust me to let you know when we may expect visitors."

At eighteen, when we have done nothing, we are wont to think the eyes of the world are upon us. At eight-and-thirty, when we have shot our bolt, we know it is very unlikely to take heed of us. Jim Forrest, meanwhile, stuck stubbornly to the rough and somewhat monotonous existence he had marked out for himself. Wicked as the Dancing Master's temper was, Jim spent hours meditating over conciliatory measures concerning him, but the capricious brute, after exhibiting exemplary manners for two mornings running, and flattering his trainer into the belief that they had at last won his confidence, would on the third behave like a horse possessed, and even patient Bill Greyson, though firmly impressed as ever with what the gray could do if he chose, was getting more despondent every day about his ever being in the humor to try when wanted.

"It's hard, Dollie, confounded hard," he would say sometimes in the bitterness of his heart, "that gray colt trains on every day, no cause for uneasiness about him. He's sound in wind and limb as any ever I handled, and cleans out his manger as a horse should do. That Forrest, who looks after him, is a smart lad, too. The brute's had every chance, and there the ungrateful devil stands. He's good enough to sweep the board this year, and bad enough to break the Bank of England."

"What does Mr. Elliston say about him, father?" asked the girl.

"Hates the very name of him. You see we had a rattling good year all round last, but the Dancing Master. He took the gilt off the gingerbread considerable. What we dropped over him on the New Stakes at Ascot made a considerable hole in the Two Thousand winnings, while half the Phaeton money was down on him for the Middle Park, when he started first favorite, and never even got placed."

"I'm sorry, father. It's very provoking. Will he gallop with what's-his-name—I mean Forrest—on his back?"

"Sometimes. But it's the old story: he will and he won't—and there's no guessing when he will."

"Shall you send him to Newmarket to follow in Caterham's footsteps, father?"

"Most unlikely he would follow even if sent," snapped Mr. Greyson; "but Mr. Elliston must decide that, and I don't think he'll trust him again. I should think one hundred and fifty or so would buy him, and to any one who wants a superannuated groom comfortably chawed up, or a horse-box kicked down, he's cheap at the money."

"He's not dangerous to the boy who looks after him, surely," said Dollie, quickly.

"No, not exactly. Forrest understands him, and he's fairly behaved with him in the stable, but he'd eat anybody who hadn't nerve and quickness, and he looks at times like a mad horse."

"And will win the Two Thousand?" interposed the girl, laughing.

"More likely never to have left Riddleton the day that race is run," replied her father. "However, Mr. Elliston is coming next week, and that will settle it."

"Yes, I suppose he will decide then," replied the girl, dreamily. "Good-night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DAYTON MONUMENT.

The dedication of the soldiers' monument at Dayton, Ohio, which took place on the 31st of July, was the occasion of a grand celebration, which began on the 29th, and continued three days. Thousands of veterans and civilians from all parts of the country participated in the festivities.

The monument is a fine specimen of monumental architecture. The esplanade is a solid piece of masonry, twenty-five feet square by one in height. Upon this are three steps, forming an easy ascent to the monument proper. These three steps are symbolical in almost every secret order in the world, and they form a base of more than ordinary interest. They are each one foot thick, and measure, by squares, twenty feet four inches, nineteen feet ten inches, and seventeen feet six inches. The base of the monument proper is fifteen feet square by four thick, and is built of rubble-work, more appropriately rock-faced blocks of granite. The first dressed block of granite rests upon this foundation, and is twelve feet square and two feet three inches in thickness.

The Greek cube or die rests upon this plinth, and is ten feet six inches in height, breadth, and thickness. This die is plain, and shows up grandly in its massive simplicity. A plinth seven feet square and five feet high rests upon the die. It is square at the bottom, but by graceful curves and lines forms an octagon on the top, upon which to receive the cylindrical base of the column, or, in other words, the upper and second die. This is five feet six inches in diameter, and has a height of eight feet. A circular moulding, five feet in diameter and four feet three inches high, rests upon this second die, and receives the Doric column. This shaft or monolith (single stone) is one solid piece of circular granite, and stands twenty-eight feet high, having a base of three feet six inches in diameter. It is the largest stone ever raised in this country by a derrick, weighing nearly sixty thousand pounds. The column capital is placed upon this shaft, and upon this the statue plinth.

The statue is crowned by the figure of a sentinel standing at parade rest. It is eleven feet in height, and very picturesque in effect.

The monument stands eighty-five feet high, and is made from Hallowell granite from the State of Maine. It is of the finest to be procured in this country. The following inscriptions are cut in tasteful letters on the Greek cube:

On the side facing southward is inscribed: "The Memorial of Montgomery County to her Soldiers. Dedicated July 31, 1884." On the east: "The Republic Rests on the Virtue, Intelligence, and Patriotism of its Citizens." On the north: "The Federal Union Must and Shall be Preserved." On the west: "Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable."

A BLACK CAMP IN AUSTRALIA.

The interior of all the huts was very much the same, a few old rugs on the bare ground, coiled upon which in some cases was an old woman, in others two, generally smoking a very short and dirty black clay pipe, and clothed in a ragged shirt, or simply covered with the corner of one of the rugs. In all cases there were in the hut one or two mangy curs, mongrels of the worst description, which seemed to consider they had as much right to the comfortable part of the dwelling as the human occupants, with whom they dwelt not always in perfect harmony. In one case we found three women all smoking, the youngest of whom had nothing on; the proud sable beauty, however, seemed not to resent our thus beholding her in Nature's garb, and would not even take the trouble to pull the old blanket on which she was coiled up round her, but yabbered away as if she were arrayed in the latest style of costume supplied by Worth himself.

Around one of the fires were some of the women, a child or two, and an old man, eating what seemed to be some broiled fish, done in the ashes; the mangy curs that belonged to the family appeared to have a right to poke their noses in, and regardless of the blows which every now and then were dealt them by their human masters, succeeding in carrying off stray bits of food. I was much struck by seeing one of the women—"gins" is their proper title—rescue a bit of meat, or whatever the compound was, from a dog, and eat it as if nothing had happened.

After we had satisfied our curiosity in the camp, we wandered off through the scrub, and met some of the men and women coming home; these were in all cases very much like the blacks we had left in the huts. The women, some of whom looked quite young, were all smoking the same sort of pipe, and wearing the usual short, in some few cases a skirt as well. The men were all bearded, as, indeed, is universal all over Australia, and not as ugly, according to the white man's standard, as their female companions. They stood about five feet eight or nine inches without the aid of boots—an unknown luxury among the blacks—and their usual garments were a pair of trousers and a shirt; in some cases only the latter. Both men and women seemed to take the common savage delight in tying up their hair with strips of any bright-colored stuff they could get.

A BIT OF PORTUGAL.

We were more than charmed with our first journey in Portugal. For miles and miles the country looked like one immense orchard, and when the fruit trees ceased, we passed through great forests of cork-trees, which in their turn gave place to vineyards and fields of grain. In many places we saw vines trained on fruit trees, under which grain was springing up, the ground thus yielding a triple harvest. If other parts of Portugal are like the north, it well deserves the title of the garden of Europe.

Oporto is a busy, bright-looking city, occupying a hilly situation on the banks of the Douro. One hill in the very centre of the town is crowned by the cathedral and bishop's palace, another by the church of Los Clerigos with its imposing campanile, and yet another by the public garden and crystal palace. Many of the streets are broad and handsome, but most of them are very steep.

In Oporto all carts and wagons are drawn by oxen. The draught oxen in use are very large, and have truly magnificent horns. They draw in couples, and wear heavy yokes of beautifully carved wood, trimmed usually with scarlet fringe. They look extremely docile and patient, and deserving of more gentle treatment than they generally meet with. It is quite usual to see a pair of horns measuring from six to eight feet from tip to tip; and it is no easy matter to pass a yoke of oxen with such horns, should one chance to meet them in a narrow street. In such cases we were sometimes compelled to make for a shop or open doorway, and take refuge until the wagon had passed. The oldest and most picturesque part of the town is in the neighborhood of the cathedral. There the streets are particularly steep and narrow, and the queer little low-roofed shops with unglazed windows are quite Oriental-looking.

The cathedral is ancient, but has been much and badly modernized. In one of the transept chapels, which formed part of an older church than the present one, there is a particularly handsome retable of massive silver, which by some lucky chance escaped the pillaging hands of the French. The centre part of it, a shrine in the form of a temple, is Grecian in design, and is of much finer workmanship than the more florid side-pieces, which are of comparatively recent date. The cloisters in connection with the cathedral are small, but very perfect. The narrow, pointed arches are supported by slender double pillars, and the walls are lined with old-fashioned-looking blue tiles representing Scriptural subjects. Glazed tiles are much used in Oporto for the fronts of houses, with a very pleasing effect. The party-colored tiles are not nearly so trying to the eyes as the dazzling granite or whitewash which they replace, and at the same time they serve to keep the houses cooler in summer and drier in winter than they would otherwise be. One of the most remarkable streets is the Rua das Flores, a whole side of which is occupied by jewellers' shops. Gold and silver filigree is quite a specialty of this district. It is wrought by the peasants in their country homes during the long winter evenings. The usual forms are long massive chains, enormous heart-shaped pendants, very long heavy ear-rings, crosses, and beads. The gold used is of the finest, the English alloyed gold being entirely despised by the Portuguese. Well-to-do peasants invest all their savings in jewelry of this sort, considering it safer than banking; consequently it is no uncommon thing to see a woman, in ordinary country dress, literally loaded with gold ornaments. They are not, however, worn ostentatiously, for generally they are almost entirely hidden by a shawl or kerchief.

ANCIENT COLOSSAL SCULPTURE.

A piece of interesting news comes to us from Egypt regarding a discovery recently made in Lower Egypt by Mr. Flinders Petrie of the fragments of a colossal statue of King Rameses II., which, calculating the height from the fragments which remain, must have stood considerably over one hundred feet in height. The material employed is granite, and the executing of such a work in such a material, and when completed, rearing it into position, must have involved a profound knowledge not only of high art, but of engineering skill. Is it possible that the statue could have been cut out whole in one piece? If so, what lever power did the Egyptians possess to raise such an enormous weight into a perpendicular position?

Certain it is that those ancient builders knew well how to get over, and did get over, prodigious difficulties, as witness their obelisks, and the enormous stones which compose the platform of the magnificent Temple of the Sun at Baalbec. As there is no stone quarry near, how these vast stones could possibly have been conveyed thither in the first place, and then raised to their position, has been an enigma to all modern architects and engineers by whom the temple has been critically examined, and who have freely confessed that, even with all our modern science of steam-cranes, hydraulic jacks, and railways, the transport and raising of such immense cyclopean masses would have undoubtedly presented many serious difficulties, if indeed it could be accomplished at all.

Some of our readers doubtless saw Mr. Poynter's grand picture in the Royal Academy of London, a few years ago, entitled "Israel in Egypt." It represented an enormous mass of sculpture mounted on a wheeled truck, dragged along by hundreds of the unfortunate captive Israelites, who are smarting under the whips of their cruel drivers. Mr. Poynter had good authority for his "motive power" as shown in his picture. So far as we can discover from ancient works or ancient sculptures, the largest stone masses were transported mainly by force of human muscles, with few mechanical expedients. Levers and rollers seem to have been almost, if not altogether, unknown. The mass was generally placed on a kind of sledge, the ground over which it was to pass lubricated with some oily substance, and the sheer strength of human shoulders was then applied.

A WORD TO DELICATE PEOPLE.

Without being actual dyspeptics, a great many people suffer from what is termed a weak digestion. The symptoms of such a condition of stomach and intestines are only too well known: the feeling of uneasiness after eating, with probably some degree of distension and flatulence, acid eructations, constipation or the reverse, or the one state alternating with another, discomforting or alarming sensations about the region of the heart, swimming in the head, noises in the ears, sleeplessness or non-refreshing slumber, occasional headaches, general ennui and weariness, and lastly, nervous symptoms of any or all kinds, not the least distressing of which may be some of the many *phobias* that afflict people with weak digestions, from claustrophobia to hydrophobia. I have had patients whom no amount of reasoning would convince that they were not suffering from heart-disease; others who suffered—they said—from incipient softening of the brain; some who had no lungs, others minus liver.

"I don't believe," a patient told me only the day before yesterday, "that I have an ounce of liver left."

Well, such people, at all events, have my sincere sympathy, and my advice to them in the matter of diet is somewhat as follows:

Eat moderately; on no account take what may be called a full meal. Take food whenever hungry; for instance, have breakfast immediately after getting up, merely going out of doors for five minutes previously. If hungry about twelve, have a cup of cocoatina; dine at two o'clock off a tender joint, or steak, or chop, with potatoes sparingly and greens, a little soup, and tapioca or rice pudding. No pastry, or sweets, or cheese. Take no fluid until you have nearly finished the solids. Vary the food every day. Fish only if quite digestible, which it oftentimes is not; no veal or pork, but mutton, beef, game, and fowl. Fruit before breakfast, but not after dinner.

IRISH THORNS.

In Ulster the thorns are sacred; no plough approaches within some feet of them, and even to touch their branches is unlucky. Innumerable are the tales of foolhardy persons who, after many warnings, insisted on breaking off leaves or boughs from such trees, and who were punished by losing the guilty hand, or by its being so torn by the thorns as to be crippled for life. Sometimes a man alone at work in the fields would hear his own name distinctly called, and, looking up, would see all the little folk in green dancing on a hill-side or playing among trees, and whilst he gazed they would all vanish again. They are in popular legends the very embodiment of caprice and fitful zeal for good or evil. For no apparent cause, some man or woman is suddenly singled out for every sort of favor; the ashes on their hearths are changed by night to glittering gold, the empty cans are filled with well water by the *hail* of the tiny friends, the house-work is done, and the barrel kept full of meal; and then on a sudden they forsake the favorite of a fortnight, and pelt him with petty woes till he is half wild, or, maybe, dry up the supply of milk, lame his horses, or blight his child. Their love of children, and their longing to carry them away, have suggested many touching ballads, and they are supposed to be willing to give any good gift to a household in return for leave to rock the cradle.

DREAMS AND DREAMERS.

Dreams are in the main referred by the savage either to the entrance into him of some outside spirit, as among the Feejeeans, who believe that the spirit of a living man will leave the body to trouble sleeping folk—or to the real doings of himself.

When the Greenlander dreams of hunting, or fishing, or courting, he believes that the soul quits the body; the Dyaks of Borneo think that during sleep the soul sometimes remains in the body or travels far away, being endowed, whether present or absent, with conditions which in waking moments are lacking. Wherever we find a low state of mental development, the like belief exists. In Mr. im Thurn's elaborate work on the Indians of Guiana we have corroborative evidence the more valuable because of its freshness. He tells us that the dreams which come to the Indian are to him as real as any of the events of his waking life. To him dream acts and waking acts differ only in one respect, namely, that the former are done only by the spirit, the latter are done by the spirit in its body. Seeing other men asleep, and afterward hearing from them the things which they suppose themselves to have done when asleep, the Indian has no difficulty in reconciling that which he hears with the fact that the bodies of the sleepers were in his sight and motionless throughout the time of supposed action, because he never questions that the spirits, leaving the sleepers, played their part in dream adventures.

In the Scandinavian Vatnsdæla Saga there is a curious account of three Finns who were shut up in a hut for three nights, and ordered by Ingimund, a Norwegian chief, to visit Iceland, and inform him of the lie of the country where he was to settle. Their bodies became rigid, and they sent their souls on their errand, and on their awaking, at the end of three days, gave an accurate account of the Vatnsdal, in which Ingimund ultimately dwelt. No wonder that in mediæval times, when witches swept the air and harried the cattle, swooning and other forms of insensibility were adduced in support of the theory of soul absence, or that we find among savages—as the Tajals of the Luzon Islands—objections to waking a sleeper, lest the soul happens to be out of the body. As a corollary to this belief in soul absence, fear arises lest it be prolonged to the peril of the owner, and hence a rough-and-ready theory of the cause of disease is framed, for savages rarely die in their beds.

That disease is a derangement of functions, interrupting their natural action, and carrying attendant pain as its indication, could not enter the head of the uncivilized; and indeed among ourselves a cold or a fever is commonly thought of as an entity in the body which has stolen in, and having been caught, must be somehow expelled. With the universal primitive belief in spiritual agencies everywhere inhaled with the breath or swallowed with the food or drink, all diseases were regarded as their work, whether, as remarked above, through undue absence of the rightful spirit or subtle entrance of some hostile one. If these be the causes to which sicknesses are due, obviously the only cure is to get rid of them, and hence the sorcerer and the medicine-man find their services in request in casting out the demon by force, or enticing him by cajolery, or in bringing back the truant soul.

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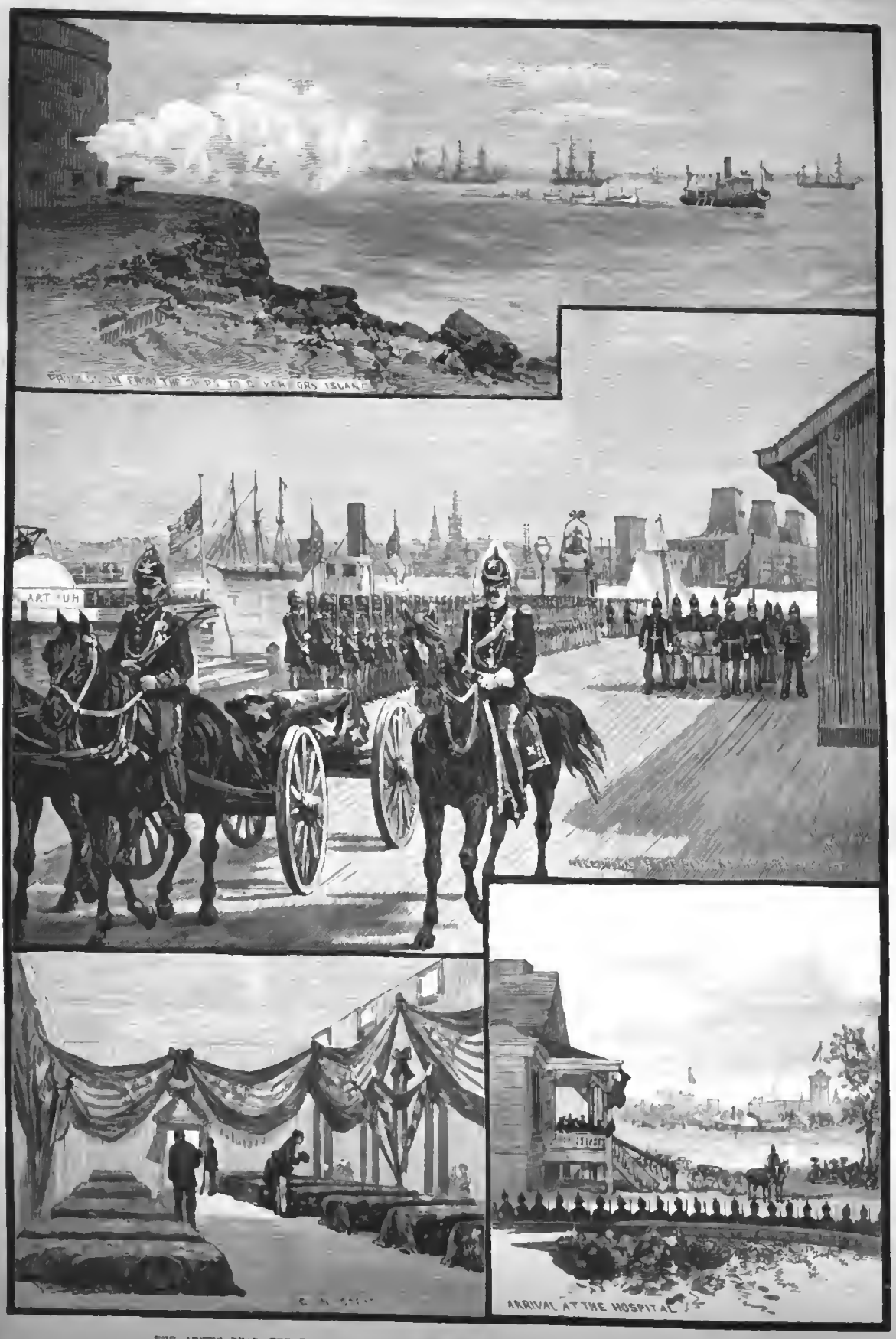

THE ARCTIC DEAD—THE TRANSFER TO GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.—Drawn by Russell and Hogan.—[See Page 529.]

A DISTINGUISHED FISHERMAN ENJOYING HIS WELL-EARNED VACATION.

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LOVE AND MIRAGE;*

or,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER X.

SELF-BETRAYAL.

A perilous position, certes: not a living soul within ear-shot, a lazy, languid world of flowers and lapping waves all their own. Time, the sun, lazy, napping; nothing under the sun seeming to matter but that sweet talk of two! Let moralists rail as they may, the world grows wiser than it was. Men's brains are busy with schemes undreamed of when prehistoric lovers went a-Maying. And we are mere babes and sucklings in science to our great-grandchildren as yet unborn. 'Tis all the same. From the time our globe was set a-spinning till it shall be brought to a stand-still, one impulse sways humanity. A pair of lovely eyes will enslave the soul of man forever. A pretty girl makes the poetry of the workaday world.

Elizabeth went on soberly as before. "You find us here surrounded by kindly people, but these are travelling acquaintance, as we say in our own language. Flora and I have few real friends left; that is why, whilst talking to you as a sister might to a brother, I trust to you never to take advantage of our forlorn position in the least little thing."

Arthur winced. Was, then, love-making forbidden for once and for all?

"It is very hard upon us both, especially upon Flora," she went on. "I am older, and do not expect so much from life. But Flora is as yet a mere child. No wonder she looks upon happiness as a right."

"And why may you not be happy too?" asked Arthur, with kindly solicitude.

"Happiness!" cried Elizabeth, proudly. "Were men and women only born to run after contentment? I can bear sorrow. But it is disgrace that crushes me, and breaks my heart."

Arthur dared not ask an explanation. He must wait till Elizabeth should dash away her burning tears, and, mastering herself by an effort, vouchsafe to enlighten him.

"You must not learn our story here," she said at last. "Most likely none know it, or if some do, they would keep silent out of common charity. Flora and I belong to a ruined house, and the curse that lies on it is a curse of shame."

"But the innocent are no longer punished, even in public opinion, for the guilty," Arthur said, consolingly. "We must leave our kinsfolk to blush for their own misdeeds, and hold up our heads high all the same."

"There speaks out a man's daring! Women must feel things and take things differently. We can not show a brazen front to the world when inwardly we are humbled to the dust."

Arthur felt more and more hopelessly at a loss. Had the father or any kinsman of this beautiful girl played the part of coward or traitor in any of the late wars? Was the family escutcheon thereby blotched forever? Or might not one of her blood and name have gone over to the ranks of those secret guilds whose watchword is regicide, and dishonor come thence? Again, he had heard of many crashes in the world of commerce lately, brought about by reckless speculation and shameless abuse of public credulity. A third solution of the mystery might be looked for in such quarters. Or lastly, supposing that Elizabeth owned a kinswoman as lovely as herself, and that disgrace had come in the female line? A shameful marriage, a catastrophe worse still—all these things were within the limits of possibility.

Elizabeth's thoughts seemed to have gone on another track, for she now turned to him with a sudden change of manner, and put a question.

"Why did you smile the other day when I lamented that a woman could not fight a duel?"

"Why? Because the fighting of duels has long fallen into ridicule with us. The laws, indeed, no longer permit it."

"Yet dishonor is avenged that way, if your novelists depict manners faithfully."

"Oh! abide by some fiction-mongers, and you have an English constitution as fantastical as that of the moon, which, you know, a gay Greek was whisked up to once upon a time. But I beg your pardon. I have no right to speak slightingly of the duel, since it is still accepted in your country and in some others for which I entertain profound esteem."

"How, then," Elizabeth went on, "are questions affecting family honor settled by you?"

"It depends upon the kind of question," said Arthur. "The foul-mouthed is amenable to the law of libel. The coward, if we trouble ourselves to punish him at all, is let off with a horse-whipping. There is another word for you of English coinage."

"Would a man who insulted a woman get that?" asked Elizabeth.

"Well," Arthur replied, "he might get much more. The law does for us what duelling does for you."

Elizabeth looked down, and on each pale cheek now burned a painful blush.

"I was thinking of offences not amenable to the law in any country," she said, slowly and sadly. "There are many."

Arthur looked expectant.

"I will give you an imaginary case," she said, speaking deliberately and, as he saw, with great effort. She had evidently nerved herself up to say something painful to disclose. "Suppose that you had a sister you loved very dearly, and that a man should win her love—the very life of a woman—under promise of marriage, then basely desert her. What punishment would such a villain receive at your hands?" she asked, turning toward him with indignant eyes and cheeks afire.

"This offence is also punishable according to the letter of English law," was Arthur's reply. "For the most part, however, a proud woman—and I hope my sister would be of the prouder—would allow no vengeance to be wasted upon that contemptible vacillator, a recalcitrant lover."

His answer seemed far from satisfactory to Elizabeth. She reflected for a while.

"I have not made my meaning clear, I see," she said. "The most solemn promise a human being can make; the word that is as a bond; the declaration given upon oath. Shall a man forswear these, and yet get off scot-free?"

"My honest opinion," answered Arthur, "is that the jilt, whether of your sex or mine, is too contemptible a culprit to be brought to the bar at all. Society should turn a cold shoulder upon such gentry, and appear to ignore their very existence. That is at least my notion."

Elizabeth looked at him with an expression that more than discommended. There was almost contemptuous pity in the blue eyes now welling up with tears, and passionate remonstrance in the clear voice as she faltered out, "You have no sister!"

Arthur felt himself in a position all the more embarrassing on account of its very delicateness. He must try to console this fluttering, tearful girl by his side, yet how? And her last words sadly disturbed him, for it seemed as if there could be but one reading of the beautiful Elizabeth's story. It was her own heart that had been wrung, her own troth shamelessly played with; herself, and no other, who needed a champion and upholder. She then knew what love was, and the sorrow she would fain flee from was the outrage he had come to seek. The conviction humiliated him, yet he reflected that it could hardly be otherwise. These exquisite Elizabeths never reach woman's estate without women's cares; if of masculine sort, there's the pity. In his enthusiasm he felt ready, civilian as he was, to measure swords with the most martial Prussian in the empire on behalf of his beautiful friend.

"I have no sister," he began, astonished at his own hesitancy. "But may not a man be moved to chivalrous feeling by other claims? Take me into your confidence, and I will do anything you ask me."

"Will you, really?" said Elizabeth, brightly, although one tear was still visible on her cheek. "Anything, anything in the world?" she added, with strange, almost wild animation.

"You have my word for it," Arthur went on, growing in his turn strangely animated. "Only remember, rare services claim rare rewards. I leave you free to exact. Expect no moderation from me when my turn comes."

Elizabeth hardly seemed to heed the import of the words, but grew gayer and gayer, whilst deftly enough she led him to other subjects.

"I must think, I must take time before opening myself more to you," she said. "To-day it is enough for me to know that I can count upon one intrepid and generous-minded friend. Now, in your turn, tell me something. What could you mean by saying to me, when we first met, that you came here to wait for a mirage?"

"Is not this the land of mirage?" asked Arthur, smiling. "Might not a painter be taken here at his word?"

"If he lived to the age of the patriarchs, yes," Elizabeth replied, laughing. "A mirage, it is true, may be seen to-morrow; likelier still, not for a hundred years. They say that only old folks on this island have ever witnessed one at all."

Arthur, for the life of him, could hold his peace no longer. The wonder of the scene; the true idyllicness of the situation; the bewildering charm of Elizabeth's manner, as distinct from coquetry as her beauty from cheap prettiness—these things mastered him. He felt, perhaps, a touch of self-contempt, but mingled with it an exhilaration that knew no bounds.

"Is not everybody's life a waiting for a mirage?" he whispered. "But I wait no longer. Three days ago, at one o'clock, I fell in love."

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE BRINK.

That disturbing confession had the very last effect a lover could desire. Elizabeth, without a word or look expressive of disapprobation, merely rose, saying, hurriedly and agitatedly, that it was time to join the others.

"I have kept already away from Flora much too long," she said, drawing down her veil to hide a blush. "What was I thinking of—and you, too? We shall have to embark in half an hour."

"I intend to stay here," Arthur made answer, rather morosely, Elizabeth thought. She looked the inquiry she preferred not to put into words.

"Truth to tell," he went on, vindictively, "if I return, I should want to be talking to you all day long. I had better stay for a while where I am."

Again Elizabeth took refuge in silence, Arthur resenting it more and more. He saw Harvey and Flora, with others, approaching, and heard the harsh whistle of the steamer summoning the holiday-makers to embark. He certainly should remain behind for at least a week. But for all that, Elizabeth ought to answer him.

"Do express an opinion one way or another," he finally added, almost tartly. "Shall I go or stay?"

Flora was already near, hastening toward them to boast of her sea-holly. She had a sheaf of it; a wonderful sight as she now held it up in the pure transparent light—a flower that belonged to the sea, a leaf that belonged to the sky.

Arthur looked at Elizabeth.

"We had better do our thinking apart," she said, in a low voice. That was all. Then the conversation became a mere buzz. Everybody had an adventure to tell of. Some, at peril of life and limb, had found a sea-crow's nest in the cliffs, others a piece of amber on the shore; golden sea-poppies, rare agates, fossils, were the spoils of a few. Only Arthur was empty-handed.

"Mr. Venning is no naturalist?" asked one of the party.

"Mr. Venning stays at the light-house. He has plenty of time before him," Elizabeth answered, quickly. "Will he have fine weather?"

"That no one can answer for on this island," another made answer. "Like a capricious beauty, one smile is here purchased by a dozen frowns. I apprehend a change soon."

"Would you not do better to return?" asked Harvey; but Arthur persisted in his intention. A weather-bound week had no terrors for him, he said. He had one book, and plenty of sketching materials.

"Solitude has even charms for your country folks, I know," laughed a third tourist. "You English really relish a Robinson Crusoe existence, otherwise I would gladly offer you my company."

Arthur pleasantly declined the proffered sociability, and felt positive satisfaction as he watched the rest of the company embark by little and little, the crazy vessel being steadied by its living freight. There are no common sights in these regions. As the little steamer slowly and laboriously got under way, it glided straight into the fiery west, leaving Arthur alone in his mellow world, deep azure skies, warm air stirring the corn and the flowers, a little kingdom of pure deliciousness all his own. Small as was this island, to be traversed lazily in a long summer day, the traveller yet gained here a marvellous sense of vastness and expansion. There were wildness and sublimity in these natural parapets, high as mountains, that walled it round about; dreamy loveliness and mystery in the glimpses gained from all parts of its tiny capital, miles away, that crested a fair hill, above all, gloom and majesty in its ancient beechen groves close to a fairy sea. Arthur sat down on a flowery monticule, watching the black speck on the waters, with thoughts alike distractingly sweet and yet uneasy. The longer he speculated on the matter, the more he felt convinced that Elizabeth must be the heroine of her own story. Adorable as she was, there yet lived a man ignoble enough and blind enough to woo and then desert her. This beautiful girl had undoubtedly been jilted by some villain he could at that moment with alacrity have hurled from the precipice on which he sat. But her love for this craven-spirited wretch was long turned to bitterest scorn, of that he felt sure. Like himself, she was free to love. Did she understand the meaning of his words? Was he already something to her? Would this sweet place, islanded from the world of every day and all its minor things, be the scene of their betrothal?

Arthur was angry with himself for letting his thoughts wander to another figure in this romance of three days. The sad-eyed lady of the pictures. Who might she be, and what was her story?

Well, he concluded, there is time enough for all questions to be settled, all problems to be solved. If so many things had happened in less than one week, how many more might happen in six! And with that philosophical reflection he returned to his homely quarters in the light-house. A supper of black bread, salt fish, and thin beer may even be swallowed by a fastidious Londoner under certain circumstances without a wry face. Arthur ate and drank contentedly, whilst he flirted with the light-house keeper's pretty daughter, then took a last turn abroad before going to rest.

There was no moon, but an effulgence more subdued, a light softer and more transparent. Every object was clearly defined in this wondrous atmosphere, that was neither wholly day nor night, fairer than both, whilst over all brooded ineffable calm and stillness. Only the sound of the waves as they plashed against the shore broke the pervading silence. "I wish I were a genius," sighed Arthur, as he loitered back to write down his impressions certainly, but in a critical rather than a poetic vein. He could tell others what he saw, he could not make them feel what he felt—the difference, I take it, between talent and genius.

He staid on, well pleased with his quarters. Indeed, had it been otherwise, there was no possibility of getting away. The sky was fair, but winds were contrary, and neither sail nor steamer could make for the light-house till they changed. The sea, a smooth silken floor no longer, had changed from silvery gray to dark aquamarine, and broken up into short, angry waves, with white crests, dashed ominously against the shore. There was a rough road that led homeward across the corn fields, it is true, but alike horses and carioles were now busy with the gathering in of the corn, and this roundabout way would have taken a whole day. Arthur preferred to wait for a steamer, enjoying himself lazily meanwhile. This grim tower, set as a watch over treacherous seas, soon seemed a home.

He soon grew accustomed to the coarse fare, which certainly was made more palatable by the pretty maiden who served it. The homely ways and primitive ways of the fisher-folk amused him, whilst alike on the breezy headland or on the narrow strip of shore below he got sketching in plenty. Then there were the flowers, and even a Londoner may care for those when making holiday on an island. He thought if he staid there six months, instead of so many weeks, he should become not merely an admirer of the picturesque, but a real lover of nature, which is quite another thing.

At the end of the fourth day this delicious dawdling was rudely interrupted. The wind had changed suddenly; the sea showed a glassy surface; the light-house folk were astir catering for expected guests, and there, sure enough, was the little steamer making for the isle.

For all that, Arthur was minded to stay, and would have staid, had not the captain put in his hand a tiny missive from Harvey. It was a pencilled scrawl, evidently worded in desperate haste.

"You must come back in the steamer," ran Harvey's missive. "An invitation from the Prince, this moment arrived. For to-morrow, mind."

Arthur did not know whether to be pleased or vexed. He liked this toying with love and destiny. To be on the brink of making love near the sweet Elizabeth, yet so far off—within a hair-breadth of fate, but not yet caught in her toils. He must accept the invitation against his will. A man of the world could not slight an invitation brought about by a letter introductory. To do so would look almost like an insult to the writer of it, a common friend of the Prince and himself. Arthur was too well versed in the ways of society not nicely to appraise the value of good company. It is ever expedient to visit at great men's houses. We are all bound to accept the standards of the world. Expediency is cousin-german to the virtues. Thus he moralized, although only one thought lent interest to the projected visit.

Would that vision flash before him once more? The unforgettable face, the black-robed figure, the deep, pathetic eyes? So intense was this moment that he almost trembled with eagerness as he contemplated the possibility of a meeting. All the brightness and beauty associated with Elizabeth's name were pure human. The lady of the picture seemed to belong to a world as yet unknown to him—intense, passionate, unattainable by speculation.

With mixed feelings of regret and looking forward, he took a last stroll on that fragrant flowery platform, half-way, as it seemed, between the stars and the seas. Around him all was gold and blue—the yellow of the corn, the dazzling blue of the flowers—and vaster even than his airy abiding-place stretched the warm heavens above and the warmer sea below, dove-like hues and dove-like quiet everywhere.

"I shall never come here again," mused Arthur, as he descended the steep sides of the cliff, and once more intrusted himself to the tender mercies of the crazy steamer. "Why should I wish to see it again?" he added. "Is it mine as long as I live?"

He made up his mind to say nothing of the coming visit to Elizabeth. Harvey would hardly have alluded to the subject, since even to mention an invitation from a prince is to boast of it, and as every personal topic becomes matter for gossip in small watering-places, he determined to keep their movements dark. Moreover, perhaps from some democratic notions picked up at school, Elizabeth had already expressed herself unfavorably concerning princes in general, and one in particular. Much better she should not be enlightened as to his acquaintances in this line.

CHAPTER XII.

FORESHADOWINGS.

There are some places, however, in which it is impossible to keep anything secret, and this little fishing village was one. Long before the moment for departure came it became noised abroad that these two Englishmen had received the honor of an invitation to the palace. How can a community be expected to keep silence on a matter redounding to its credit? From one end of the hamlet to the other, people were proud that this mark of distinction had been vouchsafed to their especial visitors. The thing would be talked of for years to come. A princely invitation, and to whom? To a pair of unassuming young Englishmen, civilians, untitled, undecorated, nobodies in popular estimation till this startling piece of information had come to take everybody's breath away.

The departure of the brothers astounded observers not less. They absolutely never once alluded to the subject. But for the loquaciousness of their driver not a soul would have known of their destination as next day they quietly drove through the village street, all the world agape, acquaintances bowing and smiling at the window, and young and old, gentle and simple, on the alert.

Only Elizabeth and Flora held aloof. They had been placed opposite the pair as usual at the *table d'hôte*; but both girls seemed a little shy and spiritless, Arthur thought. He forbore to question Harvey afterward, and Harvey made no overtures. The subject of their beautiful friends was banished as if by tacit understanding.

We went here, we did that, Harvey said, when describing the way in which the last few days had been spent. He never so much as once mentioned Flora's name. Then there were many items of English news to discuss. A heap of newspapers and letters were opened and glanced at on the way. Both found plenty to talk about without venturing on dangerous ground. All the time they were going over the same road Arthur had made so sullenly a few days back. To-day the weather was dazzlingly bright, and his own mood unusually animated and sparkling. What Harvey mistook for mere high spirits, indeed, was downright excitement and restlessness. He felt in a double, nay, threefold sense the bewilderment of an adventurous traveller, bound he knows not whither, on the verge of discoveries and emotions he can not so much as coldly prefigure. The scenery, too, moved him not a little, and although he had made the same journey before, he was now seeing it for the first time.

"On my word, this is the most wonderful little country in the world," he cried, when they were almost half-way to their destination. "Look at yonder town with its grand old church perched on the hill! I have seen an Eastern city just as gemmy, aerial, and transparent, amethystine pyr-

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1440.

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amid, surmounted by a crystal dome, and all around mother-of-pearl and molten gold. But the cloud picture will not melt, and when we are on the other side of the hill, we shall find colors as brilliant and solid as in North Italy, lapis lazuli sea, hanging woods of malachite, and little close-shut landscapes, each a veritable mosaic."

"We shall go straight back to-morrow, of course," Harvey said, yawning. He was evidently in no mood for scenery, no matter how bewitching.

"Really," Arthur rejoined, "you seem to forget that time is going fast. We are bound to see something of the island before leaving it." Harvey did not look as if the island particularly interested him.

"And if the Prince insists upon keeping us another day, we are bound to stay," the elder brother went on. "I wonder if I have time to make a sketch?"

Here followed a discussion with the driver, and the result was that Arthur descended to make his sketch, whilst Harvey went on to the cariole. The horses must rest for two hours on the top of the hill, said their conductor, so Harvey offered to go on and order the dinner, whilst Arthur would follow on foot half an hour later. The two just perceptibly jarred each other. Arthur was irritated at Harvey's indifference to this strange sweet landscape; Harvey wondered how his brother could be more enthusiastic about places than human beings. The island was certainly delicious and romantic, but it lacked charm when Flora was not by. Whilst the younger man's state of mind was perfectly clear to the elder, Arthur, on the contrary, was a complete puzzle to Harvey. How, indeed, can one man understand another and a subtler? We perpetually fall into the error of measuring others by our own standard, just as we are apt to appraise the material world according to the limited capacity of self-consciousness. What is deeper than ourselves we shall hardly attain to, whether it be individual character or that wonderful environment of humanity we loosely call creation.

It was plain enough that Harvey loved the artless Flora, and intended to marry her, but if Arthur loved Elizabeth, why this restlessness, this unevenness of temper, this quarrelling with a crystallizing state of things?

But although Arthur's conduct troubled him, the easy-going Harvey could not break through the habits of a lifetime. The elder might say what he would, the younger could only say what befitted. Each was sure to go his own way. Only one would ever play the part of critic.

There were intellectual differences no less striking. Every impression told upon Arthur's inner life. Harvey saw things quickly, and seized their meaning readily, but they hardly enriched, much less metamorphosed him.

This picture, for instance, he was looking on now, he would remember as long as he lived. Many a prospect he had seen in his travels far more superb and enthralling, none that affected him so strangely.

Was he, indeed, beholding shadows or substantial things, cloud-land or solid hill and structure of mens' hands? Could the fabled mirage he had once in quest of be fairer to the eye, touch the spirit with finer emotion? And as he gazed and gazed he threw down his paint-brush in a rapture of despair. Impossible to reproduce these silvery lights, this matchless iridescence. He had delicate hues enough on his palette, but the colors of that fair city, and the hill on which it stood, and the sky round about, he could not find. City, did I say? The island possessed none. Tiniest townling this, a mere fairy place, yet by virtue of its ancient church and position, it wore from afar almost the aspect of a citadel. Arthur, however, put away his sketching things, and attempted no more. And, as often happens, when he had walked a mile or more and came a-near, there was nothing wonderful to see at all, only a church of the olden time perched on a high hill, and a straggling village street of cheerful whitewashed houses, each with its flower garden, after the fashion of those parts. There, too, was the unromantic Harvey, quite delighted at the prospect of dinner—delighted also that the day was half over, that the morrow and Flora would soon come.

"We shall most likely be bored to death at the palace," he began.

"Now, Harvey," the elder brother admonished, tartly, "bored or no, we must make ourselves agreeable. But why in the name of common-sense should we be bored?"

"If asked to stay over to-morrow, I shall say I have an engagement. Which will be the truth," Harvey retorted. "I am going to escort Elizabeth and Flora to the Black Lake."

"I shall stay if I am pressed, and so of course must you," was the curt reply. Harvey took the answer as it was meant, and then they chatted of other things. An hour later they were off again, and whilst Harvey dozed conveniently, Arthur had time to think quietly over his position. He must hold himself on his guard, for he might need all his tact, nonchalance, and self-possession. His former visit and its untoward adventure might accidentally reach the ears of his host, and require explanation. Or his beautiful sitter—what if she could let carelessly fall a compromising word? For his mind was made up beforehand. He should now see her again, and learn the reason of her strange reserve and sadness. They should come to know each other, at least, so he felt sure, because he willed it.

Then he thought of his sweet friend Elizabeth. Ah, little of mystery or adventure here! Only an honest falling in love. For in love he was, Harvey no deeper, but he felt that Time sufficed for love and Elizabeth. His life should belong to her. Two days he must first have to himself, two days for a little life of feeling and emotion, with which she had nothing to do.

"The Prince?" Harvey asked, suddenly waking from his drowse. "Is he old or young, married or single?"

"I have not the least notion," Arthur made answer. "But we shall soon find out. We are already within the precincts of the park."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GRAND MASTER BRODIE.

MR. WILLIAM A. BRODIE, Grand Master of Masons of this State, whose portrait is given on page 539, was born at Kilbarchan, Scotland, August 9, 1841, and came to America in 1843 with his parents, who took up their residence in Rochester, New York, where he lived until 1863. Mr. BRODIE was educated in the public schools of Rochester, and early developed a taste for business pursuits. In 1863 he entered the employment of the late General JAMES S. WADSWORTH at Geneseo, New York, and he has ever since been connected with the different branches of the WADSWORTH estates, and has always displayed remarkable executive ability. In 1877 Mr. BRODIE was elected County Treasurer of Livingston County, receiving the Republican nomination unsolicited and without opposition; he was re-elected in 1880, and again in 1883.

Mr. BRODIE was made a Mason in Geneseo Lodge, No. 214, in 1868, and has ever since been active and prominent in Masonic circles. For seven years he served as Master of Geneseo Lodge, four years as District Deputy Grand Master of the Twenty-second Masonic District of the State, two years as a Grand Steward of the Grand Lodge of the State, two years as Junior Grand Warden, two years as Senior Grand Warden, one year as Deputy Grand Master (having been the unanimous choice of the Grand Lodge to each of these elective offices), and in June last was the unanimous choice of the Grand Lodge for Most Worshipful Grand Master. As such, on the 5th inst., he laid the corner-stone of the pedestal of the BARTHOLDI statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," on Bedloe's Island, in the harbor of New York. Mr. BRODIE is a member of the celebrated Monroe Commandery, No. 12, of Rochester, and holds the 32° of the A. and A. rite. He has, however, confined his Masonic work to Blue-lodge Masonry, and is deservedly popular, especially with the rank and file of the fraternity.

"THE LEADER OF THE COAL KINGS."

THE career of the late THOMAS DICKSON, President of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, and of the great combination which for so many years governed the trade of the anthracite region, was one of exceptional interest. "The leader of the coal kings," as he was familiarly known, was the son of a poor mill-wright of Berwickshire, Scotland, where he was born in a humble cottage sixty years ago. Finding the struggle for existence among his native hills a losing one, the father in 1832 emigrated with his little family to Canada. Two years later they went to Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, where his father entered the service of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company as master mechanic, and in 1837 young DICKSON became a mule-boy. In 1838 he became clerk in a country store, and in 1848 he entered into partnership with JOSEPH BENJAMIN in the store business. Seven years later he bought an interest in a machine shop and foundry. In 1856 he moved to Scranton and started the Dickson Manufacturing Company, which now has a capital of $1,500,000, and turns out locomotives, steam-engines, and mining machinery. He was president and manager of the company until 1860, when he retired, and became connected with the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company as superintendent of the coal department. He was General Superintendent of the company in 1864. In 1867 he became Vice-President, and in 1869 President of the company, which position he retained until his death.

He leased the Albany and Susquehanna and the Rensselaer railroads, and extended the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's business in New England. He organized the First National Bank of Scranton, and the Trust and Savings Bank of the same place. He was a director of the Mutual Life Insurance Company and the Erie Railway, of which he was Acting President in the absence of the President in Europe. He was largely interested in coal and iron mines, and was considered the largest owner of coal mines in the United States. He was a trustee of the Lafayette College of Pennsylvania. His fortune is estimated at several millions. He leaves a widow, two married daughters, and two sons.

COMMANDER JOHN S. KOUNTZ.

THE new Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, JOHN S. KOUNTZ, of Toledo, Ohio, is popularly known as "the drummer boy of Mission Ridge." He was born in Richfield, Lucas County, Ohio, in 1845, and in his sixteenth year enlisted as a drummer boy in a German regiment, the Thirty-seventh Ohio, in which he served until disabled by wounds. In all the campaigns in which that regiment participated, amid the mountains and valleys of West Virginia, in the sharp fights at Cotton Hill, Logan Court-house, Wyoming, Princeton Road, Fayetteville, and a score of skirmishes, Drummer KOUNTZ was ever in his place, ever kindly and helpful to his comrades, ever cheerful and resolute under all manner of discouragements and hardships, and ever ready to take up a gun when a gun was needed more than his drum.

When his regiment was transferred to the Army of the Tennessee, and took part in the long siege of Vicksburg, Drummer KOUNTZ distinguished himself by his bravery, especially in the assaults of the 19th and 22d of May. But it was in the great assault on Bragg's lines at Mission Ridge, on the 25th of November, 1863, that he achieved his highest honors. The drum corps had been ordered to the rear, but young KOUNTZ was too ardent a soldier to remain behind. Throwing down his drum, he took a musket, fell in with his advancing regiment, and was shot in the front line of battle. When the lines fell back, he lay under the enemy's guns until he was borne from the field by a comrade. His leg was so terribly shattered that amputation was necessary. The incident was made the subject of a stirring poem by Mrs. KATE B. SHERWOOD.

On his return to Toledo, Drummer KOUNTZ was given a place in the County Treasurer's office, and was afterward elected County Treasurer. Subsequently he was elected County Recorder by a handsome majority, when everybody else on the Republican ticket was defeated. He has filled many positions in the Grand Army of the Republic, among them that of Department Commander of Ohio.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THERE are indications that small Chinese boys are going to be popular in England as *bric-à-brac*. The idea did not originate with Mrs. Langtry, who has taken over a diminutive and remote Mongolian, for Lord Charles Beresford has one which he has been displaying in that country for some time. His lordship dresses the boy in bright-colored garments, trims him with silver ornaments, and stands him up among the vases, screens, and things.

Maud S. was not deposed as Queen of the Turf. There was simply an interregnum of one day.

The latest piece of brilliant international detective work was done not by the Vidocqs of Scotland Yard, but by detectives employed in this city by the British government. London was warned that a Roman Catholic priest, disguised as a layman, was on his way to this city in the interests of the professional Irish conspirators who hold their conclaves in New York. Instructions to send more information about this clerical dynamiter were cabled from London, and when the detectives gave themselves the trouble of asking a few more questions they easily learned that the suspected priest was Father Riordan, the good man who for years past has been working in Castle Garden for the benefit of British paupers and other emigrants. It will not be necessary for the Scotland Yard men to shadow Father Riordan.

It is said that the swallows which migrated from the cholera-stricken cities of France at the outbreak of the pestilence have not yet returned. Their departure made a deep impression on the public, and led to the attempt to purify the atmosphere by kindling bonfires.

The famous Tichborne claimant is to be released from prison on the 24th of October next. It is said that the British government has consented to allow the lunatic in the Australian asylum, concerning whom Edmund and Charles Orton swore that he is their brother Arthur, to be taken to England, and that the question of the obese prisoner's identity will probably be opened anew.

A recent Democratic rally and picnic in Missouri turned out to be one of the most disastrous affairs that have taken place in the South since the civil war. Everything seemed to be going on satisfactorily, till a shower came up suddenly in the afternoon. Then the trouble began. In the haste of departing vehicles there were many runaways and collisions. A dozen persons were injured—some of them fatally, it was feared. A young man fell from the "Flying Dutchman"—whatever that may have been—and three of his ribs were broken. A mule that was tied to a tree broke his neck while trying to kick the tree down.

A little newsboy who had supported his crippled father, and was in many ways a more exemplary boy than most flesh and blood newsboys are, was recently buried in Chicago by his fellows. A hundred of them were at the funeral. They bore the expenses of the burial, and the pall-bearers were chosen from among them.

A bank cashier in Maine made large purchases of real estate. The directors asked him where he got his money. He turned around and asked them, Yankee fashion, if his accounts weren't correct, and they were compelled to allow that they were. The story now is that he discovered in the cellar of his old house, beneath a flat stone, several barrels of gold and silver.

A Pennsylvania pastor has made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. The good man's calling precludes the suspicion that the step was taken only ostensibly for the benefit of others. The fact that he is not going to Europe is greatly in his favor, also, and the opportunity of seeing a bankrupt who is content to remain at home at work may draw many hearers to his church, and bring back prosperity.

A country newspaper estimates that twenty-five thousand persons attended the circus, because they were over two hours passing a given point when they came out. It would have been more business-like to get the tally of tickets. The given point the crowd was so long passing might have happened to be a pea-nut and birch-beer stand.

An interesting experiment in running street cars by electricity has been begun in Cleveland, where an electric railway a mile in length is in operation. The system is a combination of the plans of two inventors. The conducting wires are in sunken conduits like those which accommodate the traction wires in cable roads. Cars can be stopped, started ahead, or reversed without difficulty, and as many as fifteen can be run at a time on a single circuit. It is said that the company which is making the experiment has already about decided to adopt the system on all its lines, which have an aggregate length of over twenty miles.

A coroner's jury in Westchester County decided that an elderly woman died of "old age superinduced by her exertion to hurry home, which probably produced heart-disease."

During a recent attack on Suakim the thermometer indicated a temperature of one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade.

It has been suggested that the statue of Liberty could be made useful as well as ornamental by putting in the torch an electric apparatus for projecting an intense cylindrical beam of light against the overhanging clouds, which would show the location of New York to vessels far out at sea. The apparatus, it is said, would not cost more than three thousand dollars, and it is believed that the beam of light would produce a cloud illumination which would be visible from vessels at least sixty miles off shore. The light which it is proposed to put in the torch will be visible at a distance of about forty miles under favorable conditions, or from a little over twenty miles outside of Sandy Hook, and will be of very little practical use to navigators.

NOT A DEAD-HEAD IN THE ENTERPRISE.

JIMMY, THE SMALL BOY. "Goin' for Uncle Sam's hen-roost, be yer? Better take me along. '*I see various channels in which I know I can be useful.*'"

COMMANDER JOHN S. KOUNTZ.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY McKEENIS & OWEN.—[SEE PAGE 535.]

THE LATE THOMAS DICKSON.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOGWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 535.]

THE STATUE. PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH MAIN STREET.

DEDICATION OF THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT DAYTON, OHIO.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. H. MILLER.—[SEE PAGE 533.]

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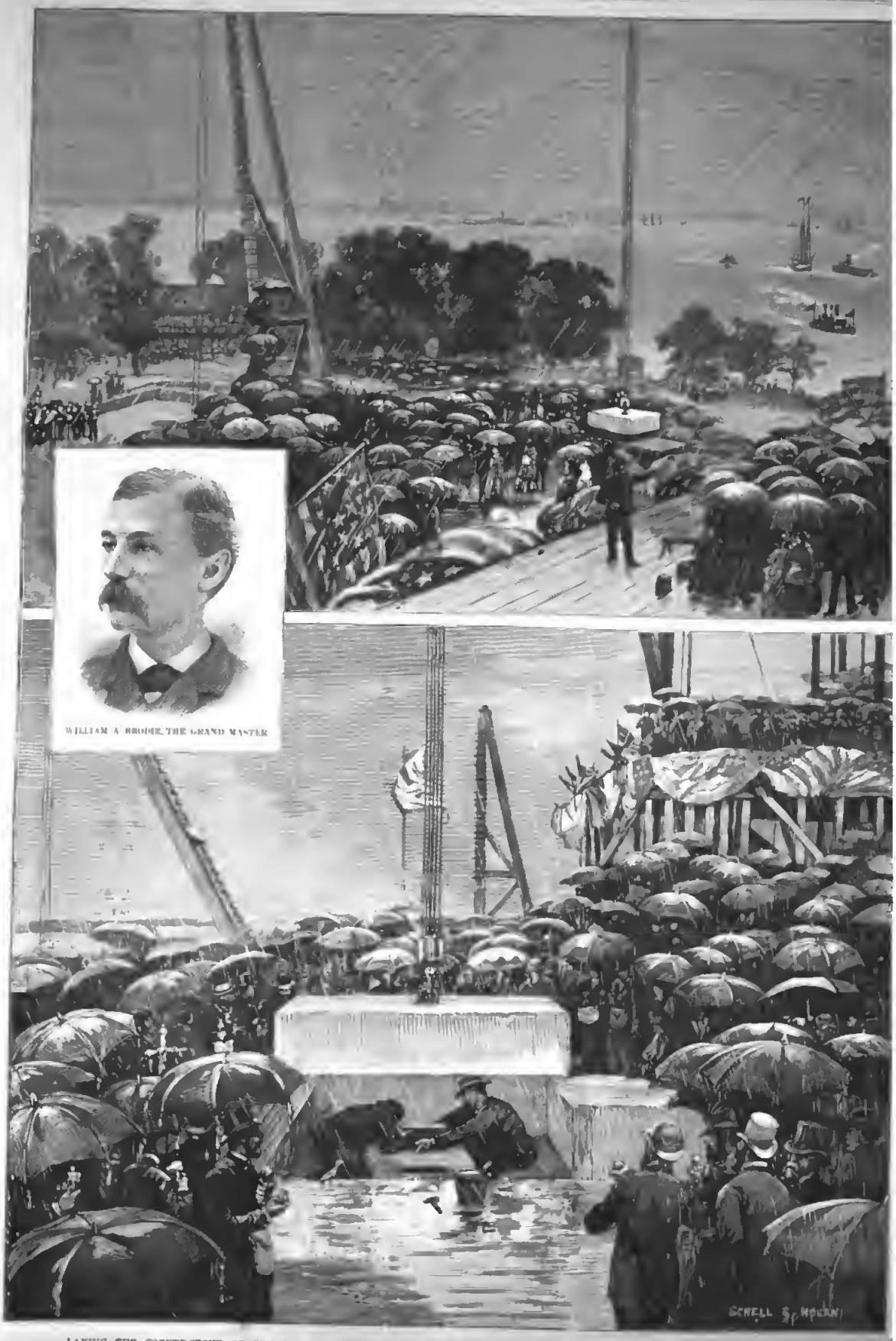

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE PEDESTAL FOR THE BARTHOLDI STATUE OF LIBERTY.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 529.]

JAY GOULD WINS.

On page 531 we give a picture of Mr. Jay Gould's steam-yacht *Atalanta*, sketched by our special artist as she was passing Fort Trumbull, at the entrance to New London Harbor, the winner by half an hour in her race with the steam-yacht *Yosemite*, and several smaller steamers.

The race took place on the 7th inst., the occasion being the first annual regatta of the American Yacht Club, beginning, according to the invitations, at an imaginary line drawn from the smoke-stack of the committee's steamboat (the *Cygnus*) to the black spar buoy off Flagler's Point, near Larchmont, and ending at a similar line at Fort Trumbull, New London.

The smaller steamers were allowed an hour's start, in the hope of giving them a chance for a close finish; and then the *Atalanta* and the *Yosemite*, about half past ten, crossed the imaginary line, the former about three lengths ahead of her rival. There was a shout from the people on the *Cygnus*, and a waving of handkerchiefs and hats, as the *Yosemite* seemed to be closing up on the *Atalanta*; but an old sailor took off his hat and said, "Don't back your cheer with cash; the *Yosemite* is dragging too large a wave under her stern." Nevertheless the betting was against the *Atalanta*.

The rival yachts soon left the *Cygnus* far in the rear, and were soon lost to sight from the committee boat in the driving rain and mist. It was nearly five o'clock when the shores of New London Harbor were seen from the *Cygnus*, and a few moments later she ranged alongside the *Atalanta*. Captain Schackelford shouted, "Beat 'em half an hour!"

His shout was answered by three cheers from the *Cygnus*. Then some one shouted, "Where's Gould?" and a little man beside Captain Schackelford removed a great yellow sou'wester, and waved it hilariously in the pouring rain.

The course was eighty-three nautical miles, and the *Atalanta* made the run in 4 hours 48¾ minutes. The *Yosemite* arrived thirty-one minutes later. Her speed, it is claimed, was retarded by an accident to one of her "blowers."

A page picture of the *Atalanta* was printed in Harper's Weekly for June 23, 1883, with a full description of the yacht.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

WHAT IS HEALTHY FOOD?

The next point I have to make is one that is important in practice, and not uninteresting in theory.

IV. There is much difference, both as to their nature and as to their function as food, between the different *substances* of which our food is composed, as fat, sugar, albumen, fibrine, and the rest. But there is much less difference as to the value of the main *articles* of food in the dietary, as bread, meat, vegetables, milk, eggs, because each of these articles contains several of the different substances or "organic principles" into which foods are resolved by the chemist.

Fallacy 4. That because the tastes and flavors of food are so various, there must be a corresponding difference in the nutritive value and the so-called "healthfulness" of different kinds.

People say, for instance, "Apples are healthful," "Brown bread is healthful," or they ask, "Are tomatoes healthful?" "Lobsters are unhealthful."

This way of speaking implies a good deal of misunderstanding. Any of the common esculent vegetables, any of the meats in the market (and not a few other kinds besides), when they are in good condition and properly cooked, are healthful; that is to say, they are good food for the majority of healthy persons. No two foods are quite equally digestible. But that does not make the less rapidly digestible foods, properly speaking, less healthful, except, of course, for dyspeptics. Such foods simply require a little more work from the digestive organs, as bread made from the whole grain of the wheat is slower to digest than white bread, and yet for many people is a better article of diet, because, for one reason, it contains more gluten.

What are the main constituents of our food? They are not numerous, and they fall into two main classes. The nitrogenous elements, as in lean meat, are albumen, fibrine, and gelatine; and the carbonaceous elements are fat, sugar, and starch. Then there are mineral salts, and there is water, the most abundant of all. These principles, in varying proportions, make up all of our food, whether animal or vegetable.

Now we can find in *either an animal or a vegetable diet* abundance of these food elements to nourish the body, and to keep it in full growth and strength. Some salt will need to be added, for it is a necessary element of human diet. Could it be entirely excluded from the food, we should die, as the lower animals have died upon which the experiment has been tried. But a purely vegetable diet contains all the necessary elements of food. It is easy to arrange a garden bill of fare that should have abundant sugar, as in fruits, starch, as in potatoes, gluten, as in grains, oils, as in the nuts, and vegetable oil of the same substance chemically as the animal fats, and bread contains one-third as much of the nitrogenous matters as lean meat contains. Eggs and milk are called the "ideal" foods, because they contain both the carbon and the nitrogen elements.

Now the granivorous animals and the carnivorous are equally strong and healthy, and man may be strong and healthy on either a vegetable or an animal diet, because both in vegetable and animal food all the essential constituents of food are found. But the carbon elements predominate in vegetable food, and the nitrogen elements in animal; and therefore the best diet, as well as the most varied and pleasant, is one which is compounded of both animal and vegetable food.

This may be shown by taking the extreme case of a man living on bread and water alone. To get the requisite amount of nitrogen from a bread ration he would have to consume four pounds a day; and on the other hand, if he kept to a diet of lean meat, he would have to devour no less than six pounds a day in order to get the requisite amount of carbon (C. R. Radcliffe). More than this, on the bread diet he would have eaten too much carbon, and on the meat diet too much nitrogen.

Now modify the experiment, and let our dieter eat both bread and lean meat, but nothing else. An enormous ration will no longer be required, though still a large one. Two pounds of bread will supply all the carbon he needs, and twelve ounces of meat with all the additional nitrogen. There is no longer any oversupply, as in the cases of the diet on bread alone and on meat alone of either carbon or nitrogen. Now if we add sufficient fat, as butter or oil, to our bill of fare, we may greatly reduce the ration of bread, and with a variety of vegetables, we get at last an attractive and perfect bill of fare.

Oil, indeed, is one of the most valuable foods, and one against which in our country, except in the single form of butter, an unfortunate prejudice exists. Dr. Radcliffe says, and, I believe, truly: "Most of the weaklings who are benefited by cod-liver oil, by neat's-foot oil, and in Russia by train-oil would never have required these oils as medicine if their food had been sufficiently rich in fatty and oily articles." Nor is oil necessarily fattening, as Banting and many other persons little acquainted with physiology, have supposed. Of this I will speak when we come to the subject of corpulency. TITUS MUNSON COAN.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
FOR OVERWORKED PROFESSIONAL MEN.
Dr. Chas. T. Mitchell, Canandaigua, N. Y., says: "I think it a grand restorer of brain force or nervous energy."—[*Adv.*]

LIKE AN OLD CREAKY WINDOW SHUTTER
That is the way a man's rheumatic joints sometimes are. Hinges old, rusty, and worn, and badly needing oiling. The trouble is in the blood. A man who is of any account is worth repairing. The repairing can be done by means of Brown's Iron Bitters. That enriches and purifies the blood, drives out the poison, and works complete restoration. Thousands testify to it from happy experience. Mr. C. H. Huntley, 918 North Sixteenth Street, St. Louis, says, "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for rheumatism, general debility, and prostration with the best results."—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Pain" Plaster.—Porous, strengthening, for Backache, Pains in the Chest, Rheumatism, &c.—[*Adv.*]

SUMMER TOURS.
The Eastern Railroad pamphlet, giving Time-tables, Maps, Hotel lists, and rates covering the White Mountains, Mount Desert, the State of Maine, the Maritime Provinces, and all the Shore, Mountain, and Lake resorts east of Boston, will be mailed free to any address on application to Lucius Tuttle, Gen. Pass. Agt., Boston, Mass.—[*Adv.*]

A SUMMER SAFEGUARD
FOR TOURISTS.
A bottle of Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment will be found invaluable to persons about to leave the city. For internal as well as external use in cases of cholera, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, pains of all descriptions, insect stings, etc., etc., it has no equal, being acknowledged throughout the world as the greatest pain reliever ever offered. Price, 25 and 50 cents. Depot, 42 Murray Street, New York.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Dentist" Tooth Powder. Try it. 15c. Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Headache, Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt-rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.—[*Adv.*]

THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES CONCEDE
Anglo-Swiss Milk Food to be the best-prepared food for infants and invalids. Ask druggists, or write Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co., 86 Hudson St., New York, for their pamphlet, "Notes regarding Use of Anglo-Swiss Milk Food." (See advertisement in next issue of this paper.)—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE
Promotes a Vigorous and Healthy Growth of the Hair. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out, and has never failed to arrest its decay. Use Burnett's Flavoring Extracts—the best.—[*Adv.*]

Prevalence of Kidney Complaint in America; "Buchu-paiba" is a quick, complete cure. $1.—[*Adv.*]

C. C. Shayne, wholesale manufacturer of Sealskin and all leading fashionable furs, is retailing during the summer at lowest cash wholesale prices. Garments manufactured to order. Repairing and altering done. Fur fashion book mailed free. No. 103 Prince St., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on pain" cures Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa; externally for Aches, Pains, Sprains, Headache, Neuralgia.—[*Adv.*]

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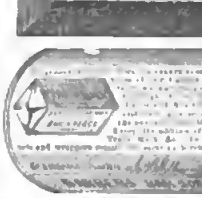

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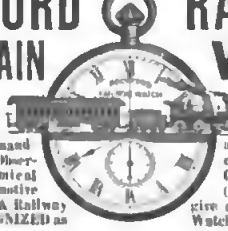

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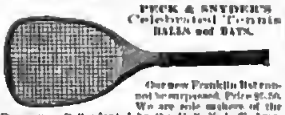

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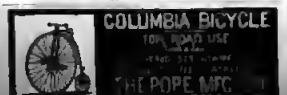

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1884.

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THE FACTS AGAIN.

A CORRESPONDENT in Maine informs us that the more unscrupulous BLAINE papers in that State assert that after the publication of the MULLIGAN letters HARPER'S WEEKLY declared that Mr BLAINE'S explanation of them was perfectly satisfactory. This is an assertion characteristic of the BLAINE campaign. We are not aware that Mr BLAINE has ever explained the MULLIGAN letters, except in the letter of Mr PHELPS to the *Evening Post*, which we published when it was issued, and which we then stated to be unsatisfactory. The article from HARPER'S WEEKLY which is alleged to be an expression of satisfaction with Mr. BLAINE'S explanation of the MULLIGAN letters is an article of an entirely different kind, as we have more than once stated, and we shall cheerfully state the facts as often as may be necessary.

Soon after the nomination of Mr. BLAINE, the Chicago *Tribune*, which earnestly opposed his nomination in 1876 upon the general ground of the railroad transactions, and which has never given any reason but Mr. PHELPS'S letter for its present vehement advocacy of the election of a candidate whom it then held to be unfit to be nominated, published an article from HARPER'S WEEKLY, dated May 13, 1876, which stated that, in the absence of further evidence, Mr. BLAINE'S speech of April 24, 1876, must be regarded as a wholly satisfactory explanation. There had been rumors of the facts which have been since disclosed, and an understanding that they were to be made public to affect the chances of Mr BLAINE'S nomination at Cincinnati. On the 24th of April, therefore, Mr. BLAINE made a personal explanation in the House in regard to some of his railroad transactions, some of which statements were disproved by the evidence subsequently taken. This explanation, however, was generally accepted by the country as satisfactory, and it was immediately after this explanation of the 24th of April that the article in HARPER'S WEEKLY was published, which declared that, in *the absence of other evidence*, the speech of Mr BLAINE was a complete vindication.

On the 15th of May, however, and several days after the issue of the WEEKLY, which was dated somewhat in advance, the inquiry of the committee and the giving of testimony began. Toward the end of May Mr. MULLIGAN appeared as a witness, and Mr. BLAINE'S extraordinary endeavors began to obtain and to keep the letters which when he made his "explanation" of the 24th of April he apparently supposed to have been destroyed. He obtained possession of the letters under a promise to return them, which he violated, and after keeping them for some time he was forced by the public demand to read them in the House, in such order and with such comment as he chose, putting them in his pocket when he had read them. Here was other evidence, in the absence of which HARPER'S WEEKLY had held Mr. BLAINE to be exculpated. Mr. BLAINE'S explanation of the letters could not be called satisfactory by HARPER'S WEEKLY or by any other journal, for he made no explanation. And the assertion, therefore, that it pronounced such an explanation satisfactory is a deliberate falsification of the fact, and the reproduction of its article of May 13, which was published before the scope of the charges against Mr. BLAINE and the evidence to sustain them were known—except as he chose to state the matter on the 24th of April—as proof of its inconsistency is worthy of the newspapers which hope to secure the election of Mr. BLAINE by carefully excluding from their columns all allusion to the real grounds of the wide-spread and significant Republican protest against the shame and the peril of his nomination, and which affect to think it extraordinary that any original Republican should refuse to vote for a candidate who in the face of his own letters and of all the evidence has not insisted upon the completion of the investigation

A SIDE SHOW.

AFTER long reflection General BUTLER has decided that he can aid Mr. BLAINE'S chances most surely by presenting himself as a Presidential candidate, and drawing as many votes as possible from Mr. CLEVELAND. The plan of the BUTLER campaign is undoubtedly to try to defeat Mr. CLEVELAND in New York by diverting from his support the Tammany vote, and by persuading the "working-men" that General BUTLER is especially their friend, and Mr. CLEVELAND their enemy The real character and significance of the BLAINE canvass become only plainer to intelligent men as they see BUTLER coming to its aid, and as they watch the evasions of the law to which its managers resort in order to extort money from the public employés.

The real supporters of BUTLER are of course very few—supporters, we mean, who actually wish to see him President. But the regular candidate of any considerable political organization will always command a large part of its votes, and to these in this case are to be added the ignorant voters who can be persuaded that their interests would be safer in the care of BUTLER, and those who "would like to see what he would do"—a feeling which was very serviceable to him in his remarkable canvass two years ago. It would be very difficult for any intelligent "working-man" or "anti monopolist" to show from the career of General BUTLER what course upon any public question he would or would not probably pursue. The one thing which his career has impressed upon the public mind is that he will do whatever he thinks will most certainly advance his own fortunes. In other words, no man in our recent politics has more impressed the country as a demagogue than he. A man like BUTLER and men like the Tammany leaders know instinctively that from a firm, courageous, independent, upright, and honorable public officer like Mr. CLEVELAND they have nothing to hope. He has not hesitated to defy and disregard them in the past, and he would no less reject their counsel, their cajolery, and their attempted coercion in the future. In this campaign they naturally gravitate to the candidate who represents political jobbery and an easy public virtue rather than to the representative of administrative honesty.

Political principles it would be as hard to find in the career of General BUTLER as in Tammany Hall or among the BLAINE dynamiters. Impudence and vociferous self-assertion they all have in common. BUTLER'S appearance as a candidate adds another element of uncertainty to the campaign, because some Democrats who dislike Mr. CLEVELAND for his firmness and honesty will be willing to vote for another candidate who is classed as a Democrat, as some Republicans who under no circumstances will vote for Mr. BLAINE, but who are disinclined to vote for a Democrat, will support the Prohibitionist, Mr. ST. JOHN, who is an old Republican. But no intelligent "working man," as we have said, nor any such "anti-monopolist," can suppose General BUTLER to be any more sincerely devoted to their cause than any sensible woman ought to suppose him to be really interested in the movement for woman suffrage. He will be very glad indeed to receive their votes. But honest men who have honest ends in view will serve those ends most surely by trusting in proved honesty rather than to fine professions of honesty. Honest performance of official duty is the best guarantee to the voter that official duty will be honestly performed.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

PRESIDENT WHITE, of Cornell University, and General CHAMBERLAIN, of Maine, have announced their intention to vote for Mr BLAINE. But the manner in which they do it is most significant, and can give little consolation to those who, against the sentiment with which President WHITE and General CHAMBERLAIN are in sympathy, and which held that the nomination was unfit to be made, succeeded in making it. President WHITE votes for Mr BLAINE because he thinks that the Republican party is more trustworthy upon the question of civil service reform than the Democratic party. He does not deny the proved fidelity of Governor CLEVELAND to the reform, but he hopes that Mr BLAINE, although not a reformer hitherto, will carry out the work for which the party platform declares. But if the reform had been in any just sense earnestly desired by the party as a sincere party object, could a candidate like Mr. BLAINE have been nominated? The endeavor of Republican reformers has been directed to make reform an accepted and honest party principle. But the nomination shows, at least, that their effort has not succeeded. If parties are to be judged by their action in Convention, the nomination of a pronounced civil service reformer, with quite pluck and official experience enough to stand by his principles, is very much more promising than a sound doctrine in the platform discredited by the nomination.

General CHAMBERLAIN does not disguise his distrust of the influences that procured the nomination of Mr. BLAINE. It is with evident reluctance that he says of the report that he should vote for Mr. CLEVELAND:

"It probably grew out of the feeling on the part of some of the 'ring men' in the Republican party that they had abused me so much that it would be more than human (or less) to expect me to support a party they expected to manage. But I am a Republican, and deem it the best course for me to stand by my party, in hopes that before long the best elements in it will be able to prevail. I do not rebuke others with whom I sympathize on general grounds for taking a course different from mine; but for me to abide quietly within the lines of the party seems the consistent and manly course."

This is very significant, and when to such sincere words of such men as President WHITE and General CHAMBERLAIN are added the known opinions of other Republican leaders concerning Mr. BLAINE and the wisdom and tendency of his nomination, the deep distrust and apprehension of the best Republican intelligence become more evident than ever. There is no heart and no hope in this kind of support of a candidate. Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT also, to whom President WHITE'S letter is addressed, says that he must support Mr. BLAINE because of his view of the duty of a delegate to a nominating Convention, and because he can do his work better within the party. This, too, is a reluctant position. But it was not in such a spirit and with such hesitating distrust that the young Republicans of '56 and '60 and '64 and '68 entered upon the campaign. The cause and the candidate were identified in their minds, and with an untiring enthusiasm of conviction and purpose they fought the good fight.

Such feeling, such pride in the cause and the candidate, are impossible to Republicans now, and those who have had the deepest faith and the highest pride in the party stand aloof, or propose to purge it by defeat of its unworthy candidate, or reluctantly decide to vote for him, with General CHAMBERLAIN, not rebuking others with whom they sympathize on general grounds for taking a course different from theirs. This is not the delight of battle nor the forecast of victory, and this is the reason that, instead of that electric storm of enthusiasm which was to thrill the country, we have in the BLAINE campaign nothing but quibbles, shifts, and evasions, praise of the old party, a whirlwind of lies, and furious abuse of Republicans who decline to vote for a candidate whom they believe to have proved his unfitness for the highest official trust.

A FORECAST.

THE question is asked whether the election of Mr. CLEVELAND would not be a mere party success, and whether he could be expected to be more than a party President. The answer to this question must be found in the character and career of the candidate, and in the circumstances of the election. Mr CLEVELAND is a Democrat, but he was elected Mayor of Buffalo and Governor of New York by the votes of members of both parties, and in both positions he has proved his entire independence of mere party dictation. No man in public life has shown greater firmness in adhering to his own convictions, and in rejecting the counsels and the attempted coercion of the less reputable influences in his party. The opposition of Tammany and of BUTLER springs, as we say elsewhere, from the conviction, founded upon experience, that the tendencies and influences which they represent would be powerless to control him.

The same kind of support which he has derived as Governor from the knowledge that many voters who were not Democrats favored his election, would follow him into the Presidency. The Republican protest against the election of Mr. BLAINE, and the extent and character of the Republican adhesion to Mr CLEVELAND, would naturally confirm Mr. CLEVELAND'S independence of evil party counsels and tendencies. As President WHITE points out in his letter, both Democrats and Republicans will decline to touch the tariff or the general financial system, while the condition of the navy must influence the tone of our foreign policy. The question of patronage, therefore, is of especial importance, and the chief apprehension has been that there would be "a clean sweep" of the civil service. That a party change or a factional change in the Executive would lead to changes in many important offices is probable. This would be true whether Mr CLEVELAND or Mr. BLAINE were elected. But no man would be so likely to respect sound reform principles as the chief executive officer of a great State who has proved his fidelity to them against the pressure of powerful leaders and the factions of his own party Mr BLAINE has never shown any interest in those principles, and if his practice as

a political manager in Maine and elsewhere has conformed to them, it is unknown to us, and if his especial representatives in this campaign and the circle that would surround him in the Presidency are men who have any sincere practical faith in the reformed system, and resolute determination to enforce it, the fact is certainly not suspected by the country.

There has been no time in this generation when party differences had so little significance as now, and when the spirit and methods of administration were more important. As this is the time when Republicans are asked to prove their fidelity to their party by voting for a Presidential candidate who in the judgment of so many Republicans has demonstrated his unfitness for the office, it is peculiarly the moment for inquiring whether a party which makes an adequate declaration upon reform, and then nominates a candidate who seems to intelligent, patriotic, and disinterested members of the party to be lacking in official integrity, does not belie its own declaration, and invite for that occasion the profound distrust of voters who really desire reform. Such voters know that a proved civil service reformer like Mr. CLEVELAND, supported by a Congress as much in earnest as he, would carry the cause forward and not backward. And such voters must take care to vote for Representatives in Congress who are as intelligent and resolute in their faith and practice upon the subject as the Governor of New York has shown himself to be.

A WORD WORTH HEEDING.

THE Independent address to the voters of Massachusetts is a vigorous and pungent appeal which ought not to be lost even upon Republicans who intend to vote for Mr. BLAINE upon the ground that the party ought to be sustained. Every such Republican, unless he has taken leave of his common-sense, will admit that a time may come when it is not a duty to sustain the party without regard to the party measures or the party candidates.

This time will appear to different men to come at different times. But it is not surprising that many Republicans, upon looking at the arraignment of the party which is made by this address, and at the character of the nomination which has followed all that is recited in the address, may well feel that it is time to call a halt, unless they think that whatever is called Republican ought to be supported, at all costs, for that reason.

There is no more striking and suggestive passage in the address than that which, speaking of the Republican candidate, proceeds: "Upon the evidence already produced we believe him guilty, and we know that many of his prominent supporters share our belief. Their declarations before his nomination, their silence or their guarded language in public addresses since, are conclusive evidence of this."

STARVING AT CAPE SABINE.

THE saddening accounts of privation and suffering at Cape Sabine, and the straits of starvation which drove some of the survivors, enfeebled in body and mind by the long and desperate struggle with hunger, to sustain their fast-failing life on the dead bodies of their comrades, reflect no dishonor on the men whom official imbecility, or worse negligence, left to starve where they should have found a plentiful supply of food. The discredit and dishonor rest elsewhere; and official investigation should at once, and with stern impartiality, fix the responsibility on the right parties, and mete out the severest punishment which can be inflicted upon them.

THE REFORMED CAB-DRIVER.

THE New York Cab Company has already fulfilled an important part of its mission. It was organized in the belief that there was a demand for a speedier and more highly specialized conveyance than the horse-car or the omnibus, at rates which would remunerate the owners of the vehicles employed, without enabling a driver to retire on the immodest competency amassed by half a dozen engagements. In this aspect the company has been successful. It has also succeeded in the more difficult task of converting the old hack-driver to the proposition that there was more money to be made by carrying any ten passengers for one dollar each than one passenger for five dollars. The success of the new company induced many of the cab-drivers of the old and unreformed school to repaint their vehicles in imitation of the cheap cabs. The public, however, quickly ascertained that a cab was not necessarily cheap because it was yellow, and the apathy displayed by the public toward demi-yellow cabs has now induced a large number of cab-drivers to come down not only to, but below, the rates established by the pioneers of cheap cabs.

These rates are not yet so low that the war of rates in cabs threatens the same disastrous results as are threatened by a war of rates between the trunk lines. The rates established by the associated cab-drivers offer a tolerable approximation to the rates of foreign cities, considering the comparative cost here and abroad of other things. They may for a time be less remunerative than the old rates, simply because there are not so many people here as in London or Paris who may be classed as habitual riders in cabs. The taking of a cab in New York, except upon urgent occasions, has been an extravagance which none but rich men were justified in committing. To persuade people to whom time is only to a limited extent money that it may be worth their while to take cabs habitually instead of occasionally, or occasionally instead of not at all, requires not only the decisive lowering of fares which has already been effected; it requires also the lapse of some time in order to adjust the intellectual and locomotive habits of people to the new scale of prices. It is quite possible that, for a time, the cab-drivers of the association may make less money, not than they have been making lately, but than they made before the New York Cab Company entered upon its competition with them. But this can not be a long time. There are many people in New York who now walk between the ferries or the stations of the elevated roads and their homes or places of business, even in bad weather, who will acquire the habit of taking cabs now that the hire of a cab for a mile does not equal the hire of a laborer for a day. There are in London no fewer than 5895 hansom cabs, and 3847 four-wheelers. With fares reduced to the London point, and with the increase of the cab-taking class which this reduction will bring, it may be reasonably expected that New York and its suburbs will furnish profitable employment for at least 3000 cabs.

MR. SCHURZ'S SPEECH.

THE speech delivered in Brooklyn a fortnight since by CARL SCHURZ is a model of the true method of political discussion. It is perfectly clear in statement, conclusive in logic, and moderate in tone. It was very effective in delivery, and yet is entirely free from clap-trap. It is remorseless in its exposure of the significance of all the facts which it marshals, yet there is no touch of intentional injustice or misrepresentation. From the time that Mr. BLAINE was nominated there have been a great many Republicans, who read only the most unscrupulous party organs, constantly asking, "What are the MULLIGAN letters, and why is Mr BLAINE said to have traded in his office?" Such Republicans will never learn from the organs, because by common consent they refrain from publishing the letters, or from referring to them and attempting an explanation. They tell us that this or that distinguished man is satisfied to vote for Mr. BLAINE; that his opponents are soreheads and Pharisees; that they have some secret mean motive; that they are at best a contemptible crew; but they do not explain Mr. BLAINE's own words.

In Mr. SCHURZ's speech Republicans will find the whole story plainly told, and the essential significance of this election fairly and strongly set forth. The BLAINE orators have celebrated the worth and the services of the Republican party, and they have done this as a reason for supporting a candidate whose official conduct they do not attempt to explain or defend, saying either that the charges are old, or that they have been settled, or that they do not believe them. That the charges are old is of no importance if they are true; that they have been settled is untrue, since a great body of Republicans who are perfectly familiar with them do not know of any settlement; and that orators say that they do not believe them is merely an expression of opinion, and not evidence or explanation. The argument thus far offered for the support of Mr. BLAINE would require the support of DORSEY if he were the candidate.

Mr. SCHURZ's speech is a refreshing and remarkable contrast to the speeches of the BLAINE orators. The only reply to it which has been attempted is the same old slang-whanging personal abuse and ribaldry that were poured out upon SEWARD and SUMNER when they pleaded for justice and honesty in politics. But happily experience has shown that the argument which is addressed to the intelligence and the conscience of the American people is never lost.

SOUND ADVICE.

WE agree with the *Evening Post* that better advice for the present crisis can not be given to the intelligent voter than the following from the New York *Tribune*. The remarks were made, indeed, when the *Tribune* was opposing Republican nominations, and not, as now, supporting them. But the reader will decide whether they are not quite as good as those with which the *Tribune* now regales its readers.

"The best course still open is that of independent, earnest, manly criticism and revision by the people of the acts and decisions of whatever body or bodies shall henceforth assume to provide them with ready-made candidates, whether for Federal or for State offices. *Treat all nominations simply as suggestions, to be followed or resisted as your own judgment shall dictate.* A caucus of members of Congress formerly made (in effect) both President and Vice-President; that power was abused, and the people set their heel upon it. National conventions will doubtless in good time travel the same road, and encounter a kindred fate. *Meantime hear and heed all proper suggestions of candidates; then vote exactly as your own unfettered judgment shall dictate.*"

It adds, also, with great force:

"When parties cease to have principles to fight for, they either divide on fresh issues, coalesce, or become co-operative societies for the attainment of office, grow corrupt, and rot away. . . . We protest against the slavish idea that party lines should be held so rigidly as to defeat objects the members of the party profess to seek."

These are precisely the sentiments of the Quincy Independent Republicans, which we quote elsewhere, and the exhortation "to treat nominations simply as suggestions," and to "vote as your own unfettered judgment dictates," will be followed to the letter by thousands of good Republicans in this year of grace.

THE FRENCH IN THE EAST.

THE exhibitions of military activity in the East by France within the last year have been so extensive that they must be deliberate and systematic, but it is not easy to see what purpose valuable to France is to be attained by them. The extension of British markets has been effected by conquest and colonization, but a system which involves an enormous merchant fleet and the command of the carrying trade can not be successfully imitated without these advantages.

So far, at least, the French operations in Madagascar and in Tonquin have neither promised substantial successes nor won France any honor. The most scandalous of all the French exploits is the recent bombardment of Kee-Lung. The report of this performance was discredited by the authorities at Paris, and it is to be hoped, now that it can no longer be denied, that it may be disavowed. Kee-Lung is a port in the island of Formosa, which a French squadron appeared before, and without a declaration of war or any notification whatever, went on to bombard, for the purpose, as was explained by the admiral in command, of giving China to understand that France was tired of waiting for the acceptance of the French ultimatum.

This act was indefensible and atrocious. If it had been done by China, it would have been condemned everywhere as the act of a barbarous power. But actors are to be judged by their acts, not acts by actors, and the character of this attack is not changed because it was done by a European republic, and not by an Asiatic empire. The consular and diplomatic representatives of Europe and America in the East commonly act together, generally, as appears afterward, as cat's-paws to pull English chestnuts out of the fire. In this case, however, the American Minister should be instructed to protest against the action of France, even if he protests alone.

PERSONAL.

THE Rev. ELIPHALET POTTER, late President of Union College, is travelling West along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad. Though recently elected to the bishopric of Nebraska, it is not believed that he will accept the honor. In personal appearance he bears a strong resemblance to his brother the Assistant Bishop of New York, like whom he has cultivated literary tastes, delightful conversational powers, and an earnest sense of professional duty. The Churchmen of Nebraska are still trying to persuade him to become their bishop. He is gaining a good knowledge of them and their State during his present trip.

—The assertion is made by a recent writer that among English judges and barristers there has always been a strong prejudice against wearing hair on the face, and that until within a few years it would have been impossible to find a barrister with a mustache, while an English judge for some centuries has worn one. Our New York judges and "barristers" are fond of hirsute appendages, which have been found useful in filtering—so to speak—the foul air of TWEED's white marble Court-house.

—CYRUS W. FIELD is the youngest son of a clergyman of Stockbridge, Massachusetts. His brothers DUDLEY, HENRY, and STEPHEN were sent to college, but CYRUS at an early age received twenty-five dollars and the paternal blessing. He became a clerk in A. T. STEWART's store at a salary of $2 a week, and on entering into business for himself, as a dealer in paper, his fellow-clerks presented him with a diamond pin. It took him twelve years to make a fortune. Since then he has been a capitalist, and has made several fortunes, say $20,000,000.

—Dr. KOCH, the leading authority on cholera, declares that the real home of the disease is the banks of the Ganges. His researches have so stimulated an educated Pole that the latter has offered himself for inoculation with the cholera microbes, in order that Dr. KOCH may ascertain the precise effect of such treatment in a vigorous and healthy adult of middle age.

—The late broker Mr. JOSEPH C. CAREY—called "Cross-town" CAREY because of his interest in one of the cross-town street railroads—was undoubtedly a victim to the rough horse-play in which his companions often indulge on the floor of the Stock Exchange. He never forgot the hazing they gave him last spring; it wounded his feelings too. But nobody supposes that the authors of it, or their associates, will change their manners. Yet most men of adult or mature age prefer physical peace in a crowd.

—The Prince of Wales is said to be a free-trader, and a Socialist to the extent of believing that many of the ideas and plans now identified with Socialism are thoroughly practical, Christian, and constitutional, so far as forms of government are concerned. He believes that the best administered and most economical form of government is a constitutional monarchy, and that the English monarchy will endure, because it is the nucleus of a real republic.

—The French Academy declined to take part in the unveiling of the monument to George Sand. It remembers that it took no share in similar honors paid to BALZAC and BÉRANGER, and is said to be afraid that an exception in the present case might be construed into a less admiration for these writers than for the author of *Consuelo*. The real reason for its reluctance, however, is doubtless its respect for certain literary and ethical traditions which George Sand threw to the winds.

—"Only two painters ever existed," exclaimed one of his admirers to Mr. JAMES A. McNEILL WHISTLER—"yourself and VELASQUEZ." "Why drag in VELASQUEZ?" replied the modest Mr. JAMES A. McNEILL WHISTLER.

—The deed of presentation of BARTHOLDI's colossal statue of Liberty has been signed by the President of the French Chamber of Deputies and M. JULES FERRY "in the name of France," and forwarded to Secretary FRELINGHUYSEN for preservation among our national archives. Deeds of great men all remind us how to make our lives sublime.

—The directors of our Metropolitan Museum of Art are to be congratulated on their enterprise in securing for exhibition the noble WATTS collection of oil-paintings recently displayed in London. Probably there does not exist another available collection of pictures which would be so gladly welcomed here by intelligent lovers of art.

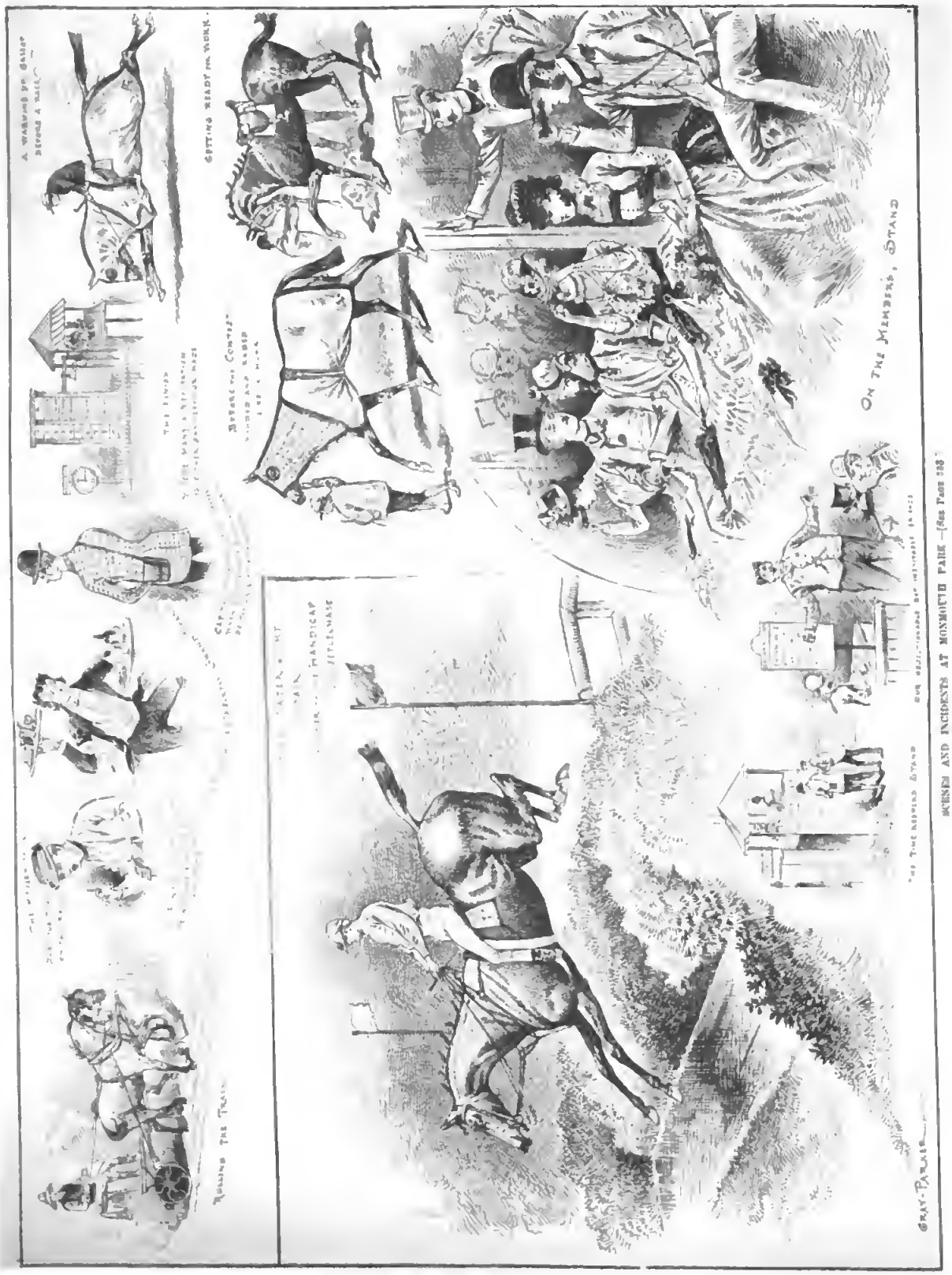
—Sir ERASMUS WILSON, who died on the 9th of August, was President of the Royal College of Surgeons, a distinguished authority on diseases of the skin, and a munificent benefactor of hospitals.

—President ARTHUR has sent to Captain BAKER, of the British barkentine *Susan*, a handsome gold watch and chain in recognition of his humane bravery in saving the officers and crew of the American ship *Tonawanda* while she was on fire at sea.

—Mr. PIERRE LORILLARD has sold his fast steam-yacht *Radha* to a Chicago gentleman for $65,000; she is four years old, 156 feet long, and measures 140 tons.

—An occasional visit to a wild-beast show, says the London *Times*, would do more to enlighten and quicken a child's mind than a year's object lessons as practiced in our schools. In country villages, indeed, children come across a good deal of wild nature, and are often found to beat their teachers in their knowledge of birds and beasts, their forms and their ways. Towns are sadly deficient in this respect, but what nature does freely in the country, art and effort must do in the town. These remarks will strike Mr. BARNUM as eminently just.

—Signor BOMBELL, who studied six years at the Naples Conservatory of Music, and was a pupil of MARCO BORDONI in Paris, proposes to open in New York an American Conservatory of Music, under the auspices of Madame NILSSON, who has promised to act as directress. He will begin by teaching a class in one of the rooms of Chickering Hall, and he hopes before long to have a suitable building of his own. The training he proposes to give is, he says, the same that Madame PATTI has had, and it will render unnecessary a trip to Europe on the part of any aspiring student. If a person with a good voice comes to him, too poor to pay for instruction, he announces that he will give a good musical education, which shall be paid for when the pupil goes on the stage. There seems no reason why young American women should any longer be subjected to the varied perils of obtaining a musical education abroad.



SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT MONMOUTH PARK.—(See Page 548.)

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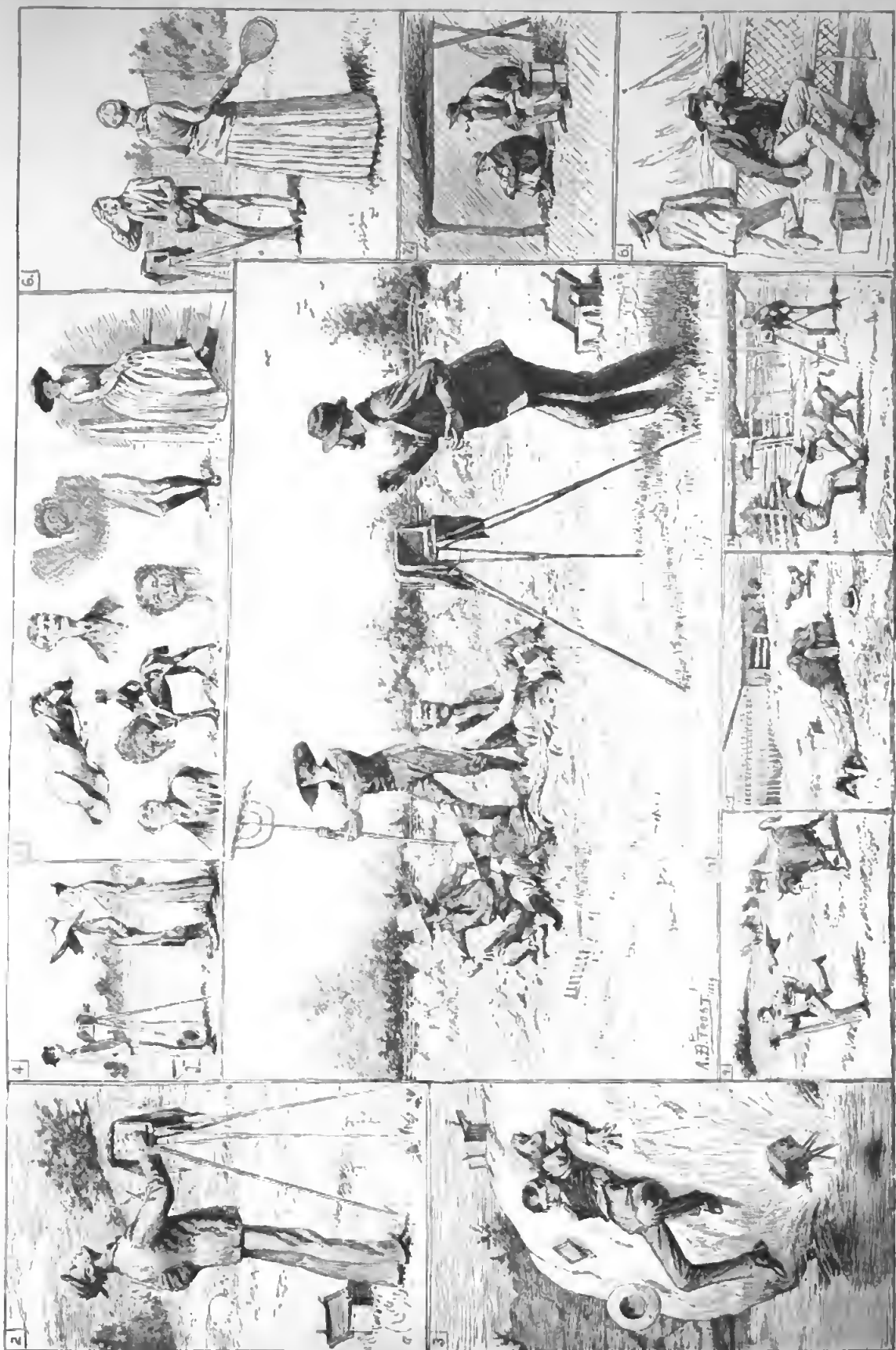


1. Carefully arranged group.—"The Haymakers." "Now keep perfectly still!" 2.—"Will till the clouds roll by." 3.—"There's money a-plenty." 4.—"Say, mister, what I'll you charge for to take a photograph of me an' the old woman?" 5.—Some results. 6.—"I'm so sorry, Miss Dora, but would you mind trying it again? I forgot to take the slide out." 7.—Compulsion in money. 8.—He went out to photograph the pickle cows, but— 9, 10, 11.—Some incidents in animal photography.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

THE RETURN.

(AUGUST 6, 1864.)

Were slackened speed and even keel
Three ships at port drew near;
No more old Ocean's night they feel,
No more his wrath they fear.
Silent the waters round them sleep,
Blue skies arch overhead,
Bare and slow straight on they keep—
They bear the nation's dead.

Three ships are rounding at the dock,
Wet still with Northern spray;
Their hails are bruised by iceberg shock,
And scarred in deadly fray
O'er moat and deck warm sunlight creeps;
Below are cold lips dumb;
Each in his iron casket sleeps—
The nation's heroes come.

Thee come from fields enstained with blood,
Where War's red laurels fade;
A mightier fan than man withstood
These warriors manly laid.
No trumpet blasts, no cannon's roar,
Their souls with terror filled;
Their hearts, upon that arctic shore,
Heaven's tempests only thrilled.

The parent moves around them alone,
Unchanged in dazzling white;
Beside the chilling glacier stream,
Frail flowers leaped on the light.
But Death was in the glancing snow,
And Death in cleanest air;
By night, by day, with footstep slow,
Dread Famine tracked them there.

Their work was done; their faces turned
With longing to their homes;
High had their zeal for science burned—
It lighted Greenland's domes.
Oh God! the dreadful months of pain,
The months of living death!
A tardy succor gives again
To some their fleeting breath.

To-day the booming minute-gun
A sad, sad welcome speaks;
Unsent the tens of pity runs
Down many a bronzed cheek.
We greet the living; now they see
How true are hearts to them:
We mourn the dead; our praise shall be
Their lasting requiem.

S. J. DOUGLASS.

FARTHEST NORTH.

OUR readers are already familiar with the story of Lieutenant Lockwood's expedition northward from Fort Conger, in 1883, when he reached a point four miles nearer the north pole than any previous explorer had attained; and they will study with deep interest our double-page illustration, drawn from sketches and descriptions obtained from the survivors of the intrepid explorers, and the accuracy of which is vouched for by Sergeant Brainard, who accompanied Lieutenant Lockwood on the expedition.

During their sojourn in the arctic regions the men were allowed to grow the full beard, except under the mouth, where it was clipped short. They wore knitted mittens, and over these heavy seal-skin mittens were drawn, connected by a tanned seal-skin string that passed over the neck, to hold them when the hands were slipped out. Large tanned-leather pockets were fastened outside the jackets, and in very severe weather jerseys were sometimes worn over the jackets for greater protection against the intense cold.

On the sledge journeys the dogs were harnessed in a fan-shaped group to the traces, and were never run tandem. In travelling, the men were accustomed to hold on to the back of the sledge, never going in front of the team, and often took off their heavy overcoats and threw them on the load. When taking observations with the sextant, Lieutenant Lockwood generally reclined on the snow, while Sergeant Brainard called time and made notes, as shown in our illustration.

When further progress northward was barred by open water, and the party almost miraculously escaped drifting into the polar sea, Lieutenant Lockwood erected, at the highest point of latitude reached by civilized man, a pyramidal-shaped cache of stone, six feet square at the base, and eight or nine feet high. In a little chamber about a foot square half-way to the apex, and extending to the centre of the pile, he placed a self-recording spirit thermometer, a small tin cylinder containing records of the expedition, etc., and then sealed up the aperture with a closely fitting stone. The cache was surmounted with a small American flag made by Mrs. GREELY. There were but thirteen stars in the field, as Mrs. GREELY, finding the work rather wearing, had concluded to limit the stars to the number of the old Revolutionary flag.

From the summit of Lockwood Island, the scene presented in our Illustration, 2000 feet above the sea, Lieutenant LOCKWOOD was unable to make out any land on the north or the northwest. The awful panorama of the Arctic which their elevation spread out before them made a profound impression upon the explorers. The exultation which was natural to the achievement which they found they had accomplished was tempered by the reflections inspired by the sublime desolation of that stern and silent coast and the menace of its unbroken solitude. Beyond to the eastward was the interminable defiance of the unexplored coast—black, cold, and repellent. Below them lay the Arctic Ocean, but half frozen shore. No words can describe the confusion of this sea of ice—the hopeless asperity of it, the weariness of its torn and tortured surface. Only at the remote horizon did distance and the fallen snow mitigate its roughness and soften its outlines; and beyond it in the yet unattainable recesses of the great circle they looked toward the pole itself.

It was a wonderful sight, one never to be forgotten, and in some degree a realization of the picture that astronomers conjure to themselves when the moon is nearly full and they look down into the great plain which is called the Ocean of Storms, and watch the shadows of sterile and airless peaks follow a slow procession across its silver surface.

THE RECEPTION AT NEWBURYPORT.

The reception accorded to Lieutenant GREELY at his birth place on the 14th instant was enthusiastic and cordial. Many thousand strangers were in the city to do honor to the arctic hero, and the public buildings and nearly all the private dwelling-houses were appropriately decorated with flags. Four triumphal arches were erected, one at the City Hall, two on State Street, and one on Prospect Street, opposite the house where GREELY was born.

The Newburyport Commandery, of which Lieutenant GREELY is a member, held a prominent position in the procession, escorting the carriage in which he rode. As the long line passed through the principal streets of the city he was greeted with warm and continuous cheering. When the grand stand was reached, and Lieutenant GREELY stepped to the platform, the great assemblage broke into cheers that lasted several minutes. In response to a brief address of welcome by the Mayor of Newburyport, he made a short and modest speech. The band then played "Home Again," Governor Bunnson welcomed the hero back in the name of Massachusetts, and the reception closed by the band playing "Hail to the Chief."

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

BY HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREAKING LANDORS," "BOUND ON WHEEL," "THE GREEN TOMBAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ELLISTONS AT HOME.

IF ever a woman had tasted bitter experience, that woman was Mrs. Cuthbert Elliston. A girl of excellent family, and with thirty thousand pounds down, she had yielded to the soft, seductive wooing of Captain Elliston, of "the Brigade," with half a score better men in point of position at her feet. Handsome man he was now, and with those soft, *trained* tones especially prized by women, as a rule; but twenty years ago young Elliston was voted about the best-looking and fastest young man in the Guards. His kith and kin were all of undeniable blood, and Elliston from the first had enjoyed the *entrée* to circles somewhat difficult of attainment. He became the fashion; the quick, genial *repartie* of those days could scarcely be traced in the cynical sarcasm of the present. Bright eyes sparkled and rosy lips smiled as Captain Elliston drew near; and if some of his comrades thought "Cuddie" had done rather well for himself, there were plenty of young ladies who half envied Mary Merrington, niece to Lord Mavis, her good fortune.

She was marrying—only, poor soul! she did not know it—a selfish gambler, already over head and ears in debt; a man as whom the ring already began to look askance, and whose fame was well known wherever dice rattled or cards were cut. But he was still popular with his brother officers, with whom such venial offences as a taste for play and habits of extravagance were of small account, and they all agreed Cuddie was making a very edifying end of it in marrying Miss Merrington; more especially when it transpired that only twenty thousand were settled on herself, and the remainder left home to assist Elliston in the purchase of his steps.

"Just about put Cuddie square," observed Tom Hustlewit, his most intimate friend, with a knowing wink; "give Mavis a real chance of playing the old comedy uncle, and coming down with the money for the steps afterward."

"He isn't one of those bogus lords, all coronet and blue blood, old family, and chronic impecuniosity, is he?" inquired Colonel Matchlock.

"No, no; he spun, or stuck oil, or made boots, or invented a patent, or else his father did. He was nearly d——d and knighted, but they made him a Baron instead. There's not much difference nowadays, when Sir Richard serves you with two pounds of figs, or appeals to you to try his interchangeable catch, or when, as a Baron, you get your living not of companies as bogus as your coronet."

"They get a little too bogus at times; but the law is benevolent to sinners, if possible, as a rule," rejoined Colonel Matchlock, a keen, cynical man of the world, with so much liking for Elliston as it was possible for him to achieve concerning any human being.

So they talked about Cuddie Elliston in the bow-window in Pall Mall some twenty years ago; and your brother officers, according as their different lights, are not want to make such a very bad horoscope of your future, or judge of your character much amiss. Man and woman, too, most internally judge their fellows from their own point of view. What represents almost vice to one person is simply folly as another. We differ in our creeds, we differ in our views of life, manners, and politics. The unmitigated cad to A's light is excellent company as B, a little theologically I would advise my composers who desire comfort especially to be "shadowy."

But marriage made no difference in Elliston's life. The man was an irreclaimable, selfish gambler, and had neither real love for Mary Merrington, nor anything but a tinge of contempt for her paternal family. He wanted money; it was an essential that his present existence depended on, and to such an Elliston life presents but that one view—the race-course, the card-table, and the cushion. Before the year was out poor Mary Merrington knew what her life was destined to be, and had fathomed the utter selfishness of her husband's character. She was of that sort that seem born to suffer. Not a word against her husband ever escaped her lips. Nobody knew better than she of what inferior clay her idol was made, but she was not going to make the world the confidant of her mistake. On the contrary, she was never without excuse for his short-comings, albeit quite aware the bright future she had pictured was never destined to be realized. A bare two years saw Cuthbert Elliston gazetted out of his regiment, and every sixpence of that ten thousand pounds destined for his promotion, as well as his commission money, gone. They had been at times ragnote on the face of the earth, but of late had struggled on in a small house in Ebury Street, Eaton Square, as the inhabitants call it rolling it. There is something in living near the rose, and Pimlico is ever loath to acknowledge its actual identity; and their sole reliable income was derived from Mrs. Elliston's settlement, which was out of reach, fortunately, of her husband's itching fingers. There were times, of course, when gleams of luck shone over the gambler's home, and, like all true gamblers, Cuthbert Elliston was lavish of his money when fortune favored him, and, taught by dread experience, his wife always took advantage of the sunshine ere there for those stormy days she knew would in due course follow. Many an expensive bracelet or cashmere, etc., did she buy in those days that she well knew was destined to return at half-price as the vendor before many months were past. A woman with fair ability, and who really loves her husband, will learn pretty well anything for his sake, and Mrs. Elliston knew the "Racing Calendar," and what trinkets and gewgaws were always "returnable," as well as to days of grace she knew the book of the opera, or what prices to ask at a fancy bazaar. It was, perhaps, fortunate for Mary Elliston, on the whole, that the had been blessed with no family. If children might have counseled her for those lonely hours which her husband's infatuation and their consequent fluctuating income condemned her to, still she was spared the harassing anxiety about their future which would otherwise have been her fate.

Last season had been on the whole a very good year for Mr. Greyson and his employers, and though that flying but evil tempered gray two-year-old had made an unpleasant hole in the winnings, yet the stake won over the Two Thousand, and the still larger one landed over Phaeton's Legor, had left a very comfortable balance to the good at their respective bankers'. The Elliston ménage have been described as in rather full plumage, and moreover Cuthbert fancied he saw a prospect of a splendidly prosperous season come more before him. No one knew better the infirmities of horseflesh than he did, the frailty of legs, the lamentable delicacy of the equine bronchial tubes, their susceptibility to cold, and their liability to that most provoking of all ailments, namely, the being a little out of sorts; or, in turf *argot*, "a little off," when backed for a large stake.

Were not you, my friend, settled by that cucumber you devoured so greedily with last night's salmon, and did you not blow shamefully as you breasted the hill side next day, and let more than one bird sail easily away that ought to have bit the heather, simply because you were out of form? Race-horses suffer from their cucumber as well as ourselves, despite the setting muzzle that it would be well for some of us should we also be endued with.

Still, there could be no doubt there were two rattling good four year-olds in training on Boddleton Moor, and, better still, that the public were mistaken as to which was the best of them. Should the handicapper only form as false an estimate of the respective capabilities of Caterham and Phaeton as it was quite transparent the racing world entertained, then the Two Thousand winner of last year must have the opportunity afforded him of winning a big race or two of that description before the year was out. Great coups of this kind were things Cuthbert Elliston revelled in mapping out, but the worst of it was, as for they had rarely owned anything at Boddleton that justified the attempt to fly at high game. Usually they had to content themselves with small handicaps, over which, except at a very large outlay, only small sums could be won.

To carry off the Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire, and take sixty or seventy thousand pounds out of the ring, was the dream of Elliston's life—a dream, by-the-way, that has begot many a gallant heart's undoing. Why can not men reflect that backing horses is simply equivalent to playing against the bank at Monaco? The poll of the tables must beat you, more especially in these days, when the book-makers lay most inadequate prices. Fifty years ago, and the extinction of prize-fighting seemed most improbable. Fifty years hence, and there are signs abroad to show that Newmarket will have degenerated into a sort of Croydon, and the Derby have dropped to the level of the present Chester Cup. What will they do in those days of rigmarole cant and hypocrisy? To hoist your way as heaven after the west of the Salvationists, or to get there by "water" after the manner of the Blue Ribbon people, will be probably exploded. All species of sport will have been condemned as cruel, and life generally be of the dullest and limpest description when the Buddhist religion, now so much virtually in vogue, will have been actually proclaimed. The rising generation worship inanition, and really have no energy for vice, leading their placid little lives without pronounced views of any sort.

"We match not the dead men who bore us,
At a kiss, at a song, or a crime."

Oh no! It is a tepid generation, which neither pluck so nor so pray.

"I must ask you to write me a check before you go out, Cuthbert," said his wife, as they sat over a latish breakfast on a bright March morning, about the time that Jim Forrest was cementing his acquaintance with the Dancing Master, and beginning to accustom himself to that animal's unpleasant eccentricities.

"Upon my soul, you seem to be always wanting checks," retorted her husband, irritably, "You know that the balance at the bank has got to carry us very far into the year."

"And you know that the rent, the butcher, the taxes, and such things must be paid," she rejoined, wearily. "I don't see myself why the horses shouldn't do something for us this spring. Caterham is by no means badly in for the City and Suburban; you said so yourself."

"Yes; and didn't I tell you at the same time that we can't afford to expose him for such a paltry stake as we should have to be content with on that race? The public have arrived at your conclusion also, and appropriated all the long prices. Considering the pains I and others have taken to educate the public, and demonstrate to them the rashness of speculating before the owners have satisfied themselves, I am really astounded at their child-like confidence. Caterham will run, but not quite so well as his backers anticipate."

"What about that gray colt? The Two Thousand is a nice stake; and for a very little outlay you might stand to win a tolerably round sum in bets."

"Don't talk of that accursed brute; a gold coine; who could do anything if he were not possessed of such a fiendish temper. The cheapest thing to do with such brutes is to shoot them at once. Dispose of them, and you are still tempted to back them whenever they run. A bad-tempered horse, like a bad-tempered woman, is a thing to be out of as soon as may be."

"I have known bad-tempered women, though at times a little trying, make their husbands rare good wives; and a bad-tempered horse, that you know to be good, is always worth backing for a trifle. I have heard you say, over and over again, that, when they are in the mood, their very temper makes them bad to beat."

"The marrying a shrew, and the backing a savage, are two dangerous experiments, at which the world only laughs when they recoil on your own head," observed Elliston, sententiously. "I, at all events, have been spared the former, Mary; and enjoyed the luck of a better wife than most men."

A faint flush suffused Mrs. Elliston's faded cheeks at her husband's somewhat niggard praise.

"Write me the check, Cuthbert," she said, as she rose and, crossing the room, laid her hand fondly on her husband's shoulder. "Also follow my advice: let the Dancing Master take his chance, and mind my usual ten pounds in an hire."

"I will write you a check, Mary; and mind, you must make it go as far as you can. As for the Dancing Master, if anybody likes to pay his expenses at Newmarket, he can too; but I shan't. I don't think there'll be much opportunity of investing your tenner."

"It is as you will, Cuthbert, of course; but don't forget we if he runs."

"All right, I'll recollect; for the present, good-by. If you're not going out, I shall be home to dinner."

"You know I'm never out when you say that," she replied, softly.

"Pooh!" he rejoined, as he opened the door. "We're too old for sentiment now, and jog along just as well as our neighbors without it."

Mrs. Elliston sighed. As if a woman ever grows too old for sentiment; and this man, remember, was her first and only love.

CHAPTER XII.

A CLERICAL TEA PARTY.

MISS ROCKINGHAM, seriously enough, began to think a good deal about this Mr. Thorndyke. He was of a type she had never encountered before, if indeed she could be said to have as yet encountered him. She did not as yet know whether to be interested in him, or shocked at his most unorthodox views. The way he mixed up things sacred and secular seemed almost profane in her eyes. A parson whom she knew had actually been known to play cricket with his parishioners after church, and though it was rarely he gave such practical testimony as to his religious views, yet he stoutly maintained there was no more harm in cricket than in country walks, that all honest courting, to which young people are very wont to devote a portion of their Sabbath, could be carried in quite as well while looking on at such healthy, manly games as cricket and foot-ball as *tête-à-tête* country walks, in short, that Sunday was meant for innocent enjoyment and relaxation from toil as well as returning thanks to the Creator, and that people who held up their hands with horror at what they denounced as his impiety went to church in the morning to study their neighbors' bonnets, and devoted their afternoons to lying and scandalous conversation. Such a clergyman as this was a phenomenon that made Ellen Rockingham open her eyes with amazement.

Had she heard of or first seen Mr. Thorndyke at Cranley, her mind would have been made up. She would have pronounced him a priest of Baal, and shunned him accordingly; but clerical society was more tolerant in York, and though very far from indorsing the extremely broad views and

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1439.

muscular Christianity of the Reverend John Thorndyke, yet they recognized him as an energetic, hard-working man, who did a great deal of good in his way, and was much liked and respected amongst his parishioners. It was true his way was not their way; they could no more have hurled (as other word expresses it) those short, stirring addresses at the heads of their people than Thorndyke could have preached one of their (if polished) somewhat monotonous discourses. Men who went to hear John Thorndyke felt no inclination to doze during the ten or fifteen minutes the nervous, fiery words fell from his lips; words not of denunciation, as a rule, but of hope and promise, albeit he would rate the short-comings of his sheep with bitter scorn and irony when occasion required, and those somber-fleeced delinquents winced as they took the scathing rebuke to themselves, and felt that they had earned it.

Still his clerical brethren were compelled to admit one thing: his sermons might be unscholarly, undignified, vulgar rant, etc., and they were called all these, but there was nothing unorthodox in them, and his church was crammed. He preached extemporary, and, though usually, not invariably from a text of Scripture. He seldom brought a Bible into the pulpit, but never omitted to place his watch on the cushion.

Ah! in these days of infinite verbiage, if those who manage our political and religious affairs could only know the virtue of a watch—could St. Stephen's and the pulpits be induced to pour forth their flux of vapid garrulity with an eye on the hour-glass, methinks even they would feel some shame that their platitudes should have so long vexed the ears of the nation.

"I am going out to tea, mother, if you don't want me," said Ellen, one afternoon as the sun floated in at the somewhat dingy sitting-room window. "Mrs. Primington has asked me, and says she has some people coming whom she is sure I should like to meet."

"Pray do, child; it is good for you. It is not well at your years to be cooped up in such narrow quarters as this. Dear Gerald, he did his best for us, and I don't complain; but," she continued, with a faint smile, "it comes hard, dear, after having ruled it so long at Crosby Chase."

Poor Ellen looked round the room sorrowfully; she had done the best she could to make it tasteful. It showed all the delicate touches of a woman's hand in its arrangements, in the vases of bright spring flowers, put artistically together, as only the deft fingers of the refined woman or the professional florist are capable of. Still, modest belongings and narrow means can in no manner be brought to replace your own château, with its conservatories, conjoined with lavish expenditure, by any feminine artifice.

Mrs. Rockingham bore up bravely against her altered fortunes; but it was scarcely to be supposed she would not make querulous moan at times over the hardness of her lot. Besides, he for whom she had suffered so long and battled so bravely to keep things together had gone to his rest, and there were times when the widow craved earnestly for the time when she might be laid by his side. With Ellen it was different. She was young, and made of sterner stuff. The Puritan spirit she so cherished nerved her for her struggle with the world. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," was a text ever on her lips, and she had wound herself up to the belief that she was destined to make expiation for her father's sin. It is wives and daughters who, for the most part, do penance when their male belongings have to face the upshot of backing hopes against figures, or trying to break the ring, or the bank at Monte Carlo.

"It is very odd we don't hear from Gerald," remarked Mrs. Rockingham.

"We must be patient, mother," replied Ellen, settling her bonnet at the glass above the mantel-piece. "Remember, he was never a good correspondent; and now, poor boy, he has to set to work to earn his living. It would come hard upon most boys, but it comes doubly hard upon such as he. Facing the world in grim earnest, I fear Gerald is going through an ordeal such as he don't much care to talk about. And yet, mother, he was a Rockingham every inch, and faced disaster as boldly as any one of our race when it came. I have railed at him often for his indolence and his absorption in sporting pursuits; but I felt proud of him that day he knew he was a beggar and his inheritance a myth."

The girl's face flushed and her dark eyes sparkled as she recalled that scene in the library in which her brother had jumped at a bound from a boy to manhood—the self-possessed, courteous irony with which he had dismissed Cuthbert Elliston. She had thought of him as a mere boy up to that, as a girl of twenty naturally does regard a brother of eighteen; but henceforth she acknowledged him as head of the family, and felt that Gerald's will and Gerald's word would be law. It was wrong and unchristianlike to hate any one, she knew; but Ellen was painfully aware that her feelings with regard to Cuthbert Elliston would scarce stand analysis from that point.

When she arrived at Mrs. Primington's she found some three or four ladies, who, like her hostess, were rather Calvinistic in their religious views, also Mr. Brushley, the Rector of St. Olave's, and his curate, both gentlemen of as evangelical a turn of mind as was compatible with clergymen who officiated within the shadow of the mighty Minster. The eccentricities of the Rev. John Thorndyke were a favorite topic with these good folks, generally ending in the opinion that no good could come permanently from such vulgarizing of his sacred functions.

"It is, so to speak, my dear Mrs. Primington, like the doings of a mountebank at a fair. Mr. Thorndyke attracts people to his church because they hope to be amused; they are amused; but you don't mean to tell me such addresses as his—sermons they can't be called—arouse any real religious feeling. Sermons should be thoughtfully written out, then as thoughtfully read. Mr. Thorndyke apparently regards them as after-dinner speeches, improved by a little jocularity."

"I don't think that is quite a fair summing up of Mr. Thorndyke's sermons. I have only, it is true, heard him once. He is not conventional, but there is certainly no levity in his discourse," observed Miss Rockingham.

"Dear me," interrupted Mrs. Primington. "I hope I haven't done wrong, but Canon Durnsford, the new Canon, you know, expressed such curiosity about Mr. Thorndyke that I promised to ask him here to meet him to-day. You surely, none of you, object?"

"My dear madam," replied Mr. Brushley, unctuously, "it is our lot to meet many people in this world of whom we by no means approve, but it is our duty to stifle our feelings. We can never tell what power to do good may be vouchsafed us. The new Canon, Mr. Durnsford, you said? Yes, decidedly I shall be glad to make Mr. Durnsford's acquaintance."

If he did not quite hold with their opinions, Mr. Brushley highly appreciated the Cathedral dons in a social point of view, and secretly and sadly admitted that wines and the art of cookery were better understood by them than by those of his own way of thinking.

The Canon and Thorndyke arrived almost simultaneously, and afforded a somewhat marked contrast. The Honorable and Reverend Alfred Durnsford was very different from the plump and rubicund priest that Mr. Brushley had pictured him. The tall, slight, aristocratic-looking new Canon, with the suave, polished manner of a thorough man of the world, was by no means what the Rector of St. Olave's had imagined him, and the Rev. Mr. Brushley felt intuitively it was just possible that he and the courteous Canon might not altogether amalgamate. He fancied he detected a slight touch of sarcasm in the soft-toned voice of the new dignitary, and sarcasm was a thing that Mr. Brushley both imperfectly understood and felt no little afraid of. Better, he thought, the bold, outspoken utterances of John Thorndyke than this quiet, smooth, veiled speech, the real meaning of which he very imperfectly conjectured. It was odd; Mr. Brushley could not account for it; and yet before five minutes had elapsed he was conscious of being ill at ease with Mr. Durnsford. He felt that the new-comer saw through him, that he penetrated the hypocrisy of his character, and knew him for the sham he really was, while, to his intense disgust, he saw the Canon was unmistakably attracted to blunt, outspoken John Thorndyke. There was no mistaking John Thorndyke for anything but a gentleman. Ellen Rockingham, much as she mistrusted him as a clergyman, had no misgivings on that point; as regarded the Rev. Mr. Brushley, she preferred that question should remain in abeyance.

"I am told, Mr. Thorndyke, that you are great at cricket, and have rather a taste for field-sports," observed the Canon, quietly, as he sipped his tea; "if so, you are fortunate in finding your life cast in, perhaps, the most sporting county in England."

"Great at cricket—ah!" rejoined Thorndyke, laughing. "I am afraid that's a thing of the past. I was in the Oxford Eleven; but I haven't the time to practice now, and only get a game now and then with my parishioners. If they only give me time to get my eye in, I can make it lively cricket yet. As for sport, I enjoy a gallop with the York and Ainstey, or a day's gunning, on the rare occasions it's my luck to get one, as much as ever; and Mr. Durnsford," he continued, with a twinkle in his eye, "if I was only sure his Grace of York wouldn't hear of it, I think I could shout with the best of them on the Town Moor at seeing 't' Leger' run."

"You surely would never bring such a scandal on the cloth as to be present at a race meeting?" exclaimed Mr. Brushley.

"It's not exactly the scandal, it's the wigging from the Archbishop I am afraid of," replied Thorndyke, demurely.

"Which, I'll venture to say, you'll never get," observed the Canon, smiling. "You were born a quarter of a century too late."

"And yet there are people who tell me I am too advanced in my views."

"The sporting parson is quite incompatible with the present state of religious thought," said Mr. Brushley, pompously.

"And what should you define to be the present state of religious thought?" asked the Canon, softly, pouncing upon his victim in true purring feline fashion.

Miss Rockingham awaited with much interest her pastor's reply to this question.

"The phase of religious thought now dominating these isles might be explained—er—you understand, as a sort of craving—in short, an earnest desire for—for—"

"Quite so," murmured the Canon.

"Desire—thirst, I might say, for—"

"A little reality," interrupted Thorndyke.

"For—for a higher enlightenment," said Mr. Brushley, triumphantly.

"Which, when interpreted, means—" inquired the Canon.

"An elevation of the spirit," quoth Mr. Brushley.

"An elimination of humbug," said John Thorndyke, dryly but audibly.

"I refuse to recognize such a word, sir, in connection with religion," rejoined Mr. Brushley, loftily.

"In connection with true religion, certainly, but there is a good deal of spurious coin in circulation."

"And your definition, Mr. Thorndyke?"

"Has not yet taken shape, but you may lay it down as an axiom that it is cant that makes religion distasteful. Good-by, Mrs. Primington—good-by, Miss Rockingham. Glad to have made your acquaintance, Mr. Durnsford." With which somewhat abrupt adieu Thorndyke took his departure.

Mr. Brushley walked away with a vague consciousness of not having been altogether a success in the Canon's eyes, while Miss Rockingham, as she strolled homeward, was fain to admit to herself that her favorite pastor had not been as lucid as was desirable on the occasion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

An officer of Mr. Bergh's society recently prevented a swimming contest in which goats were to be the contestants, on the ground that water was not the goat's natural element. There can be no reasonable criticism of the soundness of this proposition. A goat is not a fish. Neither is he a bird, nor a junk-shop. But with seeming satisfaction he perches among the birds on the lofty crags of the upper part of the city, and he makes himself the receptacle of waste paper, scrap tin, and other junk. In view of this elasticity of the goat's nature it might not have been cruelty to animals to permit the goats to swim across the Harlem River, especially in view of the fact that the prizes were a mammoth cabbage, a large turnip, a double-sheet circus poster, and a tomato can.

It is claimed in Boston that the dude of that city is a very different creature from the dude of this metropolis. The Boston dude, it is explained, is always on the verge of the extreme, while the New York dude is constantly toppling over this verge. To know just where the extreme begins requires frequent cerebration—a wear and tear which no dude but a Boston dude, it is claimed, could endure. The Boston dude's dress is English to the verge of being extremely English, but there are no striking combinations of color in it—as in the American flag, for instance. He wears no jewelry; it is vulgar, even when it is not in pawn. He dresses, not to be seen, but on the principle that what he wears is going to be seen, and therefore should be attractive. The New York dude is in many respects the reverse of this superior creature.

America has not had so cool a summer in many years as this one has been thus far. But on the other side of the ocean the heat has been very intense and prolonged. Even in London they have been having some hot days. In Paris recently the rays of the sun ignited some chemicals that were lying on the quay, and a disastrous fire resulted. In the cholera-stricken regions of southern France the protracted heat has added to the horrors of the scourge.

The directors of the approaching exposition in New Orleans have made arrangements for pushing forward the construction of the buildings with an extra force of men working at night by electric light. A bureau of information is in running order for the benefit of exhibitors and visitors.

The characteristic peculiarity of police theories is the air of certainty with which they are put forward. Sometimes it is necessary to admit that they are mere theories, and at other times they are disguised as discoveries. There is a police theory as to the earthquake. It was not promulgated as a theory or as a discovery, but was incorporated in a statement of cold facts as though it was one of them. The officer in command at one of the station-houses reported to Superintendent Walling: "At 2¼ P.M. on Sunday an electric shock of an earthquake was felt at this station," etc.

Gamble was the name of a notorious gambler of Baltimore who was fatally shot last week by a man of his own class.

The cable says that a French government commission which has been making experiments similar to those of M. Pasteur has reported results which fully confirm his conclusion, that inoculation with virus of reduced strength is a preventive of hydrophobia.

An international congress of Alpine clubs has been held in Constance, Germany. The attendance indicated that the Germans and the Austrians are the world's most enthusiastic amateur climbers.

Says a daily paper: "The Acquenonckaquewauk Club met last evening for special business." It is presumed that anything outside of drill in pronouncing the club's name is special business.

The age at which a maid becomes a spinster in Boston seems to have been settled by the considerate action of a woman whose will has been filed for probate. She was a resident of Somerville, near Boston, and was wealthy. She bequeaths to the city of Boston a perpetual trust for the benefit of single women over fifty-nine years of age. The accompanying conditions are such as will keep the spinsters from indulging expensive tastes, but are not onerous. The question has been raised whether any one will be found whose youth does not disqualify her from becoming a beneficiary.

A writer describes the interesting effect produced by the falling of hail-stones as large as good-sized marbles into a lake: "When a round object drops into water, the liquid closes with so forcible a return that it throws up a tiny water-spout or fountain, whose height is in proportion to the force of the falling object. As the hail-stones struck the surface, thousands of these fountains sprang up, all about fourteen to eighteen inches high. The surface of the lake presented an appearance which seemed supernatural. It was as if myriads of springs were at work and the fountains of the deep were broken open."

There is a small club of bookworms in London called the Odd Volumes. The twenty-one members meet now and then, enjoy a dinner, and gossip about the things in which they are the most deeply interested. Their proceedings are put forth periodically in a small volume, which is said to be a masterpiece of dainty typography. Distinguished bibliophiles have occupied the president's chair.

There is no danger that steaming regattas will take the place of sailing and rowing regattas. As for steam-ship races, the magnificent vessels of the transatlantic lines are engaging in more interesting contests than even millionaires can afford to prepare for their diversion. But it is not improbable that there will be a race in the course of the season between the two steam vessels that were the most conspicuous in the American Yacht Club races—Mr. Gould's *Atalanta* and Mr. Roach's *Yosemite*. It is said that immediately after the race Mr. Roach sent a note to Mr. Gould, saying, "I congratulate you on being the owner of the *Atalanta* and the winner of the race," and that Mr. Gould replied, "I congratulate you on being the owner of the *Yosemite*, the second fastest steam-yacht in the world." It is further said that Mr. Roach is not disposed to regard it as settled that his vessel must occupy a second place. Hence a possibility amounting to a probability that the yachts will be matched again at no very distant date.

SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS HAVING BEEN MADE IN THE MANUFACTURE OF GAS FROM THE CITY'S WASTE GARBAGE, IS IT NOT WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF POSSIBILITY TO IMAGINE A "SHANTY TOWN" OF THE FUTURE SOMETHING LIKE THE ABOVE?

FARTHEST NORTH—THE S

FROM SKETCHES BY LIEUTENANT LOCKWOOD, DECEASED, FURNISH

MMIT OF LOCKWOOD ISLAND.

THROUGH THE COURTESY OF LIEUTENANT GREELY.—[SEE PAGE 548.]

LOVE AND MIRAGE;*

OR,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WORLD.

But a veil was lifted from the scene Arthur had gazed on coldly a few days before. 'Twas as some glowing Alpine landscape from which the morning mists have cleared. Instead of clinging vapor and watery clouds, pierced here and there by wan melancholy green, a veritable revelation of the warm, voluptuous South now flashed on his eyes.

Could this airy structure with its colonnade of purest marble breaking the azure sky lie in the very lair of the north wind? Those terraced gardens and lovely little lake, on which the swan "sailed double, swan and shadow," those rich red roses, each a floral paragon, those orange groves showing golden fruit and snowy bloom amid the same green leaves, the snow-white statues gleaming from bright foliage, all spoke of Italy. Immediately around the palace were parterres and smooth lawny pleasaunce, but far and wide stretched the park, alley upon alley, bosquet upon bosquet, offering dappled light and shadow, with occasional glimpses of the pale crystalline inland sea. To add to the magic of the place, the air from end to end was fragrant with the sweet smell of the lime trees, just now in full flower. It was captivating; it was unsurpassed.

If the outside of the palace was a surprise to the travellers, what were their feelings when the wide portal admitted them within? Exact taste and boundless outlay could accomplish no more. Arthur's experienced eye saw at a glance that his host was not only an expensive man, but a skilful art collector. On every side were evidences of connoisseurship and discrimination—here an exquisite statuette from some modern atelier, there a fascinating little *chef-d'œuvre* from the hand of the great Cellini. Every object, indeed, was a work of art, from the gold ashstand of mediæval workmanship on the writing table to the hand-bellows adorned with the Prince's monogram in pearls and turquoise. All ages and all countries had been laid under tribute for this palace of art within sound of arctic seas. There were canvases of Tintoret and the superb Spaniard, panels of Cordovan leather old as the Crusades, Gobelin tapestries, faience of Moustier and Nevers, when heroes paid homage to a Prince of Urbino, and cabinets of the famous Buhl himself. What was there not? And all in fastidious keeping. No profusion; nothing out of place; not a bagatelle that represented mere wealth. These impressions were of the moment only, for the inspection of the palace and its art collections could not, of course, be thought of then. The brothers were conducted straight to their chambers, and informed that the Prince would receive them in the octagon drawing-room half an hour later, "which was the hour of dinner," added the servant; "his Highness dined at six in the summer season."

Arthur went through the business of dressing with mixed feelings. It was an imperative duty to talk his best that evening, and he knew well enough that he could talk well when he chose. But his thoughts would wander to the mysterious adventure of the week before.

"The Prince dines at six in the summer season." He repeated these words to himself several times, but without any possibility of attaching a dubious meaning. His [illegible] be married, a bachelor, or widowed. One thing seemed certain—he was now alone.

"Arthur," said Harvey, putting his head in his neighbor's door, when half way through his toilet, "now you won't stay here after to-morrow, will you?"

"Don't you be a fool!" was Arthur's unflattering retort. "The Black Lake can wait, and Flemish can wait. Never refuse good company and good fare when you can get them."

Arthur's surmises were true. When they descended to the dazzling little octagon room, lighted only from above, its sole adornment a series of frescoes, they found the Prince unattended. His secretary, who came in a moment later, made up the quartette.

"It is the first time I have had the honor of entertaining any of your countrymen here," began the Prince, blandly; "and indeed I know not if my art collection has ever been visited by an English amateur. What Englishman has not seen the moon rise on the Pyramids and the refuse to set at Hammerfest? You set off for the north pole as unconcernedly as for Epsom races. But all pass my island by."

"Fortunately for your Highness," replied Arthur, quickly. "Did people know what it is like, the park you so magnanimously threw open would be as crowded as the Prater on Whit-Monday."

This beginning made all things easy. And when was a dinner party of four agreeable men otherwise than perfect? There is an abandon which mere social reunions of both sexes can not attain to; within the limits of entire discretion in speech and deportment, a freedom, if not from restraint, at least from the desire of pleasing, which must actuate men when placed beside women at the dinner table. These genial diners were one and all as far removed from undue ex[illegible] could be. Yet the pleasure that may [illegible] arise from the [illegible] of matchless wines and rare meats comes into stronger relief than at mixed assemblies. Princes are bound to get at knowledge by short-cuts, and Arthur soon found that he was being affably drawn out on many subjects useful to an art collector. His pleasant host, by the time dinner was over, knew as much about the last phases of artistic development in England and France as if he had expended time and eyesight upon all the best publications of a twelvemonth. What would you have? We humble folks surely do not expect to be bidden to princely tables for nothing.

Arthur Venning, artist and art critic in a fastidious, limited field, was a capital talker on his own subject. He just escaped being called an amateur, but his work both on paper and canvas, whilst unpretentious to the extreme, possessed qualities many who had made much more of a name might envy. Alike his drawing and his writing showed consummate taste, skill, and finish. He knew what form was—a rare achievement—and had he been poor or ambitious, would doubtless have done much more.

"I can not permit you to go away to-morrow," said the Prince, when the quartette smoked cigarettes on the balcony. What desecration to smoke amid such roses! thought Arthur, who was not wedded to the pastime. "You really must remain my guests one night more."

Arthur accepted delightedly. Harvey tried to look as if the proposal were to his mind. Their host went on: "I am compelled to go to-morrow to my hunting Schloss in the forest, and the thought has occurred to me that perhaps Mr. Harvey Venning would like to drive, whilst Mr. Arthur Venning might prefer to be left behind among the pictures."

"The very privilege I could have asked," Arthur said. "The fact is, with your Highness's leave, I should like to make a few notes of your great masters for the benefit of art lovers at home."

"Do exactly as you please," answered the Prince, evidently charmed at the notion that the fame of his collection would now reach English ears.

"A Velasquez in a remote islet inhabited by a handful of fishermen, your phlegmatic countrymen will be astonished, eh?"

"They will come to see," put in Harvey, mischievously.

"All the better. How the English are loved everywhere on the Continent! How they spend money and flatter us!" laughed the Prince, gayly. Then, with almost a rollicking air, he went on to say that having in view the prosperity of the island—and a good investment—he contemplated building a big hotel and bath just outside the park, and a casino within its very precincts, finally laying down a railway to the landing-place over against the continent.

Arthur looked positively shocked. Was the last little Eden in Europe to be handed over to the tourist by contract—this earthly paradise, if any existed, to be invaded by the building speculator? Every imaginable horror passed before his mind—shrill voiced elderly ladies with their courier and poodle, transatlantic explorers in bands of fifty, the typical English paterfamilias with his correct family stiff as whalebone, the bustle, the artificiality, the vulgarness of Swiss travel brought to these idyllic woods on the shores of the Baltic!

"Mr. Venning does not seem taken by my plans," continued the host, as he gracefully scattered the ashes of his cigarette among the roses. "But is not taste a Moloch that devours us? Would not an art lover sell the mummy of his grandmother for an old master? And we must all live."

As soon as it grew dusk they went in-doors, and dawdled through the splendid salons, glancing at this *chef-d'œuvre* and that. Arthur looked and listened for a sign of feminine presence, but none came. No [illegible]. No delicate [illegible] even the occasional sojourn of a mistress. And as the evening wore on, the Prince accidentally alluded to his celibate condition. Still Arthur's mind would revert to his adventure with mixed feelings of relief and curiosity. He was pretty certain that no reference would now be made to the circumstance of his first visit. The woman-servant who had opened to him was nowhere to be seen, not a trace of the beautiful sitter; the Prince evidently in ignorance of the whole affair. These reflections were welcome, but he could not [illegible] himself to the thought that the mystery should end there. He must find out who this lady was, and unravel the secret of her sadness and her isolation. But the Prince was going to carry Harvey off to the hunting Schloss in the forest next day. He should have the palace to himself; he would by some means or other solve the problem.

It was late when the party separated, yet Arthur had no inclination for sleep. Vague foreshadowings of trouble disquieted him, and the realities of the day were not altogether agreeable.

We can not put our thoughts [illegible] to plain language when under a strange roof, but Arthur had already discovered without a word that on one point he and Harvey were of the same mind. They did not feel unreservedly drawn toward their host. Charming as he was, a man of culture and of the world, much travelled, an apt talker, gay, cosmopolitan, something was wanting—just that undefinable something we must have in our friends. And as Arthur lay pondering in the midnight silence he seemed to find in this character he was studying just the glimmering of light, the clew, he wanted. "Yes," he said to himself at last, "I have a clew. How, indeed, can a man choose but carry about with him his life-story written in his face?"

CHAPTER XIV.

MYSTERY.

The travellers woke up to find a perfect day wedded to a perfect place. Within and without prevailed deliciousness. Light showers had fallen during the night, sprinkling the roses with diamonds, whilst as the sun rose high in the heavens the fragrance of the lime-trees was wafted warmly throughout the length and breadth of the park. Under the majestic alleys of silver-fir and pine, and in the dappled glades far away, were coolness and shadow; all the palace, rose garden, and fairy lake lay in warm sunshine. The white statues amid glistening green leaves, the exotics wreathing airy columns, the silvery fountains springing from marble basins, the glow of richness, warmth, and beauty, were enough to make a beholder swear himself in Italy. And wander whichever way he might, his eyes would find the sea, on this superlative July morning, clear turquoise lapping golden sands.

Close about the palace all loveliness and witchery reached their acme, yet the picture was incomplete: it wanted a beautiful woman. So at least Arthur thought as he lingered among the statuary and the orange-trees before going in-doors to revel in another kind of enchantment. He could not conceive of any man taking pleasure in such a place alone. Such camellias should grow for a girl's fair head; such roses should put the finishing touch to the dress of a beauty. The orangery looked cold for want of an exquisite gown. The Prince had carried Harvey off betimes, saying they should not be back till dinner-time, so that Arthur had the day and the place to himself. He was free to do as he pleased, and wander whither he would.

At last he went in-doors, and, in accordance with his host's suggestion, very carefully and observantly made the round of the state drawing-rooms. Amid the works of art that met his eyes on every side, a Canova here, a Thorwaldsen there, sculpture predominating in this room, his attention was soon riveted by a man's head in marble, evidently a modern *chef-d'œuvre*, and the likeness of a face that he seemed to know. He looked, and looked, and looked again. Where had he seen that well-shaped head, that cold yet admirable contour, that beautifully proportioned throat? He started and smiled to himself. How was it that he now for the first time discovered his host to be one of the handsomest men he had ever seen? Stooping down, he found the name of an Italian sculptor engraved on the base, and in juxtaposition the word "Roma," with a date.

The bust was seven years old, and in the interval the sitter had grown a beard—quite reason enough for non-recognition at first sight. But the excellence of the work, considered from an artistic point of view, fascinated. It was a masterpiece both of design and execution, a striking achievement of imagination as well as critical faculties of a high order. Opening his sketch-book, he amused himself by making a copy.

So absorbed he grew in his task that when, half an hour later, the door behind him was unclosed softly, he did not observe the sound. As soon, however, as a footfall touched the polished floor close by his chair, he turned carelessly round to see who the intruder might be. The genial occupation of the last half hour had driven all irrelevant thoughts and stray conjectures out of his head. Bent solely on making a fair copy of the fine piece of sculpture before him, not once had the dominant fancy of the day before disturbed his mood. The sad, ineffably lonely apparition in black was for the moment forgotten.

On a sudden she was there, looking sadder, even more beautiful, than before. She wore the same kind of dress, noiseless, nun-like drapery of funereal black, only relieved by a white lace kerchief knotted about her throat, and on her bosom a bunch of the white starry flowers Arthur knew. They were the rare flowers he had found growing on the island, the flowers Elizabeth so loved for her dead sister's sake. He sprang to his feet, overcome with surprise and pleasure. He was [illegible] to speak, to ex[illegible] to apologize, when without a word the lady silenced him.

"Do not speak to me, do not look at me," her face said, as she swiftly and noiselessly crossed the room. No written mandate plainer, no vehement utterance more imperative, than the glance she gave him as she drew near. He stood dumfounded, yet secretly on the alert. In silence the charge was given, in silence the pledge accorded. So far the two entirely understood each other.

But the little scene did not end here. Arthur's naturally quick perceptions, sharpened by the lady's meaning glance, told him that her coming was not accidental, that she had something further to say to him. He watched her passage from one end of the room to the other, therefore, with apparently careless yet vigilant eyes, waiting for a further sign. The manner of giving it was simple. As the black-robed figure now traversed the salon from end to end, she was obliged to pass the chair on which he had deposited his note-books and sketching blocks. So deftly and noiselessly that the action must have been unperceived, even had others been by, she here let fall from her hand a folded paper, then passed on. Arthur sprang forward to open the opposite door, wound automatically to close it upon her, and returned to his seat as if nothing had happened. The lady's manner impressed upon him the necessity of extreme caution, so that he durst not venture on taking any notice of the missive for the present. Not till a fair silhouette had been made and the sketch-book laid down, could he contrive to satisfy his curiosity.

There were only a few pencilled words in English, and they were these:

"I have something to say to you. By the iron-bound oak on the eastern confines of the park, in an hour's time, we could talk unobserved."

In an hour's time! Arthur set to work upon his memoranda with extraordinary zeal. What would the Prince think if he should find nothing done during [illegible]? A whole long summer day, and not a note worth mentioning. So with desperate determination to put away all conjecture and all personality for three-quarters of an hour, he began to jot down a few critical remarks upon the great pictures in the gallery.

For nothing short of a picture-gallery was this sumptuous reception-room, and as he passed from canvas to canvas he found the minutes fly despairingly fast. He should have to stay another day at the palace, and what would Harvey say to that?

Still, three-quarters of an hour may be turned to excellent account when the faculties are sharpened by mixed feelings of bewilderment and responsibility. Arthur was bound to keep his word to his host. He was all the same bound to obey a lady's bidding. By the time he must set off in search of the iron-bound oak he had covered a dozen pages with apt and serviceable notes.

The eastern confines of the park lay far away from the palace and its enticing precincts in an inland direction. Here, instead of close-shaven lawns and stately avenues, fairy dells and winding walks, was a wilderness of tangled grass and undergrowth. The wild deer might be seen sporting amid these solitudes, and far as the eye could reach stretched the interminable forest. Where, indeed, the park ended, the forest began. Arthur's quick eye soon discerned an ancient oak with straggling, leafless branches, and battered sides held together by massive iron bands.

There was a moss-grown rustic seat under its branches, but umbrageous shadow no longer, and the very birds and butterflies had long forsaken it. Bare and desolate it stood in its hoary age—a Lear of the forest world. Without glancing round, Arthur seated himself on the wooden bench, and pulling out a sketch-book, began to draw the picturesque scene before him. How could he feel sure that he was not watched? This meeting must appear purely accidental to possible observers.

As he waited, putting many surmises and suggestions together, light dawned on his mind. He seemed hardly to need any explanation on the part of the lady now. Her history had already revealed itself to him. He felt sure that he knew the saddest and weightiest things she had to tell. By-and-by he saw her coming. If so lovely in her sadness, what must she be in a moment of joy?

For the life of him Arthur could not help putting down his sketch-book and gazing at the picture she made as she emerged from the wood. It was, above all, the dignity of the black-robed figure that struck him then. A woman may be perfect without absolute beauty if she possesses this admirable gift of dignity, and not possessing it, wants all things to certain fastidious eyes. Arthur Venning could not remember having seen any one who so nearly approached his ideal of feminine excellence. The look, the manner, the indescribable something that makes every human being what he is, were faultless, to his thinking, the pathetic wistfulness and look of appeal heightening her beauty. All was impressive, not to be matched, still less forgotten or described.

Agitated and expectant, he sprang to his feet and bared his head as she drew near.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1438.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT MONTREAL.

By PROFESSOR E. L. YOUMANS.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science meets this year in Montreal, commencing Wednesday, August 27. This is probably the largest and most influential scientific body in the world, and its coming across the Atlantic to hold a regular session on this continent is a striking illustration of the vigor and enterprise of that great scientific movement which is rapidly becoming the leading power of civilization. We propose briefly to refer to the history of this association, and to notice some of the prominent men who are announced to participate in the proceedings of the Canada meeting, and whose portraits are given on another page of the Weekly.

The British Association was established over half a century ago (1831), and was called into existence because the time had come for a new organization of wider influence, devoted to the general advancement of science. Scientific societies and academies were already numerous, and successful in their way, but they were local and isolated, and the need began to be strongly felt for an association of a new type, on a broader basis, that should bring the widely separated cultivators of science into more intimate intercourse, that should act upon larger masses of the community, attract more educated men into the field of scientific labor, and gain the various important advantages of more comprehensive co-operation. In order to act with increasing power upon the community at large, the Association was made migratory, its policy being to hold its annual meetings, of a week's duration, successively in the chief cities of the kingdom. Its main object was, of course, to promote the work of original scientific research in its various directions, yet, more than any other scientific institution, it was intended to come into close relations with the people, and help to awaken a more general and a deeper interest in scientific subjects. The scientific labors of preceding centuries had already begun to tell powerfully toward the general enlightenment and the liberalization of thought, and the rise of the British Association was coincident with various growing tendencies toward popular improvement, with political ameliorations, with increasing efforts for the extension of education and the wider diffusion of valuable knowledge. As science had already been the most powerful agency in bringing about this general quickening of thought, it was necessary that it should adapt itself more perfectly to the requirements of the times and the growing needs of a better-educated public.

Although an experiment, the British Association was successful from the start. It disavowed all intention of rivalry with older scientific societies, and there was no jealousy of its influence on their part. The ablest men in all departments

of science entered cordially into its work, and the most illustrious scientists of England, such as Buckland, Sedgwick, Whewell, Herschel, Murchison, Brewster, Airy, Lyell, Grove, Hooker, Huxley, Thomson, and Tyndall, have been among its presidents. It has carried out its purpose of giving a stronger impulse and a more systematic direction to scientific inquiry, of promoting the intercourse of the cultivators of science, of securing more general attention to its objects, and of removing public impediments to its progress; and so highly valued have been its method and its results, that associations in imitation of it have been organized in the United States and in different Continental countries.

The British Association has had an active share in the scientific work of the last fifty years, incomparably the most productive period in the history of human thought. The achievements of research, the progress made in unravelling the mysteries of nature, and the inventive applications of newly acquired power to the arts of life that have signalized the last half-century are among the most brilliant triumphs of the human mind. Since the British Association began its work, telegraphy, photography, spectrum analysis, anæsthetics, railroads, ocean steam navigation, the telephone, and countless other discoveries and contrivances have changed the face of civilization, and borne splendid witness to the nobleness of the objects which such scientific organizations are designed to promote. Centuries of intellectual toil in the direction of science had yielded but slight results; but as methods and appliances were matured, and that more efficient co-operation of which the British Association is the pre-eminent example was secured, there began that magnificent fruitage of benign results which has so profoundly affected the interests of modern society.

The movement of science is not only an advance, but a widening. It expands ideas, unifies knowledge, and constantly attracts new influences within the scope of its ever-extending activity. It brings its cultivators together from all countries, animated by a common spirit, and devoted to common objects. It is thus a harmonizing and consolidating agency among men, and is more and more becoming international in its operations. The coming of the British Association to Montreal is thus a kind of new departure, a breaking away from the narrow and the local, and an entrance upon a broader policy. The Montreal meeting is to be immediately followed by the annual gathering of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which convenes in Philadelphia September 4, and many members of the former body are expected to be present at the latter meeting. We understand that it is proposed to use this favorable occasion to inaugurate an International Scientific Congress, a permanent organization to meet in different countries, after the plan of the International Medical Congress. There would be much important work to do for such an association, and it is to be hoped that the arrangement will be carried out.

The last year's meeting of the British Association was held at Southport, under the presidency of Professor Arthur Cayley, the celebrated mathematician (born in 1821), who was elected Sadlerian Professor of Pure Mathematics in the University of Cambridge in 1863. He is a fellow of the Royal, of the Royal Astronomical, and various other learned societies, and has contributed many abstruse papers to their Transactions. He has been president of the Astronomical Society, and in 1882 received the Copley medal from the Royal Society for his profound mathematical researches.

Professor Cayley will resign the presidential chair at the opening of the meeting in Montreal to his successor, Professor Lord Rayleigh, who will preside at the present meeting. Several distinguished noblemen—Prince Albert, the Dukes of Argyll and Northumberland, Lord Wrottesley, and others—have been presidents of the British Association, which has given rise to the insinuation that it had a weakness for great titles, but there are sound reasons for the policy. The nobleman who will preside at Montreal is, however, not merely a lord, but a man of distinguished ability, and well entitled to the honor. Lord Rayleigh (John William Strutt) was born November 12, 1842, and succeeded to his father's title in 1873. At Cambridge he was a brilliant student, and in the severe competitions attained the highest honors of Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prize man. He is a fellow of Trinity College, and also a fellow of the Royal Society. He is Professor of Experimental Physics at Cambridge, the author of various scientific memoirs, and of an important work on Sound.

One of the interesting features of the British Association, which illustrates its sympathy with popular science, is the provision it makes each year for the delivery of lectures by its best speakers to the citizens of the town where the meeting is held. Such men as Tyndall, Lubbock, Huxley, and Carpenter are usually called to this service, and this year a lecture is to be given by Dr R. S. Ball, Astronomer Royal of Ireland, on the subject of "Comets." Dr. Ball was born in 1840, is a man of many honors, and has published much on mathematics, astronomy, and physical science. He is said to be especially attractive and racy as a lecturer, and we are glad to learn that he is to give a course before the Lowell Institute in Boston. If the citizens of New York do not invite him to repeat them, we suspect they will miss a great treat. Other similar lectures are also to be given at Montreal.

Sir John Lubbock, permanent trustee of the British Association, and its president in 1881, at the semi-centennial or "Jubilee" meeting, held at York, is expected to be present at Montreal. He is a man who combines in a remarkable degree versatility and solidity, having achieved well-earned distinction as a naturalist, an anthropologist, and a legislator. He is an acute observer, the author of many successful works, a member of Parliament, an indefatigable reformer, and has carried through the House of Commons no fewer than fourteen important public measures of the most diverse character. He went to a private school, thence to Eton, from which he was transferred to his father's bank in Lombard Street at the age of fourteen. His business is that of a banker, and he is at the head of an institution which has existed for generations. He has done an immense amount of work for a man of fifty.

Another of the former presidents of the British Association, who presided over the meeting at Norwich in 1868, and who has been also president of the Royal Society, is Sir Joseph Hooker. He is director of the Kew Gardens, and the greatest English authority on botanical science. He has travelled extensively in several continents for the advancement of his favorite science, and has published various important works upon it. He was an early and staunch evolutionist. Born in 1817.

Sir William Thomson will honor the Montreal meeting with his presence. Like Dr Hooker, he has been in this country before, and he was also president of the British Association at its meeting in Edinburgh in 1871. He is well known as a mathematician and a physicist, and as having given especial attention to electrical investigations. Though a practical inventor and a skillful experimenter, he is deep in mathematics, and much given to abstruse researches. He is most popularly known through his connection with submarine telegraphy, having invented the mirror galvanometer, and the siphon-recorder, which, owing to their extreme delicacy, can be worked by very low battery power. On the successful completion of the Atlantic cable in 1866 he received the honor of knighthood. He was born in Belfast in 1824, graduated at Cambridge in 1845, and in 1846 was made Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, which position he still retains. He has lectured at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, and is to give another course there in the coming autumn.

The Rev. Thomas G. Bonney, Professor of Geology in University College, London, is the secretary of the British Association. He was born in 1833, and graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1856. In 1857 he was ordained, and for two years held a curacy in St. John's Church, Westminster, but has subsequently devoted himself to science, with conspicuous success as an original worker in geology and petrology. He is the author of various works, some of them theological, but his contributions to the proceedings of the Royal Society and to the principal British journals of science have been numerous and important.

It is hardly to be supposed that the bold and, as it first appeared, entirely impracticable step of going three thousand miles to hold a meeting of the Association originated with its habitual managers. The credit of suggesting it belongs to John T. Lewis, D.D., LL.D., Lord Bishop of Ontario; but the credit of carrying it through, and making it a practical project, is due to Captain Bedford Pim. For this kind of enterprise Captain Pim seems to be well adapted, as he is a man of adventure, whose career has been upon the sea, circumnavigating the globe, piercing the polar regions, and carrying on naval operations. Quitting the ocean at length, he studied law, and in 1874 was sent to Parliament. He has been a strenuous advocate of the "Nicaragua route," has published various works on geographical and kindred subjects, and is a member of several scientific societies.

The president of the Anthropological Section of the British Association for the present year is Mr E. B. Tylor, the distinguished author of *Researches into the Early History of Mankind*, *Primitive Culture*, and various publications on ethnological and archæological subjects. He was born in 1832, and early devoted himself to the study of the races of mankind, their history, language, and civilization. He is a member of the Royal Society, president of the Anthropological Society, and a high authority on the subjects to which he has devoted himself.

Professor Henry E. Roscoe is president of the Chemical Section. He was born in 1833, is descended from the Roscoes of Liverpool, where he was educated at the High School, and subsequently at University College, London, and at Heidelberg. He was appointed Professor of Chemistry at Owens College, Manchester, in 1858, and elected a fellow of the Royal Society in 1863. He is the author of a book on spectrum analysis, and in connection with Professor Schorlemmer has just passed through the press a standard work on the subject of chemistry, in several volumes.

Prominent in the management of the Montreal meeting is Dr. Thomas Sterry Hunt, the distinguished chemist and geologist, who, although born in Connecticut and a student at Yale, became connected with the Geological Survey of Canada in 1847, and is still a resident of Montreal. He devoted himself to chemistry, and early developed original views on chemical theory, which anticipated some of the profound changes in the science which have only recently been generally accepted. But Dr Hunt's main field of work has been in chemical geology, the results of which are to be found in an essay on the "Chemistry of the Earth" in the report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1869, and in his address as retiring president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in 1871. His contributions to European and American scientific societies and journals are numerous, and a collection of them was published in 1874. His latest work is on the *Coal and Iron in Southern Ohio*. The importance of Dr Hunt's scientific labors is attested by many honors from learned bodies both at home and abroad.

Sir Lyon Playfair, who has figured prominently in British science for a generation, was born in Bengal in 1819. At a very early age he took especial interest in chemistry, and coming to England, studied that science under the celebrated Thomas Graham. In 1838 he went to Giessen to pursue organic chemistry under Liebig, and we first knew him as a translator of Liebig's works into English. He was appointed Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution, and subsequently at the Museum of Practical Geology in London. At the great exhibition of 1862 he had charge of the department of juries, and was intrusted with the appointment of the jurors, who numbered upward of six hundred persons, consisting of the most eminent men in science and industry of all countries of Europe. Dr Playfair was elected president of the Chemical Society of London in 1857, and in 1858 was appointed Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. He was elected a member of Parliament for the universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews in 1868, and officiated as Speaker of the House of Commons. Professor Playfair has been active in the improvement of manufacturing processes, in the advancement of technical education, and especially in the promotion of measures of public sanitation. He has written many scientific memoirs, and honors of all sorts have been showered upon him with unusual profusion. He has recently married an American wife, and visits this country often.

William Boyd Dawkins, F.R.S., was born in 1838, and was the first Burdett-Coutts geological scholar at Oxford. He pursued geology, became connected with her Majesty's Geological Survey of Great Britain in 1862, and Professor of Geology at Owens College in 1874. He was appointed in 1882 a member of the scientific committee of the Channel Tunnel, and intrusted with the geological survey of the English and French coasts for that enterprise. He is best known by his works on *Cave-Hunting and the Early Inhabitants of Europe*, and *Early Man in Britain and his Place in the Tertiary Period*. He holds independent views on prehistoric man in Europe, which were brought out in a series of lectures before the Lowell Institute in 1880.

James Glaisher has become famous as a meteorologist, especially in connection with aeronautics. The manner in which he turned to scientific account the results of his observations and experiments in his balloon voyages above the clouds was much appreciated in the world of science, and led to his election as a fellow of the Royal Society in 1849. He has published on the navigation of the air, and in 1865 was appointed to succeed Admiral Fitzroy in the control of the meteorological department of the Board of Trade.

Dr Edward Frankland, one of the most distinguished of the English chemists, was born in 1825, and after studying at the Museum of Practical Geology, pursued his chemical education in the universities of Marburg and Giessen. He has received many honors, both English and Continental, for his multifarious chemical labors. He was professor in the Royal College of Chemistry and at Owens College, has made many researches in organic chemistry, and on the sanitary relations of air, water, drainage, river pollution, etc. His public services of this kind are held in high esteem.

The British Association will hold its sessions in McGill University, Montreal—an institution of excellent repute, which it owes in no small degree to the eminent position of its principal, Dr. John William Dawson. Principal Dawson was born in Nova Scotia in 1820. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, and returning home, devoted himself to the natural history and geology of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the results of which were embodied in his work on *Acadian Geology*. He accompanied Sir Charles Lyell in his exploration of those regions. Among his numerous contributions to geological science is the discovery of the *Eozoon canadense* of the Laurentian limestone, the oldest known form of animal life. Dr Dawson is a high authority in all that appertains to fossil botany. He has led a life of great scientific activity, making numerous explorations, contributing much to the proceedings of learned societies, and is the author of many important scientific works. Besides raising McGill University to its present position, Dr. Dawson has been Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia, had the care of a normal school, and taken much interest in agricultural education. He is an excellent speaker, and has lectured a good deal in England and in the United States. He is a vigorous opponent of the theory of general land glaciation, and also of "extreme Darwinism." Dr. Dawson was elected fellow of the Royal Society in 1862, and was president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at its meeting held in Montreal in 1882. Canadian science finds in him her ablest representative, and it is no doubt largely through his eminent influence that the British Association has been attracted across the Atlantic to Montreal.

SOME EVENTS OF THE RACING SEASON.

One circumstance, or perhaps it is better to say one train of circumstances, must have attracted the attention of those who have regularly visited the race-course at Monmouth Park this season. I refer to the remarkable success which Mr. Pierre Lorillard has achieved with his two-year-old fillies bred from imported Mortemer. This stallion was, until Mr. Lorillard purchased him, one of the most famous horses in the French stud. His sons and daughters have had many victories placed to their credit. The price paid for him by his present owner was high, but his "get" has, I fancy, more than paid for the purchase at the Monmouth meeting alone.

Consider, for instance, the race for the Champion Stallion Stakes, which was won by Mortemer's daughter Wanda. The Champion Stallion Stakes, as the entries filled this year, were the richest ever run for on the American turf, if private matches are excepted. They are offered for two-year-old colts and fillies at $250 each, with $5000 added by the Monmouth Park Association to a subscription of $500 each by owners of stallions whose get alone shall be qualified to start. There were to this year's race twenty-five subscribing owners at $500 each, making $12,500, and twelve competitors at $250 each, making $3000. Both of these amounts, added to the $5000 offered by the Association, made the stakes worth $20,500. After deducting the various amounts which went to the second and third horses, the fat stakes of $17,500 were left to the owner of the winner, provided he were also the owner of the stallion.

A noble array came to the post for this race. E. J. Baldwin had brought from his Palo Alto Stable three fillies of the Grinstead strain, viz., Verano, Volante, and Mission Belle. Of Virgil's descendants there were the Dwyer Brothers' colt Richmond; Mr Kelso's Saltpetre acknowledged the paternity of Glenelg; Springbok sent the Clipsiana Stable's Guano and East Lynne; Billet, Mr Kelso's Brookwood; Alarm, Mr Kittson's Pardee, and Reform, Eachus. Mr Lorillard was represented by Mortemer's Wanda and Chimera.

Verano, Volante, and Mission Belle, who presented a gorgeous appearance in the black and red Maltese cross of the Palo Alto, were considered dangerous competitors as they cantered past the stand during the warming-up process, with Ike Murphy, the crack colored jockey of the country, on Verano. Mr Edgar Johnson, Governor Hoadly's law partner, consented to act as starter for this important event. The starting has not been very brilliant this season at Monmouth, owing to the regular starter's leniency. Mr Johnson warned the jockeys that they would be severely punished for delaying the start by unfair means, and the warning worked like a charm. The flag fell after but two breakaways. The bunch, excepting Pardee and Eachus, swept forward with a great rush. Barely a second later the bunch was drawn out into a line, and it was seen that Mr. Kelso's Saltpetre was in the lead, with P. Lorillard's colors on Wanda close up to him, and the Clipsiana Stable's Guano third. As they went down the back-stretch, the Lorillard cherry shot up to the Kelso red, white, and blue, and then showed half a length in front, Saltpetre falling back, and Guano capturing second place. Then Ike Murphy was seen urging Verano forward. She glided up to Guano, and dropping her, reached Wanda. The friends of the home stable lost heart for a moment as the red Maltese cross of the Palo Alto flashed in the lead at the half-mile post, and entered the turn in front. But it was only a moment, for, with a grand burst of speed, while the rafters rang with cheer after cheer, Wanda went to the front again. Further and further she flew away from the bunch. There was no reaching her. Without a touch of the whip, she cantered home a winner by three lengths, securing for Mr Lorillard the $17,500 stakes. Guano was second. If Wanda had given out, Chimera would have been ready to do the work. In a previous dash of three-quarters of a mile Guano got a lead of six lengths. But Chimera overhauled the colt, and beat him home in splendid style.

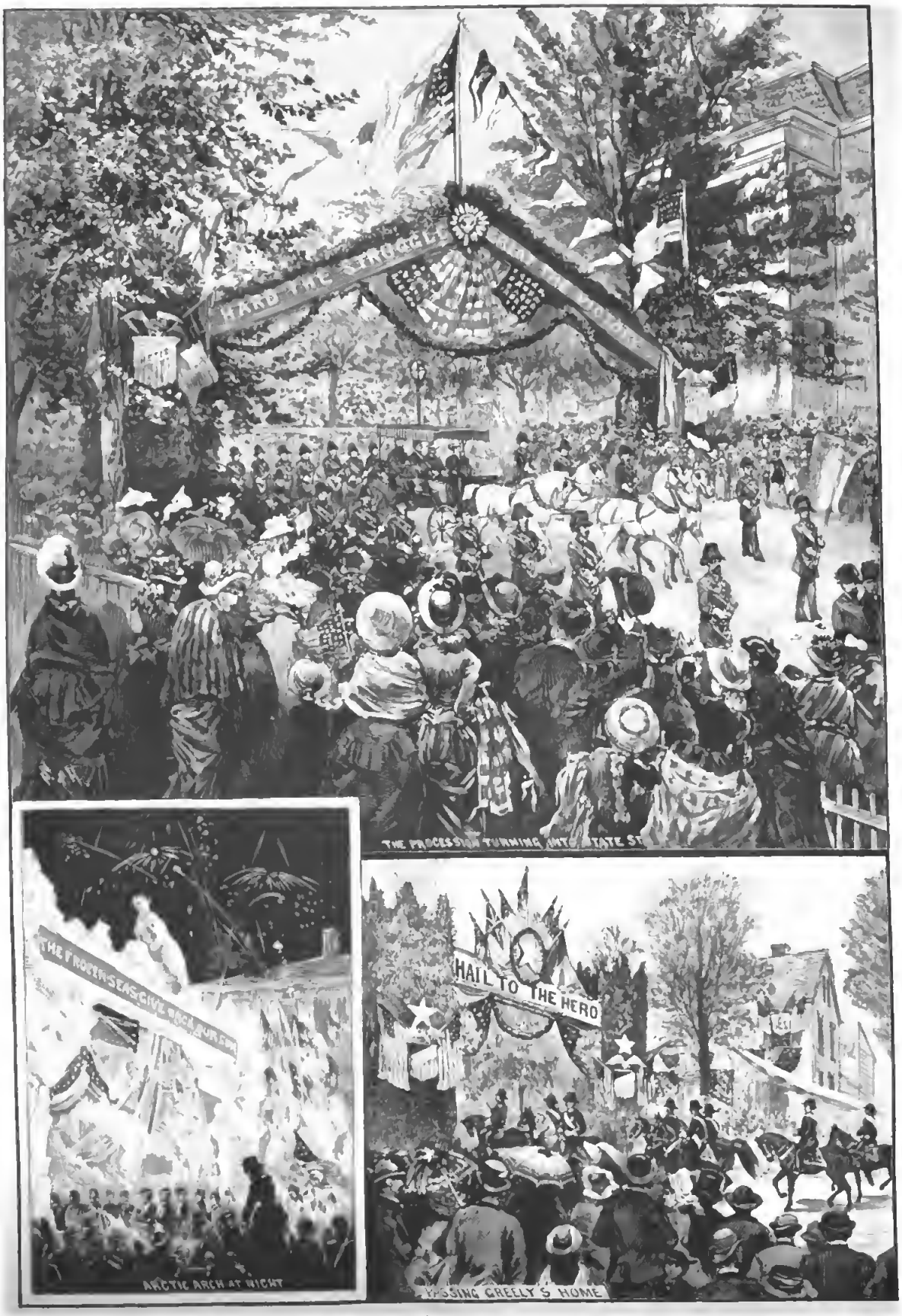
Another event of much importance was the race for the Champion Stakes. In this Miss Woodford defeated Eole, Monitor, Drake Carter, and Freda. Miss Woodford has thus retained an unbroken record of success as a four-year-old. Miss Woodford is not only a fast racer, but a beauty.

The most important race of last week was that for the Omnibus Stakes, for three-year-olds, at $100 each for starters, with $3000 added, of which $2500 to the winner, $1000 to the second, $1000 to the nominator of the winner, and $500 to the nominator of the second. The distance was a mile and a half. The presence of Mr Kittson's Rataplan and Mr D. D. Withers's sturdy youngster the Mimi colt, insured an exciting struggle. When the flag fell, Rataplan got off with the lead. He cut out the pace, with the Mimi colt running second all the way to the quarter post, G. L. Lorillard's Thackeray meanwhile in third place, Mr Rye's Bob Cook fourth. On the back-stretch Bob Cook glided past the colt and crept up to the leader. By the half-mile post he was on even terms with Rataplan, and on the lower turn got his head in front, the Mimi colt running easily in third place. Do what he would, Bob Cook could get no further way from Rataplan than he was on the lower turn until near the home-stretch, where he came swiftly forward. The crowd was shouting "Bob Cook!" when, with the utmost ease, the Mimi colt galloped to the front, winning by four lengths.

GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT.

An English war correspondent, Mr Prior, states that the principal expenses of such a journalist are not his salary, but his outfit and his means of locomotion. He can never be sure that either food or drink can be obtained at the seat of war. In one campaign Mr Prior took out with him $200 worth of canned goods alone, while saddles, clothes, boots, drawing materials, and cash were in abundance. In the Zulu war he travelled more comfortably than any member of the staff of the commanding general. He had five horses, and on the eve of the battle of Ulundi was the only man who had a tent. Officers in command of troops have no objection whatever to war correspondents as long as victory perches on their banners; but when defeat comes they detest a war correspondent in proportion to his truthfulness as a narrator, making all sorts of imputations not only upon his accuracy, but also upon his personal character.



THE RECEPTION OF LIEUTENANT GREELY AT NEWBURYPORT.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 548.]

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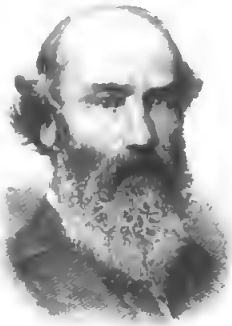

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JAMES GLAISHER.

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DR. JOHN WILLIAM DAWSON.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT MONTREAL—PORTRAITS OF SOME PROMINENT MEMBERS.—[See Page 552.]

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IN THE LIONS' DEN.

"No, I never feel nervous," said Cetywayo, otherwise Mr Porter, the colored man who exercises the lions at the London Aquarium. "You see, I worked my way up among animals, beginning at the smaller sorts, and going upward through the snakes to the lions and tigers. I learned my business under an excellent man named Conkling. I well remember the first time I entered a cage of lions. There were two lions and one tiger. My master stood outside with his whip. I did not feel afraid, I was so used to the animals. Yes, of course, there is a certain amount of danger. For instance, a short time since I was giving a 'parade' when there had been a heavy storm of rain, and my foot slipped on the floor of the cage, which was wet. In a minute they were all upon me, and began 'chawing' away at my leg. However, I had a 'turn up' with them with my whip, and managed to get out of the cage. That job laid me up in hospital for two months. There is not much difficulty in teaching lions to jump over fire. You see, they soon get into the way of jumping over the board, and then the rest is easily managed. The lion that lies down at the end of the cage is the quietest, but he would be the worst of the lot if he saw his chance.

"No, you don't see many American negroes, like myself, at this business. The native Africans and the native West Indians are best at it, used as they are to live in the neighborhood of wild beasts. The natives of India are brave enough when 'beating' on a hunting expedition in the open, but they are afraid to go into a cage with a lion or tiger. The great thing in keeping lions in good condition is not to overfeed them. You will see many animals in menageries and zoological gardens that do not look as healthy as ours do, though they have actually more room. The reason is that they get too much to eat, and not enough exercise. Ten pounds of meat a day is ample for any lion. Besides, you see, ours perform twice daily. And the work is good for them. On Sundays we cut up bullocks' livers for them, and that acts like medicine upon the animals. Yes, that cage cost a lot of money. You see, it closes down like a telescope until it is only three or four feet high. That tusker there" (pointing to the large elephant that drags in the cage) "is a devil. He has killed three keepers already, and he tried to pin me against the wall yesterday. No, thanks, I don't drink. It's bad for the nerves, and one wants them in good order for our business."

NURSING AND DOCTORING.

It is very desirable (says the accomplished matron of the London Hospital to those who have the care of the sick) that you should have a clear idea of what a doctor is, and what relation you as nurses bear to him. The doctor, when called to a sick person, first turns his attention to finding out what is the matter. This may be very obvious, such as a broken leg, an epileptic fit, or an attack of measles; or it may require a good deal of examining and questioning on his part. When once he has made a diagnosis, as it is called, or ascertained in what way the patient is affected, he proceeds to determine a plan for the treatment of the case, and, if need be, to prevent any spread of disease to those about. Up to this point you, as nurses, have no place. In the subsequent conduct of the case it will be your part to efficiently carry out the doctor's orders, and to intelligently and carefully observe, for the purpose of reporting with absolute accuracy, what occurs in the doctor's absence. It is by educating your perceptive faculties in this direction that you may become of such valuable assistance in aiding the cure and alleviation of the sick. But important, and very important, as it is that you should be strictly accurate in such points, it is, after all, as agents in administering a system of relief to the patient that you find your place. In the treatment of the case you have your work.

A plan, based upon scientific principles, is laid down by the doctor to himself, and he intrusts much of the carrying out of that plan to you. Hence, at the outset, you see that your work is of no mean order, and that you are placed in a responsible position, requiring intelligence and skill; that, in fact, you are the practicers of an *art*, now acknowledged to be such, and which depends for much of its advancement upon you. No doctor can refuse to learn of some matters from a nurse, for he is conscious of her greater familiarity with, and even of her greater aptitude in, many details; but he will most properly resent any interference on her part with those subjects which are within his own sphere. Hence it comes that you have to consider the methods of administering relief. How to make poultices, and how to put them on; not why and when—that rests with the doctor. How best a patient may be made comfortable in bed, and how that bed may be made; not why he should go to bed, nor how long he should remain there.

Your work as sisters and nurses is neither to rival nor interfere with that of doctors; but in every sense to *help* them. Is not nursing so distinctly a woman's work chiefly because it is *helping* work if it is rightly done? This has been, or should be, the characteristic of woman's work from the creation; so it is by no means taking a lower standard for ourselves to acknowledge this, or rather to aim that it should be so, and I think in working we can not do better than keep this idea in our minds.

Scrupulously avoid anything which approaches to amateur doctoring, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of the whole nursing profession. It prejudices all who come in contact with it against the education of nurses, and is held in as much contempt by all really accomplished nurses as any other sort of quackery is by duly qualified practitioners.

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Dr. T G Comstock, Physician at Good Samaritan Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., says: "For years we have used it in this hospital, in dyspepsia and nervous diseases, and as a drink during the decline and in the convalescence of lingering fevers. It has the unanimous approval of our medical staff."—[*Adv.*]

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SUMMER TOURS.

The Eastern Railroad pamphlet, giving Time-tables, Maps, Hotel lists, and tours covering the White Mountains, Mount Desert, the State of Maine, the Maritime Provinces, and all the Shore, Mountain, and Lake resorts east of Boston, will be mailed free to any address on application to Lucius Tuttle, Gen. Pass. Agt., Boston, Mass.—[*Adv.*]

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Use Dr. Thomas' Venetian Liniment. It is simply marvellous, immediately allaying all irritation and extracting the poison caused by their venom. Try a 25 cent bottle, and be convinced that there is nothing like it. Larger size, 50 cents. Sold by all Druggists. Depot, 42 Murray Street, New York.—[*Adv.*]

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

The "Exposition Universelle de l'Art Culinaire" awarded the highest honors to Angostura Bitters, as the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite and to keep the digestive organs in good order. Ask for the genuine article, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, and beware of imitations.—[*Adv.*]

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Children slow in development, puny, scrawny, and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."—[*Adv.*]

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HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

(No. 412)

FOR SEPTEMBER

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By George H. Boughton, A.R.A. Illustrated by the Author;

Wheat Fields of the Columbia,
By Ernest Ingersoll. Illustrated by A. C. Redwood;

Trouville,
By Mary Gay Humphreys. Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart;

The Great Hall of William Rufus—II.,
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A Run Ashore at Queenstown,
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By F. D. Millet. With Portrait;

Transcripts from Nature—XV.-XIX.,
By William Black. Illustrated by Alfred Parsons;

Nature's Serial Story—X.,
By E. P. Roe. Illustrated by Gibson and Dielman;

Judith Shakespeare—IX.,
A Novel. By William Black;

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A Personal Reminiscence. By Henry Buckingham. With Portrait from the Painting bequeathed by Mr. Reade to Messrs. Harper & Brothers;

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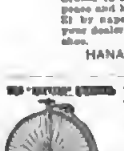

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1884.

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GOVERNOR CLEVELAND'S LETTER.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND'S letter of acceptance is very characteristic. It is the letter of a plain, direct, clear-headed, honest man, and not of a professional politician or office seeker. It is not an elaborate disquisition upon the condition of the country or upon questions of tariff and finance; but accepting in general the platform upon which he was nominated, the Governor recalls the fact that the office of President is an executive office, and then strongly and clearly states certain principles which, he says, however familiar, can not be too often considered. A free and uncorrupted ballot is indispensable to a true government by the people, and as one means of preventing the illicit influence of enormous Executive patronage, he recommends a constitutional amendment disqualifying the President from re-election. This recommendation shows how deeply persuaded he is of the vitally corrupting power of Executive patronage, and it is from this conviction that the movement for civil service reform springs.

It is not surprising, therefore, that his declaration upon the general subject of administrative reform, which is a paramount issue in the election, is comprehensive and satisfactory. It is the declaration of an executive officer in one of the highest and most powerful positions in the country, who has proved his faith by his works, and whose words are not conformed to a platform, but record convictions, and whose sincerity is attested by experience.

"The people pay the wages of the public employés, and they are entitled to the fair and honest work which the money thus paid should command. It is the duty of those intrusted with the management of their affairs to see that such public service is forthcoming. The selection and retention of subordinates in government employment should depend upon their ascertained fitness and the value of their work, and they should be neither expected nor allowed to do questionable party service. The interests of the people will be better protected, the estimate of public labor and duty will be immensely improved, public employment will be open to all who can demonstrate their fitness to enter it, the unseemly scramble for place under the government, with the consequent importunity which imbitters official life, will cease, and the public departments will not be filled with those who conceive it to be their first duty to aid the party to which they owe their places, instead of rendering patient and honest return to the people."

No executive officer in the country has proved his fidelity to these views more fully than Governor CLEVELAND, and no candidate has ever more completely justified his declarations before the election by his conduct in office.

What Governor CLEVELAND says of labor is worthy the careful reflection of all intelligent and industrious citizens who live by their daily toil. They will decide whether he speaks as a demagogue and mere politician, or whether his words have not the tone of good sense, honest conviction, and a manly reliance upon the self respect of his fellow citizens. The Governor expresses the belief that the country demands an honest, simple, and plain administration of the government, and that the statesmanship which it requires "consists in honesty and frugality, a prompt response to the needs of the people as they arise, and the vigilant protection of all their varied interests." Certainly if this is not the desire of the country, it will not elect Governor CLEVELAND to the Presidency. In fine, the singular merit of his letter is that declarations which from most candidates would be received as formal phrases and hollow promises are accepted from him as truths which he believes, and which he will firmly and courageously carry out. His honest and fearless administration has so impressed the country that his letter has the extraordinary distinction among all such letters of being accepted by everybody who reads it as an honest statement of his views and purposes.

WHO IS "THE WORKING MAN'S CANDIDATE?"

THE long paper of General BUTLER, addressed to nobody in particular, and advising those who wish him to be President to "fuse" upon the electoral ticket "with the supposed minority"—a wholly impracticable scheme—is a manifesto of declarations upon many public questions, and an attempt to represent himself as the natural candidate of a "People's Party," and as an "anti monopolist" and especial "friend of the working man." It is in this latter capacity that, after his council with noted BLAINE partisans, he appears as a candidate to draw away votes from that alleged tool of monopolies and enemy of laboring men, Governor CLEVELAND.

This is merely a part of the campaign "gag." Let any "working man" who reads these lines ask himself in what way General BUTLER has shown himself to be a truer friend of working men than Governor CLEVELAND, or whether Governor CLEVELAND has ever done anything to justify the charge that he is the tool of corporations. The laws which protect property are made for the man who owns little as well as for the man who owns much, and when the Governor takes an oath to execute and enforce the laws, it is an oath to defend the just property rights of all citizens, whether they own only the small house in which they live and the wages which they receive, or whether they own great estates and many shares in railroad or manufacturing property. And as the Governor is bound to execute the laws when enacted, without fear or favor of classes or interests, so he is bound, as a part of the enacting or legislative authority, not to approve bills which are intended unequally to favor classes or interests.

Has Governor CLEVELAND failed in either branch of this duty? It is said that he vetoed the five cent railroad fare bill. But the charter says that no such bill shall be passed until it is ascertained that the roads are earning more than a certain amount of money upon the capital invested, and no such fact was shown. Indeed, the last public examination showed that they were not earning the stipulated amount. This made it the duty of the Governor to veto the bill. But the veto did not affect the "working people," because the fare was already five cents during the hours when they travel upon the elevated roads. Even had it done so, however, the Governor's duty was clear, and he would undoubtedly have done his duty, and every honorable "working man" who believes in fair play would have commended him. Moreover, a later and thorough investigation by the Railroad Commissioners proved that the elevated roads could not be properly supported so as to insure safe and responsible work upon a uniform rate of five cents for each passenger. A demagogue whom no sensible man would trust would have signed the bill. An honest Governor who can be trusted by every man vetoed it. He is said also to have appointed a "monopoly" Railroad Commission. What are the facts? The law authorized certain commercial associations in the city of New York to suggest one of the three Commissioners. It also required that one should be a Democrat and one a Republican, one of them to be familiar with railroad business. It was plain, too, upon examination of the law, that one must be a lawyer. The New York associations suggested Mr. O'DONNELL, who was an "anti-monopolist," but not a lawyer, nor "a railroad man," nor a party man. The Governor nominated a Democratic lawyer, Mr. KEENAN, and a Republican civil engineer, a graduate of West Point, Mr. ROGERS, who was familiar with railroads. It is not denied that it is a capable and excellent commission, nor is it alleged that it has served the monopolies.

The Superintendent of Public Works, including the canals, appointed by the Governor, is also said to be "a tool of monopoly." This is a vague general accusation, but the testimony is general that the Superintendent is a singularly efficient officer, who was selected for his special qualifications and not by political influence. These accusations are all in the air, and when examined they fail entirely to support the assertion that the Governor is hostile to laboring men and friendly to monopolies. Thus the bill prohibiting the exaction of more than twelve hours labor for a day's work from railroad employés was not signed because by its terms it would not have attained its proposed object. Car drivers and conductors are generally paid by the trip, not by the day, and the law would have been at once and effectively evaded. It was a crude, careless, and ill-considered act, designed as a piece of buncombe, and, as all such laws, ought not to be placed upon the statute-book; the Governor, so far as depends upon him, takes care that they shall not be placed there. This is the kind of argument which is urged to show that Governor CLEVELAND is not a friend of the "working-man." If this argument is utterly worthless, what evidence have the "working-men" that General BUTLER is peculiarly their friend? Talk about his "brains," his eminent talents, and his sympathy with "the masses" will hardly avail unless "the masses" are as ignorant and gullible as he and his friends evidently believe them to be. Mr SIMON STERNE, an acute lawyer, the counsel of the anti-monopoly interest, and a conspicuous anti-monopolist, says of General BUTLER: "I never knew of his being an anti-monopolist during the whole of the time I carried on the fight against the encroachments of the railroad corporations of the State, and during all the time I urged the appointment of a national commission to curb the power of the railroad corporations, and to limit political influence and prevent them from exercising ruinous discrimination as to individuals and other corporations. He became prominent as an anti-monopolist when anti-monopoly became a growing sentiment." Mr STERNE adds, in reply to the question why, as an anti monopolist, he did not support BUTLER: "Because the Convention which nominated him was not a representative Anti-monopoly Convention. Secondly, he is not an anti-monopolist candidate in good faith. His candidature at this juncture tends to aid in the election of the worst of monopolists, JAMES G. BLAINE—a man who, during twenty years of political life, has done all in his power to build up monopolist organizations, the extension of which has made it necessary to call into existence the anti monopoly party in order to curb the dangers which flow from this overshadowing power. The BUTLER candidature, therefore, is a mere capture of the anti monopoly organization to strengthen his own individual claims for recognition at Chicago, and to give him a prominence out of all proportion to his personal merits. General BUTLER came out of the war, upon the salary of a brigadier, a rich man. He largely increased his wealth during his various terms in Congress, and he did so by methods which are antagonistic to the principles of the anti-monopoly party. There is no reason why the anti monopolists should support his claims to the Presidency."

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND AND MR HUBERT O THOMPSON.

A DESPERATE attempt has been made to show that Governor CLEVELAND has some kind of understanding with HUBERT O. THOMPSON, the Commissioner of Public Works, and that despite the charges against Mr THOMPSON, the Governor has retained him because of his devotion to the Governor's political interests. This is also alleged to be the reason that the Governor did not sign the tenure-of-office act. The truth about all this matter has been often and conclusively told. But as the opponents of the Governor carefully conceal the facts, it is necessary constantly to repeat them. The Commissioner of Public Works can be removed by the Governor only as the final resort, after charges lawfully presented and examined. Such charges have not yet been presented, and the Governor has not been called upon to act, and consequently has not failed or refused to act.

The tenure-of-office act was understood to be directed against Mr THOMPSON. But the Governor's refusal to sign it was fully explained and completely justified by him in the memorandum of June 14, 1884, which he filed with his approval of the Register's bill, after that bill had been recalled and amended in accordance with his suggestions. The Governor points out that the bill which was aimed at Mr. THOMPSON "absolutely makes no provision for the appointment of any officer or head of department after the immediate successors of those now in office." The bill provided that the next Mayor could appoint successors only to such officers as might be appointed by the present Mayor during the remainder of his term, and the Governor truly said that "the evident intention of the bill would be entirely defeated if the Mayor now in office should allow the present incumbents to hold over till the expiration of their terms, instead of appointing others in their places." Moreover, as the Governor showed, the bill provided for two limitations of terms for the appointees of the next Mayor, and the inaccuracy of the wording drops the word "officers" from one of the limitations. Any one who reads the act as submitted to the Governor will understand the reason of his remark that "of all the defective and shabby legislation which has been presented to me, this is the worst." Upon the publication of the Governor's reasons for withholding his signature to the bill, Mr. FRANCIS M. SCOTT, who was virtually its author, wrote a letter to the New York *Times* justifying the Governor's action. He said that the bill as drawn was entirely clear and consistent with the charter of the city, but that it was hurriedly amended so as to make it incomplete and confused, and doubtless with the intention of defeating it, and

Mr. SCOTT agreed with the Governor that it was unfit to be placed upon the statute book.

Mr. SCOTT says, very truly, "It is easy for those who seek grounds for the abuse of the Governor to say that he should have trusted to the next Legislature to cure any defects that he might discover in the bill; but it is clear that no careful and conscientious Executive should knowingly assent to a radically defective bill simply because he hopes that a Legislature not yet elected will see the defects and consent then to rectify them." The Governor's action in this matter, as in his other official conduct, shows the truth of his remark in a private letter to his brother, written upon the day that he was elected Governor—a letter which was given to the Rev. Dr. TWISTED, of the *Independent*. In view of his probable election he says to his brother: "I will tell you, first of all others, the policy I intend to adopt, and that is, to make the matter a business engagement between the people of the State and myself, in which the obligation on my side is to perform the duties assigned me with an eye single to the interest of my employers. I shall have no idea of re-election or of any higher political preferment in my head, but be very thankful and happy if I can well serve one term as the people's Governor." There was never an honester purpose more honestly fulfilled than by Governor CLEVELAND since his election, and never were attacks upon official integrity more futile than those which have been levelled at him.

BIDDING FOR "FOREIGN" VOTES.

MR. BLAINE has been presented as a peculiarly "American" candidate, who, as one earnest advocate declared, 'will make BISMARCK eat American pork." But Mr. BLAINE's ally, General BUTLER, has been bidding for the "Irish vote" in a manner which must disgust every intelligent Irishman, as it does every true American. A demagogue always despises the people, and therefore he underrates their intelligence. In his recent speech to the Irish Convention in Boston, General BUTLER's contempt for his audience was as evident as his purpose to make them believe that if he were President it would go hard with England in Ireland. "In the face of high Heaven," he said, according to the report, "the glorious banner of liberty will fly nearer the coast of England than ever yet, if she undertakes to take the life wrongfully of any citizen of America, when we have an American government ready to stand by the rights of American citizens anywhere on earth." If this is not mere twaddle, it is an insinuation that England has undertaken to take the life wrongfully of some American citizen, and that the government has not defended him. Of course such an insinuation is totally unfounded.

General BUTLER proceeded to say that if the United States should send an Irishman as Minister to England, the interests of Irishmen would be looked after, and then added that "some Executive might be found who would do such a thing." Who such an Executive might be he did not say. He left it to the sagacious guess of his hearers. The candidate who electioneers for himself in this way is commended to the country as a statesman, and he solicits votes in order to divert them from one of the least demagogical of public men, and one of the most vigorous, upright, and efficient of executive officers.

The object sought by the country at this election is not a swaggering foreign policy, nor a distribution of the surplus revenue among the States, nor a profuse, extravagant, and "splendid" administration, nor any kind of demagoguery or bluster whatever. It asks an honest, able, and courageous conduct of public affairs, beyond the reach of any suspicion of illicit private influence or interest. Unless all signs are at fault, it desires at the head of the government the very qualities which Governor CLEVELAND has shown so conspicuously, and which Mr. BLAINE and General BUTLER have not displayed. Those who suppose that because Governor CLEVELAND does not swagger or "bid for votes" he would be less vigorous in protecting the lawful rights of citizens abroad then those of citizens at home are exceedingly mistaken. It is because he does not bluster that he may be trusted to do what Captain Bobadil would not do. In his speech at Buffalo in 1882 he said:

> "We do not claim to make laws for other countries, but we do insist that whatever those laws may be they shall, in the interests of human freedom and the rights of mankind, so far as they involve the liberty of our citizens, be speedily administered. We have a right to say, and do say, that mere suspicion, without an imitation or trial, is not sufficient to justify the long imprisonment of a citizen of America. Other nations may permit their citizens to be thus imprisoned. Ours will not. And this, in effect, has been solemnly declared by statute."

This is quite as satisfactory as the most truculent rhetoric.

THE SARATOGA MONUMENT.

AT the late annual meeting of the trustees of the Saratoga Monument Association, Mr. WILLIAM L. STONE, chairman of the Committee on Design, presented a very interesting report of the transactions of the year and the progress of the work. The designs for the statues of Generals GATES, SCHUYLER, and MORGAN have been accepted, and one niche will be left vacant to signify the treason of ARNOLD. The walls of the Exedra of the monument are to be covered with bass-reliefs, and memorial tablets are to be placed upon the most interesting spots upon the field of operations, as at FREEMAN's farm, where the first battle of Saratoga was fought, the extreme outpost of the American intrenchments, the spot where General FRAZER fell, etc. Seven of these tablets are already erected.

A committee of the trustees, Mr. STARIN, Mr. A. S. SULLIVAN, and Mr. D. S. POTTER, appeared before the joint Congressional Library Committee in February, and Mr. SULLIVAN in an eloquent speech urged the propriety of an appropriation to complete the monument. The committee unanimously reported a bill appropriating $40,000, which passed the Senate on the 1st of May without a dissenting vote. It was also reported to the House, but it was impossible to reach it in order, and it went over to the next session, with no reasonable doubt of its passage.

The monument itself, as completed, has cost $65,000, of which the State of New York and individual subscriptions have furnished $35,000, and Congress, by the efforts of Mr. STARIN when a member, $30,000. The further cost will be that of statues, bass-reliefs, tablets, staircases, etc., which will be made up in the same way. It is the most important Revolutionary monument in New York, and one of the most important in the country, and when completed it will be largely due to the efforts of ex-Governor SEYMOUR, Mr. MARVIN, Mr. STARIN, Mr. SULLIVAN, and a few other earnest and devoted gentlemen, among whom no one has been more untiring in his interest and devotion than the secretary, Mr. WILLIAM L. STONE.

A TYPICAL BLAINE ORGAN.

THE most furious and unscrupulous of the BLAINE journals in 1884 is the Chicago *Tribune*. In 1876 it opposed Mr. BLAINE's nomination with similar zeal. Its editor, Mr. JOSEPH MEDILL, applied, with others, directly to Mr. BLAINE for an explanation of charges which Mr. MEDILL had brought against him. After a month had elapsed Mr. MEDILL said that if Mr. BLAINE had made an explanation, he (Mr. MEDILL) had not heard of it.

Apparently the courteous private request to Mr. BLAINE for an explanation was never answered by him. But eight years afterward Mr. MEDILL's *Tribune* remarks that if any confidential friend of Mr. BLAINE's had then explained his railway transactions as Mr. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS now explains them, the *Tribune* would have been satisfied. Yet if Mr. BLAINE's friend can explain the matter now, Mr. BLAINE could have explained it then. The Chicago *Tribune* wisely forbears to try to say why Mr. BLAINE did not attempt to explain then.

We quote a passage to show the manner in which the Chicago *Tribune* then described Mr. BLAINE, and if its information and its inferences upon the subject at that time were so loose and uncertain that they are removed by Mr. PHELPS's letter, its fury against Mr. BLAINE's nomination then was as hollow and insincere as its fury for his election now:

> ". . . . The man [BLAINE] who had voted for or failed to oppose every subsidy of either land or money asked for while he was in Congress. They knew him as a lobbyist before he entered Congress, seeking contracts for the supply of arms. They knew him a tool in Congress and while Speaker as the inside friend of subsidized corporations, ruling as Speaker to save their bills, and as claiming reward for his official action, as engaged in selling the worthless bonds of such corporations, receiving large gratuities therefor, as confessed in his letters; and finally, when pecuniarily involved, getting the Pacific Railroad Company, as it seems almost certain, to give him $64,000 cash for what was not worth $4,000 cents. Is this the record of a reformer—of a man to purify the administration and to raise the standard of political and official morality?"

A NOTABLE LETTER.

THE letter of General CROOK to Mr. HERBERT WELSH, of Philadelphia, President of the Indian Aid Association, which will be found in another part of this paper, is an exceedingly valuable and interesting report upon the Apaches, who are considered one of the most dangerous of the warlike Indian tribes. As an authority upon the Indian question, which is at last exciting general attention, General CROOK has no superior. In the hands of men like him the national honor and the welfare of the Indian would be equally safe.

In the general public indifference and impotence of the Indian which prevailed a few years ago, and which produced the familiar remark, attributed to the army, that the only good Indian is a dead Indian, the Indian question threatened to become our Irish question, and our treatment of the Indians to be as discreditable to us as the last century's policy of England toward Ireland to the English name. But the disgrace has been averted by the disinterested efforts of a few humane and patriotic persons who have steadily appealed to public opinion and to the public conscience until they have responded.

One of the chief auxiliaries in this good work has been the fidelity of certain eminent army officers, among whom General CROOK is conspicuous, who have held that the Indians ought not to be treated as vermin, and that to spend a million of dollars to kill a man who could easily, with proper care and a true sense of humanity and honor, be made a good citizen, was exceedingly stupid as well as wrong. The report of Mr. DAWES's committee, and of Mr. WELSH and his companions, who are in the habit of personally visiting the Indians and proving to them that there are white men who are truly friendly, the steady and wise friendship of soldiers like General CROOK, and the Indian schools like those of Hampton Roads and Carlisle, are enabling us to settle a grave question, and to keep our national name unsullied.

MR. LEA AND THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

THE Philadelphia *Press* recently charged Mr. HENRY C. LEA with inconsistency in attending the Independent Conference after having said last October that permanent improvement in political methods was to be expected only from the Republican party, provided that party can be kept in the groove into which it has been forced, and be construed to carry out the reforms which it has commenced.

To this criticism Mr. LEA promptly responded as follows:

> "It so happens that I did not attend the Conference, but this is of no importance, as I am heartily in sympathy with the movement which it represents, and have done what little I could do to stimulate it. In this there is no inconsistency. The party has not been 'kept in the groove into which it has been forced,' but has definitely insulted all friends of 'improved political methods' by nominating two men notorious as machine politicians of the worst type—Mr. BLAINE, for twenty years 'boss' of Maine, who, when Speaker, proclaimed his contempt for civil service reform by placing General BUTLER on the committee in charge of that measure, and General LOGAN, the 'boss' of Illinois. Nor till you gather grapes from thistles may you expect 'improved political methods' from such men, and an civil service reformer can consistently support them in opposition to Governor CLEVELAND, who has so efficiently aided the reform in New York.
>
> "Much as I prize consistency, moreover, I confess I would, if necessary, sacrifice it to avert from the country the danger and disgrace to be expected if Mr. BLAINE should for four years have control of our foreign relations, with unlimited opportunity of renewing the 'sky-rocket' diplomacy which rendered his brief tenure of the State Department a warning to be heeded of all men. Even if not involved in war, we should probably be left without a friend among the nations, and without the satisfaction of feeling that we were in the right in a single quarrel. It will be an evil day for the republic if the American people should heedlessly express its approval of Mr. BLAINE's course on the LAMBERT claim by electing him to its highest office. Besides all this, the authorship of the MULLIGAN letters ought to be sufficient to render any man ineligible to the Presidency."

It would be difficult for any BLAINE organ to dispose of Mr. LEA as a "scoundrel," or to suggest his personal hatred of Mr. BLAINE.

PERSONAL.

MR. HENRY VILLARD, who left for Europe on the 20th of August with his wife and four children, is by no means a poor man. He is not worth the eight millions he was a few months ago, but he could sell, turn the scales at half a million. His friends are proud to say that the loss of the bulk of his fortune was due to his efforts to sustain the stocks in which so many of them had invested because of their implicit confidence in him. During Mr. VILLARD's recent visit to Germany—he was gone only eight weeks—he was earnestly requested by a number of German capitalists to take charge of various investments of theirs in this country, and to make other investments besides. But as Mr. VILLARD desires rest, he refused to entertain the proposition. His age is forty-eight, and his magnificent organizing gifts are in their prime. No man who knows Mr. VILLARD supposes that he will long be laid on the shelf.

—Miss CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG is one of the heightest of the late converts to the supposed superior staying power of English opera. Italian and German opera, she opines, have had their day. For herself, she will have no more of them. Her late trip to Europe gave her an exalted conviction of the immense popularity of Americans abroad, especially of American girls and American drinks. Two Englishmen overheard her conversation one day in London. "What a delicious American accent!" said one of them.

—It is not true that the relations between Mr. CARL SCHURZ and Mr. HENRY VILLARD have been strained since the latter's reverses. The ex-Senator and ex-Railway King are as the best of terrier, and among the friends who bade Mr. VILLARD good by on board the Bremen steamer *Kaiser* was Mr. SCHURZ.

—PATTI's contract with Colonel MAPLESON for the next operatic season in this country insures to Americans another hearing of the most perfectly constructed and best trained female voice in existence. It looks now as though PATTI would be better appreciated next winter than ever before.

—The women whose photographs sell best in England are the Princess of Wales, Miss MARY ANDERSON, and Mrs. LANGTRY. We learn that Miss ANDERSON's face is considered to be a "classic oval."

—Mlle. FEIGNEUX is a Nihilist who about four years ago, at the age of sixteen, was exiled to Siberia. She staid there two years, and then escaped with her infant child. It took her eighteen months to beg her way on foot to St. Petersburg. There she became implicated in a second conspiracy, for which she will soon be tried again, and either hanged or sent back to Siberia.

—The most patriotic florist in this city was the late Mr. GEORGE W. WILSON, who for fourteen years decorated the LINCOLN statue in Union Square on Decoration day at his own expense. His best work on that memorial was particularly elaborate and beautiful, but it was not generally known that he had done it until his death a few days ago.

—The Sultan of Morocco is a cruel and inhuman despot. He receives all sorts of bribes in administering justice—or injustice—and orders the most dreadful mutilations to be inflicted in his presence as judicial punishments. There is an appeal from his decisions, and if objectionable persons do not confess their alleged crimes fast enough, he slowly roasts their bodies, or pinches and stretches them.

—It was Commander SCHLEY who, near the top of the foremast of his vessel, discovered Starvation Camp, where GREELY and his men lay dying or dead—the trow of a bleak, bare, rocky hill of ice. The vigilant commander had been in that position many days and nights before finding the object of his search.

—Commodore JAMES GORDON BENNETT has done as much as a public spirited citizen of Newport that the avenues recently given him at that delightful sea side resort was only a recognition of his generous services. It was Mr. BENNETT, more than any other man, who breathed into the Newport Casino the breath of life, and there has been no important municipal or social scheme for the advantage of the town in which he has not figured as the initiator or the principal promoter.

—The Emperor of Germany recently held his annual meeting with the Emperor of Austria as a German watering-place. As usual, the two hefty personages kissed and embraced each other publicly with absolutely uncontrolled emotion. At dinner WILLIAM I. was escorted to a seat between FRANCIS JOSEPH and FRANCIS JOSEPH's imperial spouse, the table being decorated with his favorite corn-flowers.

—Some ladies about to be married (writes a clergyman) have an unconquerable reluctance to use the word "obey." One or two, if their own statements are to be accepted, have ingeniously constructed the term "he gave." On one occasion the minister suggested that if the bride was unwilling to utter the obnoxious word aloud, she might whisper it to him. She positively refused, but afterward consented when he had been forced to dismiss the witnesses without proceeding any farther. A charming young wife once boasted that she could not remember a word of what she had promised when she was married, as she was "to a perfect daze" during the ceremony. She added that, after protracted inquiry among her married friends, she had not found one whose experience in this respect was different from her own.

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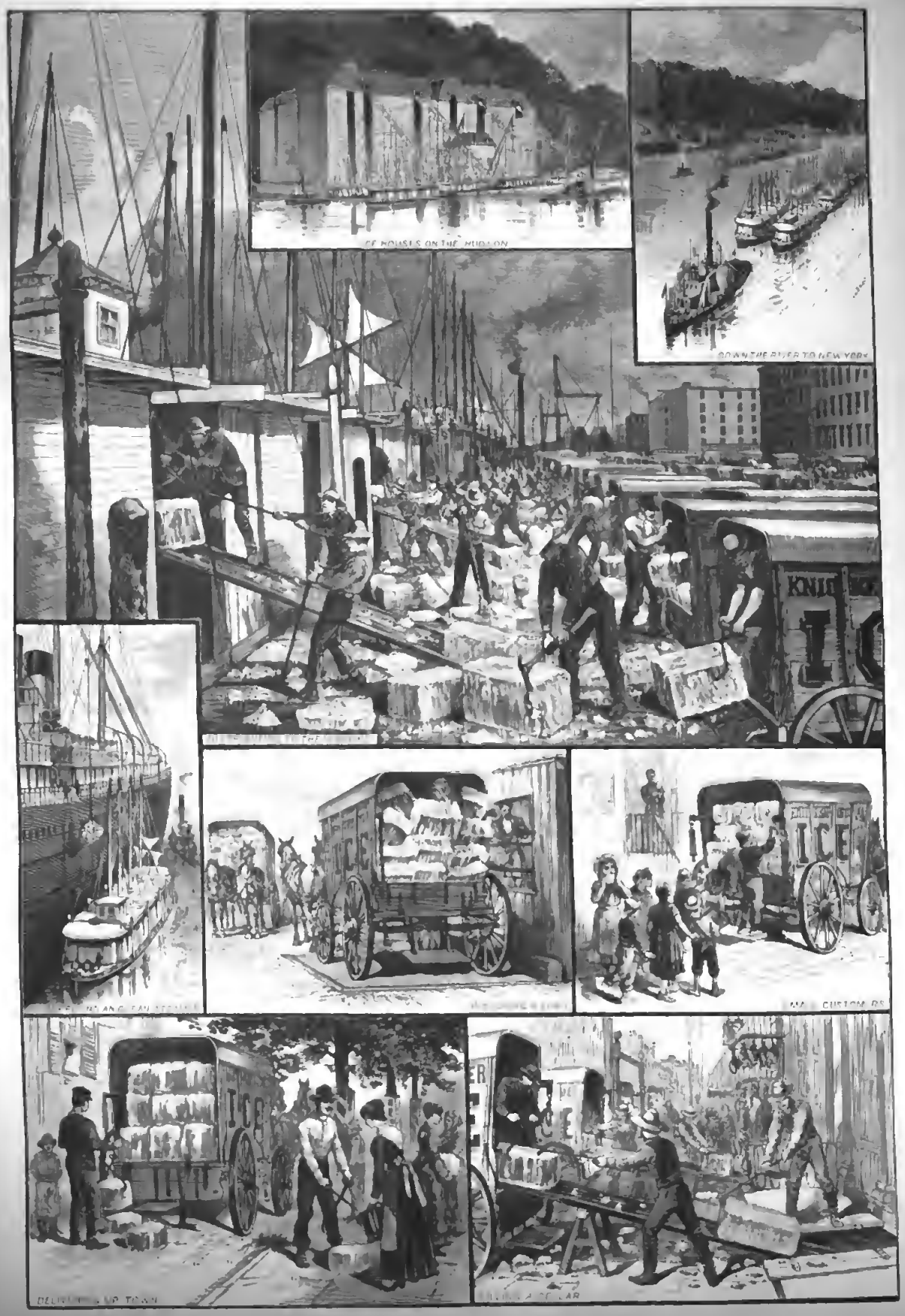

THE ICE INDUSTRY OF NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY F. BAY.—[SEE PAGE 565.]

THE HON. HENRY B. HARRISON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY MOSAHOUPE.

ROBERT KOCH, M.D.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LOMMEN & PETSCH, BERLIN.—[SEE PAGE 569.]

ROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE

ON this page we give the portrait of Mr. THOMAS STEVENS, who started from San Francisco, California, April 22, with the avowed intention of riding around the world (barring the oceans) on his bicycle. He was born at Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, England, December 24, 1854. Emigrating to the far West in 1878, he has not been east of the Mississippi until he started out on his famous bicycle ride across the continent. Seven men have within the last three years attempted the same feat, but the great difficulties encountered in crossing the 1500 miles of rocky mountain, barren deserts, and bridgeless streams between California and the Missouri River have invariably turned them back.

More than one-third of the route followed by Mr STEVENS had to be walked. Eighty-three and a half days of actual travel and twenty days stoppage for wet weather, etc., made one hundred and three and a half days occupied in reaching Boston, the distance by wagon road being about 3700 miles. He followed the old California trail most of the way across the plains and mountains, astonishing the Indians, and meeting with many strange adventures. Mr STEVENS reached Boston August 4, and is now in New York, where he hopes to make arrangements which will enable him to complete the journey around the globe, through England, France, Germany, Austria, and Turkey, thence through Asia to the Pacific.

A LONG AND USEFUL LIFE.

THE Rev. John Brown, D.D., died at Newburgh, New York, on the 15th inst., at the great age of ninety-three. It is said that he was the oldest clergyman of the Episcopal Church in this State, and he is thought to have been the oldest Freemason in the country.

Dr. Brown was born in New York city on the 10th of May, 1791. In 1811 he graduated at Columbia College, studied theology under Bishop HOBART, and was ordained deacon in St. Paul's Chapel, New York, in 1912. In 1815 he was installed rector of St. George's Church, Newburgh, where he remained until 1859 without an assistant, and did an immense work in organizing and reviving churches throughout neighboring counties. He was initiated a Freemason on June 16, 1817, in Hiram Lodge, Newburgh. At a reception tendered to General LAFAYETTE during his visit to America, in 1825, by the Freemasons of Newburgh, at Washington's Head-quarters, Dr Brown delivered the address of welcome. He has since held office in the Masonic order.

THE HON. HENRY B. HARRISON.

MR. HARRISON, of New Haven, whom the Connecticut Republicans have nominated as their candidate for Governor, is a lawyer of high standing. He has been an active and influential member of the party since its organization in 1856, and has served several years in the State Legislature. His name is associated with many important measures of State legislation, and he has been frequently mentioned as a candidate for the Governorship. In 1866 he could have had the nomination, but withdrew in favor of General HAWLEY.

THOMAS STEVENS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY FLAGLER.

THE REV. JOHN BROWN, D.D., DECEASED.

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Breezie Langton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

"HE GAVE YOU THAT RING"

It suddenly occurred to Miss Rockingham that she was in need of some minor feminine trappings, and she accordingly wended her way to Coney Street in quest of them. Greyson's was undoubtedly the principal establishment that dealt in all such articles, and thither Miss Rockingham repaired. There were a good many people in the shop, and the attendants had their hands pretty full. Miss Rockingham took a chair and quietly waited till some one was at leisure to attend to her. She had not to wait long, for a trim, auburn-haired damsel glided behind the counter, and demurely inquired "what she should show the lady." Miss Rockingham gave her orders, and then glanced at the girl who was serving her. She was somewhat struck with her appearance, and still more with her manner. The girl gave the idea of being considerably above her station, and Ellen wondered she had not noticed her before.

"Have you been here long?" inquired Miss Rockingham, as she turned over a box of gloves. "I don't think you ever served me before."

"I am not often in the shop," replied Dollie, with the slightest possible elevation of the head; "I don't belong to it. Though, when I am staying with my uncle, and they are busy, as they are to-day, I often run in and help. Are those gloves at all the shade you require?"

"Ah! You're a niece of Mr. Greyson's. Why, you must be Dollie Greyson, the daughter of the trainer. I have heard people talk of your riding," said Miss Rockingham, with a slight touch of hauteur in her tones.

She might well say that, for she had heard her brother be considerably more enthusiastic on the subject of Dollie's riding than she conceived was at all necessary. She had said nothing about it, but had mentally pronounced Dollie a forward minx, and wondered whether Gerald was likely to make a fool of himself about the girl, and Miss Rockingham was fain to admit that Dollie was pretty enough to turn the head of an older man than her brother. She knew, moreover, that riding men were always fascinated by a good horsewoman, and as these thoughts shot through her mind, Miss Rockingham's eye fell upon the ring which sparkled on the third finger of Dollie's little hand.

"A souvenir of Phaeton's Leger, I presume," remarked Ellen, a little sharply. "I hear, Miss Greyson, that your father won a great deal of money over it."

The blood rushed to the girl's face as Ellen lightly touched the tell-tale ring; and Miss Rockingham, as she marked it, remembered in an instant that Gerald had won some money over the race, and came to a rapid conclusion as to whose gift the souvenir was.

It was but a second or two before Dollie drew herself up and replied, defiantly, "You are right, Miss Rockingham; it was given me in remembrance of Phaeton's Leger."

"You know my name!" exclaimed Ellen. "I suppose we are pretty well known by sight, at all events, in and around York. Mamma may have told you that we also have our souvenir of Phaeton's Leger."

"I am sorry, very sorry," said Dollie, in a low tone. "I heard that the race was disastrous to you and yours."

"We want no pity," replied Ellen, haughtily. "We are not wont to make moan when the world goes against us. I'll take these, Miss Greyson, if you will be good enough to twist them up in paper for me."

Dollie said nothing as she deftly packed up Miss Rockingham's trifling purchases; but as she handed them across the counter could not resist murmuring in low tones, "Have you heard of your brother lately, Miss Rockingham?"

"What! You know him! It was he who gave you that ring!" exclaimed Ellen, quickly.

"Yes, I do know him, and he did give me this ring!" returned Dollie, and raising her long-lashed gray eyes boldly to her interlocutor's face.

"I should advise you not to accept such courtesies from one in such a different position from your own, however young he may be. You must be aware it can mean nothing. You will find yourself talked about in a way most irritating to your self-esteem if you are not careful."

Dollie could stand this assumption of immense superiority no longer. "Your brother has been very kind to me," she said, "but I don't think he sets quite so high a value as you do upon his present position."

"You have seen him, and know what he is doing?" interrupted Ellen, eagerly.

"I saw him a few days back, and know what he is doing," returned Dollie, sententiously; "but further than that he is well, I am at liberty to tell you nothing."

Miss Rockingham bent her head haughtily, and swept out of the shop. Anxious as she was to know what her brother was doing, she would not stoop to beg information on that point from the trainer's daughter. She felt indignant that this girl should be the *confidante* of her brother's plans, while his mother and sister did not even know where he was. What could Gerald be thinking of, taking a child of a girl of that class as his adviser? If she [illegible] see him she would expostulate with him on his folly! And then it flashed across Miss Rockingham that their father's death and the ruin that had followed had changed Gerald from a boy to a man, that he had taken counsel from no one since, but had persistently thought and acted for himself. There was not much, after all, in his having given this girl a ring, considering he had won a good bit of money—that is, for him—over a horse trained by her father, but it was strange she should know all about his movements, and have seen him so lately. Had she met him by accident, or was it design? And what could he be doing? He had recognized the fact that he had got his living to earn—he had told them so when he left them; and in what manner had he set about it? No one could be more conscious of the difficulty that one brought up as he had been would have in doing so. And Miss Rockingham's eyes were quite as open to that difficulty as his own. In vain she puzzled, on her homeward walk, as to what he might be doing, and now half regretted that she had not swallowed her pride, and tried to learn more from Dollie Greyson. Had she better tell her mother what she had heard? But then there was so very little to tell, further than that she had been told by a person who had seen him lately that he was well. No; upon the whole, Ellen Rockingham decided to keep this meagre bit of news to herself. Her mother fretted quite enough about not hearing from Gerald as it was, and it was better not to revive the subject.

Dollie had come down from Riddleton Moor to procure some books and music and other things not obtainable nearer than York; indeed, the Greysons paid periodical visits to that city to purchase all those articles which the home farm failed to produce, and upon such occasions put up invariably at John Greyson's in Coney Street. Dollie had, of course, known Miss Rockingham perfectly by sight for some time, but as that young lady, though a very fair horsewoman, set her face against hunting as unfeminine, Miss Greyson had never before attracted Ellen's attention. However, had Miss Rockingham's manner been ever so conciliatory, Dollie would have told her no more about Gerald than she had done. She it was who had counselled his present line of life; and though she saw no way in which he was more likely to make money, and though her father's praises of "Jim Forrest" showed her judgment to have been sound on this point, still she rather felt the position in which her lover was now placed; between the stable boy, quite at the bottom of his profession, and the crack jockey, there is a wide gulf—a gulf, too, as she well knew, not always to be bridged; it being often a considerable time before a lad is afforded an opportunity of riding in public, and even then is apt to be put upon a horse which gives him little chance of distinguishing himself. It might be long enough before Gerald got his opening.

Dollie heard, too, plenty of talk about the downfall of the Rockinghams. The late Squire had been a popular man, as a gallant, open-handed sportsman is sure to be in the many-acred counties, and she heard much regret expressed that Cranley Chase had passed away from the old family. The presence of Mrs. Rockingham and her daughter in the city kept these rumors alive, while the fact that the victory of the outsider Phaeton on Doncaster Moor had been the *coup de grâce* to the dashing lord of Cranley Chase, made it a turf romance that had special interest for the sporting population of York and its neighborhood. [illegible] a bitter comment on her father's conduct. "Dal [illegible], the Squire had been a good friend to us all [illegible]. It was downright mean of old Bill Greyson not to give t' Squire a hint to save himself over the second string." Whispers were afloat, too, that Pearson and Cuthbert Elliston, leading patrons of Greyson's stable, had been amongst the biggest winners over the race, and that neither of these should have given the dead man a hint seemed monstrous in the eyes of Yorkshire. Both were well known in the county, and both were far from popular. Even his intimates were wont to say there was no trusting Cuddie Elliston, while as for Sam Pearson, it was a current saying that "No one had ever bested him." Still, Yorkshire has a certain respect for this faculty; and though Pearson was regarded as a man who carried it rather far, and would have skinned his own brother upon occasion, yet public opinion did not get much further regarding him than that "Lawyer Pearson knew his way about, and you'd to get up main early in the morning to get a point the best of him."

It was right and natural that a lawyer should overreach you if he could, and that a Yorkshireman should want the best of a bargain in horseflesh, or seize undue advantage in a wager; was all in the ordering of things. Pearson was not only tolerably free-handed, but affected a geniality of manner which, if not quite current coin, was at all events near enough to pass as such. With Elliston the case was different; he was a sharp, tricky practitioner, not even to be trusted by his friends, endowed with a bitter, gibing tongue that had rarely good to say of any one. Like most gamblers, he was lavish of his money when fortune smiled; but then he spent it chiefly on himself. In short, there was usually little satisfaction manifested amongst racing men at the success of Greyson's stable, of which Cuddie Elliston was the guiding star, he and his partner Pearson were wont to keep their "good things" [illegible] to themselves, and, above all, did they object to the public participating in their coups.

Such remarks as these about her father and his principal employers made Dollie's ears tingle. Mr. Greyson would have been an honest trainer [illegible] of that way of thinking; but with them it was simply a case of which any most money was to be made over a race, and Bill Greyson consequently was continually expending all his skill in preparing horses for contests which their owners had no intention of allowing them to win.

The odium of such proceedings naturally attached itself to the Riddleton trainer, and Dollie's father bore an unmistakably shy reputation in consequence.

CHAPTER XIV.

TURF TACTICS.

Dollie had returned from York not a little put out with all the gossip she had chanced to hear about her father. She, of course, knew all about the horses in his charge. She followed their fortunes in the papers, and knew that they did not always win when expected to do so, but she was shocked at the idea that her father should be deemed capable of not doing his very best with them. She was much distressed that the poor Squire should not have been told about Phaeton last year. She had heard her father say that he thought he should "take the Leger," but she, like the public in general, supposed he meant with Caterham. She knew that the Squire had died a ruined man, but she had not understood before that the clever finessing of her father and his employers had dealt him the finishing blow. She remembered Alister Rockingham when she was quite a little girl—a tall, handsome man, with always a pleasant word for her and her mother. He had a few horses at Riddleton in those days, the management of which, though Dollie did not know it, was principally left to Cuthbert Elliston, and it was their questionable running which had led to his leaving Greyson's stable. Then, as now, the trainer bore the blame, which accrued simply from carrying out Elliston's instructions. Later the Squire had an inkling of the truth, and though he never again sent any horses to Riddleton, was always on friendly terms with Greyson, and more than once indebted to him for a hint at the eleventh hour. It was this had made him so incredulous about Phaeton. So far he was right; Caterham was the better horse of the two, but the other was just good enough to win. Still the Squire made sure that if such a bit of turf tactics was about to be attempted, he should have had a hint from Greyson, and in default of that stood staunchly by Caterham, with the disastrous result we have seen.

A day or two after her return her father observed: "Mind you have a tidy breakfast for us to-morrow, lass. Mr. Elliston and Pearson are coming to have a look at the horses in the morning, and I suppose they'll let me know then what they really want. The nags are very well, and will pick up a good race or two this spring, if they're wanted."

"I should have thought, father, men who kept race-horses were always anxious to take all the prizes within their reach, if only for the swagger of the thing."

Bill Greyson stared for a moment at his daughter in sheer astonishment that a child of his could still be so innocent with regard to the intricacies of the turf and the ways of its votaries.

"Yes, Dollie, I suppose they do like all the flourish and swagger of pulling off a big race when they are young, but they very soon cease to care about bringing down a royal stag unless there's a lot of meat on the carcass. Do you understand me?"

"I think so. You mean men like Mr. Elliston and Mr. Pearson don't care to win races unless they can win a lot of money over it."

"Just so, child. Men like Mr. Elliston and Pearson, like the men you were reading to us about the other night, 'fight for their own hand,' and don't care much about the public," replied the trainer, sententiously.

"But, father, surely this is very unsatisfactory for you?" said the girl, raising her large gray eyes to his face.

"I've got to get my living, girl," replied Greyson, doggedly; "and trainers and jockeys, like other servants, have to do as they are told. Our soldiers and sailors get hampered in that respect too, I'm told," and on saying the trainer walked away.

Dollie pondered a good deal over her father's last remark. He was not altogether a free agent, then, but in the hands of his employers, and Dollie had what the people in York said concerning them still ringing in her ears. William Greyson was indeed more in their power than his daughter could guess. Like many of his class, he had passed through times of impecuniosity, and Mr. Pearson, far too shrewd a man not to buy any one it was worth his while to have under his thumb, had been only too happy to accommodate the trainer with a loan. Loans from Lawyer Pearson were of that kind that one never settled. Interest was on. You were begged not to trouble yourself about it, and the millstone was round your neck in an incredibly short time.

And now occurred to Dollie another very awkward circumstance in connection with the visits of Messrs. Elliston and Pearson to Riddleton Moor. Both these gentlemen knew Gerald Rockingham, and the probability was that they would recognize him under the guise of Jim Forrest, the stable-lad. Why had she never thought of this most likely occurrence when advising Gerald to seek service with her father? Surely it was the very last training stable in England in which to attempt the bold stroke to fortune he aimed at. But the girl could not resist the temptation of seeing her lover constantly, and that had blinded her to the palpable danger that was now on the verge of occurring. Dollie knew Cuthbert Elliston and Sam Pearson, although she had seen little of them during the last three years, in which she had principally resided at York with her uncle for educational purposes; but the question now was, What was Gerald to do? See him she must, and yet that was not so easy without attracting attention. Still, warned of the advent of his cousin, for whom she knew he nourished undying animosity, Dollie knew he must be. It would be absurd to suppose that this contingency had not suggested itself to the lovers previously, and it had been arranged between them that Gerald was to have due warning.

It was not quite so easy for the girl to see Gerald alone. If Miss Dollie were once seen to favor one of the stable-lads, tongues would run riot on Riddleton Moor; and let the thing once reach the ears of old Greyson, and the dismissal of the offender would be both prompt and summary. Still, the supineness of her mother gave the girl more opportunity than she would otherwise have enjoyed, and whether it's

> "well to sever
> Two fond hearts forever,"

as the song says, I can't say, but they are a little difficult to keep apart in these times.

Dollie found means to let her lover know that he must meet her at the low fence at the bottom of the orchard, which, abutting on a portion of the stables, was not liable to attract attention, and had occasionally served them in such stead before. Their meetings had naturally been rare, though they got a glimpse of each other daily, and in one's teens, when smitten by the love-god's arrows, that goes for much.

"Gerald," she said, "I can only snatch a few moments to talk to you. You know how risky our meeting is, and that if my father had any suspicion of the terms we stand upon he would no longer hear of your holding your present position. Stop; don't interrupt me," she continued, as he made a sign of remonstrance. "What we have rather feared is about to take place. Mr. Elliston and his partner are coming to see the horses to-morrow morning."

"Which comes to the same thing. Your father will, of course, know all about it. It is impossible that my cousin and Pearson will not recognize me."

"Not necessarily," replied Dollie. "Your companions and even yourself swathe your throats these chilly spring mornings pretty closely in woollen comforters. You must take an extra turn or two with your wraps to-morrow. I think, then, if you pull your cap well down over your brows, the complete change in your dress, and the idea of finding you in such a position being so utterly unexpected, will prevent any recognition on their part. Bear in mind, too, the owners come down to see their horses, and take very little heed of the boys that ride them. Besides, they both of them detest the Dancing Master, and are not very likely to take much notice of him. He cost them a deal of money last year, and I heard Mr. Elliston say that it was far cheaper to shoot brutes like that than to sell them, as you might then be tempted to back them once more on the strength of what they *could* do, and in defiance of your being aware that they wouldn't do it—in public."

"It's all very well for you to argue like that, Dollie; but no man fond of horses could resist looking over the Dancing Master just now. He's in the bloom of condition; Caterham won the Guineas, and Phaeton scored the Leger; yet, when it comes to looks, they really are not in it with that queer-tempered gray, and what's more, would not be in it either when it comes to galloping, if the villain would only try."

"Does he go any better with you, Gerald?"

"Well, it's hard to say; there are mornings when he will stride along as kindly as possible, and be as nice a horse as a man can care to ride. Then, perhaps, the next day neither I nor any one else can do anything with him. He will always, I should think, be a very dangerous horse to put money on. I suppose I must follow your advice, and chance not being recognized; but I funny to-morrow morning will see the termination of my engagement on Riddleton Moor," and Gerald looked rather sentimentally across the fence into Dollie's charming face.

"Nonsense!" she replied; "do as I tell you, and it will be all right. If it could be avoided, no doubt it would be better; but it is a contingency that you were sure to have to face sooner or later, and now I must run away, I dare not stay longer. Good-by, Gerald dearest; and remember one thing; let nothing induce you to open your lips if possible; but, if you must speak, you can't be too brief and husky." With which parting advice, Dollie Greyson kissed her hand and sped up the orchard.

The next morning saw Gerald enveloped in many folds of woollen comforters, with cap slouched down and shoulders hunched up, on the back of the Dancing Master, wending his way with his fellows to the far side of Riddleton Moor. He complained to them in thick, husky tones of the chilliness of the moor, and affected as much as possible to be suffering from a severe cold. The string had been leisurely walking about some time before Bill Greyson was seen driving a small wagonette across the turf toward them; in his two companions Gerald recognized at a glance the two men whose observation he was so anxious to escape.

"The horses are all well, you say, Greyson, but I don't know that there's much to be done with them. Caterham and Phaeton are so thoroughly exposed that they will have to run a bye or two before they get well into a handicap. There's no money in cup-racing, and Pearson and myself infinitely prefer swelling our banker's account to decorating our sideboards."

"Caterham, sir, would have a very fair chance of the City and Suburban," said the trainer, dryly.

"Precisely what the public think, Greyson, and the public accordingly will have one more lesson about the impudence of jumping to erroneous conclusions. Having, in their anxiety to grow rich, backed the winner of the Guineas, they will have the satisfaction of learning that the fast [illegible] race, and paying their money accordingly. Ah! you have that ill-tempered gray brute out, I see. Of course he is well—that sort always are. Like bad-tempered men, their contrariness keeps

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1430.

them in health. He don't improve in his manners?"

"No, sir," replied the trainer. "I suppose, though, he had better go to Newmarket on the off chance. Though I'm afraid we sha'n't take the Two Thousand this year."

"He don't go at *my* expense," sneered Cuthbert Elliston; "and what's more, I don't intend the brute to eat at my expense either much longer. If Pearson here likes to send him, well and good; but I don't suppose he means to throw money away more than myself."

"No," replied the lawyer, laughing; "I've no money to spend in travelling a trick horse about the country. The fact is, Bill, we are both going for Pibroch. Sir Marmaduke's got the money down in earnest, and declares he will win the length of a street."

"Well, sir," replied the trainer, quietly, "it's a pity not to run the Dancing Master. He's very fit and well just now; it's a big stake to pick up, and he might take it into his head to do his best. His sort do at times—more especially when you don't back 'em—"

"Now, look here," replied Elliston, sharply, "let's know at once what you're driving at. What are you trying to persuade *me* to send that worthless brute to Newmarket for?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, Mr Elliston, I've got a thousand to thirty about him. I shall probably be able to hedge if he starts, and thereby save my thirty pound."

"Ah! you want to save your thirty pound at my expense. We will think about it. Meanwhile let's see him gallop."

Pulling up, and handing the reins to Cuthbert Elliston, Greyson got out of the wagonette, walked across, and gave a few directions to the head boy.

"A good half-speed gallop, William," said he, "and bustle 'em up a bit in the last half mile."

The string got into Indian file, Joe Butters, or last year's Leger winner, leading; Caterham laid next, and a very useful five year plater, who had done the stable yeoman's service, followed, while the Dancing Master, with Jim Forrest in the saddle, closed the procession. Intent more upon concealing his identity than the business in hand, Jim was as nearly as possible deposited on the broad of his back as Butters gave the signal to go, the Dancing Master responding to the pressure of his rider's knees by a plunge and a couple of buck jumps that would have proved too much for most lads, and landed Jim Forrest on the gray's neck.

"You haven't improved that amiable brute's temper an atom," sneered Elliston, in those sharp, clear, acid tones that had superseded the soft, *trainant* accents of his younger days; "and putting up such a young duffer as that to ride him is not likely to make him more tractable."

"He's not a bad boy, sir," replied the trainer, quietly; "but that gray colt's rather too much for any of 'em."

"By Heaven, he means going now!" exclaimed Pearson, as the Dancing Master, after shaking his head rather seriously, as if taking in the position of affairs, took hold of his bit and dashed furiously in pursuit. That he should speedily overhaul his leaders was nothing, they were only going half-speed, and it was quite evident that it was just all Jim could do to prevent the gray getting clean away with him. Still, Pearson and Elliston knew a galloper when they saw one, and the long, low, raking stride, and the way he ran up to his horses, impressed them strongly.

"By Jove!" said Pearson, "temper or no temper, a mover like that can never be said to be quite out of the race."

"Yes, he covers ground when he begins. But you don't suppose at Newmarket that they're going to canter at starting just to suit his convenience, do you? Why, they would have been half-way to the winning post before the gray beggar thought it was time to begin. Bah! Look at him now! Oh, you beauty! A platoon of musketry in the home paddock is about what you're fit for."

As the last words escaped his lips the Dancing Master stopped as abruptly as he had started, and commenced to kick, and when he once more condescended to resume galloping his stable companions were finishing at racing pace. Jim Forrest, with a view to escaping observation, stopped his ill-tempered charge some distance below the point where the others had pulled up, and walked him slowly back the far side of the gallop.

"Well, Greyson, they all look well and flourishing, but I don't see any opportunity of slipping them just yet; as I said before, the public have helped themselves to all the money about the City and Suburban—and I hope the public will enjoy the result. We must wait for our chance. It will come before the year is out. As for that gray devil, *I'm* not going to pay his train to Newmarket."

"Pity too, sir," said the trainer, "not to have a cut at such a big stake on the off chance."

"No, Greyson; you are very considerate, but I'm not going to pay insurance on your thirty sovereigns. Stop! I'll tell you what I'll do with you. If you choose to pay the brute's expenses, you may. If he wins I'll take the stakes, but the horse shall be yours. Remember, the winner of the Two Thousand will be worth money, and if you take my advice you'll part with him to the first man that makes a decent offer."

"Done, Mr Elliston. It won't be the first hundred I've made a big hole in by taking long odds; but still, what with the thousand I shall stand to win, and what the horse will be worth if he does win, it's good enough to chance."

"Glad you think so. I shouldn't have thought it so myself; but there's one thing you have rather overlooked; you will find it difficult to get any one to ride—all the jockeys worth having are engaged."

"That don't matter, sir," replied Greyson, as he got into the wagonette and resumed the reins. "In a case like this it's no use wearing money. I shall just put one of the lads up. Jockeys as a rule can't do much with a colt like the Dancing Master. If that horse is to win he'll have to do it himself; he's pretty certain to decline either assistance or interference. The only orders I should give the best man in England would be, 'Get well off, and then leave him alone.' And now, gentlemen, I should think you're about ready for breakfast."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ICE INDUSTRY OF NEW YORK.

Men who have spent even a quarter of a century in New York remember when the general consumption of ice was confined to the dog-days, and even the rich made use of it only between spring and late autumn. It was then a matter for wonder to visitors from smaller cities and the country that certain enterprising confectioners and *restaurateurs* displayed signs bearing the words, "Ice-Cream and Water Ices" in midwinter, and the fact that persons of taste lightened the courses of a dinner with a *sorbet*, or closed them with ice-cream or ices, seemed to our rural neighbors like the silliest affectation, and the most amazing example of artificiality in appetite. Those who then put ice to the uses now in vogue composed a fraction of the population too small to attract general attention. The fact that ice was then almost, if not quite, as cheap as it is now, that only the poorest are unable to enjoy it, shows how taste has changed, or perhaps we should say developed, in that short period. Now it is so much a feature of household economy as water itself, and except in cooking the one is seldom made use of without the other. It has come to pass that our citizens regard water, no matter what its temperature may be, as flat unless it has ice in it, and in our homes, in restaurants, hotels, saloons, and wherever men and women assemble, ice and water go together, and one is as freely utilized as the other.

In all houses, except the poorest tenements, the refrigerator is now as certain to be found as the stove or sewing-machine, and almost all are kept filled the year round. Those who ever give the subject a thought must agree that nothing else which costs so little affords so much comfort whenever recourse is had to it, or such instant and great relief when the weather is oppressive. No straining of logic is required to justify the taste for ice at all seasons. The temperature in-doors in January is so warm as to make the crystallized coolness a grateful accompaniment of eating and drinking, and the delicate change of flavor which ice causes in Croton, even when that liquid is cold of itself, is warrant enough for a fondness for ice-water in midwinter.

If all the ice now brought to New York were to be equally distributed among the inhabitants, every man, woman, and child in the metropolis would get almost a ton as his or her share. The annual importation amounts to a little more than a million tons. Ice is brought from as far away as Maine, though this is done only by private persons for their own use, and when the regular supply is small and dearer than usual. The greater part of that which is served by the local ice companies is cut in the upper Hudson River, and a little, in addition, comes from Rockland Lake, Greenwood Lake, and Lake Mohegan, near Verplanck's Point.

The harvesting of "the crop," as it is called, takes place whenever a certain thickness has been reached, ten inches being the thinnest ever taken up. The Hudson water is salt a great many miles above New York, and is quite brackish at Newburgh, but in the neighborhood of Poughkeepsie it is fresh and pure, and there the ice-men's field of labor begins. The blocks of crystal are sawed out in regular sizes, and hauled to the huge store-houses on the shores. The white sides of the barn-like structures and their crooked spout-like slides, reaching from the neighborhood of the roof of each building down to the water's edge, are familiar sights to all travellers along the great waterway. The perishable nature of this staple is known to every one, but how many know that the waste or loss amounts to fifty per cent., so that the companies count upon marketing only one half of the total amount cut and stored away? The windmill sails revolving above the roofs of the second barges shown in the sketches on another page tell the tale of this shrinkage of bulk, for those whirling sails work the pumps which hoist from the holds of the barges the constantly forming water, which was as solid as stone when the boats were laden.

Brewers are the largest consumers of ice, and pork packers, butchers, and hotel and restaurant keepers rank after them in the order named. Veritable houses are the huge boxes into which these buyers store the crystal blocks needed in their processes. In the modern drinking palaces no appointments, except the bars themselves, are more conspicuous than the refrigerators, which, by common custom, are built with an outer casing of carved and polished hard woods and bevelled plate-glass; and huge as these ornate boxes are, the sketch of the ice-man filling a cellar under a saloon shows that there is yet more ice needed in this business than even the great refrigerators will hold.

The great ships that carry our surplus of Western beef to Europe are fitted with enormous ice-houses, with a capacity of from sixty to a hundred tons, and passenger vessels carry all the meats purchased for consumption during their voyages in refrigerators graded in size according to the length and nature of the trip in contemplation. For Europe, ten tons are required; for South America, fifty or sixty. Ships plying between South America or the West Indies and this city now carry two ice-boxes—one containing the meat, fish, and poultry for the table on the voyage out, and the other remaining sealed until the return trip is begun, and it is a significant fact that the officers say the fare on the homeward voyage is superior to that on the other.

But the artist recalls to the majority of us the fact that not all New-Yorkers are able to enjoy this refreshing staple in so lavish a manner as the ton share for each inhabitant would seem to indicate. Some get more than their portion, and many can afford to purchase only very sparingly of the luxury. During the greater part of each year the ice-men are strangers to the poorer districts, and it is only in the hottest weather that the haggard women and scantily clad children of the swarming tenements are driven to break the rule of compulsory economy, and surround the lumbering, cavernous carts, with their kettles and buckets, and tiny offerings of small change in return for temporary relief from the tortures of an almost tropic sun.

JULIAN RALPH.

GENERAL CROOK UPON THE APACHES.

HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF ARIZONA,
WHIPPLE BARRACKS, PRESCOTT, *July* 16, 1884.

My dear Mr. Welsh,—The best answer to the questions contained in your communication of the 23d ult. would be found in a recital of the facts which careful and impartial investigation could not fail to develop in regard to the Chiricahua and other Apaches. Until such an investigation, deep, systematic, and perfectly unbiassed, can be made by yourself or some other member of your association, I ask that some consideration be given to the few remarks I wish to make in their behalf.

It is not to be denied that the Apache is the fiercest and most formidable of all our Indians when upon the war-path. Opinions may differ as to the place in the scale of intelligence the Apache should occupy, but there is no diversity of sentiment—at least not among army officers—as to the skill and cunning with which this Indian conducts all warlike operations. Speaking for myself, after a somewhat extended experience of over thirty-two years' duration with the various Indian tribes from British America to Mexico, from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean, I do not hesitate to put the Apache at the very head for natural intelligence and discernment. He knows his rights, and is not afraid to maintain them. Were he a Greek or a Roman, we should read with pride and enthusiasm of his determination to die rather than suffer wrong; but looking at him as a native of our own soil, and as the feeble barrier which stands between ourselves and the silver mines or coal measures supposed to exist on his reservation, it is not always possible to do justice to his virtues, or to consider his faults as identical with those of which we ourselves should be guilty under similar provocation.

We have now on the White Mountain, commonly known as the San Carlos Reservation, a body of Apaches and affiliated tribes numbering almost exactly 5000 souls. Of these the Chiricahua Apaches number 512, of whom 129 are warriors and half-grown boys. I shall limit my remarks to this band, because it is the one which I followed into the Sierra Madre, in Mexico, just a year ago; and being the very last body of American Indians to come in from the war-path, the improvement effected in the past few months in the condition of its members will be the most satisfactory evidence upon which to base the hope we may entertain for the future of any of the aborigines. With the exception of infant children and a very few broken-down old men and women, every one of these Apaches of both sexes is now hard at work trying to make a crop.

I am happy to say that all the reports received from the military officers in charge of them are of the most encouraging character. Unless some totally unexpected bad weather prevent, they will raise a great quantity of cereals and vegetables, and will, besides, be in a condition to sell for cash to the Quartermaster's department a great share of the barley, corn, hay, and fuel consumed by the troops in the posts nearest them. I expect that this year all or nearly all the articles named required by the garrisons of San Carlos and Fort Apache will be supplied by the Apaches. In having this done, two objects are gained—the Apache is kept from idleness, and is made a producer. No sermon that was ever preached on the dignity of labor could imprint upon the savage mind the impression received when he sees that work means *money*, and that the exact measure of his industry is to be found in his pocket-book. . . He recognizes at once that our regulative system is well adapted for the preservation of property, or the preservation of order, which is almost the same thing; consequently he accepts and imitates with scrupulous fidelity the simpler forms of our judicial proceedings in dealing with offenders in his own tribe. An enlightened self-interest begins to dawn, and to teach him that intemperance and industry can not exist in the same camp. He promptly accedes to the suggestions that the manufacture of his favorite liquor, "tiswin," be stopped, and that the corn once used for this purpose be sold for money or ground into meal. Then he begins to see how great is the money value of his squaw's labor, and no difficulty is experienced in doing away with the ferocious custom of slashing off a poor wife's nose every time that a drunken maniac imagines he has some cause for jealousy. This is not a fancy sketch, but an accurate recital of what was done for all the Apaches in 1873, '74, and '75, and what is now going on among the Chiricahua band. I am not going beyond the limits of an exact narrative when I express the opinion that had the Apaches been permitted to continue in the path of civilization and progress in which I placed them in the years mentioned, many of them would by this time have been fairly well qualified for the elective franchise, or in any event, instead of being dependent upon the government for support, they would have been contributing appreciably to the general prosperity.

Upon being reassigned to command the Department of Arizona I found that all that had been accomplished with so much patient labor had been destroyed, and almost all trace of it had been obliterated. From the simple, pathetic story of the Apaches I gathered that they had been systematically and outrageously plundered by a gang of sharks thinly disguised as Indian agents and others. The Indians had about lost all confidence in our government, and were on the brink of an outbreak, which would have cost us heavily in the losses we should have had to suffer, and still more heavily in the taxes we should have had to pay for its suppression. In this exigency there was only one thing to be done. I personally visited the various bands, including those already on the war-path, and assured them that the people of the United States were not in sympathy with the rascals of whom they complained, but were sincerely desirous of doing full justice to the Indians, and I asked them, if they had any confidence left in me, and if they believed that I would act toward them just exactly as if they were white men, to remain at peace until an adjustment of their wrongs could be effected.

With the Chiricahuas, progress, as might be expected, is rapid, because, being brought in contact with the more civilized branches of their tribe, they see at a glance how much they have improved, and endeavor to emulate them without obliging us to reason carefully and patiently at every step. Had they been isolated from the other bands, as was last year seriously advocated by many well-meaning persons, this improvement could not have been effected in years. One word more upon this subject. In dealing with the Apache, gentleness, patience, intelligence, truth, and honesty are essentials. But he should be led to perceive that gentleness is not inspired by fear, and that we possess the power to compel obedience to the new regulations which are presented to his self-interest. There are always to be found in every community turbulent or unruly spirits who resist innovation, and are prone to antagonize restraint or discipline of any kind. For such persons imprisonment or other punishment must be provided, but always in such a manner that the sense of the tribe will admit that the punishment is fully deserved.

It was for years a matter of reflection to me how best to attain the end desired. With some misgivings, I adopted the plan of arraigning before native juries offenders charged with misdemeanors and petty crimes against members of their own tribe. These juries were primarily instructed by army officers with elementary principles of law and legal procedure. They showed themselves apt scholars, and fully impressed with the importance of the trust confided in them, their investigations have in every case been thorough, the punishment awarded adequate and prompt, and the results beneficial beyond my anticipations. It has never been so much as hinted that one of the Apache jurymen has taken a bribe or gratuity of any kind, in which respect they are still behind their more civilized brethren; but with time all the improvements of nineteenth-century jurisprudence can be introduced.

Having given you this brief account of their present condition, I will help you to form some conclusion as to the future of the Apaches. During my recent trip to the San Carlos I had conferences with all the bands. The requests they had to make were that they should be provided more fully with farming implements; that they should be allowed to buy breeding cows from the ranch-men living near the reservation; that their children should be educated; that they should have stores in which they would not have to pay the extortionate prices now demanded for calico, sugar, and every other purchase; that they should have a grist-mill erected for turning their grain into meal, and they should pay the cost in tolls to be levied on their grist. When the Great Father does that, said an old chief, he need not give us any more rations, because we can raise everything ourselves. And lastly, they pleaded for the return from captivity, in which they are now held in Chihuahua, of the children taken from them by the Mexican forces. The Apaches made a very strong argument, where, indeed, no argument was needed, to show that both the government and themselves would be gainers by a system which gave the producer the greatest possible amount of money for his products in his own fields and at his own door. "It is not good," said one, "that we should sell our grain for two and three cents a pound, and then turn round and pay nine cents for flour. Put up for us a little mill to be run by water, and we can earn more money. Once I was always glad to go on the war-path and steal stock; now, when I hear the silver dollars jingling in my pocket, I am contented and happy." There are several responsible white men who are willing to put up such a mill, and grind the Apache wheat for toll, which, in my judgment, is the best arrangement that could be made.

Regarding the restitution of the captive children, it must be plain to any comprehension that the Apaches will always have a cause of grievance against the Mexicans so long as those members of their tribe are retained, and their restitution would remove the last vestige of an excuse the most unruly of them would have for urging a resumption of hostilities. This statement has already become too long, perhaps, but I will add to it my firm belief that there is not in your own State of Pennsylvania a village of the same population more peaceable and law-abiding than the five thousand Apaches on the San Carlos Reservation.

Very respectfully,
GEORGE CROOK,
Brigadier General, U. S. Army.

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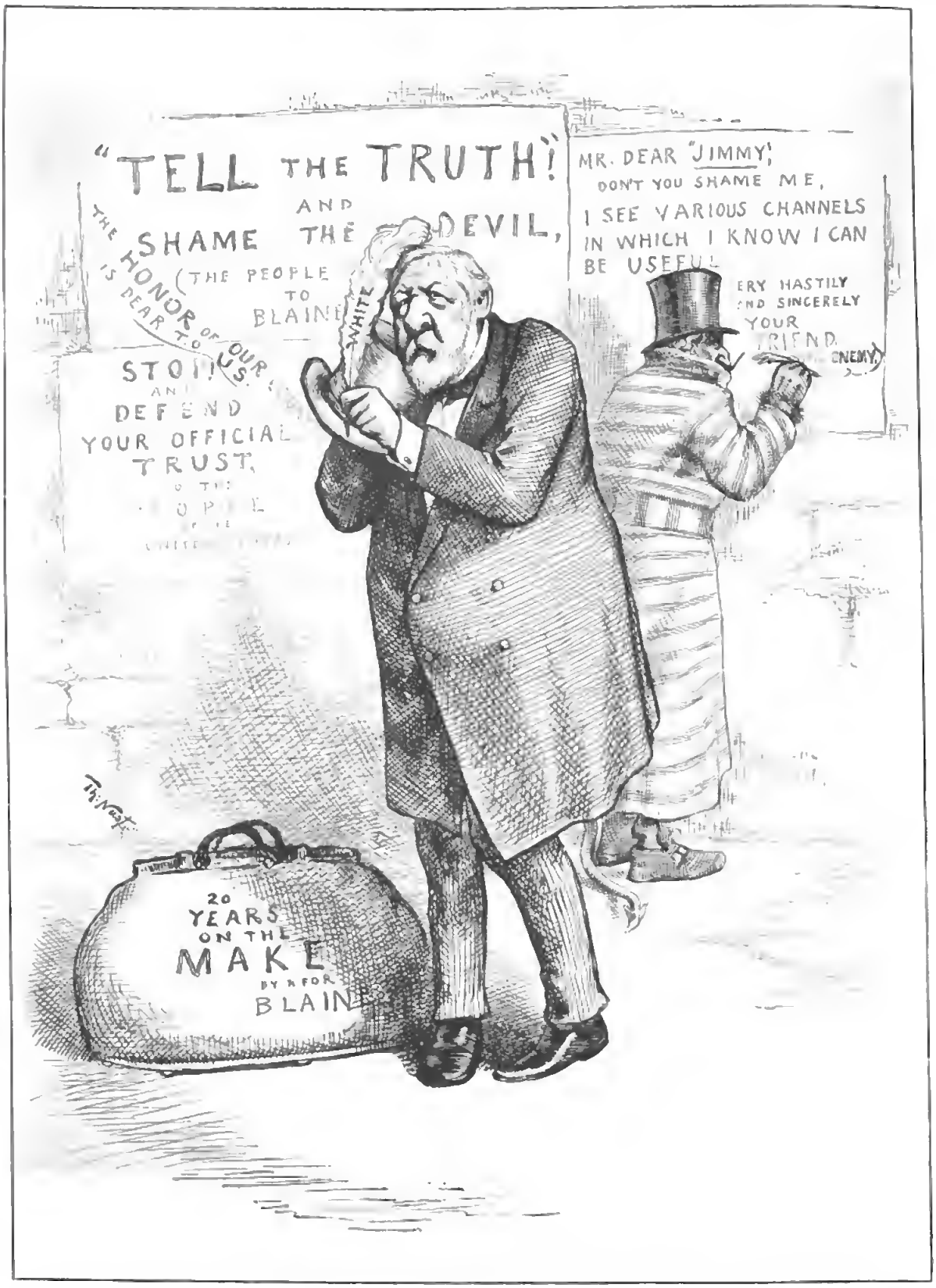

A FEATHER THAT GEORGE WASHINGTON NEVER HAD IN *HIS* CAP.

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THE DESPATCH-BOAT "DOLPHIN."

THE "CHICAGO."

THE "ATLANTA."

THE NEW STEEL CRUISERS FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY.—Drawn by F. C. Schell.—[See Page 564.]

THE NEW STEEL CRUISERS.

Within a few weeks the dispatch-boat *Dolphin*, the first though least important of the four steel vessels which are to form the foundation of our new navy, will be made ready for sea. The other three will doubtless be pushed rapidly to completion, Congress at its last session having appropriated all the money required for this purpose.

These vessels are being constructed by Mr John Roach, of Chester, Pennsylvania, from plans approved by a naval advisory board headed by Rear-Admiral Shufeldt. The *Chicago*, the largest of the cruisers, and the *Boston* and *Atlanta*, twin vessels, are intended to furnish examples of unarmored war ships combining speed, endurance, and battery power. The *Dolphin* is not a fighting ship, but might be of some service as a commerce-destroyer. We present illustrations of these types of vessels.

The *Chicago*, as appears from the description of Mr F T Bowles, secretary of the advisory board, is a twin-screw steam cruiser, constructed throughout of mild steel, without wood sheathing. Her length between perpendiculars is 316 feet; length on water-line, 325 feet; length over all, 334 feet 6 inches; depth from garboard-strake to under side of spar-deck, 34 feet 9 inches; height of gun-deck port-sill from load water-line, 10 feet, and of spar deck port-sill, 16 feet 6 inches; extreme breadth, 49 feet 7½ inches; draught at load line, mean, 19 feet; displacement, 4300 tons; indicated horse-power, 8000; sea speed, 14 knots; capacity of coal-bunkers, 940 tons; area of plain sail, 14,800 square feet; complement, 300 men. The contract price for the hull, machinery, and fittings, exclusive of masts, spars, rigging, sails, boats, etc., which are to be supplied at the navy-yards, and also of the ordnance, is $889,000.

Nine transverse bulk-heads divide the *Chicago* into water tight compartments, of which the four amidships contain the machinery and boilers. A double bottom is divided by the keel and transverse frames into fourteen water tight cells. The machinery and boilers are to be protected by a steel deck one and a half inches thick, a base flat top, one foot above the load water-line, slants downward at about twelve feet from the side of the vessel, so as to strike the side at four feet below the water line. The space between the sides of the ship and the longitudinal bulk-heads which run throughout the machinery and boiler compartments is used as coal bunkers, thus giving a coal armor from eight feet above the water line to fourteen below, the average thickness of this protection being nine feet above the line and five below it. The various steel bulk heads in the hold, where the ammunition is stored, and elsewhere, combine to divide the ship into eighty five water-tight compartments. There is a complete system of steam and hand pumps for flooding any compartment or flushing the large drain pipes.

The steel outside of the *Chicago* will be somewhat above half an inch thick, weighing twenty-three pounds to the square foot, and there will be additional plating for 136 feet over the engines and boilers, worked in two thicknesses of three-quarter inch each. Other devices give additional structural strength. The steam steering gear and rudder are well protected beneath the water-line.

The vessel is to have twin screws, actuated by two pairs of two-cylinder, compound, overhead, beam engines. Beam engines are hardly now in use in our vessels, and have not very often been employed for merchant screw vessels, being principally used in paddle steamers. The designers, however, found it impossible to get a vertical cylinder engine beneath the water line. The type of boiler approved for the *Chicago* is also a novelty as war ships, being adopted from the merchant service. This steam machinery has given rise to the chief criticisms made upon the *Chicago*, its opponents insisting that nothing so experimental should be introduced into a naval vessel.

It only remains to consider the *Chicago*'s battery, which will consist, to begin with, of four 8-inch 35 ton rifled breech loaders, and six 6 inch breech-loaders weighing about four tons each. The former are on the flush spar-deck, to protect the hall-turrets, and the latter on the gun deck in broadside, where two other 6 inch guns can be added to each broadside if necessary. One 6-inch will be mounted in a recessed gun deck port on each bow, and two 5-inch guns in recessed ports abaft the captain's cabin. The 8-inch shot weighs 250 pounds; the 6-inch, 100; the 5 inch, 60. Four Hotchkiss revolving cannon, for firing from sixty to eighty rounds per minute, are mounted in bullet-proof towers. The bow will be strengthened for ramming. We may here add that Congress in the temporary naval bill passed during the first week of July inserted this provision: "The four great guns of the *Chicago* to be mounted on Clark's defective single-gun turrets, or V shields, of the same weight as is now allowed for the mounting and armor protection of the guns," provided the contract should not be altered.

Passing to the *Boston* and *Atlanta*, one description may be less detailed, since many internal arrangements, such as the double bottom, the longitudinal bulk-heads, the arrangement of water-tight flats, the systems of draining and of ventilation, the protective plating over the engine boilers, the protective deck, and the coal armor, resemble in general the *Chicago*'s. The dimensions of the *Boston* and *Atlanta*, which are single-screw vessels, are as follows: length between perpendiculars, 270 feet; length on water-line, 276 feet; length over all, 283 feet; depth from garboard-strake to under side of superstructure deck, 34 feet; height of main-deck port-sill from load water-line, 11 feet; free-board at extremities of superstructure, 9 feet; extreme breadth, 42 feet; draught at low water-line, mean, 16 feet 10 inches; displacement at water-line, 3000 tons; area of plain sail, 10,600 square feet; indicated horse-power, 3500; sea speed, 18 knots; capacity of coal-bunkers, 340 tons; complement, 290 men. The contract price, exclusive of masts, spars, sails, guns, etc., is in the case of the *Chicago*, is $612,000 for each vessel.

A peculiarity of the *Boston* class is that the poop and forecastle have been moved to the centre of the ship, in order to give a greater range to the two fore-and-aft guns. The battery consists of two 8-inch and six 6-inch breech-loading rifles. Outside the forward port angle and after starboard angle of a central superstructure an 8 inch rifle is mounted in a barbette about three feet high, built of 2-inch steel plates. The forward gun has a sweep from 40° abaft the beam on the port side around to 30° abaft the beam on the starboard side; and the after gun has a similar range. Within the superstructure are the 6 inch rifles, so mounted as to have an extensive sweep. There are two in each broadside, and the remaining two can be used fore and aft as in broadside. The crews of the 6-inch guns are protected from the fire of machine guns in an enemy's tops, and the 8-inch will carry an armored manhot for like protection.

This arrangement of the battery, which may be said to form the characteristic feature of the *Boston* class, has been made the centre of attack by critics. Chief Constructor Wilson stated to a Senate committee that owing to their open forecastles and poop-decks the *Boston* and *Atlanta* "would be practically failures as sea-going vessels, as their speed would be knocked down by forcing their bows into the sea, which would also be likely to roll as board aft as they succeeded into it." But the admirals of the *Boston* and *Atlanta* maintain that this feature is simply a sacrifice of comfort in cruising to effectiveness in fighting, and does not affect the safety and sea-worthiness of the vessel.

Admiral Porter, who very evidently favors the new navy, has objected some hot to the *Chicago*, *Boston*, and *Atlanta* as insufficiently spared, and to being compelled to rely on their steam for lack of sail power. Still, as 300 tons of coal can be carried outside the bunkers of the *Boston* and *Atlanta*, they could steam, it is thought, for 2500 miles at full speed, and take as much at ten knots an hour. They have a three-cylinder compound horizontal back-acting engine, three are eight horizontal return tubular steel boilers, and there is an aggregate grate surface of 400 square feet.

The *Dolphin*'s length between perpendiculars is 240 feet; extreme length, 250½ feet; extreme breadth, 32 feet; depth from top of floors to top of main-deck beams, 18½ feet, and from base line 20 67 feet; mean draught, 14½ feet; displacement at mean draught, 1463 tons; indicated horse-power, 2300; speed, 15 knots; capacity of coal bunkers, 150 tons; complement, 80 men; contract price, $315,000.

Being a dispatch-boat, as possibly a flag-ship, the *Dolphin*'s speed is a main consideration and she carries only one 6 inch rifled breech loader, besides four Hotchkiss revolving cannon in armored towers. She is rigged as a three-masted schooner, and has a single screw, actuated by a compound vertical direct-acting engine, with one high-pressure and one low-pressure cylinder. The boilers are cylindrical, with an aggregate grate surface of 270 square feet.

Such are our new cruisers as described in the original contracts, subject, no doubt, to such improvement as competent authority may direct. The very criticism which they have aroused and the corresponding zeal with which they have been defended, must make their completion welcomed for a 4th extraordinary public as well as professional interest. Should they prove as successful as is hoped, there should be no difficulty in procuring authority from Congress for their prompt duplication. Should they develop any serious faults, these can be amplified, or a resort can be had to other types of modern cruisers, such, for example, as the British *Impregnable* and the Brazilian *Riachuelo*.

LOVE AND MIRAGE.*

OR,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XV.

REVELATION.

She made a sign to him to be seated, and setting down also, began without preamble, "Will you do something for me when you get back to England?" Then looking straight into his face, she added, with painful eagerness "That lorlorn lady I mentioned to you who wants to gain her bread in your country to myself. Can you help me?" What could Arthur do but express his readiness, his devotion? Only let her wishes be made known, and he would exert himself to the utmost to serve her, he stammered forth, alert to the deliciousness of the situation, yet prosaically alive to the difficulties of the task he was imposing upon himself. Without observe, without feminine kinskolk, he was conscious that he was the last person in the world who should proffer help to a lady in such straits. Despite his prompt affirmation, just a shade of disconsolate was visible to the eyes intently watching his own. "I am asking a great kindness, I know," she went on, speaking in the same quiet, almost despairing, voice. "I have no one to say a good word for me, not a friend in the world, yet I must live."

Again she looked at Arthur as if to read him through and through, then, evidently with a growing confidence and almost a feeling of liking, she went on:

"You looks tell me that you have a kind heart, and I am sure you are honorable. I will therefore trust you so far. You may find an such service in your country as may be performed by those who have on past, on history. Oh!" she cried, her whole sorrowful soul seeming to lean on him in the extremity of her helplessness and desolation, "surely to England, if anywhere, I may find one large heart to whom a woman in a woman call in spite of such misfortunes as mine!" A tear as two fell, but without wiping them away the hurried on, now in low, eager tones: "Name but yourself are to know that I have lost my good name. I am bound to tell you, as you could not help me. You will keep silence, I know."

Arthur's looks answered for him. He was fain to be eloquent, but the words did not come, mere sound enough for the occasion.

"Thank are many things I can do well," she continued, with plaintive earnestness. "I would fulfill any trust committed to me. I would be good to little children on sick folk. But there is one charge I should like best of all."

Then smiling through her tears, she said: "It is a foolish fancy; I can not help living in terror of people's eyes. If I could only minister to the blind in one of their asylums, or devote myself to some sightless person, I think I could grow almost happy again."

"You must be happy again," Arthur rejoined, with affected cheerfulness, although his heart was making within him. This superb creature a hospital nurse, a serving-woman! The thought was not to be borne.

"Have you any blind friend?" she asked, earnestly, not to the least divining what track his thoughts had taken. "I am skilled in music. I have a fine voice, as people say; I know many things."

"That is but a dreary prospect you speak of," Arthur said. "I will try to think of a better scheme. There are rich women in England who want a friend to travel with them, dispense charity for them, help them to make the best of their lives. Among them you may find one who could be as a sister to you." The glimmer of hope that had lighted up her face died away. She shook her head and made answer almost in a despairing tone:

"I can not go into the world, and even good women might not be kind to me. I yearn for a little kindness. But I will not be cast down," she added, as she caught Arthur's sorrowful glance. "You hear how easily I speak your language. I am also learned in Italian."

"That reminds me," Arthur broke in with extreme animation, "I think I do know an old lady, charming too, who wants a young man to take her to Italy," and he expatiated on the prospect all the more glowingly because it had also occurred to him that he should very likely spend the winter in Rome himself. Suddenly, however, he was checked by a look of such utter misery on her companion's face as to seal his lips. He sat still, blank, silent, dejected. Not an adequate word occurred to him, not a phrase in the whole vocabulary seemed delicate enough and emphatic enough for the expression of his chivalrous devotion. No dilemma could be more painful to a generous-minded man. Moved to passionate pity, stirred by feelings perhaps the nearest approach to magnanimity of a lifetime, was yet frozen into silence, chilled to outer coldness by the very sorrow he would fain console. To a man like Arthur Venning, man in his tastes even to fastidiousness, and fastidious, although he knew it not, rather according to his own standard than that of the world, the very helplessness and appeal of this beautiful woman made her sacred in his eyes. She had thrown herself on his English sense of honor and manliness, and he must take care lest by a look or syllable he might seem to abuse the confidence placed in him. He durst not offer balm in truth. Even a trivial expression of sympathy would be out of keeping. He could only hearken to her story, and vouchsafe the common kindness one may force on the dusty highroad of life to bound to show another.

"Do not speak to me of Italy!" she cried. "It is a fatal place. The forfeit—" For a moment the fair cheeks were dyed with crimson, then she broke off and went on proudly and collectedly. "You have promised to help a forlorn lady to earn her bread. If I am more outspoken to you than I should be, if I confide things to you I might hardly to confide to any one, much less a man and a stranger, it is because from my childhood upward I have been taught that an Englishman's word may be relied on."

Arthur listened with sealed lips. He had spoken more on his own behalf. Would a dozen speeches lend force to his simple yea or nay?

"You can not help me unless you know something of my history," she went on, hurriedly and fearfully, as if dreading lest time might not serve for all that the had to say. "I have not a friend in the world, and I am in the power of bad people. How can I leave this island and get safely to England? Will you try to think of a plan? English women are great travellers. If any came here I could return with them."

The wistfulness, the almost agonized look of entreaty, wrung Arthur's heart. All kinds of projects flashed before his mind. He would write that very day to some of his pleasant women friends to urge upon them the seductions of a Baltic trip. Better still, he would think of some school-mistress or music teacher in want of a holiday, and then procure the necessary protection. Vague hopes and promises in plenty his interlocutor now read in the young man's face.

"It must be done soon," she added, in the same quick, agitated tones. "I could get away in September."

Arthur's countenance cleared.

"These in fortunately time, then, for making the necessary arrangements," he said, promptly and cheerfully. He was determined at all costs to himself to be scarcely matter of fact. "I can turn over in my mind the best means of furthering your wishes. Meantime," he added, with an encouraging smile, "who can tell what may or may not happen? Friends of mine might arrive unexpectedly any day from England, or touch here on their way back from Norway. I need only commend to their protection a foreign lady desirous of going to England. Can I write to you?"

"It will be better not to do so. I will let you know how to communicate with me when the time comes," she replied, rising. "How long do you stay on this island?"

"As long as I can serve you," were the passionate words on Arthur's lips. He checked himself, and made answer in the most indifferent voice he could command.

"My time is at my own disposal. I can absolutely free to go or stay. It will give me real pleasure if I can be of use to you."

"I will send you a sign," she said. "Your address I learned on the occasion of your first visit to the palace."

"The address matters little. But do not forget the name—Arthur Venning. A letter bearing that superscription will find me anywhere on the island."

"And my prayers shall find you wherever you are," was the martial answer.

As she lingered before him, so beautiful in her sadness, so sad in her beauty, they interchanged the yearning look that one human being may well accord another in moments of supreme emotion, even when the next shall see them strangers. There was no sentiment on his part, no feminine feeling on hers, instead, deep unutterable sympathy stirring the hearts of both, and an understanding with which his passionate admiration, her own consciousness of it, had nothing to do. Never in his life had anything touched him so nearly as this loneliness, this desolation, not until now did she realize the healing there may be in a brave man's word. But, for once, sex and personality were merged in something higher than these, and the pale embodied in each other's eyes divine compassion and intense gratitude only.

And as if anxious to express an emotion she would not put into words, having risen to go, she turned back. With a little sob and a sweet smile, the now unfastened the knot of white flowers worn on her bosom and put them into his hands. What eloquence could have said as much? Those silvery star-shaped blossoms were the thanksgiving of one who had not as much to a word to give, the benison of a breaking heart.

Strangely moved, Arthur put away the flowers in his pocket-book, and strolled back to the palace, with little heart for the jovial bachelor's dinner so come. He longed now as keenly as Harvey to be well out of the precincts, although the way back should lead to perplexity, retribution, and Elizabeth.

Elizabeth! Elizabeth! What was there in a fair girl's name to disquiet a young man thus? But even the name he had found so sweet seemed unreal and remote to Arthur now. Was the fancy of yesterday supplanted by a deeper feeling? Was this new empire Love indeed, the other dream and shadow? Arthur came to the conclusion, whilst hopelessly distracted by these thoughts, that at least he was no longer free to wander and to love. He had often regretted the unemotional current of his existence, and even reproached himself for an apparent want of susceptibility to the passions that consume other men. Now here had asserted its claim, and instead of scant measure dealt out to him, a very fulness of love and deliciousness promised to be his portion.

But the future lay veiled in mystery. Did are the threads of Destiny?

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1000.

CHAPTER XVI.

INTERLUDES.

The rest of the visit passed off uneventfully. The same faultless dinner, the same flow of talk, the same impalpable ease on the part of host, and response on that of guests. In certain social relations there need be no question of personal liking. We accept and accept hospitality without going below sympathies skin deep and inclinations that lie on the surface. The Prince and his visitors parted company with graceful compliments that meant nothing, and expressions of regard called forth by the occasion. They should never meet again, but had done their best to be agreeable to each other while intercourse lasted. Next day before eight full the travellers were in their old quarters. Harvey hastened down to the hanging garden by the shore, hoping to find Flora under the lime-trees. Arthur shut himself up in his room to ponder the letter he must dispatch by to-morrow's boat.

First of all he thought and thought till he had satisfactorily made out the history of his beautiful suppliant. He knew German middle-class life well, and the splendid intellectualism of it, the careful penury of it, and viewed by the light of past experiences, it seemed to him perfectly comprehensible that lady might be an apple to some beautiful and beauty-loving German Eve born in these latter days. A vivid picture soon composed itself before his mental vision. He imagined a struggling family and perhaps narrow-minded circle of which one gifted girl was the paragon, condemned, nevertheless, to a treadmill of toil for daily bread. On a sudden the prison doors fly open. Love and Italy await her! The artistic cravings and intellectual aspirations suppressed for years are to be satisfied at last. She loves, and in her lover finds not only the beauty which is to her as a religion, but the sympathy as necessary to an ardent and poetic nature as air itself.

Musing thus, Arthur thought he could understand how here even a delicate-minded and proud maiden might fall into a snare. There would be passion on the man's side, and an lack of argo-

ments on behalf of the sacrifice demanded of her. Might not a young nobleman, wooing the daughter of some poor pastor or professor, plausibly plead his cause thus: I am not one my own master; but the bond between you and me shall be sacred, and the first day that makes me umpire of my fortunes, shall seal it in the eyes of men?

And to the mind of an unworldly, magnanimous girl, implicitly trusting her lover's word, the very nature of such a bond would seem to guarantee after-confirmation. Other and subtler reasonings on his part might apparently justify the step. A thousand circumstances might go against her. Is not lawless generosity overreached by a man's reckless word every day?

Arthur sat down to write with the unshakable conviction that his protégée was the victim, not the tool, of a worldling's selfishness. If ever a fair spirit matched a beauteous body, it was hers. The pathos of wrong rather than of remorse was written on her face. More sinned against than sinning was inscribed on that pure forehead. Were it otherwise, can not mortal lapse be washed out with bitter tears? Is not the misguided soul oftentimes nearer the angels than those who keep the beaten track?

With such thoughts to these, Arthur penned a very long letter indeed on this lady's behalf. He had bethought himself of a former music mistress of his own, of whom he had never lost sight, as the very person to help him out of this charming dilemma. She was pinched in circumstances, elderly, and not too rich in friends. It would be easy, he thought, to induce her to give the stranger a home—even make the journey from London to escort her if necessary.

Arthur was by no means rich, but he could lay hands on a hundred pounds in order to gratify a generous whim; and he reflected that if he put two seas between his beautiful charge and her sorrow, the rest would be easy. She would learn to forget. Under his friend's quiet roof there would be nothing to recall the past. She should be amused by giving German lessons. She should gradually be won over to smile and to hope.

There was real benevolence as well as a chivalrous sentiment at the bottom of Arthur's schemes, and the thought struck him oddly, as it might, methinks, strike many another, When did I ever go out of my way to mend a breaking heart? The fastidious, easy-going, highly cultured Londoner possessed a conscience, but somehow or other it had not been touched as often as might be. But the chivalrous feeling here predominated, and it could hardly be otherwise. If the consciousness of a kindly act warmed his heart, the gratitude of a beautiful woman in no less degree warmed his imagination. A deeper chord was touched still. This girl had appealed to all that was best and manliest within him, and in responding to the call he felt that she it was who played the part of benefactor and good genius. Are not those who inspire us with a noble impulse our guardian angels ever?

The letter he penned was a very long and deliberate one, and in its folds was inclosed a check. "It may happen," he wrote, by way of postscript, "that I shall have to telegraph to you quite suddenly to come out here, or, which will do quite as well, delegate some one of your acquaintance, in order to accompany this lady back to England. Why she can not travel alone, and all other questions, I will answer when we meet. The only thing to be thought of now is to procure her an escort and a home until she can decide upon what to do in the future. She is to know nothing about this check, of course. As an old friend of mine you offer her shelter for a few weeks. That explanation will be enough, and at this season of the year your journey hither would have nothing extraordinary about it. I am sure you will go out of your way to oblige an old pupil whom you scolded for false notes twenty years ago. And you will learn to feel as much interest in my *protégée* as I do. But take no steps till you hear from me."

Most carefully and circumstantially was the letter worded, yet strangely enough, when the moment came to consign it to the post, Arthur locked it up in his desk instead.

This little romance was all his own. He could not bear the thought of another so much as breathing near it. And the natural, feminine curiosity of this soft-hearted, admirable music-mistress, a romancer [illegible] albeit travestied by the embonpoint of fifty—would any injunction on his part suffice to keep her inquisitiveness?

Terribly yet rapturously perplexed, he at last decided to leave the letter where it was for the present. There was luckily yet time, and in the summer letters crossed these seas every day. He could afford to dwell on the problem a little longer.

Next morning Harvey dashed into his room with great news. The fishermen's ball was to take place that afternoon in the forest. Everybody was going, and the sight would be captivating, he said all in a breath.

"Everybody? That means Flora?" Arthur said, slyly. "Seriously, now, Harvey, what are you thinking of? Flirtation has its limits for a man to contemplate marriage who has never so much as earned a sixpence with which to pay his boot-cleaner!"

Harvey was also in an exhilarated humor. "I never coveted a carriage and pair," he answered. "When I take a wife, fashion and I part company."

"A man may be a decent member of society without having his clothes made by a royal tailor," laughed Arthur. "But nakedness must be covered, and the digestive machine kept a-going."

"You forget one thing," retorted the younger brother. "Flora is a German, and Germans know how to live delightfully upon a hundred a year. Well, you will go to the ball, of course?"

"Of course. Will Elizabeth dance with me, do you think?"

Harvey looked disconcerted.

"I do not understand Elizabeth," he said. "She seems positively to resent our visit to the palace. How could it possibly be interpreted as a slight upon herself?"

"How, indeed?" was Arthur's careless answer; but when Harvey had left him his thoughts recurred to the question he had mooted. Why had Elizabeth all along showed such strange aversion to the Prince's name?

Arthur recollected well her look of disconcertment when the princely chase had been accidentally mentioned. There was no misreading the cold disapproval written on her face just before his departure with Harvey for the palace. Then he recalled their talk at the light-house. She had spoken of a broken word and outraged honor. Could these things point to but one conclusion? The lovely, ingenuous Elizabeth must have been wooed by one of the Prince's kinsmen, and through his instrumentality, he being head of the house, these betrothals had been annulled. In Elizabeth's eyes the Prince evidently embodied disloyalty itself: in no other way was such bitter feeling on the part of an amiable girl to be accounted for. He determined to have a close talk with Elizabeth as soon as might be—that very afternoon if possible. It behooved him to get at the bottom of her mysteries, and to find out how it stood with her heart; for in the midst of these vague reflections a disturbing conviction made itself heard. He had already gone too far to draw back. Those last lover-like words whispered in her ear could not be misinterpreted or unsaid. He was free no longer.

Now Arthur, without possessing the heroic qualities, was endowed with one virtue which often counts for much more. To his somewhat cold, well-disciplined nature crookedness was simply impossible in the least little thing. He must see whither he was going, and have the ground clear, no complications, no half-understandings, least of all, no shufflings. The thought that his extraordinary interest in his beautiful *protégée* might be disloyalty to Elizabeth grew more and more hateful to him. He could not let a day go by in uncertainty. Either Elizabeth should claim him for once and for all, or that sadder, lonelier vision that somehow strangely reminded him of her. Arthur had doubtless a touch of romance in his disposition. What human being is without it? Taken by this sweet Teutonic maiden as he had never been taken by any other woman till a week ago, he yet acknowledged a feeling of distrust.

Love is sweet, and the look of certain blue eyes may open a new kind of heaven in manly breasts. But habit is tyrannical and liberty hath charms. To fall in love is to catch a first glimpse of Edelweiss on Alpine slopes. To determine on marriage is to strive for the prize, may be, easily won and worn, may be, a clutch at a bagatelle, or a smiling plunge into destruction!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DR. ROBERT KOCH AND HIS DISCOVERIES.

DISTINCTION has come suddenly to Dr. KOCH; nor was it first won in a professor's chair, or upon the staff of some great hospital. Five years ago he was a private practitioner in Wollstein—a melancholy German village of three thousand people near the Russian frontier—and there he made his first important experiments. They were on the effect of certain poisons on the blood of mice and of other animals, in which he developed new forms of disease for the purpose of throwing light on infectious diseases in mankind. KOCH had made his first researches in the laboratory of Professor COHN, the well-known botanist of Breslau; and the elder scientist, impressed by the ingenuity of the young man's later experiments, invited him to quit Wollstein and his country practice, and to come to Breslau. KOCH followed the advice, but he was unable to get an appointment, the Breslau officials not knowing their right hands from their left. He waited six months in vain, and then went back to his Russian frontier. This was in 1879. In 1880 an opening occurred in Berlin upon the Imperial Board of Health. Its director chanced to be a sensible and what we call a "wide-awake" man; he had heard of ROBERT KOCH, and he summoned the [illegible] at once from the melancholy plains of Eastern Germany to the capital. KOCH's chance had come. He lost not a day. He equipped his laboratory with every appliance needed; he went resolutely but quietly to work. He studied the mysterious activities of cell-development in health and disease, and in the only way in which the all-important knowledge of this subject can be gained: he studied them upon living animals. The amiable opponents of experiments upon living animals, in order to spare them suffering, would stop such experiments, and send KOCH back to his frontier again. They would close the laboratory of the illustrious PASTEUR, and leave cholera and hydrophobia to have their way. Fortunately Berlin appreciated this student of nature. It was not long before he came out from his dissecting room with a startling announcement.

He claimed to have discovered the essential nature of phthisis. The active principle of tubercle was a *bacillus*, as he called it, which could be shown under the microscope; and this *bacillus* could be communicated to a healthy person, and produce the disease in him. Pulmonary consumption, in other words, is caused by a visible germ, and it is contagious. This claim is contested by eminent physiologists, as especially by Dr. SPINA, of Vienna. A part, certainly, of Dr. KOCH's theory is true: it is true that *bacilli* do exist in phthisis. But it is not proven that they are the cause of the disease, or that they transmit it when it is transmitted to man, though in the lower animals, or some of them, it is so transmitted. Nor does our knowledge of these *bacilli* help us, like PASTEUR's studies of hydrophobia and of the chicken plague, to a knowledge of the cure. That may come in time; meanwhile Dr. KOCH's discovery marks a real step in our knowledge of the disease.

His second discovery—the one which is now widely discussed—is of a similar character. What causes phthisis? says Dr. KOCH. A *bacillus*. What causes cholera—the true Asiatic cholera? A microbe. And what is a microbe? An extremely minute microscopic creature shaped like a comma, and found in the intestines (rarely in the stomach) of the cholera patient. But does it cause the disease, or is it an incident of the disease? "Has he found the *specific* microbe? No one knows—not even Dr. KOCH." He thinks that his microbe is specific, but the point is by no means proven, or was not when he wrote his sixth report (Calcutta, February 2, 1884), as the chief of the German commission in India. Nor, as he admits, has any one treatment for cholera been discovered, either of prevention or cure. Like his researches on phthisis, they are valuable because they promise fruit, but as yet they are unfruitful.

For his contributions to knowledge he has already received large rewards in honor, fame, and money, one item being 100,000 marks from the German government, awarded him last May as the discoverer of the microbe. Let us hope that the great experimenter may soon discover the means of exterminating what he has discovered.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A Paris editor challenged a fiddler. Instead of choosing the bow as the weapon, the musician named the sword, and was ousted.

In Brooklyn, it is said, young ladies halt street cars by blowing tiny silver whistles, which they carry for that purpose suspended from their necks by silken cords. That is prettier than cantering along the sidewalks, waving their parasols, and yelling "Hi, there!"

There is a lady sojourning in the Catskills who has one hundred and seventeen different costumes, three maids, and two poodles. Either she possesses tact for making a few poodles go a great way, or some of her costumes are not intended to be worn with a dog to match.

A gentleman of Texas has written to the Civil Service Commission at Washington that he desires to serve his country, and would be satisfied with "a moderate salary to begin with, say $3400 a year." He is modest. Even a cabinet position pays $8000.

The Philadelphians acknowledge that the earthquake amounted to more in New York than, singularly enough, in the Quaker City. The merit of this frank acknowledgment is spoiled, however, by a petulant fling which accompanies it to the effect that "we always knew your old town was built on volcanic rocks, and some fine morning you'll wake up and find yourselves nowhere."

There was genuine surprise in this hemisphere, and especially in Canada, when the cable brought the news that Hanlan had been defeated in Australia in a rowing match for $5000 and the championship of the world, and that the winning oarsman was Beach. "Who is Beach?" a great many persons asked. It seems that the new champion oarsman of the world had fully demonstrated that he was worthy to pull with Hanlan. He rowed Trickett a good race in Australia last year in July. Subsequently he defeated Trickett in two races, and was defeated by Trickett in two. Still later he offered to row either Trickett or Laycock for heavy stakes, but none of his offers was accepted. Previously to his first match with Trickett he was but little known, but his successes gave him a reputation in London if not in this country. The universal opinion is that Hanlan did his best to win.

A new cautionary signal, the meaning of which is, "Cover up your cabbage plants," or something of similar import, has been arranged by the Chief Signal Officer. The flag is white with a black centre, and will be hoisted as a warning that a cold wave is coming. Permission has been given by the Postmaster-General to fly this flag from the buildings under the control of his department throughout the country.

Several cases of severe illness in Saratoga have been produced by going from spring to spring and partaking of the waters. The physicians say that "Never mix your drinks" is as good a maxim at the spa as on the Bowery.

The obituary remarks upon the death of a well-known negro of Texas allude feelingly to the fact that he was reputed to be the most successful chicken thief in that State. This is saying much for him, since to be champion of the Lone Star State in this respect was to be champion of the whole world.

Englishmen of generous dispositions complain because the King of Sweden was obliged to reside at a hotel during his stay in London.

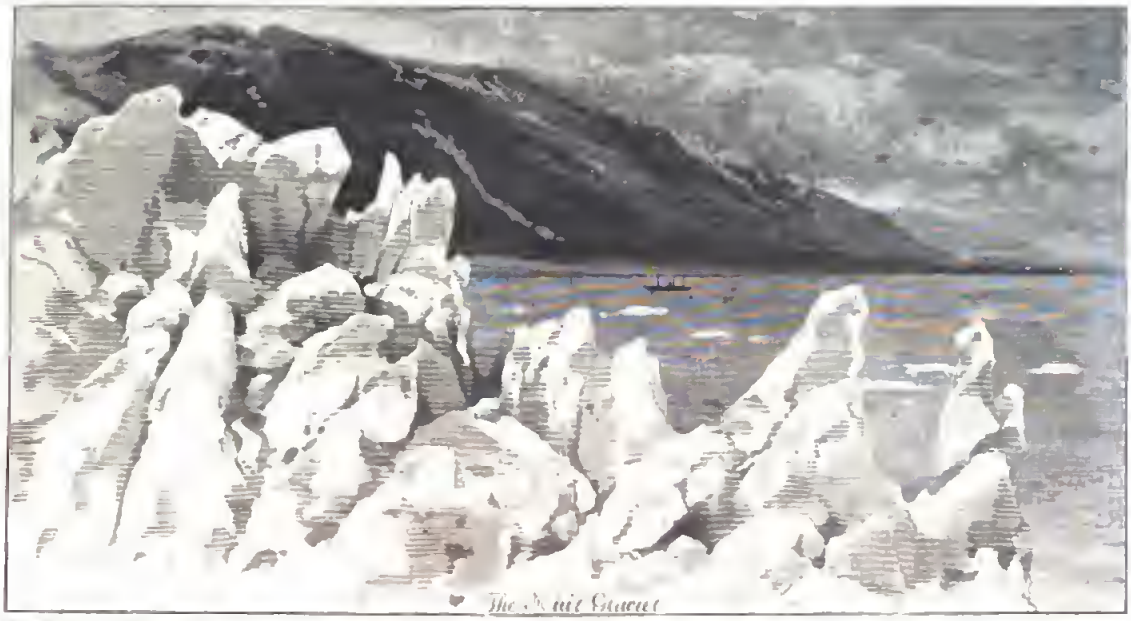
Accounts are printed of the doings of a mysterious Connecticut vagrant, who has come to be known as the Leather Man, because his outer garments are made of that substance. He is harmless, and "he has also an enviable reputation for honesty and sobriety." It is now proposed to make a concerted effort to civilize him, though at this distance that seems a good deal like proposing to paint the lily.

Every public fountain in the city is dry. In some instances the basins have been filled with stones and converted into flower mounds, while other basins are littered with scraps of paper and various kinds of rubbish. The fountains are dry because there is no water to spare for them. There will be no water for them till a new aqueduct is constructed. The obstacles in the way of having that work done honestly will keep the fountains dry for a good many years, it is to be feared; and there are likely to be far more serious results than the stilling of the fountains.

A report has been presented to the French Academy of Science setting forth that Captain Renard, an aeronaut, has succeeded in steering his balloon against the wind, veering around, and coming back to the point of departure. The cable's rendition of the event is very brief. Perhaps the maker of the report to the Academy recognized that that body was of sufficient importance to desire not unreasonably to know something as to the force of the wind in which the captain's air craft was tried. Some six or seven years ago a Connecticut aeronaut constructed a so-called flying-machine in which he could rise, descend, or advance against the wind, or at any angle with the line of the wind's direction. All this he accomplished by exhibiting his contrivance in a lofty hall where the force of the wind was reduced as nearly as possible to zero.

THE KNIGHT OF THE MONEY-BAG.

"THE IRON WORKERS' NOON-TIME."—ENGRAVED BY F. JEPPCOTT FROM THE PAINTING BY THOMAS ANSHUTZ IN THE THOMAS H. CLARKE COLLECTION.



SKETCHES IN SOUTHERN ALASKA.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 572.]

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SOUTHERN ALASKA.

On the 15th of May Congress made preparation for carrying out the provisions of the treaty ratified with Russia seventeen years ago, by which we became possessed of a vast empire on the northwest coast of America. During these years of United States ownership Alaska has been half forgotten, and more than neglected. Each year the people of the Pacific coast have petitioned, and the President in his annual messages to Congress has urged the necessity for establishing some form of civil government and protection to the inhabitants, as guaranteed in the treaty. Five years ago the troops were withdrawn, and the people found themselves at the mercy of the Indians, who, subdued by the strong rule of the Russians, and warned by the wholesome examples of British discipline across the border, had never had such license and opportunity before. The Collector of Customs at Sitka is the highest civil officer in Alaska, but, without a cutter or command, has no means to enforce his authority. Vain appeals were sent from Sitka as signs of hostility and an uprising on the part of the Indians became apparent, and as our navy and revenue marine refused to help them, a British man-of-war was dispatched from Victoria. It remained at Sitka for several weeks, until, in deference to Captain D'Arcourt's representations, United States vessels were sent to protect our citizens. Since that time a man-of-war has been stationed at Sitka, with a detachment of marines on shore, and by frequent cruises through the archipelago some authority has been maintained over the Indians and lawless adventurers of the settlements.

With all these hinderances to its development and progress, Alaska has lately felt the farthest ripples of the great wave of development which has swept over the Northwest. The completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad has brought Sitka within twelve days of New York, and the monthly mail steamer *Idaho* stops at sixteen settlements in Southern Alaska now, as against the four trading posts at which it called in 1879. An extra freight steamer runs during the summer months to carry the supplies for the mining towns and fish canneries. During the past year the placer mines and the few quartz mills in operation in Alaska have yielded $600,000 in gold, according to the official reports of the Director of the Mint, and the mining interests have been most retarded by the want of civil government and the establishment of land laws. Without a title or adequate protection to their property, capitalists have refrained from making great expenditures, and only the necessary assessment work and prospecting have been done on the claims on the great quartz ledges at Juneau and Sitka. Only the Russians whose titles to property were guaranteed in the treaty of 1867 have deeds for their land.

For scenery there is nothing in the rest of the United States comparable to that of the Alexander Archipelago or Southern Alaska. Eleven hundred islands lie between Mount St. Elias and the southern boundary line, and between their mountainous shores wind deep arms of the sea on which the swell of the outer ocean is never felt. From Puget Sound northward for a thousand miles run inland passages navigable by the largest ocean steamers, the channels varying in width from three hundred yards to three miles, and the precipitous shores rising from three thousand to six thousand feet sheer from the water's edge. The dense growth of pine, hemlock, spruce, and cedar amazes one even after the forests of Oregon. Cataracts from the melting snow-banks leap from the mountains to the sea, and living glaciers lie in all the high ravines. Voyaging in these still green waters is like sailing through some long mountain cañon, or down an endless Swiss lake.

Of the ten thousand known glaciers of Alaska two hundred or more flow into the ocean and drop off icebergs. The only scientist of note who has made a study of the glaciation of Alaska is Professor JOHN MUIR, of California, who visited it in 1879 and 1880, but has not yet made public his theories or discoveries. One of the six great glaciers that dip down and empty into Glacier Bay, at the foot of Mount Crillon, is named for him, from the circumstance of his having been the first and the only white man known to have visited it up to last July. Revenue-cutters and men-of-war had gone to the mouth of the bay, but were prevented from exploring by adverse winds, shoaling waters, and floating bergs. JOHN MUIR went to the glacier in a canoe, and with his blankets on his back and his pockets full of hard-tack, spent days of scientific delight among its crevasses and moraines. Last summer Captain CARROLL seized the propitious time and steamed up to within an eighth of a mile on the *Idaho*, as shown in the illustration, and cruised along the front of the icy cliffs, the lead giving soundings of eighty fathoms at that point. The Muir glacier presents a frontage of two miles at the "snout," where it breaks into the sea, and the icy wall, fretted and worn into a thousand fantastic shapes, rises five hundred feet and more from the water. Steep mountains and old moraines wall it on the sides. At low tide there is a continuous crack as fragments fall into the sea, and a thunder as of artillery when larger pieces detach themselves and go floating off to join the fleet of icebergs drifting with the tides up and down the bay. A subterranean river boils up midway in the front, and a muddy torrent emerges from the side of the glacier and pours down the ravine at the left. Access is had to the ice plain from that side, and as far as the eye can reach stretch the sloping miles of the ice river, with smaller glaciers pushing in from every ravine. Over the broken pinnacles one looks down upon the bay, and a hollow gurgle and roar come from the infinite depths of the ice world. In that high latitude the sun sets about ten o'clock, and the full rays falling on the front of the great glacier glorify the scene beyond all imagery.

Sitka, the capital of the new Territory, is a forlorn and moss-grown old place, but full of a certain picturesqueness and mute testimony to former grandeur in the good old Russian days. Its harbor is full of beautiful wooded islands, and Mount Edgecumbe, an extinct volcano, guards the channel, with its clearly defined crater rising eight thousand feet above the sea. Hundreds of Russians left at the time of the transfer of the possessions to the United States, and the policy of our government has discouraged all save the boldest traders from going there since. A ruinous old castle crowns the rocky eminence near the landing, but the home of the old Governors is stripped of its splendors, and occupied only by a valorous signal officer and the ghost of an unhappy Russian princess. The Russian Orthodox Church of St. Michael is the most noteworthy structure, with a green roof, a dome, and a bulging spire, in which hang a chime of six sweet-toned bells. The interior is decorated in white and gold, and a fine pair of open-work bronze gates lead to the inner sanctuary. The altars are rich in silver and ivory images of the saints, set with brilliants, and in paintings of the Madonna after the Byzantine school. Much of the plate and the richest vestments were taken to the Russian chapel at San Francisco by the bishop. The Rancherie, or Indian village, is at one side of the town, and is reached by a gateway through a heavy stockade wall. When the Indians are assembled in the winter, after the fishing season, they number about two thousand, while the white inhabitants are not more than four hundred.

At Fort Wrangell, at the mouth of the Stickeen River, there are grotesque totems by the houses and graves in the Indian village, many of them incrusted with moss and lichens, and hoary with age. These totems are not idols, and not connected with any religious ideas. They are rather the equivalent of a coat of arms, showing by their carvings of symbolical beasts the descent and alliances of their great families. These genealogical records or family trees give the descent by the mother's side, and the great families of the raven, the whale, the eagle, and the fox are closely connected, independent of tribal relations. The tall totems at the side of their houses are erected with great ceremonies, and the cost of the carved and painted cedar logs and the attendant festivities often reaches two thousand dollars, gauged by the cost of the blanket as their unit of value. They cremate their dead, and the totems on the boxes in which the ashes are placed are more picturesque than the tall poles, as the heraldic beasts are carved entire, and the dense undergrowth of ferns, grasses, and vines, and the myriad lichens, give them a fine artistic setting. The illustration represents the grave of a chief whose prowess entitled him to claim the totem of *Koostonnee*, the whale. The cetacean looks most like a huge green alligator, with a row of formidable teeth showing in a very red mouth. An Indian's totem, like a nobleman's crest, is carved on all his household belongings, on his canoe, his pipe, his halibut club, and his spoons made from the horns of mountain-sheep and musk-ox and inlaid with bits of abalone shell. Their superstition gives a hell of ice to the bodies not burned in this world, but this chief, whose ashes repose under the image of *Koostonnee*, is believed to be enjoying immortality in the happy fishing grounds.

ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
FOR LEMONS OR LIME JUICE,
is a superior substitute, and its use is positively beneficial to health.—[*Adv.*]

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By bad cooking, tough meats, late hours, business worries, irregular lives, sour dispositions, evil digestion, and impure blood. Much of this mischief can be overcome by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters—the best tonic ever made. Mrs. Emilie Crawford, Reidsville, Ga., writes, "After trying Brown's Iron Bitters we are persuaded that it is all that it claims to be—a good and reliable tonic." Thousands of others speak in like manner."—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Pain" Plaster.—Porous and strengthening, for Backache, Pains in the Chest, Rheumatism, &c.—[*Adv.*]

SUMMER TOURS.
The Eastern Railroad pamphlet, giving Time-tables, Maps, Hotel lists, and tours covering the White Mountains, Mount Desert, the State of Maine, the Maritime Provinces, and all the Shore, Mountain, and Lake resorts east of Boston, will be mailed free to any address on application to LUCIUS TUTTLE, Gen. Pass. Agt., Boston, Mass.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Dentist" Tooth Powder. Try it. 15c.
Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Headache, Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.—[*Adv.*]

THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES CONCEDE
Anglo-Swiss Milk Food to be the best-prepared food for infants and invalids. Ask druggists, or write Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co., 86 Hudson St., New York, for their pamphlet, "Notes regarding Use of Anglo-Swiss Milk Food." (See advertisement in next issue of this paper.)—[*Adv.*]

Prevalence of Kidney Complaint in America; "Buchu-paiba" is a quick, complete cure. $1.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

The effects of acids upon silver are pernicious. Electro-Silicon, the best silver polish, is harmless.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE,
THE Best and Cheapest Hair Dressing. It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a vigorous growth of the Hair. Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[*Adv.*]

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Use DR. THOMAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT.
It is marvellous, immediately allaying all irritation, and extracting the poison caused by their venom. Try a 25-cent bottle, and be convinced that there is nothing like it. Larger size, 50 cents. Sold by all druggists. Depot, 42 Murray St., New York.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on pain" cures Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa; externally for Aches, Pains, Sprains, Headache, Neuralgia.—[*Adv.*]

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Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted **absolutely pure** Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Use and Praise
Of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER have always gone together. Private recommendations, by persons for whom it has restored youthful color to gray and faded hair, or cured baldness, dandruff, or diseases of the scalp and hair, have been its best advertisement, and have created a great demand for it even where its proprietors have made no effort for its introduction. It never fails to do all that is promised for it.
HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER
Cures all diseases of the hair and scalp which cause deterioration and loss of hair, and as a dressing is infinitely superior to all other preparations. It contains no alcohol to make the hair dry, harsh, and brashy, but keeps it always glossy, lustrous, and soft.
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Sold by all dealers in medicines.

"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES."
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CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.
CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.
CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.
CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.
Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, $1.
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We keep the largest stock and sell cheaper than any house in the trade. Dealers, Agents, and Clubs supplied on liberal terms. We are sole owners and manufacturers of the Patent Telescopic Torch. Price, $40.00 per 100. Send for our large colored illustrated price-list of Torches, Capes, Caps, Helmets, Flags, &c.
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Universally prescribed by the Faculty.
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON
A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, loss of appetite, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c.
Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.
TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.

RUPTURE
Cured without an operation or the injury trusses inflict by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Office, 251 Broadway, New York. His book, with Photographic likenesses of bad cases, before and after cure, mailed for 10c.

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Stormonth's English Dictionary. Part I.
A Dictionary of the English Language, Pronouncing, Etymological, and Explanatory, embracing Scientific and other Terms, Numerous Familiar Terms, and a Copious Selection of Old English Words. By the Rev. JAMES STORMONTH. The Pronunciation Carefully Revised by the Rev. P. H. PHELP, M.A. Part I., No. 396 in *Harper's Franklin Square Library*. 4to, Paper, 25 cents.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1884.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1884

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THREE MONTHS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

THREE months of the campaign are past, and only two remain. It is now evident that no serious attempt will be made by the friends of MR. BLAINE to remove the wide-spread Republican disaffection, and that they hope to elect him without even the form of an adequate explanation of the facts upon which that disaffection largely rests. The three months since the nomination have been largely devoted by the supporters of MR BLAINE to misrepresentation of the plainly declared reasons of the Republican protest, and an endeavor by vituperation and denunciation to crack the party whip so effectively as to frighten independent Republicans and drive them to the support of the candidate. This attempt has utterly failed, because the reason of refusal to support the nomination is one that concerns both the national character and the welfare of the party. The sole way to deal with the opposition was obvious from the first. It was not to extol the Republican party, nor to ridicule and revile independent Republicans, nor to denounce the Democrats, but to disprove the charges against MR. BLAINE. Not to do this was virtually to confess that it could not be done. And what has been the course? In this part of the country the campaign opened with ratification meetings in New York and Boston. In New York MR. EVARTS set forth the virtues of the Republican party and the vices of the Democratic party, and essayed to show the inconsistency of Republicans who declined to support the nominations. The drift of his remarks was to the effect that, when a candidate is selected by party delegates fairly elected, every member of the party ought to support him. But the one simple question which confronted such an argument MR EVARTS declined to meet or to answer. It is this: Ought a man, for the sake of a party, to vote for a candidate for the Presidency who has prostituted his public office in his private pecuniary gain? It is no answer to that question to assert that a man ought to stand by his party.

On the same evening Senator HOAR, ex-Governor LONG, and Chairman HENRY CABOT LODGE spoke in Boston. Their opinions of the fitness of the nomination of MR. BLAINE were supposed at least to be well known, as well as the reasons of their opinions. In their speeches they also asserted the necessity of continued Republican ascendancy, and expressed confidence in MR. BLAINE, and there was great bitterness in some of the allusions to independent Republicans. Like MR. EVARTS, they exalted the party, and, like him, they declined to say whether, in order to give victory to his party, a man ought to vote for a candidate who had trafficked in his office. The next important event in the campaign was the speech of MR. SCHURZ in Brooklyn. It recalled the discussion to the real question. It was a remarkably clear, powerful, and conclusive presentation of the case against MR BLAINE which has produced the Republican revolt, and which independent Republicans seek to have explained. It was a presentation based wholly upon MR. BLAINE'S own words and acts. It was made without heat or rhetoric, and with an evident sincerity of conviction as marked, to say the least, as that of either of the BLAINE orators. This strong and effective speech was followed by one from Senator DAWES in New Jersey. But to the question which confronts the BLAINE orator everywhere, "Ought a man to vote for a candidate whom he believes to have greatly abused a great public trust?" Senator DAWES replied that he did not think that MR. BLAINE was guilty, and that he himself could easily explain the apparent grounds of suspicion. But the Senator went no farther. He did not attempt to explain. He merely gave his own opinion. At last a meeting was held in Brooklyn, presumptively to dispose of the whole matter. General WOODFORD presided; Senator HAWLEY and Judge FORAKER, of Ohio, spoke. General WOODFORD said that he had not desired the nomination of MR. BLAINE, but that he had been fairly nominated, that he is the candidate of the party, and as he desired the success of the party, he supported the candidate. He said also that if MR. EDMUNDS had been nominated the friends of MR BLAINE would have supported him, and argued that therefore the friends of MR. EDMUNDS ought to support MR BLAINE. But if some of the friends of MR. BLAINE thought that MR. EDMUNDS had used his office as President of the Senate to promote his private profit, General WOODFORD—if we are not greatly mistaken—would hardly say that they ought to support him merely because he had been nominated.

Senator HAWLEY'S defense of MR. BLAINE was awaited with great interest. He began by praising the Republican party, and argued stoutly and long—and he always argues well—for protection. Then in a few words he alluded to the real question. But he was evidently ill-informed about the facts. He reduced the whole accusation against MR. BLAINE to a single doubtful sentence, although Senator DAWES had admitted that there were two such sentences, and he then essayed to dispose of the serious charges, the proved misstatements, the extraordinary evasions and reminders, and the whole business of the MULLIGAN letters, which the BLAINE press does not dare to discuss, by saying that "an unwise expression in a private letter" ought not to be allowed to defeat the Republican party and discredit "one of the most able, brilliant, and statesman-like men in it." The Senator admitted that it was a "hasty" act, and that it would have been better not to connect private business with public business. Such a defense was so damaging that it was omitted from the report in the chief BLAINE organ. Mr. FORAKER, of Ohio, followed, and said that MR. BLAINE needed no defense. But he did not say what the explanation is that has made defense unnecessary.

This is the campaign thus far, and this is the nomination which was to kindle the country and unite the party. Here is a Republican revolt, most serious by extent and character, justifying itself upon reasons of the highest public principle, and upon the words and deeds of the candidate, which could have been pacified at once by a frank and intelligible explanation. It is a revolt not of venal politicians, but of intelligent and conscientious men, original Republicans, who have no personal ambitions to serve, and many of whom represent the character and conviction from which the party sprang. It is encountered by lies, calumny, ridicule, and evasion, although these are the very things which least affect such protesting Republicans. Had MR. EVARTS, and Senators HOAR and HAWLEY and DAWES, and ex-Governor LONG and MR. LODGE, instead of commending the Republican party and its achievements, which are certainly as well known to their independent brethren as to themselves, simply and clearly shown that MR BLAINE'S MULLIGAN letters were the letters of a perfectly clean-handed and upright public man, there would have been no Republican revolt. They had but to do for MR. BLAINE precisely what MR. SCHURZ has done against him. Three months of the campaign are passed. The BLAINE press and orators have not attempted a clear and simple explanation. Why? Why but because they are conscious that they can not make it?

POT AND KETTLE.

THE singular political situation is shown by nothing more strongly than the fact of the changed position of many of the leading newspapers in regard to the Republican candidate. Every such paper is charging others with inconsistency and insincerity. But the inconsistency is so general that it comes to be an argument. The New York *Tribune*, for instance, which, twelve years ago, bolted the Republican nomination of General GRANT and supported the Democratic candidates, and declared MR. HENDRICKS'S career to be "pure and untarnished," and the man himself to be an "honest jurist, an able and incorruptible statesman, and a wise politician," now finds him to be unworthy of support, although in the mean time MR HENDRICKS has done nothing to forfeit the confidence of a supporter of 1872. The same paper denounces bolters and independents by many unpleasant names. But when it was itself a bolter and independent it exhorted Republicans to "treat all nominations simply as suggestions to be followed or resisted as your own judgment shall dictate. . . . WE protest against the slavish idea that party lines should be held so rigidly as to defeat objects the members of the party profess to seek." The independent Republicans of to-day are simply carrying out these perfectly sound and sensible principles which the *Tribune* preached a dozen years ago, and if those principles justified Republicans in bolting GRANT, as the *Tribune* insisted, it is not evident why they do not justify them in bolting BLAINE.

The Chicago *Tribune* was one of the most resolute opponents of the BLAINE nomination in 1876, and is now one of its most unscrupulous supporters. It professes to have been converted by MR. PHELPS'S letter, which, however, does not treat of some of the most damaging evidence in the case. The Chicago *Tribune's* position is completely reversed. It is a monument of inconsistency. But it flings the argument of inconsistency at others with grotesque and comical fury. So with the Cincinnati *Commercial* and the Cincinnati *Gazette* of 1876, which are now consolidated as the *Commercial-Gazette*. In 1876 the *Commercial* asked: "Do you really mean that a man who has been a stock-jobber in subsidy railroad schemes would be a good reform candidate for the Presidency?" And also: "The BLAINE letters prove all he has been charged with. The troublesome fact is that there is a tone of public morality in the estimation of the uses of public position for private gain." And again: "We make no personal war upon MR. BLAINE. His public record condemns him, and it would be the very madness of the moon for the Republican party to go to the country under his leadership." The *Gazette* said, among many other similar remarks: "Whatever hand the opponents of MR. BLAINE for the Presidential nomination may have had in bringing about the investigation, and however vindictively the Democratic Investigating Committee may have acted, the dark, stubborn, and destructive facts remain. These can not be sponged out; they will stand." Again: "With the pending charges against MR. BLAINE, or, in plainer words, with his own letters standing against him, the *Gazette* could not, and would not, defend him." And also: "Having a lively interest in and a deep reverence for the grand old Republican party, we desire to see it succeed, and believe firmly that it can not succeed against the moral sentiments of the country; we would be false to the party and to our own sense of duty if we failed to protest against the nomination of JAMES G. BLAINE." Democratic papers, also, like the *Sun*, which bolt CLEVELAND to support BUTLER, are stretched upon the same rack of inconsistency. The *World* reminds the *Sun* that in 1873 it described the man whom it now supports for the Presidency as "rejoicing in his own shame, and coining money from open venality, discarding any pretense of principle, bound by no ties of honor, scoffing at religion, making politics a trade, despotic when clothed with authority, cowardly by nature, mercenary from habit, and destitute of one ennobling quality or manly attribute to lift him up above these wretched characteristics."

In this universal citation of newspapers against themselves, the argument of inconsistency, when seriously urged, is ludicrous. They should remember Benedict. When he said that he should die a bachelor, he did not think that he should live to be married. When the New York *Tribune* praised political independence, it did not think that it should live to wear a party collar. When the Chicago *Tribune* and the Cincinnati *Commercial* and *Gazette* said that the MULLIGAN letters proved all that was charged against MR. BLAINE, they did not think that they should live to extol him as a kind of heaven-sent candidate. The mistake of our excellent contemporaries is that being themselves honeycombed with inconsistency, they should accuse others so solemnly of the same offense. The accusation has not had the least effect upon the result, because the conclusive retort is constantly at hand. The *Commercial-Gazette*, for instance, points out the absurd inconsistency of an esteemed anti-BLAINE contemporary, and declares MR. BLAINE to be an especially American candidate dear to the heart of the people. Does it, indeed? Well, on the 4th of June, 1876, the *Commercial* said that "the BLAINE retreat will doubtless be to the tune of the 'Mulligan Guards'"; and on the 16th of June, 1876, the *Gazette* said: "No man can successfully stand before the people of the country as the Republican candidate for the Presidency covered all over as BLAINE is with his own letters." The moral of all this is that a critic who has changed his opinion, instead of decrying another for doing the same thing, should try to show, not that the other has changed—which is equally true of himself—but that the other is wrong. If he can do this, he may be of some service to his new opinion.

REFORM IN THE NEW YORK CITY CIVIL SERVICE.

IN accordance with the amended law for the regulation of the municipal civil service, Mayor EDSON appointed a peculiarly competent committee to submit a scheme for his approval. It was both a delicate and a difficult task, but the committee applied itself diligently to the work, and presented to the Mayor a series of regulations covering the entire city service, which the Mayor has approved and promulgated, and they will have gone into effect when this paper is issued. The scheme is founded upon the re-

formed system, and the reformed principles are applied with great intelligence and good sense. The law wisely includes the Police and Fire departments, for both of which men of sound bodies and special experience and a certain "faculty" are most desirable. The new system substitutes admission by competition, appointment upon probation, and promotion by proved merit, for the old order of appointment by mere political influence. It abolishes the favoritism which is as mischievous in the police as in the military service, and promotes the self-respect which is the guarantee of the *morale* of any service.

The city service is divided into seven classes, indicated by schedules. To the greater number of positions admission is determined by competition and probation, and promotion depends upon merit. The examination varies with the kind of duty to be performed, and there are optional as well as prescribed subjects, so that special skill may be ascertained. The examinations are conducted by boards named for the purpose by the Mayor, and supervised by an advisory board, also named by him. These boards, in determining eligibility for examination, must depend largely upon certificates; and it is an illustration of the thoughtfulness and thoroughness with which the rules have been devised that the persons who give certificates are required to make oath that they would employ the applicant in their own private business, had they occasion for such service, and that they are willing that their affidavit should be published. This is a most wholesome provision, which will tend to remind the writers of certificates of the serious responsibility which they assume. A man will reflect carefully before giving a certificate when he knows that, if anything goes wrong, he will be published, if necessary, as a sponsor.

The cordial co-operation of Mayor EDSON in this good work, like that of Governor CLEVELAND, has been of signal service to a reform which is absolutely non-partisan, and which has been effectively supported by men of all parties. The chief executive officers of the State and of the two chief cities of the State have united in perfect good faith with the unofficial friends of reform in promoting the success of a change in administrative methods which is not only demanded by the most intelligent and resolute public opinion, but which has proved its entire practicability and effectiveness. In these early stages of the reformed system it can be maintained only by such honest dealing as has been shown thus far both in the State and the city, as well as in the national service. There will doubtless be failures and disappointments in details. But the progress and prosperity of the reform are such that the same courage and persistence which have brought it thus far will certainly carry it to general and complete success.

THE ASSESSMENT ROBBERY.

MR. DORMAN B. EATON, of the National Civil Service Commission, has written a letter to the employés of the government explaining the intention and the provisions of the civil service law of 1883, and, by implication, Mr. EATON expresses plainly his opinion of the present attempt of the Republican National Committee to extort money from the clerks. He says, and it is a true and timely saying, that any form of request for contributions addressed to public servants as a class, and which assumes that they are under greater obligations to pay than other citizens of the same means, is an affront which should be promptly opposed. Yet this is precisely the assumption of the circular of the National Committee. There is not a member of the committee who does not know that its circular will be regarded by the clerks as a covert threat, and that the money which may be collected by it will be substantially black mail.

The circular of the committee "cheerfully calls the attention of every person holding any office, place, or employment under the United States or any of the departments of the government" to the provisions of the act of 1883. This is very smooth. But Mr. EATON pertinently asks, "Why is it that the clerks and employés in the public service have not the same faith in these solemn pledges that they have that their salaries will be paid according to law and the rules of the departments?" The answer, he says, is plain. It is that these exactions, for such they are, however plausibly disguised, have been enforced "through merciless and dishonest prostitution of official authority by great officers and politicians." And it is the knowledge of that fact, the knowledge that great officers and politicians have the unchecked power of removal, and will not hesitate to exercise it, that coerces the clerks to-day, and makes the whole business of soliciting money of them the "robbery" which Mr. EATON describes.

The clerks and employés who are solicited in this threatening manner to give money will not forget that the intention of the law is to protect them from the extortion as far as practicable. They are therefore forbidden to give, under the following conditions, provided in the fourteenth section of the act:

"That no officer, clerk, or other person in the service of the United States shall directly or indirectly give or hand over to any other officer, clerk, or person in the service of the United States, or to any Senator or member of the House of Representatives or Territorial delegate, any money or other valuable thing on account of or to be applied to the promotion of any political object whatever;"

and upon conviction of thus giving, the clerk or employé shall be punished by a fine not exceeding five thousand dollars, or by imprisonment for not less than three years, or by both fine and imprisonment at the discretion of the court. The clerks and employés will remember that they will run great risk of violating the law if they give to any agent or subcommittee of a committee of which "any officer, clerk, or person in the service of the United States" is a member. The movement against this kind of robbery has been very successful thus far, and the employés of the government may be assured that those who have been active in securing legal redress for the victims of this brigandage will not relax their efforts.

MR FITCH'S LECTURES.

MR. CHARLES E. FITCH, editor of the Rochester *Democrat*, has prepared a series of lectures for the coming winter upon the following subjects: "The Lessons of the Sixteenth Century," "The Highs of Thinking," "Montel Limitations," "The American College," "Jesse Milton as a Politician," "Robert Burns," "Thomas Chatterton," "Gerrit Smith," "The Freedom of the Press," and "Hindsight and Foresight."

We know Mr. FITCH well, and we are quite sure that there will be no more attractive or popular lectures than his. He is a graceful and fluent speaker, a man of natural sympathy with all that is "good and fair," of scholarly tastes and accomplishments, and of profound faith in American character and development. Mr. FITCH is a Regent of the University of the State of New York, and at its centenary this summer he read a paper upon the position and service of the American college, which was an exceedingly interesting and discriminating treatment of the subject. If his lecture is an elaboration of this paper, it will be a very useful as well as entertaining lyceum discourse.

Mr. FITCH is not a stranger to the platform. We have referred at the time to various admirable addresses which he has delivered upon historical and other occasions. But the duties of editor of a daily journal of wide circulation and influence have naturally restricted the sphere of his public speaking. It will be fortunate for the lecture lyceum if it can secure the services of many men as well fitted as Mr FITCH for its peculiar and difficult but most important duties.

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

THERE is an association called by the imposing name of the "International Institute for Preserving and Perfecting Anglo-Saxon Weights and Measures," the object of which is to prevent the adoption of the metric or any other system of weights and measures. That weights, measures, times, and even coinage should be made uniform throughout the civilized world is in itself an object of importance. Scarcely anything would more facilitate international commerce and foreign travel. It is also to be desired that the system itself should be scientific, and the units of measurement verifiable by reference to natural standards. These conditions the metric system fulfills; its terminology being classic Greek, can not excite national jealousies on behalf of living tongues. In opposition to it there is nothing but use and want.

Use and want have thus far been all-powerful in England and in this country. There is no need of an "International Institute" to confirm Anglo-Saxon prejudices. The New York and New Jersey branches of the "Institute" are alarmed lest the call for an international convention to decide upon a common prime meridian may be the means of introducing the metric system, and have petitioned the President to appoint upon the commission for the meridian men who are wedded to the "English system."

Now the "English system" is no system at all. It is an aggregation of local customs on incongruous that a mile at land is not a mile at sea, and that units of measurement called by the same names mean different quantities in different counties of England. Not long ago a dispute arose between farmers and fruit-dealers in Western New York upon the capacity appropriate to an apple barrel. It would appear that such a question would be readily settled by reference to the statute, but the New York statute relating to weights and measures actually does not define the limits of a barrel. Everybody who is interested in the subject ought to read that chapter in order to see how unsystematic, confused, and absurd the present "system" is.

PERSONAL.

In his *Recollections of Youth*, M. RENAN takes the public into his confidence concerning the first time that he fell in love: "I grew," he says, "to take great pleasure in the society of little girls. I much preferred their society to that of boys. In fact, boys disliked me, and on account of my delicate appearance used to call me 'Miss.' Among those little girls there was one who fascinated me. Mon name was Noémi; she was a perfect model of grace and beauty. When our playmates would quarrel, Noémi and I would try to bring about peace. But she was very skeptical as to the issue of these well-meant endeavors. 'Ernest,' she would say, 'you will never succeed. You want to make everybody friends.' Even now I can not listen to the song, 'We'll go no more to the woods,' without feeling my heart beat with the sweetness of this reminiscence. Of a surety, had it not been for my vocation, I should have fallen in love with Noémi; but as it was, I devoted myself to study, and religious hair-splitting occupied my mind to the exclusion of all other subjects."

—At the recent performance of German opera at Baireuth, a correspondent saw LISZT in one of the boxes at the back of the stalls from which WAGNER used to watch the proceedings. LISZT was WAGNER'S truest friend and supporter, and is seventy-three years old. He had not become blind, and "his conversation was as genial and spirited as ever, and the few who were privileged to hear him touch the piano knew that his right hand and his left hand had lost none of their cunning. WAGNER'S widow lives in absolute seclusion, seeing none but her children, but taking nevertheless the liveliest interest in the artistic success of the performances, which she witnesses from a recess in the wings specially constructed for her." It will be remembered that she is LISZT'S daughter, and was once the wife of VON BÜLOW, the pianist.

—Mr. EDISON, the inventor, is slightly deaf, and is glad of it, and does not wish to be cured. There are many things which now he can not hear, and does not want to hear. Among them he enumerates cars, carts, and licensed vendors, horses, persons at the telephone, lawyers speaking to juries, political speeches, cats at night, and men who want to borrow money. He proposes to invent a machine that will make people just as deaf as they want to be.

—A jeweller of St. Louis has rendered himself an object of interest by selling garters with bells attached. Depending from each garter is a tiny silver bell, shaped like a sleigh bell. "The tintinnabulation of this pretty pendant," says the jeweller's advertisement, "sounds delightfully melodious. Ladies wearing these garters are accompanied by a musical tinkle as they glide gracefully along."

—King HUMBERT of Italy has been visiting the cholera patients in the hospitals of Naples, and leaving $2000 for their relief. Most of the Italian sufferers trust less to doctors than to charms and superstitious observances.

—One evening, when NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was living at Lenox, Massachusetts, in a dainty little cottage, Mrs. HAWTHORNE set the supper table so that her husband and one of her guests should face a range of noble hills at sunset. A flood of glorious radiance streamed upon them across the peaceful and beautiful landscape, and Mrs. HAWTHORNE exclaimed, "I wish I had a Japanese house, that I might throw the whole side open to this enchanting picture."

—GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, caricaturist and reformer, has at rest in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. His widow has put up to Kensal Green Cemetery a bronze bust of her late husband, showing him as he was to his prime, thirty years ago. The old man was rather feeble as an octogenarian.

—The *Evening Post* recalls the Presidential campaign of 1872, "when Mr NAST followed up his hit in the caricaturing of TWEED and the Ring by a series of GREELEY and RIDE cartoons, which, no doubt, did a great deal to make the success of GRANT certain. It was a campaign of ridicule, and Mr GREELEY'S face and figure were so well known, not only in New York, but all over the country, that the work of the caricaturist was made easy. Those and the TWEED caricatures were perhaps the most successful that have ever appeared in America until the present summer. Indeed, we doubt if there was any American caricature so speak of before these, with the exception possibly of the one half forgotten, though funny, work of Mr BELLEW. Mr NAST'S work was an argument—and a very effective argument—in its way. He appeared to have an insight into the sensual thief's soul, suggested by TWEED'S face, and into the *infinite-scale* innocence of Mr. GREELEY'S countenance."

—Mrs. MACKEY, wife of the "bonanza king," has such a reputation for benevolence in Paris that recently a letter reached her from a fond mother whose daughter was about to be married, and who begged for "any old diamonds or rubies" that the lady could spare.

—Mlle. REKA, who has recently returned from Paris, speaks of VICTOR HUGO as the noblest man she ever knew. The great novelist has long taken a friendly interest in the actress, and his last words to her were: "Don't be surprised on reaching America if you see my name among the arrivals by the next steamer."

—Mr. SAMUEL L. CLEMENS and Mr GEORGE W. CABLE have been fast friends since the latter was ill for two weeks in the former's house at Hartford. Soon after his recovery Mr CABLE organized the celebrated "autograph joke," by which it was agreed that the most conspicuous of Mark Twain's literary friends—and they are legion—should simultaneously on his birthday address him letters or telegrams requesting his autograph, Mr Twain, as is well known, being particularly averse to this species of benevolence. It will be pleasant to see Mr CLEMENS and Mr CABLE reading together from their own works in public next season. Mr CABLE will not only read, but sing; Mr CLEMENS, it is expected, will exert his marvellous gifts in whistling, in order not to be outdone by his friend and brother.

—The Rev. NEWMAN HALL, now on a second visit to this country, has frankly stated to the reporters his mission, namely, to see American society and to eat American ices. The two go together, but Mr HALL'S reception will not be cold.

—The President has been having a cordial reception at Newport, more cordial, if possible, than his last year's greeting at the same beautiful sea-side resort. But such things do not make him proud. He has just presented his full-length portrait to his colored servant, and inscribed it with the words: "To ALECK POWELL, from his friend CHESTER A. ARTHUR." It is easy enough to become a hero to one's valet if one only knows how.

—Dr. DANNREUTH, who has gone to Germany to execute a commission from the directors of the Metropolitan Opera-house for a company of German prima donnas, tenori, and barytones, is a composer of no mean merit, not less than a successful conductor and executant. He can play the violin so well that beside him the late OLE BULL would have been voted a mere amateur trickster. His long iron-gray hair and beard give him a venerable appearance, his eyes are bright as Kohi-noors, and his brow has a most indisputably intellectual cast. Though of slight figure and less than medium height, the musical doctor is a truly great man.

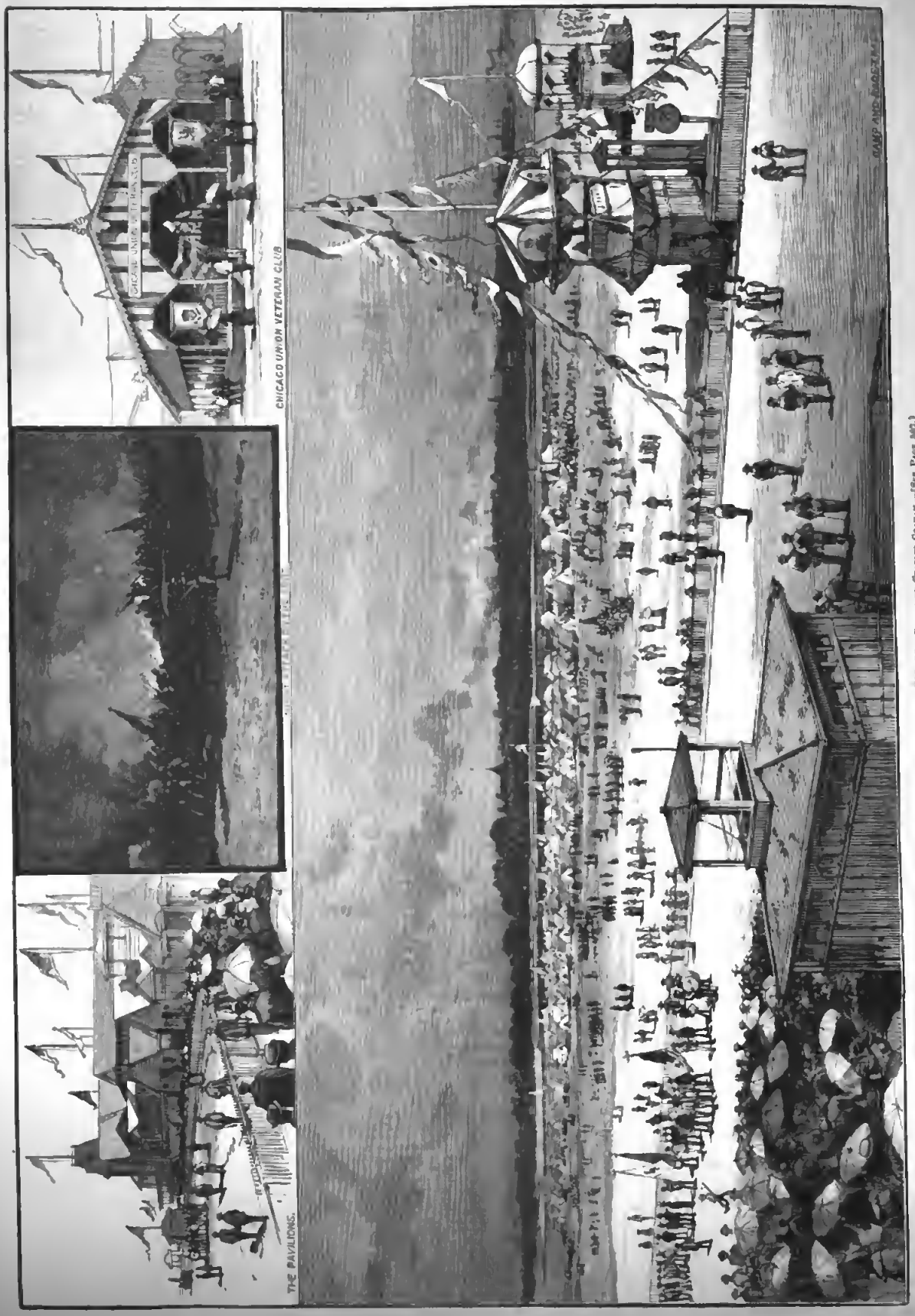
—The sculptor ANDREWS for GARDNER has done an public work that is not an honor to himself and to its projectors, and if he secures the contract for the chimney pieces in the new Senate-chamber at Albany, the legislators will deserve well of their constituents, and the spirit of the late WILLIAM M. HUNT may fairly be presumed to rejoice.

—M. DE LESSEPS to Commander SCHLEY: "In saving the survivors of the expedition you have not only snatched from death those courageous men already so sorely tried by their sufferings, but, more than that, you have saved from loss those precious scientific documents preserved at such great personal risk by Lieutenant GREELY and his companions."

—Colonel TCHENG, late Secretary of the Chinese embassy at Paris, is handsome for a Chinaman, with an open, intellectual face, great personal dignity, and remarkable prudence and sobriety. He speaks and writes French with ease, and is a model diplomate of the ROCHEFOUCAULD school.

—Dr PHILIP SCHAFF, of this city, eminent as a preacher, lecturer, editor, author, translator, scholar, organizer, and presiding officer, who has more literary irons in the fire than any divine now living, was among the speakers at the World's Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations, in Berlin.

—The late Mr. J. A. MACGAHAN'S brother journalists of the Press Club justly describe him as a journalist who was imperishable renown by his industry, integrity, ability, bravery, and devotion to the principles of national liberty, so evinced by his campaigning on the Swiss frontier, by his famous ride to Khiva, by his active sympathy with the oppressed nationalities in European Turkey, and by the performance of all his duties as a newspaper correspondent, whether in arctic snows, Asiatic deserts, or the mountain ranges of Europe. These words express very well the professional ideal of the modern "war correspondent," and the spirit of them fits exactly such exponents of it as HENRY M. STANLEY and ARCHIBALD FORBES.



THE MILITARY ENCAMPMENT AT CHICAGO.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 587.]

FROM POST TO FINISH.

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Beatrix Lancaster," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—(*Continued*)

TURF TACTICS.

Arrived at the house, Greyson ushered his guests into the dining-room, the table of which was spread with all the substantial luxuries of a genuine Yorkshire breakfast—home smoked hams, game pie, kippered salmon, hot rolls, new-laid eggs, etc.—with Mrs. Greyson, radiant in smiles and ribbons, presiding at the tea equipage. Like other in ruble one has met, she could also make an effort for company. The gentlemen were both old friends of hers, and Elliston, indeed, not a little of a favorite. The meeting manner, habitual to him in talking to her husband, he entirely dropped in speaking to Mrs. Greyson; and Cuthbert Elliston's tongue had by no means lost its cunning when it came to charming a woman's ear. He gave a slight start of astonishment when Mrs. Greyson presented him to her daughter. He had not seen Dollie for the last three or four years, and in the pretty bright-haired girl, with her trim figure and perfectly possessed manner, he could see no trace of the wild little holden only hastily remembered.

"And so you are Dollie?" said he, gazing at her with a bold stare of admiration which brought the blood faintly to her face. "Upon my soul, Greyson, I congratulate you. I never dreamed that the little tomboy of a few years back would grow up so pretty a girl. Pray see you on food of schooling the young horses as you used to be?"

"I don't think I rode any worse," replied Dollie. "I can certainly say my nerve is as good as ever."

"Yes," said her father, fondly; "she finished in the first flight with the York and Ainsley more than once last winter."

"Ah?" said Elliston. "What! you were the Miss Greyson that was often out with them when they met on the York side? I never had a turn with them myself, and always supposed it was some cousin of yours, a daughter of the Conex Street fellow. God! with that red-gold hair, those dark curly eyelashes, and a neat-fitting habit, you must have made wild work with the young bloods of the York and Ainsley."

"I don't know much about that, Mr Elliston," replied the girl, laughing. "They were all civil and courteous enough to me in the hunting field, old and young; ever willing to do me a good turn, show me an easy place, or helpin to me not to try something beyond my powers. Will you take some more tea? That ham, Mr Pearson, is of mother's own curing, and we rather plume ourselves upon our hams at Riddleton."

"First-rate ham, Miss Greyson; and that's about the best game pie I've peeped into, Bill, for many a long day. God bless my soul!" chuckled the sporting attorney; "if the 'good things' on the top of the moor were only half as good as those in the dining room at the bottom, what millionaires we should all be! Dear me," he added, addressing the trainer; "only think of the good things that we two have not only stood in, but pulled off. We have made a little bit, Bill, but what's the use of a little bit? We wanted a tidy house down here, then a moor on Scotland, then a pretty comfortable shanty in London. And that's a here it was—we always play for too much: 'twas always either that Scotch moor or that town-house that bent us. Turf gambling is like building card houses—you never know when to stop' you get the third story up with infinite trouble, and you always go for that fourth story, and down the whole thing comes, and you have to begin again. There's a time when I could have gone clean out of the business with twenty thousand in my pocket. I've seen many a bitter day since then, and would be glad now to get out of it for half the amount."

JAMES L. CLAGHORN, DECEASED.—Photographed by Gutekunst.—[See Page 581.]

"Just the way with all you half-pocked ones," rejoined Elliston, peevingly. "I play for the lot, and mean to have it yet. We'll be rom customers to tackle, Sam, when the autumn handicaps come round. Mark me if we're not."

"Yes, Mrs. Greyson, just one more cup of tea; and, I can't help it, but I must positively ask Miss Dollie there for another rasher of ham. What with the way you cure 'em, ma'am, and the Riddleton air, I always feel that a second ham on the table leaves plenty of room for inquiry."

"Look sharp, old man," chimed in Elliston, as the trainer's wife beamed with satisfaction at the lawyer's compliment to her housewifery. "Every one has known for years that Mrs Greyson is not only about the best looking woman to the Riding, but with the sole idea of what a Yorkshire breakfast should be. If ever a woman was tired of compliments, you should be, Mrs. Greyson. It is on disparagement, Dollie, to say we were born too soon, and remember your mother; but, my dear, you'll born some of the young 'uns foolish before many months are over. Now, Sam, I've to catch the London train. We must make a start of it. Good-by, Mrs Greyson—good-by Dollie; there's the cab at the door, I see. Wish you luck at Newmarket, Greyson, that is, if you still persist in such midsummer madness."

"What does Mr Elliston mean by wishing you luck at Newmarket?" inquired Dollie, as the sounds of the carriage that was conveying her father's patrons died away in the distance.

"He's given me leave to send the Dancing Master to run for the Guineas if I like to pay the expenses."

"Is it worth while, father?"

"Well, lass, you see, I've got a nicish bet about him. He's wonderfully well just now, and he's a flyer when he likes. It's all the odds I've got against his liking, but I tell you he'll make mincemeat of his field if he takes it into his head to try. I shall send that new lad, Forrest, with him. He can do more with the horse than any one."

"And yet he nearly killed him to begin with."

"Quite true, Dollie, but the lad has two great qualities of a horseman—hands and patience. The Dancing Master's disposition is not heavenly, but he is more likely to run kind with young Forrest than with any one else."

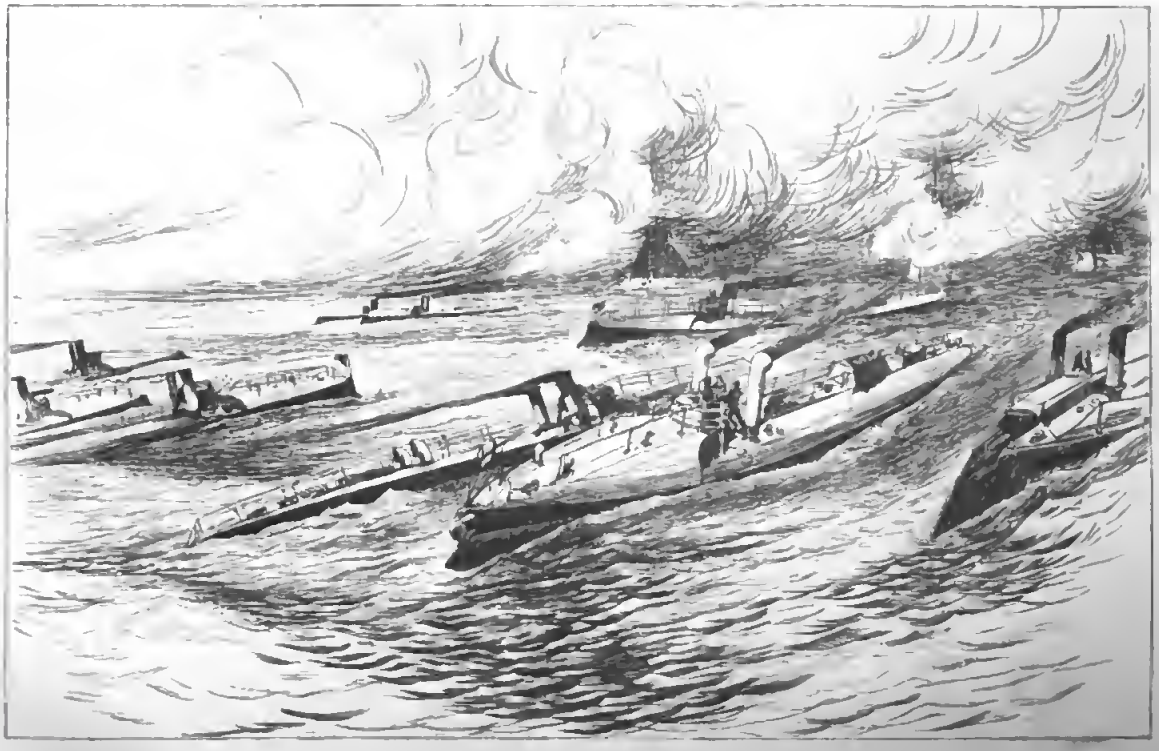
"And if he won, it would be the making of him!" cried the girl, eagerly.

"Well, yes, he'll get another chance or two, no doubt, after winning the Guineas," rejoined the trainer, as he eyed his daughter with no little astonishment. "But what interest have you in him? Why do you ask?"

"Oh, none. Only I saw his first fight with the horse. As Mr Elliston says, 'I wish you luck,' father," and so saying, Dollie tripped out of the room.

CHAPTER XV.—"THE TWO TRIALS."

Dollie ran upstairs. She wanted to be alone to think. Here was her dream on the verge of being realized. Next week Gerald would "don silk" for the first time, and he embarked on the career she had marked out for him. Had she done right in advising him to embrace such a hard and onerous business? And yet, with his aptitude for riding, his light weight, and nerve, conjoined with his apparent inaptitude and distaste for anything else, what



A FLEET OF ENGLISH SEA-GOING TORPEDO VESSELS.—[See Page 581.]

better path in life was open to him? He was going through all the drudgery of his profession at present (your footman dubs himself a professional gentleman nowadays—why not?), and none knew better than she how hard that apprenticeship was. But then, again, was not the noviciate of all careers laid through stony places? The Church, the Bar, Medicine, what you will—did not men find bread and cheese hard to earn at first in all of them? It is not every soldier who becomes a K.C.B., nor every sailor that attains a seat on the Admiralty Board, and even when they do they will tell you, to use Sam Slick's words, their early life was "not all beer and skittles." There are always many more blanks than prizes in lotteries, and in none more so than the lottery of life. There was no career in which a competence could be realized in so short a time by skill, pluck, and prudence as that she had counselled, always providing there was natural aptitude for the profession to start with, and that the luck, an invariable adjunct to success in any path, was vouchsafed the aspirant.

Still Dollie could not refrain from a slight shiver as with her dear little practical head she summed up the chances. Her lover had got his opening far sooner than she had dared to hope, and yet what a very dubious one it was! Gerald's success depended mainly, not on his own skill, nerve, and determination, but on the uncertain temper of the brute he was to ride. Dollie thoroughly understood the Dancing Master. She knew her father's estimate of the horse, and she knew that her lover had formed a similar opinion. He had not her father's experience, but Gerald did know something about horses. What would he think of this chance when he heard of it? Dollie knew very well that any of the leading jockeys would feel ineffably disgusted at finding that destiny condemned them to bestride such a mount for a big race. Gerald surely would not be so foolish. These unpromising chances have been the starting-point of many a man's life, and it is hardly likely that our first brief is quite what we would have chosen. Then Dollie wished exceedingly that she could be the first bearer of the news to her lover, and hear what he had to say about it; but, as before said, it was not easy to get speech of him without a little manœuvring. And then, as the warm March sunlight glinted into the room—for the bluster was out of the month, and it had arrived at that lamb-like stage in which it is traditionally supposed to close its career—Dollie fell asleep. A pretty picture the girl made, seated in an old-fashioned black oak chair close to the open lattice, with her small hand buried in her red gold hair, and the long dark curling eyelashes sweeping her somewhat pale cheeks; for Dollie, though enjoying excellent health, had a somewhat delicate complexion, to which even the air of Riddleton Moor never gave a dairy-maid's color. The breath fell low and regular from the slightly parted lips, and gradually the girl's hopes, thoughts, and inspirations began to seethe and bubble in that most restless of all cauldrons, the sleeper's brain. She was on Riddleton Moor, and Gerald once again waged that dire struggle for mastery betwixt horse and rider; yet again a half-cry escaped the sleeper's lips, and a stifled murmur of, "Killed, killed!—my God! killed at my bidding!" Then the gray, with lowered crest and drooping ears, crossed her vision, and a triumphant cry from Gerald rang in her ears: "Conquered all the same, Dollie; see—he's cowed, he's cowed!" Once again turned the picture, like the ever-shifting combinations of a kaleidoscope, and Gerald, stretched pale and senseless on a hurdle, with the blood trickling freely from an ominous wound in his forehead, passed, like Banquo's ghost, in ghastly procession athwart her troubled brain; then she was seated in a carriage on the famous Heath at Newmarket—Heath, mind, that Dollie had never as yet seen. She saw the undulating emerald swath stretching far away on every side as she had never seen turf yet, and comprehended at once a remark of her father's that had often puzzled her: "There are horses that won't run at Newmarket; the expanse of the Heath seems to cow them." The Two Thousand was about to be run. Oh, where did they start? Could nobody tell her? She appealed to several people—people she did not know, but whose faces she saw distinctly in her dream; but nobody seemed to know anything about it, while every one seemed to wonder what she did there. Then suddenly she encountered Cuthbert Elliston, who, in answer to her mute appeal, pointed derisively to a place where some dozen or more of horses were kicking, rearing, plunging, and indulging in all sorts of equine vagaries; but prominent amongst them all, like "Lucifer, Son of the Morning," in the midst of his satellites, was that handsome iron-gray colt, taxing all Gerald's powers to retain his seat, without further troubling his head about the control of his unruly charge.

Then came a chaos in Dollie's dream, and the horses and riders were all blended in apparently inextricable confusion, such as one sees in some spectacle of the arena just previous to the whole mass tumbling into their proper places. Then came a burst of light, and a troop of gayly dressed horsemen streamed in a clump across the plain, while another, in the far background, battled fiercely with a truculent gray steed. Again the scene becomes misty, and when the white fog lifts, that contumacious gray colt is leading his field six lengths, and the roar of the ring proclaims the fact that Bill Greyson wins, and the bookmakers have had a good race. Enthusiastic those children of the brazen throat and mystic circle whenever a neglected outsider comes to their aid. Once more the girl's high-strung nerves carry her away, and she pictures in her slumbers an objection after the race. Gerald has won, but they decline to award him the prize. She does not know what is wrong, but she is conscious that Gerald's claim is disallowed. She does not know the reason, but is quite clear upon that point. He has won, and he has lost. Scored a big race, and buried a reputation; ah, why?—how? And then the tears well slowly under the long curled lashes, and Dollie once more subsides into dreamless oblivion.

Queer things those visions of the night time—distorted pictures of our waking fancies, for the most part. Phantasms we usually imagine them; blurred photographs, and of very short duration, what they actually are.

But wherever there is a prohibitive chase, so also there is a contraband trade. Lovers whose affair does not quite meet with the approval of the powers that be are sure to arrive at an underground post. Did not the authoress of "Mes Larmes," like the woodpecker, investigate a hollow tree in search of the Catullus-like effusions of young Mr. Pendennis? and did it not stand to reason that Dollie and Gerald also possessed a letter-box unrecognized of the Post-office officials?

In accordance with instructions so received, Gerald was by the low fence at the back of the orchard that evening.

"What is it, dearest?" he inquired, their first greetings over. "You said 'something of importance.' Does that mean good news for me in any shape?"

"I think so, but you will be a better judge than I of that. You are to be sent to Newmarket to ride in the Guineas."

"By Jove, that's a big opening," exclaimed young Rockingham; "rather too big. You see, that means riding against all the best form in England, and I can't flatter myself I'm equal to that. But it's not likely I'll be put up on anything that's good for much."

"You are to ride your present charge, Gerald, and I've heard you say, as my father does, that, if he likes, the Dancing Master's the best three-year-old in England."

"I believe honestly he is; but, Dollie, I know the horse thoroughly, and tell you candidly that, as far as I am concerned, I shall have very little to do with it. He will do as he likes, and George Fordham himself could do nothing with him if he is in one of his wicked moods. It's a bit of very doubtful luck. My precious cousin is not likely to overlook me at Newmarket if I am riding his horse."

"Why, he never noticed you here."

"True; but I can't muffle up there. Men take stock of jockeys in a big race who would never notice stable-boys. Then, again, Cuthbert Elliston hates the sight of the Dancing Master, he has lost his money over him so often, and as the horse behaved particularly badly this morning, he never came near to look him over. It was easy not to be recognized here, but at Newmarket it will be almost impossible to escape detection."

"And what if you are?" asked Dollie, proudly.

"Ay, I know I ought to say also, 'What if I am?'" rejoined her lover, sadly. "I ought to be thankful to get an honest living anyhow, but you see I can't quite forget the old pride of birth and position, and wince at the idea of Gerald Rockingham being seen riding races for a living."

"You'll have to face that, dearest," she rejoined, in a low voice. "If you love me, it ought not to seem so very dreadful. If you fear to face the world as a jockey, how will you find the courage to marry a trainer's daughter?"

"You're right, Dollie," he replied, firmly. "All the world knows I'm ruined. It is well they see one Rockingham getting a living by the Turf. But did your father say positively he should send the horse to Newmarket, or is it to depend on the result of a trial?"

"No, he said he should chance it—that there was no dependence to be placed on the Dancing Master."

"He's quite right. He might win here and lose on the Heath, or *vice versa*."

"And now, Gerald, I must run away, or else I shall be missed. I dreamed I saw the whole race this afternoon. I fell asleep, and thought they all behaved very badly at the post, but none so badly as your horse, and then all was mist, and then I saw you win easily."

"Good-by, dearest," said young Rockingham, gayly. "We want no better trial than that."

"Good-by," whispered Dollie, and she resolved not to dash her lover's spirits by telling him the finish of her dream.

It is early morning, and there is some little stir visible on Riddleton Moor. Under Joe Butters's auspices some of the boys are carefully unsheeting three or four horses, tightening the girths, and putting a last touch or two to their toilets generally.

"Now, young 'un," said Mr. Butters, oracularly, "this is the Friday before 'the Guineas,' and, as usual, we are going to take the measure of our 'Two Thousand' horse."

"I don't suppose we shall learn much more than we learned the other day when Mr. Elliston was here to see," said Forrest, sententiously.

"We may or may not," retorted Butters; "we're going to try that gray colt in real earnest this morning, regular weights, and all the rest of it; what they'll be, Mr. Greyson only knows. If you can make your horse run honest, we shall know whether we ought to win on Tuesday."

At this juncture the trainer himself arrived on the ground. Jim Forrest and three other lads are successively ordered to get into a weighing machine already on the ground, and then Mr. Greyson indulges in some mysterious juggling with saddle-cloths and bits of lead. This apparently at last settled to his liking, there comes much accurate weighing of the saddles themselves; and then the trainer, assisted by Butters, personally sees to the placing them on the horses' backs.

"Now, my lads," says Greyson, quietly, as, his arrangements completed, he mustered them down at what they all well knew was the tolle-post, "you are going to ride a trial gallop this morning; and mind you pay strict attention to my orders. You, Sampson, on that three-year-old, will make the pace as hot as you can and as long as you can; but I reckon the half-mile post will see you about done with. Take Phaeton to the front, Matthews, and go on with the running as soon as Sampson has shot his bolt; while you, Tom, wait upon Phaeton till a hundred yards from home, and then go up with Caterham, strangle him, and win. Now, Forrest, my only orders to you are, don't fidget your horse, and win if you can. If he's running kind and free, take him along; if he sulks, nurse and humor him; but you are to be first past the post if you can."

The boys made no reply, but reined their horses back, and speedily got well together, the gray behaving, for a wonder, with singular propriety, enabling Butters to give the word "Go" to a very good start. The three-year-old whose mission it was to make the running dashed at once to the front, and the Dancing Master, who seemed suddenly to have completely changed his disposition, jumping off at the word, promptly took second place. Mindful of his horse's irritable temperament, Joe allowed him to stride along as he pleased, with the comfortable conviction that his mount, in racing parlance, was treading the leader's heels off. Soon after passing the half-mile post, the three-year-old making the running, in accordance with his trainer's anticipation, showed symptoms of distress, and Jim assumed the lead, his horse going strong and well.

"By the Lord! the gray walks in!" ejaculated Bill Greyson, as, nearing home, Phaeton tried vainly to run up to the Dancing Master—and to any judge of racing it most assuredly looked as if Jim Forrest would win easily—when suddenly, for no apparent reason, the gray swerved, and, bolting across the gallop, made the best of his way in the direction of his own stable, despite all the efforts of his rider to control him. A capital set-to between the four-year-olds resulted in the triumph of Caterham by half a length.

"Mr. Elliston's right," muttered the trainer. "He aren't worth sending to Newmarket or anywhere else; however, go he shall this time and take his chance. The form, too, is right enough; and if he'd only stuck to his work, I should have tried him good enough to win any Two Thousand. Yes, Joe," he continued, turning to Butters, "you may send 'em home now; that gray colt would spoil any one's breakfast. I suppose *he's* about got home by this."

"No; young Forrest has got the upper hand of him again, and is bringing him back."

Mr. Greyson made no reply, but shook his head in moody silence as he mused over the Dancing Master's iniquities.

CHAPTER XVI.

"THE TWO THOUSAND."

There is much stir and bustle in the turf metropolis this April morning, for is not the first great three-year-old contest of the year to be decided in the course of the afternoon? Keenly are the respective merits of the candidates discussed by lords and legs, by backers and bookmakers. One name especially seems to be in all men's mouths, and that not the name of a horse, but that of a leading turf magnate. What did Sir Marmaduke Martindale mean doing? That astute tactician had two horses engaged; both were at Newmarket, well, said the horse-watchers, and each had been backed by Sir Marmaduke to win a heavy stake; but about which would profit him most by victory opinion differed, and was apt to be biassed a good deal by what would most benefit the speaker. Turf vaticination is more frequently the expression of the prophet's hopes than a genuine statement of opinion. Both horses figured prominently in the betting, and had more than once changed places in public favor. Some old stagers who had witnessed much manipulation of the strings in their time, and who had been at first considerably staggered by the bold demonstration in favor of Bushranger made by Sir Marmaduke that afternoon at Tattersall's, laughed now, and declared it was a mere *ruse* to drive Pibroch back in the market; and it certainly looked like it now, as those most intimately connected with the stable were steadily supporting the latter, and seemed indisposed to invest money on Bushranger.

"Well," said Cuthbert Elliston to his partner, as they strolled up and down in front of the rooms, "it is all right now; but I own Sir Marmaduke frightened me the day he put so much money on the second string. We shall land a nice little haul over Pibroch."

"Yes; if it comes off," replied Pearson.

"Come off! He's certain to win, from all I hear, and Bob Broughton told me just now he had taken back all he laid against him; and Broughton knows what he is about as well as any man that goes racing."

"Yes, but there's no certainty about anything connected with racing, we both know very well. I've got a message for you from old Greyson."

"Why, he's not here, is he?"

"No; but he has sent Butters in charge of that gray colt, and bade Butters tell us from him that the colt is very fit, and will run well if in the humor."

"Perhaps he would; but then he never is. Did he try him?"

"Yes; but it seems the brute bolted, and therefore he is no wiser than he was before, so far as that goes."

"Well, it is his own speculation," replied Elliston, "he pays the entrance and all expenses connected with the horse's running."

"Humph!" observed Pearson, meditatively. "Do you think it worth while having a trifle on the Dancing Master between us? Just to save us. We stand to lose a good bit of money over Pibroch, you know; and these rum-tempered brutes, if they ever win, always do when you don't want 'em to."

"You can do as you like, of course; but *I* don't fool away last year's winnings in that fashion. Pibroch and Sir Marmaduke are good enough; and we can trust to the two four-year-olds to do us a turn later on."

Pearson walked away, still turning over in his mind the fact that Greyson had thought it worth while to send the Dancing Master to Newmarket. He was much more prudent in his speculations than his partner, and did not at all like the idea of letting a dangerous horse what is termed "run loose"—that is, unbacked—which might cost him a deal of money. Old Greyson he regarded as a very astute trainer, besides being very careful of his money; not in the least given to throw his bank-notes about rashly. He must have formed a very high opinion of this colt to have sent him all the way from Yorkshire at his own expense. The Dancing Master was almost friendless in the betting, fifty to one being, indeed, freely offered against him. Sam Pearson came to the conclusion that it would be as well to have a trifle on the horse, for fear of accidents.

And now flies, hacks, and carriages are all brought into requisition, and the motley crowd surges out of the town toward the famous Heath. The London special is in, and its freight, after scrambling for a hasty luncheon at the Rutland, also pour out to the scene of battle. Two or three minor events are decided, and over some of these speculation waxed high, for Sir Marmaduke and his school would gamble as fiercely over a small selling race as over one of the great events of the year. But these at last are disposed of, and all the leading racing men thronged to the Bird Cage to take stock of the Two Thousand horses; Sir Marmaduke's pair naturally attracted most attention. Of Pibroch, good judges were warm in commendation; but much wonder was expressed that so much money should have been laid out on Bushranger, who was pronounced peacocky, a three-cornered brute, and was very generally disliked. Had he been human he could not fail to have been much wounded by his own unpopularity; but, as a horse, he was naturally but little affected by the contumelious epithets applied to him. The Dancing Master attracted but little attention; now and again some man, who really did know a galloper's points, would ask eagerly, "What's that?" but the minute he heard the name, took no further interest in the horse. There is seldom much enthusiasm about rank outsiders, whether on the race-course of Newmarket or the race-course of life; when they do win, a crowd flock around them, more, and are wildly enthusiastic about their good qualities, but it needs success to reveal those perfections to the public.

At last the process of saddling is completed, and the competitors canter down to the starting-post. Sir Marmaduke exchanges a few words with his trainer, puts another thousand on Pibroch, which has the effect of making that noble animal one of the hottest favorites which has run for many a year, and, as he saunters up the steps of the Jockey Club Stand in his usual languid fashion to see the race, expresses the conviction that his pair will be first and second.

"He always was a beautiful mover," muttered Sam Pearson, as he watched the Dancing Master lobbing lazily down to the post. "I wonder what boy they have got on him, and if the young beggar has a decent idea of riding? Hang it! I'm blessed if I don't throw away a tenner on old Greyson's spec." And acting on this resolution, Pearson hailed one of the magnates of the Ring, who speedily accommodated him with five hundred to ten against the Dancing Master. Hardly had he done so when Pearson rather repented of the wager. The horses were now in the starter's charge, and the Dancing Master, sticking his toes in the ground, steadily refused to go anywhere near his companions.

"Steady, Jim," said Butters, as, taking hold of the horse's head, he caressed him, and tried, at first unsuccessfully, to lead him toward the others. "Be patient, and don't give 'em a chance to start without you, if you can help it." And the horse, as if ashamed of the reproof, walked somewhat sullenly toward his fellow-competitors. Two or three minutes, and down goes the flag, whilst a roar from the crowd proclaims they are off, and, what is more, to an excellent start, with one notable exception. As the flag fell, the Dancing Master gave a sudden plunge, and jumped off something like two lengths to the good, and, to the astonishment of the lookers-on, was soon sailing away with the most commanding lead. Jim's spirits rose. This was a bit of luck he couldn't have hoped for. Still, he knew well what a very uncertain temper his mount possessed, and that though it was fine just now, he might expect a change in the weather at any moment. His horse had taken hold of his bit, and was striding along in his very best form. Jim bore in mind what old Greyson had told him, that his only chance of winning was to let the horse do it himself, and not attempt to assist or interfere in any way with him. He sat as still as death, not daring to move, and as he led his field down the Bushes' Hill, the riders of Pibroch and Bushranger began to feel uneasy about this dark outsider, who showed no sign of coming back to them. After passing the Bushes, the rider of Pibroch made a resolute attempt to get on terms with the gray, but it was useless, and in a few strides he dropped away beaten, and gave way to his stable companion. Half way up the hill Bushranger was in difficulties, but though he struggled on gamely in his trouble, and answered gallantly to the call his jockey made upon him, he only succeeded in finishing a bad second to the Dancing Master, who sailed past the post four lengths to the good.

"Done crisp as biscuits!" exclaimed the Baronet. "Who the deuce could have expected to find such a flyer amongst the dark division? Ah! Mr. Elliston, allow me to congratulate you on such a coup. You've a stinking good colt in the gray."

Cuthbert Elliston's face, already settled into a sullen scowl, darkened considerably as he heard this pleasant observation. He had lost a lot of money over the race, which, it was true, the stakes would more than pay; but then, again, he had given away his horse—a horse now worth four thousand pounds or so, and Elliston was the last man in the world to part with anything representing that sum gratuitously. Then, again, here had been the chance of winning a large stake at a comparatively insignificant outlay, and he had missed that golden opportunity, despite his trainer's advice. "No, Cuthbert Elliston's expression was by no means heavenly as he rejoined, curtly,

"Thank you, Sir Marmaduke, but I hadn't a shilling on my own horse, whilst I stood Pierrot for a raker."

"Ah! the beggar couldn't quite stay," replied Sir Marmaduke. "Just what I was afraid of; but the other, ugly as he is, ran game enough. No idea, of course, you had such a clipper. Don't want to sell him, do you? He's in the Derby, of course?"

"No, I don't want to sell him, because he's not mine to sell," retorted Elliston. "Yes, he is in the Derby, but as he's the worst-tempered brute in England, and only ran straight to-day by a miracle, I don't recommend you to back him for Epsom."

"Sorry, Mr Elliston, it was such a bad race for you," returned Sir Marmaduke, as he touched his hat in sign of adieu; "but I have had too great a talker myself to offer further condolence. If I can't buy your horse, perhaps you will part with your boy. He sat still and rode a queer tempered horse with both patience and judgment—two things not easy to lay hands on as jockeys go nowadays."

"I don't even know who he is; but one of Greyson's lads, I presume. Good-afternoon, Sir Marmaduke", and Elliston strolled off to have a look at the Dancing Master.

That he should receive no and of congratulations from his acquaintances on his victory was natural, and what annoyance there were to a man of his cynical temperament we can easily imagine. It has happened to many of us, To avoid our intention of doing one thing, and then doing another, is as common a weakness of humanity; and when our original intention has turned up trumps, to be complimented on our astuteness is a bitter but sweet-day experience. As he walked toward where Bateson was proudly leading the Two Thousand victor up and down amidst an admiring crowd, he encountered Pearson.

"A devil of a chance missed, Sam!" he exclaimed. "Lucky for me I have got the stakes to draw upon to pay my bets. But though you are fortunately not quite so deep in the scrape as myself, I'm afraid you've had a real nasty race."

"Not so bad as it might have been. I followed old Greyson's 'foal,' and took five hundred to ten about the winner."

"The deuce you did!" replied Elliston, feeling still more disgusted with the race if possible on finding that his partner had followed the hint he had neglected.

"Yes; but, Elliston, do you know who it was that rode the Dancing Master?"

"Furious, I think I heard the young beggar's name was. One of Greyson's boys, of course."

"The winner was ridden by one of Greyson's lads, and that lad was your cousin's son, Gerald Rockingham."

"That young whelp is bound to be my ruin," growled Elliston, with a savage execration.

"Hum! I begin to think he may settle the score his father had against you in full," said Pearson. "Those acceptances of yours, remember, have never been found, but it does not follow that they don't exist."

"He'll get his living to some other stable, or, better still, his death," returned Elliston, with a scowl, "but he'll ride no more for mine."

"He's not likely to lack riding now," observed Pearson, with a shrug of his shoulders.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JAMES L. CLAGHORN.

PHILADELPHIA and the country at large have reason to miss the late Mr. JAMES L. CLAGHORN, who died suddenly in that city on the 26th of August, in his sixty-eighth year. He was a patron of the fine arts in the best sense; that is to say, he intelligently appreciated them, he gathered examples of them, and he brought others face to face with them. Particularly to young students were his services the most generous. At his death he was President of the Academy of Fine Arts, President of the School of Design for Women, Treasurer of the Fairmount Park Art Association, Treasurer of the Garfield Monument Fund, Treasurer of the Meade Memorial Fund, and owner of the largest and richest private collection of steel engravings and etchings in the world.

At the same time he was as active and successful business man, and President of the Commercial National Bank of Philadelphia. For twenty-one years, from 1849 to 1861, he was a member of the firm of JENKINS, THOMAS, GILL, & Co., commission merchants, where he acquired a large fortune. His thoughts were divided between finance and fine art, and he best liked to use his money in buying pictures.

The writer of these paragraphs had the pleasure of seeing Mr. CLAGHORN a few months ago in the gallery of engravings which is a part of his house. The fondness of this distinguished banker and connoisseur for the art treasures that he had collected was as simple, as genuine, and as earnest as that of a child for his favorite toys; and after showing them to his guest, explaining the history of the more noted ones, and stating briefly and clearly his ideas of the comparative value of engravings and oil paintings, he took him up to his work shop, as he called it, where in huge portfolios and large oaken drawers made special by for the purpose was stored the bulk of his pictures. "My gallery," he said, "contains only a few specimens. I own fifty thousand engravings and etchings, and here they are, arranged in chronological order, and classified as well, so that I can lay my finger upon any one I want." He had all the facilities for mounting them, and he could have framed them so skillfully as a framemaker. On returning down-stairs he asked his visitor to step in and look at the nursery and the latest playthings of his grandchild. It was pleasant as a breath of spring to hear the fine old man expatiating on his affection for that boy, and to see him handling and explaining the freshest of his gimcracks. On reaching the gallery again a young woman was seen examining the engravings. "She is one of our art students," he said. "I receive many of them here almost every day."

During the late war Mr CLAGHORN was as active in his patriotism as if the salvation of the country depended upon him alone. He was the founder of the Union Club, which afterward became the famous Union League Club, of which he was treasurer until he died; and most of the one hundred thousand dollars raised for enlisting soldiers came through his personal appeals, and figured on his subscription list. In 1865, after the war had successfully ended, he went to Europe, visited the principal museums, and gave a dinner to three hundred Americans in Paris on the Thanksgiving day appointed by President Johnson. In 1870 Mr. CLAGHORN told a friend that he held not less than sixty one distinct trusts. He leaves a widow, a son, two sisters, and an honorable name.

TORPEDO WARFARE.

Side by side with the construction of huge iron-clads has proceeded the development of a specific bane for these prodigious war ships—the torpedo. This implement of destruction has been greatly perfected through the well-known inventions of WHITEHEAD, SWARZKOPF, LAY, and others, and through devices now under examination in this country by a board appointed for the purpose. In some of these, gun-cotton or dynamite is invoked to increase the destructiveness of the projectile. EARDSON'S *Destroyer*, with its submarine bow gun for shooting torpedoes several hundred feet through the water, has a characteristic all its own. In imitation of the WHITEHEAD and HARVEY LAY class, which are not fired from guns, but provide their own motive power, compressed air, or carbonic acid gas, or electricity, as the case may be, furnishes the propulsion or controls the point of explosion. In the modern torpedo-boat, to use the words of Lieutenant-Commander BARKER to the Senate Naval Committee, we find "the most wonderful combination of speed, lightness, and handiness that is now afloat; and of these boats Europe possesses hundreds." A cut on page 579, representing a fleet of Yarrow sea going torpedo vessels passing each other at a speed of twenty knots to attack line-of-battle ships, gives an idea of the possibilities of this form of warfare.

Germany has arranged to add no fewer than one hundred and fifty torpedo vessels to her coast defenses. Russia began several years ago the construction of one hundred torpedo boats, after her experience of torpedo warfare in the Black Sea during her last conflict with Turkey. England this year adds four new torpedo boats to her fleet, and has great quantities of torpedoes ready for use. France and Italy are among the foremost in this rivalry, and the great armored ships of the latter power carry torpedo launches in their holds.

Six long ago, on the coast of Algiers, Admiral JAURÈS made practical tests of *torpilleurs*, which he declared to be decisive of their efficiency. Two torpedo boats easily attained the great speed of eighteen knots an hour; and as these boats are constructed for sea at rest, it is evident that a squadron attempting to escape at the speed of an ordinary iron-clad might be overtaken and struck at a high velocity by the pursuers. If, on the other hand, the armored ships move at full speed against the torpedo boats, the time during which the latter are under the fire of the artillery is so reduced as to greatly avoid the chances of their being hit and sunk. The trials off Algiers were made in a calm sea, with bright moonlight, at a fixed hour of the night, when the officers and men of the squadron were on the lookout. The *torpilleur*, nevertheless, was not descried until within a distance of three-fifths of a mile; and as the fleet and squadron were approaching each other, about one minute after the former was seen she was within sixteen feet of the admiral's vessel. No fact could more strikingly show how like a thunder bolt the perfected torpedo vessel of the future will burst itself upon its gigantic adversary, counting to its speed, and to the minuteness of the target it furnishes, for protection against his cannon.

Experiments made at Toulon this summer to a high wind and rough sea showed that the boats invariably hit the target with their torpedoes, in spite of the disturbance produced by the rush of speed. Above all, since the torpedo system is based on the attack of a blockading squadron not by a single boat, but by a swarm of boats, as suggested by our illustration, the chances of destroying several costly iron-clads with these comparatively cheap assailants are multiplied.

What special counter-agencies have been provided to meet this danger? First, it is believed that the electric light will prevent these enemies from stealing softly up without discovery. Unquestionably this light will be an aid; but the boats would come in from all directions, and the light would help the assailants as well as the assailed, especially as a flotilla might include gun-boats firing heavy projectiles as a well illuminated target. In the second place, a modern armored squadron has its own torpedo launches and its dispatch-boats for scouting. Still, these smaller craft would run some risk of being mistaken for the enemy, and of attacking each other. The main source of defense, however, is the suspension of a steel netting several yards distant from the side of the vessel. While the one of these hanging screens is undeniable, it is obvious that they must greatly reduce the speed of the vessel and interfere with its handling. Even for protecting vessels at anchor they are cumbersome to carry.

One English writer is so impressed by the ruin which a fleet of torpedo vessels could produce that he proposes changes in construction for ironclads, sacrificing speed to fighting power, and then having a faster squadron to accompany these slower ones. His vessel would be "a short and broad and strong bowed ship, with a tumble-home side, and of deep draught; a cellular ship both above and below a submerged armor plated deck, placed five feet below the water line, the bow and stern only being cased in armor, a recessed side of hull, shelving downward from the water line," this recess to be protected by a stout fixed network extending fifteen feet downward to arrest the blow of the torpedo, but not carried around the bow, since "increased cellular protection with cork fittings" can be afforded to that part of the ship. The novel feature of design in this device, which we have described in the phraseology of its proposer, "is the projecting side at the water line, to admit of a recess below, thus affording a water cushion to minimize the effect of torpedo explosion."

It is suggestive to find the enormous iron-clads seeking protection against their swarming little enemies—the Goliaths alive to the dangers in the slings of the Davids.

THE PRESIDENT AT NEWPORT.

THE maneuvers of the North Atlantic Squadron and the exhibition at the torpedo station were among the principal features of the festivities that enlivened the visit of President ARTHUR at Newport. The most interesting incident of the torpedo display was the blowing up of the old government schooner which for a long time has been lying a wreck on the banks inside the harbor.

A little before noon, on the 25th ult., the President arrived at the torpedo station from the *Dispatch*, and after being shown through the station, where the workings of the department were explained, he and his party were conducted down to the wharf to witness the blowing up of the old hulk. The launch, fitted with McKEAN'S electrical apparatus, was all ready, and to obtain a good view the whole party boarded the *Tiverna*, which was moored alongside the wharf. On the launch an explosive torpedo of a hundred pounds of gun-cotton was run out, and the frozen sunk about ten feet away. She was sent and steered from shore by a single wire. She went directly to the wreck in a straight line, but the torpedo being too low, it failed to strike. The failure caused much amusement. The second experiment was a splendid success, as the torpedo struck the hull directly amidships, and the old wreck was sent flying in splinters in every direction. This closed the exercises, and the President expressed himself as much pleased with his visit.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Child Poems.—The Healthorian.—Noble Club Owners.—A Surprise Cigar Cabinet.—The Malice of Fate.—The Deadly Fly.—French association.

EVERY one is looking forward to the publication of Mr. Louis Stevenson's *Child Poems* in the autumn, of which we have had one or two charming installments in the *Magazine of Art*. In this month's number is "The Land of Counterpane."

"When I was sick and lay abed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay,
To keep me happy all the day.

"And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my tender soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bedclothes through the hills.

"And sometimes sent my ships in fleets,
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and flowers out,
And planted cities all about.

"I was the giant great and still,
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him dale and plain,
The pleasant Land of Counterpane."

From a writer who possesses these tender fancies, and can at the same time do such vigorous work as is to be found in *Deacon Brodie*, acted at the Princess's Theatre the other day, there is much indeed to be looked for.

No one can deny that "the Healthorian," as the new exhibition is called, are a complete success, though somewhat in the same sense as "the Fisheries" are; that is, very few people care about the triumphs of science which it contains, but a great many people like the gardens. Nothing in this country to the nature of an out-door entertainment has ever been so well attended, for none has had such attractions. The brilliance and good taste of the lighting are beyond all praise, the seats are plentiful and comfortable, and the music is all that can be desired. It is not too much to say, in short, that these gardens, heretofore conventional and useless, have added a new pleasure to London summer life.

A great deal of ridicule has been cast upon certain noble lords, who combine with their functions of hereditary legislators the calling of cab proprietors, but as a matter of fact they are to their latter capacity doing a great public service. To the Premier Earl of England we owe the institution of the Funder hansom, the most elegant and comfortable hack carriage in the world, and if our "four wheelers" are ever to be improved, we shall probably owe it to some similar source. It is natural enough that "carriage people" should best understand what constitutes a comfortable vehicle; and for my part I look forward to the time when our aristocracy shall keep hotels, which shall provide dishes that are eatable and wines that are drinkable. The hotel proprietor can not do it, because he does not know what a good dinner is, even the best of them—I mean the best for the purpose—are reared butlers, whose experience has been gained behind their masters' chairs. Did anybody, for example, ever get good soup at a hotel, or, when it was complained of, persuade the proprietor to acknowledge that it was bad soup?

A very curious case has been tried respecting insurance, in which a workman has come to grief through preparing a present for the Prince of Wales. After the bombardment of Alexandria, Lord Charles Beresford picked up what he thought to be an exploded shell on the street, which, it struck him, would make an interesting "cigar cabinet" for his friend the heir-apparent. He accordingly sent it to a gunsmith to have it properly cut and polished. The fitter said, "Why, there's something in it"; but the foreman of the establishment, pointing to the hole for the fuse, replied, "If there was, there was plenty of room for it to get out without hurt." His consideration for the cousin of the shell did not, in fact, extend to the fitter, who, upon proceeding to cut it in half, exploded it, and was almost blown to pieces. One has heard of a "surprise cigar" (where a cracker goes off in the middle, to the astonishment of the smoker), but a surprise cigar cabinet is a novelty. Prudence is not included among the family virtues of the Beresfords, but even though Lord Charles should not have thought it worth while to inquire whether the shell was still loaded, it seems amazing that it struck nobody else to do so. The fitter's all right now, and, I am glad to say, has in every sense "recovered his damages," but at the time how very much it must have astonished the fitter!

I remember an unfortunate gentleman being drowned in the Thames through having short hair. He might have been rescued, but the man who dived for him found nothing to lay hold of but bristles. I made up my mind therefrom to despise fashion and to wear my hair long, and now I read that there is even danger to that. A young woman employed in a factory was combing her hair in it (where all young women not comb their hair if it is plentiful and of a nature to excite admiration?), when her long tresses were caught in the machinery, and she was carried by them round the shaft. It is very difficult, when she is bent upon doing your humanity a mischief, to avoid the malice of Fate.

There is a well known passage in literature which describes the kinds of men letting an insect escape from the window with the remark, "There is plenty of room both for thee and for me in the world." This can not be done with safety, we are now informed upon high scientific authority, in the case of the common fly. His room, indeed, is far preferable to his company, but it would be much wiser to kill him. "The house-fly," writes Mr Alfred Wright, "possesses great power in disseminate infectious and contagious diseases," and recommends "a diffusion of eucalyptol" to secure us from the intrusion of such dangerous little visitors. I wonder what the sanitary express will bid us beware of next? I anticipate a warning against the gnat, and a crusade against the gossamer.

The last rumor from the stronghold of the Mahdi is the most marvellous of all. It is stated that some hundreds of Hicks Pacha's people are still alive, including two Europeans. The description of one of them tallies with that of Mr. Vizetelli, the artist, and it is quite probable that a man of that calling should be preserved by a savage chieftain for the pleasure of seeing the exercise of his skill. If the other chance to be Mr. O'Donovan, and the two are happily permitted to come day return to the, what a book would they produce between them! Even the interest of that undiscovered journal which probably lies beside the bones of Sir John Franklin would sink into insignificance compared with it.

Among savage tribes it is by no means unusual, when a debtor can not arrange with his creditors in a business like way, to take it out of his skin, but with civilized nations the method is, to say the least of it, unusual. Even Irish law has seldom the approbation of the authorities. And yet it seems this proceeding has been lately adopted in France, in the close propinquity and apparently with the approbation of that "majestic mistress of the world," Paris itself! A Pole having arrived from Russia without a ticket, and nothing but the Polish language to explain the absence of it, he has been subjected to the most unheard-of insults by the railway officials. He was handcuffed, beaten, tied with ropes, imprisoned for four days and nights, and finally had buckets of water (and Poles hate water) poured down his back. The treatment was, as the doctors term it, "heroic" (though they never apply the term to their patient's endurance of it), drastic, and to those who can not understand the fury that seizes a Frenchman when he has lost money, altogether out of proportion to the offense. The last infliction to which he was subjected was very characteristic. Ignorant as this poor foreigner was of the greatness of the French nation (and possibly little impressed with its politeness), it struck his superior that his mind should be improved and enlarged upon that point, and in order to engrave the circumstance on his recollection, upon the occasion of the National Demonstration (which happened to take place during his captivity) they let off crackers under his nose.

R. SPENCER, of London.

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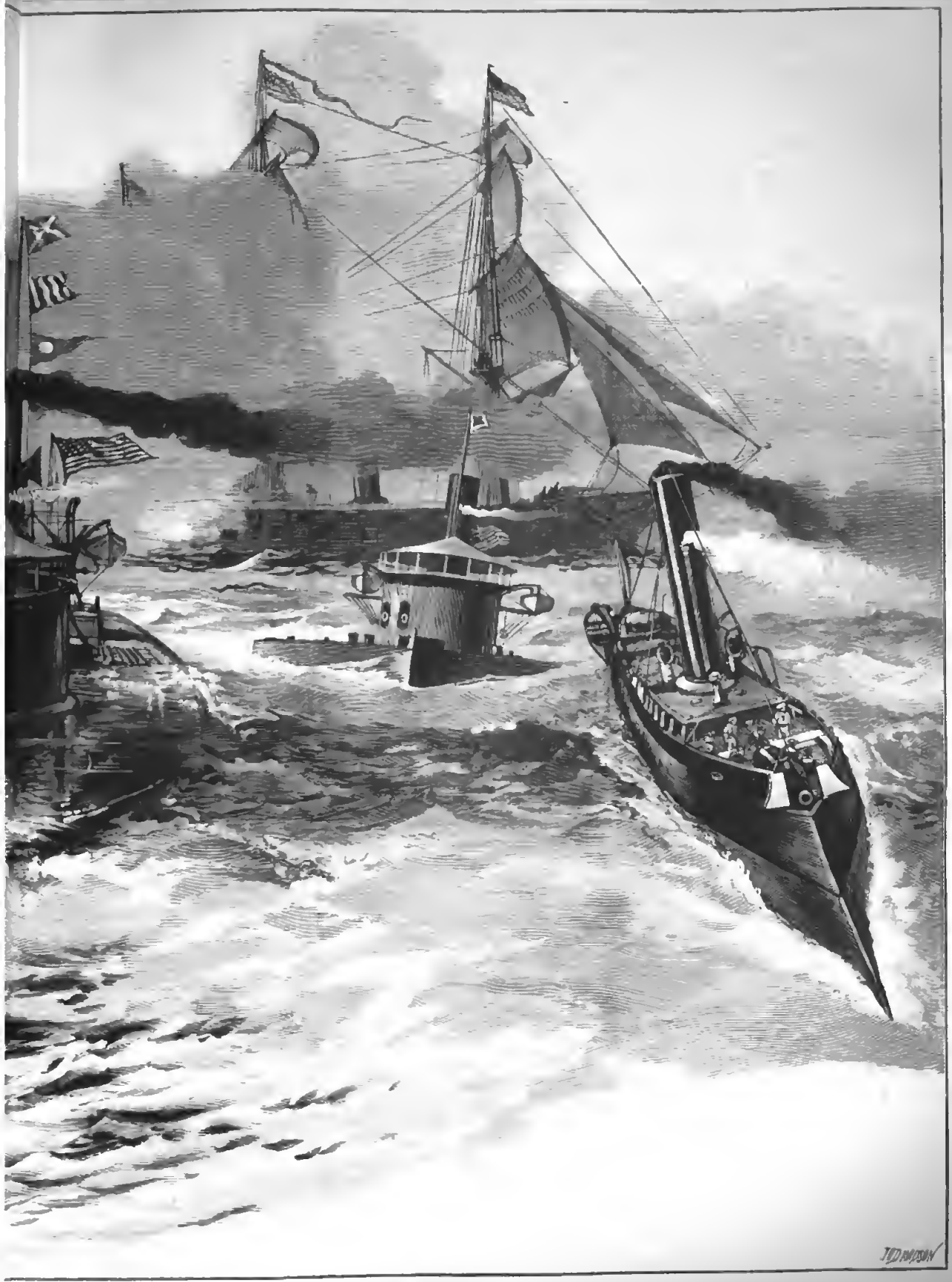
THE PRESIDENT'S VACATION—MANŒUVRES OF THE NORTH



ATLANTIC SQUADRON.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 581.]

Digitized

SEPTEMBER.

I wonder, Love, if thou dost yet remember
The pale uncolored flowers upon the vine;
And how in spring we said in rich September,
These flowers will hold red wine.

"The summer's rose will bloom and die; then after,
Among the shadowed stillness of green leaves,
We shall pluck clusters full of joy and laughter—
Pale gold, like yellow sheaves.

"Or we shall hold together tender faces,
And pull large purple grapes wet with cool dews."
Come with me now and seek those pleasant places,
Lest we our vintage lose.

Come with me now, we know not if to-morrow
We shall have lips to laugh, or eyes for tears;
Or if we'll crush the lees of joy, or sorrow,
Of happy hopes, or fears.

Then Love said fondly words with kisses broken,
"I do remember—how should I forget?"
Judge ye for me what tender words were spoken,
Love owning each sweet debt;

How we on tiptoe stood to reach o'erhead
The dark out-leaned grapes on either side;
Judge ye for me what tender words Love said
To me, his promised bride!

O heart, if thou forget'st all else, remember
Those days in gracious ease and beauty set—
The vine-crowned days of bountiful September,
Memory shall ne'er forget!

LOVE AND MIRAGE;*

or,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XVII.

IDYLS.

Nothing could be prettier than the rustic jollity prepared by the fisher-folk for their guests. The site chosen was a fair open space in the very heart of the forest, with park-like knolls and beechen groves affording rich shadow round about. A smooth circle of golden sward was set apart for the dancers, and a little beyond, the flame of gypsy fires and fisher maidens bustling about tables covered with snowy napkins betokened the preparation of coffee. On the lower branches of the encircling trees were hung Chinese lanterns, which lent the scene a festive look, the effect of these bright colors being heightened by the gay dresses of the ladies. The celebration was entirely popular, and rich and poor had turned out to take part in it; but as costume exists no longer, even in the Cannibal Islands, it could hardly be looked for here. The fair-haired, apple-cheeked daughters of these sturdy islanders, descendants of pirate kings of the olden time, were dressed every whit as modishly as the belles of Northern capitals who had come so far in search of the picturesque. Not an outlandish head-gear to be seen, not one pigtailed, short-kirtled Gretchen among the bevy of home-bred beauties; nor were the men bedizened after the manner of their forefathers. The chimney-pot hat, the frock-coat, the pantaloon, formed the Sunday dress of the poorest. After all, let aesthetes tear their hair and wring their hands over the vanished costumes that made the world so pretty. All who care for the moral uplifting and social regeneration of our poorer brethren know that deepest wisdom and highest promise underlie this imitative instinct on their part. When all the world are clothed like ladies and gentlemen, all the world will strive after the ideal contained in the words, not the least feature of which is decorum and gentleness in speech and behavior. By dress is the divine doctrine of equality to be preached from one end of the globe to the other. Here, moreover, equality was no fiction even on Prussian soil. The fisherman might invite a titled Fräulein to the waltz, the village girl without shame accept the hand of a grandee for the cotillion. All was geniality and neighborly feeling. Arthur and Harvey were soon busy among the coffee-cups, serving not only Elizabeth and Flora, but any womankind who happened to be handy. Then, flushed with the heat of the gypsy fires, and breathless with running to and fro in company of other cavaliers, they made raids upon the cakes piled on neighboring stalls. It was a scene of indescribable enjoyment. Everybody was hot; not a gown without its tear. Yet all faces showed exhilaration. Why merry-making out-of-doors should always raise our spirits may be accounted for in the fact that Nature compels naturalness, strive against her as we will. The foot-marks of fauns and satyrs still linger in the forest. Something, we know not what, reminds us that the gruesome world of old hath not wholly vanished.

By-and-by, according to local fashion, the procession formed for the dance, young and old making the round of the woodland cirque in couples to the slow time of music. Harvey, enchanted, led off Flora. Arthur, somewhat crest-fallen, saw Elizabeth already paired with an elderly partner, no other than the fisherman at whose house she lodged. This worthy personage never danced but once a year, and always upon these occasions demanded the hand of one of the prettiest guests in the place—a favor readily accorded, as he was a famous boatman, and well known to all. But the luck ran against Arthur. Dressed in white, with blue corn-flowers in her hair and on her bosom, Elizabeth seemed possessed by the very genius of dancing just then. She had hardly dismissed her first partner when another came up, a gray-haired colonel, a *table d'hôte* acquaintance, to claim a promise of three weeks' standing; then a little lad who had been similarly favored; then a still younger child just able to toddle through the quadrille. Sparkling, animated, rosy, Elizabeth had evidently made up her mind to fling care to the winds for that afternoon.

Arthur fancied himself avoided because he reminded her of things she would fain forget. He was determined, however, to have one dance, and patiently bided his turn. At last it came. "I began to think that you had made up your mind not to dance with me at all. Yet if I had offended, I hoped it was not past forgiveness," he said, looking rapturously at the happy girl. Not a five-year-old coquette in the sash and white frock showed more contentment than Elizabeth just then.

"You had not offended me. But I am bound to dance with all my particular friends. I have not danced for years. It delights me beyond measure."

"Because you do it so beautifully."

"Every one dances well in our country, although of course some better than others. If you had only seen my sister!" she said.

"I have been watching Miss Flora. I hardly think her performance comes up to the level of your own."

"Oh! I was not thinking of Flora, but of our eldest sister—the one we have lost," cried the girl, coloring painfully.

A dark thought had overshadowed her bright mood against her will. The gayness fell dropped from her as a garment. She would dance no more that day.

"Look at Flora and your brother!" Elizabeth said, as they rested under the lime-trees within sight of the dancers. "Why can not you and I be as light-hearted as those two?"

She had, then, detected his own preoccupation and skin-deep carelessness, thought Arthur. How it fared with the pair of young lovers waltzing just then so merrily it was easy to see; would a better opportunity come for finding out how it stood with themselves?

"That is a question no other can answer for us. Let us for once and for all get to the bottom of things. Speak—or listen," he said.

"I have not the courage to speak, and till I have spoken, I dare not listen," answered Elizabeth.

"If summer lasted longer than two months in this sweet place, and life were all holiday, I should be the last person to rebel against such a state of things," rejoined Arthur. "Yet what more can this island give me than the thing I came to seek?"

"But the sorrow I fled from follows me still. Flora is a child, and concerns herself about nothing so long as the sun shines. I can not help looking deeper."

"The deeper you look, the more valorous you should become," Arthur said. "Why this shrinking from me? Am I not your friend?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth, firmly and almost affectionately. "I have no misgiving where your loyalty is concerned. True you are, I am sure, and brave too. It is your very generosity that makes me hesitate. I fear to put it to a test that might make even my friendship for you bitterness and rue."

"Friendship! friendship!" cried Arthur. "May we not use a dearer, better word, you and I? So I have dreamed and hoped."

"No, no," Elizabeth made answer, evidently torn by inner conflict, shrinking, withstanding, from a stern sense of duty, the sweetness and solace implied in his words.

"I must not, I dare not, let our intimacy go farther. What room is there for better feelings in a heart overflowing with hate? We can be good friends, and some time or other I may summon up courage to unburden myself to you. But by word of mouth, never!"

"You shall write to me," Arthur put in, kindly.

Strange that with this beautiful girl, as with that other, whose image was ever before his eyes, he had to play the part of consoler. Elizabeth's sorrow seemed at times hardly less deep and absorbing than the grief of the unknown lady; to both cases, how flatteringly welcome his consolation and sympathy.

"Some day or other you shall certainly have a letter from me," Elizabeth said, smiling. "You will then understand these foolish, childish thoughts I have often given utterance to in your hearing. Requital, revenge, and so forth. How absurd to count upon redress for such wrongs as mine! How sinful to nurse in one's bosom plans of vengeance and retribution! We must oftimes leave the wicked in God's hands."

"And in the devil's," laughed Arthur. "That is to say, to their evil conscience. Never fear that it does not sting."

"Have all human beings a conscience, think you?"

"Something that takes the place of one, anyhow. Something that makes people fear—and fear is hell. Otherwise why do the most atrocious criminals ever show a craven spirit?"

Arthur never doubted that Elizabeth was dwelling upon her own story. She had been brought to trust an unworthy lover, and womanly pride rather than outraged feeling had spoken out now.

His words seemed to satisfy her.

"It must be so," she mused; "otherwise all keenest pain would be endured by the true and the lofty-minded only. God would not permit such an injustice. Surely the gall and bitterness of wickedness are tasted by the wicked themselves."

She lapsed into silence, and Arthur humored her mood. These girlish confidences could but be very sweet, and if she had gently, yet firmly, degraded him from the rank of lover to friend, there was a melancholy consolation in that thought also. A never deeper interest was no longer a treachery to his feeling for her. He might freely indulge in other hopes and recollections. All things, at least for a time, were made clear as day between them.

When Elizabeth woke up from her reverie her mood was altered. She spoke now with alacrity, whether natural or affected he could not tell, and seemed anxious to touch on lighter themes. She asked him a dozen questions about his stay at the light-house. Then, after having played round the subject, she led up to his late visit.

"How captivating is our island! and nowhere more so than in that southern part. And the lime-trees at the Residency!" she cried. "In Berlin we boast of lindens that look as if they came out of a child's toy village. Can the world show nobler trees than those in the Prince's park?"

"In good sooth, no," Arthur said, carried away by her evident enthusiasm. "And the palace itself, with its marble colonnades, and rose garden about its fairy lake! I think I never saw a place that more struck my imagination."

"I have never been inside the palace," Elizabeth went on, in calm, slightly artificial tones. "They tell me it is more captivating within than without, a reminder of Haroun-al-Raschid. Are these reports exaggerated?"

"I do assure you, not in the least," Arthur said, forgetting for the moment her apparent distaste to this very subject. "There is a Titian, a Tintoret, a Velasquez, and dazzling splendors of a modern date. All these you should see."

Elizabeth listened coldly. It was quite clear that she wanted to learn more, but hesitated to show her inquisitiveness.

"Was the party at the palace as agreeable one?" she asked.

"We were but four," Arthur said. "The Prince, his secretary, my brother, and myself."

Elizabeth's face still betokened curiosity. She turned red, then pale, finally taking up her fan and using it as vigorously as if they were in a crowded drawing-room rather than a cool forest nook, she got out the query, "Then the Prince is not married?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

A PASTORAL.

The fishermen's ball ended for most folk at the children's bed-time, and whilst the sun yet gilded the rim of the upper forest world many were already wending their way homeward. How wonderful was the path—one of many—found by the too happy Flora and her knight Harvey, as they separated themselves from their friends, determined to have at least this one walk by themselves! Elizabeth would frown, and Flora was in mortal terror of her elder sister's righteous anger. Could Elizabeth's anger ever be otherwise? But just to-day Flora felt a little reckless, and even audacious. The dance out-of-doors, the feeling of festivity in the air, the music ringing through the woodland, exhilarated her beyond measure. She hoped, although she did not feel sure of it, that these things would in some degree affect Elizabeth also, and that she would make allowance for conduct arising from feelings she shared. From the natural cirque high up on the crown of the forest that had been chosen for the dance a dozen paths led homeward, and Flora, who acted as guide, naturally chose the most romantic, if indeed there was any choice in this island of romance. They first of all scrambled down the sides of a charming little ravine, the abrupt, tangled path leading into a cool, quiet glade where not a sign reached them of the upper world or the lower; alike forest and sea were here utterly shut out from ken. Flora laughingly put her finger to her lip, and, listening, Harvey caught one sound, a low musical murmur of hidden waters, although as yet no rivulet or brook was to be seen.

"We must find the brook and follow it, or we shall lose our way," Flora said; and on the other side of the glade, true enough, they soon discovered a little mountain rivulet, trickling and tossing over a pebbly bed, making as much ado, indeed, as many a broad stream. Down it ran between ferny banks and mossy stones, at every bend showing miniature cascades and weirs, the white crests of the tumbling waters and the large creamy agaric the only points of light in the dark picture. Here and there gleamed duskily deep orange poppies and other flowers of the under-world, and when they came to an opening they caught sight of a sun-ray gilding the upper region now left far behind. Around them all was coolness and deep shadow, but no monotony, every bend of the little torrent leading into new scenes; like a tricksy sprite playing at hide and seek, it now hid itself behind a huge tree stem, now dived deep into a tiny combe, and now slowly and deliberately meandered amid sedges dark as itself. This gamesome elf was up to a hundred antics, and never left the happy lovers for more than a minute or two at a time. It seemed to have a fellowship with their captious, uncertain mood—sweetest mood, perhaps, in which lovers ever find themselves, on the brink of a perfect understanding, at the same time willing and unwilling to attain it.

The artless girl knew as well as words could have told her what was on Harvey's lips, the secret of two or three delicious weeks hitherto not divulged by speech, and Harvey felt no misgivings, no playing with happy fate, no toying with sweet convictions on the part of this transparent-natured maiden. All with her was fair and legible as the blue eyes that opened to her lover's as a book. Flora's mission in the world was to love and to smile—no despicable one, seeing how much the toiling, moiling world is in need of love and smiles.

Love came not so much a surprise, perhaps, to the eighteen-year-old Flora as to the London-bred man of the world, almost ten years her senior. Harvey had caught his brother's trick of jesting at serious things, courtship and marriage among them, without taking account of the deeper feeling underlying Arthur's apparent skepticism. In sober fact, Arthur only waited for a perfect woman to fall in love and marry, and all the time Harvey listened to his jests in sober earnest, and acted upon them, Arthur kept a steady lookout lest his ideal should escape him—so impossible is it for the lower nature to comprehend the larger. As a natural consequence, we who imitate our betters oftener aim at their weaknesses rather than their strong points.

Arthur had seemed to hold himself above sentiment, and Harvey could not choose but follow suit. On a sudden he woke up to the discovery—and a pleasant one, too—that, after all, his brother and himself were not superior beings, but prone to make themselves ridiculous, in other words, fall in love, like ordinary mortals. Thus they strayed homeward, following the stream, one moment shy and monosyllabic, the next audacious and voluble. They were quiet when the rivulet just plashed and that was all; the moment it bettled noisily, they also became garrulous. It had led them lower and lower, and ever into deeper shadow; warm amber light still lingered about the high reaches of the forest, but their own little world, dusk and cool at all times, was now growing more and more obscure, the lovely green light turning every dell and glade into a solemn place. With the bendings and windings of the river they had passed from one scene of enchantment to another, and finally it landed them on to a grassy stage where the wood ended, and the open park-like spaces skirting it began.

One slope more and the corn fields would be reached, and the narrow little village street leading to the sea. Already they had before their eyes an arc of pale blue, and set round about broad stretches of ripe yellow wheat. In helping his companion over the brooklet Harvey had been obliged to take her hand, and somehow, after crossing it for the last time, he still retained his hold.

Flushed, sparkling, a stranger to herself in this moment of first girlish abandonment, Flora saw that her lover was equally distracted and happy. Harvey seemed suddenly overtaken by extraordinary self-confidence. His dauntless demeanor and airy port should have belonged, indeed, to one bent on far more startling emprise than the winning of a gentle maiden's hand. He looked, indeed, as if in anticipation he had already accomplished some tremendous exploit. Nothing magnifies us so much in our own estimation as first love, and Harvey and Flora were no less enchanted with each other and themselves than two little children just able to toddle who have rubbed cheeks and made friends.

"You will let me speak to Elizabeth to-morrow, will you not?" at last Harvey said, conscious of doing the beautiful thing he had to do in the awkwardest manner possible.

Flora laughed gayly and arched her pretty brows. "You talk to Elizabeth every day, without asking my leave," she said; then, blushing, she flitted like a shy little bird from the tempting snare. "I know what we shall both get to-morrow—a scolding."

"Nonsense!" Harvey answered; "Elizabeth has no right to scold me, and soon she shall have no right to scold you either. Listen; be serious," he added, making her for a moment sit on the turf beside him. "Things are very desperate, Flora, I believe, between my brother and your sister, but anyhow between us two. I want you to marry me this very year. Why wait," he blurted out, "since we love each other?"

Flora let one little hand rest within her lover's whilst she spoke out openly and daringly as himself. This new friend had on a sudden become so very close and dear! Her secrets must be his. In the least as well as greatest of his concernments she was henceforth to bear a part. The sense of acquisition and enlargement that promptly took possession of her was sweet and bewildering.

"I dare not disobey Elizabeth," she said, overcome with joyousness and sad misgivings both. "If she separates us, I am bound to submit. But I shall always love you all the same."

"Nonsense!" again urged Harvey, finding piquancy in the use of such unceremonious speech, already, as he thought, a guarantee of the sweet unceremonious life to come. "My little girl, my own Flora, you have only to say a word, and not the whole world, much less Elizabeth, can separate us."

Flora hearkened, blushing, tearful, blissful, yet unconvinced. "Elizabeth made me promise long ago never to—to do anything without consulting her," she stammered. "Elizabeth says that I must never dream of marrying, because of the misfortune and disgrace that have befallen our family."

"Misfortune! disgrace!" cried the young man, sturdily. He had never felt so manful and self-confident in his life. "Are you to be made unhappy because of the misdeeds of others? All the more reason why you should be loved and protected as I will love and protect you."

The pair were alone in their little world of cool green and deepening shadow, not so much as a bird to espy their doings. Quite pardonably Harvey caught her for a moment, lover-like, in his arms, and snatched a first kiss upon her rosy lips.

"Say all that to Elizabeth," Flora whispered.

"But I deny Elizabeth's right to interfere," Harvey went on. "When Arthur asks her to marry him, as of course he will, take my word for it she will never dream of consulting you."

"Elizabeth is five years older than I am."

"And Arthur is my senior also. Brothers and sisters have no jurisdiction over each other, and only self-assumed authority. I never dreamed, for instance, of telling Arthur that I intended to speak to you to-day."

"With men it is different," Flora said. "We have no mother, remember, and our father is incapable of taking care of us. It is Elizabeth's affection, not her love of authority, that makes her seem to domineer. She says that we are bound to disclose our family history before accepting an offer of marriage."

"Marry me first, and I will listen to as much family history as you like afterward," Harvey said, growing more and more defiant, "or at least promise to marry me."

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1443.

"No; Elizabeth would be displeased. But I promise never to marry any one else," Flora answered.

"I will talk to your sister. I will win her over. Arthur may say what my means are insufficient, but we will be very economical. I am sure two people can be as happy on the day is long as three hundred a year."

Flora opened her blue eyes with childish delight. The sum had a handsome, say, magnificent sound in her German ears. Three hundred a year, indeed! She would undertake to keep house on one!

"Not in England," laughed Harvey; and as they prattled on about marriage and money and the countless topics that after the first whisper of love become common property. Then all at once aroused to the fact that the woods had grown very dark, and night was alarmingly near, they hastened home with the air of belated children who expect a whipping.

CHAPTER XIX.

CATASTROPHES.

And next day, Sunday, how blessed were the young lovers as they attended divine service in the open air forest church (Waldkirche, as the island folk called it), for no other was near. Baptism, bridals, and burials were solemnized in the Dom of the little capital, that, perched on its airy height, could be seen from almost every part of the island; and in winter resolute church-goers from remote villages plodded thither through the snow, the undertaking only just being accomplished in the brief winter day. When leaves were green and mossy banks afforded pleasant resting places, nothing more delightful than this woodland temple kind of amphitheatre had been made in the forest. The pastor's gown and cassock were in readiness, hanging on a tree hard by; and when the congregation had patiently awaited his arrival for half an hour or more, at last he came. How Flora's sweet, well trained voice thrilled with joy as she joined in the grand old Lutheran hymn by her lover's side! How rapturously the young Londoner gave way to these new genuine emotions! Perhaps the sermon fell on careless ears, but the first prayer in which they joined in this forest aisle seemed a sacred bond. What passed afterward between the sisters Harvey did not learn as yet, but next morning when he met Flora on the shore, just below the little garden, her eyes were red with weeping.

They could not be alone in these narrow winding ways between the beechen wood and the sea, so they took the first steep path that led upward. Cool and fragrant were those dappled glades and close-set spinnies of larch and pine just above the ruffled bay. The wide world could surely show an sweeter place, to-day as always, all the more poetic and soothing from the absence of intense color and sharp lights and shadows. A subdued twilight radiance wraps this fair island—fair perhaps as Eden described for us by pearl divers in Indian seas. The flowers of these hanging gardens are of hardy Northern growth, yet they fling a rich mantle about the nether parts of the ancient forest, and deep and sombre the forest shadows above. No turquoise sea, no golden sands, no dazzling heavens here; every scene we gaze on rests alike the eye and the mind.

Little heed, however, paid poor weeping Flora to the delicious world she had waked up on that morning. She was with Harvey, sitting beside him on the very bench they had chosen during their first walk together; he was her own true friend, as he the husband of her choice, yet the was crying now and her little heart would break.

And at last the disconcerted lover got out the reason. This was to be a parting. That very day Elizabeth was going to take her away. "Not on account of what you said to me last night," Flora got out between her sobs. "Elizabeth seemed hardly vexed, hardly astonished even, but something else has happened: I may not tell you what now: and in consequence everything is settled. We are to leave the island this very afternoon."

"I will see your sister. She can not refuse to hear what I have to say," Harvey cried. "Or I have a better plan still. I shall go with you."

The meaning of a lover began to dawn upon Flora's artless mind in right good earnest. Harvey, then, would cling to her, whatever might happen. Love did not mean only a stolen kiss and the sweet confidences of two, but a bond, a duty, a fellowship, that, once called into existence, would tell upon every incident of life. Her sorrows, her joys, her common days, were no longer her own. Love made them Harvey's business also. Even Elizabeth could not have it otherwise. "Go with you, or follow after, if your sister offers any objection to the first plan," Harvey went on. "The road to Bremen lies open to all. She may refuse my escort. She can not forbid the railway or give me accommodation."

He was smiling and confident in spite of Flora's distress, not able, indeed, to see why an abrupt departure could prove a terrible misfortune. Were there not country lanes and rustic stiles, inviting to lover-like confabulations, outside this island? Arthur might make what comments he pleased. He should at once make ready for his journey.

"We are not going straight home," Flora said. "Elizabeth wishes me to have more sea-bathing. We shall stop for a week or two on the opposite coast."

She had brightened as she heard, yet he could see that one sorrow he had not touched. Why such mysteriousness on Elizabeth's part? This sudden breaking up of a summer holiday? He looked the questions he could not venture to put even to his betrothed.

"Elizabeth will say nothing as to the reason of our departure, and you must put no questions to her," Flora went on. "She has other things to think of just now besides our affairs. I am not quite sure that she would object to your company. She seems terribly cast down."

"I fear sad tidings have reached you from home," at last said the young man, kindly, with almost brother-like solicitude. No curiosity, only a desire to be serviceable, prompted the speech.

"Not from home," Flora said, flushed and tearful. "But I dare not say a word. Perhaps Elizabeth will confide in you. Let us both go to her."

Harvey jumped from his seat with alacrity. Yes, that was the best thing to do, he said. There was always a good deal to think of before a hurried departure. He could put his own belongings together in a quarter of an hour. For the present he placed himself entirely at the sisters' service.

They lingered under the beechen shadow for a whisper, a hand-clasp, a fond look, then went back to the little villa in the rose garden. It was the favorite hour for bathing, and the place seemed deserted alike visible and without, not an occupant in any of the tiny summer-houses perched above the sea, not a sound in-doors save of brooms being lustily plied in the upper chambers. Flora led her companion to the little parlor now familiar to him, but how changed its aspect since yesterday! No pretty work baskets, no posies of freshly culled wild flowers; on all sides that unmistakable barrenness and coldness of the sea-side lodging, the habitation that belongs to nobody. Beneath the window stood a huge trunk with open lid, showing all kinds of hastily packed feminine treasures; but, evidently wearied are her task was done, Elizabeth had thrown herself on the sofa. There Flora and Harvey found her, pale, overcome with bodily lassitude and dejection.

"Mr Venning wants to know if he can be of one to us," Flora said, quite cheerfully. It was wonderful how Harvey's view of the question inspirited and emboldened her. "May he not come in?"

Elizabeth looked almost too wearied to open her lips. She tried to smile, however, and sitting up, began to give instructions. Harvey had ever been a favorite with her, and she liked this unaffected good nature and alacrity to serve. Whilst Flora bustled about in the next room she set him several tasks. To secure two places in the steamer starting for the opposite shores that afternoon, to see to the transport of luggage on board, to run hither and thither for the paying of visitors' tax and depositing an address at the post-office: all these matters would now be well off her mind, and she thanked her henchman beforehand.

"I am grieved to have to leave this sweet place in the middle of our summer holiday," she said. "We have had happy days together, Mr. Venning. I shall often think of them."

Harvey stood before the pale girl, hat in hand, not looking in the least like a lover about to be separated from his mistress, much less dismissed altogether. Elizabeth could not understand this apparent indifference, almost stolidness, on the part of Flora's faithful knight. Flora's briskness puzzled her still more. An hour before, this child had seemed as near despair as eighteen years can be; and she was making ready for departure without a sign of reluctance.

"Flora has spoken to me of your wishes," Elizabeth went on, with calm decision. "But I can not think of her prospects now. She must not build too much on hope." Then, suddenly overcome with the bitterness of unspoken sorrow, she rested her head on the sofa pillow, and her utterance became thick with tears. "It would make me very happy to see Flora happy with you." Hans she held not one hand, which the young man clasped brother-like. "You are kind and loyal, I feel sure, and would be good to my poor little sister. But you are an English gentleman—none so proud, they say. You would never wed a girl with a tarnished name, ally yourself with a family dishonored forever and forever."

Harvey spoke out bluntly after true British fashion. "What family escutcheon without its blot?" he said. "A man marries the woman he loves, and he loves her the better, not the worse, because of misfortune. Trust me with Flora's happiness. It shall be safe in my keeping, let her himself be what they may."

"You have a generous heart," murmured Elizabeth. "I feel drawn toward you as to a brother, yet I must not let you win my Flora's love till you know all. I wish I could unburden myself to you now, but I am too weary in body and in spirit. I had hardly any sleep last night," she added, wistfully.

"Do not undertake this journey to-day, then. Rest till to-morrow," Harvey said, overcome with affectionate concern for the pale, overwrought girl. "The delay of one day can surely be of no moment."

"You are wrong," cried Elizabeth, rising from her seat with sudden animation, a feverish brightness in her eyes and on her cheek. "Dear friend—brother, if you will that I call you so—do not try to persuade me to stay: I shall get no more rest here. I came to seek a little happiness, a spell of oblivion, but the shadow that hangs over our house—the shadow whose name is shame—follows us wherever we go. There is a fatality about this island. Help me to hasten away, and you will be my kindest friend."

"Of course you must leave, if you wish it, by this afternoon's boat," Harvey said, in a pleasant, matter-of-fact voice. "But I can not let you undertake this troublesome journey without escort. I leave this island, then, to-day as well as you."

"What will your brother say? And elders here may gossip unkindly," Elizabeth urged, after a momentary indecision.

"Arthur has no right to say anything. The rest can not make a hazard of the truth," Harvey said. "What other construction should be put upon such a step but the right one? Your sister's future husband may surely accompany you home; for when you leave the sea, I go too."

"Home! home!" cried Elizabeth, with an unutterable look of anguish. "Little is in of a home we have now, my poor Flora and I."

"Then we will all three make one together," answered Harvey, astonished at his own audacity. "So now I will go and arrange everything for our journey."

When Harvey was gone, Elizabeth once more rested on the sofa with the listless aspect of one whose powers of endurance have been cruelly overtasked. The beautiful glow of health and vivaciousness had vanished. Yet the high-spirited girl was suffering from no bodily weariness, only a mental shock had wrought the change.

As the day thus passive amid so many claims upon her time and attention, something like a smile lighted up her pale face. Yes, Harvey's honest declaration was a ray of sunshine in the gloom. Flora, the bride of an honorable English gentleman; in Flora the family fortunes edified, the family honor vindicated. This seemed indeed cheering to think of. Elizabeth was leaving Arthur perhaps without a word of farewell, but the prospect hardly dismayed, much less grieved her just now. Concerning her own future she could not speculate. Only to place the sea between her and the love-like hate, the clinging misery, the shadow from which there seemed no escape!

[to be continued.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The Chinese of this city held a meeting in Mott Street on the evening after they received news of the bombarding of Foo-Choo. Some of the more patriotic young men were in favor of offering their services to Kwang-su; but it was decided that as France probably would be whipped before the arrival of the Mott Street contingent, they would return to their wash tubs for a while. If the news which is at hand at the moment of writing this—the story of the annihilation of the French in Tonquin by an army of eighty thousand Chinese—is verified by later dispatches, the confidence of the Mott Street meeting will have been as a measure justified.

Thus has been a frost in this latitude in every month thus far this year. September has now arrived, and in this month there will surely be frosty mornings. So the year will be as remarkable as that of a quarter of a century ago, in which there was frost in every month. Besides, this is the year of the earthquake.

A challenge to balloonists is issued by the president of an Illinois agricultural association, who announces that he will wager five thousand dollars that aeronaut King, of Philadelphia, can make "the most successful ascension on record." This sweeping and ambiguous challenge is partly explained by the announcement that unless the offer is accepted within two months the challenger and Professor King will ascend from some Western city, and attempt to circle the world, the French aeronauts and all, in the length of their voyage.

A Long Island man has been fined for selling "vitalized Croton." The name mystified the community for a little while, but the old topers soon recognized the beverage.

The study of the ordinary crab of these waters in his various conditions is discipline for the mind. When the crab is within about three days of doffing his shell, he is a "comer." His next state is that of a "shedder," and this endures till he becomes a "busser." This condition can not last long. Within a few hours he drops the old shell, and becomes the soft crab of commerce. As though he fancied that there was still protection in the cast-off shell, he lingers near it till the newness of his condition has in a measure worn off, and his covering has toughened a little. He has to be exceedingly circumspect, lest his hard shell brethren yield to the temptation to put him out of the way by eating him.

The cold snap sent New-Yorkers home from the country by thousands. There is yet a chance for warm weather in the city, and in view of the amount of cool weather thus far, it would not be strange if the warmest days were yet to come. The highest temperature in recent years was in September, 1881, when the mercury indicated 102 in the shade. But warm weather in September is usually of short duration.

A HISTORIC PARALLEL.

Western Farmer to Blaine. "So it is your protection and your twenty years in Congress that make the soil so rich?"—*Harper's Weekly, August 2, page 508.*

"What he most prides himself on," said Sheridan of George IV. (who fancied he had been in the battle of Waterloo, and used to tell stories about it in the presence of the Duke of Wellington), "is last year's harvest."

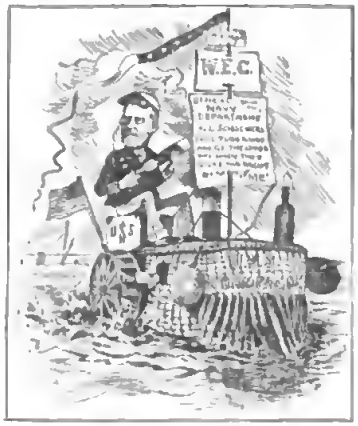
On a recent day the work of the police of an entire precinct in this city was the driving of ten cows and one horse to the pound. This was in the Tremont precinct.

The Only Original Cohen, of the Bowery, was bereed out the other day. There are only four left now.

The elephant which King John of Abyssinia presented to Queen Victoria has been sent to the Zoological Gardens, but nobody seems to know what has become of the monkey which accompanied the elephant. Perhaps he will turn up in Mulberry Street on the support of some recently arrived Italian family.

Sam Gee and Lung Haw have gone into the laundry business together. They ought to make a strong team.

One of the regular visitors at Monmouth Park during the season just closed was a gray cat. Nearly every day she took a position on the steps in front of the reporters' stand. At length she made friends with some of the ladies, and became quite a pet. She seemed to take a deep interest in the races. As she was not a black cat, she was worthless as an omen of good luck to the bettors.



THE NATIONAL YACHTSMAN.
"Guess I'm all right now—'at Public Expense.'"

On page 576 will be found sketches made by our special artist at the recent military encampment held at Chicago. It was a very successfully managed affair, and the manœuvres, drills, night attack on the fort, and every matter incident to the encampment displayed the skill and discipline of our citizen soldiers in the most conspicuous and gratifying manner. Nothing could be better adapted to encourage and preserve their military spirit than such gatherings as this.

HE HAS A FAMILY PORTRAIT PAINTED.
J. G. B. "Excellent! Beautiful! A perfect likeness! But, I say, couldn't you manage to get a little German into that nose?"

A TIGHT CARTRIDGE.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

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HUNTING THE BADGER.

There is something quaintly mysterious in the aspect of an English hunting party engaged about a badger earth, especially if you chance to come upon the scene without knowing beforehand what is going on. There is a smack of melodrama about the situation, a certain suggestion of conspiracy and deeds of blood. The place will probably be a steep bank, darkly wooded, and sloping down to stream and meadow below. You will first catch sight of three or four figures holding earnest colloquy over a grave-like trench at their feet. They are covered with red soil from head to heel, and talk in hushed tones, stooping to listen between whiles, as if for sounds from the bowels of the earth.

Let it be premised that there is a good dog "to ground"; the keeper's Turk, for choice. He has not been seen since he was slipped an hour ago, but certain muffled noises which have been heard at intervals meanwhile—gruntings and cusslings, short smothered barks, and scurryings to and fro—have set all doubts at rest about a badger being at home.

Then a long silence ensues, during which the acutest anxiety reigns above-ground. Many things may be happening at this moment. Most probably the intrepid Turk and his foe are planted opposite to one another, catching their breath, and each waiting for the other to stir. But, on the other hand, the badger may have eluded Turk from his superior knowledge of the intricate passages of his dwelling, in which case he will by this time be hundreds of yards away under the field behind. Or, again, he may be employing these precious moments in burying himself—a fatal manœuvre.

Every one listens at every conceivable outlet, and the situation is canvassed in discreet whispers. The keeper has infinite confidence in his dog; he enjoins patience, and narrates a few of Turk's exploits. Nestor says nothing—he rarely does say anything on these occasions; he merely glances at the line of fence which skirts the top of the bank, and fills his pipe. Presently the keeper's confidence is justified by an exclamation from some one under the fence saying that the dog is there, barking "solid." A general rush is made to the place, and Nestor follows leisurely, trailing a light iron bar, the like of which may be seen in the repertory of any well-appointed burglar, and which he uses as a probe or a stethoscope as the case may demand. The sounds are pronounced to be near the surface, the dog barking at intervals, and showing no disposition to stir from the spot; so spade and mattock are passed forward, and two sturdy laborers set to work, digging as they never dig for wages.

The supposition is that the badger is penned in a *cul-de-sac*, with the dog in front of him; and if he is now cut off by digging between him and the main "earth," his fate is sealed, his only chance of escape being to slip out into the open through Nestor's fingers, and to call that a chance were rank heresy in these parts. After a quarter of an hour's work, a trench—not the first excavation of the kind that has been made to-day—is cut across the line of passage as near as can be guessed to where the dog is; and Nestor inserts himself sideways into the space, thrusting one arm as far up the gallery as he can reach. His legs only are visible from above, and the cluster of spectators eye the convulsive movements of his heels with anxious interest, inferring much therefrom. What is happening under-ground is something in this wise. Turk, inspirited by feeling a well-known arm and hand thrust into the hole beside him, and quite aware from previous experience that the supreme moment has arrived, comes to close quarters with his foe.

The badger, true to his instinct, makes for the nearest outlet, pushing the dog before him, and punishing him at every step. Hideous sounds of mauling and worrying come to the upper air as they roll and tussle nearer and nearer to the opening. Presently Nestor's hand steals over the two struggling bodies; he passes it with nice caution from one limb to another, until the all-important tail comes into a favorable position, when he grasps it like lightning, and drags himself out of the hole, with a long gray body held out at arm's-length in front of him. "Boar of thirty pounds," says the keeper, with decision, and turns to examine Turk's wounds. The dog looks a little woe-begone; he has added a deep gash or two about the lower jaw to an already sufficient number of honorable scars, but when he has quenched his thirst and had his face washed at the stream, he looks as gay and irrepressible as ever. After this, whiskey is passed round, horses are put to, and the rest of the dogs are let loose to scamper over the fields in the waning light.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
UNEQUALLED.

Dr. R. M. Alexander, Farmettsburgh, Pa., says: "I think Horsford's Acid Phosphate is not equalled by any other preparation of phosphorus."—[*Adv.*]

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If smokers were more choice, and took care to leave behind them only the exquisite perfumes of such tobacco as Blackwell's Durham Long Cut, there would be no objection to smoking. Even non-smoking men would take to regaling themselves by proxy, and ladies would grow tolerant and appreciative.—[*Adv.*]

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"Buchu-paiba," Great Kidney and Urinary Cure.
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"Rough on Toothache," instant relief. 15c.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.—[*Adv.*]

Electro-Silicon imparts wonderful brilliancy to gold and silver without scratching. 15 cts., postpaid. 72 John St., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

Thin People. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, etc. $1.—[*Adv.*]

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR

May be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocoaine. Housekeepers should insist upon obtaining Burnett's Flavoring Extracts; they are the best.—[*Adv.*]

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."—[*Adv.*]

If you make it a rule to flavor all your cold drinks with 10 or 15 drops of Angostura Bitters you will keep free from summer diseases, and have your digestive organs in good order. But be sure you get the genuine article, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

Children slow in development, puny, scrawny, and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."—[*Adv.*]

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To wit: Be it Remembered, that on the 13th day of August, Anno Domini 1884, BENJAMIN VAUGHAN ABBOTT, AUSTIN ABBOTT, LYMAN ABBOTT, and EDWARD ABBOTT, of the United States, have deposited in this Office the titles of Books, the titles or descriptions of which are in the following words, to wit:

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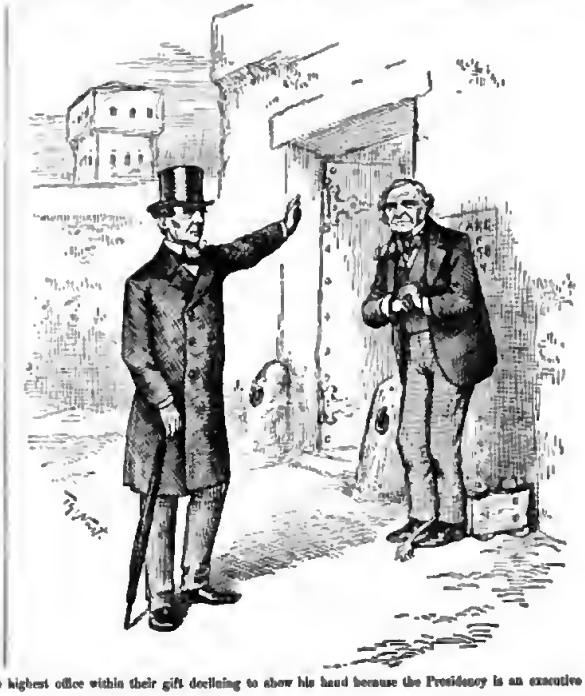

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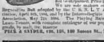

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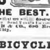

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SENATOR HOAR FOR THE DEFENSE

THE friends of Mr. BLAINE have at last seen the folly of attempting to persuade Republicans by praising the Republican party and denouncing the Democratic party to support a Presidential candidate whom they hold to be unworthy. Such Republicans have praised one party and denounced the other quite as warmly as their fellow Republicans who propose to vote for Mr. BLAINE. But the higher the standard of official conduct and of party principle and character is raised, the more difficult it is to show them that for the sake of the party they ought to do something which in their judgment is entirely unworthy of the party. All the BLAINE speeches, therefore, for the first three months of the campaign were totally futile to win or to drive back protesting Republicans, and at last the BLAINE advocates begin to treat the real question, the official conduct of Mr. BLAINE when Speaker. But they speak only to show how wise was their silence, for their reluctant and unwilling explanations do not explain. It may be safely assumed that Senator HOAR's letter is the best defense that can be made for Mr. BLAINE's railway transactions. The Senator undertakes to traverse the speech of Mr. SCHURZ at Brooklyn. But in a cogent reply Mr. SCHURZ has conclusively disposed of the Senator's defense. He shows from Mr. BLAINE'S own letters and from undisputed facts the inaccuracy of Senator HOAR'S statements, and he points out the extraordinary character of the Senator's ethics.

Thus Mr BLAINE'S repeated and persistent reminder to CALDWELL and FISHER that his ruling had virtually saved the road—a reminder which was renewed and reiterated for the purpose of aiding him in obtaining a pecuniary interest in the speculation—Mr. HOAR treats as a perfectly natural and casual allusion to an interesting coincidence. Casual allusions to interesting coincidences are never suspicious, and require no demonstration. But persistent references to past official action as inducement for pecuniary favors are not casual allusions. They are intimations of a kind which Senator HOAR would no more give with the purpose of private gain than he would do any other discreditable act As Mr. SCHURZ truly says:

"When the Speaker says to a railroad man, 'I rendered you and your road in a perfectly proper way a great favor, and I am glad I did it,' that is one thing. But when the Speaker says to the railroad man, 'I did you such and such a service by the exercise of my power, and now I want you to give me a valuable interest in your enterprise; I know I am not going to be a dead-head in it, and I see various channels in which I can be useful'—is not that quite another thing? But that is just what Mr. BLAINE did."

Senator HOAR also says that "Mr. BLAINE is not charged with any corrupt, improper, or wrong act whatever." This is a curious misapprehension, or a very singular use of words. How does Mr SCHURZ in his speech put the case?

"Here we find the Speaker of the House of Representatives in a business-like way participating and urgently asking for a greater share in larger enterprises, the pecuniary success of which is in a great measure dependent on the action of the same House over which he presides, and in which he wields great power—*for the purpose of getting rich.* We find him pointing out the exercise of his official power as a channel in which he already has made himself useful, and consequently can make himself more useful, in order to obtain more of a valuable interest in such an enterprise, thus literally trading upon his official trust and opportunities. To cover up these things we find him resorting to all sorts of barefaced untruths, deceptions, and concealments on the most solemn occasions. The concealments resorted to, and the able perspectives opened by the official investigation, are fully sufficient to justify the inference that the case disclosed is only one of many. We find that he did get rich while in office, without any other regular business. His most devoted friend publicly admits his fortune to be about half a million, while the estimates of others go far beyond that. But the lowest estimate, half a million, is wealth not only to any one starting with nothing, but to all of our countrymen except a few. This is the character of the case."

Is there no improper or wrong act here? Is not such conduct in the strictest sense an act, and can it be truly said that to be charged with such conduct is not to be accused of wrongful acts? The Speaker's conduct is to be judged by the whole of it, and by all the circumstances. Senator HOAR'S view is that it was "simple, natural, and honest." The Senator is capable of bitter sarcasm. Are the misstatements of the speech of April 24, the excited apprehension about the letters, the seizure and retention of them in violation of a pledge, the circumstances of reading them, the track of the CALDWELL telegram, the refusal to show the letters, the failure to assist upon the completion of the investigation, all "simple, honest, and natural"? Was the conduct of Mr. BLAINE throughout the whole affair that of a man consciously innocent, and anxious that everything should be known, or that of a man desperately determined that everything should not be known? We advise every voter in the land, young or old, to read together Mr. SCHURZ'S speech, Senator HOAR'S reply, and Mr. SCHURZ'S answer. They will then understand why so many Republicans refuse to vote for Mr. BLAINE, and they will see the best defense that the most honest of Republicans can make for him. Senator HOAR, however, as if conscious that his defense does not really defend, adds to it a plea to vote for Mr. BLAINE in order to support the party. But if his defense is satisfactory to any Independent Republican voter, this plea is unnecessary, because if such a voter's objections to the candidate are removed, he will, of course, vote for him. If they are not removed, the party plea is futile, because it is simply an exhortation to support the candidate because of the party. If the question were merely of personal preference, this plea would be good But as a plea to support a candidate whom the voter believes to have "marketed his official power for private gain," the reply to it is that of the Massachusetts Republican Convention of 1879, that the duty of party men to support a nomination is reciprocal with that of party Conventions to make nominations fit to be supported.

INDEPENDENT REPUBLICANS AND FREE TRADE.

THE Republican opposition to Mr. BLAINE in all the States is founded mainly upon the official record of his misuse of official position for his private advantage. But those of his supporters who are unwilling and unable to explain his record so as to annul this opposition endeavor to represent it as a free-trade movement in disguise. That this assertion is wholly false is shown in several ways, any one of which is conclusive to anybody who really wishes to know the truth.

First, the candidate whom the Independent Republicans warmly supported for the nomination was Senator EDMUNDS, who is as good a protectionist as Mr. BLAINE. Second, the address of the Independent Conference in New York, and of the Republicans and Independents in Boston, distinctly declared that on all questions of policy upon which parties were divided the Independents and Republicans were also divided, and they would vote accordingly for members of Congress. They were united solely in demanding unsuspected official integrity for the highest office. Third, there are no more resolute and plain spoken adherents of the Independent movement than the extremest protectionists like HENRY C. LEA, of Philadelphia. The Independents have adopted no platform because of this diversity of view, and for the same reason their movement is not a new party movement, although some who are interested in it undoubtedly desire to see a reorganization of parties. Many of them also are reveone reformers; most of them, probably, are civil service reformers; some are prohibitionists.

Among the anti BLAINE men who are not Democrats there are, we repeat, all kinds of views upon other public questions, and upon all such questions they would not vote together But in their judgment when the question of official integrity is raised by a nomination, that question takes precedence of all others; and however strong their Republican sympathy or their Democratic distrust may be, their first duty is to defeat a nomination the success of which, in their opinion, would be a declaration that a man might traffic on his office for his own gain without public disapproval, just as the election of General BUTLER would be the declaration that the most blatant demagoguery does not unfit a man for the Presidency.

SENATOR EDMUNDS'S VIEW.

SENATOR EDMUNDS'S opinion of Mr. BLAINE is no secret. The Brattleborough *Reformer* has stated the substance of a letter written by the Senator four years ago—a letter which was seen by "possibly *not less than a hundred prominent Republicans* in the State," and the authenticity of which is not questioned. In that letter Mr. EDMUNDS said, substantially:

"It is my deliberate opinion that Mr BLAINE acts as the attorney of JAY GOULD. Whenever Mr THURMAN and I have settled upon legislation in behalf the Pacific railroads to terms of equity with the government, up has jumped JAMES G. BLAINE, musket in hand, from behind the breastworks of GOULD'S lobby, to fire in our back."

The attack upon Senator EDMUNDS in the PHELPS letter, which was not published, of course, without Mr. BLAINE'S knowledge and approval, and which was virtually his act, was the act of a man conscious of the opinion which the other held of him.

Senator EDMUNDS is the strictest of partisans, and he has made a speech of five minutes to say that

"Whatever doubts or difficulties may embarrass our countrymen here or elsewhere in the United States, it seems to me that in the present minute of political affairs the defeat of the Democratic party is a need fairly paramount to any other. I recognize fully the liberty of belief, of opinion, and of action that belongs to citizenship. It is a fundamental part of our creed, and none of us can fail to feel the great responsibility that results from that freedom."

In these words Senator EDMUNDS virtually says with General CHAMBERLAIN that he proposes to support the nomination, but that he has no hard words or thoughts for those who do not. This is scarcely in keeping with that campaign of resistless enthusiasm which was promised, and it shows as forcibly as anything which has occurred since the nomination of Mr BLAINE how deep and wide-spread is the Republican dissatisfaction with it.

But in the terrible stress of the situation, in the endeavor to merge the candidate in the party, and to induce honest Republicans to vote for a candidate whom they believe to have prostituted a great public trust to his private advantage, are not some eminent Republican leaders forgetting the fundamental Republican principle of political honesty?

PARTY LOYALTY.

THERE have been some recent reminders of the true nature and function of party, and of the duty of party men, which are peculiarly timely when honored party leaders speak of party as they would speak of a church, or a corporation, or a patriot army, and imply that American citizens who vote according to their judgment and conscience are "deserters," "traitors," or "apostates." One of the excellent results of this campaign will be the dissipation of many of the dangerous fallacies about party and party "duty." EDMUND BURKE'S definition of party is familiar to all political students. It is, in substance, that a party is a voluntary association of like-minded men to carry out certain policies with the power and authority of the state. The party bond is not a pledge, but a common conviction and a common purpose, and military or ecclesiastical discipline and obligation are wholly foreign to a party. In this country they were first stringently introduced in New York, and, most fitly, by AARON BURR.

A writer in the *Atlantic* recalls Mr. WEBSTER'S draft of a declaration of Whig principles and purposes in 1840, in which he says:

"Party spirit, . . . when it gains such an ascendency in men's minds as leads them to substitute party for country, to seek on ends but party ends, no approbation but party approbation, and to fear no reproach or censure but that there be on party dissatisfaction, not only allows the true enjoyment of our institutions, but weakens every day the foundations on which they stand."

And again, in a speech at Valley Forge, in 1844, Mr. WEBSTER said:

"When party spirit carries men so far that they will not inquire into men and measures that are placed before them for support, but will only inquire to what party the men belong, or what party recommends the measures, that is a state of things which is dangerous to the stability of a free government."

In his eulogy upon WASHINGTON, Mr. WEBSTER refers to the warning of the Farewell Address against party spirit, and mentions the danger that through the excesses of that spirit "the government itself may become nothing but organized party."

The Boston *Advertiser*, commenting upon Senator HOAR'S military theory of party organization, recalls the words of JOHN JAY, whose name is one of the most illustrious in the political annals of New York, and whose words have a singular pertinence to this time:

"We approve of the customary mode of nominating candidates, and here uniformly concurred in it; that concurrence certainly involved our tacit consent to be bound by the nomination which should be made. But it is equally certain that such consent did, does, and ever will rest on the conditions, trust, and confidence that such nominations only be made as we could or can support without transferring the obligations we are under to preserve our character and our minds free from humiliation and reproach. Adherence to party has its limits, and they are prescribed and marked by that supreme wisdom which has united and associated true policy with rectitude and honor and self-respect."

AN ERROR AGAIN CORRECTED.

We are sorry to see that Senator Hoar has been misled by the republication in papers that support Mr Blaine of an article in Harper's Weekly of May 13, 1876, so far as to assert that the editor of this paper has declared that "Mr. Blaine's vindication of the principal charge against him was triumphant."

Senator Hoar is, of course, unaware that the article was published in Harper's Weekly dated May 13, 1876. The article stated, with other Republican papers at the time, that in the absence of further evidence the assertion of Mr. Blaine was a thorough exculpation. The evidence in the case was then, however, unknown, including the existence of the Mulligan letters. All was rumor, and "further evidence" did not appear until after the publication of the paper, and the Mulligan letters were not made public until early in June. In other words, the real facts of the case and their apparent significance were not known until long after the article in the Weekly of May 13 was written. The letters and the investigation supplied the further evidence, in the absence of which the speech of the 24th of April was said to be a complete vindication.

The statement of Senator Hoar, therefore, conveys an entirely incorrect impression, because it necessarily implies that in the opinion of the editor Mr. Blaine's speech of the 24th of April completely and satisfactorily explained the facts which the Mulligan letters and the investigation revealed—an opinion which the editor does not hold.

VERMONT AND MAINE.

The State election in Vermont is, of course, a Republican victory. Vermont, as Senator Edmunds said, is the Republican pole-star. The reduced vote in a Presidential year, and with a popular candidate, means only that the Republican protest has reached to the Green Mountain State, and it shows that genuine enthusiasm is impossible for a national nomination which a multitude of the strangest Republicans can not support.

The result in Maine will be known when this paper is issued. Every effort has been made to poll a very large Republican vote, and to secure a majority which may be cited as the verdict of the candidate's own State in his favor. There is no reason to suppose that such opposition to the Presidential candidate as exists in the State will be felt at this election, except that in Mr. Reed's Congressional district there is the open Republican opposition of General Chamberlain and his friends. They oppose Mr. Reed in the exercise of the same independence which compels so many Republicans to oppose Mr. Blaine.

The Republican campaign in Maine has been directed against the Democrats and the Independent Republicans. Of the latter there have been extraordinary stories told from the stump, and every option has been ascribed to their movement except the obvious and acknowledged one. In both Maine and Vermont the strength of the protest can not be known until the November election. But it has already shown the great error of the nomination. From no other candidate would there have been such a revolt, far from no other candidate did the reasons for such a revolt exist.

SENATOR ANTHONY.

The death of Senator Anthony has been long expected, and it releases him from a suffering which was beyond remedy. He was a public man of long and honorable service, who filled every station to which he was called with dignity and grace. As the editor of the Providence Journal, and Governor and Senator, he was the most important political figure in the State, and in his death Rhode Island loses the most successful politician in her history.

In other years Senator Anthony's crisp and pungent paragraphs in the Journal were very notable and influential, and his paper was one of the half-dozen leading journals in New England. It was by paragraphs rather than by elaborate editorial articles that he preferred to affect opinion, and in the Senate it was by his occasional brief speeches, which were often singularly felicitous, and not by participation in debate as by prolonged orations, that he took part in the proceedings.

He was a devoted party man, and his political experience and judgment made him a wise counsellor. At home he had the reputation of a shrewd manager, and his party will not easily find as well-trained a leader. Yet for a long time there have been complaints that his rule was too absolute, and that good politics required more freedom and independence than his party permitted. Senator Anthony's social sympathies and his literary tastes made him a very pleasant companion, and his conversation was full of interesting political reminiscence. He had become the Father of the Senate, and no Senator would be more sincerely mourned by his associates than this courteous gentleman and devoted and faithful legislator.

RIOTOUS EXCURSIONS.

Like all great cities, New York is infested by "gangs" of ruffians, who in New York, by reason of the peculiarly intimate relations that subsist between "politics" and crime, go less in fear of the police than in other cities. It is gratifying, however, to know that the New York ruffian does not feel himself entirely unprincipled and at liberty to pursue the impulses of his beautiful nature as long as he is on shore and within the jurisdiction of the police. It is not as gratifying to know that he betakes himself to the "excursion," where he finds himself are unfettered by conventional restraints as if he were with El Mahdi in the Soudan, and can let loose his fund of animal spirits upon peaceable passengers without fear of molestation.

The wanton murder that has lately been committed in the bay of New York is a novelty in excursions. The hilarity commonly stops at mayhem, or even at severe personal contusions. But it is none the less true that there is absolutely no protection for peaceable passengers upon these excursions against organized bands of ruffians, who are in a manner organized by the very fact of being ruffians. It often happens that such passengers are put and kept in terror of their lives during the whole progress of excursions, which are continuous riots, occasionally varied by invasions of peaceful rural neighborhoods, and levying tribute from the terrified inhabitants thereof.

The murder in New York Bay last week was as atrocious in its circumstances, the murderers robbing the body of their victim and fighting for hours in its presence, that it has attracted public attention to the helplessness of peaceable excursionists, whose only chance of breathing fresh air involves the risk of being turned loose among a band of savages. It is not easy to say what should be done. It has been suggested that the owners of the vessels used for excursions should be compelled to keep and pay an adequate force of policemen, such as are now detailed, at the cost of the applicants, for service at hotels and banks and ferries. This scheme would involve an increase of the police force during the excursion season, and would therefore require legislation, and it would be embarrassed by several difficulties of detail. But it is plain that these excursions must be either regulated or suppressed. It is intolerable that excursions should leave and return to the greatest of American cities almost daily during the summer season, which are parties of pleasure to persons of a riotous and murderous turn of mind, and to nobody else.

A "PRESUMPTIVE CASE" EXPOSED.

The Boston *Journal*, one of the most virulent of the Blaine newspapers, recently said:

"Mr. Schurz's repeated and much-talked-of 'rulings' in favor of the Northern Pacific interests during his Secretaryship of the Interior, when viewed in connection with Mr Villard's friendship and Mr Schurz's subsequent connection with the *Evening Post*, afford a far stronger presumptive case against Mr Schurz for any enemy who might wish to use it, than any 'rulings' of Mr Blaine can possibly be made to sustain against him We do not believe that Mr Schurz was a dishonest official. But we urge the people of this country, if they have any regard for their own high interests, to cease and to rebuke this cankering hypercriticism of public men."

"Cankering hypercriticism" is undoubtedly bad, but as in gross and careless misrepresentation. Mr. Schurz disposed of this kind of insinuation long before the nomination of Mr. Blaine, by stating:

1. That at the time when these rulings were made, Mr. Henry Villard had no connection with the Northern Pacific Railroad.

2. That the rulings were made by Attorney-General Devens, and not by Mr Schurz, although Mr. Schurz's name was appended to them *pro forma*. This statement was confirmed by a letter of General Devens published at the time.

3. That the rulings were in conformity with decisions of the Supreme Court, which have been followed by every Administration since.

Will the *Journal* now make as clear, clean, and complete a disposition of the case which Mr. Blaine makes against himself?

THE ALDERMEN AND BROADWAY.

When the General Surface Railroad Bill was under discussion at Albany last winter, it was proposed to make compulsory the sale of the franchises to be granted under it by the local authorities. Some plausible reasons were urged against that course, which is abstractly not always the best one, and the bill, as passed, provides that the local authorities may, "at their option," expose the franchise to sale.

It is tolerably well known in New York that the committal of anything to the discretion of the Board of Aldermen is an invitation to breach of trust on the part of that body. Still few people can have expected so cynical and indecent a defiance of public opinion as was issued by that body—first, in giving away a franchise for which projectors have been willing, any time these twenty years, to pay large sums of money; and secondly, in meeting stealthily to confirm this gift in spite of the Mayor's veto, and in spite of a clear showing that they were throwing away at least a million dollars of the city's money.

Of course the men who did this invited the imputation to themselves of the very worst motives, but the offensiveness of their action is even more obvious than the considerations which induced it. Eleven years have elapsed since Tweed was sentenced, and eleven years is a space long enough to rub out from the memory of Aldermen the exemplary lesson of Tweed's sentence. The Aldermen have become accustomed to being treated as public enemies. It is true that they have earned this treatment by behaving as public enemies, but the treatment has made the less hardened their hearts and their foreheads, until they have come to look upon any measure by which their constituents can be despoiled as a lawful and meritorious act of war. There is need of a renewal of the example furnished by the punishment of the Tweed ring. If any incautious Alderman has left any evidence by which it can be made to appear that the surrender of Broadway was not a wanton surrender of the city's rights, but the result of a bargain by which the Aldermen got a share of what the city lost, such an Alderman will most illegally have done more public service than all the Aldermen together have ever rendered in their official capacities.

Whether this result can be brought about or not, the powerlessness of the Board of Aldermen for good and its power for mischief have again been so fully shown that it would be sheer folly to go on giving its members opportunities to betray the city. The history of municipal legislation for ten years and more shows the gradual diminution of the power of the Aldermen, until no important civic function is left them except that of selling public franchises under pretense of giving them away. Nobody can point to any public inconvenience that would be entailed by abolishing a board which can only be trusted to do its remaining duties when its members are frightened into a momentary deference to public opinion.

PERSONAL.

Mr. W Hamilton Gibson, illustrator, painter, and author, is making a lengthened tour among his old haunts in the White Mountains and the Berkshire Hills, of which his pen and pencil have so often spoken eloquently to the readers of the Harper periodicals. We are glad to announce that Mr Gibson is filling his portfolio and his memory with material for a series of new articles in Harper's Magazine. His position is altogether unique among contemporaneous artists, and his originality is as striking as the delicacy of his fancy and his touch, and the celebrity of his well-earned success.

—*London Society*, in a recent issue, thus pleasantly refers to the visit abroad of the author of *Betsy and I Are Out*: "It may not be generally known that Will Carleton, the well known American poet, is at present on a visit to London. Mr Carleton is one of the few poets who can recite with dramatic effect their own poems, and his success as the platform has only been exceeded by his popularity as a writer. One of his best entertainments is called 'The Science of Home.' We understand that he has agreed to give twelve recitals between October 1 and 16."

—A beautiful chapel by the sea, with low pitched roof, vaulted nave, and side-aisle niches suggestive of Brittany, has been erected by Mr Samuel D Crain, at Quogue, Long Island. Certain Italian features in the cathedral glass windows, the cross, and the vase, together with some Soane reminiscences in the diminutive mingling of parts of the interior, enter into an *ensemble* of quaint picturesqueness which refreshingly contrasts with the sermons of much of our modern ecclesiastical architecture. The plans are from designs by Mr S. V. Shipman.

—The Governor of Vermont, the Hon Samuel E. Pinney, of whom a portrait appeared in this journal on July 12, has just been re-elected. His administration has been honest, vigorous, and efficient, and he is deservedly popular throughout his State.

—The Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, who has again been nominated for Congress on the farmers' candidate in the Third Minnesota District, is the author of that very successful and brilliant book, *Atlantis, the Antediluvian World*, in which he undertakes to demonstrate that the Atlantis myth is a reminiscence of the first civilized nation that ever existed

—Alma-Tadema has submitted for the critical inspection of the Germans at the Royal Academy exhibition in Berlin a life-size portrait of his daughter. She wears a gray dress and a shell necklace.

—The perils of operatic managers are luminous when least expected. That mild-mannered man Carl Rosa refused to give a free ticket to the wife of one of his troupe, who wanted to witness a performance in Dublin. The injured husband protested, and Mr Rosa dealt him an angry blow which caused a fight, and left the impresario with a black eye. Our own Colonel Mapleson is less warlike.

—Mr. Froude is finishing the last volume of his biography of Carlyle, and Carlyle's admirers are sorry that he did not burn some of his biographical bequests before he died.

—King Alfonso is still in consumption, with little hope of recovery, while his Austrian wife, now the regent apparent, was never so unpopular. Spain seems again to be on the road to the republic.

—Count Carlotta, ex-Empress of Mexico, spends only a few thousands a year in her mad-house, and the accumulated interest of her immense fortune has become enormous. Her heirs will be her brothers.

—The ex Empress Eugénie is drinking mineral water at Carlsbad She dresses in deep mourning and leans on a black cane. Her companions are the wife of General Bourbaki, and M Pietri, who in the days of her splendor was Prefect of Police.

—Certain recent drawings by "that interesting artist Mr F D Millet," to quote the words of the London Times, have been receiving admiration in the English capital.

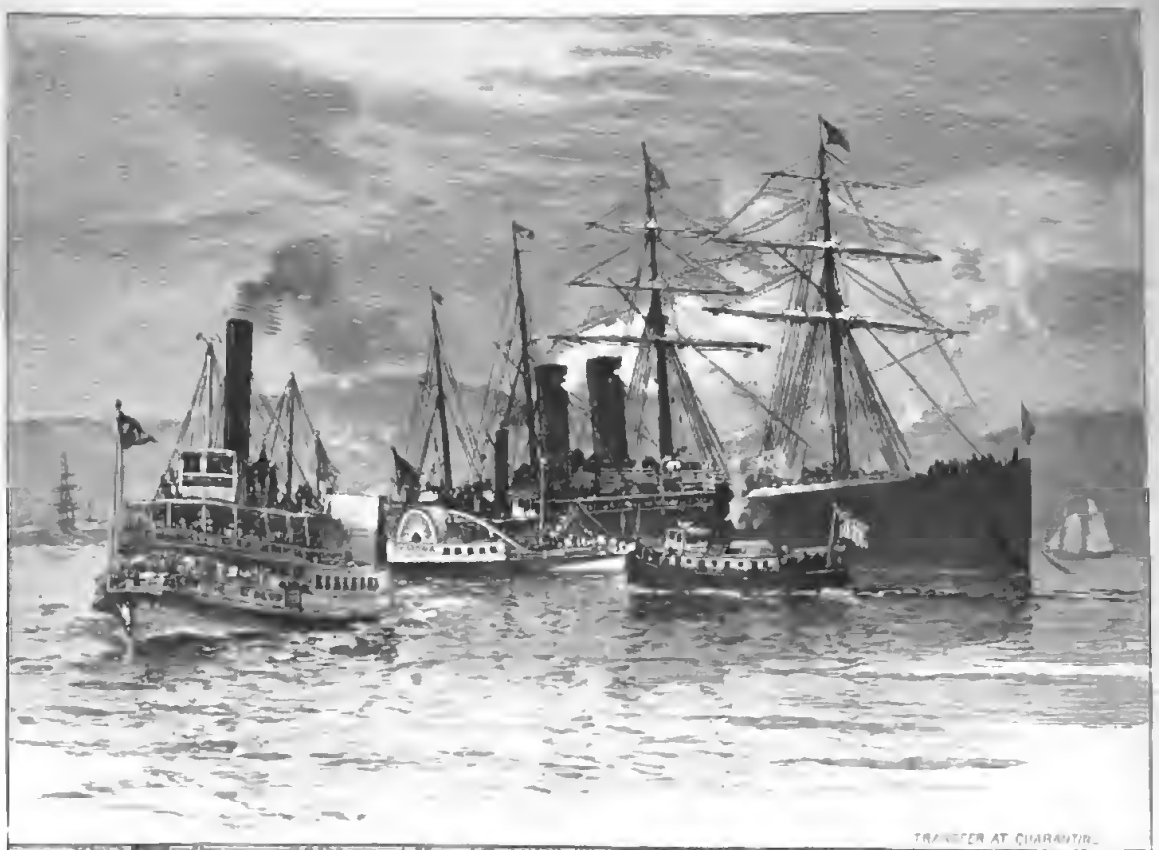
—George Sand's house at Nohant, France, is regarded by her family with reverence. All the clocks in the rooms were stopped at the hour of her death, and have never run once, the furniture and hangings of her bachelor remain as they were during her lifetime, her grand piano is in its old place, and her books are just as she left them.

—At a dinner recently in this city, Mr Carl Schurz told an amusing story. "I was walking up Broadway," he said, "when I saw a good-looking, massively built man coming toward me I knew who it was at once, though I had never been in his presence before. I could not help smiling at the excellence of the gentleman's likeness as portrayed by the caricaturists. Evidently he recognized me too, from the many ludicrous pictures that have been drawn of me, for his face, like mine, was as a broad grin. We knew each other at once. We had been pictorially introduced. We both laughed simultaneously, touched our hats, and passed on. The man was Jean Kelly."

—If the report is true that Mr Henry M Stanley will soon lecture in this country on his experiences in Equatorial Africa, he may expect a good bank account. Overdone on the lecture business is, the hero of the Congo would draw a full house every time, especially if, like Mr Lanagan, he should hire a pagan boy with him, or, like Mr Carle, should sing dialect songs, or, like Mr Matthew Arnold, should been taken lessons in elocution, or, like Mr Mark Twain, should whistle.

—Mr Inouai, the Foreign Minister of Japan, lives in a charming cottage in the neighborhood of Tokio, which he has caused to be furnished in part in European and in part in Japanese style. The woods used in the interior are highly polished, and the coloring of the walls and ceilings would please a French artist. The Japanese have done so much for modern European art that they certainly are entitled to as much of our art as they may care to use.

—A writer in the London *World* objects to the award of a pension of $1200 a year to Mr Matthew Arnold. "No nay," he says, "will deny that Mr. Arnold is a poet of much and insufficiently appreciated beauty, or that he is a considerable and a salutary force in modern literature. But he is also a servant of the state—an inspector of schools—handsomely remunerated at the present moment, and entitled at an distant date to a substantial retiring allowance. Mr Arnold is more than this: he is an eminently successful man of letters. He commands, and has long since commanded, the highest sums in the literary market. He has also been in receipt of his full salary as a public official. In addition to this, his employers—that is to say, the state—which has gratuitously subsidized him, made him, not long ago, a free grant of time in which to visit America, and to reap a substantial harvest of pecuniary success. Mr Arnold is a polished and popular person in London society, he is the inheritor of a great name, and he has powerful friends in high places. It is difficult to conceive of a greater abuse of that prerogative which the right of nomination to Civil List pensions places in the hands of Mr Gladstone If Mr Matthew Arnold's case is to be regarded as a precedent, an agitation against the Civil List pensions is inevitable." We venture the opinion that the spirit of such remarks meets with little sympathy from Englishmen who have read Matthew Arnold's books.



GETTING INTO THE PORT OF NEW YORK—ARRANGEMENTS FOR LANDING PASSENGERS AND BAGGAGE.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 601.]

HON. CHARLES J. FOLGER.
Photographed by Norman.—[See Page 592.]

EDWIN M. LEWIS.
Photographed by Gilbert & Bacon.—[See Page 597.]

HON. HENRY B. ANTHONY.
Photographed by Bell.—[See Page 592.]

THE REV. GEORGE FOSTER PIERCE, D.D.
[See Page 604.]

SMITH SHELDON.

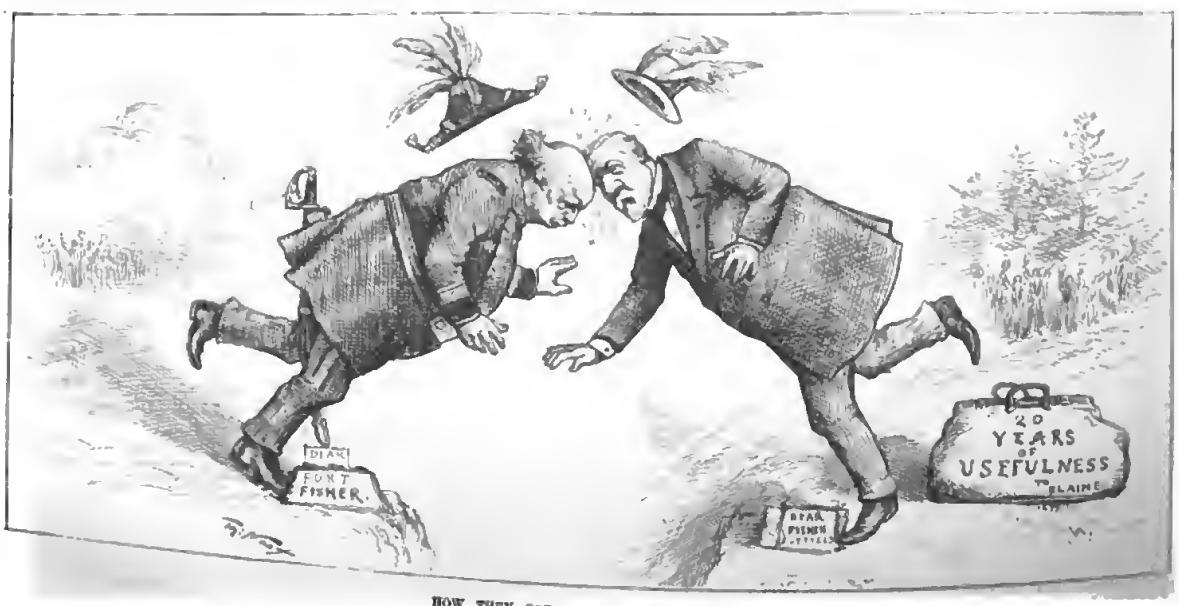
ROBERT CORNELL WHITE.
Photographed by Frank Frassala.—[See Page 597.]

SMITH SHELDON.

The founder of the publishing house of Sheldon & Co. died on the 1st inst. at the Prospect House, Nyack, aged seventy-two. About ten years ago the firm discontinued their Broadway store, where the *Galaxy* magazine was published, and transferred their head-quarters to Murray Street. Since this period Mr Sheldon had taken an active share in business, but had devoted himself to works of philanthropy. Mr. Sheldon was an intimate personal friend of Matthew Vassar, the founder of Vassar College, and was the confidential adviser of that good man in the work of establishing the first and greatest college for female education. He was one of the original trustees of the college, and had survived nearly all of those whose names were joined with his in the deed of incorporation. He remained till his death Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Board, and to his energy and business ability Vassar College owes much. He was also a member of the Board of Trustees of Rochester University and Madison University, both in this State. In the much-needed work of educating the freedmen in the South he took an active and warm interest.

Mr Sheldon was a leading member of the Baptist sect, but his religion was not bounded by narrow lines, and where good was to be done his heart was ready and his hand was open. For years he was prominently connected with the American Bible Society, and gave his services to the Committee on the Distribution of Bibles.

Mr Sheldon was of a good old New York family, his father, the last of the so-called "cocked hats," having been for twelve successive terms Speaker of the New York Legislature. He himself will be long remembered for his integrity, liberality, and single-minded devotion to every noble cause.



HOW THEY GOT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.
THEIR GREAT STUMBLING-BLOCKS.

FROM POST TO FINISH.

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART.

Author of "Bitter Lashings," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

"YOU IMPUDENT LITTLE MONKEY!"

Cakes and ale were going the evening the news reached Riddleton Moor that the Dancing Master had won the Two Thousand. It was a great triumph. For the stable to follow up last year's successes by taking the first great three-year-old event of the season with an outsider, ridden by a Riddleton lad, was something to boast of. A hard man was old Greyson, but he told his wife to set the cups a-flowing upon this occasion, and to dispense Yorkshire hospitality to all comers.

Judge the excitement of Dollie as she saw the boy with the telegram, mounted on the best hack in the stable, coming up the road at a hard gallop and waving the yellow tissue triumphantly over his head.

"Our horse in a canter," he exclaimed; "Bushranger second; Pibroch a bad third. Here's the telegram, master;" and with a grin of exultation he handed the yellow paper to old Greyson.

The trainer looked leisurely over the tissue, which Dollie, with flashing eyes, read over his shoulder.

"You're right, father; you always stuck to it he was a great horse when he liked, and that Forrest was the best lad you had."

"I never said that, my lass. What I said was, that he could do more with the Dancing Master than any of the other boys. The horse is more used to him, you see."

"It's a great thing for Jim Forrest to win his first race, father, isn't it? More especially when it is such a big race as the Two Thousand."

"Yes; and means a new frock for you, Dollie, and another mount or more before the season is over for him."

But not only had Jim Forrest gone up several steps in the estimation of the trainer, but amongst the myrmidons of the stable he was suddenly regarded with much respect. He had achieved at one bound the highest ambition of a stable-boy's life. He was a successful jockey! What career might not be open in that line to one who had steered the winner of the Two Thousand to victory? And already they regarded Forrest as blossoming possibly into a Frank Buckle or Jim Robinson, to one of those dead heroes of the saddle that figure in turf legends. There was great anxiety felt all round for the return of Butters and his charge, but that could not be expected as yet for two or three days. Although the Dancing Master had no other engagement, Butters had yet one or two other horses with him, who had been taken to Newmarket with a view to small handicaps or selling races, and so earn something to pay for their hay and corn.

But the morning after the Two Thousand brought a letter from Cuthbert Elliston that excited no little surprise in Bill Greyson and his wife. Dollie alone had a glimmer of the real meaning of it:

"Congratulate you on your luck," it ran. "If you take my advice you will part with your horse directly, for, of course, he is now yours. Sir Marmaduke Martindale asked if he was for sale, and of course puts the Dancing Master down as a veritable flyer, because he beat his own two highly tried ones. One thing more. You will get rid of that boy Forrest at once; from what I know about him, I don't choose to have him in any stable with which I am connected. I had no idea you had got hold of him. With kind regards to Mrs. Greyson and Miss Dollie,

"I am, yours truly,

"Cuthbert Elliston."

"Well, that's a rum start," as he finished the letter. "What can he know of this lad Forrest? Why, the boy's only been with us a couple of months or so, and he told me he had never been in a racing stable before, and now I have peremptory orders to discharge him."

"But you surely won't do anything so unjust, father? Why, he has just rendered you a signal service. Besides, he must be a fine horseman. I have heard you say many times a more awkward horse than the Dancing Master we never had at Riddleton. Surely it would be parting with one likely to be of very great service to you."

"Don't talk nonsense, child. No trainer can afford to indulge in the luxury of keeping a servant whom one of his principal employers objects to."

Dollie winced at the word. She had accustomed herself to hear her lover called one of the "lads," or "boys," but there was something very repugnant to her in the term of "servant," and yet she knew that he was just as much so as any one else who looked after horses for hire. She was not a little put out, too, at the idea of Gerald's leaving Riddleton. She saw that he had made the first step in the career which she had marked out for him, and she naturally wished that that career should be worked out under her own eye. She had pictured him as the crack jockey of the Riddleton stables. Now he would, of course, have to leave them, and probably settle at Newmarket. She did not see very much of him as it was, but her opportunities of meeting him would be rare indeed should that be the case, so that upon the whole Dollie's gratification at her lover's triumph was not altogether without a mixture of alloy. Her father puzzled over Elliston's letter a good deal. He could not understand it. He had endured a bitter experience of stable-lads in his time, and the idea of parting with a good boy, unless for proved dishonesty, was a terrible mistake in his eyes. However, if Mr. Elliston said it was to be so, it must. There would be nothing for it but to give Jim Forrest twenty pound or so for his win, and tell him he no longer required his services. One thing Bill Greyson comforted himself with for the somewhat unfair treatment he was about to mete out to young Forrest, and that was he could honestly recommend him for a situation in any other stable, provided he failed to get sufficient employment as a jockey.

The end of the week brought Butters, Forrest, and the horses home from Newmarket, flushed with success, for, to Elliston's great wrath, Butters, having no orders to the contrary, had ventured to put Jim up again in one of the minor races, and this also Forrest had succeeded in winning, after exhibiting what the race-going community pronounced a very pretty piece of riding. He came back most certainly expecting a word of commendation from the trainer; that Greyson was somewhat chary of such words he knew well; but he was assuredly dumfoundered at that gentleman's first speech to him. Greyson was not the man to dally about an unpleasant task, and though he honestly—could he have had his own way—would have been most loath to part with the boy, yet he felt that his employer's orders must be carried out without delay.

"Well, my lad," he said, as he greeted young Forrest, "from all I hear, both from papers and hearsay, you've shown you can ride. If you only keep steady, and don't lose your head, I fancy your career as a jockey is marked out for you. You remembered what I told you about the horse, and stuck closely to it. I won a tidy little stake on it myself, and there's a pony for you for riding to orders," and, as he concluded, Greyson put five five-pound notes into Jim's hand. "Mr. Elliston ought to have behaved handsome to you, though I don't want to ask what he's given you."

"I got nothing from Mr. Elliston," replied Jim, proudly; "not even thanks for being successful."

"Well, yes, I'm sorry to say, you got something more than that. I've Mr. Elliston's strict orders to discharge you, and I've no alternative but to obey them. What he has against you I've no idea, and at all events he don't explain his reasons to me."

"I can guess them pretty well," replied Forrest, "but that's neither here nor there. I don't suppose now I shall have much trouble about getting other employment. However, I have to thank you both for giving me a chance, and the liberality with which you have rewarded my success. I suppose I can have a day or two to look round?"

"Certainly, my lad," replied Greyson. "We have got to part, but you're not turned away, you know."

Gerald felt that he must see Dollie before leaving Riddleton, and that, of course, there would be no difficulty about accomplishing. A letter in that old post-office unlicensed of the authorities would, of course, find her, and Gerald had not much doubt about her calling speedily at that *poste restante* under existing circumstances. If a girl does not want to see and sympathize with her lover in his hour of triumph, when does she want to see him? She's scarce like to trouble him in the dark hour of reverse, I trow. But Dollie was full of exultation at Gerald's success, and full of hope for his future. Although dashed with disappointment, and filled with indignation at the injustice dealt out to him at first, she had still the sense to see, when she thought it over, that the best chance for a jockey to make his way quickly was to be resident at Newmarket. It was annoying to her personally to be so separated from her lover, but then she was gifted with plenty of common-sense, and reflected how many girls had to wait whilst their lovers made incomes sufficient to marry them on. He might be poor, he might be earning his bread in servile fashion, at the beck and call of any employer, like a hansom cabman, but he was of the best blood in Yorkshire, and say what you will you can't knock that conservative idea out of the most radical woman's head. Even the broken-down gentleman who has forfeited his old station is always looked upon with a certain respect, little as it may be deserved, by the women of a class beneath him.

"Oh, Gerald," exclaimed the girl, as she leaned across the fence and kissed him, "I was so pleased, dear, when the telegram came in! How good of that cross-tempered gray thing to do his best for once!"

"A once, darling, that's made me. It seemed as if the Dancing Master meant to repay the debt of gratitude for all the temper and patience he owes me. I dare say you heard what Mr. Elliston's idea is of repaying me my jockeyship? Has he told your father the reason why he wishes me sent away?"

"Of course he recognized you, Gerald? But, no, he has not told father anything about that. I saw the letter myself. He merely says, vaguely, 'from what he knows about you.'"

"I am very glad of it, Dollie. I should like to remain Jim Forrest for the next five years, but I'm afraid my *incognito* can hardly be sustained, even if Elliston says nothing about it. You see there are so many of my old University chums still there, and, of course, many of them come over to Newmarket. There they are a good many other people who have known me elsewhere. And if I am to come off as a jockey, I need scarcely say a great deal of my time must be passed at 'head-quarters,' so that sooner or later I'm afraid my recognition is bound to take place."

"I can't shut my eyes to what you say, Gerald, and though to me it matters nothing, yet I wish for your sake, and the sake of your mother and sister, it could be avoided. Still, the more successful you are the more certain is it to happen. In these days the crack jockeys and the fashionable beauties occupy all the front places in the photographers' windows. I want you to succeed, Gerald, and you must make up your mind to face the notoriety which attends success."

"Yes, I fancy it's all for the best," replied Gerald. "You must forgive my wincing at two or three things. You have put me in the way of earning more money than I was ever likely to do in any other line; but a Rockingham riding *professionally* goes rather against the grain. Absurd, no doubt. I'm not very old, but I do know you can't afford to be proud when you have got to earn your own living. It's hard lines having to leave you, Dollie."

"Nonsense," replied the girl; "it's only what all men do who get engaged early in life."

"Engaged!" interrupted a voice from behind. "Upon my word, Dollie, I should very much like to know who you are talking to about being engaged, forsooth, at this time in the evening; who is it, miss? I insist upon knowing," continued Mrs. Greyson, as Gerald, at an imploring gesture from Dollie, retreated precipitately in the direction of the stables.

"Who is it?" replied Dollie, quietly. "Some one, mother, I had something to say to."

"Don't answer me in that way, miss. Go in, and see about supper directly; and we'll soon see whether your father thinks that because one of his stable-boys wins races, it justifies him in keeping company with his daughter."

"If I'm to be accused of flirting, mother, with every one with whom I exchange a civil word about the place, perhaps I'd better be locked up at once. Yes, I met young Forrest, and I was only congratulating him on his success, and on his future prospects. Oh dear, no! not *here*, I know," she added, with a little toss of her head; "but he told me he has got a good opening, and you know, mother dear," concluded Dollie, with a sweet smile, "men are engaged to *ride* as well as to *marry*."

"Go along into the house, you impudent little monkey! Do you think I'm a mole, and can't see how things are going on? That comes of you tramping over to York, and trying on gloves in your uncle's shop. You've got that giddy that sooner than not carry on with somebody, you'll be for carrying on with a stable-boy. Go in, do, you saucy little baggage; and if your father allows that young Forrest to be another day about the place, he's a bigger fool than I take him to be."

I don't know that Dollie was much perturbed by this threat. She knew very well that Jim Forrest was already dismissed, and whether, after her mother's discovery, he was permitted to linger on another few days or so, was likely to be of very little consequence as far as their love affair was concerned. She could never venture to give him another meeting, now her mother's suspicions were aroused.

As for her father? Well, Dollie knew he never was seriously angry with her for twenty-four hours, so that upon the whole she was not much discomposed by the aspect of things.

Mrs. Greyson was as good as her word. Supper over, she ordered Dollie to bed in that peremptory fashion that few about her ever ventured to resist. Her petulant invalid manner and ways were simply the outcome of indolence, which her husband was too easy to dispute; but she had a pretty resolute will of her own when she was roused, and those who knew her best best knew it. Indolent dispositions are apt to be of this fashion; like the kettle on a slow fire, they take some time to boil, but boil over at last, and all the more wickedly from the hot water not being quite expected.

Mrs. Greyson had been a manager in her day, and the subordinates she had drilled and disciplined still stood no little in awe of the missus when she did look into things; so what with that and Dollie's being now able to take her mother's place in some measure, the wheels of the ménage at Riddleton Moor Farm ran pretty smoothly.

Dollie of late had rather rebelled against the maternal autocracy, but she had never ventured upon quite such flippant repartee as to-night.

Dollie, after some slight deliberation, having yielded to her mother's mandate and retired, Mrs. Greyson at once acquainted her husband with Dollie's culpable conduct.

"Damme!" said Bill Greyson, bringing his hand heavily down upon the table, "this won't do. He's a nice lad, that young Forrest, and I won't say but what he'll make a jockey in time, but I'm not going to have him sweethearting here with Dollie, all the same. Leave him to me, Dorothy, and I'll see he clears out sharp to-morrow."

Mrs. Greyson would rather have enjoyed dealing with the audacious Forrest herself, but she knew her husband too well to suggest such a thing. She reigned paramount in her own domain, but Bill Greyson tolerated no interference with any of his own myrmidons, except in a very limited way from his right-hand man Joe Butters. Though a rigid disciplinarian, he was a kind master, and Jim Forrest received his *immediate* dismissal next morning in rather softer terms than he otherwise would have done on account of having so successfully passed his "little go."

"Look here, Forrest," said the trainer; "I told you that you might stay on a few days with me, till you had arranged where to go. I tell you now you must clear out this afternoon. From what I hear, you came to Riddleton fooling after my daughter. Now I'll have no caterwauling of that sort. You've a future before you if you behave yourself and keep clear of drink. One thing more: take my advice and keep clear of women for the next six or seven years. It's brought as many of your profession to grief as spirits. Good-by, my lad; and," added Greyson, as he shook hands, "don't let me hear of your hanging around Riddleton."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. THORNDYKE'S CRICKET CLUB.

York woke up in real earnest when the result of the Two Thousand reached it. I don't mean canonical York exactly, but that section that surged around Harker's Hotel, or congregated in the coffee-room of the Black Swan in Coney Street. People congratulated Thomas Greyson on the extraordinary run of luck that was attending his brother's stable, but Yorkshire generally had no kindly feeling toward Bill Greyson. He had imparted the secret of last year to no one except a very few intimates. He had not kept them out of the Caterham business in the City and Suburban, and many of the Tykes had lost their money both last year and this over that horse, and hardly a soul had been the better for the victory at Newmarket.

"Clever tactician, Tom, your brother; but he might gie his friends and neighbors a tune, lad, when he's got such a clinking good thing as that last. Cuthbert Elliston, I reckon, made a sort of money out of the business. He's deep, deep as the Humber, is Elliston."

It was in vain that Thomas Greyson protested his brother had told him nothing, and that he firmly believed the Riddleton people had won no money over it. Yorkshire knew better than that. Both the Greysons, Elliston, and Sam Pearson had won big stakes over it. A clever division, very, said the denizens of the valley of the Ouse; "they do not tell us mooch afore the race, that's certain; but it's noa use they're telling us afterward they 'din't collared the brass."

Amongst other persons upon whose ears all this sort of talk happened to fall was Ellen Rockingham. She had gone into Mr. Greyson's shop, ostensibly to purchase some small articles she needed, but in reality quite as much with a view to coming across Dollie. She had not quite made up her mind what she would say to Dollie if she found her there, was not quite, indeed, sure that she would speak to her at all; but there was the fact they could get no news whatever of Gerald, and the sole person who knew of his whereabouts was Dollie Greyson. The girl was not in the shop, being, as we know, still at Riddleton, but while buying the trifles she wanted she overheard the race for the Two Thousand discussed. Miss Rockingham honestly cared nothing for turf matters, still she had been brought up in the bosom of a most sporting family, and naturally could not help knowing something about them, besides, Cuthbert Elliston and Mr. Sam Pearson were men only too well known to her, and whom she knew Gerald more than suspected of having a considerable hand in working his father's ruin. Once attracted by the subject, she listened to the discussion, which there was no attempt on the part of the speakers to make confidential, and gathered from it a most unfavorable opinion both of Dollie's father and his employers.

"Yes, old Bill's never been in the habit of letting his neighbors stand in with his 'good things,' but if ever he ought to have given a man a hint it was over the last Leger. He knew how deep the poor Squire was in the swim that went for Caterham, and Rockingham had been a rare good friend to him in his early days. He ought to have told him to save himself over Phaeton."

"Yes, indeed; but these Riddleton people think only of the money, and don't care how, or from whom, they get it. By-the-way, Greyson's brought out a new lad as well as a new three-year-old. The papers say that boy Forrest promises to be as good as the horse."

And this was the first Ellen was destined to hear of her brother's new career, and little did she dream then who Forrest was. In fact, so mechanically did the name fall upon her ear that when next she heard it she failed to recognize it.

"Well, Miss Rockingham," exclaimed Mr. Thorndyke, who had just entered the shop and caught just enough of the conversation to become aware that the late race at Newmarket was under discussion, "I presume you have enough county patriotism to be proud of Yorkshire's triumph over the Southron. I own I am always glad when those Newmarket people get beaten on their own dunghill. They give themselves such tremendous airs, and think that no one can train a horse except on the Heath."

"Surely, Mr. Thorndyke, you don't approve of racing? I know you go very far on the subject of field-sports, but not quite so far as that, surely?"

"If you mean do I go racing, certainly not, although I can see no harm in one of my cloth doing so once in a way; but I did a good deal as a young man, and I still can not help watching it in the papers."

Ellen could not understand Mr. Thorndyke; that he should entertain these extraordinary opinions and yet be a respected and popular parish priest, as she knew him to be, was inexplicable to her. It was so contrary to the views of the religious sect with which she had elected to identify herself.

"Will you come to my tea and turn-out next Thursday, Miss Rockingham? It's simply the opening of my cricket club for the season. I entertain somewhat more substantially than tea, though. A few of my friends, also, are kind enough to patronize me. Durnsford, with whom I dined last night, for one has promised to come."

Ellen stared. She knew that the new Canon had already acquired the reputation in York of being very fastidious in the choice both of his friends and his cook, and that to be one of his intimates was already regarded as a social distinction.

"You look amazed, Miss Rockingham, at my being a friend of Durnsford's. Our views, certainly, are not similar, but he's a clever man and tolerant, and by no means thinks it incumbent that every one should be of his way of thinking. Or," he continued, laughing, "do you think it is a

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1430.

hankering after the flesh-pots, and that the Canon's cook reconciles me to the Canon's opinions? A good dinner is better than a bad one, and a full man is ever more open-handed than a fasting one. Brushley, no doubt, tells you enjoyment of the superfluities is wrong. Life without its superfluities would be a very dull business. Come to my party, Miss Rockingham, and witness the full measure of my iniquities. You will be a check upon me, remember."

And then Ellen promised to go, and bade him good-by with a friendly little nod.

It was not particularly curious what had brought about the intimacy between the two men. Mr Dunsford was careless whom he became friends with as long as there was something in them. He had all the tolerance of opinions that a man accustomed to mix in the great London whirlpool usually acquires. He admired Thorndyke's straightforward, fearless character, and recognized his great ability. The Canon was, in his courtly way, quite as fearless as Thorndyke, but he was not quite as outspoken. The world had marvelled much when Mr Dunsford accepted advancement other than metropolitan, but there are always wheels within wheels, and Mr Dunsford was privately informed it was merely a stepping-stone to something better, so he accepted an excellent country living a few miles from York and a stall in the Minster, put a curate into the Rectory, and took up his own residence for the most part within the city.

It was a lovely day in June, the week between Epsom and Ascot, when Miss Rockingham started off to keep tryst with John Thorndyke, and be present at the opening day of his parish cricket club. Only the week before, the racing community had been electrified by the new bay from the Riddleton stable actually getting third for the Derby on a little-fancied outsider, and there were not wanted good judges who declared that young Forrest fairly outrode Blackton for the place, and Blackton was not only considered a good jockey, but it was well known had stringent orders to be in the first three if possible. People talked about this in York a good deal, and hailed the advent of another great north-country jockey who should be as famous as Bill Scott, Job Marson, or Frank Butler in a short time. Greyson was congratulated on having found out only the horse, but the man, and then folks began to inquire why it was that Jim Forrest had not ridden the Dancing Master instead of an outsider like Trumpet Major, on which it oozed out Forrest had set up his tent at Newmarket, and severed all connection with the Riddleton stable.

Miss Rockingham arrives at the cricket field, and is welcomed by John Thorndyke in most unclerical costume. A loose black surtout over his flannels is all the acknowledgment the Rector pays to his cloth.

"You don't mean to say you are going to play?" said Ellen, smiling, as she shook hands, for even she, it not being Sunday, saw nothing extraordinary in his doing so.

"Yes. To tell you the truth, it's a sort of pious fraud, Miss Rockingham. You see, my folks don't like the opening match without 'parson's in it.' So he always is, and is very unlucky, too. You'll see what a duffer I am to-day. The fact is, you can't make a good score and look after your guests, and some other fellow always has to fag out for me.—Oh, Dunsford, you remember Miss Rockingham?"

"Could any one but so extreme radical like you presume to ask such a question? But there's nothing a radical won't ask."

"Yes, we are always desirous of acquiring information, whilst you dear old conservatives forget nothing and learn nothing."

"Now, my dear Thorndyke, you know you only ask questions to annoy people, and it is usually successful. One either don't want to give information, or hasn't any to give. A wise man hates confessing ignorance."

"Well," laughed Thorndyke, "my present business is to get a few runs; so I shall leave Miss Rockingham in your charge."

"Quite right. Go and get your few runs—can't be too few for the sake of your guests, who for once are thoroughly in accord with your Liberal principles."

"Is Mr Thorndyke really a Radical?" inquired Miss Rockingham.

"Yes, and so are sensible men of all denominations in reality, if by radicalism you mean that the world can't stand still. Ah! well hit!" he exclaimed, as their host sent a ball to leg for four. "Let's wait a minute, and watch the game. Thorndyke is a really fine player."

Two or three more slashing hits, and then the Rector skyed one which his opponents promptly secured. A little ovation greeted his return to the tent, not on account of the half-score runs or so he had made, but as a testimony to his popularity.

"Dear me, Thorndyke, I congratulate you," said Mr Dunsford, with a twinkle in his eye. "I had no idea you were such a hand at hitting them."

"I always like to ascertain in these practice matches what the fielding's like," rejoined the Rector. "I know now those fellows can catch."

John Thorndyke's lunch was a great success. There were at least fifty people sat down in the tent, consisting of the elevens, the leading people in his parish, and a few personal friends like herself and Mr Dunsford.

Miss Rockingham could not but see what a popular man with his people this, in her eyes, most unorthodox clergyman was. It puzzled her. Could this man, so utterly unlike what she was accustomed to regard as one having religion, really have the welfare of those confided to his charge at heart? Still, it was evident that he knew every one, and from a word that dropped here and there, had, besides personal, an intimate knowledge of their lives. She knew that though he preached in what was in her most unconventional fashion, yet that his words went home, and his congregation listened with rapt attention to those short stirring addresses. Was this man doing as much good, according to his lights, as those more rigid and ascetic clergymen with whom she had been so far associated?

She ventured, as they strolled about after luncheon, to put a question to this effect to Mr Dunsford.

"We have all our way of attaining an end, Miss Rockingham," replied the Canon, "but I wish I could think I did half as much good as Thorndyke. I will tell you a little story. Before he came here, Thorndyke had charge of a parish in East London. Calling one day on an artisan who was just recovering from a long illness, he found the poor fellow unusually despondent. An excellent opportunity for work had presented itself, but all his wardrobe was in pawn, and he had no decent clothes in which to apply for it. There was no time to be lost or it would be gone. Thorndyke rose to the emergency. He quietly divested himself of the best part of his raiment, insisted upon the convalescent man putting on the clothes he took off, and then awaited his return. The man's application was successful, thanks to Thorndyke's promptitude, he was just in time to secure the situation he coveted. No one ever heard our friend allude to it, but the working-men of that district have by no means been as reticent, and the incident gave Thorndyke the most unbounded influence over them."

Miss Rockingham was as much impressed with this story of John Thorndyke as his late parishioners, and turned it over in her mind many times.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EDWIN M. LEWIS.

Mr. Edwin M. Lewis, the well-known capitalist and railroad man, who died August 23, was at the time of his death President of the Farmers' and Mechanics' National Bank of Philadelphia, and also Receiver of the Reading road. He was born in 1812 in Philadelphia, where his father was a wealthy ship-owner. After acquiring a commercial education in his father's office, he entered the house of McKean, Borie, & Tioga, of which the second partner became in after years Secretary of the Navy. The foundation of his fortune was laid by some successful voyages to China, at first as a supercargo, but finally on his own account.

His connection with the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank began in 1847, and was only severed by death. He was chosen by the court as assignee of Jay Cooke's estate, and has held other positions of the highest trust.

Mr. Lewis had the honor of being one of the original fifty who founded the Union League, and it is a strange coincidence that another of its founders, H. M. Phillips, nearly of the same age, was at the same time lying at the point of death.

Mr. Lewis was for two years a widower, and left several sons and one married daughter. He was a consistent member of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

THE PRESIDENT AT NEWPORT.

Newport has within the last week or two been even gayer than usual. The pleasures of lawn tennis and polo, of garden parties and Casino concerts, of driving and swimming, of boating and dancing, have been largely increased by the visit of the President. Naturally all the resources of dinner giving and hospitable Newport were called out to do honor to the chief of the nation, and the festive occasion has been one of unusual brilliancy. The most interesting sight was the visit of the President to the Torpedo Station. The day was lovely, and the harbor was soon dotted by countless sail and row boats, filled with ladies anxious to see the promised submarine explosion, and to get a peep at the President. Captain Selfridge, the commanding officer, had prepared an elaborate programme, and invited a number of distinguished guests, including members of the cabinet, the diplomatic body, and the fashionable world of Newport. The commanding officers of the North Atlantic Squadron, under Admiral Luce, the officers of the training squadron, as well as the army officers from Fort Adams, added to the gayety of the scene by the brilliance of their uniforms. The President's arrival at that Island was greeted by the explosion of twenty-one torpedoes, which were exploded in rapid succession by electricity, the key-board being in the electrical building. The effect was grand, as tons of water, breaking into spray, were thrown heavenward to a height of two hundred feet. Captain Selfridge exhibited to his guests his new gun-cotton contact torpedo, with which he blew an old schooner, the *Joseph Henry*, all to pieces. This incident is graphically pictured on page 600.

On the following day the fleet was reviewed by the Secretary of the Navy, and target practice was ordered. The vessels were placed in column, and the flag-ship commenced to fire, followed by the *Yantic*, *Swatara*, *Alliance*, and *Vandalia*. Our artist, Mr. Davidson, thus describes the scene: "As the fleet rounded into line, signal colors were run up on the *Tennessee* to 'commence firing,' and answering pennants were promptly sprung aloft from the other ships. We were close enough to see and hear everything distinctly. Sharp orders from the officers and shrill piping of the boatswains' whistles mingle with the hum of the gale amid the rigging overhead. The bulwarks of the vessels are now gaping open, showing the great rifled pivot-guns, and their crews expectant. The targets are but small white specks in the distance.

"Suddenly a great gush of white smoke bursts from the *Tennessee's* bows. It folds back, enveloping half the ship. Simultaneously with the roar of the gun is heard the quavering shriek of the shell speeding toward the target. Three tall jets of spray mark its perfect line, and it bursts with a bright flash just over the mark, leaving a round ball of smoke drifting before the gale. Gun after gun now speaks. One shell speeds beautifully straight, and, bursting just this side, hurls its fragments ahead, whitening with their spray a half-acre of water about the target. Another, after cutting the tops off a dozen billows, bounds hundreds of feet into the air, and then explodes.

"Presently the *Vandalia* opens fire, and soon all are wrapped in a shroud of smoke. One shell, bursting as it leaves the gun, tears up a lane of white foam for hundreds of feet with its fragments.

"The targets are soon shrouded in smoke and bursting shells and jets of spray. It was a grand sight."

The firing was excellent, as every shot would have struck a vessel broadside on. The distance was about 1700 yards. The President was too late to see the firing from the fleet, but had on the previous day witnessed some torpedo target practice, which had nearly resulted in an accident. One of the torpedoes exploded prematurely, and considerable alarm was felt till it was ascertained that no damage had been done. The torpedo was luckily in the water, for if it had been on deck, the vessel would have been blown to pieces and many lives lost.

THE ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION.

The international exhibition now in progress at Philadelphia, under the auspices of the Franklin Institute of Pennsylvania, is the fourth of its kind, the three preceding having been those of Paris, Munich, and Berlin. All four have been held within as many consecutive years, and the reflection may occur that they are succeeding each other with too great rapidity. Yet when we observe the remarkable progress made almost from day to day in the utilization of electrical force, it becomes obvious that even the developments of a single twelvemonth may deserve to be gathered up and displayed in a new exposition. One of the most striking thoughts occurring to the visitor in Philadelphia is that whereas ten years ago the magnetic telegraph, that wonder of our age, would necessarily have been the central and all-absorbing feature of an electrical fair, now it is relegated to a modest corner, not for purposes of display, but to fulfill the same matter-of-fact functions that it might in a political convention or a dog show. It is the uses of electricity as a light, a motor, and a conductor of sound that now claim the chief place of honor and of interest.

The exhibition was opened on the 3d of September—to continue until the 11th of October—with appropriate ceremonies, in the presence of a vast throng, which included many guests distinguished in diplomacy or in science. It is held in a new and spacious building, constructed for the purpose, at the corner of Lancaster Avenue and Thirty-second Street, close by the old Pennsylvania Railroad station. This latter is connected with it as an annex, and furnishes not only a fine concert hall and lecture room, but also additional area for electric railway switch and signal exhibits and others that require much space. The spot is not far from the one on which Franklin, one hundred and thirty-two years ago, drew the electric fire from the sky along his kite string.

Despite many evidences of incompleteness at the outset, this exhibition will be a worthy successor to the finest that has gone before it. All the dynamos and electric light and telephone systems familiar to the American public—the Edison, the Thomson-Houston, the United States, the Brush, the Bell, the Hermann, the Excelsior, the Acme, the McTighe, the Weston, and so on—are there in their familiar manifestations. Here may be seen Edison's gigantic machine, the largest dynamo in the world, the thirty ton "Jumbo," seven feet in height, nine in width, and fifteen in length, challenging the old time supremacy of steam, as represented in the great Porter & Allen engine that furnishes power for a second minor machinery and wheels through the building. A dozen or more powerful dynamos and many steam-engines are met from point to point. Here are the Thomson-Houston devices for conveniently combining the arc and incandescent systems. Here in the joint exhibit of the Ordnance Corps and Signal Service of the army, with its electric self-recording rain gauge, its model of a field telegraph train and portable field telegraph apparatus, its instruments for measuring the force and direction of the wind and the velocity of projectiles, and for determining barometric pressure, besides the familiar system of signaling.

Hard by is the Navy Department's exhibit, which includes torpedoes fired by electricity and others exploded by contact; electrical appliances for firing guns separately or in broadside; a pair of revolving naval search lights operated by Gramme dynamos; electrical appliances for determining water currents or electric currents; devices for exploding torpedoes in boats, and the ingenious McEvoy apparatus for controlling a group of torpedoes from a common centre, and, above all, for ascertaining the presence of hostile torpedoes by a telephonic detector sunk under the water, and communicating the news of their proximity to the patrolling boat by a peculiar low sound. In one of the towers is a great electric naval search light, perhaps the most powerful in the country, throwing its ray, by means of lenses and reflectors, over the city for a distance of more than two miles.

Fire alarms and burglar alarms of many kinds—matting with electric wires that can be put under carpets, wires and bells that connect with doors, windows, and safes; telephones in their now familiar guise, one of them communicating even with Boston; photometers and telemeters, locomotive head-lights, arc and incandescent lamps of all varieties, electric clocks and electric apparatus for minutely subdividing time—these are encountered on every hand. The applications of electricity to medicine, dentistry, and surgery find a place, as does educational apparatus for the school-room. There are the marvels also of the phonograph, the microphone, and various devices used thus far mainly for entertainment. The telegraph, too, has its share of attention after all in the exhibition of its multiplex system, which allows scores of messages to be sent simultaneously over the same wire without the slightest interference or betrayal of each other—a most useful invention in these days when the multitude of wires required under the old system would be appalling.

Electro-plating, lightning rods with their copper wires and platinum tips, the application of electricity to mining and blasting, and other familiar matters are not neglected here. Groups of sewing-machines are at work on leather or on cloth by the aid of electricity, and some of those who sew are merely doing on exhibition what they have done in their own workshops for months. There is a great case full of eggs, from which chickens are to be hatched by electricity. Storage batteries of various sorts and exhibits of electrical supplies are found, and many small dynamos seen adapted to almost any form of light sedentary labor performed by man. A great variety of globes and chandeliers is there, and upholsterers and other tradesmen have taken advantage of this fact, it must be confessed, to make displays of very beautiful wares, which no one would like to miss seeing, though their chief connection with the purpose of the exhibition seems to be merely that of demonstrating that goods of their quality light up admirably under the electric light. In a few other instances the connection of exhibits with the central purpose of the fair may be even more obscure; still the display of gas-lighting apparatus can at least be regarded as a useful foil to electric illumination, while that of gas engines may be designed to show that gas has yet one mission in prospect.

The literature of electricity is represented by a large collection of books, which will pass into the possession of the Franklin Institute at the close of the fair. Great maps hung on the walls of the lecture-room show the lines of sea cable, present and prospective. The history of electrical appliances is set forth by exhibits of old fashioned voltaic piles, an electric machine constructed by Franklin, the famous instrument of Morse, and so on; and certainly one of the most striking portions of the whole display is the contribution by the United States Patent-office of the original models on which patents were granted to the most famous of existing American electric devices.

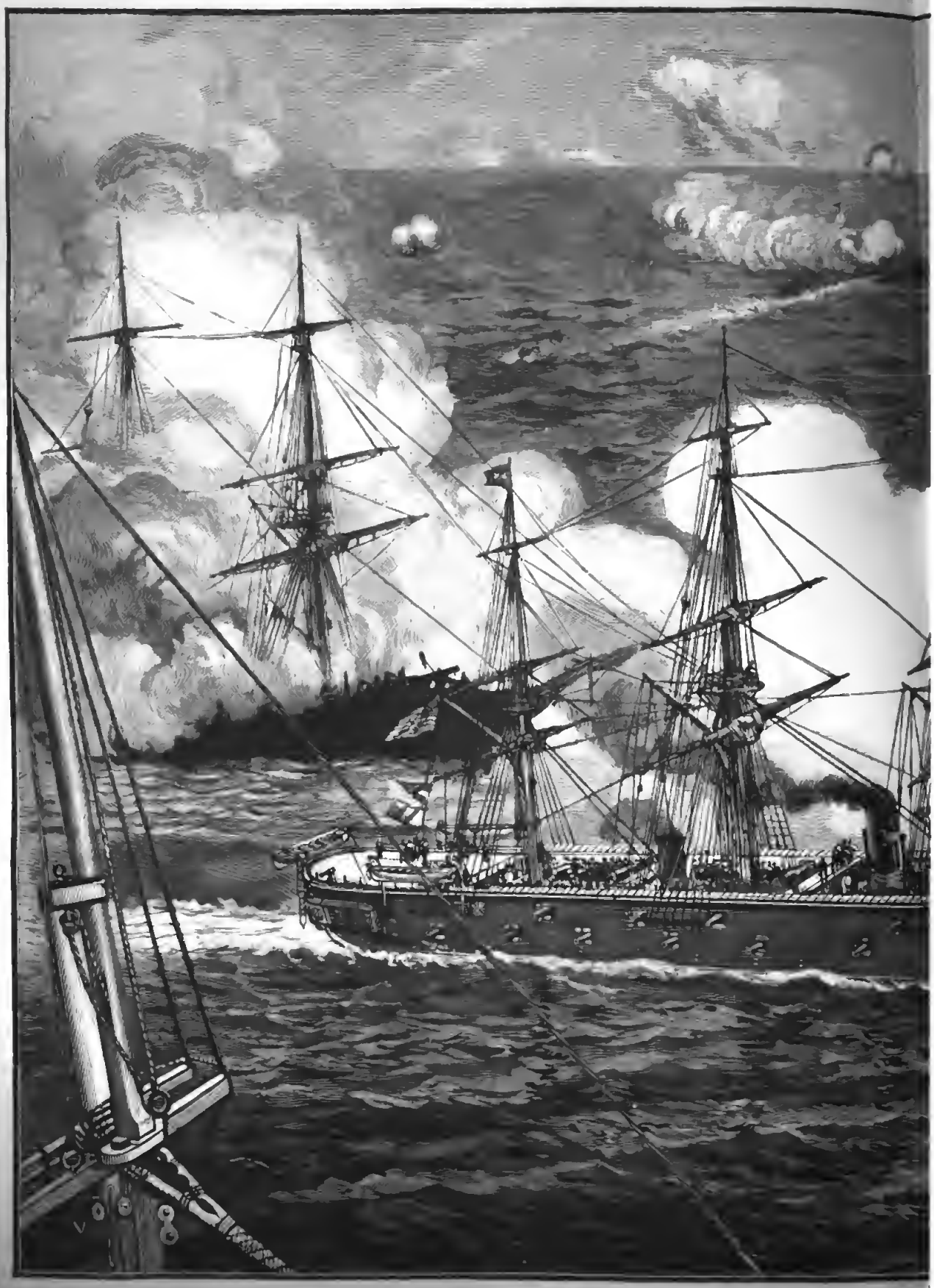
For spectacular effect, night, when all the multitudinous flames of this palace of light, both within and without the building, are flashing, is the time most favorable. Within, disposed at all available points, hanging from girders and arranged in rows along the thirteen arched rafters of the main building, are no fewer than 5000 incandescent lights and 350 arc lights. Of the former, 1200 are contributed by the United States Company and 3800 by the Edison, other companies furnishing the remainder. The dazzling noonday splendor of this illumination is enhanced by a large fountain in the centre, which throws an upward jet from a mass of stone, against which about other great jets from the rim of the basin. The spray, illuminated by the surrounding lights, transmitted through glasses of different colors, reflects prismatic hues at every point, and falls in a perpetual shower of jewels. Beds of flowers around the basin add to the effect, as do the other decorations of the hall. While the eye is thus gratified, the electric organ attracts the ear from its position in the gallery, the key-board with which the performer plays it being on the main floor, a hundred feet below.

From an exhibition so largely devoted to practical mechanism, occupying 200,000 square feet of space, and actuated by steam-engines aggregating 1800 horse-power, not only pleasure but scientific profit should be expected. There are about 200 separate exhibitors, and from six to eight times that number of exhibits. These cover a very wide range of electrical application, and the committees who are to examine and report upon them are mostly well-known experts, who will doubtless put them to a thorough test.

ROBERT CORNELL WHITE.

The well-known boat owner Robert Cornell White died on Friday, August 29, at Fort Hamilton. Mr White was familiar to the public as the proprietor of the Rockaway steamers *Columbia*, *Adelphi*, *Grand Republic*, *America*, and *Nassau*, on board which so many of our sea-loving citizens have tempted the perils of the deep, and sought a "sniff of the briny." On the transfer of these vessels to the Knickerbocker Company two years ago, Mr. White contemplated the organization of a new line, but failing health compelled him to abandon the idea and to retire into private life. During the war Mr White held a contract with the government for transports, and one of his steam-ships, the *Alice Price*, was sunk by the *Alabama* off Charleston Harbor.

Mr White was an American born in England in 1824. He was brought up in New York, and was for some time engaged in the crockery warehouse of Haydock & Co. and Allen, White, & Co., till he became interested in a ferry company, and began to build boats for himself. He was for a long time President of the Columbia Steam Navigation Company, in which he was the chief if not sole owner, President of the Hydraulic Safety Steering Company and of the United States Land Company. Mr White lived for many years in Brooklyn before he removed to Fort Hamilton. He died in his sixty-first year, leaving a widow, a son, and a daughter to mourn his loss.



THE PRESIDENT'S VACATION—TARGET PRACTICE WITH THE

GREAT GUNS OUT AT SEA.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 597.]

LOVE AND MIRAGE.*

OR,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XX.

IN COUNCIL.

Arthur was quietly sketching from his chamber window when Harvey dashed in, after the merest pretense at a knock. The elder brother never went through this formality with his junior; but Arthur was as Etonian whilst Harvey still wore pettycoats, and an assumption of superiority had still been kept up in little things. Arthur moreover earned money, Harvey did not—a quite sufficient reason for any amount of outward respect.

"I fear I am disturbing you," Harvey began "But I have something to say. Elizabeth and Flora are going away this afternoon, and I intend to accompany them."

Arthur looked up quietly from his sketch-book.

"I hope you will have a pleasant journey," was all he said, to the once Harvey knew so well. His motives were seen through, and his brother was making merry at his expense. Harvey waited for a moment to see what else Arthur would say, but Arthur's mood seemed uncommonly curt just then.

"The steamer starts at three o'clock," began Harvey, not easily to be checked or put out of countenance.

"A very convenient hour. You will have time for the *table d'hôte* dinner," was the reply.

"I do not think Flora and her sister will dine at the hotel to-day. They have much to do and to think of at the last moment."

"Naturally," Arthur made answer, whilst he carelessly plied his paint-brush.

No surprise, no inquiry concerning such precipitate departure? Harvey could not in the least account for this provoking behavior on Arthur's part. He must feel curiosity in any matter that regarded Elizabeth. Not to believe so was in thought to insult his own brother. Had not Arthur devoted himself to Elizabeth during these past weeks almost as exclusively as he had been devoted to Flora? Arthur might be many things Harvey did not yet suspect, but he could never be mean, above all, to a woman.

"We are not coming back to the island," he said at last, thinking that this speech must elicit one in return. Arthur merely made answer to he held up his drawing to the light.

"It would hardly be worth while."

This was too much. Harvey almost glared at his brother as he blurted forth, "I may as well tell you that I am going to marry Flora."

"Now, really, Harvey."

Arthur at last put down his sketch-book, good-naturedly resigning himself to a spoiled morning, perhaps a spoiled subject.

"Now really."

"I shall write for the newspapers," Harvey began, stoutly and apologetically, "and you know that German notices are very different to English ones. Flora will cheerfully keep house on less money than an English girl would spend on aesthetics."

"You won't have much of a margin for aesthetics, certainly," the elder brother said, lightly ironic. "Tell me now, have you a hundred pounds in the bank?"

The culprit had not a word to say.

"We can live in lodgings for the first year or two," he said at last.

"Of course I have nothing to say in the matter—nothing whatever," Arthur went on. "I am not sure that a struggling life would do you any harm for a time, and money is to be made by the newspapers. But—" and here he leaned back in his chair and quietly eyed his brother.

"But, Harvey, marriage is not a luxury one be purchased *en prix fix*. Have you thought of that? The man who marries goes to sea without a compass. One year's expense is no sort of guide for that of the next. I should not like to have you blow your brains out because the butcher had dunned you for his bill."

Harvey laughed. Arthur had taken the matter on much more agreeably than he expected. "We should probably live in the country. There are places even in England, charming too, where people can live upon next to nothing."

"How about the newspapers? If you mean to give up London, there is no help for you but to turn curate. Any packmanges can preach a sermon."

Again Harvey laughed in the best possible humor. He was so horribly, nearly happy that Arthur might make what fun of him he would.

"Well," he said, with the consciousness of a wise utterance, "fortunately newspapers no more than pulpits require Aristotles. The business of the world is for the most part done by nobodies like myself."

"In my word, you are becoming quite witty. I think I must fall in love too," Arthur made answer, and what with his brother's genial mood and his own exhilaration, Harvey could not for the life of him keep back a speech that spoiled all, the first impertinent speech he had made to his senior in his life.

"I suppose you are going to marry Elizabeth," he said, looking straight into the other's face.

The words were no sooner out than Harvey saw how deeply they were resented. Intense annoyance was written on Arthur's pleasant face. He took up his sketch-book, and fiercely plied the discarded brush.

"You suppose! you suppose! How can I help what you suppose? Be ex suppositions as you please. Are we bound to make good every fool's suppositions?"

"You are complimentary this morning," Harvey said, with unassailable good humor, trying to laugh away his blunder.

"Do let us have done with personalities. We might all have the temper of angels but for personalities," Arthur answered, returning to the aggressive words as if one bullet had not laid them low enough. "Personalities strip off the last rag of civilization, and take us back to the Deluge."

Harvey stood by the door, willing enough to rest short this unpromising talk, but was too disturbed to go away without eliciting a word of explanation. Arthur could not look upon the intercourse of the past three weeks as a mere aldermanner flirtation. Such Elizabeth certainly did not regard it.

"One can but put two and two together," he said, pleasantly, hoping thus to make all things smooth.

"Of course everybody has a perfect right to put two and two together," Arthur retorted, savagely; "But for Heaven's sake keep the application of your mental arithmetic to your own affairs."

Harvey yet lingered irresolute. The bare mention of a misunderstanding with his brother was hateful to him. The pair had never quarrelled in their lives. But zeal on behalf of his future sister-in-law had lain into the committal of one blunder more.

"I could not help believing that you and Elizabeth understood each other," he stammered forth.

That speech was the unlucky one. Harvey had made during the entire conversation. Arthur was now really angry; for if his brother's words meant anything at all, they indicated a kind of reproach most stinging to a proud man. Harvey, then, and if Harvey, why not every soul here, had watched his behavior toward Elizabeth, and had come to the conclusion that it was of a compromising nature. He saw also himself brought to the bar of public opinion, his actions common property, the arrangement of his future life no longer a matter of individual concernment. And the worst of this odious position was that his own brother, his junior, was sitting in judgment against him. He cut short the confabulation with an epigram that made poor Harvey feel how painful these relations had on a sudden become.

"If everybody could help believing that he understood his neighbor's affairs, the world would be a tolerable place," he said, and bent his head over his drawing, evidently determined to say no more.

"I had better go and finish my packing," Harvey made quiet answer; then he went to his own room, feeling bitter enough. They should meet at dinner. Arthur would be on the landing place to take courteous leave; there would be no visible estrangement. But for a long time to come their intercourse was spoiled. The coming separation gave an intense feeling of relief, and to Harvey's boyish, affectionate nature the sense of Flora's nearness came as a sweet consolation. He had at least one friend to confide in, one person in the world who would never silence him with an epigram.

The venom of this embittered feeling troubled Harvey most of all, for he must now believe that Elizabeth's fascination over Arthur had been transitory only, a mere summer sentiment, destined to pass away with its roses and asphyxia. Elizabeth was so unapproachable on Arthur. To Flora and himself she would never, he felt sure, open her lips on this subject. Arthur's want of depth, want of loyalty even, would be locked within her own breast, and no one would ever learn what a reality had passed between them. It was characteristic of Harvey, or it is of most mortal kind, that he was lamenting a brother's lapse purely hypothetical. Like many another, Arthur Venning was being blamed merely for not doing the thing the world expected him to do, or lamentably most of us forget that the exercise of judgment is a matter of accurately weighing or casting up. Leave out a thimbleful or a fraction, and what will our reckoning be worth?

CHAPTER XXI.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN.

Harvey was right so far. Arthur had too much self-command and self respect to betray his ruffled humor, and even award himself at the dinner table he shared on nettledly. He was cold and taciturn, that was all. But on the landing place he felt bound to be friendly, and if his face were less animated and his voice less genial than usual, at least neither Elizabeth nor Flora could have guessed what had taken place between the brothers.

"You have indeed taken us by surprise," he said, pleasantly, as all stood on the little wooden landing place surrounded by acquaintances. "The summer will last yet a few weeks longer."

Elizabeth colored painfully.

"We had no idea of leaving an room till yesterday," she answered. "But it must be."

"This is not a farewell," Arthur answered, in the same cheery, every day voice. "Who could help coming a second time to our island? And if not here, we are sure to meet elsewhere, Rhineland, Switzerland, the Black Forest, is not each a second England at certain seasons of the year?"

"And our island friends will ever be welcome to Bremen," Elizabeth said, glancing from Arthur to others standing near. The girl was strangely animated, almost excited, evidently thankful to go, yet—could it be otherwise?—almost heart-broken at the interruption of a summer holiday.

"Then it is understood. We are to meet at Bremen?" Arthur added, perhaps with hidden meaning intended for Elizabeth's ears only. "Bremen at least is accessible all the year round."

"Oh, do not reproach this sweet place," cried Elizabeth. "If the summer here is shorter than anywhere in the wide world, is it not by compensation sweeter?"

"That I admit unreservedly," Arthur made gallant reply. he was talking not only to Elizabeth, but to twenty, and Harvey was standing close by.

Exerting himself on he off-hand yet friendly, perhaps all the time feeling that Elizabeth took in a deeper meaning, he added, "There can surely be but one island and one summer in our recollections henceforth and forever."

The final signal for embarking was now given, and the boat waited to take Harvey and his charge alongside. Amid the general leave-taking, the brothers shook hands after frigid English fashion.

"What shall I do with your letters?" asked Arthur.

"Keep them till I write from Bremen, if you please," was the equally cold retort. Harvey too with what difficulty Elizabeth maintained self-composure at the last. Yes, his mind was made up. His elder brother was behaving heartlessly to this sweet girl. She could never, never be Elizabeth of old, and all through fault of his!

"Well, I suppose you will turn up in Cheyne Walk some time or other," Arthur said, as Harvey seated himself in the boat.

"I suppose so," was all the other said.

The stalwart boatmen now put their hands rhythmically to the oarlock, the pellucid waves showed crisp white sails, the upturned faces of the passengers stood out between bright sea and sky in strong relief, and the boat moved off amid waving of handkerchiefs and a chorus of German vocers. "Till we meet again. Till we meet again! (Auf wiedersehen, auf wiedersehen.)"

Arthur lingered on the little wooden landing-place till the empty boats had returned and the steamer was fairly on its way, then he went back to his quarters with a feeling of mingled self-reproach and relief. He had assiduously avoided making acquaintance on the island, and now derived inexpressible satisfaction from the fact of being alone. None to pry into his motives, none to comment on his doings. He was as sorry as could be to have hurt Harvey's feelings, but why would he meddle with things that did not concern him? And with affairs about all taken which concerned a man's self alone! For criticism in general Arthur cared not a straw. People might say what they chose about his writings, his sketches, his manner of life, himself. But to be criticised in the matter of liking and sentiment—in the matter of feeling for a woman—that was past all endurance. Harvey ought to have shown more reticence, more delicacy, at any rate more knowledge of the world. Well, the sea now separated them, and by the time they should meet again all soreness would be healed. Harvey might commit this romantic piece of folly if he chose, and take to himself a portionless bride ere he had set to work in right good earnest to win his bread. It would be his own part as elder brother to help him all he could. Certainly no word of reproach should ever pass his lips. He might do as much worse than marry a simple German girl, who would make her own gowns, and not require half her husband's income for the pursuit of aesthetics. This pretty little Flora would make a very safe sister-in-law indeed, and safety is the first virtue to be sought in relations! With a certain sense of relief also he thought of his own affairs. All was now crystal clear between Elizabeth and himself. Scripture was on planes than her downright utterances of two days ago. She liked him. He was her friend. But her heart was not free to love. Another feeling, all bitterness, which yet he must believe had been yet unalloyed once, shut out others for a time. She could but shake off this sorrow before looking hopefully forward. He was bound to accept her decision, which lest itself to no misinterpretation. For a time, a period to which she had put no limits, they were to be friends and nothing more. In other words, both were absolutely free. But for Elizabeth's passionate confessions of the other day, Arthur must have determined upon a wholly different line of conduct. He was a scrupulously honorable man. The notion of behaving meanly to a woman was an odious to him as that of criminal dishonesty in affairs of business. He had made love to Elizabeth. But for her sense outpouring, he should have followed Harvey's example. No other course would have occurred to him, although—

That unwelcome although! How many a man has found himself in Arthur's dilemma, falling in love twice, and the second time too soon! How many a man, rather than behave unhandsomely to a sentimental girl, has straightway pledged himself to a thankless bond, an affection that is but duty, and for life long! There was no fickleness in Arthur's disposition. He was loyalty itself. But the image of Elizabeth had straightway been eclipsed by one infinitely lovelier, and yet, in some strange way, recalling her own. There were glances, smiles, and aspects of this sweet Elizabeth that recalled a dozen times a day this dazzling creature whose sister she might well be. If inconstancy were here, Elizabeth must surely pardon it, since in adoring this stranger he seemed to adore her second self. Arthur therefore in these first moments of a mood that approached exultation was alive to the precise prosaic state of affairs. Elizabeth had refused, or at least silenced, him. Elizabeth was gone, and he felt glad! Glad for two reasons, first of all, because he could not bear the thought of forcing on her acceptance an affection changed with a heavy fiat, and secondly, because he was, in sooth, bound hand and foot by another fancy. He had loved Elizabeth as fondly as an honest man can love a sweet girl till just two weeks ago. Since that time he had learned the meaning of a stronger word. He could now understand the desperate sort man pay to passion. It was therefore with a glad sense of disentanglement and relief that he saw the last puff of smoke fade from view, and returned to betake himself to his usual pursuits. Few Englishmen but rejoice at some time or other in the feeling of utter isolation. We like to be in a place where we may be married, or, for the matter of fact, buried, without causing an approach to a flutter. This kind of exaggerated reaction against personal vanity it is that impels men to abandon hearth and duty for the mere sake of escaping plenty, fleeing from the self so terrible when reflected in the opinion of one's neighbors.

Arthur was far from carrying his feelings to such a pitch, but he did now revel in this utter remoteness from the world that knew him. For a short space he was to be ignored by society and his friends, or completely shut from view as reckless ice-men blocked up in north seas. He knew for a certainty that there was on country man or country woman of his on this island. In another week or ten the German holiday-makers would begin to cross the sea. If he staid a month, the chances were that he should have his little paradise to himself. And one other!

CHAPTER XXII.

FIRST DAYS ON WAITING.

Arthur had not made up his mind to sit down and wait for such windfalls as chance might bring. Yet what may chance count for in a life that is life indeed? We play with words as we will. The thing called destiny is the shape into which a commanding spirit throws its existence.

He felt how frail was the tenure linking him to the ideal. Nothing in the wide world interested him now but the loveliness and the sorrow that already seemed remote and unreal as the things beheld in a dream. He dared hardly hope for a fulfillment of the lady's promise. Obstacles would be put in her way, or, as the last, she might be overtaken by timidity, and would shrink from confiding even in the word of an honest man, the honor of an Englishmen. The more he pondered, the more he felt that this morning adventure was drifting from him, and receding into the dim tracks of memory. It was for him to make illusions tangible, to translate phantoms into the living reality. Yes, he could, he must see her again. Come what might, he would have bend circumstance to his will.

There was time enough to deliberate upon the best mode of effecting his purpose, and solitude is very favorable to the forming of plans. None of us perhaps are sufficiently alone. If the time spent in listening to opinions we do not intend act upon were devoted to a close scrutiny of the matter in hand, how much more expeditiously the business of life would be got through! In affairs of individual concern, each must be his own Nestor. August was but half out, and not till September could his beautiful prototype be free, or at least she had said during their last interview. There was on need, then, for precipitate action on his part. For another week or two he could afford to dawdle deliciously to before, sketch, make little cruises or excursions on foot, do the hundred and one things fleetation had prevented him from doing hitherto. Arthur was thorough in the least little thing. In spite of the sea impressions and emotions mastering him, he determined to carry out his original plan, and explore this wonderful island from end to end before going back to England. So once day, as the weather was superlatively fine, he set off for the one spot that had fascinated him most of all, the Black Lake, that lovely little sheet of water in the heart of the forest, as silvery bright in the mid-day sunshine, as purply dark under a zenless heaven, when the limpid water reflected the dense beechen shadow as in a mirror.

This legendary place had singularly attracted him from the first, and as yet he had not been able to enjoy it alone. Instead of making the climb through the forest, a glorious three hours' walk, he now engaged a skiff to take him round the foreland, thus reaching the lake from above.

Nothing could be more fairy-like than this cruise of an hour in glassy waters close under the cliffs and hanging gardens of the forest. The silverisms of these natural parapets, the rich foliage mantling many a scarp, the rare purity and peerlessness of sea and sky, made up an ineffable whole. Such a day and such a scene could but move Arthur Venning, whose appreciation of certain delicate phases of nature and art almost approached on extra sense. As yet these subtler impressions had not touched the inner life of feeling and emotion, but he was now in the mood when the ideal, the poetic, the best that is in man or woman, asserts itself. He felt, moreover, these secret promptings, these welcome yet disturbing prophecies of the new, fuller, deeper existence that had hitherto been only the unspoken aspiration or at least intellectual part of him. Noble objections, soul-reaching whispers and trumpet calls, solemn claims and admonitions. What generous mind that lends itself to the guidance of the poet, the philosopher, the artist, is insensible to these? But when the voice heard in that of the man's own soul speaking to himself, ah, then the purpose of his being is already half fulfilled! He can rest content with commonness never any more. For from resisting the influences at work both within and without, Arthur yielded to them. It was the first time that deepest feeling, the second immortal self that makes or what we are, had made itself audible.

He hearkened, readier to obey than to parley, much less hold back. By some rare chance, nothing occurred to jar his mood. When he quitted the boat and, knapsack on shoulder, climbed to the top of the wooded foreland, he found the place comparatively deserted.

A fortnight ago the chalet gardens were animated as by a bivouacking army, not a bed to be had for love or money, not a cup of coffee except after an hour's waiting, every rustic bench

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1440.

occupied, host, neat handed Phyllises, and waiters blowzed with running.

To-day a few stragglers disported themselves under the trees, one or two carry-alls full of excursionists drove up just as Arthur arrived, but it was evident that the tourist season was already on the wane. Truth to tell, a late spell of bad weather had driven away numbers, and September being at hand, not many were venturesome enough to come. In this pleasant chalet thus nestled amid ancient beechen trees, Arthur took up his quarters to nurse his dreams and build his air castles. Never was a spot more in keeping with those visions and reveries that seem so unsubstantial and phantasmal a man can not choose but keep to himself.

From this eyrie, perched midway between sea and sky, he might drop a pebble into the glassy waters hundreds of feet below, or, on the other side, by delicious woodland ways, get down to the little lake embosomed in the very heart of the forest. Brooding stillness, mystery, enchantment, everywhere. All kinds of legends and historic myths, the earliest in this part of christendom, were associated with this little tarn, so magically lovely in the broad light of a summer day, so eerie and fraught with mysterious gloom under a clouded heaven or pale sublunar radiance. Stage upon stage, spur upon spur, the dense beechen forest encircled it with a green wall, shutting out all but the meridian sun. The water-lilies needed no more, and wonderful was it to see them, their mimic constellations in a fairy firmament. There was all the charm of contrast here, yet a feeling of congruity. But for these globes, pure as ivory, bright as gold, gleaming out of the dark, the place would have been too weird, too uncanny, for mortal eyes to gaze on with pleasure. The water-lilies irradiated the lake, broke it up into a thousand smiles, laughed away for the nonce the significant awfulness of its very name!

"I will make a drawing here," Arthur said, "and perhaps by the time it is done I may hit upon an expedient."

In other words, he wanted to devise some way of communicating with the lady of the flowers. He knew that his letters would follow him safely enough to this remote spot—when did a letter go astray in the well-drilled German Empire?—but he did not feel at all sure that the one letter he now waited for would ever be written. Not one but a thousand things might stand in the way, so hard is it for those who have once tasted despair to make an effort on behalf of happiness. He could not have mistaken those wistful eyes. She had drained the bitter chalice, and when the time for resolve should come, was as likely to yield to what would wear the shape of implacable destiny as to flee toward deliverance. But she should be rescued, and by him. He had made up his mind so far with very little trouble. How to effect his purpose was a matter requiring much more deliberation.

The month of September, so eagerly looked for, had come at last. Arthur might now fairly expect a sign, or use such expedient as he should hit upon. Nor was there any time to lose. September has but thirty days, and the island was ofttimes cut off from all communication with the mainland in October; so, at least, folks said. To wait on a fair Eden, islanded from the vulgar world, for a mirage was all very well. To be ice-bound in these Northern seas in company of a few fishers made him already shiver to think of, especially when the wind bellowed from all quarters, and a swirling rain darkened the heavens and deluged the land. Several days of such weather were now his portion in the chalet above the Black Lake; but with half a dozen sketches to finish, a volume or two of George Sand, and all kinds of bright audacious hopes within his breast, he found such imprisonment delightful. Seven months of it might not pass so quickly.

On a sudden, however, the storm vanished as some evil genius miraculously driven out, and this forest world became a perfect place. Arthur hardly gave himself time to drink in the unspeakable deliciousness of those first golden days of autumn, so busy was his mind now with the problem that must be solved now or never.

Not an expedient, not a shift, escaped his alert mind, and he thought he had at last hit upon a safe means of communicating with the beautiful prisoner, when his wishes were brought about in a wholly unlooked for manner.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEW BARGE OFFICE.

The reflux tide of European travel now pouring into the port of New York is greatly agitated by the new and recently adopted customs regulations affecting the disposition of baggage. Formerly, after a brief detention at Quarantine, the incoming steamer proceeded to its dock in the city, and there landed its passengers. On the pier they met their friends, and their baggage was examined by a detail of inspectors from the Barge Office. The passengers made their declarations to officers who boarded the steamer as she left Quarantine, and the time occupied in coming up to the city and entering the dock was generally sufficient to have this accomplished quietly and comfortably.

Under the present arrangement, which has been in operation but two weeks, the steamer must come to anchor off the Quarantine Station on Staten Island. From the station the boat of the Health Officer is followed by the transfer steamer, which runs alongside and makes fast. At the same time a revenue tug steams down from the city, and several officers, wearing tall white hats and big silver badges, step aboard. They are provided with printed passenger lists, and, seated at the saloon tables, they proceed to take the declarations of passengers as to the number of their packages and their contents, checking from the list each name as it is reached. Each declaration is entered on a printed form, which is numbered and laid aside, while to the passenger is given a ticket inscribed with the same number as the form.

Most New-Yorkers returning from abroad recognize in the transfer boats their old acquaintances the *Thomas Hunt*, *Pomona*, and others, late of the Staten Island North Shore Ferry service; for their owner, Mr. Starin, has obtained the transfer contract. Passengers are carried from Quarantine to the city free of charge, but for every piece of baggage thus transferred Mr. Starin receives sixty-seven cents. It has been roughly estimated that at this rate his net income from this source alone will be nearly $50,000 annually.

By the time the baggage has been collected in huge piles on the lower deck of one of these ex-ferry-boats, the passengers are ready to leave the steamer, and a light bridge is thrown across to the hurricane deck of the transfer boat for their accommodation. At length, after a detention often of hours, the transfer is effected, and the Starin boat, with her load of cabin passengers and baggage, steams away toward the Battery, while the great ship that they have just left, with the steerage passengers and their baggage still on board, proceeds to her dock.

The new Barge Office, toward which the transfer boat is making her way, is a handsome structure of granite and iron, located at the lower end of Battery Park, between the Staten Island Ferry Slip and Whitehall Stairs. It is surmounted by a round granite tower, above which float the eagle and the perpendicular red and white stripes of the United States revenue flag. On the first floor of the main building, besides a few offices, is a spacious and comfortable furnished waiting-room, in which the friends of homeward-bound travellers may await their arrival. A wide doorway in the side opposite the main entrance opens on a short flight of steps that lead down into an inclosure surrounded by an iron railing, and resembling that part of a theatre set apart for the orchestra. It is on the main floor, and occupies a small portion of the great "shed annex," in which passengers and baggage are landed from the transfer boats, and where the examinations are made. Thus, while new arrivals are not free to leave the annex until after their baggage has been examined and passed, they may hold close communion with the friends who greet them from behind the railing. It is not so high but that kisses and embraces may be exchanged over it, nor so low but that it fully answers the purpose for which it was intended.

The "shed annex," or examination-room, is large, airy, well lighted, steam-heated, and admirably suited to the exigencies of the service. It is 172 feet long by 110 wide, has thirteen entrances from the sides and outer end of the massive stone pier that it almost entirely covers, and can accommodate at one time a thousand passengers and their baggage.

Upon landing from the transfer boat the passengers enter this great iron shed, and find their friends awaiting them behind the iron railing at its further side. While they are exchanging greetings, an army of porters are trundling the baggage in from the boat, and depositing it in long alphabetical rows, according to the first letter of its owner's surname. Near the railed inclosure about which the passengers are gathered stand a row of blue-coated and brass-buttoned inspectors. In front of them stands a deputy, who holds the printed forms containing each passenger's declaration. As the passenger presents his ticket to this officer, he selects the form bearing the corresponding number, and hands it to one of the waiting inspectors, who goes with the passenger to where his own particular pieces of baggage are awaiting examination. After his baggage has been examined and passed, the passenger may, if he chooses, relieve himself of further care of it by turning it over to one of the uniformed expressmen who are in waiting, and who will give him a check for it, and will deliver it promptly at his residence or hotel.

No passenger is allowed to pass out until the examination of all the baggage is completed. When at length he is at liberty, he finds himself on the edge of one of the prettiest small parks of the city, and close to the termini of four lines of elevated and three lines of surface railway, a stage line, and four ferries, two to Brooklyn and two to Staten Island. He will also find any number of carriages and cabs in waiting to convey him to his destination.

The advantages of the new system are so greatly in excess of its disadvantages that the latter are hardly worthy of mention, especially as some of the most serious are certain to disappear in time. Instead of being fully occupied while coming up the bay in making declarations and gathering together small traps preparatory to landing, the incoming passenger has ample leisure to look about him and become familiar with many of the salient features of the city he is approaching.

Instead of being landed on a dirty pier choked with freight and trucks, from which a steamer on the opposite side is perhaps just taking her departure, he finds himself in a quiet, spacious building, where everything is arranged to facilitate the business on hand. To be sure, he may not be able to rush at once into the arms of his friends, but then it always was a nuisance to have one's friends crowding around, asking distracting questions, and gazing curiously at the contents of one's trunks. It is rather consoling, after being assured that they are really on hand, waiting for you behind the iron railing, to know that the same railing that keeps you from them will prevent their nearer approach during the uncomfortable ordeal of baggage examination. It is such a relief to have the soiled linen and other unpleasant features of your wardrobe reserved solely for the eyes of the official, who takes no note of such things, or of your similarly circumstanced fellow-passengers.

There are always plenty of inspectors ready for duty at the Barge Office, and there will be no waiting for them to come, as was sometimes the case on the piers. The Barge Office is steam-heated and gas-lighted, and the waiting-room is warm and comfortable, all of which is in great contrast to the cold, dirty, cheerless sheds of the North River piers.

The whole system is precisely the same as that in vogue on the other side, where at Liverpool the passenger passes from his steamer in the Mersey to the little transfer boat that conveys him and his baggage to the landing-stage. There he is met by inspectors who discharge their duties with great expedition, because they have to search but for two dutiable articles, tobacco and spirits, while the dutiable articles of the American list number nearly three thousand.

KIRK MUNROE.

SECRETARY FOLGER.

The Hon. Charles James Folger, Secretary of the United States Treasury, whose death occurred on the 4th inst., was almost sixty-six years of age. He was a native of Nantucket, but when a boy of twelve, was taken by his father to Geneva, in this State, where he made his home the remainder of his life.

After his graduation at Hobart College, he studied law in the office of Mark H. Sibley & Alvah Worden, of Canandaigua, and was admitted to the bar in 1839. In 1844 he was appointed first Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Ontario County, and in 1851 he was elected County Judge of Ontario County. In 1861 he was elected State Senator from the Ontario District, and served continuously until 1869. He was President *pro tem.* of the Senate for four years, and Chairman of the Judiciary Committee for his whole term of service in the Senate. In 1869 he was re-elected to the State Senate, but resigned to accept the position of Assistant Treasurer of the United States, in this city, tendered to him by President Grant. He resigned that office in 1870, upon being elected Associate Judge of the Court of Appeals. In 1867, while a State Senator, he was chosen a member of the Constitutional Convention. When Chief Judge Church died, in May, 1880, he was appointed by Governor Cornell to fill the vacancy, and in November following he was elected to the place for the full term of fourteen years. In 1881 he accepted the place in President Arthur's cabinet which he held till the day of his death.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The British Association, in session at Montreal, showed no disposition to dispute the claim that the Greely party went farther north than man ever had gone before. Though the fact was brought before the Association just after Lieutenant Greely had been very warmly received, it can not be said with reason that the scientific men of that body would have permitted their enthusiasm to get the better of their sense of duty, and cause them to let pass unchallenged a statement unworthy to take its place among the cold facts to which their lives are devoted. So it may be regarded as established beyond further question that whatever credit there is in having made the nearest approach to the north pole belongs to Americans, until other explorers shall pass the mark made by them.

The Association heard the report of Professor Archibald as to the conclusions of a committee of the Royal Meteorological Society regarding the cause of the remarkable red sunsets of a little less than a year ago. It was set forth that information received from all parts of the world went to show that the phenomenon was produced by dust thrown into the air at the time of the tremendous volcanic eruptions near Java. The dust seemed to travel at the rate of two thousand miles a day, and to spread over all the earth. In reporting these conclusions Professor Archibald said that the evidence supporting them, though strong, was of a negative character. The assembled savants did not combat the conclusions, though it will be remembered that many scientific men made light of a similar explanation of the phenomenon at the time of its occurrence.

Speaking of dust, an interesting question was presented to the savants in the course of a lecture on "Dust" by Professor Lodge. It was whether ocean steam-ships could not carry powerful electric machines which would discharge from the mast-heads showers of sparks that would condense the mist and turn it to rain.

Lieutenant Greely told the Association that he was of the opinion that the pole of greatest cold might shift about the geographical pole somewhat after the manner of the magnetic pole. At his station the mean temperature for a year was thirty-seven degrees below the freezing-point, making it the coldest spot on the earth, so far as observations have been made. The pole of greatest cold, he said, has been placed generally in Siberia.

The subject of seasickness, while it did not come up for deliberation, was brought up incidentally in the course of the speech-making on the occasion of the Association's visit to Quebec, and Lord Rayleigh, President of the Association, observed that he could authoritatively say that its members would regard as a public benefactor the medical man who should devise some means of putting a stop to *mal de mer*.

It is said that more thermometers are sold in Washington than in any other American city of equal size. The incessant fluctuations of the mercury, it is explained, wear out the tubes.

The Postmaster-General of England has informed the telephone companies that he is prepared to grant licenses to allow them to connect with the postal telegraph offices. This, says the cable, will enable subscribers to the telephone companies to telegraph to any part of the United Kingdom without extra charge.

There is a suggestion of persistent iniquity in the name of Chin Yan which makes it more appropriate that he should be a lawyer than that he should continue as an opium den keeper.

Since the killing of the goose that produced the golden egg there has been no such folly as that of a certain store-keeper in Denver. This tradesman has written to his brother in the East that a ranchman recently came down from the mountains and sold him a dozen hens at twenty-five cents apiece. Two of the hens were killed, and in the crop of each he found seventy-five cents' worth of natural gold. If the other crops pan out as well, he says, he will be six dollars ahead on the dozen fowls, besides what they bring as food. His brother in the East has told the story; it is going the rounds of the newspapers, and all the mountain ranchmen around Denver will advance the price of hens to a dollar apiece.

A FRESH, HEALTHFUL BREEZE FROM THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

Hired Editor. "Been you a chill, Blaine?"

His Boss. "No; but, I say, close that channel (I mean window); it is not useful to me; and if it blows like that, I shall prove a dead-head."

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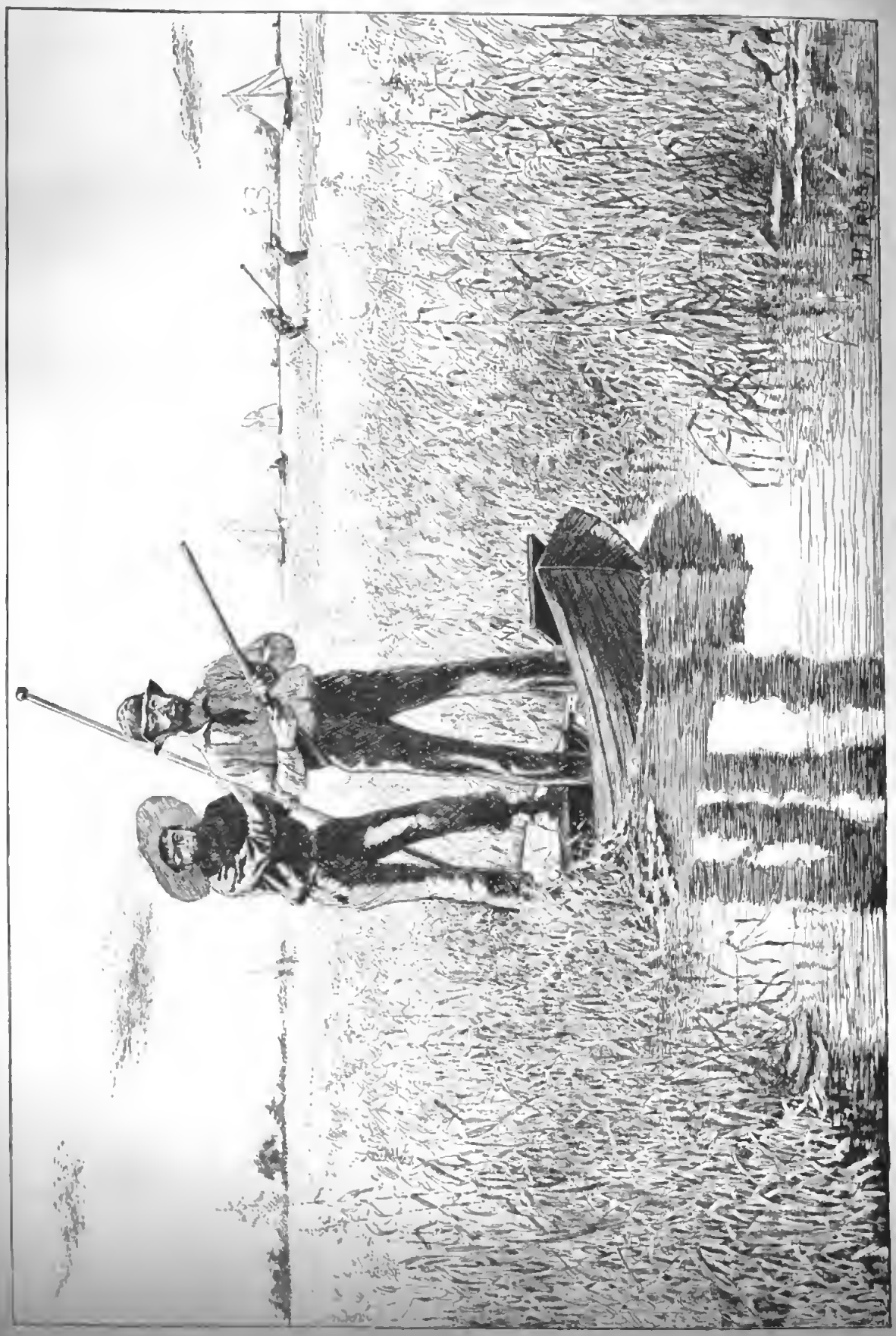

RAIL SHOOTING.—DRAWN BY A. B. FRAME.

THE LOUISVILLE EXHIBITION—VIEW OF THE SWISS CHALET AND SURROUNDINGS—DRAWN BY J. H. PARRY.—[SEE PAGE 604.]

BISHOP PIERCE.

The Methodist Episcopal Church South, in the death of its senior Bishop, Rev Dr George Foster Pierce, has sustained a great loss. He died at his home in Sparta, Georgia, where he had been lying ill for several days His health had been feeble for some time, and he had rapidly declined since his return from Culverton camp-meeting on the 13th of last month, where he had preached with great earnestness and power. His throat gave him great trouble, making the taking of nourishment extremely difficult. In this enfeebled condition he was stricken with fever, the force of which his constitution was unable to withstand. Bishop Pierce's last public act was the rededication, about two weeks ago, of the newly built Methodist church at Goshen, which was one of his first charges after entering the ministry.

Bishop Pierce was the son of the late venerable and distinguished Dr Lovick Pierce, and was born in Greene County, Georgia, February 3, 1811 He designed in his youth to enter the profession of law, but turned from his studies, and in his twentieth year was admitted into the Georgia Conference Possessed of superior pulpit abilities, as well as scholarly attainments, he commanded prominence in South Carolina and Georgia. He was prominent in the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1844, although a young man, in sustaining the Southern view of the question at issue. He was also a member of the Louisville Convention in 1845, and of the General Conference of the Church South in 1846. In 1848 he was elected President of Emory College, and held the position until 1854, when he was elevated to the episcopacy He was very refined and courtly in his manners, scholarly, and of aristocratic carriage; tall without being portly; gentlemanly in dress, with piercing eyes, and a benign countenance. The principal work from his pen is entitled *Incidents of Western Travel* He has written much and well on education and Church topics for the Church press.

THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION.

The Southern Industrial Exposition at Louisville, Kentucky, that attracted so much attention last autumn on account of its magnitude and the thoroughly business-like nature of all its arrangements, was reopened on the 16th of last month. As a business venture the complete success of this year's exhibition is already assured, for the numbers of paying visitors now being admitted to the buildings are in excess of those of corresponding weeks last year.

One of the most attractive features this year is the War Memorial Department, in which is displayed the largest number of mementos and relics of the rebellion ever gathered together. They are from every battle-field, are contributed by both sides, and illustrate every leading incident of the great struggle, from John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry to Johnston's surrender. In this department is kept a register of every soldier visitor to the Exposition, and its pages are rapidly filling with the names of those to whom the relics surrounding them are objects of living interest.

These huge expositions, which have within a few years become so popular throughout the West and South, are the direct outgrowth of State fairs, and the reproduction upon a grand scale of the time-honored American Institute fairs of New York and the Mechanics' fairs of Boston. They fully deserve all the success with which they are invariably attended, for as public educators they are unequaled. It has been truly said of this Louisville Exposition that a four weeks' study of its exhibits will give the young farmer or mechanic a more liberal education than the same number of years spent in college.

One of the most interesting of the earlier attractions of the Exposition was the competitive military drill, the first prize for which was won by the Treadway Reserves of St. Louis, who bore off the honors from six competitors.

The illustration given on page 603 is of the exhibits made by the United States Interior Department and the Swiss Colony in Kentucky.

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IN NERVOUS DISEASES.
Dr. Dewey, New York, says: "In nervous diseases, I know of no preparation to equal it.—[*Adv.*]

A GOOD MANY FAILURES.
During the year 1883 there were 10,306 failures in business in the United States and Canada. Some of these were big concerns, and some were very small. Failure is sorrowful because to any man, especially if it is his health that fails. A great many times 10,306 people fall in health in the course of a year. Many of them might be saved if they would take Brown's Iron Bitters, the great family medicine and restorer of wasted health.—[*Adv.*]

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"Rough on pain" cures Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa; externally for Aches, Pains, Sprains, Headache, Neuralgia.—[*Adv.*]

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THE GREAT ELM; or, Robin Green and Josiah Lane at School. By Jacob Abbott.

LEARNING ABOUT COMMON THINGS; or, Familiar Instructions for children in respect to the objects around them, that attract their attention and awaken their curiosity in the earliest years of life. By Jacob Abbott.

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II.

The Voyage of the "Vivian" to the North Pole and Beyond.

Adventures of Two Youths in the Open Polar Sea. By Thomas W. Knox, Author of "The Boy Travellers in the Far East," "The Young Nimrods," &c., &c. With Colored Frontispiece, Numerous Illustrations, and Maps of the Polar Regions. Pages 293. 8vo, Cloth, $2.50.

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Stormonth's English Dictionary. Parts I., II., and III.

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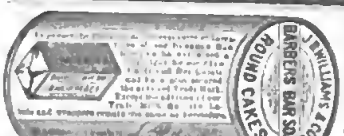

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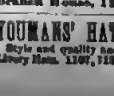

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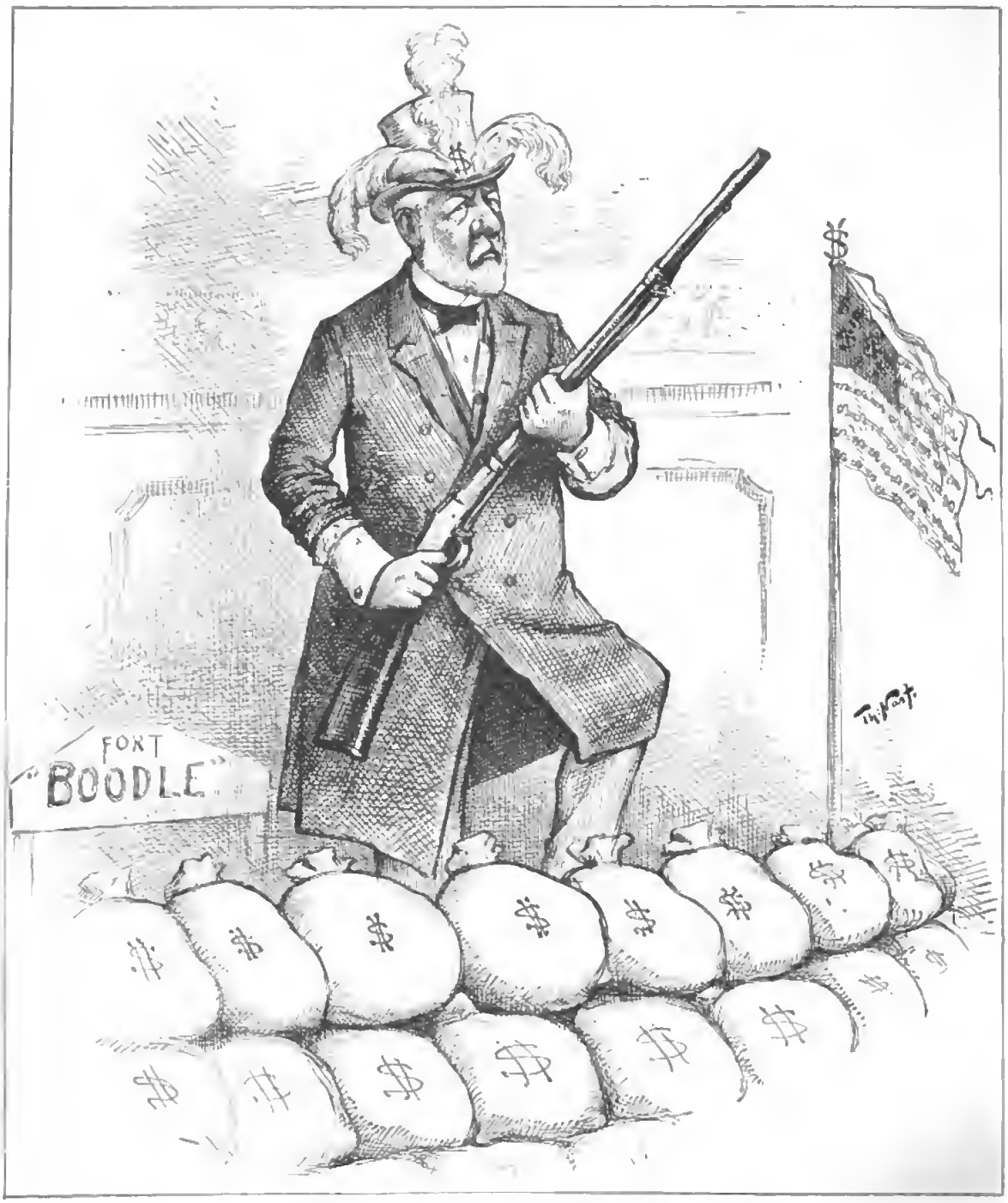

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1884.

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THE LATE SECRETARY FOLGER.

MR. FOLGER characteristically falls at his post in the tranquil and diligent discharge of his duty, but his death has a peculiar sadness because of what was to him the overwhelming political calamity of two years ago. Before his appointment to the Treasury Mr. FOLGER had been for many years withdrawn from political life, but his tastes and ambitions were undoubtedly political. Sixteen or seventeen years since he was the Republican leader of the Legislature, a man of unsullied character and life, personally attractive, of undoubted ability, with a certain rugged vigor of mind and temperament, and a downright sincerity which made him a very conspicuous figure in New York politics, and promised a distinguished career. He seemed to be, indeed, the coming Republican, and few who knew him did not anticipate his promotion to the Governorship, to the Senatorship, and to any other height of great place. As a party leader, however, he had the same fault of irascibility, of an irritable temper, which has been fatal to other eminent public men.

For private reasons Mr. FOLGER decided to abandon a political career, and took his seat upon the bench of the Court of Appeals. His withdrawal was complete, and however closely and with whatever interest he may have watched the political arena, he refrained absolutely from any participation in party controversy. His name was sometimes mentioned as the most able and the most available of Republican candidates for the highest positions in the State, but it was not seriously brought forward, and it was the general conviction that he had made his final and irrevocable choice. A few years ago he was re-elected Judge of Appeals by an imposing and most gratifying vote, and there were those who felt that the ablest political talent in the State was in retirement upon the bench. Mr. FOLGER'S visit to General GARFIELD at the General's request was the announcement that he was not wholly disinclined to renew political activities, and the offer of the Treasury from President ARTHUR, although it involved a complete change of career when he was no longer a young man, was scarcely to be declined by a man of such tastes, powers, and ambitions. He was called from the greatest State, whose vote is often decisive in a Presidential election, to the second place in the cabinet. He had just proved his great popularity with the party of which he was an acknowledged chief, and his position, while keeping him in the public eye and mind, had yet withdrawn him wholly from the factional feuds which had torn the party in pieces. Should he prove to be a successful Secretary of the Treasury, circumstances seemed to make him the most available future Republican candidate for the Presidency. The sacrifice and the risks, indeed, were great, but Mr. FOLGER decided to re-enter the political field.

His financial administration was most diligent and most upright. Perhaps it seemed hardly to justify the estimate of the man which his friends had entertained, but it occasioned no serious hostile comment. His nomination as Governor of New York followed. It was natural to suppose that his election by a commanding majority would confirm his national position and prospects. But the circumstances of the nomination were fatal. At the very moment that the "Stalwart" faction was associated in the public mind with the assassination of GARFIELD, it was apparently aiming to retain its ascendency in New York by fraud. The result was one of the most extraordinary in our political annals. Mr. FOLGER was wholly innocent of any knowledge of unfair dealing in his nomination. By character, ability, and experience he was peculiarly fitted for the office. He was deservedly popular with his party. Yet he was defeated by nearly two hundred thousand majority, and defeated by Republicans who preferred party defeat to dishonest party methods. For Mr. FOLGER it was a catastrophe and a tragedy. The result was a personal rebuke only so far as he had been willing to accept such a nomination, and those who opposed his election so fully stated that it was not the candidate, but the methods by which he had been made a candidate, that they opposed. None the less it was the end of his political career. No man who had been so overwhelmed in an election could hope to be again nominated for a popular vote. Doubtless the shock was terrible, but without sulking or repining Mr. FOLGER went on with his official duties. There have been constant reports of his ill health, but he was faithful to the end, and dies amid universal respect and regret. It is a pathetic story so far as he is concerned. Yet it is encouraging to reflect that, despotic as party spirit may be in this country, it is not yet strong enough to coerce all Republicans to support a party candidate merely because he is the party candidate, and without regard either to his personal fitness or to the methods by which he was nominated.

SHOULD THE BLACK-MAIL BE PAID?

WE have received several letters like the following:

"I am a clerk in one of the departments at Washington, D. C. I endeavor to do the work assigned me faithfully, and having been recently promoted, think it must be done satisfactorily. I desire to retain my place whether BLAINE or CLEVELAND is elected. But I am between two fires. If I do not give to Blaine and Clapp, I am distrusted, am liable to be removed (a cause can always be found). If I do give, a fear exists that I shall be "spotted," and in the event of CLEVELAND'S election, shall be decapitated. What shall I do? Is the Civil Service Act a mere farce? Is there no safety for a government clerk? I should be greatly obliged if you would answer this letter."

In reply to a similar inquiry, Mr. EATON, of the Civil Service Commission, has said that he can not undertake to say whether the danger of removal is greater from one party than from the other. It is evident, however, from Mr. CLAPP'S remarks in an interview, that, had he the power, he would not hesitate to "sweep out" a Democratic clerk who does not give, and he would not hesitate, probably, to remove a Republican clerk for the same reason. The demand upon the clerks violates the intention and the spirit of the law, and those who make it would not hesitate to make the clerks suffer for refusing to pay. On the other hand, politicians like Mr. CLAPP in the other party might take the same general course. Whether, therefore, the clerk yields to the present demand or refuses to yield, he can not be sure of retaining his place. The reason is that the power of removal is unchecked. In the case of our correspondent, if the appointing officer or his successor chose to violate the law by dismissing him either for giving or for not giving, there is no immediate remedy. The wrong is one of those which can not be corrected by regulation, but which will be adjusted by the change in the methods and the spirit of the service which has already begun, and which is rapidly advancing.

In this situation every clerk should first make sure that the demand is made by such persons and in such a way that he would not render himself liable under the law if he should decide to give. He should then see distinctly that the summons to give is in effect a demand for black-mail. The question is not whether a government employé may not give if he chooses to give. Of course he may give if he chooses to do so. The question is whether he may decline to give, if he chooses, with the same freedom as a citizen who is not an employé. If the circular should be sent to the editor of this paper, he can give or decline with entire freedom. But when it is sent to a government employé, it is sent by those who can make him suffer if he declines. All that we can do is to lay the facts before our correspondent, and leave him to decide for himself. He is not treated like other citizens and voters. The circular assumes that he ought to give because he is a government clerk, which is a view totally at variance with the law and with the spirit of the reformed system. If, therefore, he yields, he gives as he would give to a burglar or to a highwayman, in order to save something more precious. As for the probabilities of the future, he must remember that Mr. BLAINE has been a master in the methods which the reformed system supersedes, that he is wholly unknown as having any interest whatever in reform, and that his campaign is "run" largely by those who despise reform. On the other hand, Mr. CLEVELAND would owe his election in great part to his courageous independence as a practical reformer, and what he has done as Governor there is no reason to doubt that he would do as President. For ourselves, we should trust both his desire and ability to withstand the pressure of Democratic spoils politicians much more than those of Mr. BLAINE to resist the demands of Republican politicians of the same kind.

THE MAINE ELECTION.

THE Republicans have carried Maine at the State election by a majority but little larger than that of the corresponding election in 1876. The candidate for Governor was very popular, and, like the Congressional candidates, except Mr. REED, was supported by the entire Republican vote. It is the Presidential year, and the Republican candidate lives in Maine. The most extraordinary exertions of every kind have been made by his friends, and his opponents have done absolutely nothing. That, under such circumstances, the majority should be but little more than it was then shows none of that enthusiasm which was to carry the State like a whirlwind; and fairly viewed, the results in Vermont and Maine, taken together, show only that the party in the preliminary election simply holds its own, and in the preliminary election the protest against the Presidential nomination was not expected to be felt.

Mr. BLAINE on the evening of the election hastened to give the cue for the rest of the campaign. The sole great issue he declared to be protection to American labor. He denounced the attempt "to drag the issue" of prohibition into the national canvass, insisting that it belonged wholly to the State. Yet as a citizen of the State he refused to vote upon it, under the plea that he was a representative of national issues. But that surely is not a reason for refusing to vote upon a State issue. The result in Maine, with all the unprecedented effort, and without any serious opposing canvass, has thrown little light upon the probable general result in November. It has not been doubted that Maine would vote for Mr. BLAINE. But a majority in the State election but a trifle beyond that of 1876 does not foreshow that New York, for instance, will vote for Mr. BLAINE. In 1876 Maine gave 15,444 Republican plurality in September, but in November New York gave nearly 26,000 majority for Mr. TILDEN over Mr. HAYES.

Mr. BLAINE'S resolute attempt to force a debate upon the tariff, in order to evade discussion of his own conduct in mixing what Senator HAWLEY calls his public and private business, will not avail to turn public attention from that vitally important inquiry. There are thousands of Republican protectionists who yet are not willing to vote for a candidate with Mr. BLAINE'S official record. With multitudes of Republicans the issue of official honor and integrity takes precedence of all other issues, and they will support Mr. CLEVELAND as the candidate whose courage and firmness will make his unstained official fidelity effective for honest administration. Such Republicans must bear as they can the terrible charge of Phariseeism with which they are overwhelmed because they intend to vote for a perfectly trustworthy candidate for the Presidency.

THE PARTY ARGUMENT.

MR. MORSE, the President of the recent Massachusetts Republican Convention, made a speech of excellent tone and temper, advocating the support of Mr. BLAINE upon the general grounds that protection, the rights of voters in the Southern States, and the reformed system of the civil service were safer with the Republican than with the Democratic party. His speech was evidently addressed, not to Democrats, but to Independent Republicans. But as their objection is to the candidate rather than to the party, an assertion that the Republican party is more trustworthy than its opponent is not an argument unless Mr. MORSE means to say that as the party is preferable, its candidate, however untrustworthy, ought to be supported by those who prefer the party. But how is this different from JOHN COCHRANE'S famous declaration that he would vote for the devil if he were regularly nominated.

Mr. MORSE said that in his judgment civil service reform would be set back for a generation if Mr. CLEVELAND should be elected. Without discussing the soundness of such a belief, it is evident that its expression as addressed to protesting Republicans—without having previously removed their objection to a candidacy which raises the question of official integrity—is merely an appeal to support an unworthy candidate for the sake of the reform. Obviously this is not a reason for voting for such a candidate. It is merely the offer of a choice of evils, and if such be the dilemma, every citizen and every Republican ought to choose what seems to him the lesser evil, and that in our opinion would be unquestionably a vote against the unworthy candidate.

Mr. MORSE, indeed, made a little defense of the candidate, and undoubtedly he holds that Mr. BLAINE is greatly wronged. But the drift of his speech is to the effect that the candidate should be merged in the party—an argument which we concede to be conclusive when the candidate, however unknown to the

country, is yet officially irreproachable. But when the objection is of the kind urged against Mr. BLAINE, the only way to overcome it is not to declare that the party may be trusted, but to prove it by showing that it has nominated, not a "brilliant" candidate whom every foreigner wishes to see, but a candidate who has not used public place for private gain. Dr. VON HOLST, the author of the *Constitutional History of the United States*, a man who is perfectly familiar with our politics, says upon this very point, and with reference to this election:

"Immensely important as is the question whether civil service reform (*i. e.* the substitution of a form of government organized in accordance with the demands of healthy common-sense and of a civilized nation for the semi-barbarian nuisance of the spoils system) shall be continued, or the land intrusted four years longer to the machine—of much greater importance is, nevertheless, the question whether immaculate personal honesty shall continue to be absolutely required in a man whom this nation of over 50,000,000 by its own free choice places at its head."

BISHOP HUNTINGTON'S VIEW.

THE friends of Mr. BLAINE, alarmed by the open opposition to their candidate of Presidents ELIOT, of Harvard, SEELEY, of Amherst, and CARTER, of Williams, hasten to put ex-Presidents HOPKINS, of Williams, and WOOLSEY, of Yale, upon their electoral tickets, in order to show that they too have excellent and weighty names of the same character upon their side. But the acquiescence of such gentlemen in the unhappy nomination of Mr. BLAINE is not more significant than the frank and positive censure of Bishop HUNTINGTON, who, while no more a politician than the ex-presidents, properly cherishes a deep interest in public affairs.

Bishop HUNTINGTON says:

"I have no desire to publish my opinions to the world, nor do I care to hold them back. I have never been in favor of BLAINE, whom I recognize as a trafficker in official influence, and I am very much pained to see so many of my New England friends yielding up the high standard of morals as requisite to the Presidential candidate in the past. Nothing has been said in this miserable attempt which can bring him into the society of the pure statesmen of the past. It would indeed be deplorable if the young men of this nation should be informed by this election that the people of the United States condone the offences proved against JAMES G. BLAINE. The moral effect would be very depressing should they be told by his election that they can lie, defraud, become demagogues, bribe givers and takers, and still not forfeit the public confidence. It is a humiliating spectacle to see so many men like HOAR, DAWES, and others twisting his dishonored record in such a way as to become a deliberate attempt to make his conduct reputable. To me the action of those who sneer at the attempt to purify the political atmosphere is contemptible."

Of Mr. CLEVELAND, Bishop HUNTINGTON says:

"His public life has been trustworthy, upright, and manly. He is a man of honor, and there is much in his public career to admire.... Believing as I do that this [the scandal concerning Governor CLEVELAND'S private life] is a thing of the past and no part of his present character, I shall certainly vote for him. Until I came into this State I never heard aught about this scandal. He does not look with complacency on the past, and is not living as a dissolute man. According to the Christianity which I teach we are to forgive, and as I understand that he is living an honorable life in the present, I see no reason why I should not cast my vote for the reform Governor, GROVER CLEVELAND.... I have often thought of the striking contrast in the moral attitude of the two men, and wondered that some bright caricaturist has not hit upon the idea and sketched in a picture with BLAINE upon his knees pleading with MULLIGAN for the letters, and CLEVELAND answering manfully when accused, 'Tell the truth.'"

CANDIDATES AND THE REFORM ASSOCIATION.

THE New York Civil Service Reform Association has issued the following circular:

"An impression seems to have gained some currency both within and outside the association that its name and influence are being used in the interest of one of the candidates for the Presidency of the United States. Such is not the case. There is a constitutional provision which excludes such a use, and were this not so, the officers and the executive committee would still be absolutely opposed to the advocacy by the association of the cause of any candidate. It is in no way responsible for the personal opinions or individual political action of any of its members."

THE NEW BRUNSWICK TRAGEDY.

IN the suburban city of New Brunswick, New Jersey, the malign forces of political and financial corruption, which are the curse of American life to-day, have wrought terrible havoc. A few years since that pleasant town fell under the domination of a ring of pretentious political schemers, who sought to play there the rôle of the TWEED ring in New York. Their aims and their methods were curiously similar to those of the robber chiefs of Manhattan. Their success for the time was relatively nearly as great. Their fate has been on the whole even more disastrous. By the gross abuse of political trusts they launched the town on an ambitious system of public improvements, which gave them an excuse for loading it with debt, and then they stole the proceeds of the city's credit. For a time several of them maintained a lavish style of living, and enjoyed the prestige which even the vulgarest and most vicious success imparts.

Then came suspicion, investigation, discovery. The city was left bankrupt. The original thieves were imprisoned, driven into exile, or disgraced. One of the men whom they had caught in their toils, as TWEED and SWEENY and the rest caught those like him in New York, was the cashier of the National Bank of New Jersey. They flattered his ambition to shine in politics; they hoodwinked him as to the worst of the schemes, and enlisted him in others; they induced him to endanger the funds of the bank over which he had control. Finally, whether to cover the losses in this direction, or in part to make up for business mistakes, he took to gambling in stocks, and only plunged himself more deeply in trouble. When discovery became inevitable he killed himself. A few days later the president of the bank, who seems to have been involved more through blind trust in the cashier than in any worse way, also took his own life. They could not face the disgrace, the ruin, the misery, which were the sure and relentless consequences of the course they had been pursuing, and which they realized too late.

The significance of this tragic story lies in the fact that it is in no sense singular, that the forces at work in New Brunswick are known to have been at work in our large cities and in the national capital for years. They are the forces which the horrible Crédit Mobilier affair disclosed, which for the first time in American history tarnished the fame of the regular army in the disgrace of BELKNAP and BABCOCK, which involved the honored name of the ex-General of the Army in the scandal of FERDINAND WARD'S audacious frauds, which stained the records of Congress with the revelations of the MULLIGAN letters and the railway jobbery of Mr. BLAINE, and have made feeble apologists of dishonesty of public men like Senators HOAR and HAWLEY. The republic has seen the ruin wrought by the greedy spirit of unscrupulous speculation in every class. It remains to be seen—though it can scarcely be doubtful—whether it will administer the remedy that the disease requires.

PERSONAL.

LIEUTENANT GREELY, the arctic explorer, was recently elected to membership in the Lafayette Post, No. 140, Department of New York, Grand Army of the Republic, of which CHARLES APPLETON is commander.

—Many distinguished friends having congratulated Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES on his seventieth birthday, the genial Autocrat has written a letter of acknowledgment, in which he says: "Speak as indulgently as you may to one who has crossed the dead-line of the Psalmist's reckoning, he can not forget that he is sitting amidst the ruins of the generation to which he belongs—himself a monument, if not a ruin, on which all but himself can read the inscription. Let not the critic weigh too nicely the value of the praise bestowed upon him. A few years will chill and quiet all the excited superlatives which overweening fondness has lavished in his honor. In the mean time a little overpraise comes too late to do him any real harm. The breath that stirs his slumbering vanity brightens the fire upon his hearth, but fans no dangerous flame of self-love, as it might have done in earlier years. And even the shrivelled centenarian loves a word of praise: it is the sweetmeat of his second infancy."

—Dr. JOHN G. KERR, who for thirty years has been director of the Missionary Hospital at Hong-Kong, and during that time has had 700,000 patients, is preparing an essay on the deleterious effects of opium on the Chinese. Almost every Chinaman, he says, eats or smokes the drug to his physical, moral, and financial detriment.

—The late Duke of Wellington in advanced years was very fond of the theatre, but was troubled with a distressing cough which so seriously interrupted the performance that his friends sometimes led him into the *foyer*, in order that he might not overstrain the patience of the audience. He died of heart-disease in the waiting-room of a railway station.

—A traveller in Herzegovina during the insurrection describes one of the insurgents, PERO PAVLOVITCH, as a magnificent brute, who stood about six feet six inches, wore armor, and was the purest savage ever seen in a white skin. When a soldier came with a flag of truce from MOUKHTAR Pasha, asking for permission to send victuals to a beleaguered garrison, PAVLOVITCH looked at the paper, which he could not read, and, while its contents were being interpreted to him, tore it into pieces, and flung them into the messenger's face with the words, "That is my answer." Before the man could take his departure he was murdered in cold blood.

—Mr. PHILIP ARMOUR, the "pork king" of the Northwest, is said to be worth $25,000,000. He has 10,000 men in his employ, and has lately made $2,000,000 in one transaction. He rises at five o'clock daily, and works harder and longer than any of his clerks. There is not a great city in the world that does not contain one of his representatives. He scorns the charge that he is a speculator or gambler. "I am engaged in a legitimate business," he says, "buying and selling provisions for consumption. My sole function is that of a distributer to the markets of the world." He is stout, below the average height, and beardless.

—Dr. RAE, the arctic explorer, asserts that cannibalism took place as surely among some of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN'S people as it did among the GREELY party. His authority for the charge is the testimony of some Esquimaux whom he met while in the far north.

—PAULINE LUCCA, the prima donna, has been a public singer for twenty-five years, and is now forty-four years old.

—Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT'S domino ball in a tent on his grounds at Newport was one of the most brilliant social events of the season in that city by the sea. There were five hundred guests, all masked, and the reputed cost of the decorations, the music, and the supper was ten thousand dollars.

—Miss LOUISA ALCOTT writes that having been a worker all her life, and having tried nearly every employment for women, she sincerely believes in the propriety of any woman filling any office, from the Presidential chair to the wash-tub.

—Mr. J. HAMMOND TRUMBULL is authority for the statement that "mugwump" is an Indian word meaning "great man," and that in ELIOT'S Indian Bible it stands in one place for "captain" and in another place for "duke." The original spelling is "mugquomp."

—A Canadian journalist describes the Philistine of his region as bumptious, bulbous-headed, swaggering, and condescending, without an idea beyond his business, and wholly ignorant of any pleasures but those of the lust of the eye and the pride of life. Is it of this sort of person that Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD thinks when he sneers at Philistinism?

—Lady JACKSON, in her interesting book, *The Court of the Tuileries*, published in the "Franklin Square Library," shows how influential in France during the thirty years immediately preceding the abdication of LOUIS PHILIPPE were women in shaping the policy of the government. The ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain were the main dependence of TALLEYRAND in his efforts to persuade the allied powers to restore the BOURBONS, and the celebrated Madame DU CAYLA was almost omnipotent in the councils of LOUIS XVIII.

—Among the last words of the late Secretary FOLGER were these: "I can not give up my work; I have great responsibility; and the people expect me to do my duty."

—An old sailor says of the late Captain "Bob" WATERMAN, who commanded the *Sea Witch* in the days of '40: "I shall never forget how the captain looked as he stood against the rail, giving orders to crowd on every inch of canvas. He was very tall and wiry, with a thin, sharp face, a keen eye, and a cruel smile. 'No trifling with you, my man,' thought I. He had on a blue pilot-cloth coat and waistcoat, with brass buttons and white trousers. His coal-black moustache, waxed and pointed at the ends, gave him a very ferocious appearance. He looked for all the world like a dare-devil pirate. We soon found out that Sunday and Monday were alike on that boat, and that we were in for a dog's life of it. Whipping was kept up through the voyage. Out of a crew of thirty men only four escaped. The fellows were all whipped publicly, too. What for? For nothing but being thrown sprawling on the deck when the ship was rolling in a heavy sea." The captain was a disciplinarian, and he has furnished material for more sea yarns than any other commander who ever trod the quarter-deck.

—Professor ERNST CURTIUS, the historian, director of the Berlin Museum, completed his seventieth year on the 2d of September. He is slender, erect, and of medium height, with clear sparkling eyes, smooth face, and wavy gray hair. His facial expression somewhat resembles that of the actor JOHN MCCULLOUGH. Some of his American friends, notably GEORGE BANCROFT, President FRANKLIN CARTER, of Williams College, and Dr. ROBERT PORTER KEEP, of Williston Seminary, joined with his home friends in presenting him with a bust of himself.

—The Rev. JAMES WESLEY HORNE, LL.D., who was accidently killed while walking on the railroad track near Southport, Connecticut, a few days ago, was a graduate of Wesleyan University, a Biblical scholar, an extensive traveller, an eloquent preacher, a contributor to the periodicals of the Methodist Church, and the founder of the Methodist college in Liberia. The *Christian Advocate* contained some time ago an interesting series of letters from him on the results of his observations in Europe and the Holy Land.

—CETYWAYO'S son has abandoned the monarchy for which his father lay so long in captivity. He has given his sanction to the proclamation of a Dutch republic by the Boers.

—The Empress of Austria was walking incognito near Ischl, when she met two little girls returning from school. After some conversation and the distribution of some candy, she bade them good-night. "Good-night, Madame l'Impératrice," replied the elder child. "What, you know me? Why didn't you say so before?" asked the Empress. "Because, madame," was the reply, "I have been taught that in this world one should never know too much." It is reported that the sovereign lady was so impressed by the answer that the clever school girl will have reason to remember the interview.

—The only famous DELMONICO is our American restaurateur, but in England lives Mr. LORENZO DELMONICO, a lion tamer of some repute—a slender African, shy, sly, and tall, who never feels nervous when in a cage of lions, tigers, or leopards. For performing purposes he prefers a forest-bred lion to one bred in captivity, and likes to begin training the animal when it is three years old. He has never been badly hurt, having received only a scratch or two, and one deep bite in the arm. The best "lion queen" he ever knew was Miss HELEN BRIGHT, who, while performing at Greenwich some years ago, went into a cage of tigers, and instead of causing them first, struck a sleeping one with her whip. The infuriated beast caught her dress and pulled her down, while one of his companions leaped to her throat and killed her.

—One of the descendants of the famous Marshal NEY is the Duchess of Persigny, a rich widow. Her extravagant tastes led her to spend $40,000 during a trip to Japan, and $250,000 for a villa at Cannes. Her son has caused her to be legally deprived of the management of her property, being afraid that none of it will be left for him.

—Mr. JAMES PAYN, the novelist, writes that for thirty years he has noticed that men and women of letters are unequalled for kindness of heart. "I have never known but one absolutely offensive man of letters, and even he was said to be pleasant when sober."

—Two dramatic critics have been discussing the practice of hissing in English theatres. One of them says: "Hiss a piece if necessary, hiss grossness on the stage, hiss whatever deserves to be condemned, but do not continue to hiss a man—dramatist, manager, or actor—because he has once, under the influence of anger or disappointment, been indiscreet." The reference here is to the persons who hissed Mr. IRVING during his speech after a performance at his theatre. The other says: "For some time past it has been the practice of certain young men to say among themselves, 'Hello! there is a new piece on to-night; let's go and guy it, it will be such a lark!'" This conduct, he finds, comes of vanity or conceit, or of the disappointment of baffled "gurers."

—When Mr. IRVING was in this country, his impersonation of Louis XI. was more admired, perhaps, than any other work of his. He has been playing the same part in London again, and according to the *Saturday Review*, with "some slight modifications that are certainly judicious. The hypocrisy of the king is more consistently shown; it is more unctuous, and free from the few touches of extravagance it had previously exhibited. During the inimitable colloquy with Tristan, when Louis, with some dark hints, is communicating to his henchman his scheme to waylay the Burgundian envoy, the Angelus is sounded, and Louis instantaneously passes from his infernal plotting to worship the images that adorn his hat. Here Mr. IRVING substitutes for his former somewhat grotesque humor a natural air of sincerity accordant with his superstitious devotion. The death scene is shorn of none of its terrible naturalism. It is acting of the most transcendent power, the appalling presentment of the life in death personified in COLERIDGE'S poem. The force of nature can not go beyond the fearful anguish depicted by the actor when the dying king hears the whispers of the by-standers, and, starting from his stupor, rises ghastly and tremulous to falter his last passionate speech, and falls headlong to the ground. Such a scene provokes the consideration of the æsthetic limitations of art."

—There was a great demonstration in Midlothian, Scotland, on the 31st of August, when Mr. GLADSTONE delivered his great speech on the franchise. The Premier (writes an eye-witness) did not look so well as he often does in the House of Commons on a Monday night after a quiet Sunday spent in the country. He had already gone through the ordeal of receiving an address from the Lord Provost and corporation of the city, and had made a brief speech in acknowledgment. To speak for an hour and forty minutes in the House of Commons is a task which Mr. GLADSTONE has learned to undertake with a light heart. But to speak through that to an audience of 5000 persons in a glass-roofed oblong chamber, built without consideration of acoustics, is quite another thing, as the chairman discovered, and as the mover and seconder of the vote of confidence in the government found to their cost. How Mr. GLADSTONE succeeded was most eloquently expressed by an old Scot who sat in the front row of the Midlothian electors. I noticed from the first his fine, strong, grave face, fringed with hair and whiskers white as snow. I don't suppose he ever laughed in his life, and some of the quiet sadness his face expressed was probably due to pained regret at the unaccountable tendency to cachinnation on the part of others. Not being inclined to lose any advantage, he stood up to look around when his neighbors rose to await Mr. GLADSTONE'S entrance. But he did not join in the shouting, much less in the waving of hats—a proceeding which, apart from its meaningless character, is calculated prematurely to wear out valuable property. His eye glistened, once or twice he moistened his lip with his tongue. But he betrayed no other sign of emotion. When the Premier resumed his seat after a glowing peroration, I heard the old gentleman murmur to himself, with a deep-drawn sigh, "Aye, aye, what a laddie!" That was all; but from such a quarter it was a tribute more eloquent than might be elaborated in an hour's speech.

THE CLEVELAND FIRE—VIEW OF THE CONFLAGRATION FROM HOWE STREET—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES BY J. F. RYDER.—[SEE PAGE 613.]

HOWARD A. TAYLOR, WINNER OF ALL COMERS' PRIZE AT NEWPORT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY HARGRAVE & GUBELMAN.

RICHARD D. SEARS, CHAMPION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CHAMPION IN DOUBLES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN.

JAMES DWIGHT, CHAMPION IN DOUBLES. PHOTOGRAPHED BY RUSSELL & SONS.

LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONS OF 1884.—[SEE PAGE 621.]

MRS. BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.—PHOT. BY BALL.—[SEE PAGE 621.]

GOVERNOR ROBIE.—PHOT. BY LAMBERT.—[SEE PAGE 617.]

BANK-PRESIDENT RUNYON.—PHOT. BY CLARK.—[SEE PAGE 617.]

"'SIT DOWN, FORREST,' HE SAID, 'AND HAVE A GLASS OF WINE.'"—[SEE SERIAL "FROM FIRE TO FIRE," PAGE 614.]

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

BY HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

NEWMARKET.

JIM FORREST has taken up his residence in the Turf Metropolis, and settled down steadily to the profession he has adopted. He has no cause to complain, for he gets a fair share of riding already, and that share is gradually increasing. Still, his practice lies at present amongst the smaller patrons of the turf; and though he is building up a solid reputation of being a safe and capable jockey, who can be depended on to do his horse justice, still his opportunities of distinguishing himself since the Derby have been rare. He won one or two small races at Ascot, but when he took part in the fray for the bigger prizes he generally had something under him that had little or no chance to win. Still, he lived like an anchorite for fear of putting on weight, took lots of exercise, and conscientiously did his best with any animal intrusted to him. Yet so far it did not give much promise of becoming a lucrative profession so far as he was concerned. For his great coup, winning the Two Thousand, Cuthbert Ellison had given nothing, and Gerald felt much relieved that it was so. He would rather not take money, even if honestly earned, from the cousin he detested. His brilliant finish in the Derby had been equally unremunerated. The owner of his mount there had no idea that his horse was so good, and was proportionately indignant at having him exposed, to say nothing, moreover, of his having backed the horse Blackton rode heavily for a place. His only comment on young Forrest's riding was that "it was a piece of d——d officiousness." Still, Jim heard daily now of the large gratuities which the more fortunate of his compeers received for winning big races, and cheerfully remembering Bill Greyson's parting words, hoped that his turn would come.

He was returning to his modest apartments one evening after a long stretch across the Heath, for, in default of having any horse to ride gallops, he spent a good deal of his time walking over and studying the different courses at Newmarket, when he was suddenly hailed by a smart-looking groom.

"I say, you're Jim Forrest, ain't you?"

"Yes," replied Jim, sententiously. "What next?"

"Well, you're to come up to master's this evening, he wants to see you—Panton Lodge. Sir Marmaduke Marundale, you know. Shall I say you'll be there about nine?"

"Yes, my I'll be there," replied Forrest.

The Baronet had tried his horses pretty highly before the Two Thousand. At six furlongs Pibroch was considerably the superior; at a mile there was little to choose between them, though it was still Pibroch for choice; but from this Sir Marmaduke argued that Bushranger was the better stayer. Both the Newmarket race and the Epsom one thoroughly confirmed that opinion. At Newmarket Bushranger was beaten easily by the Dancing Master; at Epsom he was done a short neck by Comet. In the one place Pibroch finished a bad third, in the other he was beaten for the same situation by Jim Forrest on the outsider Jacobite. From all this the Baronet deduced that the Dancing Master was a rattling good horse. That he had run very badly in the Derby was true; but Sir Marmaduke thought little of that. He was a queer tempered animal evidently, not always to be relied on, and the Derby day apparently wasn't his day. Now Bushranger might or might not beat Comet in the Leger, it would be a close thing. Pibroch, the Baronet felt quite certain, would never stay the course. His idea was to, if possible, buy the Dancing Master, and then with him to turn the tables on Comet at Doncaster. It was about that matter that he wished to have a talk with Jim.

"Sit down, Forrest," he said, "and have a glass of wine. What shall it be, champagne or claret?"

"I'll take a glass of claret, thank you, sir," rejoined Jim, as he seated himself, though respectfully, yet with a certain easy manner that attracted the attention, not only of Sir Marmaduke, but his two guests. One of these, a wiry little man, with dark, bead-like eyes, and dressed in a single-breasted pepper-and-salt riding coat, with a white cashmere scarf, exquisitely folded, and held together by a plain gold horseshoe pin, was Mr. Pipes, his trainer; the other, a tall, blonde, lazy-looking man, about eight-and-twenty, was Captain Farrington, of "Limmer's Own," as the distinguished Lancer regiment to which he belonged was habitually termed, from its traditional devotion to that hostelry. An imperturbable plunger on race-course or gaming table, perfectly unmoved by either victory or disaster; one whom it took a good deal to move or astonish, immeasurable as were the opportunities he gave himself in that direction.

"I want to know, Forrest," said Sir Marmaduke, after he had allowed Jim a minute or two in which to sip his claret, "who owns the Dancing Master. Of course I know he ran in Mr Ellison's name at Epsom; but he told me when the horse won 'The Guineas' he wasn't his."

"He's Mr Greyson's, sir."

"What, the trainer's, ah?"

"Yes. Mr Ellison gave him to Mr. Greyson before the horse won at Newmarket."

"Is he for sale?" inquired Sir Marmaduke.

"I can't say, sir. I believe him to be Mr. Greyson's at this time of speaking."

"Why didn't you ride him in the Derby?" inquired the Baronet, sharply.

"I had left the Riddleton stable, sir, and wasn't asked to take charge of him in the Epsom race."

"How do you account for the display he made there?"

"He wouldn't try, I suppose; he's a queer-tempered one, Sir Marmaduke."

"Ah! well, never mind him. Have you any objection to telling me why you left the Riddleton stable?"

"I can not tell you that," replied Forrest, bluntly.

"You were discharged, I suppose?"

"Not exactly. I was sent away for neither misconduct nor incapacity, and if you think it worth while to write to Mr Greyson, he will, I am sure, give me an excellent character, but I'm afraid, Sir Marmaduke, you can't do much for me. Blackton does all your riding; although, if you could recommend me to some of your friends, I should be obliged."

"Give you a turn myself, Forrest," drawled Farrington, "when you want a little exercise. The four or five I keep in training never win, but are just useful when you want to see a race."

The Captain so far spoke truth. The few he had in training were very moderate, but there was no cleverer hand on the turf in placing horses in small selling races than he was, or anybody who backed them much more heavily than he did.

Sir Marmaduke meanwhile had been musing as to whether there was any truth in the rumor that young Forrest was a gentleman by birth. He noticed the refinement of his manner, the neatness of his dress, and lastly, that his speech was by no means that of the class he affected to belong to. He began to think that rumor for once had not been so very far out.

"I tell you what, Forrest," he said at length, "I've got rather more riding than Blackton can manage, and it is generally strewn about too. If you like to take a moderate retainer—say a hundred a year—to ride the second strings, you shall have what there is of it that lies within your weight."

"I shall be only too glad, Sir Marmaduke."

"Remember that entitles me to first call on your services. You can accept no other mount if I want you."

"I understand it so."

"Very well; then that's a bargain. You've nothing to do now but send Pipes there your address, and be wherever he orders you, ready to ride."

"Yes; and thank you, Sir Marmaduke, once more. Gallops, Mr Pipes, of course, I shall be too glad also to ride if wanted. I can't have too much practice."

"You're right there, Forrest," said the trainer, breaking silence for the first time. "It's the work on the exercise ground that has made half our crack jockeys. If you like to throw that in the contract, there'll probably be something for you to rasp up most mornings."

"I'll call up, Mr Pipes; and now, Sir Marmaduke, with many thanks, I'll say good-night. Good-night, sir."

"Good-night, Mr Forrest," replied Farrington, without thinking. "By Jove," he said, as the door closed behind Jim, "the fellow made me clean forget he was only a jockey!"

"Ah," exclaimed Sir Marmaduke, "he struck you in that light, did he? So he did me; there's a report, you know, Charlie, that Forrest is only an assumed name, and that the lad is a gentleman by birth. Have you heard anything about it, Pipes?"

"No, Sir Marmaduke; but this chap struck me as a deal better bred 'un than they are mostly. He'd no hair about the heels, so to speak."

"Well, anyhow, I've done no harm by engaging him. From the way he did Blackton on Pibroch out of the place at Epsom, there's no doubt the fellow can ride. And now, Pipes, I'll unfold to you my great conception. I'm going to buy the Dancing Master if I can, and win the Leger with him. Judging it through the Two Thousand running, he ought to beat Comet, as he beat Bushranger much easier at Newmarket than Comet beat him at Epsom."

"So he did, Sir Marmaduke. I should judge him a five pound, if not a seven pound, better horse than Comet."

"Just so, Pipes; and now let me point you out another thing. The Dancing Master runs in Forrest's hands; he don't in those of the next lad who steers him. We know he's a queer-tempered horse. It's just possible Forrest, whom he knows, is about the one jockey he'll run kind with."

"Yes, Sir Marmaduke, I understand your game thoroughly, and I'm not going to say but what it's a good one. Difficulties there'll be, no doubt, even if we do succeed in buying the gray."

"Difficulties?" said the Baronet. "Of what sort, I should like to know?"

"Well, Sir Marmaduke, if you get the horse, I suppose you mean putting Forrest up at Doncaster. Blackton will very likely give trouble about that."

"He will do as he's ordered," said the Baronet, tersely.

"Certainly; but he's engaged as first jockey to the stable, and if you put him up on Bushranger instead of the Dancing Master, he'll say you're not acting fair by him."

"D—n it all! these jockeys are getting a deuced deal too cheeky. Does Blackton think we can't get on without him?"

"I don't know," replied the trainer; "but it would be very difficult to fill his place just now. You can always count off those quite at the top of the tree on your fingers, and of course they all have retainers, and you can only get them if their first master doesn't want them, and he may claim them at the last moment even then. No; it would be awkward if Blackton turned sulky and sent in his jacket."

"They're getting a devilish deal too bumptious, the whole crew of them," retorted the Baronet, moodily.

"My God! yes. We ought to be empowered to birch 'em up to eighteen. Sort of law the Jockey Club should pass if they were any use," said Farrington, as he lit a fresh cigar.

"Well, gentlemen," said the trainer, "it's your own fault, a good deal of it, you spoil 'em, instead of keeping them in their places. There's another thing, Sir Marmaduke. The Dancing Master, after the beating he got at Epsom, is—supposing him to be anything like the colt we think he is—at a very nice price at present. It's quite evident that none of those connected with him have any confidence in him. He ran unbacked for the Two Thousand, so I am told; and Broughton tells me the stable had next to nothing on him for the Derby; but the minute he comes into your stable, you may depend on it he will become a great favorite with the public, and you will have great difficulty in backing him to win a good stake."

"Yes, there is something in what you say, Pipes; but I rise to the occasion. We'll keep the boy dark, and leave the horse at Greyson's."

"Well, Sir Marmaduke, that might do; and please remember I've nothing in the world to say against Greyson. A very capable man, and thoroughly understands his work, but there's a very queer lot connected with his stable, and if Greyson hasn't been very much maligned, he's done some queer things in his time. I don't say he wouldn't do the horse justice; but then, again, when Doncaster came round, we mightn't find him quite so fit as we should like to see him."

Mr Pipes had all the jealousies of his calling, and by no means relished the idea of allowing a horse, the property of his master, to remain in the hands of a rival practitioner.

"Pooh!" retorted the Baronet; "you're as troublesome to deal with as you say Blackton will be."

"Excuse me, Sir Marmaduke; I willingly acknowledge Greyson's ability. I only put it to you, do you think it advisable to leave the horse in his hands?"

"I should think he would do his best for me, just as I suppose Blackton will see that the Dancing Master is more likely to do his best for Forrest, whom the horse knows, than he is for himself."

"He—he—you'll excuse me, Sir Marmaduke; but the idea that any one can make more of a horse than he can, is the very last that can enter or be got into Blackton's head. No, sir; amongst the leading jockeys there isn't one who don't believe he can give his brethren seven pound; and how much better he is than the smaller fry, the machine's not made that can calculate."

"It's no use discussing these things further now," rejoined the Baronet, rather irritably. "It will be quite time enough to settle all the details when I've bought the horse. There's nothing more to arrange, I think, Pipes?"

"Nothing, I think, Sir Marmaduke. You've done a good bit of business in engaging that lad Forrest. I only hope you'll be as fortunate about your bid for the horse," and then, in obedience to the Baronet's hint, the trainer rose, and with a quiet "good-night, gentlemen," took his departure, leaving his employer and Charlie Farrington to discuss tobacco and the Racing Calendar till far into the night.

CHAPTER XX.

A SHARP SKIRMISH.

"IT is a rather curious discovery this, and I can hardly imagine Cuthbert Ellison behaving as I am told he did to Gerald Rockingham if he knew of the existence of these little bits of paper," muttered Mr Writson, as he sat in his office before a half-emptied box of papers. "I wonder whether Mr Ellison is aware of the extent of his liabilities? Anyhow, it is my duty to make him aware of them. It is clearly my business to recover as much of the money as I can, and though rumor says he is a very difficult man to get money from, yet, like a refractory lemon, when you get it in the squeezer, legal proceedings extract what juice there is, as a rule. Ellison must be in funds just now. He had a very good year on the turf, and he's begun by winning one of the big races this year. Men like him fluctuate a good deal, but his affairs should be at the flood at present. He must have supposed that the late Squire destroyed these bills, but even that would hardly account for the exceedingly bitter feeling Gerald tells me he displayed toward them all almost over his father's grave. The only way to account for it is that singular instinct in human nature which always leads us to hate those we have cruelly injured; and from what I gather in these papers Cuthbert Ellison had no little hand in the Squire's ruin. I wish I knew where Mr Gerald was. I should like to tell him what I propose doing, although his final instructions were comprehensive enough. 'Do the best you can, Writson, and recover all you are able out of the wreck for my mother and sister. As for me, I can take care of myself.'"

Still, Mr Writson was so anxious to communicate with Gerald before firing his first shot at Ellison that he sent a note down to Mrs Rockingham to ask for his address. An answer speedily arrived from Ellen to the effect that they had no idea of where he was, nor had they heard from him for some months, and were just as anxious for news as Mr Writson could be. Miss Rockingham had now become very uneasy at her brother's mysterious silence. Had anything happened to him? What could have become of him? It was so unlike Gerald's conduct of late to keep them in ignorance of his movements. There was but one person she knew of that seemed to be cognizant of them, and reluctant as she felt to apply to her for information, Ellen at length determined that she would see Dollie Greyson if she could.

Dollie had not been having a good time of it latterly at Riddleton by any means. Her father, it was true, thought no more of the episode with Jim Forrest after that young gentleman's departure, but do you suppose Mrs. Greyson was going to let her daughter off so easy? No, the mothers that bore them don't let their girls off in that fashion when they are detected encouraging the ineligible. Dollie was destined to hear allusions to her absorbing interest in Jim Forrest's engagements of all sorts, not daily, but, like a liberally prescribed tonic, they had to be swallowed about every three hours, till at last Dollie's patience gave way. It is not easy to bear with a persistent nagger, and Mrs. Greyson was gifted beyond the generality of her sex in that way. It was not the first time that Dollie and her mother had differed by a good deal, and the girl's pet refuge under these circumstances was, if she could compass it, always a visit to her uncle Thomas at York. There was often a difficulty about it—Mrs. Greyson violently opposed it; but Dollie was cunning of fence, and persistently started her fuse every evening, till at last Bill Greyson, weary of the wordy war between mother and daughter, and thirsting for peace and quietness, autocratically settled the question with a sharp "Pack up your things to-morrow and go, in God's name. I'm sick of this perpetual bickering between you and your mother."

So Dollie speedily found herself once more installed at the shop in Coney Street, and after her wont, taking an occasional turn behind the counter. She kept a keen lookout for Miss Rockingham, being, indeed, quite as anxious to see Ellen as Ellen was to see her. She was not at all dissatisfied with the last passage of arms between them, and held, moreover, this advantage over Gerald's sister. She was in his confidence, while Ellen was not. She knew where he was, what he was doing, what were his hopes, and what prospect there was of realizing them. His last letter, indeed, had told her of his being retained by Sir Marmaduke, and, of course, Dollie thoroughly understood that was another step up the ladder. Bill Greyson's daughter thoroughly understood the prestige an engagement by a big stable conferred upon a young jockey. Then she had implicit faith in her lover, and was of a sanguine temperament, and one of the things she was anxious to accomplish during her visit to York was establishing friendly relations of some sort with Miss Rockingham. She knew that she would have to submit to being treated in a rather patronizing sort of way. Ellen was much too well assured of her family and position ever to trouble her head about it, but her manner to her inferiors, although always suave, was apt to be a little imperious, and Dollie knew that at all events, to start with, Miss Rockingham would regard her in that light, and Dollie, under the circumstances, rather chafed at the idea of not meeting her future sister-in-law on equal terms.

Much to her astonishment, Dollie was interrupted one morning at her piano by an intimation from her uncle that Miss Rockingham was in the shop, and asking to see her. The girl gave one glance at herself in the glass over the fireplace, and that being satisfactory, tripped down-stairs to see her visitor.

"I am told you want to see me, Miss Rockingham," said Dollie, as she glided behind the counter. "What can I do for you?"

"I should imagine, Miss Greyson, you could pretty well guess what I was desirous of seeing you about. We have heard nothing of my brother for so long that we are getting anxious about him. Besides, his lawyers wish to communicate with him on business. You professed the last time I saw you to know where he was."

Dollie felt a great inclination to fire up at the term "professed," but she gulped down her indignation, and answered, quietly.

"I know where your brother is, Miss Rockingham, and am very glad indeed to be able to tell you that he is doing right well in his new calling."

"What is he doing?" inquired Ellen, sharply.

"Please don't think me rude," replied Dollie, in her most conciliatory manner, "but I'm pledged to secrecy on that point. I can't tell you—I really can't."

"I can't suppose that any pledge of secrecy you may have given can possibly be looked on as applying to his sister," rejoined Miss Rockingham, loftily.

"I was to tell nobody. I promised him not."

"You promised Gerald not," said Ellen, slowly. "Miss Greyson, is there any place where I could speak to you for five minutes in private?"

"If you would step upstairs, we should not be interrupted," said Dollie, as she motioned to Miss Rockingham to come round the counter, and led the way upstairs.

Dollie once there gave her visitor a chair, and then with a quiet "We shall not be interrupted here, Miss Rockingham," left it for Ellen to begin.

Once more Ellen was no little surprised. "Wherever could the girl have picked it up?" she wondered, but Dollie's easy, self-possessed manner was quite that of a lady receiving an equal. There wasn't a particle of pertness or self-assertion—it was simply the air of a lady accustomed to mix in the best society, and who had been used to receiving morning callers all her life.

"Miss Greyson," said Ellen at length, "are you still resolute in declining to give me my brother's address?"

Dollie nodded in the affirmative.

"If you will give me that, I need trouble you no further, as I could then ask him the questions. I must, if you persist in your refusal, ask him."

"I can not give it you, Miss Rockingham,

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1408.

without his consent, but I will write, if you like, to him for permission, and tell him what you say about the lawyers' requiring it."

"Would you mind explaining to me how it is you are so deep in my brother's confidence?" said Ellen, looking her young hostess straight in the face.

Dollie flushed a little, and hesitated a moment before she replied:

"I don't know. It is, perhaps, always difficult to say why people give you their confidence. I can only say I know your brother very well, Miss Rockingham, and he has given it."

"You are evading my question. We come back to where we were some time ago. You don't suppose that ring and a boy's idle gallantry mean anything? If you are deluding yourself with any dream of that sort, it is only charitable to awaken you in good time. A flirtation with my brother, including an underhand correspondence, believe me, Miss Greyson, will do your reputation no good."

"How dare you say such things to me?" cried Dollie, with her cheeks in a flame and her eyes flashing. "You know nothing of what terms your brother and I may be on."

"The better they are, the worse they are for you," retorted Ellen, sententiously.

"Miss Rockingham," said Dollie, mastering her temper by a violent effort, "Gerald—I mean your brother—never uttered word to me that a girl need be ashamed to listen to."

"Perhaps not," replied Ellen; "still, nothing but trouble can come of it. That a Rockingham should marry a girl in your station is, of course, impossible."

Dollie shot a wicked glance at her tormentor. "And yet, methinks, I have read the legend of the Lord of Burleigh," she retorted.

"Yes," retorted Ellen, tartly; "and we have heard of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid. *They* were rash enough to marry out of their class, and make fools of themselves; but gossip might have told you that we are ruined; besides, perhaps you may remember that in the ballad of the Lord of Burleigh the young lady never felt quite comfortable in her new position:

'But a trouble weighed upon her,
And perplexed her night and morn
With the burthen of an honor
Unto which she was not born.'

You, Miss Greyson, will be marrying family, but certainly not property."

"What have I ever done to you, Miss Rockingham, that you should taunt me in this fashion? Upon what terms your brother and I stand exactly you don't know, and from me never will know. I will give him your message; and I fancy now there is no more to be said between us;" and as she spoke, Dollie rose, drew herself up, and clearly indicated by her manner that the interview was at an end.

To say that Ellen was nonplussed would faintly express Miss Rockingham's feelings. She was much too polished of fence to show it, but she could not conceal from herself that she, Ellen Rockingham, had been put down quietly by this chit of a trainer's daughter whom she had intended to patronize. There was nothing left for her but to retreat in good order. She bid Miss Greyson a haughty farewell, and reflected, as her hostess courteously marshalled her down stairs, not only that she had taken very little by her visit, but that the probability was Gerald was very deeply compromised with Dollie Greyson. Dollie, too, was almost as much dissatisfied with the result of the interview as her visitor. She had meant to be conciliatory; she had tried to do her best in that direction; but she felt that, far from doing that, she had simply incurred that young lady's disdain and dislike—that Ellen now regarded her as a designing hussy whose head was turned at the idea of marrying a gentleman, and who failed to realize what a hopelessly bad speculation Gerald was as a husband.

"There is only one bit of consolation," murmured Dollie, as she soothed her nerves with a cup of tea—"I think I've established us both on the same platform at last; we have, perhaps, a better chance of becoming friends than any than any other. I wish I had kept my temper; but that Gerald could only regard me as a toy to amuse his leisure hours was more than flesh and blood could bear. Gerald shall scold me as much as he likes, but to be lectured by his sister because he has fallen in love with me is trying a girl rather too hardly."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CLEVELAND FIRE.

DURING the night of Sunday, the 7th inst., the beautiful city of Cleveland was visited by one of those terrible and devastating conflagrations that defy human effort to check them, and pursue their awful way until exhausted by lack of fuel or terminated by natural bounds. The fire broke out at seven o'clock on that pleasant Sunday evening, in the lumber district of the city, on the north side of the Cuyahoga River, and by daylight fifty acres of lumber and a dozen business establishments, besides cars, fire-engines, and other valuable property, had been wholly destroyed. The loss reaches up into the millions, and the fire was the most disastrous that has ever visited Cleveland. The thirteen steam fire-engines belonging to the Cleveland fire department were assisted in their struggle against the all-devouring flames by fire-engines from Toledo, Sandusky, Akron, Columbus, Painesville, and Delaware; and the 250 trained firemen on the ground were joined in the fight by a force of 2000 energetic amateurs. Had the breeze that blew during the earlier hours of the conflagration increased in strength, or even continued, the destruction of a large portion of the city must have resulted. At one time the situation was deemed so serious that the riot alarm was sounded by the fire-bells, and a strong force of militia was called out to assist the firemen in their unequal struggle. Several of the Cleveland fire-engines were nearly ruined by the fierce heat of the flames, and two of them were sunk in the river to preserve them from total destruction. The loss to the Cleveland fire department alone amounts to many thousands of dollars, while the total loss of property foots up to about two millions. Many casualties are reported, but no deaths, and about two thousand men are thrown out of employment.

As the burning material consisted almost entirely of huge stacks of the most inflammable pine lumber, the progress of the flames was rapid almost beyond comprehension, the heat intense, and the sight afforded the thousands of spectators was grand beyond description.

On page 614 will be found illustrations of the terrible scene, prepared from sketches made on the spot.

GOVERNOR ROBIE.

THE gentleman who has just been elected Governor of Maine for a second term is already well known for his public services. Graduating from Bowdoin in 1841, he entered the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, and at the outbreak of the war was appointed Paymaster by President LINCOLN. For his services in this capacity he was rewarded on the restoration of peace by the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Governor ROBIE is a man of more than average culture, and possesses a thorough practical knowledge of the business interests of his State. He has been seven times elected to the Maine House of Representatives, was Speaker thereof in 1872 and 1876, and during the terms of several Governors was Chairman of the Council. His re-election to his high office is a proof of the estimation in which he is held by the citizens among whom he has labored so long.

WISCONSIN STATE TROOPS IN CAMP.

THE recent encampment of the State troops of Wisconsin just outside the city pervaded Milwaukee with a military fever that raged violently during the five days that the camp was maintained. The carefully prepared programme of exercises for each day, beginning on a Tuesday and ending with the following Friday, was successfully carried out, and the thousands of visitors to the camp had every reason to be proud of their citizen soldiery. On Wednesday and Thursday competitive prize drills attracted immense throngs of spectators, and aroused great enthusiasm. The competitors were the Detroit City Grays, the Janesville City Guards, the Appleton Light Infantry, and the Evergreen City Guards of Sheboygan. Of a possible ten points, and in the order named, the several teams scored 8.9, 8.1, 8.0, and 6.8. The prize of individual badges, therefore, goes to Detroit, while the company jewel, awarded as second prize, will lend splendor to the Janesville Armory.

On Thursday evening occurred the first brigade dress parade held by Wisconsin State troops since the war. It was a momentous affair for those concerned, and all breathed more freely when the reviewing officer, Colonel CHARLES KING, U.S.A., complimented the regimental officers highly, and stamped the evolutions with his hearty encomiums. As Colonel KING is one of the leading military tacticians in the country, and was General UPTON's assistant in preparing the latter's *Tactics*, praise from him means more than it would from almost any other man, and the Wisconsin soldiers have reason to feel elated.

The street parade on Thursday morning, although somewhat marred by rain, was conducted with a commendable precision and observance of details, and the sham battle of Friday was a brilliant and intensely exciting affair.

PRESIDENT RUNYON.

MR. MAHLON RUNYON, whose death by his own hand has deepened the tragic gloom which hangs over the failure of the New Jersey National Bank, was a member of a highly respected and widely spread New Jersey family of Huguenot descent. He was a little over fifty years of age, and began his business career at fifteen in New Brunswick. In 1843 he started on his own account in the coal trade, which he left in 1856 to become a grain merchant. After eleven years of successful industry he retired with a considerable fortune, and ultimately became the president of the ill-fated institution whose downfall he could not survive. The esteem in which he was held, the supposed integrity of his character, and his known wealth gave confidence to those who trusted to the unfortunate bank, and even after the suicide of the cashier, on the 4th of September, his name tended to allay the panic. Mr. RUNYON leaves a son and three daughters.

THE PENNSYLVANIA FAIR.

DESPITE the intense heat which for many days together caused great suffering to the live stock, and doubtless occasioned the withholding of some tardy exhibits and the withdrawal of others, the thirtieth State fair of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society, which opened on the 8th of September, to continue until the 20th, is in some respects of unprecedented excellence.

The early days of September gave to Philadelphia and its suburbs an almost embarrassing cluster of attractions. The annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the Electrical Exhibition, the meeting of the mining engineers, and the convention of electrical engineers, the three days' centennial celebration at Norristown, beginning the 9th of September, of the establishment of Montgomery County, were all centres of attraction. Yet the exhibition of the Keystone State's agricultural industries certainly has held its own among them.

The grounds selected comprise about thirty acres in the apex of the triangle formed at Broad and Lehigh avenues by the Pennsylvania and the Reading railroads, well known as Germantown Junction; and as they have been leased for ten years, with a view to an annual fair, an appearance of unusual stability is apparent in the various buildings and inclosures, while each successive gathering will witness additions to the conveniences. This year's prize list aggregates more than $40,000, exclusive of the medals, diplomas, and ribbons, and there is a large force of employés.

To the display of live stock must be awarded the first honor of mention in the show, more particularly as the animals were greatly distressed by the continuous and excessive heat coming after long railroad journeys. Constant spongings and dousings of the horses and pigs were required, and coopfuls of fowls and pigeons were taken away in a bedraggled condition. Yet with these disadvantages the display of animals and poultry is, nevertheless, unusually good. There is a fine show of stallions, the best ever made at a Pennsylvania State fair, including scores of the now well-known draught horses of Normandy. Contrasting with Mr. DARLMAN's Norman stallions and brood mares, and with the Clydes and Percherons of others, are Mr. KERRER's Suffolk Punches and the diminutive Shetland ponies to amuse the youngsters, while thorough-bred racers were not wanting. The well-known Lafferty and Scattergood stables are in strong force, the former exhibiting a venerable specimen of equine fame in old Ethan Allen Junior, aged thirty-four, the first colt of his illustrious sire. There is also a four-year-old Messenger Pilot, with plenty of the blood of old Messenger in him. Lucy Patchen, a granddaughter of the renowned George M., is also at this gathering of celebrities, which is so well suited to the Quaker City's weakness for inquiring who your father is.

And speaking of blue blood, we are at once led to turn to the cattle exhibit because General PLEASONTON, of cavalry and color fame, has put up on the grounds an argumentative or demonstrative frame structure, with alternate small panes of blue and white glass, to illustrate his well-known theory of development. The fine roan bull Thor, the Alderney bull Bellerophon, and various Jersey or Durham cattle and Chester pigs, sedulously hedged in with blue glass influences from infancy, show that azure or other advantages have done them good. It would require a column to particularize the entries of Alderneys, Jerseys, Guernseys, Short-horns, Holsteins, Devons, and Ayrshires, amounting to several hundred, by well-known raisers. Two Maryland exhibits, Mrs. LEWIS's bull, Black Prince of Mendon, bought for $16,000, and Princess Second, a great butter yielder, who is said to have attracted an offer of $26,000 for herself and $10,000 for her young calf, may be especially mentioned. The society furnishes a liberal supply, we may here note, of hay for horned stock and horses, besides straw for bedding, and green food for milch cows. The competition is open to all nations.

The swine and sheep are illustrious by quality rather than quantity. Of the former, Joe, a delicate hog, christened, perhaps, in honor of the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*, lay gasping during the time when the Weather Bureau's predicted cold wave evaporated with heat on the way from Manitoba, under the fleshly responsibility of 850 pounds. A Berkshire sow added five to her family, in one fell swoop, on a fine morning soon after the fair opened. What with Cheshires, Chester Whites, Jersey Reds, Poland Chinas, and Berkshires, the show is good, though we must call it small. A sow with eleven pigs deserves a diploma for good intentions. Southdown and other sheep show excellence rather than numbers.

Poultry is finely represented in this show—better than ever before. The fancy breeds are all here, and a display of Chinese silver and golden pheasants is noticeable. The pigeons are present also in many varieties, as are the rabbits and Guinea-pigs. The bee tent, provided by the Philadelphia Bee-keepers' Association, is an attractive exhibit of the methods of making honey. The Philadelphia Kennel Club makes an exceedingly fine show of dogs. The list of entries is very great, and includes many of the champions and five full packs of fox-hounds.

Of miscellaneous wares and farm tools we need not speak, as every State fair shows them. The Brobdingnagian squash and the gigantic cabbage are in their glory. But the floral exhibits by the crack gardeners of Philadelphia deserve more respectful mention. Not since 1860 has the State fair been held at Philadelphia, but now with the prospective element of permanency it bids fair to become every year a greater success.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE sculptors of Berlin have decided that the statue of General Von Goeben shall be made without spectacles, and they have said, as a law for themselves and for such others as will accept it, that spectacles are not good in statuary. One may be permitted to think that that would depend. Peter Cooper without his spectacles would be as intolerable as Peter Stuyvesant without his wooden leg; and, again, it might be unwise to include the single eyeglass in a heroic statue of a contemporaneous Englishman destined to be set up in Trafalgar Square.

There is something a bit surprising in the idea of taking men from the cold of Manitoba to share in an expedition up the Nile; but Lord Wolseley has faith in the North American voyageur and his birch-bark canoe, and by the last advices 500 of these hardy backwoodsmen were at Montreal, ready to sail for England on their way to the relief of General Gordon at Khartoum.

President Robinson of Brown University expresses a desire to have base-ball games so regulated as to permit the other college studies to go on at the same time. He thinks that fair play for the whole curriculum is no more than may reasonably be asked.

Sitting Bull and Spotted Tail have been done in wax. It is even startling to reflect that no degree of civilized or barbaric dignity or splendor can escape being made into a "figger."

The Rev. W. P. David, of Sullivan County, is held up to the contemplation of mankind as a preacher who earns his salary. Each Sunday he makes a round, preaching in three places, of which the first is twenty-one miles from his home, the second eight miles from the first, and the third four miles from the second and twelve miles from the place whence he started, which he reaches at midnight, having left it at half past three o'clock in the morning. The salary which admiring commentators say is "earned" by this exhaustive process is $200 a year.

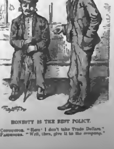
Lulu Hurst was the first of a run of magnetic girls. The pioneer magnetic boy is announced from Lynchburg, Virginia. He ruined a heavy oak table belonging to his father, and afterward "literally tore a large dining-room table," also belonging to his father, "into fragments, while several men were working with all their might to wrest it from him." The temper of the father, who is a patient and long-suffering man, is said to have a limit which is on the verge of being reached.

This is the season of the year when actresses of various grades arrive from European countries and tell the American people what an exceedingly fine lot of men, women, and children they are. Such unanimity is very flattering.

Research as to the origin of the word *microbe* shows that it was used by M. Charles Sedillot, of Strasburg, in February, 1878, in a paper on the application of M. Pasteur's discoveries to surgery. In his reply Pasteur used the word twice, and thereafter it was used frequently by scientific writers. It is believed that Sedillot was the first to use it.

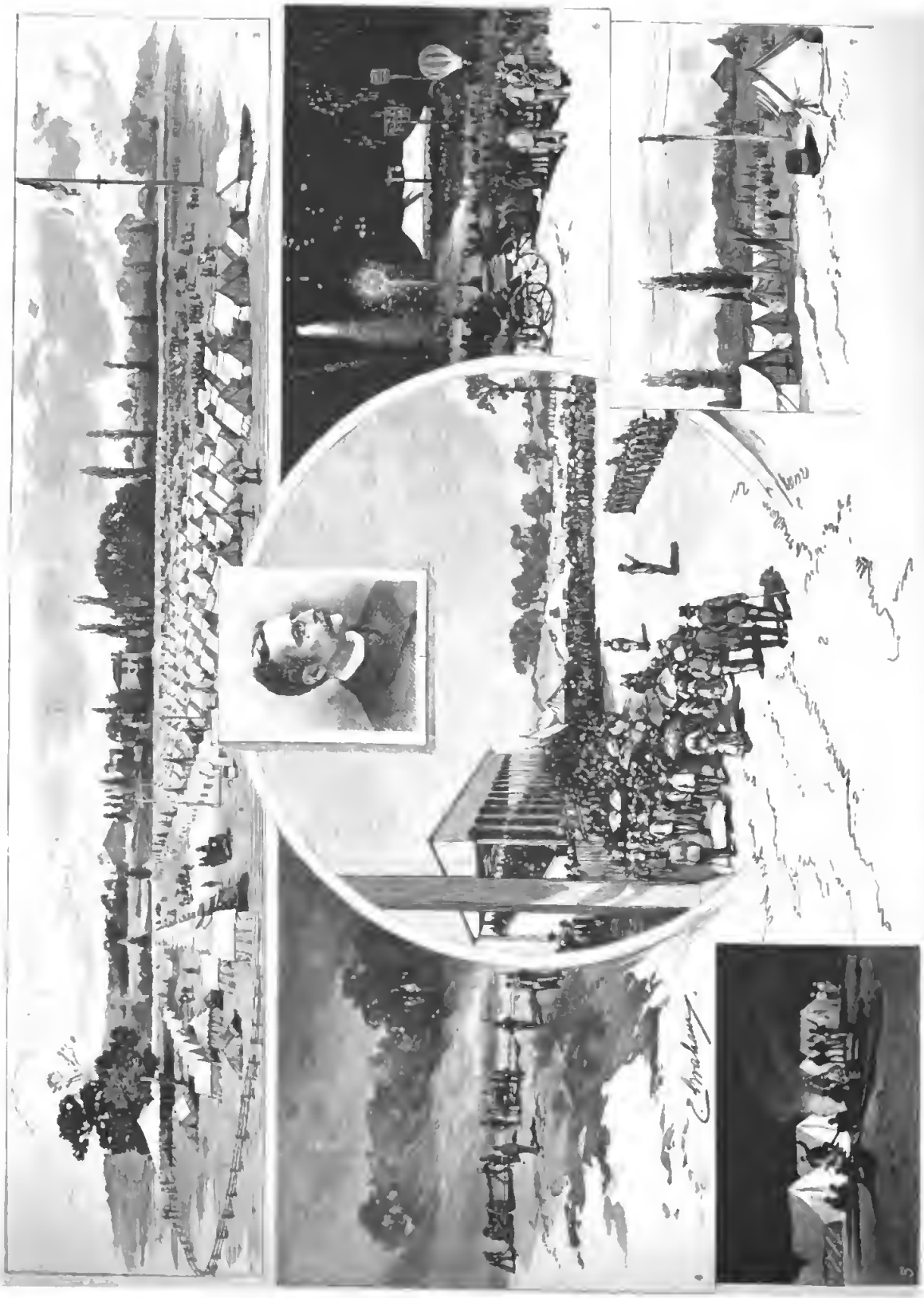
In the Stamp Bureau of the Post-office Department at Washington is a little instrument that is used for measuring the thickness of sheets of paper. It is useful in determining the quality of the stock put into envelopes and other stationery by contractors with the government. The unit of measurement is a sixteen-thousandth of an inch. While exhibiting it to an inquisitive reporter, the chief of the bureau demonstrated that a hair from his head was about twenty sixteen-thousandths of an inch in diameter, and a hair of his mustache was thirty sixteen-thousandths of an inch thicker.

A horse car sailing up Chatham Street at three o'clock of a recent morning came to anchor suddenly, and remained stationary for so long a period that the curiosity of the passengers became aroused. They noticed the absence of the driver from the platform, and peered this way and that in the endeavor to see where he had gone. The conductor, when questioned, expressed the belief without equivocation that he had gone to get a drink. But he seemed a very long time in the accomplishment of so easy and simple a process as that; and the passengers had given up speculation, and were beginning to utter jeers and catcalls, when one of them chanced to glance at a neighboring open-air oyster stand, and there saw the driver in the flare of a turpentine torch urging the stall man to hurry up the last two of the dozen, and bolting with surprising celerity a long series of small crackers soused with tomato catsup and pepper sauce. Amid the earnest cheers of the entire car-load he finished the remaining two, scooped a farewell handful from the cracker bowl, deposited a dime and a nickel amid the vacant shells, waved his hand to the purveyor, and sprang to his place and released the brake with a "Get up!" that it was good to hear.



HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

CONDUCTOR. "Here! I don't take Trade Dollars."
PASSENGER. "Well, then, give it to the company."



1. Captain Charles King, U.S.A. 2. Drilling for Prizes. 3. The Camp. 4. Sham Battle. 5. Social Camp Fire. 6. Fire-Works. 7. A Street in the Camp.

THE WISCONSIN STATE TROOPS—REUNION OF THE NATIONAL GUARD AT MILWAUKEE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[See Page 617.]

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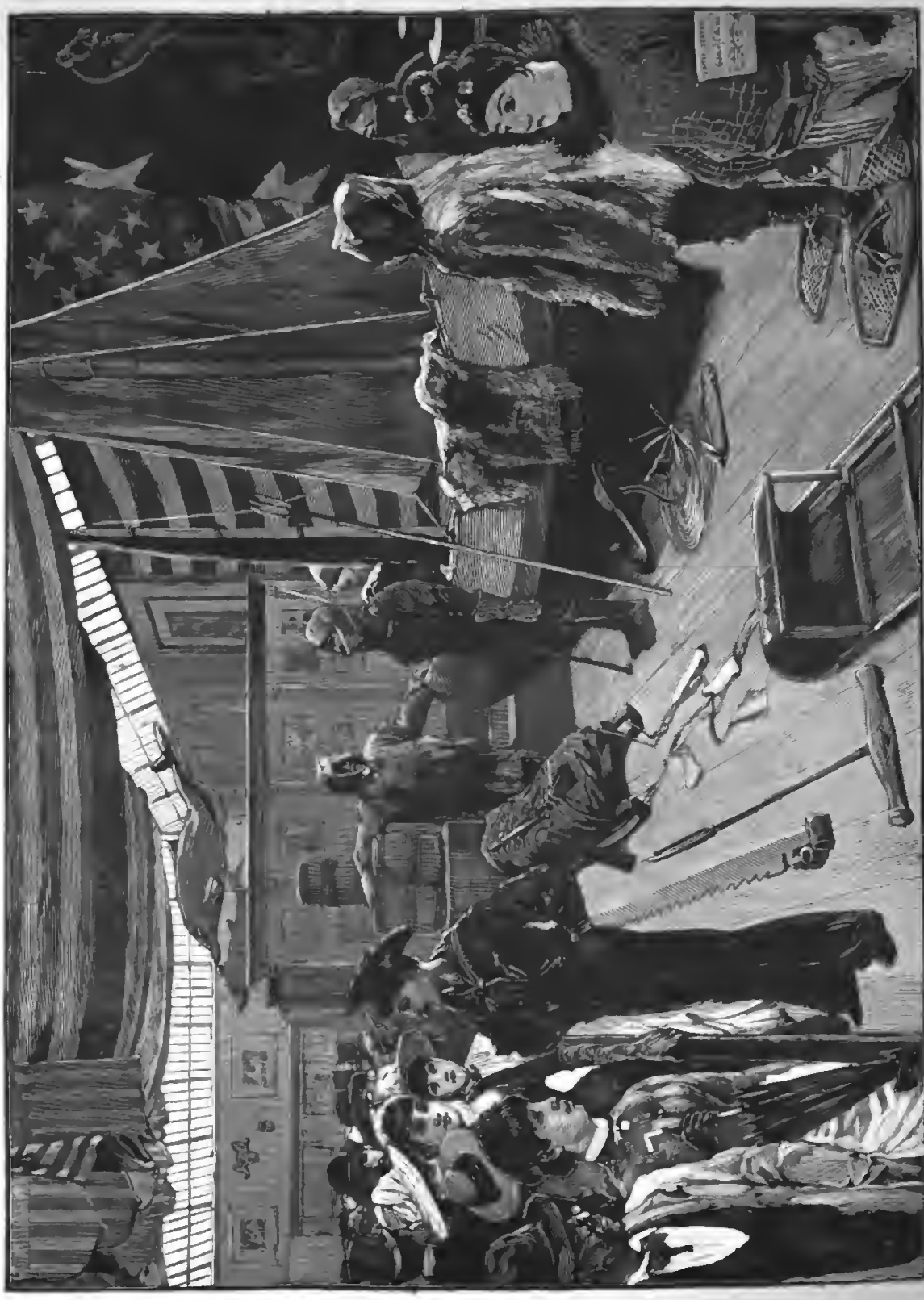

THE CINCINNATI INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.—DRAWN BY H. F. FARNY.—(SEE PAGE 621.)

SUPPLICANTS.

Strong in his newly forged mail, sober and firm is the slave;
Sleeping the war-dogs all; foes are at peace in the grave;
Yet is a prize to win, still a danger to brave.
Ward, O Eternal, ward from our wonderful country Corruption.

Maidens laugh upon men; homes rise high on the lea:
Woods keep tenderly guard; winds are fair on the sea;
Lo! with her wealth of fruit, Harvest in majesty!
Ward, O Eternal, ward from our wonderful country Corruption.

Fear not a foeman without who comes with cuirass and gun,
Hordes by an iron-mouthed death for hungry monarchs undone;
Tremble at mean, small men, whose aims are hidden from sun.
Ward, O Eternal, ward from our wonderful country Corruption.

C. de Kay

LOVE AND MIRAGE;*

OR,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SPELL-BOUND.

When, indeed, did the thing we live for come to pass after expected fashion? He was planning the day's business over his early cup of coffee, when a servant knocked at the door with a hurried message.

"A lady who had arrived late last evening, and was about to continue her journey at once," he said, "wanted to consult the English gentleman as to the best means of getting to London. Would the Herr speak to her for five minutes?"

"Certainly," was Arthur's prompt reply, as he rose to follow the lad.

A moment before, his mind had been occupied with a sketch he wanted to finish that morning. Wholly thrown off his guard by the matter-of-fact summons, he was now prepared to meet some country-woman, intrepid, cheery spinster, returning from a solitary trip to Iceland, perhaps even some stray acquaintance, since he knew how many women, and each and all indefatigable travellers. The one woman who had entirely engrossed his thoughts during the past three weeks, whose future had been such a matter of delicious concernment to him, strange that for the moment she should be utterly forgotten!

Great, then, was his astonishment to find himself without any warning in her presence, suddenly brought face to face with her as with any ordinary human being. The situation had evidently changed; that he saw at a glance. There was no more need for mystery and disguise. She was free to confer with him, to make her plans, to go whither she would. There were travellers' belongings scattered about the room, a reticule with silver clasps here, a bundle of plaids there, and as she sat in hat and cloak, ready for immediate departure, she was busily turning over the pages of a guide-book.

Taken aback as he was, Arthur could but note how beautifully these things became her—the black felt hat with its broad brim, simple and dignified as in an old picture, the plain black silk pelisse bordered with dark fur, making graceful lines. She was very pale, but the expression of listless resignation, almost of passive despair, had given way to a look of proud, passionate self-assertion. Weakness had never been stamped on that rare physiognomy, rather a disdainfulness of suffering for suffering's sake, a challenge of relentless fate to do its very worst. Now the woman predominated over the victim, the haughty spirit over the outraged heart. The crisis she had passed through had left her at least mistress of herself.

"I have made up my mind to go at once to your country," she said, with a steady downright look and an unfaltering voice. Arthur now for the first time realizing the sweetness of her voice. "Can you think of some good woman who will give me shelter whilst I seek how best to gain my bread?"

"That I readily undertake to do," Arthur answered, straightway producing his pocket-book. "But you look much too wearied to undertake such a journey immediately. Rest at least one day."

There was something about Arthur Venning to inspire confidence under any circumstances—the easy initiative of the well-bred man, the pleasantness and *savoir-faire* of the man of the world, lastly the alertness to help those weaker than himself, which is the next best thing to downright heroism. And just such ready help and confident counsel she stood in need of, her look said, so wistful yet so deprecatory of anything approaching to effusiveness or sentiment, so full of appeal to all that was single-minded and noble in this new friend.

"I could stay a little, I am free to go or come," she answered, hesitatingly. Then, as if determined that he should understand her position, "If I have not a friend in the world, at least I have hardly an enemy."

"Be guided by me, then, and take a little rest. We will consult together as to your journey and your prospects in England. And do not call yourself friendless. In accepting my help you make me your friend."

She glanced at him with a look of inquiry. It occurred to her on a sudden that this kindly, delicate-minded young Englishman had a wife, one already the head of a family. By virtue of such a position he now assumed this air of almost brotherly protectiveness. Arthur made haste to explain himself.

"Those who travel much," he said, in the same easy, agreeable voice, "can seldom make a journey without being able to render a little service to somebody, and such chance-made acquaintances may well ripen into friendship. Your country-people, indeed, have coined a word for this pleasant relationship—*Reisefreundschaft*—travelling friendship."

"It is kind of you to take so much trouble about me. I will not prove ungrateful," she answered, smiling sadly. "I have a good voice. When your friends get up concerts for charitable purposes I will sing for them."

"Endowed with a fine voice, your way in my country will be easy indeed," Arthur said, eagerly. "There is no gift more appreciated."

She looked round the room, and her eyes lighted on a piano. "I will try to summon up courage, and let you judge of my singing. It used to be much admired," she said. "And I should be glad to earn money. I want it not for myself, but for others."

"I should, of course, have an opportunity of appraising your talents before I recommend them to strangers. By all means let me hear you sing by-and-by. First let us plan your journey."

He straightway wrote a short letter introductory to his old acquaintance, the music mistress, and handed it to her with his own card.

"You will be in good hands, at any rate, for a time," he said, "and on my return to London I am sure of being able to find you pupils. There are really no difficulties to appall you. Now for your route."

She handed him the guide-book, and he pencilled an itinerary on the fly-leaf, carefully adding a note or two that might be useful in case of need, the name of a friendly English banker at Hamburg, who was begged to render any service the bearer might require. The address of a kindly landlady at another stage of the journey. Finally, in the most considerate and delicate way possible, he threw out a hint as to the expense. Was she amply provided with money? Had she not better take an English bank-note or two for use on first arrival? It would be so easily repaid after his return. And when his mind had been set at ease on that score, and every detail of the journey gone into, conversation took another turn. Mention of a certain artistic city she was to pass through led to the discussion of a work of art with which it had been recently enriched. For a few minutes the pair forgot everything else in their artistic enthusiasm. How can a single sentence reveal the intellect that makes the man or woman what they are! The few eager utterances Arthur now heard indicated to him that insight into art as rare as the creative faculty itself. He hearkened to one who regarded art as no bright envelope thrown over sordid human existence, rather a transformation of existence itself, rendering splendid and pure what was otherwise circumscribed and mean. This little digression, brought about by mention of a newly discovered Greek statue, smoothed matters wonderfully. Arthur felt as much at ease now as if he were discussing Wagner or Rossetti with some intimate woman friend wearing the last æsthetic costume over five-o'clock tea in Belgravia. But he heard no woman in Belgravia—indeed, in all the world—at all to be compared to this one. There was a distinction combined with the most entire simplicity, a naive yet passionate eagerness about things intellectual, a whole-heartedness and transparency, quite apart from the well-trained and perhaps slightly artificial culture of the women he made friends of in London circles. Then the matchless voice. Rich, sweet, pathetic, and dissimilarly toned, it might almost have consoled the blind for the face they could not see. They had talked thus for half an hour, when she said, cheerfully, putting off her hat and cloak:

"I think I could sing to you now. I am so happy at the prospect of earning money in rich, generous England."

She sat down to the piano and played the opening phrases of a well-known accompaniment to one of Beethoven's famous songs, with easy, well-reined-in fervor. The born musician straightway proclaimed herself; not a trace of effort, not a strained accentuation, yet nothing slurred over that the composer intended to be there. So far the performance was flawless. Arthur's trained ear and true feeling for music generally were to be much further gratified. No sooner did the sweet, strong, passionate voice fill the place than everything else in the wide world seemed dwarfed and dwindled to nothingness. As much of existence as has deepest meaning was now made vocal in a song—a song, moreover, that seemed made for this especial voice, although it had been sung by every cantatrice of European celebrity. And for a brief spell the rapturous consciousness of power exhilarated the singer, translated the stricken woman into a wild, gladsome spirit. The lendings of personality and circumstance dropped off. She was no longer herself, but something brighter, more felicitous; something that had no taint of mortality or earth about it; something she would fain, escaping bodily encumbrances, remain forever.

But the spell worked not long. A skylark's exuberant carol is not sooner hushed near the fallow than this exuberant mood passed away. The voice faltered, the trembling fingers slid from the keys. She quitted the piano, and hid her face in her hands.

"Old memories come back to me," she murmured. "'Tis a song my father loved."

CHAPTER XXIV.

LOVE.

Arthur let her weep a little, yet lingered, offering a stray word or two of encouragement. In England, he said, there would be less to remind her of the past. The bustle and animation of London were the best possible medicine for a mind given overmuch to retrospection. And so must all take heart, he added. As for her singing, it was of a kind that needed no praise. On the score of making her way, then, she need have no uneasiness.

"You are very kind," she answered, having quickly dried her tears, "and there are kind people everywhere. It is foolish of me to dread the future."

"Nor need you dread the journey either," Arthur said, kindly. "My friend will meet you on arriving in London. Everything shall be made as easy as possible."

Still seeing a look of hesitancy and reluctance in her face, he went on: "I shall leave this island myself soon. I may even overtake you on the road, and be able to help you through the most troublesome stage of your journey." Then, growing painfully eager, he said, "Anyhow we shall meet in October; I must be back by that time."

Still the same look of misgiving, the same silence. Was she beginning to distrust him also, to see in his alacrity to help a less welcome motive than common charity? Was she on the verge of dreading his very chivalrousness, his devotion? Such a thought was not to be entertained for a moment. Throughout this interview he had been exercising self-mastery, determined in the least little thing to betray no other motive but prosaic way-side benevolence. Even with regard to her singing he had kept back any approach to warm admiration. For a time, at least, she must see in him an ordinary well-doer, nothing more.

But when he saw her overcome, as he thought, by a sense of dire forlornness, sad and helpless in her matchless beauty as any common woman, he was momentarily thrown off his guard. The impulse to console became irresistible.

"If you really feel timid about this undertaking, I will precipitate my own departure to escort you," he said.

That was his first blunder. To English and American ears such a proposal might seem free from forwardness, much less impertinence. Arthur forgot that he was addressing no confident, much-travelled country-woman, no fair, free-and-easy Yankee, equally ready to take him to hand. He was speaking to a German girl, imbued with very different notions from her cradle upward, and who under any circumstances would have resented an initiative of this kind. But it was not an apparent violation of social etiquette that now made his listener's pale cheeks glow and eyes flash. Rendered morbidly alive to anything that should wear the look of disrespect or slight, she had no word to say, too sad, too dejected, for scorn, she heard him out.

In his intense anxiety to soothe and cheer her, he also entirely misread his companion's mood, wrongly interpreting the pensive questioning, the pensiveness, the almost agonized look of doubt. So he blundered on from bad to worse.

"I must soon be returning, anyhow," he went on. "Why should I not render you such small service?"

Then beguiled by the changing expressions of the face he had been studying as in a picture, desperately fascinated by her beauty, and unmindful of all the collectedness and reserve he had imposed on himself, he added, in a voice shaken with eagerness, "Accord me the right to protect you."

The words were hardly out of his lips when he realized how utterly they were misread. He would never forget that look as long as he lived. Till a moment before she had smiled upon him out of very gratitude and fullness of heart—smiled upon him as if he had been kinder and better than mere mortal, almost akin to the angels in his tenderness and pity.

Now she turned away as from some vile thing, the bitterest enemy a forlorn creature could have. The trembling lips moved, but no utterance came, and well was it for Arthur that she did not utter the word he might have found hard to forgive, that, certes, she could never have forgiven herself.

She was leaving him thus, not contempt alone, but despair written in her face—a despair new since yesterday—when Arthur proudly, even scornfully, finished his sentence. "Be my wife," he said.

The unspoken abhorrence and deprecatory look did not vanish all at once. First doubt gradually made its appearance in their place, next a feeling of bewilderment, last came sweet ineffable assurance. She sat down, trembling from head to foot.

"Would you marry me, a fallen thing?" at last she said, in a low voice. "May one man's generosity attain the measure of another's meanness?"

Said Arthur, stoutly: "There is a church on this island, and a wedding ring can cross the sea. As I stand before Heaven, I am ready to make you my wife now and here."

"Why would you marry me?" she asked, in the same sweet, plaintive tone. "Can it be my poor beauty or my misfortunes, admiration that moves you or sweet pity?"

Again Arthur spoke out with manful fervor. "Does an honest man marry a woman for any reason but one? I would make you my wife because I love you."

"Oh!" she cried, "do not let us use that word. In my ears it has a baneful sound. There must be a better feeling than love born of compassion like yours, such gratitude as mine."

"What matters the word?" retorted Arthur, at every step put on the defensive. "A man can but honor a woman in one way, be it admiration, pity, what you will, that prompts him." Then he held out his hand and repeated the words. "Let me make you my wife, on this island, and as soon as may be."

A light came into her beautiful eyes, first of sad retrospection, then of joyful looking forward. Gradually sorrow seemed to drop from her as a garment, and hope was there to take its place, radiant yet subdued, beautifying past power of words to describe. But for a while the tears lingered as rain-drops on a flower opening to the sunshine after storm.

"My mother died of a broken heart, my father is mad in the spital, and all through me," she murmured. "I can not bring her back again, but I think if I went to my father, with a brave man by my side, and showed him my wedding ring, he might understand. His reason would perhaps come back again. Who knows? Heaven is very merciful."

Then she wiped away her tears, and went on in the same soft, pathetic voice:

"What joy that would be! For madness is worse than death. The dead are at rest, but my poor father never ceases to grieve for his lost daughter, his pride, his darling. Sometimes he curses me with fearful ravings, they say, and sometimes he cries like a child, reproaching me pitifully and tenderly. And my dear, dear sisters, homeless, looked down upon, what joy for them to have me back again! for the wedding ring will make all things right," she said, between laughing and crying, and kissing the hand that clasped her own. "Who will dare to flout the Englishman's wife?"

Arthur smiled proudly and approvingly. "Who indeed?" his face said.

"Is it not wonderful to think of the good one human being can do another?" she went on, in a voice tremulous with emotion. "You have crossed my path to save me from despair, and be my guardian angel, but the good will not stop there. Is not all doing good since Christ set the example a kind of expiation, an atonement for the sins of others? You will hold me all the dearer for having so befriended me, and will be better and happier too. Oh!" she cried, with sudden light beaming from the beautiful eyes, "if to do wrong is such darkness and woe, what must the brightness and joy of conscious rectitude be like?"

"Nay," said Arthur, in quite a humble yet aggrieved voice, "you set me up too high. I ask you to marry me because you are the first woman I have seen I would fain make my wife. For Heaven's sake do not talk of befriendment and well-doing. The words do not apply."

"But," she went on, determined to make him see her meaning, "you may be more generous than you know; you may have mistaken pity for love. Anyhow, the best of all joys, the joy of others which is one's own giving, will be yours. And you will at last understand what I mean when I speak of a better feeling than love. Those who love each other in the common way have nothing to forgive, nothing to be thankful for. Should I let you so bind yourself unless I trusted you as you must trust yourself? You would not behave magnanimously now unless you were sure of being able to behave so always. You would never reproach me by word, look, or deed, I know. And the best, deepest feelings a woman has to bestow shall be yours. My affection for you shall be that of mother, sister, wife, in one."

Then she added again, ready to break into tears: "You will take me to my old home, will you not? Oh, to see my sisters! to have them love me as of old, and if God sees fit to restore my father to reason, to hear him bless me and call me his child, his own Eva, once more! No, it is too much joy. It can never, never be."

Arthur soothed her, lover like, before going away. Better for both, he said, to be alone awhile. Later he would take her for a little walk in the forest. If not, they should see each other next day, and the next. "And the next," he added, confidently, "it must be as I say."

He left her outwardly calm and enamored, and went about the day's business as usual. An Englishman makes war or love, ruin overtakes him or fortune's choicest gifts are poured into his lap, but the gaping world is none the wiser; he suddenly finds himself a millionaire, a hero, a ruined man, or an accepted lover—and straightway stolidly orders his dinner.

CHAPTER XXV.

RETROSPECTIVE.

"And now," said Eva, "you shall have my story."

They had sauntered down to the marge of the lake, warm light cradling them softly, none but themselves denizens of this golden world. Hardly a scene for tales of tears and passion, yet, in spite of the ineffable peace and loveliness, the deep, dark waves on which lay the golden water-lilies might symbolize the hidden mystery and despair underlying human life, brightened by the mercy of Heaven with fair hopes.

They sat down on the skirts of the wood, both under the spell of the strange sweetness and solitude. It seemed in their first transport of sympathy and understanding as if they hardly needed explanation. Heart had already spoken to heart, soul to soul. Words could hardly make things clearer, yet Eva was fain to tell all now. Her pent-up confidences and secret thoughts long kept in check must find utterance at last. He held his peace. What will not a rare woman hazard in order to escape an inadequate existence! Unkindness may be endured even by those possessed of little patience; laborious, nay loveless, days made light of. But when the inner life, which is light indeed, lacks space and nutriment, when the soul is penned up between prison walls, an ardent nature can endure it no longer, and freedom is purchased at desperate cost.

Eva's story was much of the kind Arthur Ven-

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. [illegible].

ning had looked for. This brilliant girl had been the victim of her own intellectual aspirations and of another's subtle influences for ill, surely of evil chance also. In her case it seemed admissible to talk of fate and destiny, so inexplicitly were the toils of both woven about her feet.

A small official, living in a remote little residency or ducal capital, had three daughters, the two younger of whom promised to be paragons, but cast into the shadow by the attractions of their elder sister. On her, indeed, nature had lavished such bounties as might promise a matchless fortune—beauty, stateliness, *esprit*, a voice of uncommon richness, also artistic aptitude quite out of the ordinary way. And she was ambitious, though what play was there for rare character and parts in the future carved out for her?

Eva and her younger sisters must first be trained as school-teachers, and afterward paired off with some estimable pastor, professor, or official. A life that should be her own, the best and fullest expression of herself—in other words, the highest good attainable to human beings—was as remote from her as from some veiled thing called a woman shut up in an Eastern seraglio.

"Oh!" cried Eva, passionately, "henceforth women must have happier destinies. By virtue of freedom they will at last attain to full mental stature, and will grow strong and wise and happy. For is not injustice, alike in large and small things, at the bottom of most human misery, and what can be unjuster than the distortion of claims into the semblance of a duty? In the pride of my youth, on the threshold of life, possessed, moreover, as I believed, with a natural gift that might prove a career, I was bidden to marry a man because it was my duty. Yet I blame my parents very little. We were poor. The proposed marriage was a suitable one. Why could I not be as easily contented with a humdrum, narrow existence as other girls? They little understood how the notion crushed, almost hardened me. I was to be no longer myself, to give up all that one life indeed, to drag through life at the bidding of others. I began to feel afraid of myself. I had wild thoughts of fleeing, of apprenticing myself to some stage-manager as vocalist, of breaking with my family even!

"As I sat wrestling with these thoughts, determined to evade the reality they would fain force upon me, yet heart-broken at the notion of causing sorrow to my parents and sisters, an arch-tempter stood before me in the shape of a savior. We were often at court, my second sister and myself, and the Prince, who was related to the ducal house, had danced with me once or twice. 'Dear child,' he now said—he was older than myself by ten years, and his rank and knowledge of the world permitted this familiarity—'do not weep any more. You are free, and it is to me you are indebted for your freedom.'

"I looked up in amazement, and he went on, matter-of-fact, even kindly, yet carefully concealing anything like sentiment.

"'I bring you even better news still. In a week you will be on your way to Italy. The world of art, the musical future you have dreamed of, are to be yours.'

"Then he went on to explain, still in the same easy, almost indifferent manner, that my kind friends at court had heard rumors of the distastefulness of the marriage proposed to me, and that he had hit upon a plan by which time might be gained and matters smoothed over for all of us. His mother, sister of the reigning duchess, was about to start for Italy, and wanted a young lady as companion—*lectrice*, they called it. I was the very person to please her somewhat fastidious tastes. I was to have every facility afforded me for cultivating my voice. The marriage, thus postponed, need never take place, and I should quit my parents on affectionate terms, as if nothing had happened.

"My poor parents! Not even a brilliant marriage could have made them prouder than prospects like these. I was to see Italy, then the world, travel from one German court to another. They wept when they parted from me, but it was tears of joy. My sisters looked upon me already as a grand personage destined to raise the family fortunes. I never saw them again.

"Yet for a time all went well. The Prince was not only my benefactor and kind friend, he was my intellectual guide, my spiritual teacher—nothing more; so at least I blindly believed, and I was too happy, too absorbed in my rich, full art life, to suspect the truth. I really liked him. I felt more than grateful to him. He was, indeed, daily and hourly becoming necessary to me, but I was far from suspecting as yet that his will was to become my destiny."

She paused for a moment, and added, in a quiet, mysterious voice: "For such things must be. Looking back on the past, I can pity myself and forgive. I was no mere weakling caught in the grip of an iron purpose; rather a victim who, blindfolded by subtlety and wile, is made to walk blindfolded toward the pitfall. On a sudden the scales fell from my eyes. One morning the Prince came to me with a look that revealed all.

"'We are alone,' he whispered. 'You must know what I have come to tell you. I have loved you from the first; and you—I think you have learned to love me a little.'

"I was dumb. Did I ever love this man? I know not. I only know that he influenced me strangely, and that his will seemed to paralyze mine. Intellectually he had already claimed me his. Ten years older than myself, with a vast knowledge of the world and of art, an unerring critical faculty, moreover, he had indeed made me what I was. I owed my real—that is to say, my spiritual and artistic—existence to him. He had found me a curious, ardent girl. He had moulded me into the thoughtful woman, the artist. He—the fallen angel—had given me a soul.

"'We are alone. Now if ever,' he said. 'Our fate lies in our own hands. The duchess will not return to-day, and her presence is the only barrier to our happiness. Go with me. Become my wife.'

"What could I do but draw back and tremble?

"'Listen!' he cried; 'my love, my own! My mother has set her mind upon a great marriage for me. The bride is chosen, negotiations are already opened. If I return to Germany free, my destiny is sealed. And does not the same lot await yourself? I plead your cause as well as my own, and more, all that is dear to you, Italy, your art.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LAWN TENNIS IN 1884.

The National Lawn Tennis Association's fourth annual tournament, held this year as heretofore at Newport, derived additional interest from the fact that Mr. Sears, the third-term champion, was debarred from the open competition, thereby leaving an opening for some young and aspiring players to come to the front rank. The condition under which the open event, now coming to be known by the English title of the "All-comers' Prize," was held was that the winner should be required to challenge the champion. The winner, as the event proved, was Mr. Howard A. Taylor, of Harvard College, whose reputation on the tennis lawn has been steadily rising since his appearance at Newport last year, when he showed remarkable promise in a hotly contested match with Mr. Farnum, of the Young America Cricket Club. This year Mr. Taylor, who is only eighteen years old, won the Harvard championship and the Intercollegiate championship. At the summer tournament of the Orange Club he was evidently out of form, being defeated by Mr. Post, and this fact probably lent an element of surprise to his success at Newport. As it turned out, however, at that meeting, he made good his claim to be considered second only to Mr. Sears by defeating such players as Messrs. Van Rensselaer, C. M. and J. S. Clark, Conover, Beeckman, Post, Thorn, and Knapp. The only unsatisfactory circumstance in connection with the success of Mr. Taylor was the withdrawal of Dr. Dwight from all participation in the open singles, the reason for which was not stated, and, as assumed, was not satisfactory. A week later Messrs. Dwight and Taylor met at Orange, and a very interesting match was in progress, when Dr. Dwight was again obliged to disappoint his opponent and the spectators, being overcome by the excessive heat of the weather.

In the championship round at Newport Mr. Sears had no difficulty in maintaining his position, Mr. Taylor winning only one set in four. Mr. Sears has now won the championship of the United States four years in succession, and there seems to be no probability that the honor will be wrested from him next year. In addition to a natural aptitude for the game, which has been cultivated by assiduous practice, he still has youth on his side, and may count upon some appreciable improvement each season for three or four years to come. That he has made considerable advance during the past twelve months was evident to all who had the opportunity to compare his play at Newport this year with the form he showed last year. This improvement is in a great measure due to the practice he enjoyed in England during the past spring and early summer, when for three months he had almost daily opportunities of meeting the best English players, both in tournaments and in private practice. Having gone to England for the sake of meeting the best players rather than with an eye to the spoils of victory, it is not surprising that few English prizes fell to the lot of the American champion. In the double game, however, Messrs. Sears and Dwight gained for themselves a reputation second only to that of the famous Renshaw brothers, and it needed only their well-earned victory at Liverpool to establish the American pair as at least as good a team as any that they met in England, barring the English champions. To be second to such players as the Renshaws is to be the second team in the world, and with this honor the United States can well afford to rest content for a few years to come, when, as the record of international sports would seem to indicate, the lawn tennis championship of the world may confidently be expected to be held in America for a time. In the single game, however, the position of the American champion is not so high as in doubles. English players and critics place Mr. Sears in the first ten or twelve, but not higher, such men as the Renshaws, Messrs. Lawford, Grinstead, Stewart, Williams, Lewis, Browne, and Chatterton being ranked above him, several others being classed as about equal to him. Such a classification gives us some idea of the high standard of the game as played in England, and when we consider further that Mr. W. Renshaw is as far in advance of all his home competitors as Mr. Sears is ahead of other American players, it becomes evident that our standard of play must be kept steadily rising if our men are to compete successfully with their English rivals.

The third of the gentlemen whose portraits are given on page 616 as lawn tennis champions of 1884 is Dr. James Dwight, of Boston, who is perhaps the best known of tournament players, since not only does he rank among the first three players in the United States, but he has also been thrice elected president of the National Lawn Tennis Association, a position which he has filled with marked ability, as the success of the last three Newport meetings testifies. Dr. Dwight, in conjunction with Mr. Sears, holds the championship for doubles for the third successive year, and the prowess of the pair is so far in advance of anything that has hitherto been known in this country that it hardly seems possible that they should be displaced next year, or even for two years to come. In the single-handed game, as has been said, Dr. Dwight stands among the first three, and had he taken part in the Newport matches, as was expected, he had stood a good chance to establish his claim to the second place. That he declined to make the effort at Newport, and again subsequently at Orange, was a matter of regret to those who are most interested in the game, but it should not be allowed to question the position of Mr. Taylor. Dr. Dwight has undoubtedly improved his play by his English experience, but it is questionable if he will make any further advance. Taking up the game at an age when few men enter into a new pastime of an athletic character with any expectation of excelling in it, Dr. Dwight has developed into a remarkably strong player; but he has reached his thirty-fourth year, and further improvement can hardly be looked for.

Dr. Dwight has certainly done more for lawn tennis in this country than any one else, and possibly his absence abroad during the best part of the season may have had some connection with the infrequency of open tournaments this summer. The Philadelphia district has had only one, and the *Longwood* Club, of Boston, held a summer meeting. The *Far-and-Near* Club, of Hastings-on-the-Hudson, had a very pleasant meeting in June, and intends to have another in October; lastly, the Orange Club has recently concluded its second tournament this year. The Orange tournaments are very popular with players, for not only has the club the prettiest ground in the neighborhood of New York, but the prizes are always handsome, the attendance numerous, and the management of the best.

A. B. Starey.

MRS. BELVA LOCKWOOD.

The latest accession to the list of Presidential candidates, from among whom the intelligent citizen will have to choose, is Mrs. Belva Lockwood, a well-known lawyer now practicing in the city of Washington. This lady possesses great force of character and indomitable perseverance. Her legal attainments are of no common order, and her practice at the bar has been extensive. She was for years the editor of the *Legal News* of Chicago, a journal founded by her husband, and continued successfully by her. Mrs. Lockwood has for some time been a resident in Washington, and is the only lady admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court. In her letter of acceptance she promises if elected to make "a fair distribution of offices to women as well as men." This would include the appointment of a reasonable number of women as district attorneys, marshals, and judges of the United States, and of a competent woman to any vacancy that might occur on the United States Supreme Bench.

THE RIGHT OF WAY AT SEA.

To the average landsman the proceedings in the *Tallapoosa* court of inquiry are full of allusions which might as well be written in Choctaw as in English, so far as his comprehension thereof is concerned. He has heard of the boundless ocean, even if he has not seen it, and he can not for the life of him understand why there should not be room enough for vessels to keep clear of each other by night as well as by day. It is perfectly safe to assume that not more than one person in a hundred—very likely not more than one in a thousand—knows that there is a "rule of the road" at sea, far more uniform and rigorous than that which regulates travel on the public ways of dry land.

The maritime nations have agreed, after centuries of long and costly experience, on a code of rules which covers all possible situations in which vessels under way can find themselves, and yet collisions happen at sea among ships just as they do on shore among vehicles and pedestrians.

To the observant spectator of a yacht race, or of any crowded waterway of commerce, it seems wonderful how the different craft avoid running each other down. By day this is a comparatively simple matter, the fundamental rules being that a steamer must always keep out of the way of a sailing vessel, that a vessel sailing nearly or quite *before* the wind must give way to one sailing across it, and that a vessel with the wind blowing against her left-hand side must give way to one with the wind blowing against her right-hand side. These are awkward circumlocutions. A sailor would say, "A vessel running free must give way to a vessel close hauled on either tack," "A vessel on the port tack must give way to one on the starboard tack," etc., which covers the whole case, to his comprehension, and sounds much more like business even in a landsman's ears.

There are certain other simple rules devised to provide for possible complications, but those given are the most important, the first principles on which the maritime rule of the road is based. Beyond and above all, however, is that element of uncertainty which scientific persons call the "personal equation," but which is popularly known as common sense guided by good judgment.

This quality is of the most vital importance when darkness is on the face of the deep. On an average star-lit night a "sailor-man" must have owl's eyes if he can make out a vessel with any certainty at the distance of a mile. How much less when sea and sky are absolutely black, when the blinding salt spray flies in sheets over the reeling deck, and lights, if seen at all, are seen only to vanish!

"But," says our landsman, "does not every vessel carry a light?" Certainly—two of them at least; but these must be so placed that they indicate the direction in which the vessel which carries them is moving, otherwise they are nearly useless. To this end a red light is carried on the port (left) side, and a green light on the starboard (right) side. The law calls for lights powerful enough to be visible at a distance of two miles, and they must be so placed as to be visible straight ahead or on either side. They must not be visible astern. Suppose now that the lookout sees a red light ahead, he knows that the vessel to which it belongs has her port side toward him, and is moving toward *his* left; if it is a green light, she is moving in an opposite direction; if he can see both lights, she is coming directly toward him. He instantly reports what he sees, and the officer in charge at the time must at once act according to the "rules of the road," modified by the exigencies of the situation. The general rule is, "Port your helm," that is to say, "Turn out to the right"; but many a good ship has been sent to the bottom because the officer in charge was not quick enough to see that under the circumstances the rule must be broken. Situations may arise which set at defiance all rules, and confound even the keenest judgment. The dash of a wave or some wholly unavoidable accident may extinguish or obscure a lantern at a critical moment, leaving only one side light visible; the two vessels are driving toward each other through the darkness, and each, but for the extinguished light, may be following what the best seamanship would indicate as the safest course. Misunderstandings and mistakes occur at sea as elsewhere, for sailors are very human; and when a court of inquiry tries to find out who is to blame, in a case like that of the *Tallapoosa* and the *Lowell*, it invariably finds that the personal equation, taking the term in its very broadest sense, bears a very prominent part in all the proceedings.

It may amuse non-sea-going readers to know that "Jack" has dropped into poetry to aid his memory in doubtful situations. Every sailor-man has the following lines by heart:

> "When both side lights you see ahead,
> Port your helm and show your RED.
> GREEN to GREEN, or RED to RED,
> Perfect safety—go ahead."

The following apply especially to steamers:

> "If to your starboard RED appear,
> It is your duty to keep clear;
> To act as judgment says is proper,
> To Port or Starboard, Back or Stop her.
> But when upon your Port is seen
> A steamer's starboard light of GREEN,
> There's not so much for you to do,
> For GREEN to Port keeps clear of you.
> Both in safety and in doubt,
> Always keep a good Look-out.
> In danger, with no room to turn,
> Ease her!—Stop her!—Go astern!"

Mr. Thomas Gray is credited with the authorship of these verses, having edited into presentable English the crude shapes in which they first came into being before the mast.

When it is remembered that the percentage of color-blindness is variously given at from five to ten per cent., the situation is still farther complicated. The lookout sees what he takes for a red light, "close aboard, dead ahead," and reports it; the mate orders the helm to port, and jumps to the quarter-rail, only to see that it is a green light. "Hard starboard!" may or may not come too late. If it is a miss, it is practically as good as a mile; but if not, one or both vessels go down, lives are lost, each crew blames the other, and it is a very difficult matter to fix the responsibility.

The existing rules are probably the best that can be enforced at present. Possibly better ones may be devised with improved systems of lights; but that is a matter for future experiment, and can only be generally adopted by international consent.

THE CINCINNATI EXPOSITION

The twelfth annual Industrial Exposition of the city of Cincinnati was opened on September 3 with the formalities customary on such occasions. An orchestra played selections from operas, a chorus sang bits of the *Messiah* and of *Tannhäuser*, and sundry soloists warbled more or less sweetly. Mr. Edwin Stevens, chairman of the committee, introduced to the audience Mayor Stephens, who in turn introduced Mr. George H. Pendleton, the orator of the day. He pointed out, in neat sentences, that the exposition was not an international nor a national affair, it was not a county or State affair, it was distinctly a city exposition. Rome in all her glory, Paris with all her taste, London with all her wealth, had never had city expositions, and therefore each of these capitals was clearly far inferior to Cincinnati in all respects. The Hon. Mr. Butterworth, who was detained elsewhere by his "boom," wrote an inquiring letter, in which he plunged into ancient history deeper than ever Schliemann sounded. More men, he wrote, were engaged in pork-packing to-day than were present at the siege of Troy, while if the Carthaginians had only had as many sewing-machines as were in the Exposition Building, Scipio would have fled. After these auspicious words the exhibition was declared open. As usual, many of the exhibitors were not ready on time. By the 6th, however, everything was in place. The attractions presented were all of considerable interest. The government exhibit, in charge of Ensign Hassam, is the collection that will be sent to the World's Fair at New Orleans. It consists of contributions from the National Museum, the Fisheries exhibit, the model light-house, and the department of arctic supplies, exhibiting every necessary for arctic exploration. In the main hall is a collection of relics of Andrew Jackson—the sabre presented by Philadelphia, his watch seals, etc. The flower display on Friday was a great attraction, and the children's day (September 6) brought a crowd of sight-seers. A stained-glass window by Tiffany occupies a prominent place in the corridor devoted to etchings; it is an admirable work, and took a prize at Munich. The display of textile fabrics is large and excellent, and indeed every department is full of interest, whether, like the consular department, it is filled with contributions from every country with which our country has consular relations, or whether it relies for its attraction on native taste and labor.

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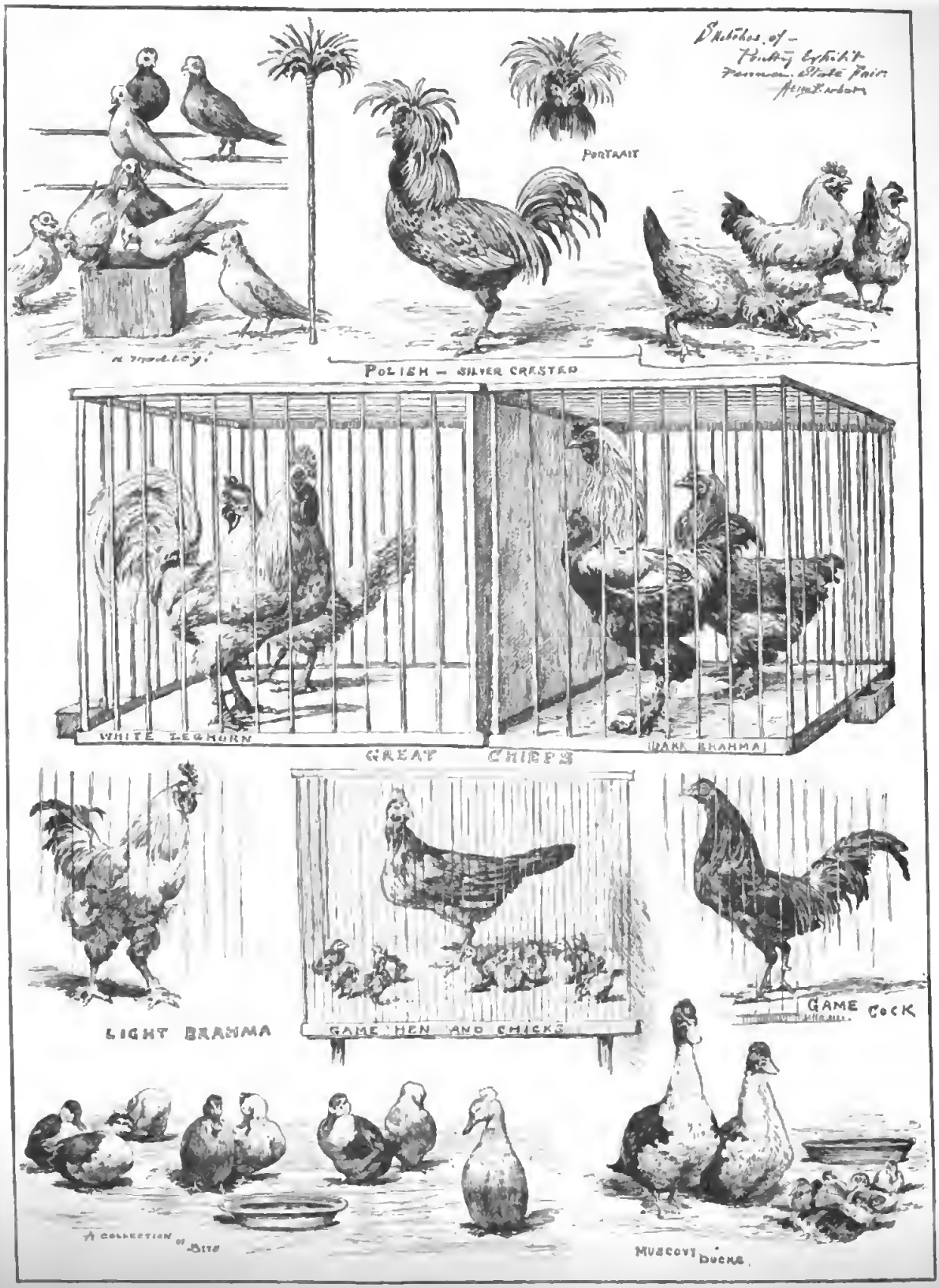
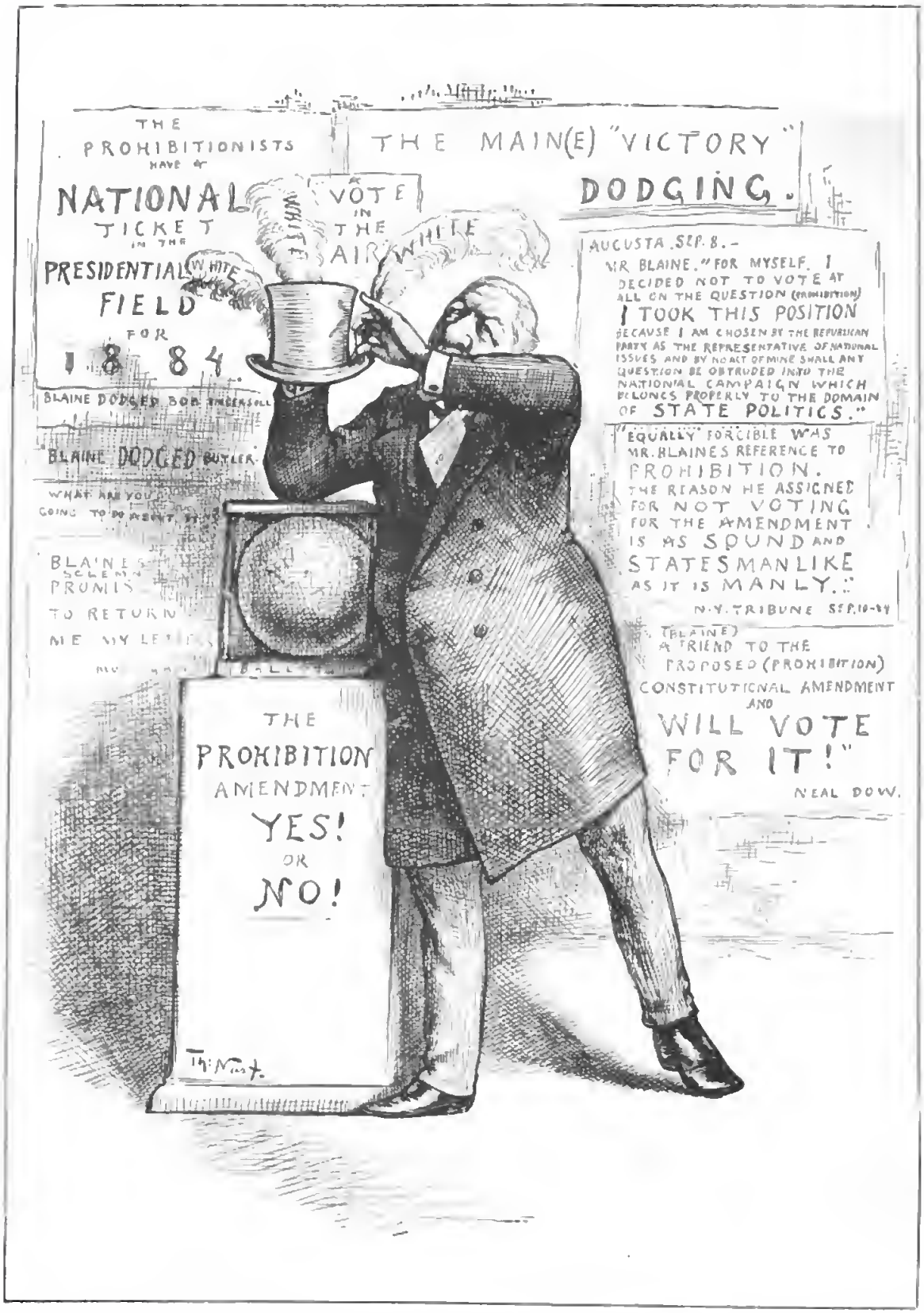


THE POULTRY SHOW AT THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE FAIR, PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY ALEX BARBER.—[SEE PAGE 617.]



ANOTHER FEATHER IN HIS CAP; OR, "DODGED, BY GOSH!"

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CHINA IN ITS DECAY.

China, like all conservative nations, sinks slowly into decay. Its condition resembles that of Italy in the last century under an intense despotism, or England in the days of the Plantagenets. Its cities, that to Marco Polo seemed the centres of the highest luxury and taste, are now less carefully built and tended than the cities of Mexico and Peru. Its roads that in the early period of our era were paved with stone and bound together its distant provinces—wonderful creations of human labor—are now sunk into miserable tracks, still climbing hill and mountain, but dangerous and neglected. Captain Gill still found in western China some fine bridges of stone, and some wonderful suspension-bridges formed of immense chains of iron; but they were evidently the invention of former generations, and scarcely prized by the present. The planks were decayed, the iron rusted.

Throughout the immense empire, larger than the United States, the means of communication are so imperfect that it takes several months to pass from the China Sea to the highlands of Thibet. The roads are impassable. The usual way of travelling is by the hired junks that slowly creep up the Yellow River. The foreign steamers are not allowed beyond the treaty ports. The junk is slower than was the Albany sloop of our provincial days; it is dragged over the rapids or poled in the shallows. On land the means of travel are still more imperfect; freight is carried in rude carts or on the backs of men and animals. The officials travel in rich palanquins carried by coolies, the civilians in plainer ones or on foot. The provinces of China are separated from each other by impassable barriers. Famine may prevail in one, abundant harvests in another; and hence in the recent famine in western China the miserable people perished while striving to pass the mountains to the land of abundance. They came at last to feed upon each other, and, it is said, have not yet lost their taste for their unnatural food.

Such are the results of conservative isolation. In many of its provinces, in a fortunate season, the Chinese landscape is described as of rare beauty. The fields glow with abundant crops, the rice fields are of singular luxuriance, the hill-sides are covered with flowers, the comfortable farm-houses lie hidden in clumps of bamboo, and in some districts at least the frank and generous countenances of the people and their constant politeness show the results of good order and independence. But they are still far behind the European farmer in knowledge and skill. Their rude ploughs scarcely break the rich soil; their fruits and vegetables are few and poor; they know little of grafting; they have not even pumps and spades and the common instruments of agriculture. Their houses are comfortless, their manners and morals too often those of barbarians.

It is a mental decay that has chiefly prevented the progress of the Chinese. The conception of freedom and of independent thought has never reached them. Their literature is the servile production of minds that never venture to dispute the supremacy of the Son of Heaven. The poets and philosophers seem always on their knees before their despots. Like the Persian, the Arab, and the Egyptian, the Chinese have never striven to throw off the load of tyranny and be free, and hence their slow decay. They have lost even their own inventions. The China of to-day is far behind the China of Marco Polo. Its great canal is a ruin, its civil service a source of corruption, its schools the schools of the Middle Ages, its immense population the prey of the adventurous nations of the West. The Chinese have even lost the art of working in porcelain, and the rare china that was once the model of England and Holland can no longer be produced among them. The poets of the earlier ages were sometimes soft and tender; the modern poetry of China has declined like its porcelain. It is said that even the tea of China has lost its early excellence. Only "ordinary tea," Captain Gill relates, is found in the tea-houses. Only once or twice he meets with the pure yellow beverage that has no parallel.

A shock has recently aroused China. France has taken from it one of its ancient possessions; England and Russia press it on either side; steam, electricity, the railroad, and the printing-press approach its borders; and the moment either of its revival or of its total decay seems near. Covered with railways, and penetrated by European activity, China would become one of the most fortunate portions of the earth. Its people are said to be not unprepared for the change. Its despotism alone holds it back. As a free and progressive people, the Chinese may rise from their decay, and their immense territory give a new impulse to the commerce of the world.

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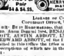
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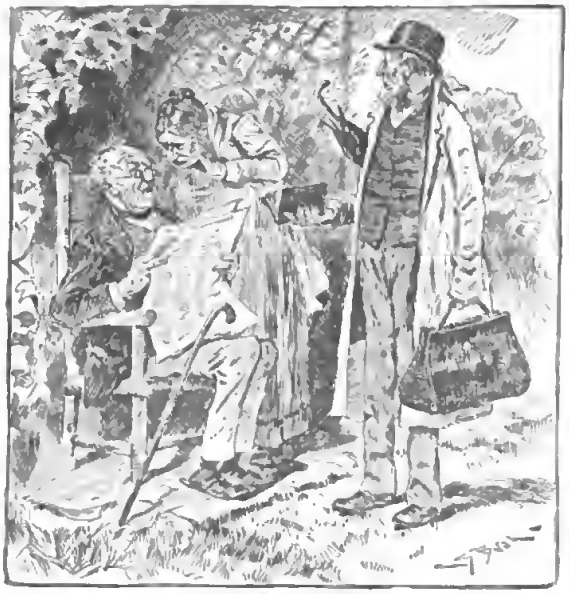

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1884.

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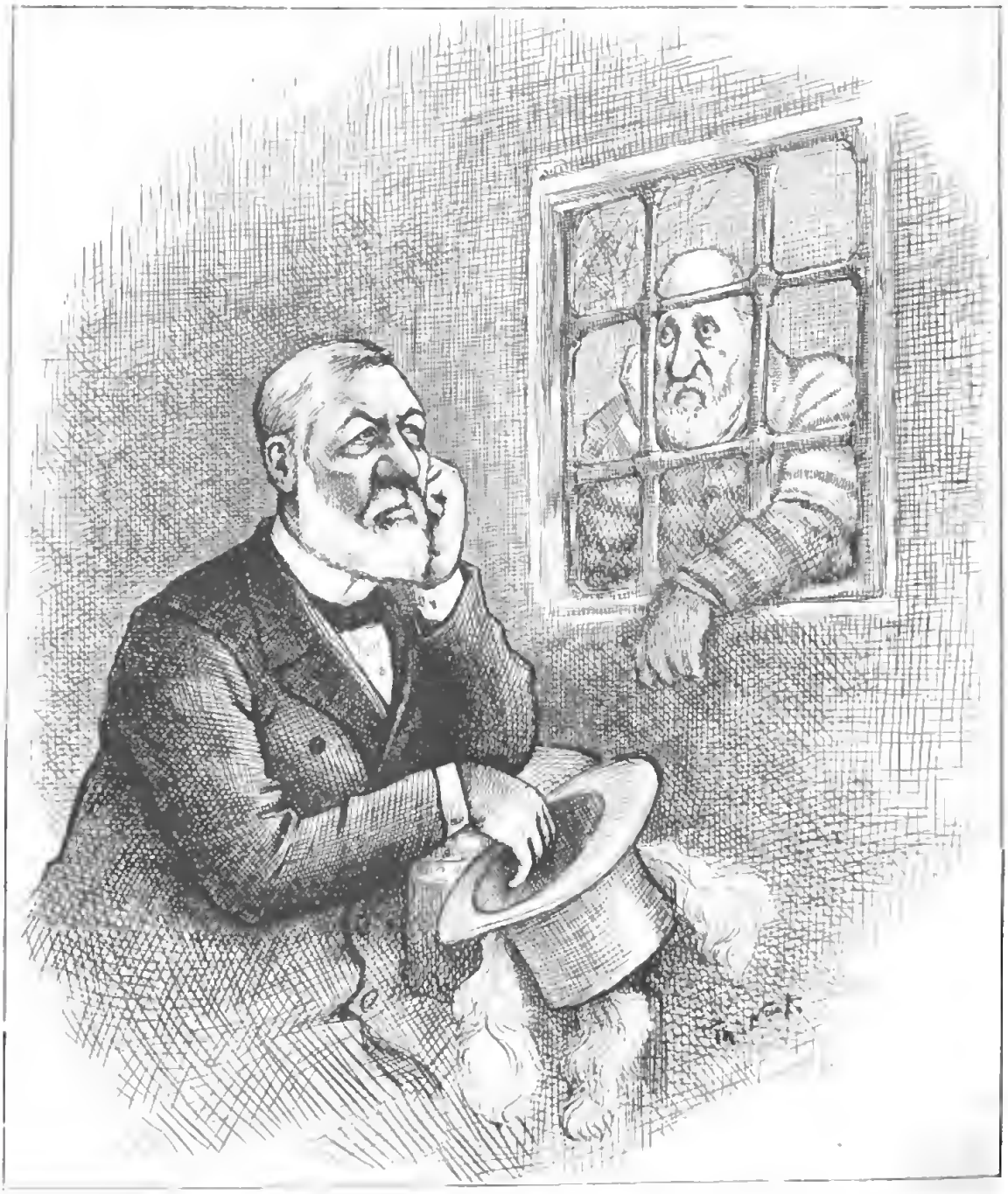

GRAVE REGRETS.

THE SPIRIT OF TWEED. "If I hadn't been *too previous*, and had only belonged to the Republican party, and had been a big enough boss to get myself nominated, what a brilliant, intense American statesman I might have been!"
J. G. B. "And besides, I had the Star Route Defender, BOB INGERSOLL, christen me the *Plumed Knight*, and have the *New York Tribune* defend me *through thick and thin*."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1884.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

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"HOW ABNER WON HIS SCHOOLING,"

a story by J. R. COWELL; *Chapter V. of the serial story* "Wakulla," *by* KIRK MUNROE, *has a fine half page illustration by* W. P. SNYDER; "*A Venetian Maiden*" *is a beautiful reproduction from an oil painting by the eminent foreign artist* E. DE BLAAS; "*The Students*" *is the title of a beautiful full page showing a little girl carrying a difficult lesson, while close by her side, with his eyes bent on the same page, is a noble St. Bernard dog. In addition to these illustrations there are others by* W. HAMILTON GIBSON, W. L. SHEPARD, *and* FRANK BELLEW.

"LEARNING A TRADE"

is another article of the series in which boy readers have shown so much interest. This time it is the secrets of pottery-making that are revealed, while at the same time the author describes what a boy may look forward to who adopts this branch of industry as his life work.

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☞ *A* SUPPLEMENT *containing the* BLAINE *letters, arranged in chronological order, is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY. *The list comprises the letters read by* MR. BLAINE, *that of November 23, 1876, made public through the New York Sun by* MR. AQUILA ADAMS, *and the others since furnished to the public by* MR. FISHER *and* MR. MULLIGAN.

THE NEW MULLIGAN LETTERS.

THE publication of the last series of MULLIGAN letters completes the national humiliation of the nomination of MR. BLAINE. Had the letter written by him to MR. FISHER on the 16th of April, 1876, inclosing a letter which he asked MR. FISHER to copy and return to him as his own voluntary act, been made public before the Republican Convention, it is impossible that MR. BLAINE could have been nominated, unless the Republican party has really fallen as low as its Democratic opponents assert. It is now plain enough why MR. BLAINE was so alarmed when he heard during the investigation that MR MULLIGAN had arrived in Washington with the letters which he supposed to have been destroyed, and why the passionately excited scene with MR. MULLIGAN followed. MR BLAINE supposed that the letter proposing that MR. FISHER should tell a falsehood to protect MR. BLAINE himself was among them, and he knew that the publication of that letter would necessarily be fatal to his hopes of the Presidential nomination. The letters previously published seemed to us sufficiently to show the unfitness of MR. BLAINE for the highest official trust in the government. But no honest man can escape the plain conclusion of those now made public. They convict MR. BLAINE beyond question of taking "44,000,000 of people into his confidence" and deliberately telling them a series of falsehoods. They leave him exposed as trading upon his official position as Speaker for his own gain. They complete the most amazing and painful disclosure that was ever made of a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

From these letters, all of which we publish elsewhere, we select for illustration this point of deliberate falsehood. By referring to the letters the reader will see that on the 16th of April, 1872, MR FISHER writes to MR. BLAINE:

"You obtained subscriptions from your friends in Maine for the building of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad. Out of their subscriptions you obtained a large amount both of bonds and money, free of cost to you. I have your own figures, and know the amount. Owing to your political position, you were able to work off all your bonds at a very high price, and the fact is well known to others as well as myself."

MR. BLAINE'S contract as agent is dated September 5, 1869, and has been published. That it was carried out is shown by the memorandum with his "own figures" in his own handwriting which was produced by MR. MULLIGAN in MR. BLAINE'S presence before the committee, and MR. BLAINE was silent. Yet while he was scheming for the nomination in 1876, before anything was known to the public, and the vague rumors of his railroad transactions first filled the air, MR. BLAINE wrote to MR. FISHER, inclosing the draft of a letter which he wished MR. FISHER to return to him as his own, and asking him, in the face of what is now known to be the truth, to say:

"You [MR. BLAINE] became the purchaser of about $30,000 of the bonds on precisely the same terms that every other buyer received, paying for them in installments running over a considerable period, just as others did. The transaction was perfectly open, and there was no more secrecy in regard to it than if you had been buying flour or sugar. I am sure that you never owned a bond of the road that you did not pay for at the market rate. . . . Your action in the whole matter was as open and as fair as the day. When the original enterprise failed, I knew with what severity the pecuniary loss fell upon you, and with what integrity and nerve you met it. Years having since elapsed, it seems rather hard at this late day to be compelled to meet a slander in a matter where your conduct was in the highest degree honorable and straightforward."

This letter was sent by MR. BLAINE to MR. FISHER on the 16th of April, 1876. MR. FISHER, however, did not return the letter as his own, and so, on the 24th of April, a week later, MR. BLAINE in the House made the statement for himself, and he emphasized the assertion that he paid the usual rate for his bonds by saying:

"I never heard and do not believe that the Little Rock Company ever parted with a bond to any person except at the regular price fixed for their sale. Instead of receiving bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad as a gratuity, I never had one except at the regular market price."

All this is untrue. At the time that the speech was made we said, in common with other journals, that, in the absence of farther evidence, it was a complete vindication. The other evidence has now appeared, and the statement is plainly untrue. MR. BLAINE represented himself as a simple investor. He alleged that he had bought securities in open market. He concealed totally and intentionally the fact that he was a broker in the securities of a road which owed its value to Congressional legislation, and which value he boasted that, as Speaker, he had saved, making the boast in order to secure a further pecuniary interest in the speculation. The BLAINE organs have the hardihood to assert that the letter of MR. BLAINE inclosing the draft to MR. FISHER, which he asks him to regard as strictly confidential, and not to show to any one, and to burn, and which he sends to the Parker House for greater secrecy, although he knows that MR. FISHER is at the Commonwealth Hotel, and telegraphs him there to call at the Parker House and get the letter—this letter, they say, is a simple request to MR FISHER to attest the truth on behalf of MR. BLAINE. The reader, however, will have seen that it asks MR. FISHER to state as the truth what MR. FISHER himself had already declared to MR. BLAINE to be untrue. But, much more than this, the request is that MR. FISHER will copy MR. BLAINE'S letter and send it to MR. BLAINE to be read as the unsolicited letter of MR. FISHER. Whatever the letter contained, therefore, the letter was in itself a falsehood. It would have had no effect if it were known to be MR. BLAINE'S letter. It was to be presented to the country, therefore, as the spontaneous testimony of an old friend to an injured associate.

This is but one point in this shameful business. The amazing correspondence will be everywhere read, and considering all its revelations and implications, its falsifications, its prostitution of official power and influence, its debasing view of public morality, and the deep disgrace that it casts upon the American name, it is hard to believe that a public officer who has trafficked in his place as these letters show, and has then brought a friend to perjure himself in order to deceive the country, can be called by the American people to the chair of WASHINGTON and LINCOLN.

THE CANDIDATES AND REFORM.

IN his letter of defense for MR. BLAINE, Senator HOAR says, "If you elect CLEVELAND, you abandon further hope of civil service reform for this generation." As an argument for voting for a candidate whose election, in Colonel CODRAN'S well-considered words, would say "to the voters of the nation that absolute official integrity is no longer regarded. . . . as indispensable for the bestowal of public trusts," this does not seem to be strong, because the election of a candidate of whom this could be truly said would be quite as serious an abandonment of civil service reform for a generation as the election of one who would largely owe his success to his resolute and courageous official devotion to reform. Reform in the civil service is especially an executive reform. The new system in the national government could have been quietly baffled under the forms of law had President ARTHUR been disposed to baffle it; and it could have been readily paralyzed in the State of New York had Governor CLEVELAND chosen to paralyze it. The reformed system approved by General GRANT ceased to be enforced because he declined to enforce it against the hostility of Republican politicians. The reformed system approved by Governor CLEVELAND has been enforced in New York because he refused to yield to the hostility of Democratic politicians. Senator HOAR'S argument is that if Governor CLEVELAND should be elected President, he could no longer resist them. But why not? The State of New York is an immense State, containing one-tenth of the population of the country. It is politically a "close" State, and the organization of the Democratic party here has been always more complete and despotic than in any other State. The situation is that of Washington upon a smaller scale, but it is not different, and what the Governor has shown the firmness and independence to do at Albany, he could do at Washington. Moreover, he would be strengthened by the knowledge that he owed his election in great part to satisfaction with his official course as Governor, and confidence that he would continue it as President. If ever a man in high official position displayed the special qualities which are now demanded in administration, it is Governor CLEVELAND. The nomination of MR. BLAINE, and the assistant nomination of General BUTLER, show an indifference to the requirement of absolutely unsuspected official integrity—an integrity which speaks for itself, and demands no defense—which is one of the most startling facts of the political situation, and which makes that issue take precedence of every other. Yet, in view of this fact, the general argument of the BLAINE orators is, substantially, that if you want civil service reform you should vote for a candidate whose official misconduct is beyond serious dispute, who as Speaker intrusted the reform to a hostile committee, of which General BUTLER was chairman, and who through a long public career is wholly unknown as friendly to reform.

And this is to be done because his party contains more reformers than its opponent. But did they or their friends nominate the candidate? Was the plank in the platform inserted as expressing the convictions and career of the candidate, or as a set-off to them, and as an argument for reformers to vote for him? If it be said that it expressed the conviction and purpose of the party, why is it that the party did not nominate a candidate who represented its conviction and purpose? The nomination is a much more significant expression of real conviction and sympathy than a platform declaration, and the result certainly shows that the reform sentiment did not control the nomination. Why should it be assumed that it must control the administration? The reform sentiment of the opposing party, however, did nominate MR. CLEVELAND, whose convictions are heartily in sympathy with reform, and who has officially proved the courage of his convictions. Is there any reason to doubt that his administration would conform to them? The election of MR. BLAINE, under the actual circumstances, and with the BLAINE managers in command, would be, as MR. CLAFF'S remarks show, most perilous to continued reform; and under the same circumstances to call the election of MR. CLEVELAND an abandonment of reform for a generation is an abuse of words. Senator HOAR is a stanch friend of reform. But the great body of Republican opponents of MR. BLAINE, not less sincere than the Senator in loyalty to the Republican tradition and service, nor less devoted than he to reform, believe that the cause is safer in the hands of a man of the most unspotted official integrity, of the strongest reform convictions, and the utmost courage in enforcing them against sturdy opposition in his own party, than in those of a man who has abused great public trusts for his private advantage, and then solemnly denied it, who has shown no sympathy with reform, who was nominated against the strenuous protest of the reform sentiment in his party, and whose managers are resorting to one of the worst abuses introduced by the old spoils system in order to raise money for the campaign.

REPUBLICAN DOCTRINE.

NOT only do the stanchest Republicans exercise the right of bolting by opposing the election of MR BLAINE, but even the most eminent among those who support him practically acknowledge the right in the abstract, while some of them savagely denounce its actual exercise. Thus General CHAMBERLAIN, who bolted the nomination of MR. REED for Congress in the late Maine election, and who will vote reluctantly for MR BLAINE, does not disguise his dissatisfaction with his position, and says, "I do not rebuke others, with whom I sympathise upon general grounds, for taking a course different from mine." Senator EDMUNDS, in advocating support of the Republican party, and carefully omitting to speak of the candidate, says, "I recognize fully the liberty of belief, of opinion, and of action that belongs to our citizenship." So also Governor ROBINSON, of Massachusetts, "It is every man's right to think as he will and to vote as he will, and it is his duty, moreover, to vote as his judgment dictates." And Senator SHERMAN, in Ohio, declares that "it is the highest duty of every citizen in a republic like ours to annually review his political position, and determine for himself which party will be most likely in the pending contest to advance the interests and honor of his country and his State." MR. BLAINE flourished a two-edged sword in his speech of congratulation upon the night of the Maine election by saying, in allusion to the Democrats, "Party discipline is powerless against the convictions of men."

This is all true. It is the doctrine of common-sense and of intelligent patriotism. It is, or it was believed by good Republicans to be, the doctrine of the Republican party. But if it be so, what is the meaning of

the cry of "treachery" and "desertion" when a citizen puts the doctrine in practice! If, as Governor ROBINSON and Senator SHERMAN say, it is the duty of a good citizen to vote as his judgment dictates, why has such a storm of vituperation raged in the Republican press from San Francisco to Portland against Republicans who act upon the principle which is laid down by the most eminent Republican leaders? When Senator HOAR, with the evident purpose of branding with an offensive and contemptuous epithet those who differ from him, calls them "deserters," he implies that they are doing something which honorably they ought not to do, or that they are acting from some unworthy purpose. He can not mean, of course, that a man who puts into practice the right of opinion which Senator EDMUNDS maintains, is like a soldier in battle who, from cowardice or treachery, runs away from the ranks. Yet this is what he says of those who are doing precisely what he is himself doing—taking the course which their judgment dictates. In denouncing them as deserters the Senator is merely cracking the party whip and trying to prevent further "desertion," by showing how roundly even distinguished men can abuse their fellow-citizens who follow Senator SHERMAN's advice, and review their political position to decide how they ought to vote.

Party spirit, as WASHINGTON wisely taught us, is always to be watched, and its natural tendencies restrained. The man who feeds and fans its flame to fury seems to us much more a deserter from patriotism and political duty than the man who votes as his conscience approves. To say in effect that a good Republican ought to vote for the devil if he be regularly nominated is not to announce such sound Republican doctrine as we understand Republicanism, as that of the Massachusetts Republican Convention five or six years ago, that the duty of a party man to support the nomination is reciprocal with that of the Convention to make nominations which ought to be supported.

FISHER'S CONTRACT WITH BLAINE.

THE following contract was among the papers produced by Mr BLAINE from the MULLIGAN package. It is practically a duplicate of the entries in BLAINE's handwriting in his memorandum-book, printed in our Supplement, but we give it here to make the record complete:

BOSTON, September 5, 1869.

WHEREAS, I have this day entered into agreements with A. & P. COBURN, and sundry other parties resident in Maine, to deliver to them certain specified amounts of the common stock, preferred stock, and first mortgage bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad Company, upon said parties paying to me the aggregate sum of $130,000, which several agreements are witnessed by J. G. BLAINE, and delivered to said parties by said BLAINE:

Now this agreement witnesses, that upon the due fulfilment of the several contracts referred to, by the payment of the $130,000, and for other valuable considerations, the receipt of which is acknowledged, I hereby agree to deliver to J. G. BLAINE, or order, as the same come into my hands as assignee of the contract for building the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad, the following securities, namely: Of the land bonds, 7 per cents., $130,000; of the first mortgage bonds, gold, 6 per cent., $32,500. And these $130,000 of land bonds and $32,500 of first mortgage bonds thus agreed to be delivered to said BLAINE are over and above the securities agreed to be delivered by WARREN FISHER, Jr., assignee, to the parties making the contracts, which parties, with the several amounts to be paid by each and the securities to be received by each, are named in a memorandum on the next page of this sheet.

And it is further agreed that in the event of any one of said parties failing to pay the amount stipulated, then the amount of securities to be delivered to said BLAINE under this agreement shall be reduced in the same proportion that the deficit of payment bears to the aggregate amount agreed to be paid.
WARREN FISHER, JR., *Assignee.*

Witness: JOHN E. FLANDERS.
[Stamp.]

Here follows a table of names and amounts, which agrees with that found on second and third pages of memorandum-book in Mr. BLAINE's handwriting, printed in the Supplement.

FROM MINNESOTA.

A YOUNG and prosperous business man in Minnesota, an admirable representative of the best young Republicanism, writes to a friend:

"It is enough that I say that I believe no self respecting Republican can do otherwise than bolt. I deem the vices of which Mr BLAINE accuses himself as by far the most dangerous of all vices to his party and to the country. His example is insidiously vicious, and to condone or excuse his errors is to blind our sense of what should constitute an upright Republican and public character.

"I do not consider myself less a Republican because I shall vote for Governor CLEVELAND, for if Republicanism does not stand for honesty, probity, directness of purpose, and an unimpeachable public character, it stands for the opposite of these; and I feel I should be recreant to my Republican principle if I did not protest against a departure from these in my party and its candidate.

"In this boundless West the fires of enthusiasm are supposed to be blazing for him of the draggled plume, but I know of a large number of Republicans who think as I do; and however they may vote, they look upon the nomination and possible election of Mr BLAINE as a calamity."

A SIGNIFICANT THREAT.

IN an interview with the *Herald* reporter, Mr. A. M. CLAPP says truly, "It was never the intent of the framers of the civil service law to make its operations infringe upon the rights of citizenship by restraining any American from giving of his means to perpetuate good government in the republic." Mr CLAPP is not an authority upon the intent of the reform bill, but he is quite right. The framers of the law certainly had no such absurd intention.

But in the same interview Mr CLAPP says of the government clerks who think that good government will be promoted by the election of Mr. CLEVELAND: "These clerks write the committee, in response to circulars sent them soliciting contributions to aid the continuance of power in the hands of the party which is tolerating and feeding them, anonymous letters, which are always cowardly, to effect that they propose to contribute to advance the interests of CLEVELAND. They fancy that they will escape discovery, but in that they are liable to discover their mistake when it is a little too late for their comfort and safety."

There could be no clearer exposure than this of the view which the assessing committee hold of their own action. They regard the members of the civil service as a "bread-and-butter brigade," which must "come down" handsomely for its commanders, or be dismissed. The right of a citizen to contribute to perpetuate good government means, according to Mr. CLAPP's statement, the duty of a clerk to give money to the party of the Administration, or to take the consequences. These two views do not "consist." Mr. CLAPP will remember that the judge advised the prisoner that next time he should wear a longer coat or steal a shorter fish. Every citizen in the service of the government has the same right with all other citizens to give what he chooses for any honest purpose, provided that he does not give in a way which the law forbids. But this right is not equal with that of all other citizens if he can not give or refrain from giving without endangering in the least degree his "comfort and safety." If Mr. CLAPP is correctly reported, not only is the circular a virtual threat, but he announces that the threat will be executed. Yet we are told that not to vote with Mr. CLAPP for Mr. BLAINE is to abandon reform.

THE KING AND THE CHOLERA.

IN these days, when king-killers are abroad, no sovereign in Europe has done more to prop up the fabric of royalty, to revive popular faith in the divinity that doth hedge a king, and to make the throne the object of respect and homage, than the monarch of Italy. In visiting the cholera hospitals of Naples and lavishing bounty on the sufferers, King HUMBERT has exhibited those qualities of courage, generosity, and sympathy with the misfortunes of his people which so endeared his father to the hearts of his subjects. The house of Savoy is very far from being a saintly one. VICTOR EMANUEL, like HENRY of Navarre, could never have posed as an ascetic, and HUMBERT I. comes honestly by his own faults. But at least there is no jot of cowardice in his veins, as there was none in the veins of the *Re Galantuomo*.

It was no spurious peril that King HUMBERT encountered, since the priest who accompanied him to the bedside of BUSCA has fallen a victim to the plague. Nor was his fearlessness a theatrical display, since that could have been secured by a visit to the hospitals alone, whereas the monarch picked his way afoot amongst the vilest of the city's slums, from which he might well have shrunk with disgust, apart from the added terrors of the pestilence. To enter the hospital wards was a brave act; but to penetrate into the depths where filth and ignorance alone held sway was to tempt fate from the bewildered desperation of the wretched and superstitious who were striking at their benefactors. Finally, King HUMBERT made no mere hasty dash into danger, since he ran the gauntlet of contagion day after day.

While this was going on in Italy, the Czar of Russia was surrounding himself in Warsaw with barricades of policemen and soldiery to guard against the approach of his people. Under dire penalties citizens were shut up within their houses as if their presence was infection and pollution. Hundreds of them were arrested on suspicion of being assassins, and some may expiate hypothetical crimes by life-long exile in Siberia. What was heralded as a friendly visit of their ruler became to them a curse. Could historic contrast be greater than these two synchronous pictures—HUMBERT in Naples and ALEXANDER in Warsaw!

PERSONAL.

MISS COBBE thinks that the position of women is improving. Fifty years ago, one Ash-Wednesday, in England, she heard the principal of a young ladies' school tell her pupils, after giving them salt fish and roast mutton for dinner, that fasting was very meritorious, and that they were free to take meat or not, as they pleased, but that it was to be hoped they would fast—it would be good for their souls and their figures.

—President ARTHUR is talked of for the presidency of Union College after his reign at Washington. He is a graduate of the institution, and if elected would still be President ARTHUR.

—The celebrated English painter G. F. WATTS, whose highly imaginative works are soon to be exhibited in this city, was the first husband of ELLEN TERRY. He did not suit the charming actress, and she left him for an architect named GODWIN. Her present husband is an actor named CHARLES KELLY, with whom, however, she does not live.

—WILLIAM EARL DODGE, grandson of WILLIAM E. DODGE, and a member of the firm of PHELPS, DODGE, & Co., who died recently at Riverdale, New York, in his twenty-sixth year, was a graduate of Princeton, and at his funeral Dr McCOSH said: "He was the most influential man in his class, and he was one of the few students with whom I conferred as to class matters. I had anticipated for him a long career of usefulness, and looked upon him as the one on whom his venerated grandfather's mantle had fallen."

—Miss ANDERSON has been telling a London reporter that during her late tour of six weeks to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, and Birmingham, she met "audiences of a generous and enthusiastic character, and my efforts to please them were recognized most cordially. The Scotch people I found more eager and responsive than I had expected them to be; they are not a cold people, but equally warm-hearted and intellectual."

—Miss GRACE P. FURMAN, of Bergen Point, heard a burglar down-stairs at midnight. She got out of bed, seized her revolver, stepped softly to the dining-room, and just as she opened the door received a shot in her left arm from the intruder. Instead of fainting, she fired her own weapon, and he made his exit. The heroine is a daughter of Mrs. LOUISE E. FURMAN, whose graceful pen is known to readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

—DE NITTIS, the Italian painter, who died recently in Paris, was told by King HUMBERT a few years ago that "Italian artists should work at home on Roman subjects." "Sire," he replied, "had I remained in Rome I surely should not enjoy the reputation I have. It is in Paris that I owe the pleasure of being claimed by Italians as a compatriot." This story is of a kind to be appreciated by American artists who have been successful abroad.

—An interesting story about President ELIPHALET N. POTTER, formerly of Union College, now of Hobart College, is told by the Hon. JAMES M. WOOLWORTH, Chancellor of the Episcopal diocese of Nebraska. Dr POTTER, who was making a tour of that State, learned one day that a cow-boy named WILSON, who had tied a man on a horse's back and sent him adrift on the prairies, was caught and about to be hanged. The doctor drove to the place, and begged the unfortunate WILSON's life of the two cow-boys who were guarding him. Entreaty and prayer were of no avail, and the stalwart clergyman gave them a good thrashing and unbound their prisoner, who saddled a pony and escaped. All the ranchmen of the region are enthusiastic over the affair, praising Dr POTTER's plucky feat with a superfluity of Western expletives.

—The late Duke of Wellington, son of the Iron Duke, says that the famous words attributed to his father, "Up, Guards, and at them," were really uttered by Lord SALTOUN; or rather that the latter's correct words were, "Up, Guards, and fire low." The Iron Duke's horse Copenhagen came from Spain, and was ridden by the great soldier during all his Spanish campaigns. When the animal was buried in Strathfieldsaye Park, England, the old Duke, then very infirm and feeble, surprised his family and servants by appearing at the ceremony. He had one of his hoofs made into an inkstand.

—Mr MYORE, Foreign Minister of Japan, lives in a beautiful cottage in the neighborhood of Tokio. It is furnished partly in the European and partly in the Japanese style. The hard woods used in the interior are highly polished. The coloring of the walls would please a French artist.

—The famous French chemist M. CHEVREUL, now ninety-nine years old, has told a friend "the secret of long living." "I have never been a pessimist," he says, "and I have cautiously kept myself from being too much of an optimist. Let us not trouble ourselves about to-morrow. Let us enjoy the present. I had a model of a wife, the mother of a most exemplary family. She has left me a posterity that I love, and by whom I am loved. Why, one of my little great-granddaughters—she is three years old—salutes the bust of her old great-grandfather every morning. I have always put in practice the adage, 'Seek and ye shall find.' I have sought and I have always found something, at the domestic fireside as well as in the laboratory."

—Secretary of State FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN has a farm of three hundred acres on the Raritan River in New Jersey, with much promising young stock, and a commodious house of Revolutionary times. He recently entertained the President there.

—ALMA TADEMA contributes to the Royal Academy Exhibition of Berlin a life-size portrait of his daughter. A shell necklace encircles her neck, and she wears a gray dress.

—Dr. DAMROSCH will leave Bremen for New York on the 1st of October. His season of German opera at the Metropolitan Opera-house will consist of fifty nights, and on twenty of them Frau MATERNA will sing. Dr DAMROSCH has already displayed unexpected abilities as an impresario, and as the directors of the Metropolitan have promised that he shall not be crippled financially, we expect that he will leap to the front rank in his new profession.

—Rev. GEORGE BROWN, now of Sydney, New South Wales, and formerly a missionary to the New Britain group of islands, has presented to Columbia College a grammar and dictionary of the Duke of York Island, of the New Britain group. There are but two copies of the work in existence, and this copy is the only one in America. It is a manuscript volume of 326 quarto pages.

—Mrs. WINFIELD S. HANCOCK has received from Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE, whose centenary will be celebrated all over the civilized world on the 24th of October, some very artistic wood-carvings, accompanied by an autograph letter. She has returned the courtesy by composing for Sir MOSES a piece of music in honor of his hundredth birthday.

—Mrs. GEORGE W. CULLUM, who died a few days ago of cancer, at Newport, was the granddaughter of ALEXANDER HAMILTON. Her first husband was General HENRY W. HALLECK. She gave fifty thousand dollars to the Cancer Hospital on Ninth Avenue near Seventieth Street. She was a lady of remarkable personal beauty and loveliness of character.

—A daughter of Dr. PAVY, the physician of the GREELY expedition, who died at Cape Sabine, lives in Paris, Kentucky. She is a little girl, and her father left no money for her support.

—A week before he died the late Judge FOLGER wrote to a friend in Albany: "I am at home sick, but I can read a book, and doing so this forenoon, I strike this, which may amuse you and lead you to look up the piece: 'Lucian wrote a whimsical piece called *Dike Phoneenton*, the lawsuit of the vowels.' Had I access to books here, I would search for it; but alas! I can walk but a few steps at a time, and to climb a library step-ladder would be stepping into futurity."

—Mr HUBERT HERKOMER is building a mediæval tower at Lech, Bavaria, his birth-place. It will contain five rooms, and be used as a studio. Many of its decorative pieces will be of hammered iron, Mr HERKOMER, like Mr LOUIS C. TIFFANY, having a keen appreciation of the artistic possibilities of that metal, as well as a practical acquaintance with them.

—The "King of Cyprus," as he entitled himself, has died in St. Petersburg. His name was Colonel LOUIS DE LUSIGNAN, and his descent was from the Crusaders and the LUSIGNANS of France. A soldier in the Russian army, he nevertheless preserved the hope of becoming King of Cyprus and Armenia, and advanced his claims with the persistency of a HENRY V. as often as a crisis arose in the affairs of the Ottoman Empire. When Lord BEACONSFIELD attached Cyprus to the English Empire he issued a solemn protest, and demanded from Turkey a bonus of $100,000,000 for the surrender of his rights. He was an excellent specimen of the almost extinct species of royal pretenders.

—"I would sooner have the cordial support of the women in an audience than the men," says Mr. ROBERT MANTELL, the actor; "first, because they lead the men, and secondly, because they are always able to catch the finer points of a play more quickly than the coarser part of the audience."

—DU MAURIER's studio is described as lighted by two large mullioned windows. An Indian matting dado runs around its walls, and above this a sage-green paper, adorned with mythic forms of fruit. The carved stone chimney-piece supports a reduction of the Venus of Milo, and a pedestal clock of ancient date ticks on a bracket. There is a semi-grand piano of oak and brass, at which the artist and many of his friends have often "uttered themselves in song." The orange-tawny skin of his famous dog Chang, nearly eight feet long from tip to tip, hangs opposite. Dr MAURIER's lasting affection for that fine brave beast is well known.

—Frenchmen claim that the inventor of the steamboat was not ROBERT FULTON, but one of their own countrymen, JOUFFROY. They raised a statue to his memory at Besançon on the 10th of August, in which he is represented as standing thoughtful, with one hand on his first steam-engine. The Minister of Public Works, who unveiled the statue, coupled the names of JOUFFROY and DE LESSEPS—the one the inventor of the steamboat, the other the enlarger of the sphere of its use. But ROBERT FULTON is good enough for us.

—The new rector of Grace Church, the Rev. WILLIAM R. HUNTINGTON, D.D., has assumed his duties, after a preliminary rest in Europe of several months. He has been a minister for twenty years, has written a number of theological works, and has served as chairman of the committee on the revision of the Prayer-book. A portrait and sketch of Dr HUNTINGTON appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY for December 22 of last year, about the time of his election to his present position as successor to Assistant-Bishop HENRY C. POTTER, who has long been his personal friend, and at whose instance his name was first suggested to the vestry of Grace Church. Dr HUNTINGTON's advent in this city is a social acquisition of importance.

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THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE AT PHILADELPHIA—PORTRAITS OF SOME PROMINENT MEMBERS.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS PRINCIPALLY BY W. CURTIS TAYLOR, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 635.]

THE HON JAMES W. DAWES, OF NEBRASKA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOBLE.—[SEE PAGE 633.]

THE LATE ROBERT HOE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 633.]

"ELLEN WAS CROSSING ST. HELEN'S SQUARE ONE MORNING WHEN SHE RAN ACROSS JOHN THORNDYKE."—[SEE SERIAL "FROM POST TO PINE," PAGE 633.]

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Breezie Langton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE JULYS.

Now the long, glorious July days have arrived, and with them come not only the end of the season—a circumstance with which this story has little to do—but that large meeting at the back of the Ditch, where we all wear the lightest and most unconventional costumes, the slouchiest of hats, where we smoke endless cigars, consume cup by the pailful, commit flirtation unlimited, and back winners unceasingly, at least, as Whyte-Melville sings (on quite another subject), "It is so we are trained and taught." But, ah me! these trainers and teachers! When we come away at the end of the week we find that the grass must have been damp, and that we have caught a severe cold, that those buckets of cup have not agreed with us, that a dozen cigars a day make one feel dreadfully "chippy" in the morning; we have misgivings that we have said a good deal more to Mrs. Golightly than was quite discreet, and, above all, a sad conviction that our Monday's account is very much the reverse of a winning one.

Still, what veteran punter or juvenile plunger ever misses that quiet meeting at the back of the Ditch held in the dog-days? The Golconda of Ascot has failed us, and the Ophir of Goodwood is yet to come. That the racing at the Newmarket July Meeting is good is notorious, and it certainly is regarded as a battle-field upon which the hungry backer is apt to get the better of his natural enemy the book-maker.

Sir Marmaduke had been a prominent figure at Ascot, where the betting had been unusually heavy. The Baronet's speculations had been not only successful, but of a magnitude rarely witnessed. It was known that he had been a very heavy loser that year, notably over the Two Thousand and Derby, on both of which he had supported not only his own horses, but in the latter race the Dancing Master as well, believing him to be a thoroughly good horse, and it was further announced that he had declared it was only money lent, and that he would win it all back before Goodwood. The Ring looked somewhat glum over the Ascot settling; it had been one of those sunny weeks as rarely vouchsafed to the gentlemen, and most of the leading turfites had been good winners over the meetings, whilst as for Sir Marmaduke, the book-makers vowed he had gone pretty near to fulfilling his boast.

The Baronet was installed at Panton Lodge, eager for the fray, it is needless to state, the day before the meeting began. Report spoke highly of a flying filly in his stable that was to make her début in the July Stakes. Atalanta was said to be a veritable clipper. She was as good as Bushranger at even weights; she had beaten Pibroch at ten pounds; there hadn't been such a filly seen on the Heath since Crucifix's day; these and many more such canards were in the air concerning her, and it was no secret that the Baronet had trusted her with a very large sum of money in the forth-coming race.

"It is very awkward, Sir Marmaduke," said Mr. Pipes, who had ridden down from the stables as soon as he found his patron had arrived, and requested an audience, "but it might have been worse. Something might have happened to the filly instead of to her jockey."

"There's no chance whatever, I suppose, of Blackton being able to ride?" inquired the Baronet.

"None. I want to see him again just before I come up. He's quite comfortable, and there's no more harm than a broken collar. It's set, and he'll soon be about again, and well as ever, but it's no use thinking about his riding this meeting, or even at Goodwood. The bone won't be knit firm enough to rely upon."

"How did it happen?" inquired Sir Marmaduke.

"He was giving Pibroch a pretty sharp gallop, and the lad who was busy unsheeting Atalanta threw the head-piece over his shoulder—careless young idiot! Pibroch shied badly at it, and shot Blackton over his shoulder, and a broken collar-bone was the result."

"It's deuced lucky, Pipes, I engaged that lad Forrest to ride. I suppose we must put him up."

"There's nothing else for it, Sir Marmaduke. I don't like putting a lad up with so little experience, especially when I hear you have got such a lot of money on it. But he's as good as any one it's possible to get now."

"And the filly's all right, eh?"

"She's fit to run for her life, Sir Marmaduke, and in my opinion should win. One never can quite tell in a field of youngsters, but you know how very high we have tried ours, and I can only say, if one turns up to beat her, it must be a very, very smart colt indeed."

"I suppose all Newmarket knows about Blackton's accident by this?"

"Yes; and I dare say it's been wired to town; besides, only on my way here Broughton hailed me—he'd just arrived—with 'Filly all right, Pipes, I hope? They're laying rather easier odds to-day in London against her.'"

"Ah! gone back in the betting, has she? I hadn't time to go down to Tattersall's before I left. Never mind, I'll stroll down to the Rooms this evening, and if any of the book-makers open their mouths too wide, I'll have another thousand on."

"Well, Sir Marmaduke," said the trainer, as he took up his hat, "I can only say Atalanta's good enough to win nineteen Julys out of twenty; and after what we saw at Epsom, I reckon this lad Forrest's good enough to win on the best horse, and I fancy we shall see him do it to-morrow. By-the-way, sir, if they give him a chance in the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, and as third in the Two Thousand and only fourth in the Derby they can't put a big weight on him, Pibroch ought to take a deal of doing. He's wonderfully well just now."

"Ah, Pipes, time enough to think of that when we've got through this meeting, and carried off the Julys."

"I hope we sha'n't be disappointed. Good-night, Sir Marmaduke."

Now one of the first persons to know of Blackton's mishap was Cuthbert Elliston. He had come down to Newmarket, after his wont, on Saturday to take stock of the morning gallops on the Sunday and Monday, and pick up as much information concerning the horses trained on the Heath as he could manage to come by. He and his partner Sam Pearson divided their duties somewhat in this fashion. The lawyer, living at York, chiefly superintended their horses at Middleham, and to him the collection of all racing information from the northern stables was intrusted. The horses at Greyson's were chiefly owned jointly, though each had one or two exclusively his own individual property. They sometimes differed about the policy of buying this or that, and the Dancing Master had become Elliston's exclusive property in this wise, Pearson having no fancy for the horse, while his partner thought well of him. To Elliston, living in London, and so within easy distance of Newmarket, the gathering of news from the south-country stables and most of their joint betting transactions were intrusted, and in watching the gallops on the Monday he witnessed Blackton's mishap. Of course the two men constantly amalgamated, Pearson usually coming south for all important meetings, just as Elliston went north for York and Doncaster. The two partners differed in one thing—the lawyer was very much the more cautious of the two, and never could be persuaded to play for such bold coups as his associate. He might not win as big a stake as Elliston, but then, on the other hand, Sam Pearson never stood to be hit anything like as hard as his associate.

Cuddie Elliston having had his quill feathers most ruthlessly plucked in the days of his youth, had, when he turned hawk, developed that overwhelming rapacity that characterizes the dog when he takes to sheep-worrying. Like that relentless marauder, which will run a score of sheep to death to gratify his carnal desire for a leg of mutton, so would Elliston stick at no trifles to arrive at the possession of a hundred pounds; and the more tortuous and dubious the path that led to its acquirement, the greater the fascination the pursuit seemed to present to him. To an old turfite like Elliston the consequences of Blackton's fall presented themselves at once. He saw the fall was a bad one, that the jockey was severely shaken, and in all probability would not be able to ride Atalanta the next day. The thought at once flashed across Elliston, what was to be got out of this? Of course he was au courant with all the rumors concerning the Panton Lodge crack, but none knew better than Elliston what a difference the want of a capable jockey might make to a horse's prospects. He rapidly ran over in his mind whom Boldie Pipes, as he called him, could get to take Blackton's place. He knew the riding obligations of all the leading horsemen at Newmarket, and speedily arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Pipes would have to be content with a very inferior artist in the saddle upon this occasion. Now what was to be made of this little bit of information that had come to him early and unexpectedly? To the majority of men it would seem nothing, but Cuthbert Elliston's scheming brain was not long before it evolved something out of the accident that might tend to its owner's advantage.

There was in the Julys a horse called Newsmonger, about which Elliston possessed excellent information. It had been tried considerably above an average two-year-old, and the stable were very sanguine about its chance should any mistake have been made with regard to Atalanta. Tom Pycroft, one of the half-dozen first-class horsemen of the day, was the accredited jockey of the owner, and Elliston at once jumped to the conclusion that he would be something like seven pounds better than any rider it was now possible for the Panton Lodge people to get hold of for their filly. Atalanta might be a flyer; but an artist like Pycroft, with a clever colt like Newsmonger under him, was quite likely to outride whatever boy Mr. Pipes might now be able to pick up. The deduction was obvious: he had already backed Newsmonger for a little, but now he would telegraph to town at once, and go for a rattling good stake upon that animal; and Elliston rode straight off to the office, and acted at once upon this inspiration. Thus it was that had a depreciating effect upon the status of Atalanta in the price current on the great turf exchange.

Elliston was very well pleased when he found on the arrival of the special that the filly had deteriorated on the London turf market, and chuckled over his own astuteness in having so promptly taken advantage of the accident, thereby procuring a longer price against Newsmonger than was now obtainable; but when he strolled into the Rooms in the evening, he was destined to be somewhat put out of conceit with the result of his manœuvre. At first it certainly seemed as if Blackton's fall had brought about the very consequences he had foreseen; but he forgot, as people sometimes will, that he had contributed not a little toward the fulfillment of his own prophecy. Atalanta was evidently not so firm a favorite as she had been, while the anxiety to back Newsmonger of course brought about a rapid reduction in the odds proffered against the Panton Lodge filly. The babbling of tongues was a little stilled about eleven by the entrance of Sir Marmaduke; the Ring watched eagerly to see what he would do, for by this time Blackton's accident was known to every one, and that Atalanta was without a jockey was the current gossip of the evening.

"Want to back yours, Sir Marmaduke?" said a knowing little man, with eyes like gimlets in their capacity for going through one. "Let me put you down two monkeys to one ours."

The Baronet shook his head. Six to four had been the best offer yesterday, and now "Two to one Atalanta" resounded through the room. Suddenly the stentorian voice of a leviathan book-maker from the hardware country rose high above the din with the cry of "Here's five thousand to two Atalanta, in any part of it." Twice was the offer repeated, apparently unheeded by Sir Marmaduke, but hardly had the bold speculator shouted his war-cry for the third time than the Baronet quietly rejoined, "You can put it down to me, Plyant, and twice if you like."

But he of the hardware country shook his head as he answered, "Once is enough, Sir Marmaduke."

"I'll take two thousand to a thousand Atalanta," roared Bob Boughton, and with that the reaction set in like a swift stream, and another half-hour saw the filly once more firmly established as first favorite at her old price.

"Have you heard whom they have got to ride Atalanta?" inquired Elliston of a friend who left the Rooms with him.

"No; and I'm puzzled to think who it can be. It is so easy to say who it can't, and I know Reardon is going to run that brute Hemlock, just to keep Job Temple off the filly's back. He stands badly against her, and has gone for Newsmonger, and, as luck will have it, has first call of Temple. He never dreamed of running Hemlock, which is only half trained, till he heard of Blackton's accident. Nevertheless, from the way Sir Marmaduke snapped up Plyant, it looks as if they had got hold of somebody they consider good enough. However, the Baronet's always sanguine, and maybe they haven't, after all."

Elliston as he walked home began to fear that his speculation was not quite so good as he had thought it. Still, Sir Marmaduke was a cool hand, and not likely to blench at a slight fall in the barometer. He had shown more than once that he could meet disaster with quite as unmoved a front as he could victory, and though young in years, was already far too well versed in the vicissitudes of the race-course to expect the glass always to be at set fair.

Jubilant was Jim Forrest that evening when summoned by Mr. Pipes to an audience at the Panton Lodge stables, adjoining which the trainer's comfortable house stood, to find for what he was wanted. It was a great chance to be on the crack of such a powerful stable in a big two-year-old race like the July Stakes, and as he listened to Mr. Pipes's instructions, Jim felt that he was on the verge of winning another step or two up the ladder.

"I reckon, Forrest, you'll have a tolerably easy job; but remember men at the top of your profession have fooled away races again and again from overbelief of that kind. Now pay attention to what I say to you, and remember Sir Marmaduke has a very big stake on the result. You're going to ride one I've tried as high as ever I did try one, and I believe she's a thorough stayer besides. I want you to get well off, and take a good place from the beginning, and keep it. Half-way up the distance come right away; don't ride her head off, but don't let any of the old hands near you at the finish. It's no use fighting a race out with them before you're obliged. Some of the layers will wear wry faces to-morrow when they see you up. They've all heard of Blackton's accident, and fancy we're fairly hooped for some one to ride."

"All right, Mr. Pipes," replied Forrest, "there's no fear of my forgetting those orders, and don't be afraid of my attempting a fine finish unless I'm compelled."

"He's grit, and will do his best," muttered the trainer, as Jim took his departure; "but the chap didn't begin in a stable, I'll take my oath."

There was considerable excitement when the saddling bell rang next day for the July Stakes. Atalanta was a hotter favorite than ever, and Sir Marmaduke had completely cowed the Ring by accepting fifteen hundred to a thousand about her chance, and offering to go on. Most of the leading book-makers closed their volumes as far as the filly was concerned, and declined even to make an offer against her. About who was to ride her there was also much curiosity and equal mystery. Those most closely connected with the stable said truthfully that they did not know, but that Sir Marmaduke declared it was all right, and she would win easily, and the Baronet had indorsed that statement by his transactions in the betting ring an hour ago. Up go the numbers, and then all the world knows that it is Jim Forrest who is going to ride Atalanta—a young jockey, it is true; still, it is fresh in the memory of all race-goers that he won the Two Thousand on a very queer-tempered one, and fairly beat Blackton himself in a ding-dong struggle for third place at Epsom. Atalanta pleases all judges who go to see her saddled marvellously. She looks a galloper all over, and is obviously trained to the hour. Shorter and shorter grow the odds against her, till at last she is fairly established at evens against the field. The Newsmonger men rather lose heart, and cease supporting their horse in face of the way the money is literally poured down upon the Panton Lodge filly.

As he canters down to the post, Jim discovers with much satisfaction that he has a much pleasanter mount than he had in the Two Thousand. Atalanta is a perfect lady as regards her manners, and behaves with the greatest propriety at the post. At the first attempt the flag falls to a capital start, and the filly proving herself a good beginner enables Jim to take a prominent place in the van. At the distance the comfortable conviction begins to steal over him that he holds his field safe, but riding strictly to orders, he comes clean away half-way up, and although Newsmonger makes a gallant effort in Pycroft's practiced hands to come away with him, he holds his own but for a few strides, and then drops back completely outpaced, leaving Atalanta to run home an easy winner by three lengths.

Backers are for the most part jubilant, but the Ring receive the hoisting of the filly's number with that moody silence wont to steal over them for the moment when heavily hit, and that Sir Marmaduke and his friends have taken a very large stake out of the fielders is well known. The Panton Lodge stable held it one of "the best things" they had had for many a day, and their chief and his followers were very dashing bettors at any time.

A queer look of dismay came over Elliston's face when he saw who was to ride Atalanta. He thought of what Pearson had said at the spring meeting. Was this boy destined to cross him at every turn, and avenge his father? He felt intuitively that he would win the Julys, although there was no great sagacity necessary to come to that conclusion, for although unable all the morning to discover who was to ride Atalanta, he had learned that she possessed the implicit confidence of the stable, that she was very good tempered and tractable, and, in short, was an animal, to use the stereotyped phrase, that a child could ride. Elliston had seen quite enough already of Jim Forrest in the saddle not to doubt his ability to do justice to Sir Marmaduke's filly, and backed it also for a little at the last. It was not that he had had such a very bad race, but he is haunted with the superstition that the strange apparition of Gerald Rockingham on the race-course is destined to work his destruction.

CHAPTER XXII.

"HOW VERY DISGRACEFUL!"

Miss Rockingham was sadly put out when she thought over her brother's relation with Dollie. For a gentleman in Gerald's position—she little guessed what it really was—to keep up such a farce as this flirtation with Bill Greyson's daughter was not only absurd, but in very bad taste to boot; besides, he might find himself in a very awkward scrape if he was not careful. Dollie no doubt was a designing minx, and for the life of her Ellen could never have been made to see that a penniless Rockingham, without a settled design for earning his own living, was no great catch, after all, for even a girl like Dollie. How was she to get hold of Gerald's address? It was high time somebody spoke seriously to him about the miserable entanglement. Ellen, though she thoroughly recognized the change that their father's death and altered circumstances had wrought in Gerald, still could not quite resign the ascendency of an elder sister. Two or three years' seniority at one time of life represent at least half a dozen between sister and brother, and the former is occasionally slow to understand the latter claiming independence. We have all experience of some relatives who steadfastly ignore that we have grown up, and pester us with unasked-for advice till their or our own course be run.

However, what Miss Rockingham might have to say to her brother necessarily remained for the present unsaid, though whether that is altogether to the benefit of the future recipient I am not clear. Sometimes, there is no doubt, the dose of good advice stored up for us evaporates; sometimes circumstances occur that point out the futility of administering it; but there are times when it takes a cumulative tendency, and then no power can prevent the possessor from favoring us with the result of such thoughtful interest on our behalf.

Ellen was crossing St. Helen's Square one morning, still pondering over what Gerald might be doing, and why he should make a mystery of his proceedings, when she ran across John Thorndyke.

"Good-morning, Miss Rockingham. Have you seen what a wonderful house Mr. Gredson is building out toward Acomb? You don't know him, I suppose?"

"Only by name. He is one of the new people about here, is he not? Made his money as a manufacturer, I think."

"Yes, but the family is well known round York, where they have been yeoman farmers for generations. This is the first of them who, conforming to the spirit of the age, has left the traditional groove, and made his fortune by so doing."

"I am rather conservative in my ideas, and prefer seeing people do their duty in that station of life to which Providence has called them," replied Ellen, coldly.

"You are putting a wrong interpretation on that sentence, and you know it," rejoined Thorndyke, seriously. "The mass of mankind have to earn their bread; and according to their capabilities so does the choice rest with them how they will do it, and providing they conscientiously do their best in the path they have chosen, so are they doing their duty."

"You misunderstand me, Mr. Thorndyke," said Ellen, in some confusion at the rebuke she felt she had well merited. "I only meant that I am opposed to what is termed in these days the fusion of classes."

"Ah! it's useless swimming against the stream. All that rigid demarcation of classes is a thing of the past, clean gone, Miss Rockingham. Dukes put their sons into trade in these times, and cotton-spinners wed with the Peerage, while—strangest caprice of all—I see by the papers that a young fellow of good family is actually getting his living at Newmarket as a jockey."

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1433.

"How very disgraceful!" said Ellen.

"Well, I don't know; I presume he found he had it to get, and perhaps it was the work he was best fitted for. Anyway, you will admit it to be more honorable than living on his friends."

"Yes; but it's shocking to think of a gentleman in such a menial situation."

"I don't go racing now," rejoined Thorndyke; "but from all I hear, jockeys don't view themselves at all in that light. The present generation of racing men have utterly spoiled them by treating them almost as equals; their heads have been turned; and a more arrogant set of little monkeys, I'm told, don't exist. Still, Miss Rockingham, apropos to the newspaper canard, which is probably mere gossip, with no basis of truth in it, when a man, especially a gentleman, is suddenly called on from circumstances to get his own bread and cheese, it isn't, believe me, a matter of choice. For the most part he has to take such work as falls to his hand, and that he feels competent to cope with."

"Yes, and it is that which makes us so uneasy about my brother. That we are a ruined family you must, of course, have heard. We're too well known in the East Riding for our troubles not to be county talk, and I may confess to you as a friend, if you will allow me to call you so—thanks, Mr Thorndyke; but I don't require protestations," interrupted Ellen, as the Rector was about to make vigorous protest of his assenting—"that we can neither make out what Gerald is doing, nor where he is."

"It is almost superfluous to say, Miss Rockingham, that I would help you if I could; but further than the fact that you do possess a younger brother, I know nothing."

"Not likely you would," replied Ellen, with a faint smile—"not likely you will; but should accident throw any information in your way concerning him, please don't forget how anxious I am to learn something about him. His not writing is inexplicable."

"You may depend upon me, Miss Rockingham," said John Thorndyke, as he raised his hat.

Sometimes Ellen wished she could see Dollie again. It was possible if they met, she thought, that the girl might take a less defiant attitude, although the termination of their last interview left little hope that such would be the case. Still, Ellen felt that she had one opening which would enable her to recur to the subject. She could always inquire if Dollie had got Gerald's permission to divulge his address, as it was still required by his lawyers. This trainer's daughter, who quoted Tennyson, who claimed to be on an equality with herself, and who, she had no doubt, actually considered herself engaged to Gerald, was a phenomenon that Ellen could not understand.

Mrs Rockingham was getting more reconciled to her modest lodgings now; not but what she had borne her reverses courageously from the first. Still it is a great trial for a woman who has been all her life mistress of a large establishment to come down to four or five rooms and her maid. She must necessarily miss the gardens, the flowers, the carriages, and all the superfluities which long habit has made part and parcel of her existence. We can do without these things, but once accustomed to them we miss them sorely if misfortune compels us to give them up. Do you remember what Sam Slick said about selling his clocks? "It's soft sawder gets 'em into the house, and human nature keeps 'em there." His plan was to persuade the housewives just to allow him to leave one of his clocks with them till he came round again as a convenience to himself, he having too many with him. By the time he came their way again they had got used to the comfort of a clock on the mantelpiece, and bought it sooner than lose it.

Society, too, in York—and there is usually some pleasant society in a cathedral town—was excessively civil to the Rockinghams. They were well known and much sympathized with in their fallen fortunes, and though there could be no doubt that the late Squire had wrought his own ruin by his carelessness and extravagance, yet he had been always a popular man, and it was widely whispered that his weaknesses had been taken much advantage of both by his cousin and his solicitor. Then the mysterious disappearance of Gerald was another reason why people should make much of Mrs Rockingham and her daughter, for, of course, it had leaked out that he had left Cambridge, and that neither his mother nor his sister knew where he was. Society, jumping to a conclusion after the hasty and airy manner in which society usually elucidates any little problem of this nature—that is to say, without any positive knowledge of the premises—deduces that Gerald Rockingham has behaved disgracefully; that he has abandoned those it was his bounden duty to protect, and probably taken to dissolute courses. Society, as a whole, entirely ignores that a university career is not to be achieved without money, or that if we have to earn our living in humble fashion it adds bitterness to the bread of adversity to earn it where we have previously figured as one of the privileged who "toil not, neither do they spin." The consequence of all this was that Mrs. Rockingham and Ellen in a quiet way went out a good deal; the widow being urged thereto in the first place principally by her daughter, who thought rightly that nothing could be worse for her than that she should brood too much upon the past. All this had, of course, been very gradual, and it was only the last two months or so that Mrs. Rockingham had been induced to emerge from her seclusion.

Mr Dornsford had done what a clever, well-to-do man of the world was sure to do, and become a leading star in the new social sphere upon which he had entered. As before said, the new Canon's little dinners soon began to be talked about. When a man is not only a *gourmet* and a brilliant talker, but understands the mixing of his guests as thoroughly as the mixing of his salads, his feasts imprint themselves on men's minds. In this world of dreary and indifferent dinners it is something to look back upon those in which both our intellects and senses were gratified. Men have obtained celebrity for conferring much more dubious benefit on their fellow-creatures; but Mr Dornsford was thoroughly appreciated by those whom he honored with his intimacy. He had taken a great fancy both to John Thorndyke and Ellen Rockingham, and they were frequently of the Canon's weekly dinner party; and so it was that they had come to see a good deal of each other of late.

That Mr. Thorndyke, with his advanced Liberal views, should occasion Miss Rockingham considerable astonishment was natural. She could hardly, swathed in her narrow sectarian ideas, understand a clergyman having such opinions; but what surprised her more than anything was that a man like Mr. Dornsford, a Canon of York Minster, and a supposed decidedly High-Churchman, should agree with the Radical Rector of St. Olave's. Still, she could not resist admiring Thorndyke for the consistency and audacity of his freely expressed convictions, and that they should be to a considerable extent indorsed by Mr. Dornsford, gave them additional weight with her. This morning she had advanced a step further, and given him her confidence also.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROBERT HOE.

THE impression retained by the friends of the late ROBERT HOE, who died at his beautiful summer home in Tarrytown, New York, on the 13th of September, at the age of seventy, is of a kind to appeal with confidence to the admiration of fairer generations than ours. The civilized world knew him as a manufacturer of printing presses, art students knew him as sensible to the romantic charm of works of the imagination; business acquaintances knew him as responsive to the powers of modern ideas; hundreds of beneficiaries in this city of his birth and protracted residence knew him as a pattern of Christian philanthropy; but his friends knew ROBERT HOE as a man who liked to hide his life, who preferred to perfect himself rather than to build a reputation, and who was endowed with a singularly happy moral balance, and a genuine gift for the good and the true. Like all such natures, he had a real love for living a life of his own, apart from the unsympathetic lives of others; he might even have said with LACORDAIRE, "One can do nothing without solitude."

The pleasures of the club and of fashionable society did not entice him, partly because of a certain frailty of health, partly because of his fondness for the country, partly because of his extremely happy domestic relations, and partly, also, because of his taste for what is administrative rather than for what is imperatorial. He was a representative of the modern spirit in the best that this spirit anticipates, but to contemporaneous noise and preferment he had a decided aversion. A more conservative citizen the metropolis did not possess, and he felt as deeply as did EDMUND BURKE that men in civil society have the right to the acquisitions of their parents and to the fruit of their own industry.

When, therefore, the wholesale thievery and incipient communism of the TWEED *régime* were to be met and smitten, who of all that now historic Citizens' Committee of Seventy was more fit for the work than he? It was the sole instance in his long and masterful career when he consented to assume a conspicuous civic position, and the assertion may safely be ventured that none of his comrades did less talking. A man who makes presses that print, cut, and fold twenty thousand large eight-page daily newspapers in an hour is, perhaps, professionally indisposed to loquacity.

His death makes the first break in the well-known firm of R. HOE & Co., whose reputation is world-wide. The senior member, Colonel R. M. HOE, and a younger brother, PETER S., are still living. Mr. HOE was a member of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and one of the founders of the National Academy of Design.

His funeral was attended by an immense concourse of neighbors and friends, who listened to the singing of his favorite hymns, "Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love" and "Abide with me." His body rests temporarily in the beautiful cemetery near Tarrytown which WASHINGTON IRVING has so tenderly described.

The news of the decease called forth eulogies from all the leading journals in this country and in Europe.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION AT PHILADELPHIA.

THIRTY-SIX years ago, in September, 1848, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a body enlarged from the Association of American Geologists and Naturalists, founded seven years before, held its first meeting in Philadelphia. Now, after annual sessions in many other parts of the Union, interrupted only during the years of the civil war, it has at length revisited the City of Brotherly Love, and there has held the most remarkable of all its gatherings.

For the first time its exercises were shared by a great number of visitors from foreign lands. Indeed, in some respects this thirty-third meeting proved to be almost an International Congress—at least of the English-speaking scientific world. Out of the unprecedented number of 1257 persons in attendance, about 300 were from the British Association, which had just held its annual meeting in Montreal. The official register also disclosed such names and addresses as these: C. Struve, Moscow; Dairoku Kikuchi, Tokio; Dr. W. Valentiner, Carlsruhe; Shoro Shiba and N. Shiraishi, Japan; R. Gordon, Burmah; Don Arturo de Marcoartu, Madrid. Societies of Rome, Vienna, Brussels, Belfast, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Aberdeen, Norwich, Barrow, Manchester, and London were among the European scientific bodies represented by delegates.

A visitor could not but be struck with the very great part which the foreign men of science took in the proceedings. They read many papers, were constantly alert for the oral discussion, and in some instances were found presiding over sections, while several of them delivered special lectures by request. In one room could be found Captain Bedford Pim, R.N., reading a paper on Nicaragua; in another, Don Arturo de Marcoartu discussing trade between the United States, Spain, and Cuba; in a third, Professor Barrett, of Dublin, setting forth his views of "Thought Transference," and so on. If the proposed International Scientific Congress, for whose establishment the British and American associations appointed joint committees, should ever be organized, it will be fortunate to secure as large a measure of internationality at its meetings as was found in Philadelphia.

The meeting began on Thursday morning, September 4, in the Academy of Music, where the general sessions continued to be held an hour each day, until the close of the exercises on the evening of September 11. Immediately after the general meeting the various sections began the reading of papers in their respective meeting places, and these papers, with the resulting discussions, occupied the day until 5 P.M., except the lunch hour between one and two. Section A, Mathematics and Astronomy, under Professor H. T. Eddy, of Cincinnati, and Section D, Mechanical Science, under Professor R. H. Thurston, of Hoboken, met in ground rooms of Horticultural Hall; Section B, Physics, under Professor John Trowbridge, of Cambridge, in the chapel of the neighboring Episcopal Academy; Section C, Chemistry, Professor John W. Langley, of Ann Arbor, at 1417 Locust Street; Section E, Geology and Geography, Professor N. H. Winchell, of Minneapolis, in the Main Horticultural Hall; Section F, Biology, Professor E. D. Cope, of Philadelphia, in a hall of the Union League Club; Section G, Histology and Microscopy, Professor T. G. Wormley, of Philadelphia, in the hall of the College of Physicians; Section H, Anthropology, Professor E. S. Morse, of Salem, in the *foyer* of the Academy of Music; Section I, Economic Science and Statistics, Professor John Eaton, of Washington, in the hall of the Historical Society.

The chairmen of the sections this year were a more than ordinarily able set of officers, as the strong and striking papers with which they opened their sections attested. Professor Winchell, in his address on "Crystalline Rocks of the Northwest," held the Huronian of Canada to be the equivalent of the lowest of the Taconic groups of the Northeast. Professor Cope, discussing "The Nature of Organic Energy," declared that "life has preceded organization"; that "the organic structures of animals have resulted from animal movement, and been determined by consciousness"; that the true definition of life is "energy directed by sensibility or by a mechanism directed by sensibility." Professor Trowbridge declared that the nature of electricity is still obscure. "In searching for relationship," he said, "between electricity and gravity, all my experiments have produced negative results." Professor Eddy vigorously attacked the theory that mathematics should be taught in our colleges "simply as a sort of intellectual gymnastics." Professor Morse, discussing "Man in the Tertiaries," declared that "no parallax has been established by which we can even faintly approximate the distance of the horizon in which traces of man's existence appear." The papers of Professor Langley on "Chemical Affinity," of Professor Wormley on "Microscopy in Connection with Toxicology," and of Professor Thurston on "The Applied Sciences," were worthy of the specialties in which their authors are so greatly distinguished. General Eaton spoke on uniting science with practical life.

In all, 304 papers were read, so that it would be impracticable to give here even a moiety of their titles. We may note, however, that Professor Hilgard's paper on the Gulf of Mexico demonstrated the elevation of the Gulf level above the Atlantic by accurate measurements, and that Professor Bell, inventor of the telephone, spoke of possible electrical communication between vessels not more than a mile distant at sea, if each would make an earth metallic connection with the sea at the bow and another at the stern by a long cable trailed out. Professor Preece, the British electrician, supported this idea by an account of his own actual experiments.

Of the general lectures and speeches mention should be made of the admirable addresses of Professor Young, the retiring President, Professor Lesley, the new President, and Dr. Pepper and Governor Pattison, who welcomed the guests. Professor Young, who discussed "Pending Problems of Astronomy," urged a more accurate study of the earth's dimensions, of the suspected variation in the earth's revolution, of the displacement of the axis in the globe, and of the theory of lunar temperature, which is probably somewhat at fault. As for the sun's heat, this distinguished solar physicist finds "no fault with the solution proposed by Helmholtz, who accounts for it mainly by the slow contraction of the solar sphere." Too much can not be said in praise of the lecture of Dr. R. S. Ball, Royal Astronomer of Ireland, on "The Distances of the Stars"—an admirable example of the method of presenting the methods and results of intricate scientific investigations for popular comprehension. Professor Newberry, lecturing upon the evolution of the North American coast, showed how "the sea is the mother of continents, and *terra firma* a type of instability."

At the opening session a check for $1000 was presented to the Association from Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, of Stamford (her second gift), to be used in experiments for communicating light and heat, and afterward the same benefactor offered $5000 as a fund to promote original research by the proposed International Scientific Association, with the promise of $5000 more should the Association be formed and raise $10,000 for the same purpose. The Association adopted resolutions requesting Congress to extend geodetic and topographic surveys over the whole country, without regard to State boundaries, and to aid the investigation of fermentation as affecting public health—a subject which had been treated in part by Dr. Springer.

The meeting, we must not forget to say, was from beginning to end the victim of extraordinarily hot weather, which thinned audiences, shortened discussions, and drove off to the recuperating breezes of sea-side or hill-side many persons who had journeyed to Philadelphia for a wholly different purpose. Beribboned visitors slowly sauntered along fashionable streets with bare heads sheltered by umbrellas, as if wholly callous to the persuasive announcements of placarded lamp-posts that "Section H meets here." As, save for this exceptional weather, the meeting would have been a still more striking success, so the prevailing discomforts could hardly have been borne but for the profuse exercise of the proverbial courtesy of ever-hospitable Philadelphia, the industry and attention of the many local committees, and the excellence of the arrangements made by Professor F. W. Putnam, the Permanent Secretary. Excursions to Long Branch, Cape May, Atlantic City, the anthracite coal regions, and points of geological interest on the Schuylkill River, gave relief and recreation, while a lady's lawn party at Haverford College, a pilgrimage of the botanists to the garden at Kingsessing, a social reception at the Academy of Fine Arts, and a microscopical exhibition at the Academy of Sciences, assisted in filling up the leisure hours.

The electrical exhibition furnished a special object of interest, while the Electrical Conference which took place there, and afterward at the Franklin Institute, resulted not only in very able discussions by Professors Abbe, Rowland, and Trowbridge, Sir William Thomson, and others, but in important action. It was resolved to take steps to legalize in this country the ohm, the volt, and the ampère, the standard of measures adopted by the French Conference. Out of the week's scientific gathering grew the organization of the American Psychical Society for the investigation of obscure mental phenomena.

In the present issue will be found, alphabetically arranged, sixteen portraits of prominent men here who were present at this memorable meeting, and who represent its various forms of investigation and learning. Thirteen of these gentlemen sat expressly for these portraits for HARPER'S WEEKLY, the photographs for the purpose being taken by Mr. W. Curtis Taylor, of Philadelphia. The remaining three personally selected for HARPER'S WEEKLY satisfactory portraits which had been recently taken.

GOVERNOR JAMES W. DAWES.

THE Republicans of Nebraska have renominated with enthusiasm the excellent Chief Magistrate who has made so good a record for himself and for them. Governor JAMES W. DAWES was elected to the gubernatorial chair in the autumn of 1882, and began his term of office on the 4th of January, 1883. It expires on the 8th of January, 1885, when undoubtedly he will be his own successor. The Governor is a representative son of Nebraska, with large conceptions of public duty and broad foundations for their support.

CELEBRATION OF THE ORDER OF CINCINNATUS.

On the night of the 17th inst. the streets of Cincinnati were the scene of a brilliant pageant that served to remind the spectators of the grand Carnival displays of New Orleans. The occasion was the second annual celebration of the Order of Cincinnatus, and the subject illustrated by the gorgeous tableaux was a dream of SHAKESPEARE. The slow moving procession of twenty-five floats, drawn by gayly caparisoned mules and brilliantly lighted by electricity, calcium lights, and fire-works, was witnessed by a vast multitude of spectators, who thronged the streets and occupied every coign of vantage. After the glittering escort of Roman lictors, eagle-bearers, centurions, and decurions, came a float bearing the triumphal chariot of the Dictator. In it was seated Cincinnatus, who in this instance occupies the same exalted position as does Rex of Mardi Gras. On the twenty-four floats that followed, scenes from SHAKESPEARE's plays were represented with all possible accessories of gorgeous costumes and brilliant coloring. Among the more notable representations were the Battle of Agincourt, from *King Henry V.*; Timon's Last Banquet, from *Timon of Athens*; the Meeting of the Witches, from *Macbeth*; the Death of Antony, from *Antony and Cleopatra*; the Home of Titania and Oberon, from *Midsummer Night's Dream*; the Meeting of the Dromios, from the *Comedy of Errors*; Caliban Emerging from his Cave, from the *Tempest*—which subject was the one chosen by our artist for his illustration on page [illegible]; and Prospero Summoning the Spirits of Water, Air, and Fire, also from the *Tempest*.

The second annual ball of the order, given on the following night at the Chamber of Commerce, was one of the most brilliant events of the kind ever witnessed in the West, and reflected great credit upon the management, who had labored assiduously for months in the preparation of the details that were combined to produce the grand spectacular whole.

THE TEETOTAL DODGER.

ST. JOHN. "Mr. Canvasser, you are not going to dodge me and call me a local issue."

THE DISASTROUS FLOODS AT CHIPPEWA FALLS, WISCONSIN.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 637.]

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LOVE AND MIRAGE;*

OR,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

RETROSPECTIVE.

"A fallen angel, did I say?" reiterated Eva, after a pause. "Who can aver that he did not then mean fairly by me, and that he had not made up his mind to sacrifice worldly prospects for my sake? I believed so then. Sometimes I almost believe so still."

How, indeed, could she help trusting him? Whether for a brief moment he had been worthy of it was a secret locked within his own breast. His studied care for her happiness during many months, his unvarying friendliness and well-timed chivalrousness and devotion, above all, his solicitude for her future as she would fain shape it for herself—all these things compelled her to regard him as the best, truest friend she had in the world. And what he said was true. In him, and him only, lay her chances of happiness. That very day she had received a letter from home urging the claims of her unwelcome suitor. And if not in love with the Prince, she was at least drawn to him by a feeling as tenacious—gratitude of the deepest, most ardent kind. So she trusted him, and all things seemed to show that at the moment of making this proposal he had not intended to deceive her, only to keep the marriage secret. At any rate, when they reached the appointed place, all things were in readiness, according to his promise—ring and book, priest and notary. But at the last moment it was found that, owing to the fact of both bride and bridegroom being aliens, some additional forms must be gone through to make the marriage valid. Married they were, indeed, but it was a marriage not valid in the eyes of the civil law. Then they hurried away to have the necessary formalities gone through—so the Prince said—on German soil. But again no sooner had they crossed the frontier than fresh obstacles presented themselves. The Prince was summoned home in consequence of the illness of his uncle, the head of the house. Eva, cut loose from her home, her protectress, could but cling to him and trust him still, awaiting his return to be acknowledged openly as his wife. For his wife she was. Before the altar he had taken her; he declared again and again that he was on the point of keeping his word. Once even a marriage contract in accordance with the laws of Germany had been drawn up. She had allowed herself to be brought to this remote island on the understanding that here at last she was openly to take his name.

Whether or no there was a warring still of good and evil purpose in this worldly heart, whether, indeed, but for certain worldly circumstances he would have made the penniless *bourgeoise* maiden his Princess, who shall say? There came at last a day when every vestige of hope was wrested from her. As best he could, with many excuses and apologies, he broke the tidings that, in order to restore his fortunes, he was compelled to marry a rich woman. Financial crises, speculation, evil times, had so reduced his income and so hampered his estate that there was nothing left for him to do but this, or blow his brains out, he added, with a haggard smile.

Then he tried to win her pity, her forgiveness, and used every argument to induce her not to return to her family, but to pursue her artistic career—she owed it to herself, to art.

There was nothing he would not do to further her wishes, he said. Lastly he told her of all the flattering things that had been said about her fine voice in high places, glowingly painted the future and the fortune in store for her if she would go through a thorough course of training. She might become a prima donna, anything. Where was her ambition?

"Ambition!" sighed Eva. "My only ambition was to be loved at home once more. That voice of mine! I only valued it for my father's sake. It would console him, I thought; it would win me his forgiveness. But my parents hardened against me; and what wonder? I had broken their hearts. Why did I not tell them all at first? I but nursed within the hope of a joy that should make all things right. They were so ambitious for me, so proud of their Eva! Poor father! poor mother! What wonder that the truth was more than you could bear? My father went mad, my mother took to her bed and never left it more, my sisters were forbidden to mention my name. But now I shall be as one who was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found."

CHAPTER XXVI.

LOVERS.

How calm and peaceful looked the little lake as Arthur lingered by it listening to Eva's sweet voice! Here on the brightest days of the year are to be seen rather the subdued winter harmonies that greet our eyes in southern England than the gorgeous glow of summer. To-day about waves and sky lay just those quiet tender hues we see on certain mild January days of our dear native land. The glassy waters of the mere reflected pure tints of pearl and clouds just touched with rosy gold floating on a pale azure sky. On the cool gray surface of the water rested the water-lilies, their bright gold and ivory cups subdued in the placid light. Ineffable the sweetness and stillness here. Not a bird on the branch, not a fawn gambolling athwart the forest reaches. They were near the sea, but could not hear its ripple.

"Are you versed in the history of this island?" asked Eva, with a smile. "Do you know why this little sheet of water embosomed in the ancient beechen forest is called the Black Lake, and the granite block on which we are sitting bears the name of the Stone of Sacrifice?"

"I am not entirely ignorant," said Arthur. Had not Elizabeth, indeed, acted as his cicerone here? "But tell me what you know."

"This place, then," she said, "was consecrated in the olden time to one of the most fearful divinities ever mortals bent knee to. Whoever served her was henceforth to be kept pure from all contact with anything human, and there was but one way to accomplish this! The minister to the god was also the victim. Even the very slaves who washed the golden car of the goddess were straightway cast into the lake; and how many unfortunate beings may have been offered upon this very stone!" She rose and showed him a huge red stain on the granite block, shaped indeed like those savage altars we read of, on which were immolated human offerings.

"This is but a natural streak, a vein of porphyry in the formation," she said, "but the islanders will ever believe the stain to be caused by human blood. How fearful those early creeds! Yet methinks they point a parable. The evil passions that weak mortals serve, do they not exact of their slaves the supreme sacrifice? Is there any one who has hearkened too much to self, which is but another name for passion, without falling a victim?"

She was thinking of her girlhood, and of those ardent longings for a richer, fuller life that had led her to Italy, to despair. Had she been of a less ambitious spirit, all the misery of her life might have been spared.

Said Arthur, gayly: "I read herein a more acceptable interpretation of the allegory. This goddess of yours should, I think, rather symbolize a purifier than a destroyer, since it is by virtue of passions that men rise and fall—in other words, fulfill their destiny. We must be first crushed, to be afterward uplifted, tried as clay is proven in the fire."

Thus they talked with the beautiful confidence and exclusiveness of lovers who find that every hour brings them nearer to one another, shuts them more and more within a little world of their own. The longest day could never be long enough for those spoken volumes.

"I have now told you my life. Will you not tell me yours?" asked Eva. This was the next day, when much had been talked over of more immediate interest. The marriage was to take place in a few days, and that very night Arthur would cross over to the opposite shore in order to buy the wedding ring. Next day, before nightfall, he should be back again, and then another little journey was in store for him. He must traverse the island from end to end for the purpose of securing the services of a priest.

They had just returned from a long ramble in the forest, and for the first time Arthur accompanied Eva to the tiny anteroom, turned into a rustic boudoir, that led out of her chamber. There were so many things to carry upstairs—spoils of the forest, spoils of the sea—that he would not let her burden herself; and when arrived on the threshold there seemed still much to say, so he followed her within.

Happiness wearies even as doth sorrow, and Eva was now languid from over-joy. Her spirits during the last two days had been wonderfully buoyant; joy gleamed from her eyes and imparted bloom to her cheek. It was no longer a vision of sorrow and beauty that moved stately before Arthur's eyes; instead, a dazzling fellow-creature on whom Nature had lavished her choicest gifts, and with whom it were good to live. What was Eva not? what could she not do? In the exuberance of her late mood all the inborn sprightliness and vivacity of her character were revealed, as well as mental endowments of a deeper kind. She should have been a leader and inspirer of men and women in some high sphere. For what may not perfect loveliness do when combined with depth of feeling and a passionate craving after intellectual beauty?

"Kind God in heaven!" was Arthur's secret thought, "what may not existence be like by this woman's side!"

Deeply as was Eva moved also at the thought of sharing his life, intensely as she appreciated the intellectual sympathies and aspirations drawing them together, it was a common sheer human contentment that she drank in now. The thought bringing tears of rapture and thanksgiving was the thought of home. It seemed too good to be true, but true nevertheless. A short week more, a little week, and her sisters would learn the blessed tidings—their Eva no longer a shame to them, her name a terror never any more, the past buried and forgotten, new life in store for all! And that scene of explanation and reconcilement would be ever before the impatient eyes. Never would prodigal be so welcomed, so wept over. She already heard her sisters' voices, already a thousand times in fancy her tears of pure joy were mingled with theirs. She saw a flash of understanding light up her father's face as she clasped him close, and pointing to Arthur, whispered, "Husband, Eva's husband."

Around that last thought centred her fondest, most passionate hopes. She would willingly have laid down her life if by that means her father's reason could be restored. There was one a better way: when the grief that had brought the madness should be removed, must not the madness go? Eva clung to this hope with a tenacity that nothing could shake. Yes, the good God in His mercy would permit this cure. Not only was their lost Eva to be restored to her sisters, but their father, like the man Christ healed, sitting clothed and in his right mind. No wonder that in these first moments of looking forward she thought more of Arthur's deed than of Arthur's self! The curse of shame was to be removed from her house, the family escutcheon cleared of its blot, and by him only. His love was equal to a matchless sacrifice. But before the happiness of loving him and compensating him, she was to taste of another of less selfish kind. She was meantime living less in the world of realities with him than in the world of hopes of which he was author.

Something like reproach, however, stung her when she thought that to-morrow he would not be there. She felt a grateful, ardent impulse on the eve of this short separation to throw herself into his life for a brief spell, and forget her own. Was he not henceforth to be all in all to her? Had she any right even for a day thus to live in a world of thought he could not share? So again, with sweet insinuation, she repeated the question.

Arthur laughed. The story was but a dull one, he said. But such as it was, she should have it as she would.

Wearied from her long walk, she had thrown off her hat, and now rested on a low stool, leaning her head on the arm of Arthur's chair; for he had taken out his sketch-book, and whilst he talked lazily plied pencil and brush. To have something to do seemed an excuse for staying a little longer with her, and there was a tempting bit of forest glade within sight.

So he became busily idle, and by-and-by—in her weariness, she did not know it—the beautiful head rested no longer on the arm of the chair but had slipped to his knee. He chatted on; not for worlds would he have ventured so much as to touch the perfectly shaped head lying close under his sketch-book, or even to notice the intrusion. As yet she had never kissed him, and he bided his time. She was to see that no woman in all the world was so sacred in his eyes as the one about to become his wife.

Thus, then, they began to talk, Eva's face being turned from him, her sweet voice a little languid from fatigue. She wanted very much to hear this dull story, she said, and first and foremost to know one thing: had he never cared for any woman but herself?

CHAPTER XXVII.

A REVELATION.

"To tell you plain truth," Arthur said, gayly, after some talk of his London experiences, "I never so much as fancied myself in love till I reached this island a few weeks back. There is a fatality about the place. Had I never seen you, I do believe my fate would have been sealed all the same."

"What happened?" Eva said, with natural feminine curiosity. Is not almost always the first question a girl asks of an avowed lover, "Whom did you love before me?"

"I was tempted to visit these remote shores by the most romantic accounts," Arthur went on. "I made up my mind, indeed, that I was not only to see the fabled mirage here, but that I should find the maiden of my dreams. And true enough, hardly had I set foot on the island when I thought my time was come. The pretty, pretty girl!"

"Was she your country-woman or mine?"

"Of pure Teuton blood, with such blue eyes and fair hair as I do verily believe are never found outside of Germany."

"What attracted you to her besides the blue eyes and fair hair?" Eva asked, still playful.

Arthur also went on gay and careless as before. "So many things. To begin with, she had a lovely expression—*Blick*, you Germans call it—and a voice pleasant to listen to."

Eva laughed gently. These naive confessions of her lover amused her not a little.

"Would you have married her?" she asked.

"Ah! who shall say? But for a certain visit on a wet day to a certain lady awaiting her lover, I think it likely. We were, anyhow, capital friends."

If these confidences pleased Eva, how much more grateful were they to her lover! He was confiding in her as he had never yet confided in any human being, and the new fresh sense of nearness and exclusiveness was inexpressibly delicious. They were beginning to lead the life of one that has become the life of two.

"This blue-eyed beauty had a certain likeness to yourself; I could almost have sworn you were sisters," Arthur added, laughingly. "So you see I was but falling in love with you by anticipation."

"Such fancied likeness is mere nationality," Eva replied, without strained interest, or the faintest suspicion of the revelation in store for her. "We Germans also find all English girls of a type alike. But tell me more."

Trusting him implicitly, she yet wanted to discover how far Arthur's fancy had gone; she could not suppose him to be blameworthy in the least little thing. All the same, she felt sorry for the blue-eyed maiden he had evidently made love to. The story interested her.

"For once and for all, understand that when I asked you two days ago to be my wife, I was as free to do so as if there were no other woman in this island, or, for the matter of that," laughed Arthur, "in all the world. I have never had a fancy for entanglements of this kind. Indeed, I had made up my mind long ago that I should die a bachelor; and why? For the vain and preposterous reason that I could never find a woman good enough for me."

Eva smiled sadly.

"But," resumed the happy, unconscious lover, "I will be quite open with you. I did ask your pretty double if she liked me, and—the rest of it. She parried the question, hinted at circumstances and family misfortunes that made it her duty not to marry. I can not help thinking that there was a faithless lover in the way."

Eva's face was still turned from him as she rested thus, the beautifully shaped head just touching his knee. She put yet another question, in the low gentle tones of one who is wearied in body rather than in spirit, deep, unutterable contentment thrilling the exquisite voice.

"What was that sweet girl's name?"

A moment—one short moment more in the fair sunshine, on the golden sward; then a precipice and a horrible abyss, from which there was no escape!

Arthur was skillfully manipulating his clouds, but in a second or two his answer came.

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth Flower, in my own tongue, Blume in yours. What a pretty name for a pretty girl!"

Eva never stirred. Had Arthur's suspicions been aroused, he could not have discerned by any outward sign that this simple name brought despair to his listener's heart. The fair head lay motionless as that of a sleeping child on its pillow. The limbs did not tremble. Only the eyelids closed as if from excess of weariness, and the beautiful cheek grew pale. Eva, accustomed to make almost superhuman efforts at self-control, was stilling the tumult of her bosom by force of indomitable will. She would calmly hear to the end. Time for her heart to break afterward.

Arthur chatted on. He spoke of Elizabeth's devotion to her younger sister, of Harvey's fancy for Flora, of the excursions they had made together. Even those mysterious star-shaped flowers were mentioned, the flowers Elizabeth, with all a German girl's sentiment, so loved for her dead sister's sake. Then he reverted to her passionate dwelling on the wrong that had been done her, supposed by him to be some man's faithlessness.

"She liked me well enough, I do believe," he said, carelessly, and without a vestige of vanity underlying the thought. "But now let us talk of ourselves. By-the-way, you have never told me your own name."

Eva could bear this tension no longer. She rose now and looked at him with inexpressible wistfulness, yet no ghastly betrayal; she would be mistress of herself, if the short agony killed her. "To-morrow will do," she said, smiling calmly on the flying smile. "I will rest now. Fare thee well, dear."

Then, bending low, she kissed him on the brow. The strange sweetness and searchingness of that long look did not strike Arthur at the time. He was accustomed to find in her face what he found nowhere else under heaven. But the unwonted pallor and sudden evidence of bodily endurance strained to the utmost gave a momentary feeling of uneasiness.

"I can not bear to leave you, even till to-morrow," he whispered.

But Eva would stay for no lover-like speeches. With her hand on the door, she once more glanced at him, tenderness, thankfulness, benison unutterable, in her eyes. A reiterated farewell trembled on her pale lips. Then he was alone.

All was perfectly still, and Arthur, having finished his drawing, noiselessly put together his sketching things and stole down-stairs. She would sleep, he said, and he must be more careful of her health in future. The long forest rambles must be cut short. He had not now to do with the robust organization of country-bred maidens like Elizabeth and Flora, but with a physique of finer strain. Eva's naturally magnificent health, as she confessed, had been undermined by mental suffering. Months must elapse before she should be fairly herself.

On the whole, however, he went away in a cheerful frame of mind. By sunset next day he should be back again, and for other reasons no less important than the purchase of the wedding ring he was forced to cross the sea.

There was a banker in the old-world sea-port opposite, with whom he had certain business to transact. He also wanted to consult some able lawyer as to the steps necessary for the legalization of such a marriage on German soil. And this blissful bridegroom, no more than any other, would greet his bride-elect empty-handed. On this island not so much as a silver thimble was to be purchased, but surely some beautiful bridal gift might be found in a city numbering a hundred thousand souls.

So in elate spirits he set off, making light of the long descent through the forest. The path wound downward all the way, and in two hours brisk walking brought him to the little harbor lying close under the wooded scarp. The steamer was there, and in a quarter of an hour was gliding gently over the unruffled crystalline sea.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1448.

THE CITY REFUSE.

If the question, What becomes of all the refuse from the great city of New York? were asked of the first intelligent citizen one met in the street, it might elicit the reply, "It is used to fill up the harbor." Flippant as the answer would be, its occurrence to the mind would be natural, because the public has heard about the city's refuse mainly in connection with the reckless distribution of it, in times past at least, by those who were charged with disposing of it. But to get a clear and intelligent reply would be as difficult as to find one for the ancient and yet ever-vexed problem, "What becomes of all the pins?" It is one of the chief charms of life in cities that the inhabitants do not have to attend to the thousand and one matters of this sort which combine to burden the existence and swell the cares of the dwellers in the country. The city must go to the well and draw the water for the citizens whenever by merely turning a faucet any one of them expresses a desire to wash or to drink. The city must put out the conflagrations, mend the roads, protect honest folk from annoyance and peril of person or property; it must even light us on our way from one house to another at night. When a waggish Scotch divine desired

to rebuke a scandal-monger, according to an old tale, he said to him that "the beauty of Jerusalem in its prime was due to the fact that each citizen attended to the cleaning of his own door-yard." But in these days city folks combine to rid themselves of this work also by lifting it upon the broad shoulders of the government.

Whether the people of New York can ever paraphrase the words of the Scotch clergyman so as to say that the street cleaning is "the beauty of New York," is a question. With the best efforts and intentions it is a superhuman work to clean New York, and the instant the task of cleaning it for one day comes to an end, the process by which it grows dirty again is certain to begin. But it must be admitted that the system of street cleaning in vogue for many years in New York is the least offensive that could be devised. Now and then a well-dressed lady, out for a walk, finds herself in a cloud of dust and amid a hail of fine cinders, through which she dimly sees the outlines of a cart, an inverted ash barrel, and the straining figure of a laborer; and theatre parties returning homeward on Broadway occasionally hear something like the sound of an approaching steamboat, and looking from the coach windows, see a big, queer-looking machine, like a skeleton cart with a huge broom revolving between its wheels, and a swath of clean paving-stones behind it. These glimpses into the modus operandi of municipal tidiness are rare, however, to most persons, for the work is usually begun after nightfall and ended by sunrise.

Last year the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, which is the key to the city's strong box, set apart a round million of dollars for cleaning the streets, gathering the ashes, and scattering all the refuse out at sea, but this year a further sum of $50,000 was allowed to meet the expense incurred in ridding the city of heavy snow-falls. This great expense indicates the true proportions of the task of keeping the metropolis clean. The time was when a few laborers with brooms and shovels, and a cart or two to carry the gathered refuse to some sunken field or marsh, could easily keep New York presentable, but now a regiment of men, a great fleet of boats, and hundreds upon hundreds of wagons are employed in the service.

Street-cleaning was taken out of the hands of the Police Commissioners in June, 1881, and the work has ever since been intrusted to a separate department of the city government, with Commissioner JAMES S. COLEMAN at its head. Mr. COLEMAN had before that earned distinction as a contractor who had undertaken and successfully executed some very notable works, one of them being the tunnel of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad, a mile in length, through the solid rock of Bergen Hill. As head of the Street-cleaning Department he has divided the city into three districts, one above Fourteenth Street, one below that street and east of Broadway, and the third west of Broadway and below Fourteenth Street. The upper district is cleaned by the department; the others are let out to contractors.

At half past six o'clock in the morning the sweepers begin their work on every day except Sunday. At that hour nearly eight hundred men, wielding brooms, hoes, and shovels, descend upon the dirt in the thoroughfares like locusts upon a field of tender grain, and moving as they work, soon leave it bare. The down-town business streets are at that time almost deserted, and a little later in the evening only the janitors of the business blocks, their wives and children, and now and then a wayfarer, look on at the work. The lights are out in the up-town residences when this silent army moves through the brown-stone thoroughfares, and only those whose work or pleasure consumes the night hours are apt to see the men who do so much to make the city endurable.

Thus it is seen that the trials of the brave young man who received honorable mention by the press not long ago for boldly taking up a city broom to support himself and wife when nothing better offered, after he lost his place behind a bank desk, were not so great as if he had swept the Belgian blocks in daylight under the gaze of those who were his acquaintances in happier days. We will not be likely to recognize any moral heroes in the corps of sweepers as we halt a moment on any chance night to see how the work is performed. The men are mainly Italians, mingling with a few men of a half-dozen other European nationalities, whom we see combing the cobble-stones with brooms whose straws are like so many teeth, as thick and long as lead-pencils. They sweep to one side or the other from the middle of the street, leaving the gathered dirt in ridges near the curbs, to be scraped up into little hillocks by other men with hoes. There is very little talking between the men, and though they work steadily, their movements are usually very slow. Rumbling behind them come the square box carts, zigzagging to and fro to receive one dirt hillock after another. There are four hundred carts in daily use by the street cleaners. They are called "dump carts," because when they are backed up to the edge of one of the elevated collecting wharves with their backs in mid air, like Mohammed's coffin, a slat is withdrawn, and the box tips up and empties itself into a yawning scow moored below.

New York's neighbors, Brooklyn, Newark, Jersey City, and the rest, use their refuse of ashes and dirt to fill in low ground, and sell the garbage, and sometimes the street sweepings, to farmers for fertilizing purposes. But New York is so nearly built up, and so destitute of farmers, with the exception of the small club of agriculturists which meets in the Cooper Institute once a week, that it is necessary to take it all out to sea, and leave it there. This requires a little navy. There are twenty scows in active service, and very often as many more are hired for days at a time. The city keeps two steam tow-boats, and often hires several others. A huge scow heaped up with refuse looks, even in the broad Lower Bay, like a floating island. Densely populated it often seems, for many of these floats carry big crews of Italian laborers, whose duty is to shovel the load overboard when the boat's destination, four miles beyond Sandy Hook, is reached. A tow of these scows looks like a floating train of cars.

A curious sight it is to see twenty or thirty bronze-faced, black-haired men seated on the floating mound of refuse, smoking, chatting, playing cards, yes, even eating their dinners, amid these unsavory surroundings. There are always some in each crew who spend all their time delving with long, black fingers into the mass of ashes and kitchen refuse, for all have heard wondrous tales of rich findings, repeated in new forms from week to week. Now it is that somebody found a fat pocket-book; again that another one came across a watch thrown away by a flying thief, or carelessly tossed out in the pocket of an old waistcoat. Often some young fellow in the crew starts a familiar song, and then these simple-hearted peasant folk will all lift their voices to rhymes of the father-land, its vines and its maidens.

But the street cleaning has in the past been closely associated in the popular mind with an evil of national interest—the threatened ruin of New York Harbor. Although there are 120 miles of water-front in the harbor and its dependent bays, only a small portion of this is available for shipping, and ships can not use that if the mouth of the harbor be closed. For years and years street sweepings, ship refuse, dredging stuff, and waste matter of all sorts have been thrown into the waters of the Lower Bay by persons who have found that method easier and more pleasant than voyaging to sea with it. The shoals and sand bars have rapidly grown, until ships must now sail by a tortuous and narrow route through that once kingly bay. At the very mouth of the harbor the water has grown more and more shallow, until the great transatlantic steamers, when well laden, can only pass there at full high tide. The Harbor Commissioners are without pecuniary means, and even if they had the costly machinery for patrolling the waters, would often find it difficult to act, for the harbor is under divided jurisdiction. The Federal government, New York State, and the State of New Jersey each rules part of it.

Ship owners, merchants, and far-sighted men in every walk of life have exerted every effort to inspire the public with a full sense of the danger to the principal port of the continent. Bay side property owners, particularly at watering resorts, have seen the popularity of a beautiful region wane into almost non-existence by reason of the refuse the waves constantly toss on the shore. The Chamber of Commerce has declared that not only New York city's employés, but those of the Federal government, have been guilty of the crime of helping to fill up the harbor, and a special committee of that public-spirited body reported last spring that the diminution of water now amounts to twelve inches a year.

FLOODS IN THE CHIPPEWA VALLEY.

THE Chippewa River is upward of 500 miles long, and has its source in the immense forests of northern Wisconsin. It is fed, as a glance at a map of the State of Wisconsin will show, by a number of small streams, draining an area of many thousand square miles. The principal industry of this section is the production of lumber, the annual cut of which, in the territory directly tributary to the Chippewa River, exceeds 600,000,000 feet, all of which is floated down the stream, and ultimately finds a market through the saw-mills of Chippewa Falls and Eau Claire, and furnishes employment to legions of loggers, wood-choppers, and other operatives, who are seriously affected by the recent unprecedented floods in the district traversed by the river, resulting in an incalculable destruction of property and no little loss of life. It is estimated that five thousand people have suffered direct pecuniary loss, and the milling property of twenty-five corporate firms has been damaged to an inconceivable extent, between four and five hundred buildings destroyed, one-fifth of a large city submerged, and a vast agricultural region turned into a sea.

On Tuesday night, September 9, a violent cyclone swept through the northern portion of the State, accompanied by a tremendous rain-storm. Fourteen inches of rain fell in the twenty-four hours occupied by the storm. This rainfall, with that immediately preceding it, knows no parallel in the State, except that in 1839 the mark of high water in the great flood of that year was three feet below that of the present deluge. The total damage by wind and water reached $4,000,000—an appalling catastrophe indeed!

The city of Chippewa Falls is a considerable sufferer. It boasted of having the largest saw-mill under one roof in the world, which frequently cut 800,000 feet in a single day; while the Chippewa River from this point to Eau Claire was lined with similar institutions, all of which are now total wrecks, and a long time must elapse before they can be rebuilt. It is the custom to store the logs previous to sawing, and until such time as they are needed, in various "booms" constructed in "pockets" along the banks of the river; and the unexpected bursting of three booms on Thursday morning, the 11th instant, hurled 400,000,000 monarchs of the forest with irresistible force against bridges, dams, houses, and mills, crushing the strongest structure into fragments as if built of straw. The crash came without a moment's warning.

It was two o'clock when the first shock was felt, and before dawn the destruction was complete. So suddenly had the blow come that men on the watch had scarcely time to escape. Families were carried away, their dwelling frames proving their floating biers. The noise and din occasioned by the advance of the avalanche of liberated logs is described as having been terrible. Huge trees were shot up thirty or forty feet into the air, falling only to rise again. The groaning and shrieking of the logs as they moved in a seething mass completely drowned all cries for succor, and the gloom of night increased the horror of the situation.

Many exciting incidents and narrow escapes are recorded. At one place a devoted mother stood in the raging waters holding her little child high above her head for three hours, until help came. A house had floated twelve miles, surrounded by logs, before two boys who had been left in it could be rescued from their perilous position. No less remarkable, though not so thrilling, was the fact that several horses and a cow were taken out from a barn, not far from the place where the boys were rescued, the day following the first rush.

At Eau Claire 180 houses were destroyed, and the damage would have been much greater had not a "jam" occurred at a spot called the "Dells," about a mile and a half above the city, which arrested the progress of an enormous mass of logs, estimated at 200,000,000 feet. As it was, the water and a number of fugitive logs created considerable havoc, destroying the gas-works and the machinery for the dynamo-electric light. It looks dismal enough there now, and the fortunate store-keepers who had a supply of lamps and oil are reaping a rich harvest.

Only one bridge out of twenty is left on the Chippewa River, and the railroad line from Eau Claire to Wabasha has been almost entirely obliterated. It is stated that six months must elapse before trains on that route will again be running. The Wisconsin Central Railroad Company lost two fine bridges, and its track was washed so as to impede traffic, but with the promptitude which characterizes Western people it has made temporary arrangements, and its trains are again running on time. The *sang froid* of the inhabitants would amaze Eastern people. Already they were at work righting things with hearty will, extending to their more unfortunate neighbors necessary aid and comforts. Some scenes, were it not for their tragic aspects, would be comical. A man with a large family moved out of his house the day before the flood came. The force of the logs threw his house on its side, and on the Sunday following he was seen moving his effects back into his house, which still retained its lateral position. His garden patch was covered to a depth of fifteen feet with huge logs. It was quite possible he saw that the labor of removing the valuable debris from his land would recompense him for a portion of his loss. At all events, he did not appear to feel very much distressed, the weather being warm.

Many of the laborers are of French Canadian descent, accustomed to hardship, and earning their livelihood in the logging business, they are constantly on the lookout for disasters, but they hardly could have been expected to have imagined that the water would sweep away cottages from the banks of a river fully twenty-seven feet above the ordinary high-water mark.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A RESIDENT of Harlem claims to have discovered why the hands of his gas-meter have been revolving with such frightful rapidity during the past four years. He is to be congratulated upon the condition of mind in which he finds himself. It must be a great relief, not to say comfort, to him to have found an explanation which seems to be within the bounds of reason. It does not appear that his meter has been impoverishing him any more rapidly than the average gas-meter impoverishes its victims; but while other sufferers have been baffled in every attempt to arrive at a comprehension of the mysterious ways of their meters, he has come upon circumstances which seem to elucidate the mystery, and which he has made the basis of an action at law. After devoting four years to an effort to make his income equal to the demands of his gas-meter, he decided to abandon the premises, and while vacating the cellar he discovered that the pipes supplying the entire building with gas radiated from his meter. The connections, he alleges, have existed during the four years of his residence there. He now brings suit to compel the owner of the building to make good to him the amount he has paid for illuminating his neighbors' apartments from one leap-year to another. The landlord, with but natural faith in the enduring incomprehensibility of the gas-meter, asks that he be compelled to prove his claim. Counsel for the plaintiff petitions for the appointment of a referee who shall be of a mathematical turn of mind, and possessed of aptness for detecting hocus-pocus in inanimate things, to investigate the conduct of the meter during the four years in question.

The farmers of Georgia complain that the seeds of the ox-eye daisy were carried there in the hay sent from the North to feed the horses of Sherman's army, and that this posy has become so numerous that they "would be glad to bestow every bit of the weed upon the æsthetic Northern young women who are so fond of it." If, instead of despairing of ever attaining æsthetic appreciation of the daisy, the Georgians would take the Northern farmer's view of it, regard it as fodder, and cut it before the stems became woody, they would find that their cattle would eat it almost as eagerly as their timothy and redtop.

During the September heated term Chief Engineer Martin observed the pyrometric qualities of the East River Bridge. He is reported as having said that the slip joint in the centre of the structure showed an expansion by the heat of about twelve inches, and that the bridge responded very readily to changes in temperature.

Strange crimes come to light, and criminals in interesting variety are brought up in our police courts. Recently a man without hands was arraigned as a pickpocket in the Tombs. It was charged that, using his teeth, he had relieved a man of a six-dollar silver watch in a Mulberry Street stale-beer dive, where beer drained from kegs lying in front of drug shops is dealt out at three cents a quart.

It is expected that the contributions of the colored people to the World's Exposition in New Orleans will constitute an interesting and novel feature of the affair. To be invited to take part in so important an enterprise is a new experience for the colored people, and they are entering into the work with the utmost fervor.

It is printed that "slumming" is beginning to be fashionable in this town, not benevolent slumming, but slumming out of curiosity. It must, however, be a weak imitation of that which engaged the attention of fashionable people in London, for there are no slums here which can be compared with the slums of that city. It is possible here to see human beings living in the midst of a sickening amount of filth, and there are places where vice and squalor may be found together. These evils will be found sufficient for those persons who may go slumming because it has been fashionable in England so to do; but they are to the revelations of the London slums as the anise-seed bag of our fields is to the fox which the British huntsmen follow.

SLIPPERY JIM DICTATING HIS LETTER OF EXONERATION TO HIMSELF.
[SEE LETTER ON SUPPLEMENT.]

THE TEMPLE.

FIG. 1.

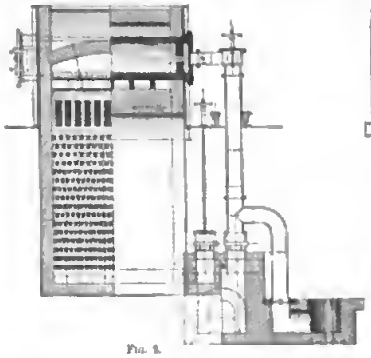


FIG. 2.

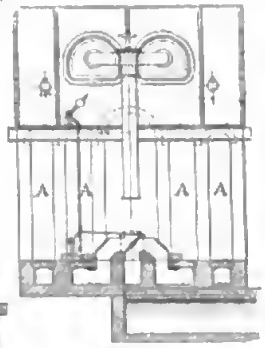


FIG. 3.

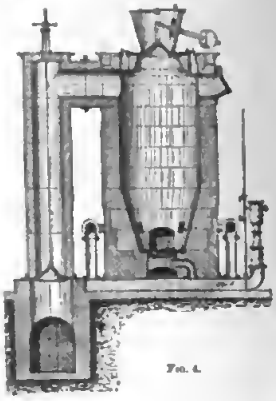
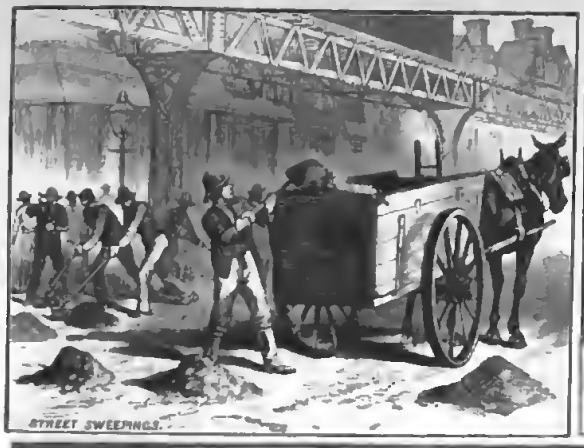
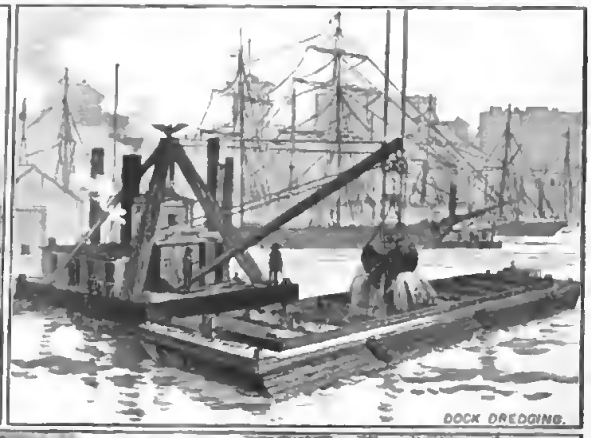


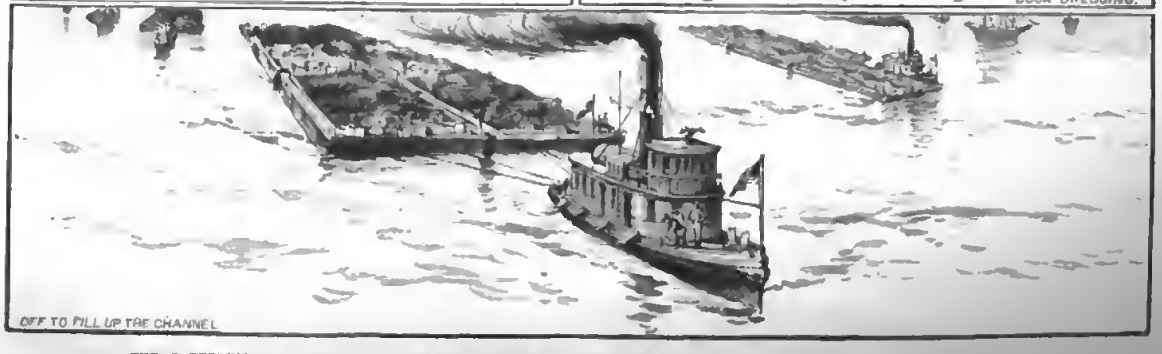
FIG. 4.

DETAILS OF THE INCINERATING FURNACE.
THE CREMATORY TO BE ERECTED NEAR EAST WILLIAMSBURG, LONG ISLAND.—[SEE PAGE 640.]

THE PARADE OF THE ORDER OF CINCINNATUS, IN CINCINNATI.—FROM A SKETCH BY GEORGE W. POTTER.—[SEE PAGE 633.]







THE GATHERING AND REMOVAL OF REFUSE FROM THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.—Drawn by Frederick Ray.—[See Page 634.]

THE EAST WILLIAMSBURG CREMATORY.

On page 636 of this number we give a perspective view of the Cremation Temple which the United States Cremation Company (Limited) is about to erect upon the summit of Mount Olivet, near East Williamsburg. The site is bounded by Olivet, Evelin, and Summit avenues respectively on the east, south, and west, and commands an unobstructed view of the cities of New York and Brooklyn, from the centre of population in either of which it is about five miles distant. It is best reached from New York by Thirty-fourth Street Ferry and the Long Island Railroad to Fresh Pond Station, from which it is in full view, some five hundred yards distant. It is also reached directly by horse-cars from Grand Street and Broadway ferries, as likewise from Roosevelt, Houston, Tenth Street, and Twenty-third Street ferries.

The Crematory, of which Messrs. Clevedon & Putzel are the architects, is to be of marble and brick, and is a modification of the Grecian temple, the front being two stories, entirely of white marble, while the body of the building will be of brick, with marble trimmings, and patterned after the Grecian temple or basilica. Its dimensions will be forty feet by seventy-four. In the front are to be the office and reception-rooms on the ground floor, and a *conciergerie* above, where the superintendent will live. The main hall or chapel will occupy the body of the building, and will be severely simple in its interior finish, the walls being tinted, and the ceiling finished in square half-timbered panels or with open timbers. The side and rear walls within the chapel will be utilized as a columbarium, wherein, in niches, may be placed the ashes of the deceased. There will be a dais at the rear, with lecturn, where all creeds will stand on an equality. In front of this will stand the catafalque, a permanent fixture, within which the body will be placed as it is borne into the chapel. After receiving the body the catafalque will be closed. The section of the chapel floor under the catafalque will constitute the floor of an elevator, by means of which, as soon as the catafalque is closed, the body will descend noiselessly and imperceptibly to the incinerating chamber in the basement. The service and the incineration will proceed simultaneously, and an hour or less after the body has been placed therein the catafalque may be opened, and the urn containing the ashes of the deceased taken therefrom.

Descending to the basement of the building, we find in the front on the one side a hot and on the other a cold receiving vault. The former is intended for cases of possibly suspended animation or coma. Here the temperature will be so high that if there is life in the body it must speedily manifest itself, and if not, the evidences of death will quickly reveal themselves. This last vault is called the caldarium, and will be a well lighted and airy room, albeit the air will have a high temperature. The frigidarium, or cold vault, will be for the preservation of bodies awaiting the arrival of distant friends and relatives. There will, of course, be a moderate charge for placing and keeping bodies in these vaults. The basement throughout will be high, light, and airy. Beyond the receiving vaults will be on one side the ædicularium, or urn-room, where ædiculæ and vases for ashes may be obtained.

Beyond these rooms, and occupying the rear of the basement, will be the incinerating apparatus, combining a producer and a Siemens regenerator together with a duplex incinerating chamber, into which, when at a temperature of about 2000° Fahrenheit, the body is borne on a metallic carriage.

The apparatus, in its essential features, consists of a gas-producer and a furnace. The Philips producer, which has been adopted by the company, uses as fuel anthracite pea coal, and is preferred, partly on this account, above producers which use bituminous coal, naphtha, or crude petroleum, because its operation is free from smoke and noxious or offensive odors, as also from deposits of coal tar in the flues. In this producer the coal burned under pressure, with the aid of a steam blast, which renders it independent of chimney draught, is converted into inflammable gas, and this gas is afterward consumed in the furnace proper.

As ordinarily burned in stoves and furnaces, coal produces carbonic oxide gas, and in doing so develops but about one-third of the quantity of heat of which it is capable. This carbonic oxide gas is carried into the furnace with its initial one-third of heat, less the small fraction radiated from the producer and connecting flues, and there, in conjunction with an abundant supply of oxygen, is completely burned, producing carbonic acid gas, and developing in the process of this completed combustion the additional two-thirds of heat of which it is capable.

Having the entire heating capacity of the fuel thus developed, it is manifest that if it be simply thrown as a blast or current against a retort or other object to be heated, and thence allowed to pass into the chimney, only a small proportion of the heat is utilized, the greater measure of it going to waste.

Just here it is that the regenerative furnace invented by the eminent Siemens, and greatly improved by Mr. Ferdinand Philips, of Philadelphia, steps in to do its special work, which consists in storing this waste heat in an elaborate mass of interlaced fire-bricks shown in Figs. 1 and 2. This consists of four recuperating chambers beneath the furnace proper, arranged in pairs on each side of the furnace, as shown in Fig. 3—A, A, A, A. The gas from the producer Fig. 4, is introduced through one of these chambers, passing through [illegible] flues throughout the surface length of [illegible] compartment. The [illegible] chamber of [illegible] pair serves at the same time and in the same manner to supply hot air, which enters the furnace in conjunction with the gas. An intensely hot flame thus produced plays upon and around the retorts, of which there may be one or several, as occasion may demand, and of which in the furnace under consideration there are two. This flame with its intense heat now descends into the opposite pair of chambers, the interlaced brick-work of which will speedily attain a white heat on top, which heat diminishes with the descent until the base is reached, where, as indicated by the shading, the "checker-work" is almost cold. Now, by reversing the feed-valves, the gas and superheated air are turned into the second pair of chambers, and the heat that has been therein stored is carried back into the furnace, upon and around the retorts, which are of fire-clay, and which, after two or three reversals of the valves, will have attained any desired heat, from 2000° to 3000° Fahrenheit. All that is volatile will be driven off, escaping through the flue at the rear end of the retorts, as shown in Fig. 2, and being conducted thence into the regenerative chambers, where they remain subjected to an intense heat until completely broken up and burned.

The frame-work of the body, from which the volatile matter has been driven off, is now carbonized, and, as viewed through the spy holes, is luminous and incandescent. By the admission of oxygen from the atmosphere, upon opening the door of the retort, oxidation is completed, and the mass disintegrates into a pure pearly white ash, averaging about four per cent. of the original weight.

In this construction of the apparatus the flames do not come in contact with the body at all at any time, and the gaseous products of the incineration are rendered thoroughly innocuous and odorless before being liberated, while the ashes remaining are as pure and clean as the virgin snow.

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
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Some people are slow in telling what good things have been done for them, but Mr John P. Daly, of Williamsville, S. C., says he takes great pleasure in testifying to the wonderful efficacy of Brown's Iron Bitters in dyspepsia, fever and ague, and general debility of the system. He has personally experienced the most satisfactory results from the use of this valuable medicine. Make a memorandum of this, all ye whose systems are run down. Brown's Iron Bitters will cure you.—[*Adv.*]

IMMEDIATE RELIEF
Can be obtained from the use of Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment. It is simply magic in cases of acute pain, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, pains in the back, chest, or limbs, stiffened joints, etc. It has no equal; try it and be convinced. Warranted for over thirty-six years; a bottle has never yet been returned. Price, 25 and 50 cents. Sold by all druggists. Depot, 42 Murray Street, New York.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Pain" Plaster.—Porous and strengthening, for Backache, Pains in the Chest, Rheumatism, &c.—[*Adv.*]

THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES CONCEDE Anglo-Swiss Milk Food to be the best-prepared food for infants and invalids. Ask druggists, or write Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co., 86 Hudson St., New York, for their pamphlet, "Notes regarding Use of Anglo-Swiss Milk Food." (See advertisement in next issue of this paper.)—[*Adv.*]

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How many people ruin their stomachs by swallowing cold drinks on a hot summer day, when they could avoid all danger by adding 10 drops of Angostura Bitters, besides imparting a delicious flavor to their summer beverages.—[*Adv.*]

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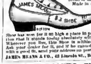

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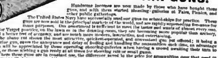

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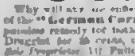

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We don't know that every one who buys a camera will want to make a business of it, but we believe that any young man or lady can easily earn a hundred times the price of the camera. **A dozen photographs will not cost all mounted over 25 or 30 cents,** and you can readily estimate what you can sell them for. The expense of material consists of a few pennies of many things you can turn that would be inconvenient to obtain from a regular photographer. All the most interesting objects can be photographed. **WHEN GOING FOR A VACATION OR TO VISIT** a camera is produced of the utmost pleasure. It is only after one trip to the country, or a few days' enjoyment of the pleasure of photographing, and if you do not wish to develop and print the pictures, you need only place the plate in the envelope and send it to us, and we will develop and print the pictures, and return them to you, or if you prefer to do the whole thing themselves, and will obtain the greatest pleasure and instruction from developing their own pictures. **THE PRICE** of the camera is only $5.00 and the plates for the camera complete, with all the articles shown and mentioned, packed in a neat wooden case with handle, and sent by express to any address, on receipt of price.

CAMERA and ACHROMATIC LENS, with sliding tube and cap, **FOCUSING SLIDE** and **BACK SLIDE,** with instructions for using the photographic plate, **BLACK WALNUT** I package of Instantaneous dry plates, 1 package of sensitized paper, and all the chemicals necessary for developing, printed and mailed, with a copy of the illustrated, all packed in a carrying case with handle, together with a black walnut and oak tripod stand. Which is valued on the tripod, the entire cost is but $5.00.

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THE BLAINE LETTERS.

NOTES.

Chiefly cross-references to letters and statements in this Supplement.

JAMES G. BLAINE was a member of the Fortieth Congress (March, 1867–9) and Speaker of the House in the Forty-first, Forty-second, and Forty-third Congresses (1869–75). Mr. Blaine was also elected to the Forty-fourth Congress (1875), but the House had become Democratic, and elected a Democratic Speaker. Certain charges having been made, Mr. Blaine, April 24, 1876, made a "personal explanation" in the House, in the course of which he said:

See Blaine's letter January 26, 1871; also Fisher's letter November 10, 1871.

"**I never had any transaction of any kind with Thomas A. Scott** concerning bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith road, or the bonds of any other railroad, or any business in any way connected with railroads, directly or indirectly, immediately or remotely."

See Blaine's memorandum-book, showing contract for $127,500 bonds; also his letter October 4, 1871.

"To give a seeming corroboration or foundation to the story which I have disproved, the absurd rumor has lately appeared in certain newspapers that I was the owner of from $150,000 to $250,000 of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad bonds, which I received without consideration, and that it was from these bonds that Thomas A. Scott received his $75,000. The statement is gratuitously and utterly false."

See Blaine's memorandum-book, and letter October 4, 1871; also Fisher's letters April 18 and 16, 1872.

"In common with hundreds of other people in New England and other parts of the country, **I bought some of these bonds, not a very large amount,** paying for them at precisely the same rate that others paid. I never heard, and do not believe, that the Little Rock Company, which I know is controlled by highly honorable men, ever parted with a bond to any person **except at the regular price fixed for their sale.**"

See Blaine's letters October 4, 1869—"No one will ever know from me"; October 5, 1869—"I note what you say about the importance of keeping all quiet here, … and shall endeavor to do just what you desire"; November 25, 1870—"Keep my name quiet"; April 14, 1876—"Burn this letter." "Do not show it to any one."

"In addition to my investment in the bonds I united with others in raising some money for the company when it met its first financial troubles. Proceedings are now pending in the United States Circuit Court of Arkansas, to which I am a party of record, for the reimbursement of the money so advanced. All the bonds which I ever **purchased I** continued to hold when the company was reorganized in 1874. I exchanged them for stock and bonds in the new concern, which I still own. **My whole connection with the road has been as open as the day. If there had been anything to conceal about it, I should never have touched it. Wherever concealment is desirable, avoidance is advisable, and I do not know any better test to apply to the honor and fairness of a business transaction.** As to the question of propriety involved in a member of Congress holding an investment of this kind, it must be remembered **the lands were granted to the State of Arkansas, and not to the railroad company,*** and that the company derived its life, franchise, and value wholly from the State, and to the State the company is amenable and answerable, and **not in any sense to Congress. Since I purchased** the bonds but one act of Congress† has passed in any way touching the subject, and **that was merely to rectify a previous mistake in legislation.**"

* This act was "to extend the time for the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad Company to complete the first section of twenty miles of said road," passed April 10, 1869.—See Congressional Globe, Appendix 1869, p. 61. It did not require the intervention of the State of Arkansas.

† This act repealed the following proviso, affecting the land grant bonds obtained by Mr. Blaine: *Provided*, That the land granted by the act hereby revived shall be sold to actual settlers only in quantities not greater than one quarter of a section to one purchaser, and for a price not exceeding two dollars and fifty cents per acre. See *Congressional Globe, February 8 et seq.*, 1870.

"I repeat, the Little Rock road derived all that it had from the State of Arkansas, and **not from Congress.** It was in the discretion of Congress to give or withhold from the State, but it was solely within the discretion of the State to give or withhold from the Little Rock Railroad Company."

"Instead of receiving bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith road as a gratuity, **I never had one except at the regular market price,** and instead of making a large fortune of that company, I have incurred a severe pecuniary loss from my investment in its securities, which I still retain; and out of such affairs as this grows the popular gossip of large fortunes amassed in Congress."

"I have never done anything in my public career for which I could be put to the faintest blush in any presence, or for which I can not answer to my constituents, my conscience, and the Great Searcher of Hearts."

Mr. Blaine at the time of making this statement supposed that all letters which had passed between him and Mr. Warren Fisher, Jun., of Boston, a partner of Mr. Blaine's brother-in-law Mr. Stanwood, had been given up.

"There is another reason which made it particularly exasperating to me, that is, that in the month of September, 1872, Mr. Fisher and I . . . . had a final settlement, in which we exchanged receipts in full. I think the precise date was September 21, 1872. It was then said that all letters on either side, and all papers and scraps of papers, should be given up, and I supposed they were given up."—*Testimony of Mr. Blaine before Judiciary Committee.*

In May, 1876, however, the Judiciary Committee was conducting an investigation into certain railroad matters, and subpœnaed Mr. Fisher and Mr. James Mulligan, his book-keeper. Mr. Mulligan brought with him a number of letters, memoranda, etc., which Mr. Blaine procured from him in the famous interview, and from which, under pressure from the press and his political friends, Mr. Blaine read in his second "personal explanation" of June 5, 1876. The following comprise the letters read by Mr. Blaine, that of November 25, 1870, made public through the New York *Sun* by Mr. Aquila Adams, and the others since furnished to the public by Mr. Fisher and Mr. Mulligan, chronologically arranged. On June 12, 1876, Mr. Blaine had his sun-stroke, and the investigation was postponed, and it was never completed, Mr. Blaine having meanwhile been appointed to Secretary Morrill's vacant place in the Senate.

WASHINGTON, *May 29, 1864.*

MY DEAR SIR,—Your favor received. I am very glad, all things considered, that the Government has accepted your proposition to take all your manufacture till 1st September, 1865. It gives a straight and steady business for the company for a good stretch of time.

In regard to the tax provision you can judge for yourself, as I send herewith a copy of the bill as reported from the Finance Committee of the Senate and now pending in that body—see pages 148–149, where I have marked. In looking over the bill you will please observe that all words in italic letters are amendments proposed by the Senate Finance Committee, while all words included in brackets are proposed to be struck out by same committee.

The provision which you inquire about was not in the original bill, but was an amendment moved from the Ways and Means Committee by Mr. Kasson, of Iowa, **to whom I suggested it.** It is just and proper in every sense, and will effect a good many interests, **including your company.** I am glad to hear such good accounts of your progress in the affairs of the company, of which **I have always been proud to be a member.**

Tell Mr. Walles that his brother has been nominated by the Senate for commissary of subsistence, with rank of captain. He will undoubtedly be confirmed as soon as his case can be reached. I will advise as soon as it is done. In haste, yours truly, J. G. BLAINE.

WARREN FISHER, JR., Esq.

AUGUSTA, *June 29, 1869.*

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—I thank you for the article from Mr. Lewis. It is good in itself, and will do good. He writes like a man of large intelligence and comprehension.

See note to next letter, July 2, 1869.

Your offer to admit me to a participation in the new railroad enterprise **is in every respect as generous as I could expect or desire.** I thank you very sincerely for it, and in this connection **I wish to make a suggestion of a somewhat selfish character.** It is this: You spoke of Mr. Caldwell disposing of a share of his interest to me. If he really designs to do so, **I wish he would make the proposition definite, so that I could know just what to depend on.** Perhaps if he waits till the full development of the enterprise he might grow reluctant to part with the share; and I do not by this mean any distrust of him.

I do not feel that I shall prove a dead-head in the enterprise if I once embark in it. I see various channels in which I know I can be useful.

Very hastily, J. G. BLAINE.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, *July 2d, 1869.*

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—You ask me if I am satisfied with the offer you make me of a share in your new railroad enterprise.

Of course **I am more than satisfied** with the terms of the offer. **I think it a most liberal proposition.**

"In common with hundreds of other people in New England and other parts of the country, I **bought** some of these bonds—not a very large amount—paying for them at precisely the same rate that others paid."—*Blaine's explanation of April 24, 1876.*

If I hesitate at all, it is from considerations no way connected with the character of the offer. **Your liberal mode of dealing with me** in all our business transactions of the past eight years **has not passed without my full appreciation.** What I wrote you on the 29th was intended to bring Caldwell to a definite proposition. That was all.

I go to Boston by same train that carries this letter, and will call at your office to-morrow at 12 M. If you don't happen to be in, no matter. Don't put yourself to any trouble about it. Yours, J. G. B.

The following are the contents of a memorandum-book in the handwriting of Mr. Blaine, produced by Mr. Mulligan before the Judiciary Committee (containing schedules of contract of September 5, 1869), and which is labelled on the outer cover:

"*Warren Fisher, Jr., private.*"

[*First page of mem.-book.*]

Synopsis on next and following pages of the **contracts made through J. G. Blaine by Warren Fisher, Jr.,** as assignee of the contract for building the Little Rock & Fort Smith Railroad.

See also contract of September 5, 1869, given on editorial page.

[*Second and third pages of mem.-book.*]

Contracts made by Warren Fisher, Jr., with the following named persons to deliver the stock and bonds named, on their paying the amounts named:

Name.	Residence.	To Pay.	To Receive. Common Stock.	Preferred Stock.	First m. Bonds.
A. & P. Coburn	Skowhegan	$25,000 √	$25,000	$25,000	$25,000
×Peter F. Sanborn	Augusta	10,000	10,000	10,000	10,000
×Anson P. Morrill	Readfield	10,000 √	10,000	10,000	10,000
×Ralph C. Johnson	Belfast	√ 10,000	10,000	10,000	10,000
×F. N. Hazeltine	"	√ 5,000	5,000	5,000	5,000
×C. B. Hazeltine	"	√ 5,000	5,000	5,000	5,000
×N. P. Monroe	"	√ 5,000	5,000	5,000	5,000
×A. W. Johnson (deceased)	"	√ 5,000	5,000	5,000	5,000
×R. C. Johnson	"	√ 5,000	5,000	5,000	5,000
×Philo Hersey	"	√ 5,000	5,000	5,000	5,000
×Lot M. Morrill	Augusta	√ 5,000	5,000	5,000	5,000
×A. B. Farwell	"	5,000	5,000	5,000	5,000
*Jos. H. Williams	"	5,000	5,000	5,000	5,000
×C. M. Bailey	Winthrop	√ 5,000	5,000	5,000	5,000
		[illegible]	$130,000	$130,000	$130,000

[* The name Jos. H. Williams, "$5,000," is erased in pencil.]

"The absurd rumor has lately appeared in certain newspapers that I was the owner of from $150,000 to $250,000 of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad bonds, which I received without consideration, and that it was from these bonds that Thomas A. Scott received his $75,000. The statement is gratuitously and utterly false. . . In common with hundreds of other people in New England and other parts of the country, I **bought** some of the bonds—not a very large amount—paying for them at precisely the same rate that others paid. I never heard and do not believe that the Little Rock Company—which I know is controlled by highly honorable men—ever parted with a bond to any person except at the regular price fixed for their sale. . . Instead of receiving bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith road as a gratuity I never had one except at the regular market price."—*Blaine's personal explanation of April 24, 1876.*

[*Fourth page of memorandum-book.*]

In addition to the common stock, preferred stock, and first mortgage bonds agreed to be delivered to the respective parties named on the preceding page, **Mr. Fisher agrees to deliver to J. G. Blaine a similar amount of land bonds and 25 per. cent. of first mort. bonds,** viz.:

Land bond, 7s $130,000
First mortgage bonds, 6s 32,500

The same to be del'd. by Mr. Fisher as soon as ready for distribution.

[*Fifth page of memorandum-book.*]

The other contracts on different bases are as follows:

1. With Joseph A. Sanborn and Charles M. Bailey, Mr. Fisher agrees to deliver
$6,000 common stock.
×6,000 preferred stock.
6,000 land bonds.
10,000 first mortgage bonds.

All for $10,500, payable—
$600) $2,000, November 25, 1869.
$2,200) 2,000, December 5, 1869.
$1,700) 2,000, January 5, 1870.
600, February 5, 1870.
600, March 5, 1870.
600, April 5, 1870.
600, May 5, 1870.
600, June 5, 1870.
$10,500

The amounts inclosed on left-hand margin above, $600, $2,200, $1,700, are payable by Mr. Fisher to Mr. Blaine.

The sixth and seventh pages of memorandum-book contained three contracts similar to the last, in which the amounts to be paid Mr. Blaine were respectively $3500, $1150, and $6000.

AUGUSTA, ME., *October 4, 1869.*

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—Find inclosed $10,000 check in pay't of A. & P. Coburn's subscription.

I presume you will receive by same mail the 20 p'r ct. due on all the subscriptions already forwarded to you, and also on the following:

Philo Hersey, Belfast $5000
A. W. Johnson, " 5000
R. C. Johnson, " 5000
Nahum P. Munroe, " 5000
C. H. Hazeltine, " 5000

"My whole connection with the road has been open as the day. If there had been anything to conceal about it, I should never have touched it. Wherever concealment is advisable, avoidance is desirable; and I do not know any better test to apply to the honor and fairness of a business transaction."—*Blaine's personal explanation of April 24, 1876.*

This makes $125,000 in all I have disposed of. It is doubtful if I dispose of any more; but I shall know by to-morrow. So there will be no delay to embarrass you in any way. **No one will ever know from me that I have disposed of a single dollar in Maine.** So there need be no embarrassment in talking with Mr. Caldwell. I don't wish you to settle that matter with Mr. Caldwell **till you hear from me again.** Please send receipt to A. & P. Coburn, Skowhegan, Maine.

Yours truly, J. G. BLAINE.

"The transaction was perfectly open, and there was no more secrecy in regard to it than if you had been buying flour or sugar. Your action in the whole matter was as open and as fair as the day."—*Blaine's draft of letter for Fisher to sign and return.*

After I rec'd the letter in regard to Mr. Adams's note I telegraphed again. Delano had ret'd, and I think the suspension was at once ordered by him. J. G. B.

P. S.—I send only $8000 this morning. Will send $2000 remaining to-morrow morning.

[Personal.]

AUGUSTA, MAINE, *Oct. 4, 1869.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I spoke to you a short time ago about **a point of interest to your railroad company** that occurred at the last session of Congress.

"As to the question of propriety involved in a member of Congress holding an investment of this kind, it must be remembered that the lands were granted to the State of Arkansas, and not to the railroad company, and that the company derived its life, franchise, and value wholly from the State. And to the State the company is amenable and answerable, and not in any sense to Congress."—*Blaine's explanation of April 24, 1876.*

It was on the last night of the session, when the bill renewing the land grant to the State of Arkansas for the Little Rock road was reached, and Julian of Indiana, chairman of the Public Lands Committee, and by right entitled to the floor, attempted to put on the bill, as an amendment, the Fremont El Paso scheme—a scheme probably well known to Mr. Caldwell. The House was thin, and the lobby in the Fremont interest had the thing all set up, and Julian's amendment was likely to prevail if brought to a vote. Roots and other members from Arkansas, who were doing their best for their own bill (to which there seemed to be no objection), were in despair, for it was well known that the Senate was hostile to the Fremont scheme, and if the Arkansas bill had gone back to the Senate with Julian's amendment, the whole thing would have gone on the table and slept the sleep of death.

In this dilemma Roots came to me to know what on earth he could do under the rules; for he said it was vital to his constituents that the bill should pass. I told him that Julian's amendment was entirely out of order, because not germane; but he had not sufficient confidence in his knowledge of the rules to make the point, but he said General Logan was opposed to the Fremont scheme, and would probably make the point. I sent my page to General Logan with the suggestion, and he at once made the point. I could not do otherwise than sustain it; and so the bill was freed from the mischievous amendment moved by Julian, and at once passed without objection.

At that time I had never seen Mr. Caldwell, but you can tell him that without knowing it I did him a great favor.

Sincerely yours, J. G. BLAINE.

W. FISHER, JR., Esq., 24 India Street, Boston.

AUGUSTA, October 4, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—Find inclosed contracts of parties named in my letter of yesterday The remaining contracts will be completed as rapidly as circumstances will permit.

I inclose you part of the *Congressional Globe* of April 8, containing the point to which I referred at some length in my previous letter of to-day. You will find it of interest to read it over and see **what a narrow escape your bill made** on that last night of the session. Of course it was my plain duty to make the ruling when the point was once raised. If the Arkansas men had not, however, happened to come to me when at their wits' end and in despair, the bill would undoubtedly have been lost, or at least postponed for a year I thought the point would interest both you and Caldwell, though occurring before either of us engaged in the enterprise.

"I never remember to have heard of the road until at the last night of the session, when it was up here for consideration The gentleman in Boston with whom I had relations did not have anything to do with that road for nearly three or four months after that time. It is in the light of that statement that I desire that statement read."—*Blaine's explanation of June 5, 1876.*

I beg you to understand that I thoroughly appreciate the courtesy with which you have treated me in this railroad matter, but your conduct toward me in business matters has always been marked by unbounded liberality in past years, and of course I have naturally come to expect the same of you now. You urge me to make as much as I fairly can out of the arrangement into which we have entered. It is natural that I should do my utmost to this end. I am bothered only by one thing, and that is definite and expressed arrangement with Mr Caldwell. **I am anxious to acquire the interest he has promised me,** but I do not get a definite understanding with him as I have with you

I shall be in Boston in a few days, and shall then have an opportunity to talk the matter over fully with you. I am disposed to think that whatever I do with Mr Caldwell must really be done through you.

Kind regards to Mrs. Fisher. Sincerely, J. G. BLAINE.

$5000 AUGUSTA, ME., 5th Oct., 1869.

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—I inclose you two thousand dollar check, balance of A & P. Coburn's installment; two thousand dollars in pay't of Anson P. Morrill's installment, one thousand dollars in pay't of Lot M. Morrill's installment. Lot M. Morrill's subscription of $5000 is additional to those already advised, making in all $130,000. There may possibly be $20,000 more, but $150,000 will be my limit.

"My whole connection with the road has been open as the day. If there had been anything to conceal about it, I should never have touched it. Wherever concealment is advisable, avoidance is desirable; and I do not know any better test to apply to the honor and fairness of a business transaction."—*Blaine's personal explanation of April 24, 1876.*

I received yours inclosing P. R. Hazeltine's letter from Belfast. By mail succeeding this you will receive Cashier Check for $1000, and hereafter you will have no trouble with any of the Maine subscriptions. All will come to you in Cash' Checks or money direct by express

I note what you say about the importance of my keeping all quiet here. I fully appreciate y'r wishes and y'r kindness, **and shall endeavor to do just as you desire in the premises.** The letter inclosing the Globe by same mail with this can be read by you to Mr Caldwell if you think it expedient. I have endeavored in writing it not to be *indelicate*.

"The transaction was perfectly open, and there was no more secrecy in regard to it than if you had been buying flour or sugar .... Your action in the whole matter was as open and as fair as the day."—*Blaine's draft of letter for Fisher to sign and return.*

I shall see you in Boston Thursday noon. Don't send any receipts to Maine folks till I come. Yours, J. G. BLAINE.

AUGUSTA, ME., 10th Nov., 1869.

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—It is quite evident to my mind that at the approaching session of Congress there will be an expansion of the currency to the amount of fifty to seventy-five millions of dollars. The form it will take, I think, will be an addition to the National Bank circulation West and South.

My object in writing is to ask in season if your friends would desire to establish a Bank at Little Rock. **It will be to some extent a matter of favoritism** as to who gets the Banks in the several localities, **and it will be in my power to "cast an Anchor to the Windward"** in y'r behalf if you desire it. Please think over the matter, and confer with Mr Caldwell, and let me know y'r desires as soon as you reach any conclusion. There is, of course, no special hurry; but I thought I would suggest the matter in order that you might mature your thoughts in good time.

"I have never done anything in my public career for which I could be put to the faintest blush in any presence, or for which I can not answer to my constituents, my conscience, and the Great Searcher of Hearts."—*Blaine's explanation of April 24, 1876.*

It would be well to determine the amount to which you might wish to go. I suppose it might be practicable to secure a $500,000 bank, but in that locality you would hardly wish to go so deep. But they are very profitable institutions—say $250,000. Yours very truly, J. G BLAINE.

WASHINGTON, May 14, 1870.

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—I think on the whole I had better not insist on the $40,000 additional bonds at same rate. My engagement was not *absolute*, and I can back out of it with honor. I would rather do this than seem to be exacting or indelicate

Besides, I have always felt that Mr Caldwell manifested the most gentlemanly spirit toward me, and designed to treat me handsomely in the end. On the whole, therefore, I shall be better off perhaps to let things remain as they are. But I will follow your judgment in this matter if I can find what it is.

Very hastily, J. G. BLAINE.

(PRIVATE.) AUGUSTA, ME., Nov 25, 1870.

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—*A year ago and more* I spoke to you about purchasing an interest in the Northern Pacific Railroad for yourself and any you might choose to associate with yourself. The matter passed by without my being able to control it, and nothing more was said about it. Since then the Jay Cooke contract has been perfected, the additional legislation has been obtained, and 230 miles of the road are well nigh completed, and the whole line will be pushed forward rapidly. **By a strange revolution of circumstances I was again able to control an interest,** and if you desire it you can have it. The whole road is divided into twenty four shares, of which Jay Cooke & Co. have twelve. The interest I speak of is one-eighth of one-twenty-fourth, or one one-hundredth-and-ninety second of the entire franchise, being that proportion of the eighty-one millions of stock that are being divided as the road is built, and a like proportion of the Land Company stock that is formed to take and dispose of 52,000,000 acres of land covered by their grant as amended by the law of last session. The amount of stock which this 1-192 would have in the end would be about $425,000, and the number of acres of land it represents is nearly 275,000 The road is being built on the 7-30 bonds, $25,000 to the mile, which Jay Cooke takes at 90 Instead of mortgaging the land, they make a stock company for its ownership, dividing it *pro rata* among the holders of the franchise The whole thing can be had for $25,000, which is **less than one-third of what some other sales of small interests have gone at.** I do not suppose you would care to invest the whole $25,000. I thought for a small flyer eight or ten of you in Boston might take it—$2,500 each. For $25,000 thus invested you would get ultimately $42,000 stock and the avails of some 27,000 acres of land. Five of you at $5,000 each would have a splendid thing of it.

The chance is a very rare one. I can't touch it, but I obey my first and best impulse in offering it to you.

"Wherever concealment is advisable, avoidance is desirable, and I do not know any better test to apply to the honor and fairness of a business transaction."—*Blaine's personal explanation of April 24, 1876.*

All such chances as this since Jay Cooke got the road have been accompanied with the obligation to take a large amount of the bonds at ninety, and hold them not less than three years. I will be in Boston Tuesday noon, and will call upon you Of course, if you don't want it, let it pass You will receive an immediate issue of stock to a considerable amount, and certificates of land stock also. Of course, in conferring with others, **keep my name quiet,** mentioning it to no one unless to Mr Caldwell. I wrote under the presumption that you have returned, but I have heard nothing.

Yours truly, J. G. BLAINE.

Received of Warren Fisher, Jr., $25,000 in trust, in consideration of which I am to deliver to said Fisher properly authenticated certificates of an interest in the Northern Pacific Railway Company equivalent to one-eighth part of one of the twenty-four principal shares in which the franchise stock of said company are divided; certificates to be in the name of Elisha Atkins.

Witness my hand, JAMES G BLAINE.

FORTY-FIRST CONGRESS, U. S.,
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C.,
December 7, 1870.

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—You have rec'd Mr. Boutwell's answer.

I presume you will deem it necessary to come on here; if so, let me know of it a day or two in advance.

I have written Mr Caldwell about the Bank; no trouble in securing a B'k of $500,000

Sec'y of War will not allow the use of the Arsenal at Little Rock—says it is impossible. Very hastily & truly, J. G. B.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C.,
December 9th, 1870

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—I wrote very hastily, both to yourself and Mr Caldwell, in regard to the Bank A further conference with the Comptroller of the Currency gives some additional facts which are of interest, and this letter is intended alike for yourself and Mr Caldwell. Please show it to him. They are now allowing 90 per cent. circulation on $\frac{5}{20}$ Bonds, instead of 80, and then 85 at different periods in the past. They give me the assurance that you shall have full $450,000 circulation on a Bank of *half a million capital*.

See above.

You can, of course, deposit $\frac{10}{40}$'s if you please; but you will get no more than 90 per cent. circulation They will cost you more, of course; and though you get more interest, you will very likely be disturbed in the quiet possession of them very soon by the operation of the Funding Scheme.

The opinion gains ground here quite rapidly, as you might infer from Secretary Boutwell's Report, that the debt can not be funded at less than 5 per cent.

By taking $\frac{10}{40}$ Bonds, therefore, you would be undisturbed as long as the Banking System lasts, or at least for thirty years and more. None of the $\frac{10}{40}$'s mature before A.D. 1904, and that is quite long enough to embrace within the scope of any financial operation. It might be well to have your formal application for y'r increase of capital, and then take such time as you may wish for getting your Stock subscribed. If you desire, I will confer with Senator Rice in regard to forms, &c It might be better now to let him take the lead Yours very truly, J. G BLAINE.

AUGUSTA, ME., 29 Dec., 1870.

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—I am in hopes now that I shall secure $25,000, or nearly that. I find money very tight and rates well up to 9 per cent.—stiff at that.

The most of it will be for 5 and 6 months. If I had had more time and earlier notice I could have raised more, & at easier rates. I have seen most of the parties to whom bonds are due. I do not have much trouble about the January Coupon of the 1st Mortgage Bonds—but they of course growl some—on six of the Bonds. I would be glad to have the Coupon. I promised them *individually* to make it right in the future. I did not in any way use the name of the Company nor commit you to anything—only *myself*.

On the Land Bonds I can not make them see the equity of removing the April Coupon, & I promised to try and adjust that matter with you after my return to Boston. They all agree with one voice that no bond shall be exposed for sale. I wish you could give me the benefit of that fraction making 32 of the 1st Mortgage Bonds for the $31,500 due. I use the extra $500 in adjusting the interest matter, & it fits in completely. I will make it all right with you.

What I want, then, is

$82,000 { $32,000 1st Mortgage Bonds, $50,000 Land Bonds,

and also f'r collateral to the notes for $25,000 an additional $50,000 of Land Bonds.

Please meet me at Mr Caldwell's private office on Saturday at 12.15 sharp. I shall try to be there precisely at noon, but allow 15 minutes for grace. It is very important that I have everything completed that day, as a man will come to Boston with me to take charge of the Bonds.

Yours in g't haste, J. G. BLAINE.

FORTY-FIRST CONGRESS, U. S.
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *January* 26, 1871

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—I have this moment written to Mr Caldwell suggesting that, in case I can arrange **a meeting in this city next week with Col. Thomas A. Scott** to come on here I have some reason for believing that a very advantageous arrangement may be made for taking, say, $300,000. I will telegraph Mr Caldwell by Tuesday evening if I can arrange the meeting, and I wish him to hold himself in readiness for the journey. Your letter is this moment received; you ask my advice. Let me have an accurate and reliable statement of your financial condition, and **I can do something, I feel very sanguine, with Thomas A. Scott.**

"I never had any transaction of any kind with Thomas A. Scott concerning bonds of the L. R. and F. S. road, or the bonds of any other railroad, or any business in any way connected with railroads, directly or indirectly, immediately or remotely."—*Blaine's explanation of April 24, 1876.*

I think you will not deem me unreasonable when I again and persistently urge that I ought to have good notes for the $25,000, and that I ought also to have the $82,000 bonds, which were made by yourself and Mr. Caldwell the express basis of the $25,000 loan. I do not believe y'r Company has a stronger or more equitable and legal claim than mine, while its personal hardships to me are bitter, and burning, and humiliating to the last degree.

Sincerely your friend, J. G BLAINE.

FORTY-SECOND CONGRESS, U. S.
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 21, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. CALDWELL,—On the 20th inst. the second note of the loan I negotiated in December last falls due The first, for 2032\frac{50}{100}$, which fell due March 1st-4th I was compelled to meet at the gravest possible inconvenience to myself I drew on Mr Fisher for the amount, but he declined to notice the draft. The note which falls due on the 29th inst. is for 2578\frac{50}{100}$. It seems extremely hard and unjust that I should be compelled to pay this money. It is no more my debt than the debt of President Grant or Queen Victoria, and I can not believe that you and Mr Fisher, both or either, intend to leave this burden on me

If you do, it will crush me I have no possible means wherewith to meet these notes, and I beg of you and Mr Fisher, either or both, to come to my relief In a letter from Mr. Fisher under date of January 24th he writes me as follows:

"In regard to the $25,000 which you borrowed and loaned to Mr Caldwell, or rather Mr. Pratt, as it was assumed by Mr. Pratt, because **you received from him $50,000 Land bonds for the amount.** Upon my visiting the office for the first time after you left the city, Mr. Pratt said he and Mr Farrington gave to you their individual bonds, and they kept the money, and in order to obtain the money, and get it out of Mr Pratt's hands, I obtained $50,000 Land bonds, and took what I supposed to be money; but it was not there. Part of it had been misapplied to other matters; $15,000 *of it I loaned Mr Caldwell*, the balance went into a house at Little Rock without my knowledge or consent, and Pullman cars, &c , &c."

Now, my dear sir, if this be a correct statement, may I not hope you will relieve me to the extent of the $15,000, and Mr Fisher will surely pay the oth er $10,000.

As a wholly innocent third party doing my best to act as a sincere and steadfast friend to both of you, I ought not to be left exposed to financial ruin and personal humiliation

Please read this to Mr. Fisher I have advised of my writing you.

Sincerely yours, J G BLAINE.

JOSIAH CALDWELL, Esq

BOSTON, April 22, 1871.

DEAR FISHER,—I inclose letter from Blaine I forgot to speak to you about them when I saw you this A.M. I hope you can help him I would, if it were in my power **Blaine is an important man for us to have feel all right toward us,** and I only wish that I was so situated that I could help him

Yours very truly, J. CALDWELL.

This letter inclosed Mr Blaine's letter to Caldwell of April 21, 1871.

AUGUSTA, ME., 14th June, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—[illegible] yesterday and day before (Monday and Tuesday) to see you [illegible] enough to run across you. I

me in a very painful and embarrassed situation proving out of my connection with the Fort Smith enterprise. I have paid and caused to be paid into y'r treasury about $280,000, and the only result to me is the most painful perplexity. The most painful of all and the most oppressive is the $25,000 which I paid to Mr Pratt for you Jan'y 2d, which I borrowed here on my own faith and credit on the distinct understanding with you that it was to be repaid, and that I was also to receive a certain proportion of Bonds. I have rec'd only a part of the Bonds—the larger part—and not a dollar of the money. And now, in addition to all other troubles, I have $10,000 of Coupons a little over that amount, which I am held to take care of partly through verbal understanding and partly through written agreement—Coupons due to April on Land Bonds and to fall due in July on 1st Mortgage Bonds. Now, I have a proposition to make to you, which I think is most liberal and fair, going as far as I possibly can go without ruining myself past all recovery. If you will look at copy of our agreement in your hands, you will find there is still due to me $70,000 of Land Bonds and $32,000 of 1st Mortgage.

In order to square myself with my friends, I need and must have $38,000 Land Bonds and $9000 1st Mortgage—$45,000 in all—still leaving $57,000 of mine in your hands.

Now if you will take up those $10,000 of Coupons, paying me the Cash therefor, and give me the $45,000 of Bonds, I will let all the remainder of our matters stand until you are perfectly at ease and ready to open correspondence on the subject yourself. In other words, I will leave the matter in your hands until the Fort Smith enterprise is out of the woods, and its tangled affairs well unwinded out.

I trust in consideration of our many years of friendship, as well as in view of the peculiar relations I have held in this matter, you will make an effort to do this.

Pray let me hear from you at your earliest leisure, and greatly oblige,

Yours truly, J. G. BLAINE.

BOSTON, *Sept. 20, 1871.*

MY DEAR BLAINE,—It is the greatest importance that the parties owning the interest in the $25,000, and invested by them in the Northern Pacific Railroad, should receive what is due them; and unless something is done about it, I shall be forced to turn the document over to them, and let you settle directly with them. I am constantly reminded about it, and they all say, **Why don't Blaine deliver to you our interest?** Mr Caldwell tells me he has paid you his last note due you, and **gave you the $50,000 Land Bonds in addition.** I should judge it was for your interest to settle the matter to once, and have no further delay. You must be your own judge in the matter, but **my advice is to settle at once.**

I remain, WARREN FISHER, JR.

AUGUSTA, *October 1, 1871.*

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—I am doing all in my power to expedite and hasten the delivery of that stock. The delay has been occasioned by circumstances wholly beyond my control. But I shall reach a conclusion within a few days, and make a formal delivery then. It will be an immense relief to get it off my hands, I assure you, the greater than it will for you to receive it.

You must have strangely misunderstood Mr Caldwell in regard to his paying those notes. He has paid me in all just $6000, leaving $19,000 due, which I am carrying here to 6 and 8½ per cent. interest, and which embarrassment me beyond all imagination. I do not really know which way to turn for relief, I am so pressed and hampered. The Little Rock and Fort Smith matter has been a sore experience to me, and if you and Mr Caldwell between you can not pay me the $19,000 of borrowed money, I don't know what I shall do. Politically I am charged with being a wealthy man. Personally and pecuniarily I am laboring under the most fearful embarrassments, and the greatest of all these embarrassments is the $19,000 which I handed over under your orders, and not one dollar of which I have received. Of the $25,000 original debt Mr Caldwell has paid $6000, and $6,000 only. Can you not give me some hope of relief in this matter? It is cruel beyond measure to leave me so exposed and so suffering.

You know my profound regard for you and my faith in you. We have been friends too long and too intimately to allow a shade between us now.

Yours truly, J. G. BLAINE.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, *October 4, 1871.*

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—You must have strangely misunderstood Mr Caldwell's statement in regard to his paying me all but $2500 of the $25,000 borrowed money which I loaned the company through him and you last January. Mr Caldwell paid me in June $3500, and in July $2500 more, accepting at the same time a draft for $2500, July 10, ten days, which draft remains unpaid. I have therefore **received** but **$6000** from Mr Caldwell, leaving $19,000 (in silver interest) due me to-day.

For the $19,000 I am individually held, and, considering all the circumstances, I think you and Mr. Caldwell should regard it as an honorary debt, and you should not allow me to suffer for money which I raised under the peculiar circumstances attending that. It is a singularly hard and oppressive case, the fretters and facts of which are familiar to you and Mr Caldwell.

And then, again, I have been used with positive cruelty in regard to the bonds. **I have your positive written contract to deliver me $125,000 land bonds and $32,500 first mortgage bonds.** The money due you on the contract was all paid nearly a year and a half ago. Of this whole amount of bonds due me I have received but $50,000 land grants, leaving $70,000 of those and $32,500 first mortgage still due. I know you are pressed and in trouble, and I don't wish to be too exacting; rather I wish to be very liberal in settlement.

Now I make this offer. Pay me the cash due on the borrowed money account; call it $19,000 in round numbers, and $40,000 land bonds, and we will call it square.

Mr. Caldwell has repeatedly assured me that I should be paid all the bonds due me under contracts with you, and outside of that the $20,000 due me from him. I now voluntarily offer to make a very large reduction if I can have the matter closed.

I am without doubt the only person who has **paid money*** for bonds without receiving them, and I think you will agree with me that I have fared pretty roughly. It would be an immense, immeasurable relief to me if I could receive the money in time to pay off the indebtedness here within the next six weeks, so that I can go to Washington this winter with the load taken off my shoulders. It was placed there in the fullest faith and confidence that you and Mr Caldwell would not let me suffer. I still cling to that faith and confidence. You will much oblige me by showing this letter to Mr Caldwell.

Yours very truly, J. G. BLAINE.

BOSTON, *Oct. 24, 1871.*

MY DEAR BLAINE,—Yesterday I received your favor of the 21st inst., to which I replied by telegram: "Mr. C. has not been in this city for four weeks. He is now in St. Louis."

I can get no information when Mr Caldwell is to return; when he does, I will lay your letters before him. In the mean time I can say nothing in regard to the matter further than what I have heretofore told you,—that Mr Caldwell represented to me that he had paid for your account, and for which he has your receipts, all but $2500 of the $25,000 which you loaned, and for which you received as collateral $50,000 of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Land Grant Bonds, which you since sold at 60 cents on the dollar, realizing therefor $30,000, leaving you now in advance of funds, even if Mr Caldwell had paid you nothing.

I have heretofore advised you that I had been frequently importuned for the Securities of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and as a last resort I had to surrender your obligation for the benefit of the parties in interest, who now say that after so long delay they will not take the securities, but require you to refund the money.

I remain, WARREN FISHER, JR.

AUGUSTA, ME., *Nov 24, 1871.*

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—I write Mr Caldwell this day earnestly asking him to relieve me from the very pressing and painful embarrassment entailed upon me by raising the money I loaned to you and him last winter.

Mr. Caldwell has paid me $6000, there remains $19,000 due, with considerable interest. There is due also to me, under contract with you, $70,000 Land Bonds and $32,000 1st Mortgage. Retaining in my possession the $50,000 Land Bonds as collateral to the note, there is still due to me $20,000 Land Bonds and the 1st Mortgage Bonds $32,000. I have already made one proposition for settlement, to which I call Mr Caldwell's attention. I must have the matter settled in some way, and to once.

Pray communicate with me on the matter. Sincerely yours,

J. G. BLAINE.

P.S.—It is very important to me that I have some Bonds next week. If you don't accept the proposition I have made, suppose you consider this: Let me retain the Land Bonds now in possession as satisfaction for loaned money, and you pay me the $70,000 Land Bonds and $32,000 1st Mortgage due to me under the contract. I do not make this proposition to be bound by it, I merely suggest it. But I must have the matter settled in some way quickly.

BOSTON, *Nov. 4, 1871.*

MY DEAR BLAINE,—Your letter of the 3d inst. received. I hope Mr Caldwell will respond to your request promptly and satisfactorily. I can not say anything until I see Mr Caldwell, who keeps out of the way of creditors but probably he will call upon me soon. **You have had more Bonds than you state in your letter.** If you have given any to parties at Washington or disposed of them to others, it is no concern of mine, and of course must be accounted for in my settlement hereafter.

I remain yours, &c., &c., W. FISHER, JR.

AUGUSTA, ME., *6th November, 1871.*

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—I am pressed daily for the bonds, which up to this time I have never been able to deliver. Let me assure you that if I were suffering in this matter alone, I would not bother you, but wait in silence the issue of events. But how can I do this with parties who have paid their money earnestly demanding of me the consideration promised by me, but which I am not able to give because I do not receive the bonds to which I am entitled by contract? I am ready to receive any kind of reasonable proposition you may make. It is not a question of money making with me. It is simply a question of saving my word with others. *I will sacrifice a great deal to get a settlement.* I feel assured of your friendly disposition toward me, and therefore I do not wish to seem importunate and troublesome; but if you knew the agonies I have suffered in this matter during the past six months, you would pity me, I am sure, and make great effort to relieve me. *Pray let me know what I can to expect.*

Yours very sincerely, J. G. BLAINE.

BOSTON, *Nov. 20, 1871.*

MY DEAR BLAINE,—I am in receipt of your favor of the 8th inst., from which I am led to infer that the contracts I made through you to your Eastern friends have not been fulfilled on my part, but **such is not the fact,** as I have delivered each and every one of them all the securities in accordance with the contracts, and they have surrendered to me my obligations. You are well aware of the condition of the road, and that **you have received your full proportion of the bonds to which you were entitled** under the Eastern contracts, when you consider the length of the road only completed. I think you can readily see that I can make no proposition further than as the road progresses to deliver you bonds in accordance. I have had little of your obligations to deliver bonds to others; but **taking into account the $100,000 bonds you sold to Tom Scott,** and the amounts of money you received on the Eastern contracts, **our relative position financially in the Little Rock & Fort Smith Railroad bear a wide contrast.** Mr Caldwell is here, but I have not seen him; still I presume he has paid proper attention to your letter addressed to him.

I remain with kind regards, WARREN FISHER, JR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *April 12, 1872.*

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—I have your favor of the 12th. I am not prepared to pay any money just now in any direction, being so cramped and pressed that I am absolutely unable to do so. Please send me a copy of the notes of mine held by you with indorsed payments thereon.

I would have been glad, instead of a demand upon me for payment of notes, if you had proposed a general settlement of all matters between us that remain unadjusted. There is still due to me on articles of agreement between us $70,000 in land bonds and $31,000 in first mortgage bonds, making $101,000 in all. For those bonds the money was paid you nearly three years ago, and every other party agreeing to take bonds on same basis has long since received its full quota. I alone am left hopeless and helpless, so far as I can see. Then there is the $25,000 which I borrowed and paid over, under your orders, to Mr Pratt, for which I have received no pay. Mr Caldwell paid me a small fraction of the amount as I supposed, but he now says the money he paid me must be credited to another account on which he was my debtor, and that he denies all responsibility, past, present, and future, on the $25,000, for payment of which I must, he says, look solely to you. I only know that I delivered the money to Mr Pratt on your written order. I still owe the money in Maine, and am carrying the greater part of it at eight per cent.—nearly $2000 per annum steady draw on my resources, which are slender enough without this burden.

Still further, I left with Mr Mulliken, January, 1871, $6000 in land grant bonds, Union Pacific Railroad, to be exchanged for a like amount of Little Rock land bonds *with Mr Caldwell*, he to change back when I desired. Mr. Caldwell declined to take them, and you took them without any negotiation with me or any authority from me in regard to the matter. You placed the Little Rock land bonds in the envelope, and I have the original envelope with Mr Mulliken's indorsement thereon of the fact of the delivery to you. Now, I do not complain of your taking the bonds, provided you held yourself bound to replace them. The worst of the whole matter was that the bonds were **only a part mine,** and I have had to make good the others to the original owner.

There are other matters to which I would refer, but my letter is already long.

I do not think, under the circumstances, that it would be quite nice or kind in you to place any note or notes of mine that may happen to be in your possession in the hands of third parties on collateral.

In any event I ask as a simple favor that you will not do so, and that you will send me by return mail a copy of all obligations of mine in your possession.

Mrs. Blaine joins me in very kind regards to Mrs Fisher, and in the expression of the hope that you may have a pleasant and profitable time in Europe. Sincerely yours, J. G. BLAINE.

BOSTON, *April 16, 1872.*

MY DEAR BLAINE,—Your favor of the 13th inst. reached me this morning. I am surprised to its contents. I have loaned out at various times, when you were comparatively poor, very large sums of money, and **never have you paid me one dollar from your own pocket,** either principal or interest. I have paid sundry amounts to others to whom you were indebted, and these debts you have allowed to stand unpaid like the notes which I hold. I have placed you in positions whereby you have received **very large sums of money without one dollar of expense to you,** and you ought not to forget the act on my part. Of all the parties connected with the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad, **no one has been so fortunate as yourself in obtaining money out of it.** You obtained subscriptions from your friends in Maine for the building of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad. Out of their subscriptions **you obtained a large amount both of Bonds and money free of cost to you.** I have your own figures, and know the amount. **Owing to your political position you were able to work off all your bonds at a very high price,** and the fact is well known to others as well as myself. **Would your friends in Maine be satisfied if they knew the facts?** Are my associates entitled to have you obtain $25,000 for Northern Pacific Railroad, and you not make the investment as per agreement? The course you have thought proper to take in regard to my request is rather a poor one, taking your relations with me, and I again ask you to reconsider it and grant it. You will find it much easier to pay by obtaining

"I never had any transaction of any kind with Thomas A. Scott concerning bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith road, or the bonds of any other railroad, or any business in any way connected with railroads, directly or indirectly, immediately or remotely."—*Blaine's explanation of April 20, 1876.*

"I will inform gentlemen for Bell herself, especially those who are so eager to search the records of the Circuit Court in Little Rock, Arkansas, that in was this $25,000 which I recovered through the courts of Arkansas; I think it was the last of May, this spring."—*Blaine's explanation of April 24, 1876.*

"The absurd rumor has lately appeared in certain newspapers that I was the owner of from $150,000 to $200,000 of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad bonds, which I received without consideration, and that it was from these bonds that Thomas A. Scott received his $75,000. The statement is gratuitously and utterly false. In common with hundreds of other people in New England and other parts of the country, I bought some of those bonds—not a very large amount—paying for them at precisely the same rate that others paid.—*Blaine's explanation of April 24, 1876.*

* See contract of September 8, 1869.

See Blaine's statement above; with letter of October 4, 1871, as to collection of this amount through Arkansas Circuit Court.

See note above.

"I wish my testimony to be taken as exhaustive, and as intended to exclude every form or phase of connection in the Credit Mobilier or the Union Pacific Railroad Company, both past and present."—*Blaine's testimony in Credit Mobilier investigation.*

"The absurd rumor has lately appeared in certain newspapers that I was the owner of from $150,000 to $200,000 of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad bonds, which I received without consideration, and that it was from these bonds that Thomas A. Scott received his $75,000. The statement is gratuitously and utterly false. . . In common with hundreds of other people in New England and other parts of the country, I bought some of those bonds—not a very large amount—paying for them at precisely the same rate that others paid. I never heard and do not believe that the Little Rock Company—which I know to be controlled by highly honorable men—ever parted with a bond to any person except at the regular large price fixed for their sale. . I never had one except at the regular market price."—*Blaine's explanation of April 24, 1876.*

the Credit, and I selected that course thinking it to be the best. If you again decline, I shall be obliged to use the notes as well them to outside purchasers. Necessity knows no law

Whatever Bonds still due to you still be delivered as the road progresses. The other portions of your letter I make no reply. **You know the facts; it is sufficient that I know them; and it is useless to mention them at this time.** Please answer at once.

I remain, respectfully yours, WARREN FISHER, JR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *April 10, 1876.*

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—I answered you very hastily last evening, as you said you wished an immediate reply; and perhaps in my hurry I did not make myself fully understood

You have been for some time laboring under a totally erroneous impression in regard to my results in the Fort Smith matter. The sales of bonds which you spoke of my making, and which you seem to have thought were for my own benefit, were entirely otherwise. I did not have the money in my possession forty-eight hours, but paid it over directly to the parties whom I tried by every means in my power to protect from loss. I am very sure that you have little idea of the labors, the losses, the efforts, and the sacrifices I have made within the past year to save these innocent persons, who intrusted on my request, from personal loss.

And I say to you to-night solemnly that I not immeasurably worse off than if I had never touched the Fort Smith matter.

The demand you make upon me now is one which I am entirely unable to comply with *I can not do it. It is not in my power.* You say that "necessity knows no law" That applies to me as well as to you, and when I have reached the point I can now at I simply fall back on that law. You are as well aware as I am that the bonds are due me under the contract. Could I have these, I could adjust money matters not now in my power, and as long as this and other matters remain unadjusted between us, I do not recognize the equity in the lawfulness of you calling on me for a partial settlement. I am ready at any moment to make a full, fair, comprehensive settlement with you on the most liberal terms. I will not be exacting, or captious, or critical, but am ready and eager to make a broad and generous adjustment with you, and if we can't agree ourselves, we can select a mutual friend who can easily compromise all points of difference between us.

You will, I trust, see that I am disposed to meet you in a spirit of friendly cordiality, and yet with a sense of self-defense that impels me to be frank and expose to you my pecuniary weakness.

With very kind regards to Mrs. Fisher, I am, yours truly, J. G. BLAINE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *April 22, 1872.*

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—Your brief note received. I do not know what you mean by my "not mentioning Northern Pacific and denying everything else."

You have my obligation to deliver to you a specified interest in Northern Pacific which I was to purchase for you, and in which I never had a penny's interest, direct or indirect. Some months ago you wrote to me (twice) declaring that you would not receive the share, but demanding the return of the money This was impossible, and I therefore could do nothing but wait.

Nothing I could write would make my obligation plainer than the memorandum you hold. Nothing you could write would change my obligation under that memorandum

The matters between us are all perfectly plain and simple, and I am ready to settle them all comprehensively and liberally. I am not willing to settle those that benefit you, and leave to the chances of the future those that benefit me.

I am willing to forego and give up a great deal for the sake of a friendly settlement, and I retain a copy of this letter as evidence of the spirit of the offer I make. I think if we can not settle ourselves, a friendly reference would be the best channel, and I propose Mr. Ward Cheney, who stands nearest to you certainly than he does to me. If this name does not suit you, please suggest one yourself. Very sincerely, yours, J. G. BLAINE.

WASHINGTON, *April 26 (1872).*

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—Yours of 24th received. There seems to be one great error of fact under which you are laboring in regard to my ability to comply with your request about the $10,000 letter of credit. I would gladly get it for you if I were able, but I have not the means. I have no power of getting a letter of credit from Jay Cooke except by paying the money for it, and *the money I have not got*, and have no means of getting it. You *ask me to do, therefore, what is simply impossible.* Nothing would give me more pleasure than to serve you if I were able; but my losses in the Fort Smith affair have entirely crippled me and deranged all my finances. You could, I know, be utterly amazed if you could see the precise experience I have had in that matter. Very bitter, I assure you. Among other things, I still owe nearly all of the $25,000 which I delivered to Mr. Pratt, and this is the most harassing and embarrassing to me.

If you will give me the $76,500 of bonds which I propose to throw off as payment of the notes which you say I owe you, I will gladly get your ten-thousand-dollar letter of credit; but if I release those bonds to you as I propose, you can do the same for yourself

I am at a loss to know what you mean by your repeated phrase that "*I have denied everything.*" *What have I denied?* I do not so much as understand what you mean, and would be glad to have you explain.

You reject the name of Ward Cheney as a friendly referee. Please suggest a name yourself of some one known to both of us. I mean for you to suggest a name in case you do not accept my basis of settlement proposed in my last letter preceding this Yours, very truly, J. G. BLAINE.

When do you propose to sail for Europe?

AUGUSTA, MAINE, *July 3, 1872.*

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—I was detained far beyond my expectations in New York and Pennsylvania, being there quite a week I was in Boston on Monday en route home, but I was so prostrated by the heat that I had no strength to enter to call on you.

It seems to me, as I review and recall our several conferences, that we ought not to have any trouble in coming to an easy adjustment, as follows: First, I am ready to fulfill the memorandum held by you in regard to the Northern Pacific Railroad, as I always have been, second, you are ready to consider the land bonds in my possession as surrendered in payment of the debt as which they were originally held as collateral; third, I am ready to pay you the *full amount* of cash due you on memoranda held by you, provided you will pay me *half the amount of* bonds due me on memoranda held by me, the cash to be paid and the bonds to be delivered at the same time. As to further sale of the share in Northern Pacific Railroad, that could be determined afterward. I not ready to do all in my power to oblige you in the matter.

If we can adjust the first and second points herein referred to, the third might be left, if you desire it, to the future

Hitherto I have made all the propositions of settlement. If this is not acceptable to you, please submit your views of a fair basis in writing.

Sincerely yours, J. G. BLAINE.

(*Personal.*) AUGUSTA, MAINE, *August 6, 1872.*

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—On my return home yesterday I found your favor of 6th from Stonington, asking for my notes, $6000 on account. It seems to me that a partial settlement of our matter would only lead to future trouble, as at all events to a mere postponement of our present difficulties.

I deem it highly desirable that we should have a conclusive and comprehensive settlement, and I have been eager for that three [illegible] months.

The account which you stated June 26, 1872, does not correspond precisely with the reckoning I have made of my indebtedness on the note you hold. You credit me, April 26, 1869, with $12,800 dividend from Spencer Company; but they were two subsequent dividends, one of $3760, the other of $3500, of which no mention is made in your statement, though I received in June, 1870, your [illegible] for $3700 [illegible] $3600, which was a part of these dividends, I [illegible] I [illegible] my "cash memorandum" of June 26, 1869, for $2500, with which you charge me, represented at a time a part of the dividends; but being debited with that, I am entitled to a credit of the dividend.

In other words, as I reckon it, there are dividends amounting to $9460 due me, with interest since June, 1870, of which I have received only $2700 or $2800, entitling me then to a credit of some $7300.

Besides the cash memorandum January 9th, 1864, $600, which with interest amounts to $904 10, was obviously included in the **consolidated note** which was given to represent all my indebtedness to you, and **which you repeatedly assured me would be met and liquidated in good time by Spencer dividends.**

You will thus see that we differ materially as to the figures. Of course each of us is aiming at precisely the facts of the case, and if I am wrong please correct me. I not sure that you do not desire me to pay a dollar that is not due, and I am equally sure that I not more than ready to pay every cent that I owe you.

The Little Rock matter is a perpetual and never-ending embarrassment to me. **I am pressed daily almost to make final settlement with those who still hold the securities**—a settlement I am not able to make until I receive the bonds due on your attach of agreement with me. That is to me by far the most urgent and pressing of all the demands connected with our matters, and the one which I think to all equity should be first settled, or certainly settled as soon as any.

If the $6000 cash is an important to you, I would be glad to assist in raising the same for you on your notes, using Little Rock bonds as collateral at the same rate they are used in Boston, four for one. I think I could get the money here on four or six months on these terms. If I had the money myself I would be glad to advance it to you, but I am as dry as a contribution box, borrowing, indeed, to defray my campaign expenses

Very sincerely yours, J. G. BLAINE.

(*Private and Personal.*) AUGUSTA, MAINE, *August 21, 1872.*

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—I have been absent so much of late that I did not receive your last letter until a few several days old When I last wrote you I was expecting to be in Boston on a political conference about this time, but I found it impossible to be there, and it is now impossible for me to leave here until after our election, which occurs Monday week, the 9th. I will try to meet you at the Parker House on the 10th or 11th, availing myself of the first possible moment for that purpose.

I can not, however, allow a remark in your letter to pass without comment. You say that you have been trying to get a settlement with me for fifteen months, you have been trying to induce me to comply with certain demands which you made upon me, without taking into account any claims I have of a counter kind. This does not fill my idea of a *settlement*, for a *settlement* must include both sides.

No person could be more anxious for a settlement than I am, and if upon our next interview we can not reach one, why then we try other means.

But my judgment is that I shall make you so liberal an offer of settlement that you can not possibly refuse it.

As one of the elements which I wish to take into account is **the note of $10,000 given you in 1868 for Spencer stock,** I desire that you will furnish me with the items of interest on that note. My impression is that when that note **was consolidated into the large note,** which you still hold, that you did not charge me full interest, possibly omitting one or two years.

I will be obliged if you will give me information on this point, for I intend to submit to you a full and explicit basis of settlement, and in making it up it is necessary that I should have this information. Please send it so promptly as you may be able to give it to me.

In haste, very truly yours, J. G. BLAINE.

[Confidential.]

WASH'TN, D. C, *14th April, 1876.*

MY DEAR MR. FISHER.—You can do me a very great favor, and I know it will give you pleasure to do so—just as I would do for you under similar circumstances. Certain persons and papers are trying to throw mud at me to injure my candidacy before the Cincinnati Convention, and you may observe they are trying it in connection with the Little Rock and Fort Smith matter

I want you to send me a letter such as the inclosed draft. You will receive this to-morrow (Monday) evening, and it will be a favor I shall never forget if you will at once write me the letter and mail the same evening.

The letter is strictly true, is honorable to you and to me, and will stop the mouths of slanderers at once.

Regard this letter as **strictly confidential. Do not show it to any one.** The draft is in the hands of my clerk, who is as trustworthy as any man can be. If you can't get the letter written in season for the nine-o'clock mail to New York, please be sure to mail it during the night, so that it will start first mail Tuesday morning; *but, if possible, I pray you to get it to the nine-o'clock mail Monday evening.* Kind regards to Mrs. Fisher. Sincerely,

[Burn this letter.] J. G. B.

[*Indorsed on the back.*]

Not knowing your exact address, I send this to the Parker House, in order that it may [not] be subjected to any danger in the hands of a carrier

J. G. B.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

Dated WASHINGTON, D. C., 1876.
Received at 1.44, April 16.
To WARREN FISHER, COMMONWEALTH HOTEL.—Please go Parker House to-morrow, Monday, evening; on arrival morning mail from New York, find letter Answer by return mail. J. G. BLAINE.
19 D. H.

The following is the inclosure referred to in the preceding letter:

BOSTON, *April —, 1876.*

HON JAMES G BLAINE, *Washington, D C*

DEAR SIR.—I observe that certain newspapers are making, or rather insinuating, the absurd charge that you once or had owned $150,000 of Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad Bonds, and that you had in some way obtained them as a gratuity †

The enterprise of building the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad was undertaken in 1869 by a company of Boston gentlemen, of whom I was myself one. The bonds of the road were put upon the market in this city on what was deemed very advantageous terms to the purchaser They were sold largely through myself **You became the purchaser of about $30,000 of the Bonds on precisely the same terms that every other buyer received, paying for** them in installments, running over a considerable period **just as others did.** The transaction was **perfectly open, and there was no more secrecy in regard to it than if you had been buying flour or sugar. I was sure you never owned a Bond of the road that you did not pay for at the market rate.** Indeed, I am sure that no one received bonds on any other terms.

When the road got into financial difficulties, and loss fell upon you, you still retained your bonds, and you held them clear through to the reorganization of the company in 1874, exchanging them for such bonds of the new Company.

You acquired also some demands against the new Company by reason of your having joined with others in raising some money when the company was in pressing need. For the recovery of that money proceedings are now pending in the U. S. Circuit Court in Arkansas, to which you are openly a party of record. Concealment of the investment and everything connected with it would have been very easy but concealment been desirable, but **your action in the whole matter was open and as fair as the day.** When the original enterprise failed, I knew with what severity **the pecuniary loss fell upon you, and with what integrity and nerve you met it.** Years have since elapsed, it seems rather hard at this late day to be compelled to meet a slander in a matter where your conduct was in the highest degree honorable and straightforward.

You may use this letter in any way that will be of service to you.

Very sincerely yours, W F., JR.

The words "Indeed, I am sure that no one received bonds on any other terms," were interlined in foregoing letter in Mr Blaine's own handwriting.

See letter of May 20, 1864. "This refers to the Spencer Rifle Company." — *Blaine's comment on letter of May 20, 1864, to his explanation of June 5, 1876.*

"Mr Fisher and Mr. Cheney, both together, offered me $10,000 stock in the concern, and I took it and paid for it, and owned, and had the dividends on it. I was an ordinary stockholder, just as any man is in a bank. A gentleman made me it I paid for this stock. I tell him yes, I did, emphatically." — *Blaine's explanation of June 5, 1876.*

See Blaine's letter August 31, 1872—"the note of $10,000 given you in 1868 for Spencer stock consolidated into the large note"; with August 6, 1872—"the consolidated note which you repeatedly assured me would be met and liquidated by Spencer dividends," showing that $10,000 stock was transferred to Mr Blaine for services, his note for same to be covered by dividends, so that nothing was to be paid.

See note above.

See contradictions shown below.

"My whole composition with the road has been open as the day If there had been anything to conceal about it, I should never have touched it. Wherever concealment is advisable, avoidance is desirable; and I do not know any better test to apply in the honor and fairness of a business transaction." — *Blaine, Apr. 20, 1876.*

† See contracts of September 6, 1870

"I have your position in written contract to deliver me $100,000 land bonds and $50,000 first mortgage bonds." — *Blaine, October 4, 1872.*

"Out of [the Maine] subscriptions you obtained a large amount both of Bonds and money from at cost to you." — *Fisher, April 18, 1876.*

"No one will ever know from me that I have dispensed of a single dollar in Maine." — *Blaine, October 4, 1869.*

"I care what you say about the importance of my keeping all quiet here. And shall endeavor to do just as you desire in the premises." — *Blaine, Oct 5 1869.*

"Would your friends in Maine be satisfied if they knew the facts?" — *Fisher, April 18, 1876.*

"Burn this letter Do not show it to any one." — *Blaine, above.*

"Taking into account the $30,000 bonds you sold to Tom Scott, and the amount of money you received on the Eastern contracts, our relative positions financially in the L. R. & F. S. R. have a very wide contrast." — *Fisher, Nov. 16, 1871.*

"Of all the parties connected with the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad no one has been so fortunate as yourself in obtaining money out of it." — *Fisher, Apr 14, 1876.*

"Owing to your political position you were able to work off all your bonds at a very high price." — *Fisher, Apr 14, 1876.*

"**This letter is strictly true.**" — *Blaine, above.*

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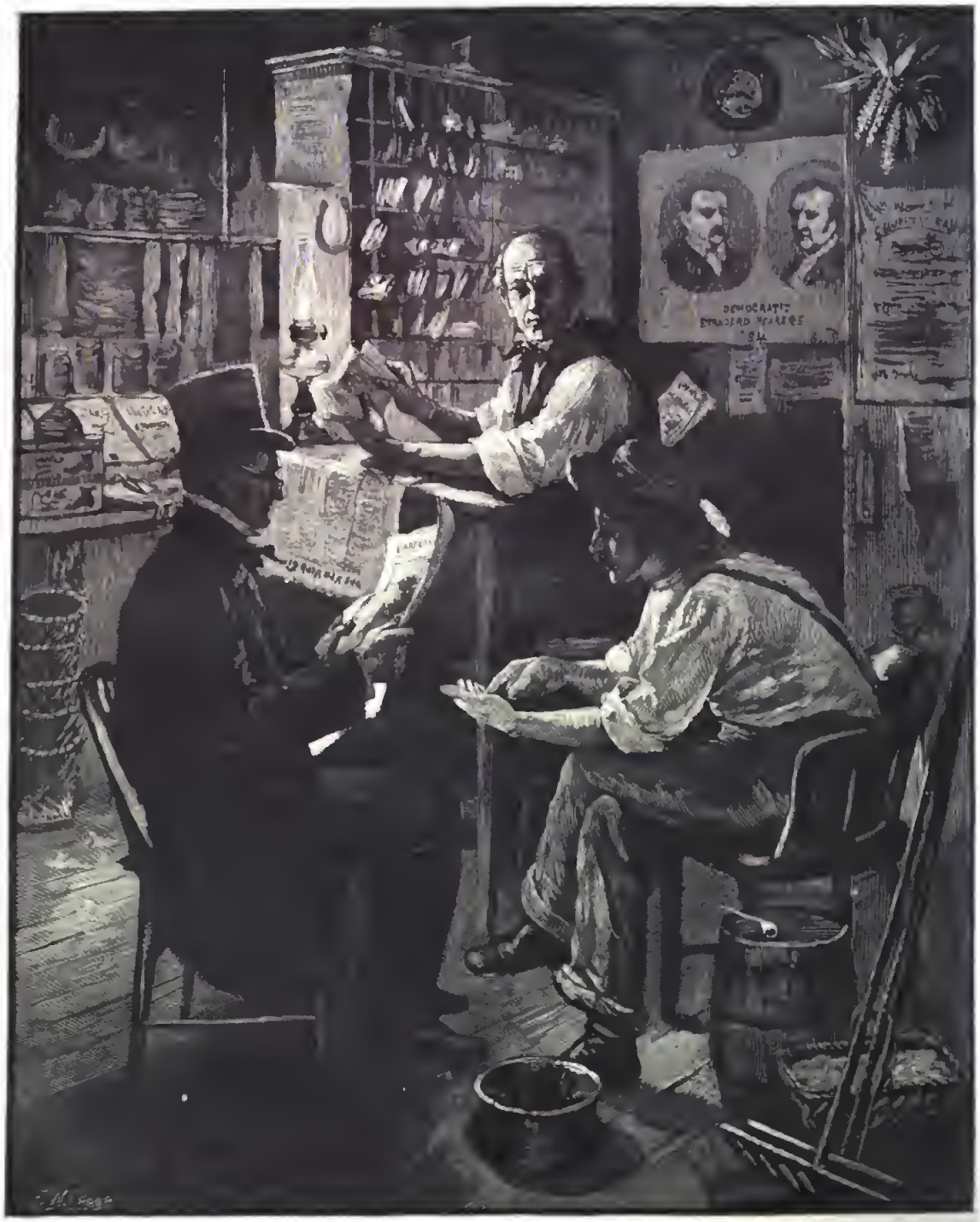

A POLITICAL POSER.

Should Mr. BLAINE be honored with the Presidency when his mere nomination has so shamefully lowered the moral tone of the Republican Party?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, October 4, 1884

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, *and* Harper's Bazar *may be had for the years* 1881, 1882, *and* 1883. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders promptly. It is* Messrs. Harper & Brothers' *intention in future to keep the back numbers of these periodicals for three years only.*

☞ *A* Supplement *containing the* Blaine *letters, arranged in chronological order, with marginal notes, was issued gratuitously with the last number of* Harper's Weekly.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly,

Published September 30. This number is most beautifully illustrated. The drawings on the first and fourth pages illustrate Chapter VI of the Serial Story "Wakulla," by Kirk Munroe. *"What is it Favorite Seen?" is the title of a beautiful engraving accompanying a story called "Bibi and the Grand-duke," by* Eliot McCormick. *An article entitled "The Troubles of a Baby Guillemot" is admirably illustrated by* J. G. Beard. *The ninth page is filled by a beautiful reproduction of* Franz von Defregger's *exquisite painting entitled*

"A TYROLESE CHILD."

The letterpress is no less varied and entertaining than the illustrations. Among a number of most interesting stories and articles special attention may be called to

"THE CREST OF THE WHITE HAT,"

a story by Sherwood Bonner, *author of "Dialect Tales" and other popular stories for both young and old.*

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.*

A DEFENSIVE CAMPAIGN.

THE campaign thus far has fully justified the Republican opposition to the nomination of Mr. Blaine. It was plainly stated that it would inevitably divide the party, and compel a prolonged explanation and defense. The same reasons had been urged against his nomination in 1876. The Cincinnati *Commercial* asked in June of that year, "Can the party afford to go into the canvass with a candidate for whom apology or explanation will continually be required?" The Cincinnati *Gazette* said at the same time, "These letters will form Mr. Blaine's platform if he is nominated"; and again, "No man can successfully stand before the people of the country as the Republican candidate for the Presidency covered all over as Blaine is with his own letters." The Chicago *Tribune* said, "Mr. Blaine's nomination, under these circumstances, would be a virtual confession on the part of the Republican party either that it has no available candidate who has not been engaged in similar transactions, or that it approves of such conduct on the part of the men it sends to Congress." These things were said before the later Mulligan letters were known in which Mr. Blaine asks Mr. Fisher to testify to falsehoods in regard to Mr. Blaine's transactions. The same considerations were pressed against the Blaine nomination this year. But they were answered by the declaration that it would not be a campaign of defense and explanation, but of general aggression and universal enthusiasm.

Has it been such a campaign? It began with an emphatic and significant Republican protest and bolt, and the only aggression has been against Republicans who will not support a candidate whose own letters show him to be unworthy of a great official trust. The Blaine orators began by avoiding the real issue. The Blaine press ignored it. Even the chief Blaine paper cut out from speeches and letters all allusions to the main question. They all denounced bolting Republicans as traitors and deserters and contemptible turncoats. They raised the cry to "stand by the party." They courted the dynamite and the Butler vote. They misrepresented the executive acts of Governor Cleveland. They cherished and disseminated the Buffalo scandal. They tried to make the tariff the issue. But the real question remained immovable, although they avoided it as a burnt child the fire. Gradually the orators were compelled to attempt explanations. The papers began to defend the candidate. The candidate himself made one desperate effort to force protection into the debate. But he was answered by a fresh and fatal publication of Mulligan letters, and after shivering for a moment astounded, the organs broke into an angry chorus of defense and explanation, and a frantic cry that a letter entreating a man to tell a falsehood vindicated the honor of the suppliant, and that the man whom Mr. Blaine besought to give him a certificate of character was an unspeakable scoundrel. To-day there is one issue, and but one, before the country—an issue fully recognized by every intelligent voter—and that is whether the author of the Mulligan letters shall be elected President of the United States.

The latest device of the defensive campaign is to print the letters, and declare them to be a private business correspondence. This attempt has the fatuity of all the rest. The abuse of public place to promote private advantage is not private business. It is a public concern of the most important character. It is a question of honest or dishonest government, of national honor or national disgrace. Some of the Blaine orators allude contemptuously to the conduct which the correspondence reveals as "a little thing." But if the author of the letters were not a candidate for the Presidency, is there any doubt what every right-minded man would think of the transactions which they reveal? If a similar correspondence of Jefferson, or Madison, or old John Adams, or of his son John Quincy Adams, should be discovered to-day, would it be dismissed as "a little thing"? Would not every honorable American feel ashamed that such a man had been President, and rejoice to think that had the truth been known he could not have been elected? One orator asks whether Germany would lose the services of Bismarck or England of Gladstone because of the disclosure of such correspondence. The government of Germany is not one of public opinion. But Gladstone could never re-appear in public life should such evidence of his abuse of official trust be made public. The perversions, evasions, subterfuges, and shallow sophistries of the attempted defense by reputable men of these indefensible transactions of a candidate for the Presidency are illustrations of the alarming toleration of such practices among public men which made the nomination possible. Eight years ago the Cincinnati *Commercial* said: "The troublesome fact is that there is a low tone of public morality in the estimation of the uses of public position for private gain." The speeches of some conspicuous Republicans in this campaign are painful illustrations of that tone. Mr. William Walter Phelps suggested as an excuse for Mr. Blaine that if he were guilty, Mr. Edmunds had done the same thing—an assertion of which Mr. Edmunds very summarily disposed. At Chicago the supporters of Mr. Blaine repeated that just as bad things could be shown of Mr. Edmunds as of Mr. Blaine—as if every public man had his Mulligan letters to explain—and therefore that it was hypercritical to object to trafficking in office as a reason against the Blaine nomination. The central question of the campaign, whether such abuse of official trust and such unveracity as are exposed by the Mulligan letters shall disqualify a man for the Presidency, is one of the most significant that can be presented to the country. But it is one also which necessarily produces a most personal and repulsive canvass. Such a canvass, however, was precipitated upon the country by the nomination of Mr. Blaine, which postponed every consideration to that of the official integrity of the candidate.

CAPTIOUS CRITICS.

In a recent speech advocating the election of Mr. Blaine, Judge Hoar is reported to have said, in allusion to independent Republicans:

> "And I would say to them, further, that one of the lessons of my life, now somewhat advanced, has been the lesson of modesty, to feel that the collective judgment of great masses of men is entitled to more respect, where they have every source of information, than the conclusions of any small number of captious critics."

It is certainly true that critics who merely find fault are not good guides, but this remark at this time in a campaign speech, and alluding to independent Republicans, means that when a nomination is made by a party Convention it should be supported because it is the act of the majority. This is but another form of the familiar Blaine argument of this campaign, that a regular nomination ought to be accepted as the conclusive vindication of a candidate from all injurious charges. When Senator Hoar made a similar remark in his reply to Mr. Schurz's speech, Mr. Schurz asked him, in turn, whether the Senator regarded General Butler's election as Governor of Massachusetts to be his complete vindication from the charges against him? Judge Hoar was in the minority at that election, but no one who knows him—and to know him is to respect him—can believe that "the collective judgment of great masses of men" altered his opinion of General Butler as a candidate for Governor, or would persuade him to vote for General Butler for the Presidency.

If the argument which is urged upon independent Republicans had been successfully urged upon "a small number of captious critics" in the Whig and Democratic parties thirty years ago, there would have been no Republican party. If the argument were valid, there could be no political progress through change of parties, because the change always begins with the minority. The Conscience Whigs and the Free-soil Democrats were "a small number of captious critics" who questioned "the collective judgment of the great masses" of the two parties. If they had distrusted themselves because they were a minority, the old Whig and Democratic parties would have remained unchanged, and a man who had once voted with either must have continued always to support its measures and vote for its candidates, however he may have disapproved them, because "a small number of captious critics" ought not to question "the collective judgment of great masses."

The argument is certainly no stronger in the case of a candidate than of a policy. If a Whig or Democrat was justified, as nobody in his senses would deny, in declining to support the Whig or Democratic party when they refused to adopt an antislavery policy, a Republican is unquestionably justified in refusing to vote for a candidate whom he believes to be unworthy, and for the same reason, namely, that both the adoption of the pro-slavery policy and the election of the unworthy candidate would be injurious to the public welfare. If the advocates of Mr. Blaine are reduced to saying that an intelligent Republican ought to admit that the Mulligan letters show him to be a man of the purest official and personal honor because he is the regularly nominated candidate of the party, it is because the advocates can not honorably explain those letters, and have no valid argument to offer for his election.

A FEW QUESTIONS.

If Mr. Blaine's "only desire is that every voter in the United States might read the letters," and that "every Republican paper would publish the letters in full," and if there is "not a word in them not entirely consistent with the most scrupulous integrity and honor," why was he so terrified lest Mr. Mulligan should lay them before the committee of Congress and the country?

Was it because he feared that the final letter to Mr. Fisher would be found among them?

If they were such perfectly simple and honorable letters, treating of wholly private business transactions, that Mr. Blaine hopes they may be universally published and read, why have the papers which are his especial organs carefully avoided publishing or alluding to them until he gave the word?

If Mr. Blaine's letter entreating Mr. Fisher to copy and return the draft of a letter which he inclosed, proposed, as he said, an honorable telling of the truth, and if, as Mr. Blaine said in the House, "wherever concealment is desirable, avoidance is advisable," why did he ask Mr. Fisher to "regard the letter as strictly confidential"?

Why did Mr. Blaine urge Mr. Fisher, "Do not show it to any one"?

Why did he say to Mr. Fisher, "the draft is in the hands [hand] of my clerk, who is as trustworthy as any man can be"?

Why did he finally charge Mr. Fisher, "Burn this letter"?

If Mr. Fisher had burned the letter after copying the draft which Mr. Blaine sent to him, and had sent the draft to Mr. Blaine as requested, did Mr. Blaine intend to state that the letter which he received from Mr. Fisher was written by himself, and not by Mr. Fisher?

If he did not, did he mean to show the letter as Mr. Fisher's spontaneous tribute to Mr. Blaine's innocence?

If he did, was it a proceeding "entirely consistent with the most scrupulous integrity and honor"?

Is the publication of a letter which proves that Mr. Blaine intended to impose upon the country a letter of his own as a letter of Mr. Fisher's a "complete and thorough vindication" of his character?

Was Mr. Blaine's subsequent appointment as Senator by the Governor of Maine a proof that he did not write the letter to Mr. Fisher?

Did President Garfield's selection of Mr. Blaine as Secretary of State show that Mr. Blaine told the truth when he said that he bought his Little Rock bonds "at precisely the same rates that others paid"?

Does Mr. Blaine's nomination for the Presidency prove that he did not ask Mr. Fisher to write him a letter asserting what other letters of his own show to be untrue?

Is a man who asked another man to testify to an untruth in order to conceal violations of his own official honor, and who intended to appeal to the testimony as an unsolicited act of justice, a fit person to be elected President of the United States?

"A YOUNG REPUBLICAN."

"A Young Republican" asks us how it is that we are willing to bring into power a party which we have taught him and others to distrust. But to keep it out of power would he have us advise him to vote for a dishonest candidate for the Presidency? That is the question which must decide his vote. The real question is not whether he prefers the traditions and original principles of the Republican party, but whether he will vote for a Presidential candidate who has made private gain of his office. If he distrusts the Democratic party because of its conduct, how can he sustain the conduct of the Republican party in nominating such a candidate? How does he judge parties but by the agents whom they select, as well as by the policies which they advocate?

If "A Young Republican" has read this paper carefully, he knows that it has always advised him to

scratch unworthy candidates. If it has taught him distrust of the Democratic party, it is not only because of its slavery traditions, but because of just such want of political morality as that which the Republican nomination illustrates. And when Republicans themselves raise the issue between supporting an upright, courageous, and independent officer for the highest executive trust, and an officer who jobs and traffics in his place, it is not a party question; it is a question of official honesty, and this paper urges the support of the honest man. The question of "A Young Republican" assumes that "the party" is the paramount and final consideration in an election. Generally this is true, because generally the candidate does not present an issue in himself. But when he does, he takes precedence of the party. The doctrine of "principles, not men," does not require the support of unfit agents to carry out principles. On the contrary, it is a betrayal of principles to intrust their application to unworthy men. This was the ground which the New York *Tribune* took twelve years ago, just after the war, when it supported the Democratic candidates against the Republican candidates, and declared that Mr. HENDRICKS was "an honest jurist, an able and incorruptible statesman, and a wise politician," and when it said, "We will not be deterred from this labor [of reform] by those who strive to arouse evil passions that party supremacy may be maintained."

"A Young Republican" will not forget that to vote against a candidate is not necessarily to vote against a party. The Republicans in the Brunswick district in Maine who voted against Mr. REED for Congress voted for the rest of the Republican ticket. Many Republicans in Ohio who will vote for Mr. CLEVELAND in November will vote for the Republican State ticket in October. And in New York Republicans who will vote for Mr. CLEVELAND will at the same time vote for worthy Republican members of Congress. The Republicans in 1882 who voted for Mr. CLEVELAND as against Mr. FOLGER, or who aided Mr. CLEVELAND's election by staying at home, voted the next year for Republican members of the Legislature. We advise "A Young Republican" to regard his party as an instrument to promote the public welfare, and to understand that the public welfare can not be promoted by voting, under the plea of supporting his party, for a man who makes merchandise of public office.

MR. SCHURZ IN OHIO.

MR. SCHURZ's speeches in the West have been heard by thousands of persons, and every speech has been a calm, earnest, and convincing presentation of the true issue of the campaign. He does not attack or defend either the Republican or the Democratic party. He simply shows, and with masterly clearness, that to vote for Mr. BLAINE is to vote for a trafficker in official influence, and to vote for Mr. CLEVELAND is to support a brave and incorruptible public officer for the Presidency. Mr. SCHURZ speaks both in English and German, and the impression and effect of his strong and temperate appeals to the intelligence and patriotism of the West are very great.

He is assailed, of course, with the most reckless falsehoods. Among these is the assertion that he is largely paid for his speeches by Democratic committees. There is no more reason that a political speaker should give his time and services gratuitously than a political editor, and very generous offers of remuneration are often made. But Mr. SCHURZ is not paid. A correspondent of the New York Times says:

"Mr. SCHURZ was asked if he had seen the statement that he is receiving $250 a speech from the Democratic managers. 'Yes,' was his reply; 'I have noticed that such a story is being circulated. The Springfield *Republican* says the story was invented by MCCULLOUGH, of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. The facts are that I am not receiving one cent from any source for my speeches in the contest, and that I am paying all my own travelling expenses. I am simply doing what I consider my imperative duty—warning the people against turning over the administration of the national government to a self-convicted corrupt man. I can not think they will do it.'"

PLAIN SPEECH.

THE Rev. THOMAS R. BACON, of New Haven, son of the late Rev. Dr. LEONARD BACON, has written a very emphatic letter to a BLAINE newspaper which had misrepresented his views. He says that

"either BLAINE or CLEVELAND is to be the next President of the United States. Every voter, whether he casts his vote for either of these men, or for ST JOHN or BUTLER, or not at all, will contribute directly or indirectly toward putting one of these men in office. No voter can now escape from this dilemma. He must, whether he likes it or not, contribute to one result or the other."

Mr. BACON speaks frankly of Governor CLEVELAND. He then speaks with equal frankness of Mr BLAINE; and that a clergyman of the best character should be willing to speak of a candidate for the Presidency in such terms shows how deep is the feeling of outrage produced by the nomination.

Mr. BACON says:

"Mr BLAINE stands accused of no offense of another sort. The evidence is mainly documentary, and is in his own handwriting, and to my mind is absolutely convincing. This proven charge is that Mr. BLAINE is guilty of getting other persons' money in illegitimate ways. In short, Mr. BLAINE is a thief. This word is not parliamentary, but it will serve weakly to convey my meaning. It seems necessary to use vigorous language to persons who decline to understand such obscure circumlocutions as that 'Mr BLAINE has used public office as a means of private gain.' It is fortunately not my duty, nor the duty of any man, to determine which leads the greater sin. That may be left to a more competent tribunal. But to the question, which I must decide for myself, Which of these evils most thoroughly disqualifies a man for executive office? I can see but one answer."

Mr. BACON accepts what he believes to be the alternative, but without any "complacency," and with regret. But he tries to deceive neither himself nor others. The choice is between BLAINE and CLEVELAND.

"One of them will be elected, whether I am complacent or not. And as it seems to me that the election of one will be far more calamitous to the public interests than the other, I shall vote, and if I can I shall influence others to vote, for GROVER CLEVELAND."

Mr. BACON does not wheedle himself into the extraordinary fancy that it is his duty to support a party by voting for a candidate whom he believes to be diabolical.

THE YOUNG REPUBLICANS OF BROOKLYN.

THE Young Republican Club in Brooklyn has decided by a large majority at a late meeting to support Mr. BLAINE. Many of the anti BLAINE Republicans did not attend, and the result will be a division and practical dissolution of the club.

The decision is hailed with delight by the BLAINE organs, but plainly without reason. A club of young Republicans might be expected as of course to support the party candidate for the Presidency unanimously and with enthusiasm. But a nomination which divides and dissolves it, even with a large majority in favor of the candidate, reveals a fatal division of the party at a time when the success of the candidate requires a full and united vote.

The situation in this club is a significant sign of the times. In the large minority who will not vote for Mr. BLAINE are some of the strongest Republicans and most efficient workers. We are afraid that Judge HOAR would call them captious critics. But however they may respect their censor, they will certainly not vote for the hero of the MULLIGAN record.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

THE present season of championship matches at baseball, now drawing to a close, has, it must be owned, decidedly strengthened the claim of this athletic sport to be recognized as the national game of America. Not only does it remain distinctively an American sport, but it is played more perfectly year after year, while the number of its devotees has become astonishing.

If base-ball is destined to pass into history as the great popular game of our country, there is nothing to be ashamed of either in the nature of the sport itself or in the degree of skill exhibited by its leading votaries. With the Greeks and Romans ball-playing was in all ages a favorite gymnastic pastime. Homer mentions it, and references are made to it throughout the Latin writers of the later empire. The wits of to-day like to jest at the high emoluments paid to renowned pitchers and catchers compared with the wages of a clerk or a hod-carrier; but the men of classic Athens raised a statue to Aristoteles for his prowess at the game of ball. There were special instructors for the game in the large gymnasia, and apartments for its practice. At least five different games of ball are spoken of by the ancients, and one of them largely depended on the exercise of a craft and quickness analogous to what the modern pitcher employs when, being expected to throw the ball so as to "nip" a man at first base, he suddenly delivers it instead to the batsman. Batting, however, does not seem to have formed any part of the classic games: their experts might astonish ours in throwing and catching, but we should "down" them in handling the willow.

Those who look upon the game of ball with disfavor grimly reckon up the annual crop of broken fingers, and dilate upon the nuisance caused by urchins who practice throwing along the city thoroughfares. But we must not forget the counterpoising gain of elasticity and alertness of eye and muscle among American youth. Amateur clubs flourish everywhere, from the Stock Exchange and the composing-room to the factory and the school bench, and half a dozen professional associations or systems are now required where one a few years since sufficed to supply the demand for skilled contests between professional nines.

The excitement of these contests has this year on several occasions made the umpire's position only less perilous than that of a Czar, although no umpire has yet been attacked by the spectators with dynamite bombs. It is fair, however, to say that cricket, both in England and Australia, has witnessed disorders as great, and that, so far as betting is the inciting cause, this practice is more in vogue at horse-races than at base-ball.

THE PRIME MERIDIAN.

BEFORE this number of the WEEKLY reaches its more distant circle of readers an International Conference will have assembled in Washington to fix upon a case of longitude. The movement for this purpose was initiated about two years ago, when Congress passed a resolution requesting the President to call such a conference. The invitations were duly sent through the usual diplomatic channels to all the governments in friendly relations with our own, and the date of the gathering was set for the 1st of October, 1884. So promptly and warmly was the project taken up by all the leading mercantile nations of the globe that we are warranted in looking for results of high scientific and commercial importance.

That the whole world, in these days of universal intercourse, should reckon time from a common standard, can hardly be questioned. But, as a fact, we have different prime meridians in different lands—Greenwich, Washington, Paris, Amsterdam, Berlin, San Fernando, and so on. Some countries in a part of their maps use one prime and in a part use another. Again, the division into east and west longitude is itself a source of confusion, and in some cases of peril. When especially the place to be indicated on a chart is very near the prime, it is evident that a little carelessness or accident, by which W. becomes substituted for E., or E. for W., may cause a deal of trouble, and in some instances great danger.

To reduce these conflicting primes to one which all nations will consent to adopt is, then, the object of the October Conference at Washington, it being also contemplated to make a straight-away course of 360 degrees around the globe, instead of reckoning, as now, 180 degrees half-way about, then reversing and falling back to 0 degrees. Even MACAULAY's typical school-boy, who is so versed in recondite lore, might well rise up to bless the labors of this Conference should they result in erasing from the school maps of his country the double reckonings from two primes which now confuse them. But academic instruction is a far less important element in this matter than practical navigation.

It is possible that the Conference may also essay international uniformity in weights and measures. This is a much more difficult and complicated subject, on which harmony could by no means be so confidently anticipated.

PERSONAL.

WHEN the play *The Lady of Lyons* was first brought out it was not known that Lord LYTTON was the author. Between the acts, DICKENS met LYTTON and asked him what he thought of it. LYTTON pretended to think slightingly of the production, and mentioned some of its short-comings. "Come, come," replied DICKENS, who was enthusiastic over it, "it is not like you, BULWER, to cavil at such small things as those. The man who wrote the play may have imitated your work here and there, perhaps, but he was a decided clever fellow, for all that. To hear you speak so is almost enough to make one think that you are jealous." In a fortnight LYTTON's authorship of the work was published, and DICKENS felt cold the next time he met him.

—George Sand had beautiful hands, dancers, and actresses, but an inelegant figure. She earned more than $220,000 with her pen, and spent all but $4000 of it, chiefly in entertaining her friends. She played the piano with great dexterity.

—General GRESHAM, of Indiana, is well fitted to succeed Mr. FOLGER as Secretary of the Treasury. He served with great distinction as an officer in the civil war, and for several years afterward was a judge of the United States District Court. In April last he was appointed Postmaster-General, and the straightforward, energetic, and efficient manner in which he has administered this important office has added to the favor with which he was regarded by the people. The appointment gives general satisfaction throughout the country. A portrait of the new Secretary is given on page 651.

—"Here in France," wrote HENRICH HEINE, "my German name Heinrich was, immediately on my arrival in Paris, translated into Henri. I had to submit to it, and was finally obliged to call myself so, because the word Heinrich does not suit a French ear, and because the French make everything as comfortable to themselves as possible. Even the name Henri Heine can never be pronounced quite correctly, most of them call me M Enri Een; many contract this into Enrième, and some even give me the appellation M Un Rien. This hurts me in many ways, especially with regard to my literary occupation; it is, however, in another way a benefit to me. For instance, among my fine countrymen who come to Paris there are some who would like to calumniate me, but as they always pronounce my name in the German language, the French never even imagine that the wicked fellow and poisoner of the fountains of innocence about whom these gentlemen are fearfully raving is identical with their friend M Enrième."

—Mr JOHN W GARRETT, late president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, whose portrait is given on page 651, was one of the most successful business men of Maryland. As railroad president and banker he amassed a very large fortune. He was an active citizen, one of the trustees of the Johns Hopkins University, and was connected with numerous other local institutions. Some years ago he was much interested in politics, and was at one time spoken of as a possible Democratic candidate for Governor of Maryland. He refused, however, to permit the use of his name. Mr GARRETT was sixty four years of age at the time of his death.

—A friend of CHARLES READE's relates the following: A poor lady whom we had both known well in the heyday of her youth and beauty, the widow of a mutual friend—a distinguished actor and manager—had married again in haste and repented at leisure. This haughty and imperious beauty was struck down with a mortal malady. She wrote one line: "DEAR CHARLES READE,—I am ill, dying, in want." He was in her miserable garret as soon as the first hansom could take him there. Two hours afterward he had removed her to decent apartments, placed her under the charge of a Sister of Mercy and one of the most eminent physicians in London. It was too late to save, but not too late to soothe her last moments and to surround her with everything that READE's generous care could provide.

—Mr LABOUCHERE on the Peers: "The Peers are very wealthy. Since 1850 the twenty eight dukes of the House of Lords and their families have received from the tax-payers £9,760,000, the thirty-three marquises and their families have had £8,303,950, and the two hundred earls and their families have had £49,181,202. How have they earned this money? By opposing, mutilating, or rejecting every valuable bill sent up to them. They have again and again rejected bills enlarging the franchise, reforming municipalities, relieving Catholics, Dissenters, and Jews of civil disabilities, putting an end to bribery at elections, educating the masses, and harmonizing our land laws with the spirit of the age."

—The late HENRY G. BOHN, the publisher, was a fine-looking man, who enjoyed society, and gave many entertainments at his country-seat in Twickenham. His voice was of delightful timbre; it was pleasant to listen to it, no matter what he was saying. He was one of the pioneers of cheap editions of solid literature.

—The father of DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI was an Italian, the mother an English woman born of Italian parents. The poet's accent always retained a trace of his Italian descent.

—Mr PARNELL has withdrawn from the noise of political contest to the peace of hunting grouse in the mountains of County Wicklow, Ireland. He has excellent dogs and trusty guns.

—The late Countess-dowager of Seafield, England, was in the habit of sleeping in a room by herself, without means of calling a servant. One night she was seized with a sudden illness, and while on her way out of the room to procure help, fell on the floor, and lay there until morning. Her friends believe that her life might have been saved had she received assistance promptly.

—The Earl of Shaftesbury, in proposing recently the health of Mr FAWCETT, the British Postmaster-General said: "Mr FAWCETT is a remarkable instance of intellectual power, diligence, and research, and of a capacity of mind seldom exhibited. His blindness, which you would have thought would have shut him out from every political pursuit, has in some measure been a great facility to him. It has compelled him to cultivate the faculty of memory, and that wonderful man can make estimates, discuss any subject, and go through any calculation of figures without any assistance whatever, except the assistance that his memory affords him. I have heard Mr FAWCETT say, and say with vigor and truth, 'Don't talk to us blind people with a sentiment of commiseration. We like to have your sympathy, but we don't want your commiseration.' He is right, and he has proved that it is not needed, and all I can say to that if blindness brings with it such intellectual powers and patriotism as his, then I wish that I and every Englishman in the country were as blind as he."

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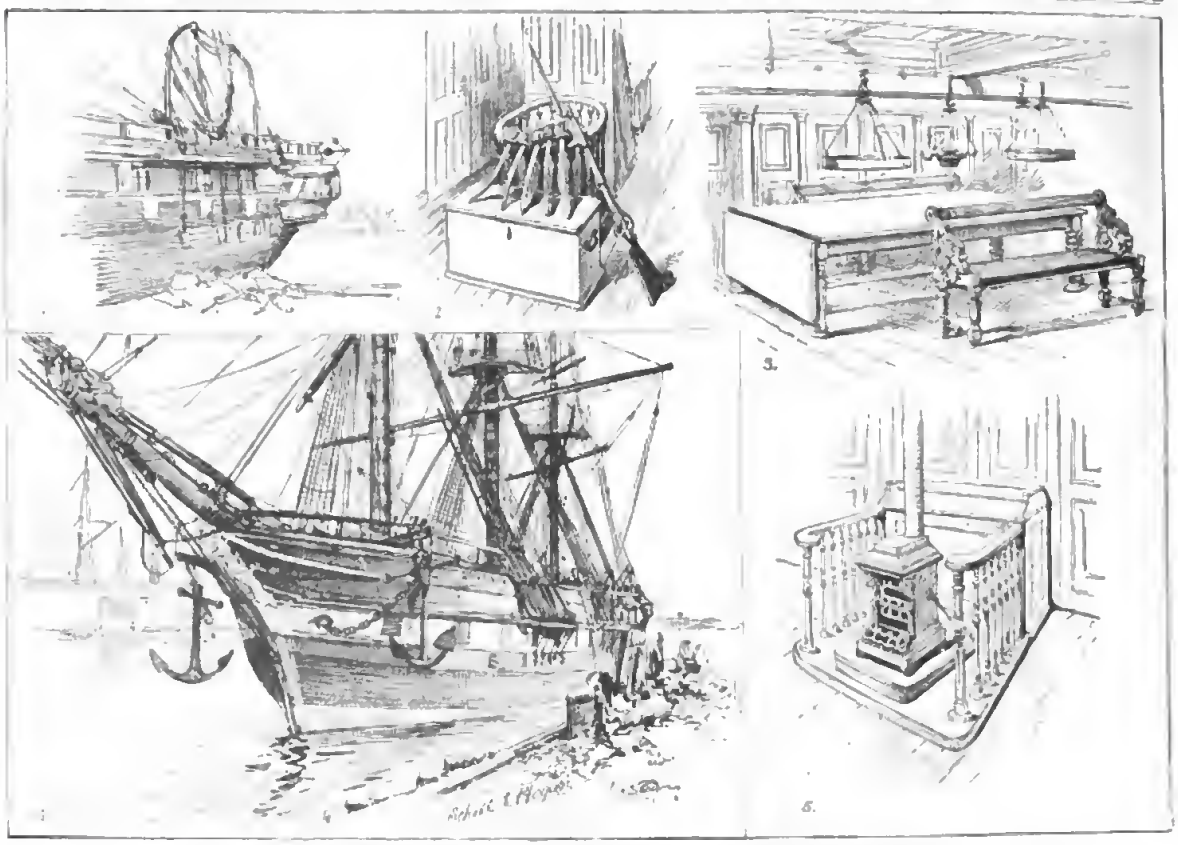
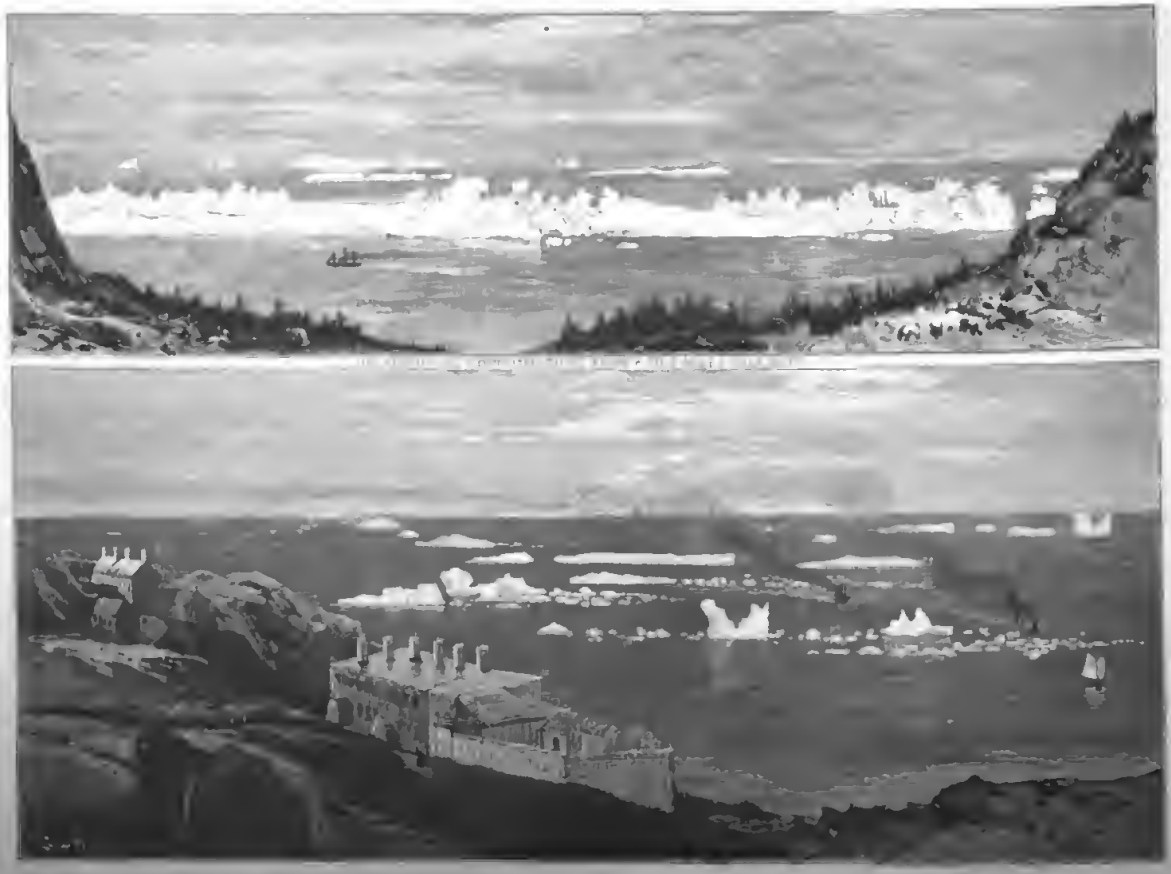


THE OLD BRITISH FRIGATE "THE SHANNON."—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 653.]

1. Part of the Stern. 2. Old Cutlasses and Musket. 3. Part of the Cabin, with the original Table. 4. Present appearance of the Vessel. 5. Stove, etc.



ICEBERGS OFF THE HARBOR OF ST JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND.—From Sketches by J. W. Hayward.—[See Page 653.]

THE LATE JOHN W. GARRETT.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST.—[SEE PAGE 649.]

THE HON. W. Q. GRESHAM, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL.—[SEE PAGE 649.]

THE LATE SEABURY BREWSTER.

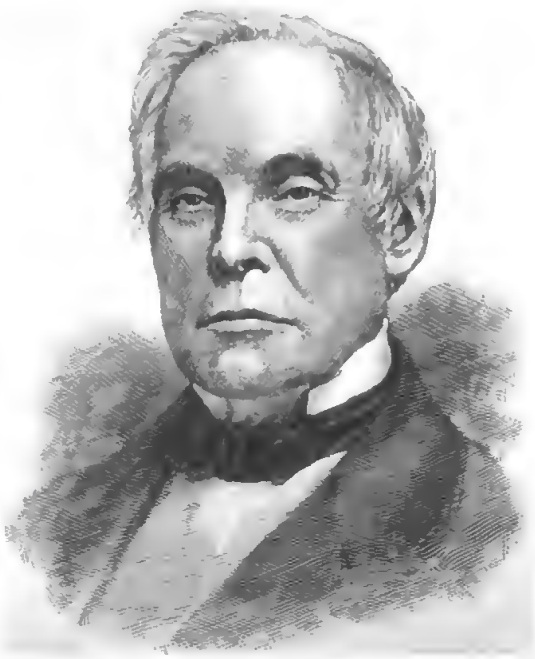
GUESTS of the New York Hotel during the last thirty years did not fail to notice an old resident of the place whom the proprietor, the clerks, and the habitues were wont to treat with manifest respect, and whom the breakfast hour always saw seated in front of a simple bowl of porridge and milk. It was generally understood that the venerable, smooth faced, gray-haired gentleman was rich, wifeless, and childless; but a favorite orphan often appeared with him, and the companionship of excellent fellows was his daily pleasure. On the way into the dining room he always took his old high hat with him, and placed it on a chair next to his own, afraid that if left on the rack in the hall it would be stolen. One day, after winning a new hat on a wager, he put the shining possession in the usual place, where a neighbor inadvertently sat upon it. Mr. SEABURY BREWSTER bore his misfortune without repining, and the next morning appeared again with the old hat that had been his friend for twenty years or less.

His habits were as regular as clock-work. At 8.30 o'clock he would make his appearance in the breakfast-room, talking in a voice loud enough to be heard by every other guest present, and by 9.30 o'clock he was on his way down town to Nos. 627 and 629 Broadway, the marble-fronted five-story buildings that for many years have remained untenanted. Mr. BREWSTER's reason for not renting them was that the price he had fixed was higher than business men could afford to pay, and as he would not let them for less, he had to allow them to stand unoccupied. He had an office there, and managed his real estate interests daily. At noon a hot luncheon was sent to him from the hotel.

He never lounged about the hotel in the day-time, but at seven o'clock in the evening was seen regularly reading his favorite afternoon paper. An editor of a rival paper once said, jocosely, "You would rent your buildings if you advertised in my paper." "Oh!" replied the veteran, "the paper I read is the only respectable paper in the city of New York. If I had daughters, I would never let any other paper come into my house."

His favorite topic of conversation with young men whom he met for the first time was, "Have you a bank account?" On one occasion he put the question to a well-known New-Yorker, twenty-five years of age, who was boarding at the same hotel. "No, sir, I haven't," was the reply. "Then, my friend, take my advice: instead of the thirty odd dollars a week you are spending here, devote ten dollars a week elsewhere, and put the remaining twenty in bank, and in five years you will thank me for this advice." Sometimes Mr. BREWSTER offered to start a deposit account for a promising young man if the latter would agree to keep adding to it, and thus was laid the foundation of more than one fortune.

Mr BREWSTER died of Bright's disease, on Saturday morning, September 20, in his eighty-third year, after a very painful illness of two weeks, which was borne with great patience and courage. His property goes to his nephew, Mr WILLIAM E BREWSTER. He will be greatly missed and mourned by hundreds whose lives he brightened.



THE LATE SEABURY BREWSTER.—FROM A CRAYON PORTRAIT.

THE LATE JERRY McAULEY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WARREN & CO.—[SEE PAGE 652.]

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Breezie Langton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN UGLY OPENING.

Cuthbert Elliston has returned from Newmarket by no means the better either in temper or pocket for the excursion. The successes of last year so far show no signs of being repeated, and although there is plenty of time yet before the termination of the year's racing for fortune to turn, Elliston feels unaccountably nervous and uneasy about the future. He can not divest himself of the idea that Gerald is destined to work his ruin. He has been perilously near that consummation upon more than one occasion, and looked it unflinchingly in the face, extricating himself from his difficulties by some not very scrupulous piece of audacity; but, like all gamblers, he was superstitious. All racing men know what it is to "strike a streak of bad luck." Now there are times when it seems impossible for them to win, do what they may, and they are all prone to account for it by some adverse influence. One well-known owner of an extensive training establishment I remember, who firmly believed there would be no luck attend his jacket if the silk was out of the exact hue. A shade too dark or too light he believed to be fatal, and the material was invariably procured from a particular shop in Paris.

We all know how a jockey loves, if possible, in a big race, to don an old jacket for luck—to wear at Epsom the garment in which he has already snatched the Blue Riband for his employer. Cuthbert Elliston could not shake off the feeling that Gerald in the saddle meant disaster to him—Elliston. His letters lie by his plate unopened, and his tea is still untouched, as he moodily turns over the pages of a small morocco-bound volume which contains the records of the past week's transactions. Does the Recording Angel keep a grimmer ledger than those dainty little books present at times for some of us? I trow not.

"Yes, I've a good bit of money to find for this afternoon," he muttered, "and I ought to have been a winner, too; but my luck's clean out. They always run good seconds when I back them; whenever I see that young whelp's black face I know I shan't do right. Who the devil could have thought when I hurled that taunt at him at Cranley, and recommended him to turn pad-groom or gamekeeper, that he would take to race riding for his living, and that Bill Greyson, of all men, should be the one to give him his first mount, and that it should be on a horse of mine! Now for these," and he turned to his letters. "Hum! 'In great want of money—begs to forward his Michaelmas account,' as if there ever was any one who wasn't in great want of money. 'Will I put young Rattleton up for the Pantheon?' Well, I suppose I must. It won't matter; supercilious young beast! I'll take very good care he don't get in. 'Pibroch is galloping great guns; keep your eye on him at Goodwood. They mean business with him in one of the handicaps.—Yours truly, Joe Stubbs.' He's a sharp fellow in his vocation, Stubbs, and his hint's worth attending to. I suppose my cursed cousin will have the mount. Ah! what the deuce can this blue envelope, addressed in such formal handwriting, mean? Looks rather like a lawyer's letter; postmark, York. It isn't Pearson's handwriting. I mistrust such documents;" and as he spoke he tore open the letter.

"Parliament Street, York.

"Dear Sir,—As I am authorized by Gerald Rockingham to administer the estate of his father, the late Alister Rockingham, I must call your attention to sundry bills of yours, long since due, amounting, with interest thereon at five per cent., to an aggregate of £6817. I inclose particulars of the dates of the said bills, and their several amounts, and shall be glad of a remittance for their liquidation at your earliest convenience.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"Theophilus Writson."

Cuthbert Elliston gives vent to so savage an execration as he finishes this missive that his wife can not help exclaiming, "You have had news, Cuthbert."

"Yes," he retorts, roughly; "one don't invoke such blessings as I have just done over pleasant communications."

But Mrs. Elliston was too weather-wise to pursue the conversation. She knew her lord's face far too well. The glass had shown unmistakable signs of depression as he pondered over his betting-book, and had now dropped to "set stormy." To carry on the metaphor, experience had taught Mrs. Elliston the wisdom of running before the gale, and, without further questioning, she quietly beat a retreat.

"I knew that boy was destined to be my evil star," muttered Elliston. "So, though he never alluded to them, Alister never destroyed those bills; and now they have fallen into Gerald's hands, who is not likely to imitate his father's forbearance. How they have mounted up to that infernal compound interest—trust a lawyer for having computed them at that—and some of them have been running a good bit now; almost past the Statute of Limi——," he continued, with a cynical smile, "it may be quite. I don't know whether I can't dispute them. I must see Pearson about them. I don't pay close on £7000 if I can help it. They think I'm in funds now; that I had a good year last year. So I had; but it was a more up and down one than people fancied. If I won a good stake over Caterham for the Guineas, I lost a raker over him for the Derby. The world always trumpets a man's winnings, and, as a rule, magnifies them; but, like himself, it is mute about his losings. It wasn't till Phaeton won the Leger I made a real haul; and this season has knocked a good deal of it down."

Elliston was so far right. A man's reverses on the turf are talked about in absurd disproportion to his winnings. Apropos to this, I knew a man who dated his ruin from landing £3000 over Gladiateur's Derby. "I got the credit of having won ten," he would murmur, plaintively; "and every one I owed money to—and they were many—thought the time for cutting up the victim had arrived; that he would never wax fatter. Telling them the real state of the case, and that I dropped two-thirds of it again, entirely in their interests, at Ascot, only occasioned derisive incredulity, and they went for the carcass like the vultures of the East. They smashed me, and benefited themselves but little."

Elliston rapidly made up his mind that on the matter of those bills it was necessary that he should have his partner's advice. Pearson had not directly benefited by them, though, as he had managed the raising money to meet them for the late Squire when they became due, it is quite possible that he had fairish pickings out of the transaction. Sam Pearson had seen more than one sporting spendthrift through his patrimony, and, whatever they might do, he apparently throve upon it. "Go to Pearson; he'll see you through it; he never makes difficulties!" was quite a stereotyped cry amongst the impecunious of Yorkshire; and it was quite true, as long as there was any security, Pearson would and did find the money at very short notice, but the victims themselves hardly liked to allude to the price they paid for it. "Going to Pearson" was, indeed, usually the beginning of the end.

Elliston determined that he would run up to York. To-day he had to attend at Tattersall's, for he was a man who never employed commissioners, but did his own betting transactions, but to-morrow he would be off to consult Pearson. They could run over to Riddleton, too, have a look at the horses, and a talk with Bill Greyson. If these bills really had to be met, it would be necessary to go for a coup at Goodwood. He telegraphed to Pearson to say he was leaving town by the mid-day train, and asking that worthy to give him bed and dinner. The lawyer was used to such sudden visits on the part of his partner, and was quite prepared to welcome him—had thought, indeed, that he would probably turn up that week, if only to assist at the council of war which must be inevitably held concerning the great Sussex meeting. As you keep race-horses and gamble not for the prizes at Goodwood, what are you to play for? Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, Doncaster, and York are the battle-fields of the big men, who leave the gate-money meetings and the provinces for the smaller fry.

"And now, Pearson, I have got a little matter of my own I want to consult you about," said Elliston, after discussing a quiet little dinner with his partner, and then he showed him Mr. Writson's letter. "Now these bills, you see, amount to a pretty stiff sum, and legally, I presume, they can't recover on them. Alister, of course, met them when they became due, and that cancelled them."

"Yes; they were met, I remember perfectly well, and that Writson can't take proceedings against you on these he knows as well as I do. They resolve themselves simply into a debt due by you to Alister Rockingham, and these bills being found amongst his papers testify to its never having been paid. Morally, I suppose you ought to pay it to his creditors or his son, more especially as his family is left so poorly off. Legally, you are safe, but socially it might prove a formidable weapon in the hands of any one of sufficient status to use it effectively. This boy Gerald is too young, and is in no position to wield it, but if some of his father's old friends should take it up, they might make things very unpleasant for you."

Cuthbert Elliston was quite aware that his present position in the world was much too shaky to bear being further compromised. Society is lenient in the extreme concerning turf tactics, will shut its eyes to much sharp practice in such matters, but Elliston had been mixed up in some two or three affairs that were voted too bad for even the easy turf morality of the present day. Old Lord Whitby, a stanch racing man of the old school, had even gone so far on one occasion as to declare that "the fellow ought to be warned off the Heath, and that it was like his confounded impudence to show his face in the Royal Inclosure, under the very noses of the Jockey Club, after such a disgraceful fraud as that Calliope business."

Elliston knew that there had been much commiseration expressed for Alister Rockingham's sad ending, and that had the world an inkling of how much he, Cuthbert, had had to do with it, public opinion would run high against him.

"Yes," he replied at last, "I suppose they could; but I don't fancy Gerald is known to, or, at all events, remembered by, any of them. They are not likely to discover him under his present alias, and the young beggar's pride will prevent him disclosing his real name."

"Don't deceive yourself," returned the attorney, quietly. "The leaking out that Jim Forrest and Gerald Rockingham are one is only a matter of time. All such things are. Suppose old Whitby took him up, and then came to know of these bills?"

"Confound it! I'm not in a position to stand another show up, and old Whitby was more strong than polite in his expressed opinion about that Calliope business. Talked about a gentleman's obligations not being on the same level as a leg's, etc. Old fool! As if I kept horses for his gratification or the public's."

"Very good. I think you're right when you admit that the story of these bills is an ugly anecdote to have in circulation about one."

"Perhaps so," rejoined Elliston, irritably, "but I'm not going to pay close on seven thousand pounds for its suppression, all the same."

"No. I don't propose you shall. You must put yourself in my hands, and see what sort of a compromise I can arrange with Writson. He knows very well he can hope for nothing more, and I dare say a couple of thousand would settle the thing comfortably."

"One is quite enough to pay for such waste paper as that," returned Elliston, sullenly.

Pearson looked at his partner with almost a contemptuous expression for a moment, and then said: "Of course you know best what your position is worth. What I, Sam Pearson, the racing money-lending attorney, do, matters little. The world regards me as a compound of leg and money-lender, but even I haven't got quite such an awkward story on record against me as yours.

"Never mind," he continued, rapidly, seeing Elliston was about to speak, "I'll drive the best bargain I can for you, and then it will rest for yourself as to whether you take it or leave it. By-the-way, I'd not forget one thing, if I were you. Forrest, as he calls himself, is now engaged to Sir Marmaduke, and he stands, rumor has it, pretty stanchly to his followers."

"Why, you don't mean to hint that he would take him up as Gerald Rockingham?" ejaculated Elliston. "He's an old friend of Alister's."

"No. But from what I've seen of him, he's just the man to do it, and that he will find out who his jockey really is, I regard as a certainty sooner or later."

"Well, it's no use discussing an unpleasant subject further," growled Elliston. "To-morrow we'll drive over to Riddleton, and hear what old Bill's got to say."

CHAPTER XXIV.

LEADING A RACE-HORSE.

"She's a monstrous pretty girl, that daughter of Greyson's," remarked Elliston to his companion as they rattled along the road that led from the quiet little country station up to the farm-house that lay nestling among the fir-trees on the edge of the moor; "and as vain and pleased with flattery as any other of her sex, I take it."

"Yes; they're all much of a muchness in that way," replied Pearson. "She inherits her good looks from her mother; and Mrs. Greyson is insatiable as regards compliments on her personal appearance, you know well."

Elliston smiled. He had been a lady-killer in his day, and was by no means out of the hunt yet. A tall, fine-looking man, even if the dark hair was shot with silver. Mrs. Greyson had always shown much gratification at the airy incense it amused the ex-Guardsman to burn at her shrine; but whether she would appreciate his extending his admiration to her daughter was very questionable. Coquettish mothers seldom admire that attribute in their daughters, and are apt to accuse them of it even when there is no cause.

"Maybe's dangerous about a racing stable," continued the attorney, sententiously. "They wheedle information out of soft-hearted pumpkins out of sheer devilment, and then some limber-tongued scamp wheedles it out of them; the hat's in the fire, and we're all in 'the cart.' Not that Bill Greyson's likely to trust his womankind with much knowledge, however they may hunger to nibble at the tree."

Mr. Pearson's last speech was somewhat enigmatical, except in its conclusion, and in that the attorney was to some extent mistaken. The trainer was more open with his wife and daughter than Mr. Pearson supposed.

"No," replied Cuthbert; "but here we are, and there he is, all ready, no doubt, to unfold his budget. How are you, Greyson? Hope the nags look as fit as you do. As for you, Mrs. Greyson, you stopped Time's clock on the day I first saw you. How are you, Dollie? You grow prettier, child, every time I see you. What are the young fellows in York about," he continued, dropping his voice, "that they ever let you come back to Riddleton? Why, I dropped into your uncle's shop last night on the chance of seeing you, expecting to find a knot of youngsters running themselves in gloves for the sake of your *beaux yeux*."

"Ba!" laughed Dollie; "you see *he* doesn't happen to be in York just now; so I thought I might as well come home," and the girl gave a coquettish toss of her head that was promptly taken note of by Mrs. Greyson.

"Her mother's own daughter," thought Elliston.

"I hope he is thoroughly eligible," said Cuthbert, smiling, "or else, Dollie, I shall feel it my duty to forbid the banns."

"Why, what have you to do with it?" asked the girl, demurely.

"Everything! Haven't I been in love with you from your cradle? and you don't suppose I'll give you up if I don't approve? And I shall be hard to satisfy that any one is quite good enough for you."

"Ah! but that is a question that more nearly concerns me," returned Dollie, "and is a point on which I intend to judge for myself when the time comes;" and as she spoke she wondered what Mr. Elliston would say had he the slightest idea of her engagement to Gerald.

"You've come over to settle what I'd best take to Goodwood, I suppose," said the trainer. "I've eased Caterham in his work lately so that he won't be at concert pitch if you even decide to send him."

"I think he had better go," replied Elliston, meditatively. "We can't keep horses to look at; but we'll talk about that presently," and he glanced significantly toward Mrs. Greyson.

The trainer quietly telegraphed to his wife, who, murmuring something about seeing after the luncheon, left the room, accompanied by Dollie.

"Yes," chimed in Pearson, "a gallop at Goodwood will do the horse good, and we needn't back him, you know. How's the Dancing Master?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Elliston. "I little knew what a flyer I was giving you when I told you you should have him if he won the 'Guineas.' You will have a shy with him at Goodwood, I suppose?"

"No, sir," replied the trainer, quietly, "I think not. The colt never was better; but the fact is, gentlemen, I daren't show him. You know what he is. He ran away with the Two Thousand, and refused to try a yard at Epsom. He would probably do the latter again at Goodwood, and as my object is to sell him, the less he is seen on a race-course, the better."

"Quite right," grinned Elliston. "He is a sort that will break two or three owners before some one has the common-sense to shoot and bury him. Now to what we really are concerned about. Phaeton, I fancy, ought to have a chance in one of the big handicaps. It depends, of course, upon what they put him in at; but his one performance was winning the Leger. He's all right, eh?"

"Yes," answered the trainer, slowly, "he's right enough; but a Leger's a Leger, and I don't think they are likely to give him a very 'gaudy chance'."

"Phaeton is a horse," observed Elliston, sententiously, "that can carry weight well, and, like many another good horse, can do a big thing over a short distance. I want to win a good stake, and we shall not be able to get a long price about the horse if he should tickle the public fancy. My idea is that in this case he will not. They are pretty sure to think he has too much weight assigned him for one thing, and as a Leger winner consider staying his *forte* for another. They are not likely to back him over one of these short-distance handicaps. We might pick up a lot of money with him over the Stewards' Cup if the handicapper should prove good-natured."

"Well, sir, that's all simple enough. The horse had better go to Goodwood, and whether he is worth backing or not, we shall know when we see the weights."

"That's settled, then," said Pearson; "and as for the young ones, they must, of course, go and do the best they can; but I'm afraid our two-year-olds this year might be briefly summed up as rubbish."

"There's a race in one or two of them," replied the trainer, "but they are not much good; and if they do win, it will only be because the others are precious bad."

"You haven't had an offer, then, yet for the Dancing Master, eh?" inquired Pearson.

"No, I can't altogether say I have, sir. Bob Broughton's been a-nibbling at him, but of course that wouldn't be for himself, and who he's acting for I can't exactly make out, but I'm given to understand I shall hear more about it at Goodwood; bound to, if it's a bid worth having," continued the trainer, with a quiet smile. "A young gentleman with a brand-new jacket, and mad to see his colors first past the post at Doncaster, is the sort of customer I want. Lord, Mr. Elliston, what sums we have seen young gentlemen give for a horse to win a Derby or Leger with!"

"He's not a horse I should care to buy, Greyson," said the attorney, "but I shall trust him with a little money if he runs for the St. Leger. It's the only way to deal with animals like that. Their precious tempers insure there always being a longish price against them, and they seldom go sick or sorry, and one never can tell they may not take it into their heads to run clean away with a race."

"Backing the zero at roulette I know has a fascination for some people, but I should have thought, Sam, it was a weakness that you, at all events, had got over. Greyson's a better judge, and knows he can't be rid of the Dancing Master too soon. Now give us some lunch and a glass of dry sherry in which to drink good luck to ourselves all round at Goodwood, and then I must be off. I want to get back to town to-night."

Always a sanguine man in his racing speculations, Elliston had never been gayer than he was over that lunch. He had that unaccountable, unnatural hilarity which our Scotch neighbors call "fey," which is always held presage of some great disaster—a decorous edition of the Feast of Belshazzar, and on which the writing on the wall is invisible, as it was ages ago to the Eastern potentate. He complimented Mrs. Greyson, joked Dollie about what he considered that mythical York lover, promised her a bracelet if Phaeton won the Stewards' Cup, smacked his lips over a glass of Curaçoa, and then lighting one of Bill Greyson's best Cabanas, with an airy wave of his hand to his wife and daughter, sped southward to the lists on the Sussex Downs as blithely as Ivanhoe to those of Ashby.

The last days of July are come, the sweets and bitters of the season have been drained to the dregs. Unwilling milliners have been coaxed into throwing yet more bread upon the troubled waters, and furnish unmarried beauty with armor for a final appearance in the *mêlée*. That gallant and light-hearted band of society's darlings who think that their bills at Mitchell's, dinners at Long's, accounts for broughams, gloves, bouquets, and every other of the *menus plaisirs* that it is possible to have "put down," are to be settled by successful racing speculation, have "pulled themselves together" for the Sussex fortnight. "Just

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 14[illegible].

clear the slate off a bit, old chappie, and then we can go and shoot grouse with a clear conscience." They don't do it, but how delicious that spring-time of youth is when it all looks feasible! Later on we know what playing for the last stake comes to, and can see the fatal deuce ace, "the dog's throw," before the dice have left the box.

Two notable things characterized the turf market at the opening of the Goodwood Meeting. One was a strong disposition to back the Dancing Master for the Leger, emanating, the Ring declared, from nobody knew whom—certainly not from the stable, as those connected with the horse simply derided the idea of supporting him. Bob Broughton certainly seemed to think it worth his while to take a thousand to eighty occasionally; but Bob was known to be a speculative backer at times, as well as book-maker, to say nothing of having countless commissions on hand.

Another thing was that the gambling on the Stewards' Cup promised to surpass all precedent. Sir Marmaduke and his followers kept on backing Pibroch as if his defeat was impossible, and all racing men concurred that he was very favorably weighted, but still many thought that the race was by no means a gift to him. Several other horses were strongly fancied by their respective partisans, and, amongst others, the small coterie usually associated with Bill Greyson's "good things" were very pronounced in their support of Phaeton. Still, there was nobody who bet on the large scale of Sir Marmaduke and his immediate followers, and old racing men stood aghast at the way the Baronet would fill up three or four pages of his betting book in as many minutes when he really was sweet upon his chance.

With regard to the first of these mild mystifications, the following record of a conversation that took place between Sir Marmaduke and old Bill Greyson, in a pretty little cottage at Singleton, a hamlet about a mile from the Grand Stand, may afford some explanation:

"Broughton tells me you want to see me, Sir Marmaduke," said the trainer, as he entered the quiet little dining room, in which it was evident the Baronet had eaten a solitary dinner.

"Sit down, Mr Greyson," he began with. "Yes, I do want to see you," he continued, as the trainer complied. "Broughton tells me the Dancing Master is for sale, to a price. Can you warrant him sound?"

"I never warrant a horse, Sir Marmaduke; but he is sound in wind and limb, and any veterinary surgeon you choose to name is welcome to look him over."

The Baronet lit a fresh cigarette, and then said, carelessly, "What do you want for him?"

"Ten thousand," rejoined the trainer, gravely.

"I should doubt your getting that," rejoined Sir Marmaduke; "at all events, it's beyond my mark."

"And yet rumor says you gave that sum for Bushranger, who didn't win the Two Thousand, while my horse did," observed Greyson.

"Which only shows I paid too much for Bushranger," replied the Baronet, by no means to be thrown off his *sang froid* even by so old a hand as the Riddleton trainer. "I am anxious to avoid a repetition of that mistake. Now your horse has a temper unmistakably, and that knocks money off him. Never mind fencing; in one word, what's the lowest will buy him?"

Bill Greyson looked at the Baronet with no little inward astonishment; the *insouciant* young gentleman was outside his experience. Most of the neophytes with whom he had had to deal were enthusiastic, sanguine, and utterly blind to the spots in the sun of their desires.

"Yes, Sir Marmaduke," he said at last; "he has a temper, and if it wasn't for that, I wouldn't 'bate a pound, as I honestly believe him to be the best three-year-old I ever trained. One word, as you say, and have done with it. He's yours for nine thousand; and that's the last I have to say about it."

"Won't suit, Greyson," replied the Baronet, promptly, as he lit another cigarette. "Wait a moment while I think it out, and I'll tell you what will." A pause of two or three minutes, and then he continued: "I won't buy; but I tell you what I'll do. I'll lease the Dancing Master for the remainder of this year and the next; the horse to revert to you again then. Terms, five thousand pounds, and half of every stake he wins. He will be a rare good horse to you under those conditions, if he takes it into his head to run honest, and quite bad enough one to me if he don't."

"It's a bargain, Sir Marmaduke," replied Greyson; "and a liberal one on your side, I'm bound to confess. I'll send for the horse at once, and hand him over to Pipes."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," replied Sir Marmaduke; "that's by no means part of my scheme. I want him to remain under your charge, and no one to know that the horse has changed hands. You understand?"

"I think so," replied the trainer. "You can make more money out of him, Sir Marmaduke, if he is not known to be yours. He's to do his best for the Leger, of course?"

"The best we can make him. You can have a little of my book if you take further interest in him. Forrest, the boy who rode him in the Two Thousand, as you know, I have now first call of. I shall give him the mount at Doncaster; the colt seems to run better in his hands than any one's."

"It's awkward, Sir Marmaduke, but my employers insist that Jim Forrest does no more riding for Riddleton, and I've my own reasons for not wishing him about my place myself."

"Odd, that," replied the Baronet. "I should have thought he did you all a good turn at Newmarket; and he can ride, mind you. Now, Greyson," he said, rather sharply, "if our bargain holds good, whom I put up is nothing to you or your employers. He rides my horse, which you train, and he need never come near Riddleton."

The trainer thought for a moment, and then said: "You're right, Sir Marmaduke, he's my horse even if you cry off your bargain, and I've a right to give the mount on him for the Leger to whom I like. All right; I'll do my very best to send him to Doncaster fit. In whose hands you put him for the race will be, of course, no affair of mine; but Forrest knows him, and from what I hear and have seen he's quite good enough."

"All right," replied the Baronet. "Remember the Dancing Master's not wanted till the Leger, and I shall conclude he's going on perfectly well unless I hear from you to the contrary. As for the money, just send me a memorandum of where you want it paid."

Never had Sir Marmaduke and the reckless spirits that followed his lead had a more successful time than that Goodwood week. The cruel fortune that had stuck like a burr to Mr Pipes's stable all through the spring seemed to have departed. Luck had turned at Ascot, and it now seemed as if they could do no wrong. Captain Farrington gravely affirmed that he was getting tired of winning—a very rash assertion to indulge in with Brighton and Lewes, with their wondrous facility for dissipating Goodwood gains, yet to come. The Stewards' Cup had confirmed Sir Marmaduke's judgment, resulting in a tremendous finish between Phaeton and Pibroch, who came clean away from their field, and in which, after a ding-dong struggle, Jim Forrest just contrived to squeeze the Baronet's horse home by a head. This brilliant piece of riding at once established him in the front rank of the profession, for he was pitted against no boy, but a skilled horseman, and it was generally conceded by all race-goers that the slightest error in judgment on Forrest's part would have caused the head to be given the other way.

Cuthbert Elliston cursed the Stewards' Cup and Jim Forrest with a vindictive earnestness that made his partner stare. Small chance now of redeeming those cancelled bills unless they were appraised at a very slender value, while his superstition about the bad luck Gerald's appearance heralded was more confirmed than ever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE "SHANNON."

The presence of the famous old war vessel *Shannon* in the port of New York revives memories of her great duel with the *Chesapeake* seventy years and more ago. Like a renowned war-horse sold to drag a huckster's cart, she no longer appears as a frigate, but as a humble carrier of oil to England, and of chalk to the United States. Yet those aged men who remember the battle fought in their boyhood off Cape Ann, when Lawrence was carried below with his death-wound, uttering his immortal "Don't give up the ship," might easily recognize in this powerful trader the lines of the frigate that earned for Broke great renown among British sailors.

Many excuses were given by our ancestors of 1813 for the defeat of the *Chesapeake*, and it is undoubtedly true that her crew was not then as fit as usual to meet the *Shannon*. But the real explanation of the result of the battle is Broke's excellent seamanship. He was one of the few British captains who insisted on the careful gunnery practice which American commanders almost invariably exacted of their men, and victory in a challenge fight hardly less renowned in that day than the duel of the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama* in ours, was the splendid reward of his exertions.

JERRY McAULEY.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D.

The Broadway Tabernacle in all its history never contained a more remarkable gathering than that which crowded its pews and aisles on a recent Sunday afternoon at the funeral service of Jerry McAuley. In that company were some of the most prominent clergymen of the city, some of its best-known philanthropists, many of its most active Christian workers, hundreds of members of its most respectable churches, and an immense crowd of "the common people," which surged out into the passages of the building and covered the sidewalks of the street. Who was this man to whose name and work so many people from the different walks of life among us thus united to do honor? We have seen similar sights not unfrequently in these later years in our city, as when a political leader like Thurlow Weed, or a valiant war Governor like Morgan, or a princely giver like Dodge, was carried out for burial. But this man had no such claim as any one of these to the recognition of the people. His sole distinction was—and it is not without its own significance in these days of intellectual skepticism—that he had been rescued through faith that is in Christ from a terrible degradation, and had given the remainder of his life most successfully in the work of saving others from similar destruction: a great sinner saved by that Gospel which is "the power of God," and gratefully and successfully giving his life to labor for the salvation of the class to which he formerly belonged—that was all. But the funeral of such a man was enough to stir the heart of our city as it is stirred only when some prince and great man among us has passed away. Surely that is a fact worthy to be much pondered, and fraught with many lessons to the whole community.

The history of Jerry McAuley is soon told. Born in Ireland, and the son of a counterfeiter, whose very calling was a crime, he received no school education, but grew up in ignorance and carelessness. When he was thirteen years old he was sent to this country, and put under the charge of a married sister, but he speedily became involved with evil associates, and at the age of nineteen was sentenced to the State-prison for fifteen years. Curiously enough, though he had done sufficient to deserve this punishment, he was not really guilty of the crime of which he was thus convicted, and that fact infused an element of bitterness into his soul which disposed him for a time to turn against everything which is good. But the visit to the prison of one whom he had known as a criminal like himself, and who now told the story of his conversion in such a way as to give the impression that it was undoubtedly sincere, produced a change in his feelings, and ultimately led to what he believed to be his own transformation. After serving seven years and a half in prison he was set at liberty by the pardon of the Governor, and for a time he sought to lead a reputable Christian life; but finding it almost impossible to breast the difficulties with which as a discharged convict he had to contend, he fell again into evil company, and became a river thief, so that, as he used to say himself, he was "everything that was bad except a murderer, and he had been that too, in his heart."

But he was not too low to be reclaimed. At this time he was found and taken by the hand by the missionary of the Howard Mission, and at length, as the result of the kindly and judicious treatment of those connected with that institution, and especially of him who has so long been at its head, he was led into stability and earnestness of character, and encouraged to enter upon the work with which now his name will be most closely identified.

The life which he had led gave him special adaptation for working among the criminal portion of the population, and accordingly, in October, 1872, the Water Street Mission was set on foot, and Jerry, and his wife Maria, who has been all through his true yoke-fellow in the work, were installed as its agents. Here for ten years he labored night after night, and week after week, in the blessed work of seeking and saving that which is lost. There was a great opportunity, but there were many adversaries, yet Jerry was never daunted. Bravely, patiently, and with unflagging perseverance he held on, and almost every night he was permitted to rejoice over some sinners that repented. A year or two ago he began to feel it borne in upon his heart that he should do something for the "up-town sinners," as he called them, and as the result, he gave up the Water Street Mission to other hands, and was installed, along with his faithful wife, in the Cremorne Mission, at the corner of Thirty-second Street and Sixth Avenue. In this room, which had formerly been a vile resort, the scenes of the Water Street Mission were nightly repeated, and many of the lowest and vilest sinners were reclaimed.

If it be asked how all this has been accomplished, there is but one answer, namely, by the power of the Holy Ghost through the personal testimony borne by Jerry and those who were converted by his instrumentality. There was no unusual ability about him. To the last, indeed, notwithstanding all that the Gospel had done for him, he carried many of the marks of his old life, and was far from being either well read or highly intelligent. He did not lay claim to any of these qualities. All he did was to tell the simple story of his own experience, and to declare that no one needed to despair after him. His one great message was, in the words of Paul: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief. Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might show forth all longsuffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe." He believed that "we are saved by hope," and he held up his own case to inspire hope even in the vilest of the vile, and to encourage them also to put to the test that salvation which had been so efficacious for him. These personal testimonies given both by himself and those converted through his agency were the special features of his meetings, and in these was the hiding of their power. It is impossible to tell how many were benefited through these simple agencies, but the testimony of Dr. McArthur to the steadfastness of the converts received into his church from the McAuley missions could be confirmed by other pastors in the city. In the crowd that thronged the church on the occasion of his funeral there were many who could call him their spiritual father, while among those who filled the street outside, the poor man mentioned by the New York *Herald* as wishing to send in his little bouquet of flowers to be laid upon the coffin was not the only one who could have said that "he owed everything under God to Jerry."

The lessons of such a life are not far to seek. For one thing, it gives new emphasis to the words of the Apostle: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." They say that the quinine tree grows hard by the marsh that generates malaria, the antidote being provided to meet the bane, and it is not a little striking that in these days of pretentious agnosticism and destructive materialism we should have brought into prominence among us the successes of Moody and McAuley, and others like them, to remind us that the Gospel succeeds in accomplishing that which neither of the others even attempts.

For another thing, this life illustrates how much even a very poorly furnished man can do when he gives himself up to the doing of it with God. As St. Theresa said long ago, when she was about to build a hospital, and had only three halfpence to begin upon, "Theresa and three halfpence are nothing, but God and three halfpence are incalculable." That is the true spirit of consecration, and that Jerry McAuley very fully manifested. Sixteen years ago there were few in the city less likely to be of any service to anybody than was he, and yet what a service in these intervening years he rendered to multitudes!

What shall be done with his mission is to us at the present writing unknown. But the inscription on the monument of the Wesleys in Westminster Abbey is as true as ever—"God buries the workers, but He carries on the work." We may be sure, therefore, that in some way it shall be perpetuated, but whatever its future history may be, the name of Jerry McAuley will always be associated with it, and will come to be linked with that of John Newton as a striking illustration of the text, "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."

A MONSTER ICEBERG.

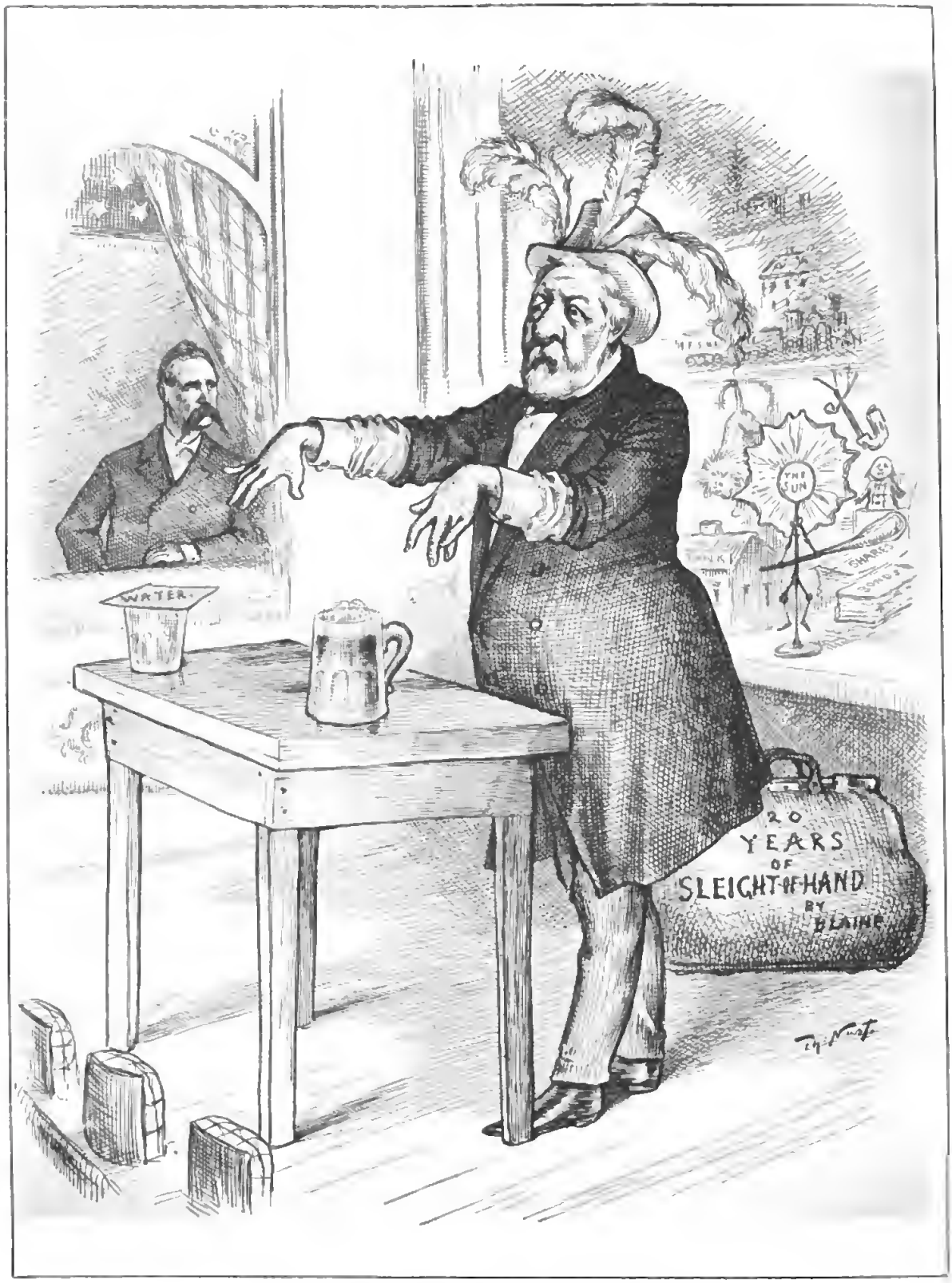
To the average conception there is nothing much more solid than a mass of ice hundreds of feet in thickness and miles in area, resting in a land where the mercury rarely rises above freezing point, and hidden down out of sight for ten months of the year. Yet it is chiefly from masses of this kind and under these conditions that the icebergs come which start from Greenland, and float southward across the track of our Atlantic steamers. The interior of Greenland is covered with precipitous mountain ranges, down whose sides extend vast glaciers, reaching from the summits, in the region of perpetual snow, to the shores of the wild seas that wash the coasts. These glaciers, in appearance as immovable as crystal rocks, are in reality streams of ice gliding imperceptibly along their beds in unswerving obedience to laws substantially the same as those which govern the flow of the Amazon beneath the skies of the tropics. Decade by decade the mighty current sweeps relentlessly to the sea, pushing its huge head into the surrounding water, as the Mississippi forces its yellow lines to the limits of its delta. And as the extended current of the Mississippi is caught by the cross current of the ocean and borne along the bed of the Gulf, the farthest portions of the ice streams are carried by the wider ocean currents. There is something fascinating in the knowledge that in the remote gorges of Greenland, where human life is literally impossible, the same forces are at work in the same way as in the glacial period over the wide area of northern Europe and what is now the continent of North America.

But what is now of more immediate interest is the fact that at this moment one of the largest masses of ice detached from one of the Greenland glaciers has taken up its southern voyage, and, accompanied by numerous smaller ones, is steadily approaching the track of the Atlantic steamers. Our artist at St. John's, Newfoundland, sends us a sketch of this "monster," as it was seen on the 9th of September from the signal station ten miles northeast of that point. The "monster" is estimated by the trained observers of the station to be from six to eight miles in length, of varying height and breadth. It is doubtless the same that was seen and reported by Lieutenant Greely's party in higher latitudes. On the same day there were observed from St. John's at one view fifty-one icebergs, following irregularly in the wake of the "monster," though it is quite unusual to see any at that season of the year. It is calculated that these icebergs will be on the ocean ferry track some time within the next three weeks, according to the direction and force of the wind. Owing to their extraordinary number, and the way in which they are crowding along the same general path, it will be seen that they will be a source of danger to transatlantic vessels that may take the usual straight course.

An iceberg on the ocean, and particularly in thick weather, is an ugly obstacle to encounter, and is more dreaded by experienced seamen than almost any other. It can not be cut in two or run down, as sometimes happens with the fishing vessels off the Banks. The policy of swift steaming, with the hope of inflicting injury instead of receiving it, does not answer in this case. The berg comes out of the darkness and the fog without warning; sounds no horn and rings no bell; no blue or red lights are hung out to indicate its course, and there is no ear for the warning whistle of the ship that may encounter it. Silently it looms up through the mist across the unseen pathway, its top lost perhaps in the empty shadow, its base, more cruel than its towering sides, extending far beyond its visible form. Owing to the slight difference between its density and that of the sea-water, only about one-eighth or one-ninth of its mass is above the surface. Woe to the steamer that shall crash against its sides or upon its hidden base, for as it rides the restless current and is borne to slow dissolution in the warm embrace of the Gulf Stream, it is as solid as the Cliffs of Dover or the frowning precipices of the Nova Scotian coast, and may spread about it sunken reefs as wide and perilous.

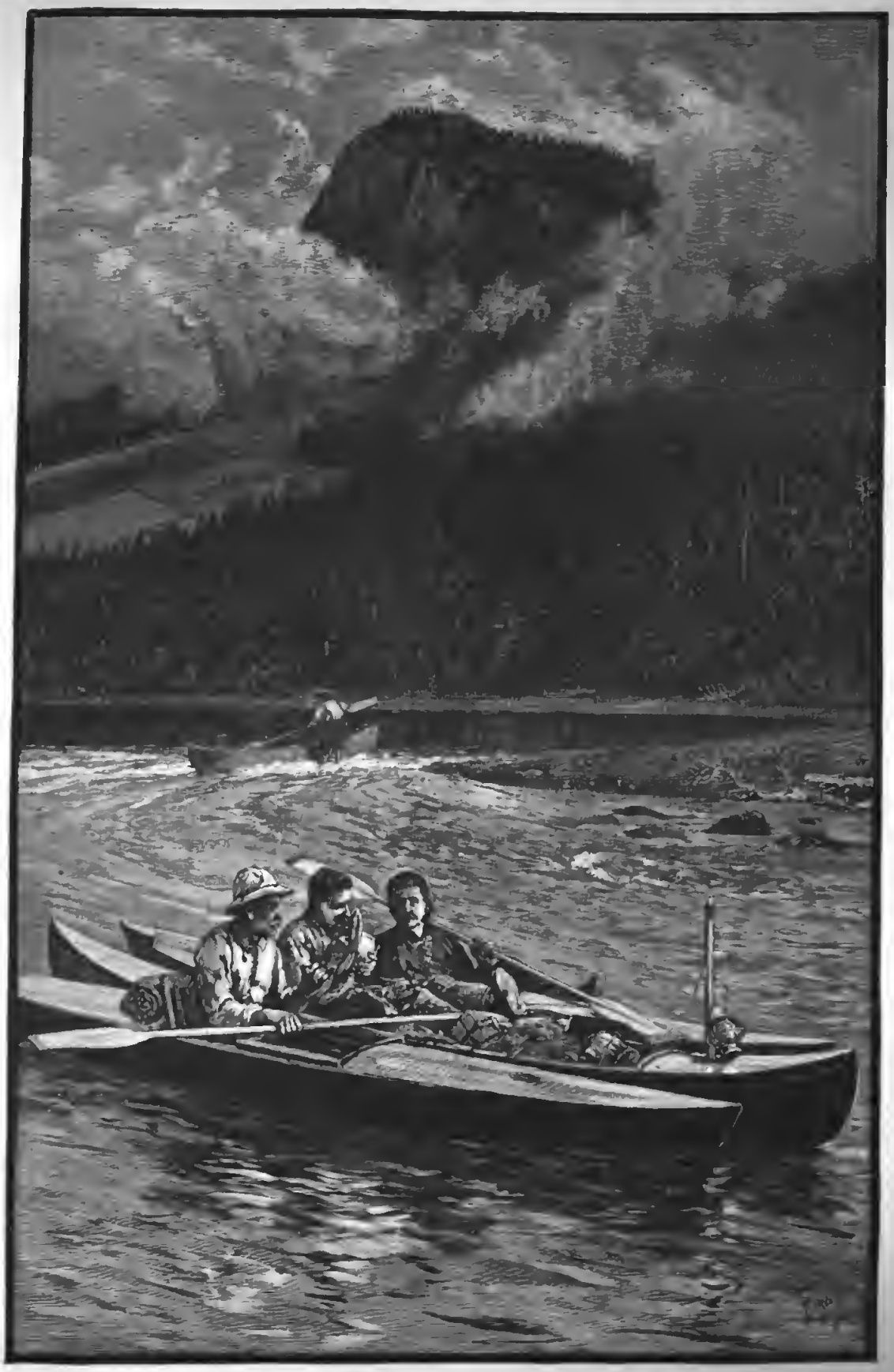
The ice island which is reported from St. John's is not so dangerous as the smaller bergs, as, owing to its great extent and height, it is more likely to be seen in time. It is probable that this berg is a portion of the great fields of sea-made ice which at long intervals, and by forces that are still wrapped in mystery, are broken up and scattered over the expanse of the North Atlantic. It is now some sixty-seven years since the breaking up of these arctic fields of ice, and the appearance of large fragments of them as far west as 24°, or within 800 miles of Ireland, led to the theory that the climate of the polar regions had changed, that the seas would continue open, and that a Northwest Passage was at last available. The expedition of Captain Ross dissipated this theory.

Some idea of the enormous force exerted by these floating mountains may be gathered from the language of Dr. Kane: "Nothing can be more imposing than the rotation of a berg. I have often watched one rocking its earth-stained sides in steadily deepening curves, as if gathering energy for some desperate gymnastic feat, and then turning itself slowly over in a monster somersault, and vibrating, as its head rose in the new element, like a leviathan shaking the water from its crest. It was impossible not to have suggestions thrust upon me of their agency in modifying the geological disposition of the earth's surface."



AT HIS OLD TRICKS AGAIN OUT WEST.

JAMES G. BLAINE. "I will now, in confidence, *take in* 50,000,000 people."



CRUISING CANOES—THE LAST MATCH.—DRAWN BY H. F. FARNY.—[SEE PAGE 657.]

OCTOBER.

In these still days Earth takes a moment's rest;
The bare brown fields lie placid in the sun;
They are content, knowing their labor done.

There is no pleasant green place; every nest
Is empty now; the branches are all bare,
And the sweet singing birds no longer there.

The crisp brown leaves lie deep; we go in quest
Of ripe, tall nuts that drop down lazily
Into our laps from many a loaded tree.

And after all sweet hours we think these best;
And are so glad for late October days,
When Earth is seen through gold and purple haze.

For of her bounty we have been the guest
Through the pale spring, through summer's golden prime,
Through all the rich, hot days of autumn-time.

We've wept and laughed with her, been sad and blest;
We've tried our love in every changeful mood;
And now with Earth we rest awhile and brood.

For this year's sun sinks grandly to its west,
Knowing how sweet and gracious all its ways,
How bountiful and fair its many days;

And sitting hand in hand, our love confest,
We calmly rest in still October's calm,
Hearing in our two hearts a low, glad psalm,

And knowing we have garnered all the best,
The sweetest hours of love, and that our store
Is now so rich that life can ask no more.

LOVE AND MIRAGE;*

OR,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHITHER?

Where was Eva's joy now?

As long as Arthur remained in the adjoining room she was forced to exercise self-control. Not a sigh escaped her lips, not a moan of pain. Rigid as a statue, she awaited his going; but when at last she heard the door close after him, she threw herself on her bed, past weeping, past praying; only low stifled sobs betrayed the inner conflict. Oh! Fate was pitiless. There was no hope, no joy, no love left for this poor Eva to cling to any more. She must just drift away on the tide of misery, and let despair do with her as it would. Those fond, foolish dreams of yestreen, where were they now? The return home as Arthur's wife, her father's recovery, reconcilement with her sisters! Had she indeed for a brief moment believed in these things? Yes, Elizabeth and Flora might be made happy, but in another way; not by their sister Eva. Their bliss she could never share. For no misconception of Arthur's narrative was possible. He had first seen Elizabeth and won her heart, and she knew this sweet, steadfast Elizabeth well. Other girls might easily fancy themselves in love with a frank, chivalrous Englishman after Arthur's pattern. Elizabeth never would. If she cared for any man at all, her feeling would be deep and unalterable; nor was she at all likely to entertain romantic dreams about any one indifferent to her. She must have relied upon Arthur Venning's liking before consenting to like him in return.

It was all as clear as day. Only one reason had prevented Elizabeth from accepting Arthur's love. She was too proud to marry, because of the shame that had fallen on her house; she refused him on account of her sister's dishonor. But for her own sister, her elder sister, Elizabeth might yet become a happy wife.

This conviction took possession of Eva's troubled spirit as if it were some horrible agency at work upon body and brain, some engine invented for torture as dire as insinuating poison and agony into every vein, drying up the springs of life and hope.

Her sweet Elizabeth, her own fond little sister! Was it not enough to have ruined her prospects, overwhelmed her with shame, broken her mother's heart, wrecked her father's reason? must she also steal her lover's heart?

Arthur might take his wife home, indeed.

What would Elizabeth feel when she recognized in Eva's husband her own lover, the man, but for Eva's wrong-doing, she might herself have married?

It must never be.

There was only one way of saving Elizabeth. She must hide herself from Arthur, flee from him straightway, and discover some secure hiding-place where even love like his could never find her out. But where? This island offered no such harborage: Arthur knew it far too well. Before nightfall, moreover, on the morrow, he would be back again. In this short space of time whither could she betake herself, leaving not a trace behind? For one thing she felt sure of. If Arthur followed her, as he undoubtedly would, and if he discovered her retreat, he would insist on the fulfillment of her promise. Elizabeth would be sacrificed. A second time her elder sister would prove her baleful star.

But if not? Ah! even thus poor Eva might yet bring about good and not evil. Hid from Arthur's ken forever, he was sure in time to master himself, to woo a second time and finally win Elizabeth as his bride. For [illegible] Eva's sake, she would grow all the dearer to him. The racking misery of conflict at last spent itself, and blank, cold despair took its place. Eva sat up and tried to think. She pictured the bright future in store for her [illegible], the pair wedded to those generous English [illegible] made in happy England, far away from the scene of their sorrow and shame. Perhaps even their father's madness would yield to those blissful influences, and he might yet spend a happy and honored old age by the fireside of a son-in-law. The old man would be made welcome for his sweet daughters' sake. And in time would not Eva and her awful story be almost forgotten, Eva herself fade from the memory of those happy ones? Or if not faded utterly, might she not become a half-sorrow only, a name to be wept over gently? Elizabeth and Flora would tell their children of a gifted Aunt Eva lost to them forever, would perhaps even call some little daughter after her in token of forgiveness, and as they grew older and wiser and sadder, would think of her kindly, would love her as in their childish days.

And Arthur Venning, her generous protector, her magnanimous bridegroom, would not he also forget? Men are strong and proud. They subdue their griefs and live them down as women can not do. He will be happy. He loves me, thought Eva, but how much may generosity and pity have determined him to make me his wife? And admiration also, my little beauty he said he should be so proud of. But Elizabeth is beautiful too, and Elizabeth will hold him all the dearer for having tried to save her poor Eva.

She felt inclined to weep now, and almost able to pray; but the soft mood passed. She dared not weep. She must steel her heart against self-pity.

Eva was in a crisis of destiny where personality merges in larger interests, and the ego, the individuality, the thinking, suffering, sentient self, virtually ceases to be, or is as if it were not. She must consider life and the world wholly irrespective of her own existence, to think and act, indeed, as if Eva's self did not exist at all. This self-annihilation must naturally be the precursor of all deeds of superhuman heroism or self-devotion. None could voluntarily immolate himself to duty, patriotism, or sentiment unless that self had been first shrivelled to nothingness. Eva, then, having made up her mind that she must sacrifice herself for her sister's sake, could hardly weep over her own life any more. There was now nothing left to wish for or hope. Life, as much of meaning as it had for her, could mean blank endurance only. Her plain duty was to hide herself forever and forever from those she loved. But where?

The warm after-glow had filled the little chamber, and the soft air seemed to stifle her. She would go out-of-doors, she thought, and try to make a plan. For the dire problem must be solved at once. Where could she hide herself?

What a prison seemed this island, and life, to Eva as she lingered by her window and looked out wistfully. Far away stretched the forest reaches, just gilded by the rays of the setting sun, and as she stood thus motionless, the murmur of the sea was audible from afar.

But the forest offered no hope of escape, nor the sea either, for Arthur knew it, nook and corner; and if she set sail on the morrow, the very vessel that bore her away would meet that of her returning lover. As she lingered thus, all other thoughts merged in that desperate one, where should she hide herself? The after-glow faded, and twilight stole on apace. Already the beechen groves about the chalet were growing dusk, and in the pure gray of evening every object wore a subdued aspect of tender, inviting melancholy. This ancient forest is never more impressive than in the twilight of early autumn. In summer the birds' song and the sound of the woodman's axe break the hush, but with the first September rains ineffable solitude and stillness steal over the scene—precursors of the long silent reign of snow.

Eva looked and listened as if waiting for a voice, some answer to the question that had shaped itself into doom. All her thoughts were now narrowed to a point, all her faculties bent upon one object. She must escape this happiness with Arthur. But how?

The twilight shadows deepened, and great ashe enfolded the island world; to Eva rather a resting place than a prison it seemed now; no career of bruised and broken spirit; instead, a quiet haven for tired body and brain, dedicate to oblivion and eternal rest.

And as little by little she let this thought take possession of her mind, despair was no longer written on her face, but in its place a certain unwonted calm, an almost startling aloofness from things sweet and human.

If smiles were banished from it for evermore, so at least were tears, and no more anguish stricken remorse or self-pity, only cold, collected resignation and passiveness.

The sea had not responded to her, nor the forest; but at last she had hearkened to a voice within, and accepted its awful mandate.

CHAPTER XXIX.

RESCUE.

Gravely and soothingly Evening enticed Eva to herself, as some tender mother inviting to rest a weary child. Warm golden light still lingered about the chalet, but night was fast stealing over the forest, and already the black pine-tops showed faintly against the sober heavens. No brilliant constellations shining out of intense purple skies, no sharp definitions of light and shadow, to-night; instead, creeping mists and crepuscular gloom, with tender, subdued melancholy enfolding all things. It was as if Earth and Heaven wore a veil out of pity for human sorrow, and Nature herself were moved to compassion for one breaking heart.

Hardly misery was written on Eva's face as she walked gently toward the forest, rather a look of cold, hard [illegible]re, perhaps even of satisfaction. The supreme valediction to life and hope were given. All she needed now was rest, and that she knew right well where to find. Oh! to be beyond reach of compassionating love and retributive memory, the world's superciliousness and the frown of the cruel, at peace forever and forever!

She followed a path she knew well; she had taken it with Arthur many a time, a little traverse leading through the beechen forest to the Stone of Sacrifice and the Black Lake. It was still a twilight world in which she moved, and in the open spaces might be seen yet a pearly sky bending over the dusky trees, and tender rosy lights flickering here and there. Night was imminent, but had not yet come. When she reached the opening in the heart of the wood, she sat down and wept a little. A momentary softness came over her. She would fain for a brief space have rested her head on some kind bosom, and poured out a last word or two of penitence and prayer. She thought then that such a farewell ought not to be made without some shrift, some final appeal to love, human and divine. It seemed then as if in a sentence she could have said all there was to say on her own behalf, and summarized her life, with its pitiful short-comings and sorrows, so as to win plenary pardon alike from friends and judges. In God's forgiveness she never doubted.

Yes, the sting of separation was here. She could never now plead for herself, or none could plead for her. None would ever be in a position to judge her aright. The subtlety with which she had been tempted, the poignancy of her remorse, who could measure? If, indeed, we know not our own weakness till too late, shall others, coldly judging, better appraise us?

She wept for a while out of sheer human forlornness, and murmured the names dear and familiar to her. In one overmastering moment of passionate longing she called on Elizabeth, her father, Arthur; but they could not hear. She was alone, no human thing so lonely under the vast heaven.

Whilst she waited thus for night to come, with tears in her eyes and self-pity in her heart, one especial scene of her childhood flashed before her with more than the vividness of dreams. She recalled a forest scene like this when, toddling by her father's side, they had been overtaken by the gloaming. So little was she that it was the first time she had ever seen the stars out-of-doors; and when the shadows frighted her, and the solitude—how well she remembered it!—her father had taken her in his strong arms, soothing her to sleep, and she remembered nothing more till it was morning. The sun shone on her little bed. All the gloom and the terror had vanished. There was the sweet bright day with its full measure of cheerfulness and affection, a mother's love, a father's pride, the prattle of baby sisters. And now she was alone. Strange to have been so smiled upon and cared for once, and now to meet the end thus desolate.

One question flashed across her mind too awful to dwell upon. That childish adventure in the forest, the momentary tremor, the apparent peril, the joyful climax. Might she discover here a parallel, a prophecy, applicable to her present case? Had this dark day also a to-morrow? Was there a morning beyond the grave?

Then she recalled the conversation with Arthur Venning two short days ago. They were sitting on the Stone of Sacrifice, where now she sat alone, and she had half playfully recalled its legend. Little did she think how soon those fearful rites she described then would be renewed, and that in these happy modern days the Black Lake was to receive its victim.

Yes, said Eva, fancifully following up this thought, might not the allegory apply to her own story? Was she not one of the ministers to self, passion—call it by what name we will—they had spoken of, that self-centred force or blind influence that sooner or later turns upon us a Nemesis?

Looking back on life now, an alert conscience acting the part of umpire, she could but feel that if she had been more sinned against than sinning, yet had she grievously sinned, and that if she were a victim of others' wrong-doing, her own lapse nevertheless needed expiation. She must, to use Arthur's words, be tried as clay in the fire, fitted for a better being, if God so will it, by His counselling. So she lingered, weeping, praying, yet unmoved from her implacable purpose, almost, indeed, clinging to her resolve as if it were a duty. She must be hid from sight and forgotten, in order that the guileless Elizabeth should be made happy. Not twice must Elizabeth's heart be well nigh broken by her elder sister.

Eva lingered, and had some kind human thing crossed her desolate path then, she might have been saved to more sorrow, but—can we doubt it?—to a better fate.

Had some little straying child come that way, and putting its hand in hers, begged to be led home—some woodman stricken in years, recalling her father—all might yet have been otherwise for her and her loved ones. But none came, and meantime night was there. Eva waited till the last glimmer of rosy light should vanish from the west, and the distant forest rim hardly break the horizon; then she knew what she should do. The way back to the chalet was easy to find, yet not hard to miss. Nothing cruel or in scorn should be said of her afterward. The fisher folk would hereafter recount how a stranger lost her way one gloomy autumn night, and strayed into the Black Lake. The story would be told thus, and if Arthur guessed another version of it, he would hold his peace. The gathering darkness deepened. Soon hardly a vesture track of day lingered in the west, and no sharp demarkation of forest and sky was any longer visible—only a gentle gradation of intermingling shadows. Eva glanced toward the opening through which she had passed, and saw that the bright vista of an hour ago made only a just perceptible break in the prevailing sombreness. She took that for a sign. There was nothing more to wait for. No bidding but this one had made itself audible. She must obey, and leave the rest. So she went the dark way. As some poor wounded bird that flutters toward dusky covert, there to die unmolested, Eva let the night suck her in, darkness enfold her with murky wings, silence claim her as its own. Not a sound broke the stillness of the forest, not a star shone out of the heavens. Night had come indeed.

But was the day far behind? A few short hours of gloom and silence, a brief trance-like spell of quietude, and the pure light of morning would glimmer in the east, a cheerful twitter of birds break the stillness of the forest, slowly but surely heralding the dawn. And may not some clear dayspring await Eva's soul? Is not the veil of darkness to be lifted from that sorely tried spirit after the tribulation and the tomb? For sin and sorrow are finite, but the Eternal Wisdom that compasseth us round about hath no limitation. Let not the inadequacy of human judgment blaspheme the pity of Heaven!

CHAPTER XXX.

REACTIONS.

It was little likely that Arthur Venning should escape a transitory yet tremendous reaction of feeling when first left to his own thoughts. Fascinated to desperation by Eva's beauty, and melted by the forlornness of her position, he had bound himself—to what? A marriage the secret of which none must know, and which would hang over his head like the sword of Damocles as long as he lived. Arthur Venning just missed being a commonplace man, as he knew right well, but he could not help asking himself now if he were in the least degree heroic. Could he brazen the shame and the scorn that should come through a wife? And as he asked himself this question he smiled ironically at the difference between dreams and fact, a man's ideal and the shape into which circumstances mould it. If there was one thing he had felt ambitious about, it was marriage. When he married, he always said to himself, he should look perhaps foolishly high, but otherwise would never dream of marrying at all. He should in this matter look well before and after, taking into account alike his honorable lineage and the generation to come. His children, if he had any, should be able to boast of their mother. And now?

Not for one awful moment did Arthur Venning contemplate a base declension, an abject recoil. By his manly word he would stand as long as he lived, and nothing endured for Eva's sake should ever wring from him so much as a look of betrayal. But the truth of his position did for a brief interval humiliate and appall him. The most worldly-minded Nestor could not have made the nature of his sacrifice clearer.

The dark thought would go as it had come—he felt sure of that; but why had it come at all? There was the sting. Was the good opinion of the world to be put in the balance with Eva's love? Was he in deed and in truth a worldling, after all? If so, then Eva could never be sure of him, much less could he answer for himself, and his very generosity might prove a curse to her instead of a blessing.

To have to answer for one's self is a thorny and up-hill way to heroism. Even a poor creature may do a splendid deed on a sudden. But to be obliged to make sure of ourselves by long looks ahead, to feel under the necessity of sentinelling the weak places and setting watch over outward impulses. Ah, who but trembles at the prospect of such palmary proof, such fiery ordeal?

Arthur Venning was well aware that up to a certain point he was of the world, worldly. Well bred and well born, with just enough means to make these conditions acceptable, he had hitherto escaped anything like a buffet of fate or fortune. But this smooth, honorable, and not by any means purposeless existence was that of a man of the world.

He often and often said of himself that his very aptitudes suffered from overmuch ease and prosperity; he, with more ambition, might have been less successful, but the gain would have been greater than the loss. If ambition counted for little in his past life, passion counted for nothing at all. Till this waiting on an island he did not understand the meaning of the word. He loved the beautiful Eva as he never dreamed of loving. No questioning, no dubiousness here. She was the first woman he had ever seen with whom he could wish to live. The sacrifice he was called upon to make for such happiness was surely small.

It galled him beyond measure that the conviction of sacrifice forced itself upon him and could not be got rid of. He was overcome by the sense of his own inadequacy, a dread lest Eva should discover limitations in his nature undoing the very generosity which made her adorable to him. It was the world he feared, and he saw clearly how it might eventually come between them. Arthur was not by any means romantic. He had seen a good deal of life. He knew well enough that marriage means not only sentiment and poetry, but the prosaic life of every day, with its little carking cares and mean little miseries. There was only one way of making happiness sure for himself and Eva. They must hide themselves from the world.

Thus he mused somewhat scornfully. England, to boast the cultured, esthetic, over-refined life of London, is not the universe. Existence were surely to be tolerated elsewhere. And with this thought came another, also calling up a supercilious smile.

If the world was little to Arthur Venning, how much less was Arthur V[illegible]ning to the world! Were I, for instance, he reasoned, by some untoward accident, to meet with my end on this island, how long should I be remembered? Per-

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1441.

haps a week, maybe a se'nnight; certainly not longer. And if I were to take back some Scandinavian peasant maiden as my bride, and parade her in fashionable circles wearing the gala costume of her canton, that would be no more than a nine days' wonder, to what we are pleased to call society, either. Let society unearth Eva's story and enjoy its nine days' wonder, as it will. My life is my own, to do with it as I please. After all, he concluded—with the airy yet contemptuous cynicism of one who has lived his whole life in the world—dead or living, set on a pinnacle or flouted and bemired, 'tis all one. Self is the microscope that makes us slaves of opinion.

Having thus had his fling to himself and society, Arthur gave way wholly to joyful thoughts. They would travel, and make their home in some bewitching nook of Italy or southern France, and there suffice for one another. For years to come they would avoid the perils and pitfalls of London. Then he prefigured Eva's rapture at the first sight of Athens and Granada; the sweet quiet days they should spend in lovely places together, the books they should read, the work they should project, under these delicious influences. One practical misgiving dismayed his lover-like transports. He fortunately possessed an income adequate to his wants, but he must now think of another. The notion of being straitened in means after marriage was odious to him. A superb woman like Eva, if not surrounded with the sumptuousness and splendor that would so well become her, must have an sordid air. The very first thing he had to do was to make sure of more liberal earnings—no hard matter, forsooth, with her to spur him on to excellence he had not yet attained either in literature or art.

Everything, therefore, happily settled in his mind, he at last re-embarked for his island and his bride. Things had gone against his wishes since quitting Eva three days ago. Hardly had he touched the opposite shore when a squall arose—one of those sudden storms of wind and rain that put prompt return out of the question. He might be able to cross in two or three days, so the sailors said, but could promise nothing. There he was, and there he must abide till the weather mended. Two days were not too much for all he had to do, and Eva would be under no anxiety about him, he comforted himself with thinking. The storm would account for his non-appearance. On the third day, however, he did begin to chafe at untoward fortune. The wind still blew a terrific hurricane, the rain fell in torrents, and the sea raged angrier than ever. Getting back was as problematic as it had been two days ago.

He now made up his mind to wait no longer, but reach the island by a roundabout route practicable at all times. A long railway journey must first be made, then the inland sea crossed by ferry-boat to the point where it narrowed to a mere channel; finally the island traversed tediously from end to end by the mail-cart. But anything seemed better than fretting away another day in inaction. So he set off. Even six hours' railway travelling at a snail's pace through one of the dismalest regions in Europe, and in deplorable weather, could not damp his spirits. Reaction had followed reaction. He now bitterly blamed himself for the ungenerous thoughts of yesterday. Life and the outer world seemed bewildering and rapturous to him as he journeyed toward his island and its fairy hopes. Much more than mere lover's triumph elated him now. It was Eva's dazzling beauty and pensive stateliness that had first taken him captive; then her pathetic history that had overwhelmed him with passionate pity. With a woman so beautiful, so rarely endowed, and so sweet, it were good to live. And should not a man live for something better and deeper than the applause of society, and that hateful thing called success? Then he thought of Harvey, reproaching himself for his roughness and acerbity during their last interview. Harvey was going to make the perilous leap too, and had doubtless long ago forgotten and forgiven. He could not blame his brother, certainly; Flora was the very wife for him. Of Elizabeth he must not think as yet. In the mean time the weather showed signs of mending, and by the time he reached the coast the storm had spent its fury. There was, therefore, no longer any necessity to cross the island by road. A steamer was ready to start when Arthur reached the harbor; he could now reach his destination by the quicker route he had taken with Harvey a few weeks before.

The storm had cleared, but there was no sudden break of sunshine, no instantaneous sparkle and glitter of a jewelled earth washed clean by the rain, but a quiet, gradual clearing away of mist and rain. It was, indeed, a slow, steady transition from summer brilliance to autumn mellowness. The hurricane had marked the close of one season and the beginning of another. The quiet harmonies of the island along which the steamer gently coasted were subdued to yet softer tones. Almost a sublunar world it seemed now to Arthur as he sailed over silvery seas under a cool, gray sky. Hardly a zephyr blew from the lee shore, and the waters of the small inland seas, traversed one after another, seemed almost supernaturally becalmed. The deep indentures of the coast gave this little cruise rather the semblance of threading an archipelago, so nearly like islands these tiny promontories and headlands.

Lovely and dream-like the scene, all the lovelier and more dream-like because it shifted so quickly. Now the little steamer glided gently between twin curtains that seemed made for pleasure only, smooth verdurous spaces sloping down to the crystal waves. Now it passed close under natural parapets silvery bright, yet aerial as if destined to melt away on the morrow. Far away was the open sea, with many an isle breaking its surface line, both pale and lovely as cloud-land. The indescribable witchery of the scene, the delicate opalescent color, the magic stillness, fascinated Arthur anew. He felt as if he now for the first time realized the beauty of this little land twice islanded from the common world. Three days' sojourn on the frigid plains opposite made it seem doubly a fairy haunt. He was lost in admiration of these airy combinations of color, so delicate and pure as to be hardly colors at all, these matchless harmonies of form, so ethereal and exquisitely pencilled that it seemed as if a shower of rain would wash them away. He could hardly believe that he had gazed on the self-same scenery a little while ago. Was it that awakening of deepest feeling intensified his powers of appreciating nature? or did he happen just then simply to be in a more generous and sympathetic frame of mind? He was aroused from his reverie by a sudden commotion on board, one of those unanimous movements that betoken some emotion or passion electrifying a vast concourse of people. Every face looked one way, every one turned on his heel, and a moment later a cry of ecstasy was ringing from one end of the vessel to the other. "The mirage! the mirage!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MILWAUKEE EXPOSITION.

The citizens of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, are now enjoying their fourth annual industrial exposition, which was opened on the 13th of September, and will not close until the middle of the present month. On page 659 are given illustrations of the exterior of the fine Exposition Building, the interior of the Main Hall, and a corner of the Art Gallery. This latter contains what is perhaps the finest collection of paintings ever seen in Milwaukee, and is one of the most attractive features of the exposition. Among the artists represented are F. A. Bridgman, Eastman Johnson, Jervis McEntee, Henry Mosler, George Inness, De Haas, Walter Shirlaw, and others equally well known. In a small gallery by themselves are a number of the best works of William Bradford, the painter of arctic scenery. In view of the recent return of the Greely expedition, this collection attracts unusual interest, and the little gallery is crowded at all times.

The foreign exhibits that appeal most strongly to the popular fancy are those of Japan and Turkey, both of which are very complete and well worthy of study.

Prominent among the many active workers to whom is due the entire success of this annual exposition are Messrs. John Plankinton, President of the Association, and Thomas R. Mercein, its General Manager. It is largely owing to the efforts of these gentlemen that, in spite of the enormous expenses incident to the maintenance of so annual exposition, the Milwaukee Association is free from debt and has a handsome surplus fund in its treasury.

CRUISING CANOES—THE LAST MATCH.

On page 653 is a spirited picture entitled "The Last Match," which tells its own story at a glance. It represents a situation that will be readily appreciated by the vast number of men who seek their summer recreation among the forests or on the capital cruising waters with which this country is so lavishly supplied.

In this picture, while our sympathies are enlisted on behalf of the voyagers who so solicitously watch the flickering flame of their sole remaining lucifer, our curiosity is also aroused as to the nature of their voyage, and the manner of craft in which it is undertaken. Canoes? "Oh no," said a gentleman who was recently overheard explaining the peculiarities of several similar craft that lay on the deck of a St. Lawrence steamer; "they're not canoes, that's certain. Canoes are made out of logs. They're boats." Others have said, "Real canoes are only made of birch bark"; and still others, "Canoes are made of cedar or hard wood, but the true canoe is not decked, nor does she carry sail."

According to the definition accepted by the American Canoe Association, a canoe is a light craft, sharp at both ends, that may be efficiently propelled by a paddle. Since the days of John McGregor's first *Rob Roy*, which was a true canoe in every sense of the word, the canoes of our English cousins have, by gradual evolution, become small yachts. They are big, substantial affairs, weighted down with ponderous iron centre-boards and several hundred pounds of lead ballast; their decks are littered with a confusing miscellany of rigging and tackle; and they are capable of outriding a gale at sea; but woe betide the man who undertakes to "efficiently" propel one of them with a paddle. It is like driving nails with a tack hammer, which, of course, can be done, after a fashion.

It is in this country, thanks to our unexcelled inland cruising waters, that the modern canoe has most nearly attained the maximum of perfection. We have tried and discarded the heavy English "Pearls," and the beautifully deceptive smooth-skinned canoes made of alternating thicknesses of veneering. The little "Rob Roy" has been found not to have sufficient carrying capacity for extended cruises through unsettled districts, and the open canoe is unsafe in rough water; but the desideratum seems to have been reached in such canoes as are represented on page 653. They are between fourteen and fifteen feet long, of thirty inches beam amidships, are lap-streaks, decked, and are built of quarter-inch cedar planking copper-riveted to light oak ribs. They weigh about one hundred pounds each, and each will carry comfortably about four hundred pounds weight, including the crew. Such a canoe, provided with a folding metallic centre-board, will cruise safely under a sail area of about eighty square feet, and thus impelled, with all conditions favorable, she will sail at the rate of from five to seven miles an hour. She can be paddled at from three to four miles an hour, and by one accustomed to the labor this rate can easily be maintained from eight to ten hours without exhaustion.

The outfitting of a canoe for a long cruise has been reduced to so exact a science that every inch of space is utilized to advantage, and no superfluities find their way into the various storage compartments. When upon the completion of a day's journey the tired canoeist lands on some pleasant point where he has determined to pass the night, it takes him about two minutes to drag his canoe up on the beach, and erect over its cockpit the little striped Oriental-looking tent that, supported by the two masts and buttoned down to the sides of the coaming, is as weather-proof and satisfactory a shelter as can be found in the most perfectly equipped encampment. He cooks his supper over an alcohol lamp of such power that its flame will boil a pint of water in less than two minutes. Within fifteen minutes from the time of his landing his supper awaits him, and if his bill of fare is not so varied as that of a city restaurant, it is abundant, of good quality, well cooked, and is seasoned with a most excellent appetite.

When ready for bed, the canoeist dons a suit of light flannel pajamas, crawls into a warm sleeping bag, and lies down in the bottom of his canoe, thoroughly protected from dew or rain by the striped roof above him. Through the open side flaps of his tent he watches the stars or the shadows of the night as he smokes a consolatory and meditative pipe; or, by the light of his bull's-eye canoe lantern placed on a hatch at his head, he reads himself into somnolence. If insects are troublesome, he easily escapes the annoyance by rigging up a canopy of mosquito netting inside his tent. Thus prepared, his night's rest will be thoroughly comfortable; and when in the morning he rises with the sun, after an all-night's sleep, and plunges for a bath into the clear water rippling beside him, he is willing to testify that in modern canoeing is to be found the very essence of pleasure travel.

So rapid is the growth of canoeing in this country that the American Canoe Association, founded four years ago with twenty members, now numbers a membership of nearly one thousand canoeists, who represent every section of the United States and Canada. Its present Commodore is General Robert Shaw Oliver, of Albany, and one of its ex-commodores is a judge of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio.

Kirk Munroe.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Experiments are going on in this country and in England simultaneously with the view of determining whether the electric light can be used with advantage in light-houses. The English experimenters are endeavoring to decide as to the relative values of oil, gas, and electricity as illuminants, taking into consideration the luminosity and penetrating power of each light in land and sea atmospheres. Their work will be done thoroughly, without doubt, and it will be interesting to compare the results with those reached on this side of the water, where the work is going on somewhat pretentiously and with inferior facilities. The London *Standard* says the experiments in England have already shown "that by means of concentric lenses a light nearly as powerful as the electric light can be obtained without the same risk of failure and at a comparatively light cost." It is suggested that good results might be obtained from extending the inquiry so as to include the important matter of giving distinctive character to fixed lights.

The notorious brotherhood of miners known by the grotesque name of Mollie Maguires has been revived in the coal and iron producing regions of Pennsylvania. This murderous organization was broken up only by a free use of the hangman's rope. One of the objects of its revival seems to be to clear the region of Hungarian laborers, for whom the Mollies have a bitter hatred. A number of men occupying places of influence have been threatened with death through notices sent as in the previous days of Mollie Maguire terrorism. But the detective and police bodies are on the alert, and having learned how to deal with the murderers, the authorities undoubtedly will make quick work with revived Mollie Maguirism.

The American process of "interviewing" will be made more unpopular in England than it has ever been if the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has taken it up to some extent of late, permits the persons whom it interviews to make such revelations as are made in a conversation with a London cigarette dealer. He used to think that his lady customers bought cigarettes for their husbands or brothers; "but I know better now," he says. The advice he gives them is, "Smoke, but do not oversmoke, madam."

Next year, on March 27, the anniversary of the landing of Ponce de Leon in 1512 will be celebrated in the city of St. Augustine, and at the same time the founding of that town in 1565 will be commemorated. Santa Fe, the rival of St. Augustine in the matter of age, has already celebrated the completion of a third of its first thousand years of existence. It was not entirely clear to all that Santa Fe was 333½ years old, but the enthusiasm of the celebrants was not dampened by this doubt.

It is generally acknowledged in the West that the terrestrial tremor which was noted a few days ago in parts of Ohio, Michigan, and Indiana was but a feeble imitation of the robust earthquake that played into city with the fifteen-story buildings of New York earlier in the season. Yet that mild shake will come in handily when the youngsters of to-day shall occupy grandfathers' chairs, and relate to a generation yet to come how 1884 came to be known as earthquake year.

The law regulating the sale of intoxicants in Vermont is so well enforced that a demand has been created for lithographic prescriptions for some of the popular beverages. These are made up at the drug-stores and administered to the sufferers on the spot. The prescription for that purely American remedy known as the cocktail is as follows: "℞—Spir. Frument. 2 fl. oz., Ext. Angus. ½ dr.; Syr. Simp. ½ fl. oz."

A diamond recently found in South Africa, and sold to a European syndicate of diamond merchants, is described as being equal in quality to the finest India stones, and superior in weight to all of the historical gems. It is estimated that when cut it will weigh three times as much as the Koh-i-noor, and fifty per cent. more than the great Orloff.

Complaint is made that the barbed-wire fences along the walks in some parts of Central Park are destroying the dresses of ladies, and the hands and faces of children.

At a colored camp-meeting on Staten Island the sermon of Dominie Bardee was interrupted by the shrieks of the sisters who occupied the front benches. The good man looked among them, and spied a snake wriggling along the ground. Thereupon he seized his walking-stick, descended from the pulpit, and attacked the serpent. Having vanquished him, the dominie ascended and took up the thread of his discourse as unconcernedly.

There was held in Austria recently a nose show, at which were displayed olfactory curiosities in interesting and almost infinite variety. The nose which took the prize was that of a Viennese, and it is described as "a gigantic, violet-hued trunk of elephantine proportions." The result might have been different if the inhabitants of the Bourbon region of Kentucky had known that a nasal exposition was contemplated.

There is a theory that goats cause famines in India by destroying the forests, and thus decreasing the rain-fall. The propagation of circus posters and tomato cans would therefore seem to be the only sure preventive of famine in that country.

The Democratic candidate for Vice-President and the Democratic candidate for Governor of North Carolina have had narrow escapes recently from death by accident. The man who sat in the seat with Mr. Hendricks was grievously hurt in a railway smash-up, and General Scales's carriage was thrown over a precipice. He escaped death by lodging in a tree-top.

ANOTHER DELEGATION.

"We's the crew of the *Mary Jane*, canal-boat, an' we sky like yer honor of yer Honor, hopin' ye'll prove useful to us in various canals, an' give us a show to heavin' anchors to windward, seein' as how we's short of funds an' ate ma'e's up an' died."

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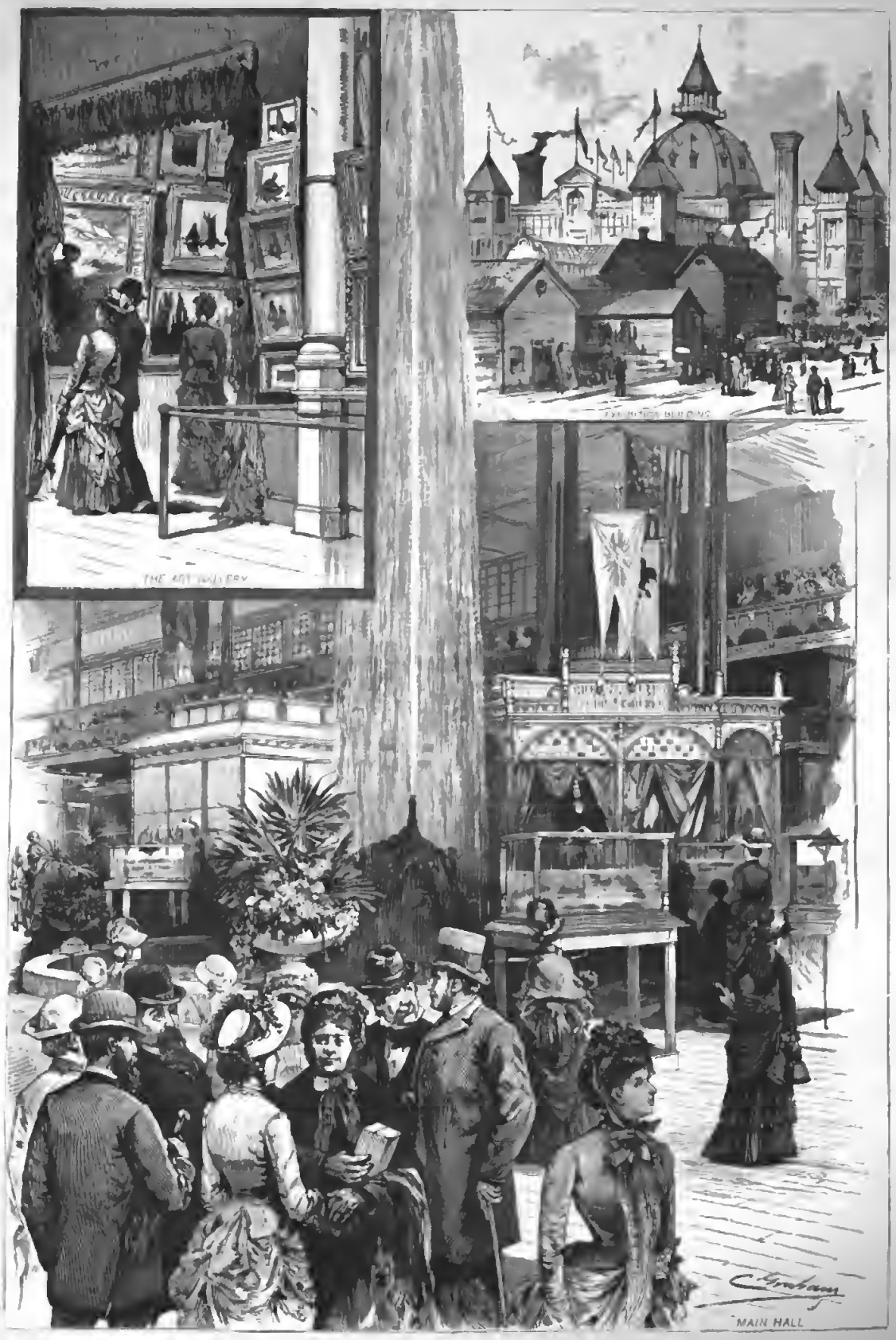
UNSPORTSMANLIKE SLAUGHTER—NO CHANCE FOR LIFE.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.—[SEE PAGE 660.]



THE MILWAUKEE EXPOSITION.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 657.]

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF GAME.

After many tribulations, at the earnest solicitation of a large number of sportsmen, a law was enacted by the Legislature of the State of New York providing for the appointment of a certain number of game-protectors. It was presumed that the mere name of these officials would awe into obedience the multitude of violators of the game law. The result of this new departure has been watched with considerable interest. It must be confessed that so far the experiment has not been eminently successful. Under the old system the local machinery for the prosecution of offenders was so entirely under the control of the violators of the game law as to render it almost impossible for any private individual, however courageous or earnest, to bring the guilty to punishment. In this direction the new dispensation does not appear to be much more effective than the old. To render it so, we shall have to create a new race of citizens, or appoint a game protector for every three miles of coast-line, every five square miles of the interior, and deputise one to accompany every party of tourists or sportsmen who may visit the wild lands of the North. In the Adirondacks, for instance, to properly protect the vast tract comprised under that name would require the services of a small army, as a matter of fact, three or four game-protectors are assigned to that locality. These are so entirely powerless to guard the territory under their care that their efforts for good are of comparatively no value whatever.

It has been frequently demonstrated how rapidly our small game is disappearing under the non-enforcement of the laws for its protection. Even the migratory fowl, which breed in comparative security and produce largely, sensibly diminish in numbers year by year. Under the same conditions of the violation of the game law, how much more rapid and certain is the total annihilation of large game such as deer, whose small increase is subject to far more serious vicissitudes! They are not even allowed to breed in peace. The daily press constantly calls attention to and utters its protest against the killing by guides and tourists of the doe during the period of gestation. Even supposing this to be an exceptional occurrence, so many devices are resorted to to capture or kill deer that it is matter of surprise that a single specimen is alive to-day. Our wonder that he still exists is increased when we consider the ease and rapidity of transportation which in a single day transfers the tourist from many of our larger cities to the very edge of the wild woods of the North, his complete and destructive equipment, and the eagerness of the guides, who, to earn the extra pay contingent upon success, resort to every possible device to lure the game within gunshot of their clients. Moreover, the topography of our Northern woods, dotted as they are with numerous little lakes, lends itself to the use of devices for killing deer manifestly unfair and fatally destructive. The presence of these lakes is taken advantage of by the tourists and their guides to drive, by daylight, the deer into the water, or at night to post themselves, with jack-lights or lanterns with powerful reflectors, at points which the deer frequents, either to drink, to feed upon aquatic plants, or to seek refuge from the attacks of insects. In the first instance the deer, to escape the numerous packs of mongrel curs, takes to the water. While swimming he is pursued in boats, from which he is either shot or cut and hacked with knives, as best suits the inclinations of the tourists.

At night, as before remarked, the jack-light or lantern is brought into use. The first is an iron crib mounted on a pole in the bow of the boat. It is fed with blazing candle-wood. The second is a lantern with three lamps, backed with a powerful reflector, which throws a strong ray of light far in advance. In some instances a locomotive head-light is used. The man who paddles is seated in the stern, while the tourist who shoots takes his position immediately in the rear of the light. The deer becomes utterly bewildered and fascinated by the bright glare which gradually approaches. He stands rooted to the spot until the tourist almost touches him with the muzzle of the gun. As the shot-gun loaded with buck-shot is commonly used, it is seldom the game is not bagged. Several deer are not infrequently killed during a single night's hunt by a tourist thus equipped. It is easy to imagine how, under such a process of killing deer, a complaint should arise of their scarcity. Under the stress of hunger a man may feed off one of his own kind. It is only on the plea of averting possible starvation that any but a tourist with a coupon ticket would consent to kill a deer while swimming, or when dazzled by the flare of a jack-light or a lantern.

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"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats, Mice. 15c.
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"Buchu-paiba," Great Kidney and Urinary cure.
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Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."—[Adv.]

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Children slow in development, puny, scrawny, and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."—[Adv.]

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II.

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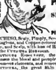

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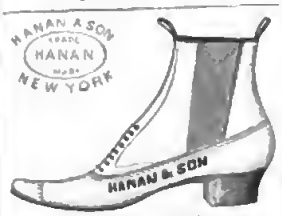

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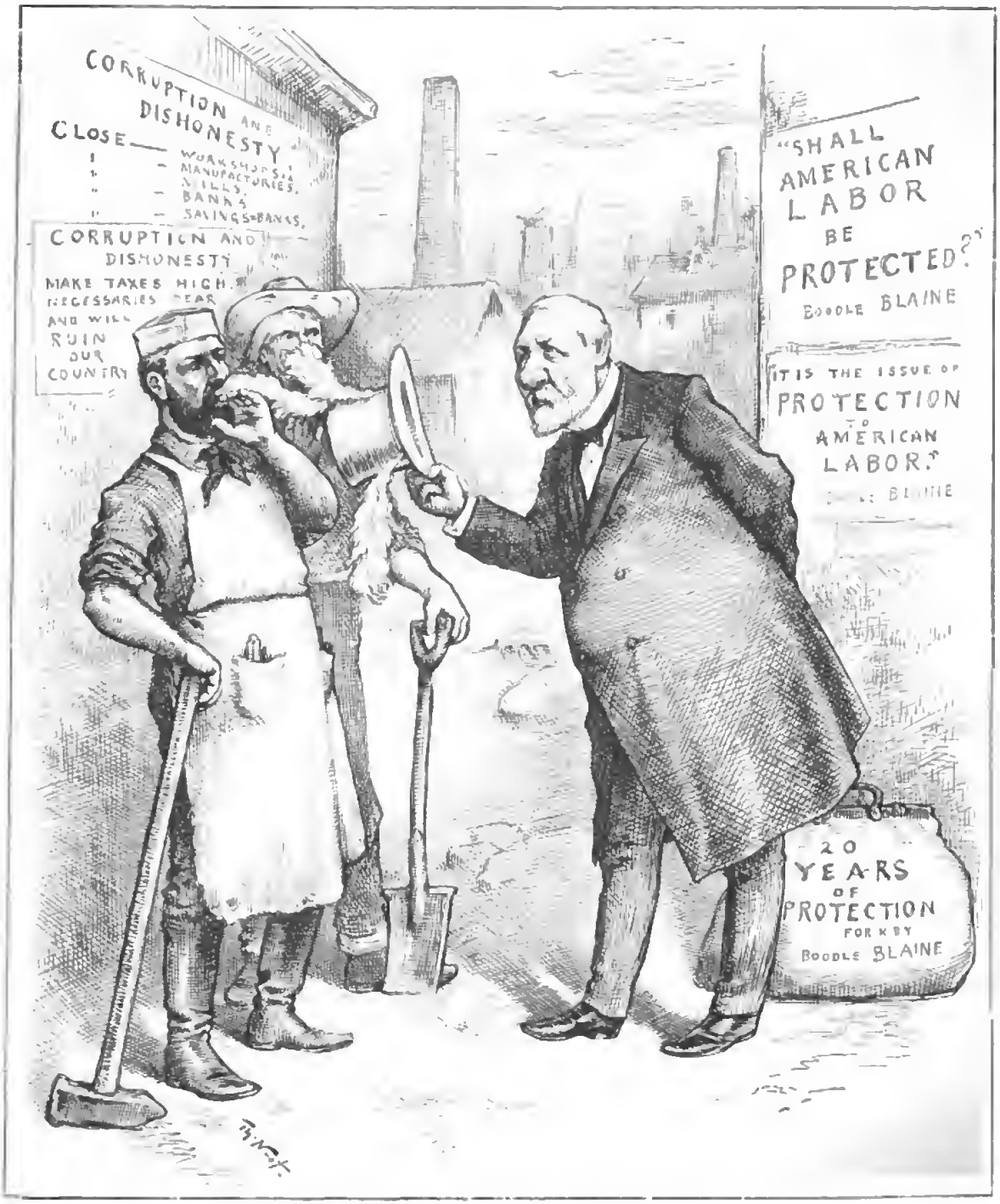

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☞ *A* SUPPLEMENT *containing the* BLAINE *letters, arranged in chronological order, with marginal notes, was issued gratuitously with the number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *for September 27.*

PARTY AND PRINCIPLE.

THE policy of the friends of Mr BLAINE has changed. Instead of avoiding all allusion to the terrible letters, or attempting an explanation of them, the present plan is to assert that there is nothing in them which is inconsistent with the highest integrity and honor, to regard the question raised by them as conclusively settled, and to depend for Mr. BLAINE'S election upon the party argument and appeal. Independent Republicans are asked how they can reconcile a refusal to vote for Mr. BLAINE with their known opposition to the Democratic party. It is urged upon them that while it is natural that a man who changes his opinion upon a public policy should change his party relations accordingly, or that men should leave all existing parties to form a new party, yet that in the present instance the Independent Republicans distinctly declare that they do not abandon their party, and expressly disclaim the purpose of forming a new party. If, therefore, they are still Republicans, it is argued, they ought to support the party nomination, and the great achievements of the Republican party and the offenses of the Democratic party are then vigorously set forth. The reply to this argument is short and conclusive. It is distinctly stated in the address of the Conference of Republicans and Independents, which says, "The Republican nomination has for the time superseded all other questions by raising the question of official honesty." The great Presidential contests in our history, except that of 1824, have been party controversies. Mr. SEWARD, in 1856, as if to explain his silence in regard to the candidate, said in substance that no party had ever presented a candidate who was not an honest man, and that the election should therefore be decided by considerations of party tendency and policy.

This is the normal and proper situation. But Mr. SEWARD neither said nor intimated that if a question of official integrity and personal veracity in the candidate were seriously raised, and if it were shown that a candidate had traded upon an official trust for pecuniary gain, the voter should quietly accept him as the candidate of his party, and for the sake of the party, and disregarding the want of integrity in the candidate, try to secure his election to the Presidency. That would have been to admit that official integrity was not indispensable in the Presidency, and no man who plainly and deliberately asserted that could retain the respect of the American people. The question of the pending election, therefore, is not whether the Republican or Democratic party may be more wisely intrusted with the government, but whether a man who is shown by his own letters to have abused a great public trust shall be made President. That is a question which takes precedence of all others, and it is useless to try to show intelligent men who doubt the candidate's official integrity that the tariff may be endangered if such a candidate is not elected. If protection can be had only at such a price, they will declare the price is too high. The tariff will evidently not be molested in any case, but the misfortune of such an election could not be undone. Intelligent Republicans will judge for themselves, and humas for the candidate will not disturb them. It was in the interest of what they believed to be pure Republicanism that thousands of Republicans voted against the Republican candidate in New York in 1882, and it is in the same belief that thousands of Republicans will vote against Mr. BLAINE in 1884. They reject the doctrine that Republican loyalty requires them to support for the Presidency a candidate who is shown to have trafficked in his office.

To the question whether defeat of the candidate does not threaten the existence of the party, their conclusive reply is that if the continued existence of the Republican party depends upon the election of a dishonest candidate—as they do not believe—it is time that the party should cease to exist. To deny this is to hold that whatever candidate a party may nominate ought to be supported for the sake of the party, which is not good Republican doctrine. Dr. WOOLSEY refers Republican doubters to Mr. GEORGE BLISS'S pamphlet. But Dr. WOOLSEY has also said: "Staying away from the polls on account of the badness of parties is an unworthy course; but going there, and rebuking your party for its improper candidates, is something honorable for every good citizen to do." A correspondent asked Colonel WARING, an independent Republican of New York, if he had heard from Maine. The Colonel answered that he had heard from Maine with great satisfaction, and that he hoped the Republican party would so far triumph in the autumn elections as to regain control of the House. He adds:

"Happily the party has enough strength and vigor to throw off, without harm to its system, the disease with which it has now been attacked—the disease of organized corruption. It seems to me incredible that any honest man should vote for Mr BLAINE. Much though I like and trust my own party, and much though I dislike and distrust the Democratic party, I believe that it would be better, were it necessary—which it is not—that the entire control of the government should pass out of our hands than that we should become responsible for the infliction of all the evil that must follow the election of BLAINE and LOGAN."

That is a much more manly and American and Republican doctrine than that a Republican must vote for the Devil if he be regularly nominated; and hosts of Republicans intend to follow Dr. WOOLSEY'S wise counsel, and rebuke their party for its improper candidate by voting for his opponent.

AN ELECTIONEERING TOUR.

LIKE Mr. GREELEY in 1872, and Mr. SEYMOUR in 1868, Mr. BLAINE is making an electioneering tour through the "pivotal" States. General GARFIELD also came to the city of New York in the summer of 1880, and returned to Mentor. But the journey was undertaken against his own judgment, and in deference to the request of the National Committee, which he did not feel at liberty to disregard. The more dignified course for a candidate undoubtedly is to remain quietly at home. Having been selected, as should be the rule, as a fitting representative of the general policy of his party, the debates of the canvass may be well left to others. A candidate upon an electioneering tour is a candidate personally soliciting votes, and that is an attitude in which it is not pleasant that a candidate for the Presidency should stand.

In New York Mr BLAINE did not enter upon any political discussion. His object seems to have been to give occasion for demonstrations of enthusiasm which might have an effect upon hesitating and doubtful Republicans as seeming to show the popular regard for him, and his speeches were well turned compliments to the communities in which they were spoken. He constantly and dexterously intimated, however, that he found in the warmth of his reception a gratifying verdict upon the terrible letters, and the scenes were what they always are under such circumstances, full of tumult and excitement. In Ohio he begged the audience not to be diverted from what he called the real question of the campaign, which he declared to be protection to American labor. The appeal was unnecessary. The country has never been diverted from the real question in any campaign, and if Mr. BLAINE hopes to be elected he ought certainly to wish that his election should signify not approval of his economical doctrines, but disbelief of the charges against his official integrity. But to make it mean that, he must not try to conceal the real issue, which is the candidate's official character, not his opinions of public policy. The object of the tour, however, is not discussion. It is to arouse party feeling.

Mr. CLEVELAND, on the other hand, remains in the quiet discharge of his official duties, except that a visit to his home in Buffalo was the occasion of a great demonstration. The contrast in this respect between the candidates is characteristic. Mr. BLAINE is essentially a "showy" candidate. His political career is restless and sensational. He is known for his personal "magnetism." Mr. CLEVELAND'S hold upon public confidence lies in the honest, intelligent, courageous, and independent discharge of official duty. No one who has studied his career, and has seen that he has always held public office inviolably as a public trust, believes that as President he would be swayed by evil partisan counsels which as Governor he has firmly resisted. It is a striking contrast. One candidate presents in their most plausible and specious form the qualities and tendencies in administration which are now most to be deprecated in the government. The other illustrates the official virtues which are most desirable. The electioneering tour of the one and the steady fidelity of the other are typical of the character of this campaign.

MR. EDMUNDS AND MR. BLAINE.

IT is as fortunate for Mr BLAINE that his friends insist upon trying to obtain some word of commendation of the candidate and approval of the candidacy from Senator EDMUNDS. In his brief speech at Burlington Mr EDMUNDS said that whatever doubts or difficulties might embarrass others, he thought that the government should still be intrusted to the Republican party. But Senator EDMUNDS'S opinion of Mr. BLAINE is well known, and it was not changed, probably, by Mr. BLAINE'S attempt, through Mr. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, to drag Mr. EDMUNDS into the pit in which he himself lay. Some time since the Brattleborough *Reformer* stated that four years ago, just before the National Convention, Mr. EDMUNDS wrote a letter, in which he said substantially—for the *Reformer* did not assume to quote the precise words—

"It is my opinion that Mr BLAINE acts as the attorney of JAY GOULD. Whenever Mr. THURMAN and I have settled upon legislation to bring the Pacific railroads in terms of equity with the government, up has jumped JAMES G. BLAINE, musket in hand, from behind the breastworks of GOULD'S lobby, to fire in our backs."

As an offset to this the newspaper organs of Mr. BLAINE have been circulating the statement that Senator EDMUNDS had written to a gentleman in Wisconsin denying that he ever wrote or said that Mr. BLAINE "acts as attorney for JAY GOULD"; and the following was printed in the Chicago *Tribune* as a true copy of his letter:

"BRATTLEBOROUGH, VT., *Sept. 18.*

"DEAR SIR,—I have yours of the 15th. I am sure that I never wrote or said that the gentleman you refer to "acts as the attorney of JAY GOULD," for I am not conscious of having thought so. As I have publicly stated, I expect to vote the Republican ticket.

"Yours truly, GEORGE F. EDMUNDS."

This was not a true copy, but a disingenuous mutilation of the letter; and Senator EDMUNDS a few days since sent a true copy of it to the Chicago *Tribune*. It is as follows, the suppressed portions being in *italics*:

"BRATTLEBOROUGH, VT., *Sept. 18, 1884.*

"DEAR SIR (Private),—I have yours of the 15th. *As I am not in the letter-writing business, I mark this, as I have some similar cases, 'private.'* I am sure that I never wrote or said that the gentleman you refer to 'acts as the attorney of JAY GOULD,' for I am not conscious of ever having thought so. *I presume it is true, altho' I can find no copy of the letter, that in 1880 I did write to some constituent adversely to the nomination of the gentleman named, and I believe it to be true that he was on the side of the railroads in the struggle of 1878, and it is my belief that I said so.*

"As I have publicly stated, I expect to vote the Republican ticket.

"Yours, GEO. F. EDMUNDS.

"FRANK A. FLOWER, Esq., *Madison, Wis.*"

The friends of Mr. BLAINE are welcome to all the comfort they can find in this letter, which simply confirms the statement that some time before the Convention of 1880 Senator EDMUNDS was not favorable to that gentleman. The answer to Mr. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS did not disguise Mr. EDMUNDS'S opinion of Mr BLAINE'S attempt to smirch him. Mr. EDMUNDS'S speech of five minutes, in which he did not refer to the candidate, the tone of his present denial of ever having called Mr. BLAINE the attorney of JAY GOULD, but not denying the unfavorable opinion expressed in the letter of four years ago, and the fact that although in New York when Mr. BLAINE was there as the candidate he did not call upon him, show Mr. BLAINE and his friends and the country what Mr. EDMUNDS thinks of the nomination.

Mr. EDMUNDS is a Republican Senator and a strong party man, and he will vote for the BLAINE electors in Vermont. But if Republicans generally shared his evident opinion of the candidate, and supported him in the same way, he could not possibly be elected. Of Republicans who propose to take a course different from his, Mr. EDMUNDS says: "I recognize fully the liberty of belief, of opinion, and of action that belongs to citizenship. It is a fundamental part of our creed, and none of us can fail to feel the great responsibility that results from that freedom."

JAMES MADISON.

THE last volume in the excellent series of "American Statesmen" is Mr. SYDNEY HOWARD GAY'S *Life of James Madison*. It is one of our best political biographies, and the mild and timid but able political student, commentator, and controversialist was never treated with such incisive vigor and comprehension before. RIVES'S *Life*, so far as it goes, is a heavy, respectable work undertaken by one Virginian for the glory of another, and JOHN QUINCY ADAMS'S eulogy, although, like all his work of the kind, valuable, is naturally not in the historic or critical key. But Mr. GAY'S review of MADISON'S career is a just and careful estimate of the man and his services, aiming to

tell the truth and not to depict a hero, and presenting a lucid and animated picture in little of the long political period in which he was a conspicuous figure.

MADISON was essentially and exclusively a public man, but his temperament fitted him for contemplation and counsel rather than for executive action. The judicial tone of his mind, and his clear perception of the reasons why a national union of the States was indispensable, made him one of the most valuable delegates in the Constitutional Convention, and subsequently in the legislative interpretation of the Constitution when the government was organized. Thus in the important debate which resulted in giving to the President alone the power of removal from offices which were filled only with the consent of the Senate, the word of MADISON was practically decisive. Nearly half a century later WEBSTER questioned the correctness of MADISON'S view, but he admitted that it had established the usage which he would not change; nor was it changed until Congress apprehended the gravest public peril from the abuse of the power, and restrained it by the Tenure of Office Act. MADISON'S Federal days were his best. MR. GAY evidently thinks the Federal position to have been the wiser and more patriotic, and there is no doubt that it has been vindicated by events. HAMILTON'S view of the Constitution prevailed in judicial construction and in the conviction of the country, which, with the rapid increase of population and prosperity, became more and more a nation; and WEBSTER'S Federal theory of the government was maintained by the civil war.

MADISON was drawn from the Federal side, as MR. GAY says, by personal influence and the local dogma of State sovereignty, which was naturally the doctrine of sparsely peopled, slave-holding, and planting States. He became a party leader, but was always under the influence of JEFFERSON'S more positive character, and with JEFFERSON he furnished the argument for secession, although he stoutly denied it. His Presidency was an epoch of humiliation, whose chief event was a war ostensibly undertaken for a reason which was not even settled by the treaty of peace, and his renown does not rest in any degree upon his Presidential service. Mr. MADISON was one of the most amiable of men, and of the highest personal integrity. Intellectually he was solid and not brilliant, and all that he said and wrote had a certain stately gravity, which was unrelieved by any sense of humor. But, with all reservations made, he was one of the fathers of the republic, a conspicuous figure in that eminent group of statesmen which CHATHAM'S noble compliment truly described. And it is the praise of Mr. GAY'S admirable *Life* that his comprehension of MADISON'S real ability and service is so just that its impression is not obscured by his keen and pungent censure. The book is a masterly study.

A JUDGE'S VIEW.

JUDGE NOAH DAVIS is an excellent citizen and upright magistrate who differs from many other equally excellent and upright men in his estimate of the MULLIGAN letters. He is reported to have said that "there is not in them a particle of evidence that should impugn in the minds of the American people the honesty, integrity, and fitness of JAMES G. BLAINE for the Presidency of the United States."

The authenticity of the letters is not questioned, and there is therefore no doubt that Mr. BLAINE wrote to Mr. FISHER the letter of the 16th of April, 1876, inclosing the draft of a letter which he asked Mr. FISHER to copy, and return to him as his own (FISHER'S) letter. Without stopping to inquire whether the draft contained a true statement, we ask, if Mr FISHER had written the letter, what did Mr. BLAINE propose to do with it? Did he intend that it should be known to be his own letter which Mr FISHER had copied? No: his own directions show that he meant to conceal that fact. He proposed to show the letter as the spontaneous and unsolicited testimony of Mr. FISHER. He meant to deceive the country, and the intention to deceive is the essence of falsehood.

Judge DAVIS thinks that such an act should not "impugn in the minds of the American people the honesty, integrity, and fitness of JAMES G. BLAINE for the Presidency of the United States." Fortunately, we repeat, there are many men of his own excellent character who do not agree with Judge DAVIS, and who hold that if JOHN MARSHALL had written such a letter with such an intent, asking a friend to say what he did not think, for the purpose of showing it as his friend's unsolicited expression of opinion, JOHN MARSHALL would have shown himself to be unfit for the Chief Justiceship of the United States.

THE COURT OF THE TUILERIES.

ONE of the most entertaining of the recent issues of the "Franklin Square Library" is *The Court of the Tuileries from the Restoration to the Flight of Louis Philippe*, by Lady JACKSON. It is a capital pendant to Madame DE RÉMUSAT'S memoirs, revealing the court life with a feeling as friendly to NAPOLEON as that of the DE RÉMUSAT memoirs is hostile to him. Indeed, it is in such a glimpse of the *vie intime* of the royal circle that the Bourbonism of the BOURBONS becomes vividly apparent. Their fatuity was incredible. They counted upon a France which was extinct, and returned to the Tuileries as if the French nation ardently desired the return of the imbruting tyranny of LOUIS XV., the oppression which produced the French Revolution, as noxious swamps were fabled to spawn serpents.

Lady JACKSON, however, avoids political history, and shows the ceremony, the dress, the life and conduct and gossip of the court. The fat, good-humored, dull, and "free-thinking" LOUIS XVIII., followed by the rake reformed into the bigot, CHARLES X., the prim and grim Duchesse d'Angoulême, and the absurd Duke, the gay and charming Duchesse de Berry, the Countess of Cayla, Madame RÉCAMIER, CHÂTEAUBRIAND, Citizen LOUIS PHILIPPE, and a crowd of other familiar figures smile and bow and pose and intrigue upon the scene; and Lady JACKSON'S shy sense of humor misses no point, as when LOUIS XVIII. abstractedly pulls off LOUIS PHILIPPE'S gloves, who abstractedly draws them on again, or GEORGE IV. pins a BOURBON cockade to the coat of LOUIS XVIII. with "his august fat fingers."

All such memoirs promote and strengthen the republic in France by unveiling monarchy. They scatter the glamour of royalty by showing of what arrogance, ignorance, prejudice, selfishness, cruelty, inhumanity, and wild extravagance it is often composed. It is not strange that intelligent and patriotic Frenchmen, even men like LABOULAYE, recalling the lurid spectacle of '93, should shudder at the chance of mob rule, and accept the empire as at least a guarantee of order. But a wiser mind sees that the path to permanent peace in France lies away from and not toward the Regency. Popular government has its inconveniences and its perils. But the remedy lies in its improvement, not in its abolition. The long series of memoirs of the Tuileries is the story of the main sources of the French Revolution and of the condition of the French people.

EMPERORS AND THEIR ARMIES.

WHETHER the late meeting of the three Emperors at Skierniwice was merely a pleasant picnic or a solemn tripartite conference for settling the fate of Europe is a point on which the quidnuncs are still at liberty to speculate. But the single known result of the interview is suggestive.

Emperor WILLIAM, on reaching Berlin, immediately directed that a regiment of Uhlans should bear the name of ALEXANDER III. of Russia, and wear it on their epaulets. Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH, on arriving at Vienna, appointed the Czarowitz an honorary Lieutenant, and the Grand-duke SERGIUS an honorary Colonel in Austrian regiments. The Czar, on his part, may by this time have responded with a like distribution of inexpensive military honors. All the three Emperors, and various Kings and kinglings of Europe, were long ago made officers in regiments not belonging to their own countries, and have had battalions christened in their honor.

A satirist might well ridicule this custom, perpetuated by potentates over their cups or by premiers in the beaten way of diplomatic compliment, since it is obvious that these nicknamed regiments may be ordered to attack the troops of the very foreigners whose title they bear. But a more significant lesson is derived from this evidence of the light in which the tenants of European thrones still look upon their soldiers. Evidently they must largely regard them as personal retainers, in a survival of the old feudal spirit, since they can thus put upon them any badge they like, and nominally transfer them to the patronage of brother princes, without more consultation with the men themselves than if they were horses sent as gifts to foreign stables.

Not long ago the world saw a serious outcome of this fancy of monarchs, when France became enraged with her neighbors as a consequence of Emperor WILLIAM'S act in making the King of Spain an honorary officer in a regiment of Uhlans.

THE SAHARA SEA.

THE proposal to fill up with water from the Mediterranean such portions of the desert in South Algeria as are below the ocean level, thereby creating a great artificial sea, now derives fresh interest from the statement that a company has been formed for undertaking this work. It appears, however, that the present design is only to begin the construction of a port at the mouth of the Oued-Melah—an enterprise which might stand on its own merits, apart from the more serious one of flooding the dry bed of the Shotts, since such a harbor is greatly needed on the coast of Tunis.

At the recent meeting of the American Association in Philadelphia an interesting paper was read on this subject by Mr. VANDERWEYDE. The old objection sometimes raised against the project on the ground of its seriously lowering the level of the Mediterranean, and thereby disturbing the terrestrial centre of gravity, was very naturally considered to be of "no practical importance"; and, indeed, it would be astonishing if mankind should need hereafter to take precautions in engineering operations lest they should unwittingly unbalance the earth. A less queer consideration, however, is the one based on the probable effects of evaporation, should these lower basins of the Sahara Desert be filled with ocean water by the contemplated channel to the Mediterranean. Evaporation being excessively rapid in the arid region of Algeria, it will go on at an enormous rate when the artificial lake almost reaches the ocean level, and hence the ocean water must flow continually through the channel to replace the water removed. The result anticipated by the essayist just quoted is that "the saltness will continually increase, and in a few decades will reach a point of saturation where crystallization along its shores will begin forming a belt of salt around its whole extent. This belt will rapidly increase in width, so that in a few centuries the original lake will have contracted to its deepest portions, while at last it will disappear, leaving in its place an immense deposit of salt. In fact, the experiment to transform the Sahara Desert into a lake will be the construction of an enormous salt-pan." On the other hand, we may remember that evaporation itself would change the nature of the climate, and cause rain to fall in localities now arid. This, indeed, is a main argument in favor of the scheme, which is designed both to render fertile the desert localities, and to furnish a water highway for commerce. But the amount of rain thus obtained would not, it is argued, equal the evaporation, and hence would only retard instead of wholly preventing the vast salt deposit already referred to. If this theory be correct, we should change a desert of sand into a desert of salt.

Colonel ROUDAIRE has insisted that the Shotts was the Triton Bay of the ancients, and if so, traces of salt formation should be visible there now. But in this theory he finds little support. There is no doubt that, in spite of the valuable aid of DE LESSEPS, the plan of flooding the Algerian basins is greatly opposed by some members of the French Academy of Sciences, one of whom has declared that it would be the ruin of Belad-el-Djerid and Souf.

PERSONAL.

MR. W. H. VANDERBILT: "I am living a private life, and I am enjoying myself. My health is splendid, and I enjoy the society of my family. I go out for a walk in the morning and a ride in the afternoon, when circumstances will admit, and I find a quiet life all that I expected it to be. I think I have good reason to congratulate myself that I know when to retire. There are few who are satisfied to stop, and they keep on until the end stops them. I have retired from business, and if my name is mentioned in connection with railroad stocks, don't ask me. My sons CORNELIUS and WILLIAM K. attend to all my affairs now."

—A foreign correspondent writes that THIERS'S handshake was brusque and dry, but not unpleasant; that GAMBETTA'S contrasted with his apparent openness and heartiness, and did not impress character; that CLEMENCEAU'S is nervous and rapid, and with a friend very friendly; that GRÉVY scans your face in a good-humored way while holding your hand; and that VICTOR HUGO shakes hands after the manner of a grandiose statue into which, as into Galatea, the breath of life has been breathed.

—After receiving his appointment as Minister to Germany, BAYARD TAYLOR wrote to a friend: "It is something so amusing for an author to receive that I am more bewildered and embarrassed than proud of the honor. If you knew how many years I have steadily worked, devoted to a high ideal, which no one seemed to recognize, and sneered at by cheap critics as a mere interloper in literature, you would understand how incredible this change seems to me. The great comfort is this—I was right in my instinct. The world does appreciate earnest endeavor in the end. I have always had faith, and I have learned to overlook opposition, disparagement, misconception of my best work, believing that the day of justification would come. But what now comes to me seems too much. I can only accept it as a balance against me, to be met by still better work in the future."

—The Rev. W. H. H. MURRAY, who five years ago was filling Music Hall, Boston, with his eloquence in the presence of vast audiences, is now the proprietor of the "Snowshoe Café" in Montreal. Last year he was in the lumber business in Texas.

—Says the Baltimore *American*: "Mr. JOHN W. GARRETT was a citizen of Baltimore, one who loved his city, and who with wonderful success devoted all his best energies for the furtherance of her interests, dying while completing the self-imposed task. A movement inaugurated by prominent members of the commercial bodies for the erection by private subscription of a memorial would, we do not question, meet with ready response, and be crowned by deserved success."

—Mr. AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS has completed a beautiful tablet for the Channing Memorial Church at Newport, in memory of its first minister, the late Rev. CHARLES T. BROOKS, who also was a most accomplished *littérateur*. The tablet is adorned with a portrait medallion, and inscribed as follows: "In sacred memory of the first and beloved minister of this society, CHARLES TIMOTHY BROOKS, born in Salem, June 20, 1813; died at Newport, June 14, 1883. His pastorate extended over thirty-seven years. A persuasive preacher, and eminent as a scholar and poet, he was still more distinguished for the simplicity and purity of his character, his child-like faith in God, and never-failing charity toward his fellow-men."

—Mr. F. MARION CRAWFORD, the novelist, on General LEW WALLACE, American Minister to Turkey: "General WALLACE (author of *Ben Hur*) is going home on leave. He is a very serious loss to us all, and if he is not re-appointed, American interests (arms, ammunition, etc.) will suffer fatally in Turkey. He has the most extraordinary personal influence with the Sultan, and has done more for American claims in a couple of years than all the other ambassadors have done for theirs in twenty. A man of immense talent, and thoroughly understanding his business."

—The heirs of the late Mr. JAMES L. CLAGHORN, of Philadelphia, have refused an offer of $120,000 for his magnificent collection of engravings and etchings, among which are three hundred Rembrandts.

—HANS MAKART, the distinguished Austrian painter, who recently became violently insane, died on the 3d inst. at Vienna, from inflammation of the brain. His chief hallucination was that his head was a box full of pigments, which he wanted, but could not get at. His malady suddenly took a fatal turn, and he died in great agony. A portrait of MAKART was given in HARPER'S WEEKLY for July 12, 1879.

—At the recent Church Congress held at Carlisle, Rev. Mr. NEVIN, rector of the American Church in Rome, read a paper. Dr. BARNES, of Maryland, said that America had much to learn from England in music and all that made men reverent and religious.

—Hon. GEORGE IRVINE, Q. C., of Quebec, has been appointed by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and approved by the Dominion government, as Judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court at Quebec.

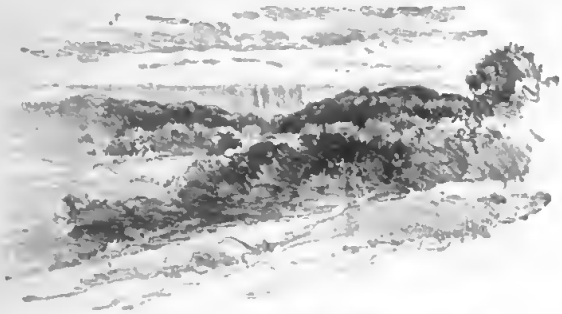
—Mr. COON, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, is described as a tall, somewhat loose-jointed man, of about forty, with a high forehead, a wrinkled face, and mustache and side whiskers dark brown, like his hair. He dresses well, in a subdued, decorous way, and is apt to carry a fashionable umbrella or stick.

—Prince EDWARD, son of the Prince of Wales, will travel in Canada and the United States next year.

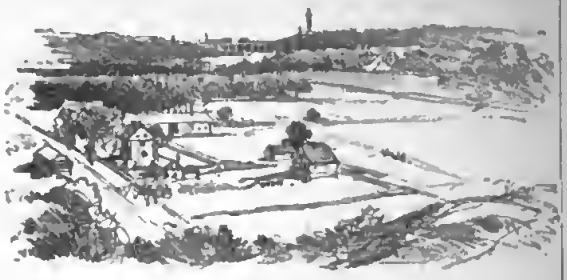
—FELIX MOSCHELES, the English portrait painter, whose work last winter attracted so much attention here, is about to return to New York. He left suddenly in the spring on account of the illness of his mother. She is entirely well again, and he has since then covered a good many canvases in London, and is soon to be back in New York with some blank ones.

—Mr. GLADSTONE amused himself a few days ago by ascending and descending one of the highest mountains in Scotland. The route was circuitous, and the distance about twenty miles.

—There is a convent of colored nuns in Baltimore. The daily life of these recluses is described by one of them as follows: "We rise every morning at half past four, summer and winter. We are engaged in prayers in the chapel till half past five, being allowed twenty minutes to dress. At half past five, if it is a day when we have no mass in our own chapel, we go out to the church a few blocks away. We get home about a quarter to seven; then we are engaged in the ordinary duties of the house till half past seven, have breakfast till a quarter of eight, and then each Sister goes to her own work. School begins at nine o'clock and continues till twelve. Then the Sisters go to the chapel in the house to say the Office of the Blessed Virgin, which consists in reciting five psalms. This takes us till half past twelve; then we have dinner. There is recreation till two o'clock, when the school begins again. From two till half past three we are at school at industrial work; then recess for the pupils till four. The Sisters continue their work till half past five. Then comes meditation in the chapel, supper at seven, and recreation till half past eight. Then we have our night prayers. Every one, Sisters and pupils, must be in bed at half past nine. This is the story of our life all the year round."



DISTANT VIEW OF THE PALISADES.



PARADE GROUND.

THE VAN CORTLANDT MANOR-HOUSE.

THE OLD MILL.

RUSTIC BRIDGE.

THE LANE.

NATURAL HILL-SIDES.

ON THE LAKE.

VIEWS IN VAN CORTLANDT PARK.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 669.]

THE LATE MISS SARAH C. CARPENTER, OF BROOKLYN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY NARGOLA.—(SEE PAGE 669.)

THE LATE FRANK S. CHANFRAU.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.—(SEE PAGE 668.)

"IT IS NOT BETTING THAT YOU'RE MAKING YOUR MONEY AT," SHE SAID.—(SEE SERIAL "FROM PORT TO PORT," PAGE 666.)

HUGH J. GRANT, TAMMANY CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF NEW YORK.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOWNSEND.—(SEE PAGE 669.)

THE LATE COMMODORE FILLEBROWN.
FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH BY MATHEW.—(SEE PAGE 668.)

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Breezie Langton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LAWYERS MEET.

"Mr. Pearson wants to see me? Tell him I shall be disengaged in a few minutes, Tomlinson," said Mr. Writson, as he contemplated his brother practitioner's card in his own private sanctum in Parliament Street. "This must, of course, mean a move as to the estate of Alister Rockingham. Not likely Pearson is making any move on his own account; he knows that whatever pulls he had on the poor Squire's feathers they were much too carefully masked for us to lay any hold of; but with Mr Elliston it is different, we have record of his indebtedness," and Mr Writson touched the bell as a signal that he was ready to receive his visitor.

"Good-morning, Mr Pearson," he said, courteously, as that gentleman entered the office. "I was sorry to see that the stable was somewhat out of luck at Goodwood."

Mr. Writson knew but little and cared less about turf matters, but there is neither man, woman, nor child in Yorkshire to whom "talking horse" is not as natural as breathing, and the fortunes of the Riddleton stable were always the subject of common conversation in the city.

"Yes," replied Pearson; "when your expectations of winning a good stake are upset just by a head, it's always disappointing. The calculation is shown right enough, but the element of luck incidental to racing has gone against you."

"Pray sit down. As you are aware, I am but a poor judge of such things."

"And yet," said Pearson, as he complied with his brother professional's request, "you are acting for an old client of mine who ruined himself at the game. The poor Squire was much too impulsive to do any good on a race-course."

"If he assisted other people to anything like the extent he assisted his cousin, it would not need the addition of a taste for the turf to account for his difficulties," replied Mr. Writson, drily.

"Ah, yes. I have come round to speak to you on the part of Mr Elliston," replied Pearson.

"I hope you are empowered to pay the money he is indebted to the late Squire, or, at all events, a considerable instalment of it."

"You see, that is what it amounts to. It is only a debt."

"A debt for which I am instructed to press for payment. No one can know better than you how very little, after the creditors are satisfied, there will be left for the family. Such a sum as Mr Elliston's unmet bills is far too considerable to be looked over."

Mr Writson travelled a little without the record in this last speech, for as far he had received no instructions from Gerald, of whose whereabouts he was still in ignorance; but Pearson did not know that, although he thought it very probable that neither his solicitor nor his own people knew how Gerald was getting his living. Sam Pearson had been quite as anxious as his partner that the lad's connection with Riddleton should cease, but not quite from the same cause. In spite of a genial manner, Pearson would have never allowed his feelings to interfere with his interest, but he had compunctions about seeing the son of his old patron a servant in an establishment where the father had been emphatically master. With Elliston the case was different. He had always entertained a strong personal dislike to Gerald from a child; but for that boy he would have stood in the position of heir to Cranley, and on that dislike there was now grafted a superstitious feeling that Gerald represented his evil star. Thrice already, he considered, had "Jim Forrest" caused him to lose heavily, though there was nothing extraordinary in any one of the three races. In the Two Thousand a good but bad tempered horse took it into his head to do his best, ridden by the lad he was accustomed to. In the Julys the best horse won, as it was no secret all connected with the stable confidently expected it would; while in the Stewards' Cup Riddleton was just beat by a known good horse from Newmarket—the so-dubbed Jim Forrest merely proving himself a fine horseman, which he had shown before.

"You see," said Pearson, after a long pause, during which he was turning over in his mind the lowest possible sum he could in common decency offer in composition, "Mr. Elliston is rather unfortunately placed just now for ready money. If he had a good year last year, luck has run steadily against him this. It was a pity you did not apply to him before his Phaeton winnings had found their way back to the pockets of the Ring, whence they came."

"I should have thought he would have devoted some of them at all events to paying the son a portion of what he owed the father."

"Elliston, like a good many other people, has plenty of hungry creditors when he has money, and naturally pacifies those most likely to proceed to extremities. You should have made your application before this year's disasters."

"Nobody knows better than you," returned Mr Writson, sharply, "that Gerald Rockingham only put his affairs into my hands this year—he has but recently found those bills. You, I dare say, knew of their existence."

"Whether I did or no has nothing to do with the question. You know you can't recover on them by law."

"Perhaps not. But I should think Mr Elliston would not like to face the exposure consequent on our attempting to do so."

"Cuthbert Elliston would face a good deal sooner than pay a sum of money like that," returned Pearson, sententiously.

"You know very well his reputation at the present moment is by no means stainless—much too frail, I fancy, to stand a fresh scandal such as this would be."

"Pooh!" replied Pearson. "As long as you settle, they'd be tolerably indifferent at Tattersall's or Newmarket as to where or how you got the money. A man who always pays when he loses possesses a cardinal virtue that justifies the infraction of every law in the Decalogue."

"But Mr Elliston, remember, has a wife and a social position to maintain, and what may be overlooked on the turf may not be disregarded by society. His late cousin was a very popular man, and I know that about here there is deep sympathy for his widow and children."

"From that point of view I grant you it might be worth my client's while to pay something. As for his paying the whole, it is no use talking about it—he couldn't if he would."

There was silence between the two men. Each was waiting for the other to make the next move. Mr Writson broke it at last.

"What do you propose to do? You came here to make a proposition of some sort on Mr. Elliston's part, I presume?"

"Well, I suppose the thing really lies in a nutshell," said Pearson. "You can't expect Elliston to pay all, and know that you can't legally exact it. You have only one way out of it, and that is a composition. It's a mere question of what you'll take to cry quits."

"What has Mr Elliston empowered you to offer?" inquired Mr Writson.

"I am not precisely empowered to make you a definite offer," returned Pearson, "but from what my client said, I think he would go as far as a thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds in lieu of the six thousand odd which he really owes to Gerald Rockingham! Mr Elliston is not very liberal in his ideas of settling with his creditors—about three and sixpence in the pound can not be said to err in that direction. However, I must see what Mr. Gerald has to say to it."

A sudden thought flashed across Pearson. He looked his companion hard in the face, and then said:

"Are you quite sure that you know where Gerald Rockingham is? and what he is doing? I've a shrewd suspicion that neither you nor his family know where to communicate with him."

Mr Writson had tolerable command of his features, but he was so taken aback by the guess of his quick-witted antagonist that he could not avoid betraying in his face the accuracy of it.

"Ha, I thought so!" exclaimed Pearson, "then let me tell you in the profession young Rockingham has embraced he is very likely to want a thousand pounds at any moment. There's a leaven of the old Squire in his composition, and I recollect hearing that he was 'blooded' over the Phaeton Leger."

"You surely can't mean that he has taken to racing? Why, you must be aware that he has no money for anything of that sort."

"There are many young gentlemen who don't seem to find that much of an obstacle in these days; but if Gerald Rockingham don't choose to tell you what he's doing, it's no affair of mine. You will doubtless know all in good time, but a thousand pounds may be useful in any profession; in fact, I never knew a man who didn't want a thousand pounds. However, there's no more to be said now. You can send round to me when you have heard what Gerald Rockingham says to our offer. Good-morning." And with that Mr Pearson took his departure.

"Yes," muttered the wily lawyer, as he made his way to his own residence, "I think I may tell Elliston that he's not likely to be troubled for some little time. They would hardly move without young Rockingham's consent, and it's quite evident they don't know where he is, nor that he's blossomed into a celebrity. I can't help rather admiring the boy's pluck myself, and he can ride; but it will be rather a shock to his own people when they come to hear of it," and Sam Pearson could not refrain from smiling as he thought of haughty Ellen Rockingham receiving the intelligence that her brother had turned jockey.

Mr. Writson remained wrapped in thought for some little time after his visitor had left him. If Sam Pearson knew where Gerald was, it was probable there were others in York who possessed the same information, and yet it was very strange that he should keep his mother and sister in ignorance of his whereabouts. What was this calling he had turned his hand to? And what object could he have in making a mystery of it? Young men, far from making any secret of their profession, are generally rather proud of having embarked on one. It is an unmistakable recognition of their manhood. Young, and with all its chances, whatever they may be, before them, it is but natural that they should be proud of the career which they have embraced. It is only later, when the prizes have been all missed, the chances all lost, and the profession of their adoption has turned out but a grudging stepmother to them, that they lose their love for it, that despondency comes over them, and they wish their line of life had been otherwise.

However, Mr Writson reflected, if his client chose to keep his whereabouts a mystery, it was not for him to unravel it. He must surely see or hear from him ere long, and Cuthbert Elliston's offer was not a thing that pressed so much as two or three older matters. At all events, Mr Writson reflected, he could proceed no further without Gerald's instructions. Even in arranging the sale of Cranley Chase, which the late Squire's liabilities rendered necessary, he was now much hampered by the absence of his principal. He had hoped, in the first instance, that the place at all events might have been saved, and that a heavy sacrifice of the outlying lands would have averted the sale of the house and park. But it was now evident that even if it were possible—which was very doubtful—to retain these, the income left would be totally inadequate to keep up such a place as Cranley. It might be painful, but it was undoubtedly the wisest thing for the family to part with their broad manors altogether. Another thing rather troubled Mr Writson. Although not as yet advertised, it had been privately put about that Cranley Chase was likely to be in the market, and so far, somewhat to Mr. Writson's dismay, they had not even had a nibble. The wealthy plutocrat who had made his money in some of our great manufacturing industries, and desired, after the way of his class, to become a large landed proprietor, had not appeared. Mr. Writson was already pondering somewhat sadly on whether it would not be necessary to break the Rockingham property up and dispose of it in lots. Mr. Writson was solicitor to a large proportion of the country gentlemen round about York, and had much reverence for their stately homes. The lawyer was a staunch Conservative, and deplored the downfall of an old county family as an antiquarian might the destruction of Roman remains. He had never been Alister Rockingham's man of business, but was unfeignedly sorry for the obliteration of the family from the roll of landed gentry of the County of York, and the saving of that seemed hopeless.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"I AM PERFECTLY SERIOUS."

Miss Rockingham, still much disturbed in her mind as to what had become of her brother, would have been no little astonished could she have looked into that sitting-room in Coney Street which was the scene of her skirmish with Dollie Greyson. That young lady was seated on the sofa, and in very close proximity to her was the missing Gerald.

"I am so pleased to see you again," said the girl. "And how well you have done, Gerald dear, during the short time you've been at it! Why, you're quite one of the cracks."

"Yes," he replied; "I get lots of riding now, and am already beginning to make money hand over hand. Getting a retainer from Sir Marmaduke in the first instance, and then Blackton's accident, were two rare turns for me. You see, Dollie, I got all the first mounts from Pipes's stable, and, what's more, made the most of them, either."

"I should think not! Why, the papers all said that it was your riding got Pibroch home a winner in the Stewards' Cup."

"Yes, Sir Marmaduke and his friends were all very complimentary, and substantially so too, Dollie. That race was worth five hundred pounds to me. I have got money in the bank now, and hope to put by a good bit if I don't get too heavy. When did you leave Riddleton, and how did you leave them all?"

"I have been here about a week. They are all well, and take the greatest interest in your career. Joe Butters has a growing idea that he taught you to ride, and I heard father say to him the other day, 'He'd a rougher school-master than you, Joe; the Dancer, as they call him in the stable, made Jim Forrest.'"

"So he did. How is the queer-tempered brute, Dollie? He was backed for a deal of money for the Leger at Goodwood. I should like to be up on him at Doncaster, and see if he'd try with me once more."

"Ah, they won't let you ride for Riddleton again. Mr Elliston and Mr Pearson won't have it, and I don't think father quite wants you about the place, Gerald," replied the girl, shyly.

"But your father has no cause to be angry with me."

"No; but remember he does not know who you are, and dear father thinks I'm too good for any one almost. He watches your riding with great interest, and saw you win at Goodwood. He said when he came back, 'It was that Jim Forrest who was here bowled us over, and Mr Elliston is a fool to bar his riding for Riddleton.'"

"Well, I shall go over and see him. We were very good friends when we met at Goodwood."

"Oh yes, he would be glad to see you, and mother too. It's different from what it was when you were with us. Now you're a swell, you know. But what are you going to do? You will go and see your mother and sister, I suppose?"

"Yes. Fancy Ellen coming to see you, as you told me in your letter! How did you get on?"

"Well, not particularly well. She wanted to patronize me, and I didn't like that; and then, Gerald, she derided the idea of there being anything serious between us, and I liked that still less."

"But how did she come to know anything about it? Did you tell her?"

"She saw your ring on my finger, and I don't quite know how it was led up to, but she guessed you gave it me, and quite lectured me for being fool enough to believe that a Rockingham could intend to do more than amuse himself with a girl like me."

"Ellen's too bad, by Jove!" said Gerald, starting to his feet and pacing the room in his annoyance. "She always was as proud as Lucifer, and now she ignores the fact that we are ruined. She secluded herself so latterly that she is quite ignorant of the way things are changing, and that the old families have to make way for the new. Upon my word I think she believes one can live on one's genealogy. However, she shall know that my intentions are serious enough, so far as you are concerned, before the day's over."

"What will your mother say to it?"

"She won't like it, I dare say, at first, more especially as she won't know that but for you I should be sore puzzled to even earn my daily bread. I don't know what else I could have turned my hand to; but I don't intend to tell her as yet what I am doing. When she knows, she'll have to admit that a jockey, even if he is a Rockingham, is very suitably mated with Dollie Greyson, and a lucky fellow to have won her to boot."

"I do hope she will let me love her, Gerald, and that we shall get on together."

"No doubt of that. Ellen is different. There will be some trouble to reconcile her to our marriage, but she will come round when she knows that I am Jim Forrest, the jockey."

"You know best, Gerald, but would it not be wise to tell them that at once? It is sure to come to their ears before long."

"No; and I'll tell you why. They both think there is a hope of saving Cranley—I mean just the house and so on; they know the bulk of the property must go, but hope that will be left to us. I can't tell for certain till I've seen Writson, but don't suppose there's a chance myself. However, the knowledge that Cranley is irretrievably gone will make them understand that we must accept a lower position in the world."

"It will be a terrible blow for them to know that the old house and lands have passed away from the Rockinghams," murmured the girl, softly; "but I fear, Gerald, they will be more hurt at the calling you have adopted. I am almost sorry now I suggested it to you."

"Nonsense, Dollie. I don't know what I should have done if you hadn't. I should probably by this have been earning a wretched salary as a clerk—work I should have hated. My present work is healthy, exciting, and well paid; indeed, I am rapidly making money, and I know nothing else at which I could have begun to do that so speedily. A big race tries all one's resources of nerve, eye, head, and hand. It calls for resolution and ready decision, and the excitement of a close finish is thrilling. A popular actor obtains no prompter recognition than a popular jockey in his hour of triumph. The great thing is not to lose your head. It made my pulses tingle the other day to hear the roar of 'Pibroch wins!' 'Phaeton wins!' and know what a very fine point it was between us."

"Gerald, I must see you ride. I should so love to see you win a great race!"

"All in good time. I must say good-by to you now, darling, as I must have a talk with Writson, and then go and see my mother and Ellen; and next time you meet the latter she won't, at all events, tell you that my love-making all means nothing."

"But shall I see you again before you go?"

"Not unless I see you at Riddleton. I want to go over there and have a palaver with your father. I want to know how the Dancer is, and who's going to ride him for the Leger. He treats me very differently now, Dollie, and may tell me. How he would jump down a stable-boy's throat who presumed to ask him such a question! I backed him for a little money at Goodwood for 'auld lang syne.' Once more good-by; I must get back to Newmarket as soon as I have finished my business in Yorkshire." And having snatched a kiss from Dollie's unresisting lips, Gerald took his departure, and made his way to Mr Writson's.

The lawyer was unfeignedly glad to see him, although he had no very pleasant intelligence to impart, but he wanted authority for what he proposed doing. He told his client point-blank that any attempt to save Cranley would be useless.

"It would be that most miserable of all things—an attempt to live in a big house, Mr Rockingham, on a very small income. Better let it go, hard as it must be for you to part with it. You will, of course, improve the income by its sale, and be spared a painful struggle, for I am sure it would pain you if Cranley were not kept up as you have always seen it done."

"Yes, better it should go than that," replied Gerald. "The gardens neglected, and the stables well nigh empty, would be sadder for us all than the loss of it. Besides, the first wrench is over. My mother has moved."

"There is one thing I fear you will be sorry to hear, that though it is an open secret that the place will be in the market shortly, I have had no inquiries about it, and we may possibly have to break up the estate into lots, and dispose of it that way."

"I don't know as that makes much difference," replied Gerald, sadly; "more publicity given that way, of course, but every one knows we are broke, so what does it matter?"

Mr Writson was more sincerely sorry for his client than any gentleman of his profession has any business to be.

"I have one other thing," he said at last, "to take your instructions about, Mr Rockingham," and then he told Gerald the story of the bills, and how there could be no doubt that Cuthbert Elliston had owed the late Squire over six thousand pounds at the time of his death, which was still, of course, due to the estate, and Mr Writson proceeded to recount what steps he had taken to recover it, and in what wise they had been met.

Gerald's young face grew dark as he listened, and for some little time after the lawyer had finished he remained rapt in thought.

"Neither myself nor my mother ever liked or trusted Cuthbert Elliston. She always declared that he was a constant borrower and evil-adviser, and that my father would have been a much richer man if he'd never seen him. Me he hated from a child. I, of course, came between him and the property. My birth extinguished his chance of ever coming into Cranley. I am not at all disposed to let Elliston off that money if it is possible to make him pay it."

"If you leave it to me I think we shall, at all events, get some of it, and you almost owe it to your mother and sister to try."

"All right; do as you think best. And now, I think, there's nothing more."

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1439.

"No. Just give me your address, Mr Rockingham, in case I want to write to you."

"I can not do that as yet; but you will hear from me in a few weeks—perhaps see me again. Good-by."

Gerald strode mournfully toward his mother's lodgings in St. Leonard's Place. He was by no means dissatisfied with his own personal prospects. He had dropped all rubbish about its being below his dignity. He had to earn his own living, and make money to boot, if possible. That which came easiest to his purpose he had done, and was no whit ashamed of it. But he had now to break the fact not only that Cranley Chase was gone from them forever to his mother and sister, but that it was his fixed determination to marry Dollie Greyson, the trainer's daughter—two things that were likely to be bitter news in St. Leonard's Place.

His mother uttered a cry of delight as he entered the room. Not only, poor lady, was she honestly much pleased to see her son, but she further hoped that he was the herald of good tidings. She bore a brave front to the world and faced her altered fortunes with all the patient courage high-bred women usually display in such troubles, but there was under it all hope that enough might be saved from the wreck to enable her to end her days at Cranley.

"Well, mother, I've seen Mr Writson this morning, and it is quite decided. I know you will feel it, but the old house must go. Even if we could keep it, we couldn't live in it; and wouldn't you rather it went from us altogether than merely went to rack and ruin in our hands?"

"You know best, Gerald. I should have dearly loved to finish my days where I have passed so many happy years; but if it must be so, it is useless my saying any more. If I grieve over it, you and Ellen, at least, shall not see it. But, my dear boy, why have we not heard from you for so long, and what are you doing?"

"Mother, you must rest content when I tell you that I am earning my own living honestly, and doing well. I am even putting by money, but I will not tell you how as yet."

"It was unkind to keep such good news to yourself," exclaimed Mrs. Rockingham. "I have been so anxious about you."

"I had urgent reasons for not writing"—he could not well dispatch letters from Riddleton—"but they are now in a great measure removed, and you will hear from me occasionally, as well as see me. Before long I shall be able to explain everything, and you will find I have done nothing I need be ashamed of. One thing more, mother dearest, I'm going to be married."

"Married, Gerald! At your age, and in your circumstances! It's madness!"

"Well, I ought not to have said that exactly, because I'm not going to be married just yet; but I am engaged to a Miss Greyson."

"Gerald! Gerald! Don't say that, for Heaven's sake!" exclaimed his sister. "She's the niece of the haberdasher in Coney Street, mother."

"Never mind who she is. She's a very pretty, good girl, and has been brought up a lady, as Ellen there can testify, and I'm pledged to make her my wife. I know, mother, you won't relish the idea at first, but it is not going to take place at present, and in the mean time I want you to know Dollie."

"Gerald, I am afraid," returned Mrs Rockingham, "that you are meditating a very foolish thing. If we have lost our house and lands, remember we are still Rockinghams."

"Ah, mother dear, there's a new order of things rapidly approaching, and Rockinghams and other people of the same type will find they are of little account in the days that are coming, unless they command either money or brains."

"Do you mean to say, Gerald, birth and blood are to be of no consideration in future?"

"Birth and blood will count for little, my sister. What you can do will be held in higher reverence than how you were born, very shortly; indeed, I might say is already. And now, dearest mother, I must say good-by. My very brief holiday is over, and I must return again to my work, but you will hear from me before long."

"Oh, Gerald, this is a miserably short visit, and I had so much to say to you," murmured Mrs. Rockingham, as she embraced him tenderly.

"Work is work, mother, and must be seen to. There's no money to be made unless one sticks to it. Good-by, Ellen."

But the girl was too anxious to part with him in that fashion. She accompanied him down-stairs.

"It is not betting that you're making your money so?" she said, in a nervous whisper, as she clung tightly to him at the door.

"No, no, darling. It is no chance work of that description. I legitimately earn what I make. Set your mind at rest on that point."

"And you don't really mean to marry Miss Greyson, do you, Gerald?"

"Most undoubtedly," he returned, brusquely. "I am perfectly serious. Good-by."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FRANK S. CHANFRAU.

FRANK S. CHANFRAU will be remembered as Mose, the fire-laddie of New York city in the days when the boys "ran with the machine." As long ago as 1848, in a piece entitled *A Glance at New York*, he created the part, and it made him famous throughout the United States, and enabled him to leave a fortune of $400,000. His first appearance was described at the time as follows: "He stood there in his shirt, with his fire-coat thrown over his arm. The stove-pipe hat, then known as a plug, was drawn down over one eye, his trousers were tucked into his boots, the stump of a cigar pointed up at an angle of forty-five degrees, his soap-locks were plastered flat on his temple, and his jaw protruded with a half-human expression of contemptuous ferocity. Not a hand, not a foot, moved to give him welcome until, taking the cigar stump from his mouth, and turning half-way round to give his inimitable spit, he exclaimed, 'I ain't a-goin' ter run wid dat merchine any more.' In a moment the audience rose, yelling with delight, for they recognized the familiar portraiture. The next night the theatre was jammed, and so it continued for several months." At various times he was Brother Sam, or Kit, the Arkansas Traveller; but it is as Mose that he will be longest remembered.

Mr CHANFRAU died of apoplexy in Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, at half past five o'clock on the morning of the 2d of October, in his sixty-first year, after an illness of only a few hours. He was five feet ten inches high, compactly built, and with muscles as tough as those of a professional athlete. His domestic life was exceptionally happy; those who saw him at his home in Long Branch—about a mile and a half west of the beach, not far from Miss MARY ANDERSON's cottage, and just opposite Mr. WILLIAM J. HENDERSON's—witnessed a picture of ideal loveliness. His family consisted of his wife, his sister, his wife's sister, and his two sons, HENRY and FRANK, the elder about twenty-four years old, the younger about fourteen, neither of whom did he wish to go on the stage. In fact, he set HENRY up in business not long ago in Chicago in order to prevent him from adopting the paternal profession. He had a warm word for everybody, and was greatly beloved. He was a master of comic verisimilitude, and he added to the pleasure of hundreds of thousands of his fellow-creatures.

VAN CORTLANDT PARK.

PELHAM BAY is the largest of the new parks laid out by the Commission whose work was ratified by the Legislature last winter, but Van Cortlandt Park is of the most varied interest, and has the advantage of being the most park-like. The first thought of a lover who looks southward across it, and watches the gradual encroachment of the city upon the fields, must be a wish that it might be kept as it is, and simply secured from improvement.

This is virtually what the Commissioners propose. The park, as they have laid it down, comprises 1069 acres, against the 1700 of Pelham Bay and the 653 acres of Bronx Park. It includes almost the whole of the VAN CORTLANDT estate, leaving a strip west of Broadway, which is the western boundary of the park, and another strip across the Yonkers line, which is its northern boundary. This is not the VAN CORTLANDT manor, which, with its Dutch manor-house still standing, in which General PIERRE VAN CORTLANDT died but a few weeks ago, is in the northern end of Westchester County. The VAN CORTLANDT estate, which is about to come into the possession of the city, was part of the great domain of Phillipseburgh, from which it was separated as part of the dowry of EVA PHILLIPSE, who married JACOBUS VAN CORTLANDT late in the seventeenth century. It was not until 1748, however, that the substantial mansion which is now the family dwelling was built—a square and sensible house, of the type familiar to students of colonial architecture, of rough stone, with jambs and flat arches of red brick, though now overlaid with a wash of yellow plaster, and with a chimney-piece carved in wood with peculiar delicacy and elaboration even for the period to which it belongs, and of which it is a more remarkable specimen than the better-known mantel in the present City Hall of Yonkers. This mansion, standing in a pretty lawn approached by an avenue of locusts, is within two or three minutes' walk of the Van Cortlandt Station on the New York and Northern Railroad, and at the bottom of the valley which comprises the old estate and the new park. Just below it is a lazy mill-stream, an affluent of the estuary which we call Spuyten Duyvil "Creek," which widens out just opposite the house into a mill-pond, by which stands a wooden mill that antedates the independence of the United States. The house was in the most debatable part of the neutral ground during the Revolution, and served upon at least two occasions as the head-quarters of WASHINGTON, and very possibly also as the head-quarters of Sir HENRY CLINTON, being just beyond the British lines, and the owner, like nearly all the "swells" of Westchester, taking the King's side in the conflict.

Private ownership can not be expected to preserve this interesting domain much longer from division into sites for suburban villas. That it has been preserved so long is due to the fact that the railroad, an extension of the west-side elevated, by which it is most readily accessible, is only three or four years old. Such a "haunt of ancient peace," with primeval timber, and the character of a purely agricultural occupation, within an hour of the Battery, is a surprise to the stranger with an eye for the picturesque, who is very possibly more thankful than the owner that the main tracks of travel diverge below the happy valley so as to leave it in its primitive seclusion. The seclusion is so primitive, indeed, that wild-ducks still breed and are annually shot in the sedges of Van Cortlandt Pond. It is related that this circumstance, together with the survival in the woods at the top of Vault Hill of one venerable dog fox, gave a recent proprietor an occasion for an indignant rebuke of the assessors, who had taxed his farm upon its speculative value, for putting such an appraisal upon land which was "the haunt of foxes and wild fowl."

The valley which the estate comprises runs north and south, and is formed by hills steep enough to be picturesque without being precipitous, and still in great part clothed with woods. The meadow in the bottom to the westward of the stream is almost accurately level. When an orchard is removed, it will form, with scarcely any necessity for further grading, a natural plain of some one hundred and twenty acres, which will be available not only for military evolutions, but for such athletic sports as are now necessarily excluded from Central Park, while on the eastern side of the stream, and some distance up the slope, space will accrue for a rifle range of over 1100 yards in length, needing only an embankment at the north end to be perfectly protected.

The slope of Vault Hill, so called from the family burying-ground to the north of this bottom-land, is a natural point of view for the movements upon the plain below, and will accommodate more spectators than are likely ever to bring it into requisition. From the crest of this same hill almost the whole expanse of the park is commanded, and there is a wide outlook far beyond its limits. Just below is the smiling valley and the old orchard and the old mansion and the lazy stream. Westward through a dip in the hills that border the Hudson there is a glimpse of the Palisades down almost to the surface of the great river. Southward is the shining expanse of the Harlem in a narrowing vista closed by the gray arches of High Bridge, to the right of which the horizon is broken by the faint blue masses that mark the multitudinous roofs of Manhattan.

As we have said, this is already a park. A regard for economy and a sense of beauty go together in the hope that it may be kept as it is, and, above all things, preserved from sophistication. The leafy lanes which now traverse it are pleasanter modes of transit than stretches of asphalt with monumental lamp-posts. It is luckily likely to be long after the land is acquired before the municipality will feel warranted in adding these advantages. All that is immediately proposed is the connection of Van Cortlandt Park with Bronx Park and the rest of the system by means of a great parkway extending from its southern side toward Fordham. To estimate the importance of the proposed additions to our park area, it is necessary for the reader only to recall that Van Cortlandt Park, the second in size of the three principal parks proposed, contains two hundred acres more than the whole area of Central Park.

THE LATE MISS CARPENTER.

On page 667 we give the portrait of Miss CARPENTER, the Brooklyn lady who was missed from her home, No. 72 Hancock Street, on the 24th of September. The only clew to her disappearance that afforded any hope to her family was one that led to the supposition that she might have sailed for Europe in the *Bothnia* the morning she left her home. A few days after her disappearance Mr CARPENTER received a letter signed "An Englishman," in which the writer related that on the morning of September 24, just as the *Bothnia* was about to leave her pier, a lady who answered the published descriptions of Miss CARPENTER rushed up the gang-plank evidently in great perturbation, and went on board, attracting much attention by her eccentric actions and the fact that she was alone. A dispatch from Europe confirms this statement. Miss CARPENTER sailed on the *Bothnia*, and on the second day out was missed from the ship. It is supposed that she drowned herself in a moment of temporary insanity.

COMMODORE FILLEBROWN.

THE respect and love of all who knew him will long linger around the memory of Commodore THOMAS SCOTT FILLEBROWN, who died suddenly in the early morning of Saturday, September 27, at his residence in the Brooklyn Navy-yard, of which he was commandant. "Everybody liked him here, from highest to lowest," was one expression in the yard which voiced a universal sentiment.

Born in the District of Columbia sixty years ago, he had been more than twoscore years an officer of the navy, having been appointed to it from Maine October 19, 1841. After making as midshipman to the Mediterranean and home squadrons, the outbreak of the Mexican war gave him a new experience, as he took part in the naval operations carried on in the Gulf. Not until nearly fourteen years after his entrance into the service did he receive his commission as Lieutenant, having meanwhile performed both sea and shore duty, the former including the cruise of the *Vincennes* in the North Pacific expedition and the command of the *Anacostia*. The civil war brought more rapid promotion, and he was made Lieutenant-Commander in 1862, and Commander in 1866. In the former capacity he had charge of the gun-boat *Chenango* when by the explosion of her boiler in New York Harbor four officers and thirty men perished. During the year 1864 he commanded the iron-clad *Passaic* in the attacks upon Fort Sumter, and the iron-clad *Montauk* in operations against the enemy's works on Stono River. As commander of the *Sonoma* he engaged the batteries in Tagoda River early in the following year.

After the war he commanded successively the *Narragansett*, *Shenandoah*, and *Powhatan*, and also served at times in the Hydrographic Office and as chief of the Bureau of Equipment, as executive officer of the Norfolk yard, as officer in charge of the "rebellion records" of the navy, and so on. He was made Captain in 1874, and Commodore in 1883. While the fortune of war had brought to some others opportunities for distinction resulting in a larger measure of popular fame, Commodore FILLEBROWN's comprehensive experience of multifarious duties made him a valuable officer, and his active career, which would have been followed by transfer to the retired list as Rear Admiral a little less than two years hence, had he lived so long, was useful and honorable.

Commodore FILLEBROWN had been afflicted for some time with a rheumatic affection of the heart, but the day and the evening before his death he had been so remarkably well that an attack of this disease at eleven o'clock at night was most unexpected. Three hours later he was no more. To his widow and his two sons the universal tribute of esteem paid to him must be a source of comfort at this sudden termination of the career of a true sailor and gentleman.

THE TAMMANY CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR.

MR. HUGH J. GRANT, who has received the Tammany Hall nomination for Mayor, was born of Irish parents in this city. He is young—only thirty-one; rich—his father made a fortune in real estate, which the son has increased; and a graduate of St. Francis Xavier College and the Columbia College Law School. On graduating, young GRANT accepted the position of managing clerk in the law office of D M PORTER and ex-Recorder SMYTH, where he remained for several years. He afterward opened a law office of his own, and was doing a good business when his father died, in 1880. He then took charge of his father's real-estate business, and is still to be found at the old office. In 1882 he was elected Alderman of the Nineteenth District, and last year was re-elected. While in the board he was brought prominently into notice by his opposition to the Broadway railroad steal.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND IN BUFFALO.

In spite of the pouring rain which deluged the streets of Buffalo from morning till late at night, the reception of Governor CLEVELAND in that city on the 2d inst. was a grand popular success. No demonstration of equal magnitude and enthusiasm was ever before witnessed in Buffalo. From the moment of alighting from the train until he bade the cheering throng good-night at his hotel, he was greeted with constant tributes of popular esteem and honor. The city blazed with illuminations and fire-works, and the crowded streets presented an aspect of general festivity and rejoicing.

The Governor and his party left Albany about half past one in the afternoon in a special train for Buffalo, and all along the route was greeted by enthusiastic crowds wherever the train stopped. He reached Buffalo a few minutes after eight o'clock; and as soon as the party had entered the carriages at the station, the procession, which was waiting on the streets near by, formed in line. The rain now came down harder than at any previous time through the day, and hundreds of men who had intended to march in the line withdrew, declaring that they could not stand the deluge. The procession was thus much reduced, but the greater number, moved by an earnest determination to show their devotion to Governor CLEVELAND, pluckily took their places. "We might not to shrink," said Chairman SCHEU, of the County Committee. "Four years ago, at our biggest demonstration, Governor CLEVELAND marched over the whole line carrying a torch, and it rained as hard as it does to-night."

All the principal streets of the city were decorated with flags, transparencies, and pictures of the Governor. Chinese lanterns were burning all over the front of many buildings and upon ropes stretched from one building to another across the streets. Colored fire burned on the tops of many business blocks. The Governor's carriage was drawn by eight white horses. When it appeared on Main Street, that thoroughfare seemed to be ablaze with fire-works. Cheer after cheer went up as he passed along through the thronging multitude. The scene was such as had never been witnessed before in Buffalo. As the procession marched up the street, its magnificent proportions became apparent. Well in the front came the Buffalo Legion, the finest body of men formed into a political club in that city in years. Following them came various political organizations of Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Batavia, Jamestown, and almost every other city and town in western New York. Many of them carried torches, and nearly every club carried a transparency. The mottoes were various, but the majority referred in some way to the admitted honesty of Governor CLEVELAND and the bad reputation of Mr BLAINE. The route chosen for the procession was about four miles long, going up Main Street, around several blocks, and back to the Genesee House. When Governor CLEVELAND had been over the route the procession had little more than half passed. The procession was fully two hours passing a given point, and must have included at least 18,000 men.

When the Governor's carriage was driven up to his hotel, he was again greeted with loud and prolonged cheering, and his appearance on the balcony, when the procession had fully passed, was again the signal for a tremendous burst of applause. Mr HENRY MARTIN, President of the Manufacturers' and Traders' Bank, delivered an appropriate and telling address of welcome, to which Governor CLEVELAND made a brief and felicitous response, thanking the people of Buffalo for their demonstration of esteem and confidence. In conclusion he said:

"Because I love my State and her people I can not refrain from reminding you that she should be in the van of every movement which promises a safer and better administration of the general government, so closely related to her prosperity and greatness. And let me leave you with the thought that your safety lies in impressing upon the endeavor of those intrusted with the guardianship of your rights and interests a pure, patriotic, and exacting popular sentiment. The character of the government can hardly rise higher than the source from which it springs, and the integrity and faithfulness of public servants are not apt to be greater than the public demand."

The counter-march of the procession began at midnight, and for two hours the Governor remained on the balcony watching the parade. Thus ended the largest and most significant political demonstration ever witnessed in Buffalo.

THE GRAND POPULAR RECEPTION OF GOVERNOR CLEVELAND IN BUFFALO—THE P

ION PASSING THROUGH MAIN STREET.—Drawn by Charles Graham and W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 669.]

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LOVE AND MIRAGE;*

OR,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MIRAGE.

Arthur gazed with the rest. Meantime, at a signal from the captain, the helmsman's hand paused on the wheel, the ship's pace was slackened. For a brief space she all but stood still. They were now far away from the shore, and to all appearances, although it was not so, in the open sea. The coast in view on one side was dim and shadowy; on the other, a mere line hardly deeper in color than the waves. Not a flashing sheer, not a glistening sail, anywhere to be seen. The little craft was a solitary thing between sleepy summer seas and warm amber sky.

All at once that sweet strange monotony vanished, and over against the steamer and the island, the heavens showed miraculous transformation. It was as if the vast span of golden cloudland were suddenly withdrawn, unveiling a fair city built on a stately hill. In the midst rose a church of the olden time, whilst round about were clustered dwellings such as men use now, with many a garden sloping toward the sun. A pleasant place it seemed, and joyous not with a certain majesty imparted by its rare site and ancient walls, giving it the appearance of a citadel built to dominate the sea. For where the velvety swards flung about it as a mantle ended, the sea began, whilst running back from the marge were sunny, billowy corn lands, and a broad shining road that curled about the hills. It was not only the exquisite outline of this aerial landscape that made it unforgettable, stamping the picture on the mind of the beholder as is stamped the first view of Athens from the harbor, or Venice from the Adriatic; just such a majestic little city and gracious environment we may see any day in Greece, Italy, and, for the matter of that, France; but where find such rainbow pencillings, such unimagined yet subdued glories of color? This ancient minster, with its mediæval dwellings, fair open gardens, and vast champaign, was painted on the heavens in hues unfamiliar to human eyes. Not only each dye was purer, more ethereal, yet deeper than those known to us by the same name, but here were to be seen colors and gradations absolutely undreamed of, the whole scene bathed in gossamy light. The ruddy glow of the sard, the brilliance of the beryl, the bright rays of the chrysolite, the deep-hued jacinth, were here, and all the loveliest dyes we meet in shells, flowers, feathers of birds, and all other radiant things. But although the colors we know of and many more strange to mortal ken were thus brought together in dazzling juxtaposition, the blending was so complete, the harmony so perfect, that none need fear to gaze. The warm jewelled radiance, moreover, was subdued to a certain paleness and apparent evanescence, so that to the spectator every second was precious. The spectacle was as real as it could be whilst it lasted, but it could not last long. A transparence and airiness, a suggestion of unreality not to be defined, went far to tone down what would otherwise have been an almost unbearable intensity of light and color. The picture was rendered all the clearer and more impressive by the soft golden radiance of the sky, on this delicious background the city and its surroundings being pencilled in lines of pure silver. All eyes were riveted on this scene, when suddenly they discerned a feature of it hitherto missed. So exquisite and complete the first impression, so magically had the phantasmagoria broken upon the beholders, that no one had as yet been collected enough to make out any details. Now, however, when the first transport had passed away and they could gaze calmly, they were aware of a thing—of dream within dream, vision within vision, marvel capping marvel. This fair city that had arisen from the clouds was no abode of long-buried dead, no place under a spell of perpetual dreams and drowsi-head. Life was here and pageantry at the first glance, as it seemed of joyful kind.

What had just now worn the semblance of a mere blotch of sunlight on the picture, a whiteness and silveriness as of a garden of lilies, when closely regarded showed symmetry and coherence.

No accidental brightness was this, but a stately procession, that had wound from the interior of the island toward the cathedral and in the fair open space just below now made solemn pause. Surely some bridals were about to be celebrated in the minster on the hill; if not, what could mean the long train of maidens dressed in white, headed by priest and acolyte, also snowy vestured and with solemn gait? So long was the procession that as it halted it made a ribbon-like brightness athwart the hill, reaching from the level ground to the very church doors.

But on a closer scrutiny it was clear that no cheerful pageantry was this, and if indeed the air was ringing with music, it was rather a dirge than a wedding march. These white-robed girls and children bearing garlands had their heads bowed as if in grief, and on the hill-top toward which they were wending, close under the church porch, rested what looked like a flower-crowned bier.

It was, then, some maiden the fisher-folk were bearing to the grave. The fair pageant painted on the sky meant no joyous bridals, but a solemn preparation for the tomb. The procession halted, and was it fancy, or might it indeed be? Over the glassy waters, borne through the still air, were now wafted strains of music, sweet voices of youths and maidens chanting psalm or evangely to the accompaniment of rustic plaintive instruments. Most sweet and insinuating was this stream of melody as it came from afar, soft flute-like utterances, and the piercingly tender psaltery alternating with the deep rich notes of the solemn trombone.

Now the music swelled into a grand volume of sound, and now it died away on the ear. Now it was a passionate outpouring of grief, and now a sigh of resignation. Prayer breathed in these homely yet moving symphonies, and hope, pity, and mysterious questioning of destiny with pious leaning on the Divine Will. It was as if an angelic choir were poised on this golden stair between earth and heaven interceding with divine pity on behalf of mortals gone astray. No citharas or cimbals touched by seraphic hands could be sweeter than the music of these rustic pipes, attuned to the siren treble of boys and girls. And all the while the song they sang yet seemed for comfort. An intense, unspeakable pathos thrilled through every note. Some uncommon sorrow, some out-of-the-way grief, evidently prompted this ineffable song, so unearthly sweet, so interpenetrated with tenderness and pity and love.

Did every soul on board receive this mysterious music? Or was it an impression, a delusion, that only touched the ear through the fancy of one or two? None cared just now to question his neighbor or peradventure would ever care. But the mirage of which every soul present had heard of his forefathers was there. One and all stood transfixed with delight and astonishment, but most of all Arthur Venning. As he gazed and gazed he asked himself the meaning of it; where had he before seen the real semblance of this city in the clouds? The entire scene—he could not doubt it—was quite familiar to him. He had seen more than once, and with waking eyes, this self-same ancient church crowning the pleasant hills. The little scattered city, with its hanging gardens and the fair open country round about, he seemed to know equally well. That road, winding ribbon-like upward, he had certainly climbed more than once. Not a feature of the scene was new to him. He gazed and gazed, and by degrees the truth dawned. The cloud picture was but an image, an eidolon, of the little capital of the island, now hidden from sight, but not far away. He recalled his journey thither—the first made alone, the second with Harvey—and could now discover in these aerial reflections an exact counterpart of what he had seen then, only instead of massive piles and solid masonry, many lawns and waving corn fields, he now saw their image painted in radiant hues on a pale golden sky. He well remembered, on the occasion of that second journey made with Harvey, how he had been struck by the dream-like loneliness of the scene; he had even compared the island citadel to some Eastern city, with crystal dome surmounting an amethystine pyramid. Yet he had not exaggerated, and seeing the same picture now, not in reality, but through the medium of aerial portraiture, he felt that his companion did not overshoot the mark. Exquisite had been the reality, exquisite the image, and neither the one nor the other was to be adequately described, much less portrayed. Far too delicate and airy in the one as in the other, the subtle gradations of color, the radiant pencillings of outline, ever to be caught by painter, whatever a poet might do with such a subject. As he thought of the phenomenon, the more and more did he feel able to explain it. Some village maiden was being buried that day under the shadow of the Dom, and the peasant girls from far and near had accompanied the bier to its resting-place. Long and tedious the journey from hamlet buried in the forest to the capital on the hill, and welcome the halt midway between plain and church.

Priest and acolyte, white-robed mourners and flower-crowned bier, were all imaged in the wondrously transparent atmosphere with their environment. Nor when his mind dwelt on the music, the almost superhuman pathos of it, and the bell-like distinctness of every sound, did he find this phenomenon inexplicable. Abnormal conditions of the atmosphere would as readily account for one marvel as another, and both were not unheard of in this little fabled land—land of marvels now as of yore.

Least of all sadness or any foreshadowing of evil entered Arthur Venning's mind. Even among these hardy island folk maidens must die—more's the pity.

"Maidens must die," mused Arthur for a moment, but when the cloud pageantry was lost sight of, he turned to his own affairs with thoughts elastic and heart elate.

A few hours more and he would be with Eva. A short day or two, and the old life of the world should have ended for him, and the new life of love and single-mindedness begin.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"THE BEAUTIFUL ALSO MUST DIE."

"Mr. Arthur Venning here too? Now we shall know all."

The harbor had been reached long ago, and Arthur was now almost at his journey's end. He had found a carriage at the landing-place, but quitted it on the outskirt of the forest, taking a little path that led straight to the chalet. He was in the highest spirits, although not free from a certain feeling of trepidation to which all of us are liable when returning to a place lately left under happy auspices. He was then accosted by a voice that did not sound wholly unfamiliar to him, as with airy port he wound his way through the beechen groves. Looking up, he saw a pedestrian wearing the usual garb of a German tourist, Tyrolese hat, short gray tunic with green collar, buttoned round the waist like a school-boy's, and the invariable plaid swung across the shoulders. This wanderer, however, wore something that formed no part of the ordinary travelling gear of the Teutonic professor. Round his right arm was bound a broad band of crape, evidently put on but just now, and where the ends met was a white flower tied by white ribbon. The crape band, the white flower, and something quite unusual in the speaker's face arrested Arthur's attention. In a moment he had recognized the frank, pleasant, manly face of the speaker. It was no other than the naturalist, the Carl Fleming whom Elizabeth and Flora Flower had introduced to him on the very first day he visited the woods in company of the sisters. Arthur well remembered his sudden appearance, and the hint thrown out by him then that perhaps he might return to the island from Iceland in time to find them all there.

But what mystery had Carl Fleming to learn of Arthur Venning? Why this startling gravity of manner, this look of shock and sorrow? The two men greeted each other bare-headed after ceremonious German fashion, and Arthur found himself, he knew not why, monosyllabic and ill at ease. He wanted to find no acquaintances here just now, least of all the old friend of Elizabeth and Flora.

The young professor, whilst he seemed anxious to unburden himself of some unwelcome piece of news or some weight on his mind, was friendly and unconstrained.

"Strange," he said. "Do you remember what occurred on this very spot to a day two months ago? We were all here, you, your brother, myself, and the two sisters Flower, when I inadvertently asked Elizabeth after their elder sister, the beautiful Stella, as we used to call her. You may not have observed the embarrassment and dejection of the two girls, Elizabeth's downcast eyes, Flora's tears. They let me suppose she was dead; but it was not so. Eva still lived, was on this very island."

Arthur felt his attention painfully riveted. A glimmer of the truth dawned upon his mind, but of no tragedy as yet. Eva, his Eva, Elizabeth's sister? It could not be.

The other looked at him with sympathetic understanding. The two German sisters and the two English brothers had become friends, Carl Fleming knew. Any sorrow touching Elizabeth and Flora Flower, Arthur as well as Harvey Venning could but feel keenly.

"Then Eva still lived," Fleming went on, emphasizing the first word, "and but for my accidental landing here two days ago, her sisters might ever have remained in ignorance of her sad fate."

He pointed sadly and significantly to the crape badge on his right arm, and added, "We have buried the beautiful Eva this very day—there is no church here—under the Dom on the hill."

The horrible conviction was already clutching Arthur's throat, ready as some murderous foe to do its worst. But for one desperate moment he held it at bay, wrenching from that hateful grasp the joy of an hour ago. He realized that his future was no longer in jeopardy, but forfeited for ever. Yet as those struggling for dear life against deadly odds hope whilst breath remains, so for a passing interval Arthur Venning fought against despair. It could not be. Some cruel freak, some chance coincidence, was this. Were there not many Evas in the world, and perchance one other worthy to be compared to his own?

He tried to put a decisive question, but words failed him. Uncertainty was growing more hideous than the truth, yet he remained dumb. And all this time his companion was setting down this silence and outward impassibility to British phlegm. These cold English! thought the demonstrative, somewhat sentimental, but really warm-hearted German professor. Will nothing move them?

He continued his narrative all the same. "I reached the chalet on my way back to the Continent three days ago to learn that an awful catastrophe had just happened. A lady staying here on her way to England, whither she was going as teacher, she said, had been found drowned in the Dead Lake. What was my sorrow to discover in the dead girl Elizabeth's elder sister, the beautiful, the gifted Eva!"

Arthur sank on to a moss-covered stone with loosened limbs and ashy cheek. But he would yet be master of himself. He threw his knapsack on the ground, the precious knapsack containing the bridal gift destined for Eva, and having with him a tiny flask of cordial, put it to his lips. The draught enabled him to hear the rest with some show of composure.

"This shocks you inexpressibly, I see," said the other, at last convinced that however little Arthur might betray his feelings, he did really grieve for the awful calamity that had befallen Elizabeth and Flora.

"It will be long before I forget my own horror and dismay when I recognized her," he went on. "I telegraphed at once to the sisters, who I learned from the visitors' list had gone to a little sea-side resort on the opposite coast, and they got here just in time."

"Elizabeth here?" at last Arthur got out.

"She arrived with her sister last night, and much she wants to see you. She thinks perhaps you can throw some light on this mystery, as the people at the chalet say that you were often seen talking together. Maybe you know, as I know now, something of poor Eva's story. Never breathe my suspicion to her sisters, or your own if you see things in the same light, but my notion is that the proud, unhappy girl came by no accident to her untimely end. She could no longer contend with the world's scorn. Oh!" groaned the young man, honestly giving way to an emotion no Englishman would have shown before strangers, "could you have seen Eva Flower as I saw her five years ago, you would weep like me over her unhappy fate. What have we not buried with Eva? She was a star that shone upon the dull, common world."

He wiped away his tears, and pointed to a scenery opening in the forest.

"In yonder glade you and I met just eight weeks ago. Do you remember how full I was of Eva when we two were left alone? I spoke to you of her beauty, and quoted our great poet's matchless threnody. 'The beautiful also must die!' I lamented Eva's supposed death then. How much sadder to see her dead, and to learn how she died!"

He covered his eyes with his hands, as if to shut out a dread picture, and groaned. "Eva, the same Eva, yet Eva's self no longer. Why did the great Homer call our mortal covering, lifeless clay, the man, and regard the spirit as mere shadow and nothingness? The marble brow, the unspeaking eyes, the lips frozen into everlasting silence—merciful heavens! must all that was Eva end in these? But I will go," he added, starting up. "We shall both be best alone. I am bound to the village, and you, of course, are returning to the chalet. Elizabeth much wants to see you. She thinks you may be able to throw light on this terrible mystery. Little Flora"—here he looked significantly at Arthur, and smiled—"Flora, who wore short frocks and pinafores when I last saw her, has evidently the best possible comforter. Adieu, then, or rather till we meet again."

He waved his hand, and hastened downward through the forest. Arthur, not feeling secure against intruders in the beaten track he was following, sought a covert where he might confront his sorrow undisturbed and alone.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ALONE.

He sat down in a quiet place that mellow September afternoon, and for a while delusive calm held him captive. The blow had fallen, but the torture of the wound was yet to make itself felt. Arthur Venning was in that state of mind when a transient aloofness from misery, almost amounting to torpor, made actualities harmless. The words he had just heard were still ringing in his ears without meaning.

This sweet solitary island yet belonged to him and to his bride. In the tragedy just now revealed to him he bore no part. The dirge and the white-robed weepers, the procession and the flower-crowned bier, would henceforth belong to dreams.

This maiden Carl Fleming wept for, buried to-day in the quiet grave-yard above the sea, could not be the Eva he loved, nor could his Eva be Elizabeth's sister. He had but yielded to the panic of a moment, and seen in the strangest coincidence fateful, unimagined woe for himself. What deep, death-like calm brooded over the forest! Autumn had mellowed the air, but not yet touched the rich foliage; all the glory of summer remained, tempered down to a sober melancholy. On such a day as this, an unusual stillness following the tremendous storm, the least sound might be heard, but sounds there were none. The busy humming insect life was over for this year. Not a bird was astir amid the branches, nor little four-footed thing among the fern leaves. And no sign of human life penetrated these solitudes just now. In the summer there would be a chance pedestrian making his way through the forest, or a woodman at work among the distant beeches, or a party of tourists merrily traversing the island on foot. Now all this was over. The vast beech wood seemed a cool green tomb.

In a dreamy condition almost amounting to trance, or at least hallucination, Arthur Venning let an hour glide by. The mellowness deepened, the twilight shadows were stealing on, but as yet the nook in which he had hidden himself was a golden place. Night and sorrow seemed as yet far off. It was perhaps the sweetness of the hour as much as the deliciousness of the scene that lulled him into momentary, illusive peace. It seemed to Arthur Venning as if he now beheld this fairy world for the first time. He had visited these sylvan haunts again and again, but somehow they never wore this insinuating look of grace, nobility, and loveliness. It was autumn that worked the change—autumn, the enchanter that steals upon the forest unawares, leaving nothing quite as before, imparting a softness and suavity wanting in summer-time, a tender repose and melancholy too that wraps the spirit as sweet slumber wrought by fabled [illegible]. The truth is, these ancient beechen forests should be frequented, as we frequent our friends, in all seasons and all moods. It was impossible that Arthur Venning should have beheld these same scenes, because he now looked upon them with wholly different eyes. Life counts not by months nor by years, but by deeds and emotions, and to some the awakening of love is as the first consciousness of a soul.

On a sudden he became aware of the gloaming, and took out his watch to look at the time. That little natural action aroused him from his stupor and recalled him to himself. The awful thought made him its own. The march of time did not now matter. There was nothing for him to go back to. In this sweet serene world Eva was not—Eva was dead.

He faced his misery with the dogged resolve that no living soul should ever unveil it. He would keep his secret even from Elizabeth's tender scrutiny; she should find in him a sympathizing friend, never her sister's lover. For one day at least he could surely control himself. Time enough to weep for Eva after, when he should be alone.

Then he put together the scattered links of Eva's narrative as given by herself, by Elizabeth, and Carl Fleming.

How more than blind he had been not to discover at once that the story Elizabeth had told

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1460.

him was Eva's!—the desertion, the dishonor, the craving for requital, even revenge. It was not the sweet, impetuous, frank Elizabeth who had been wronged; she was telling all along her sister's story, burning with generous impulse to avenge her sister's wrongs. How well he remembered the stray hints she had let fall during their first walk in the forest! With what girlish *naiveté* she had mooted the question of dwelling, of a brother's championship, of baroness in high places! And when alone on the moonlit moonlit under the lighthouse, and she had spoken of wasted hopes and affections, of worldly ruin and a blotted family escutcheon, the man thinking not of herself, but Eva.

Amid these crowding thoughts one problem forced itself on him mind. If Elizabeth had never alluded to herself during those long confabulations, she was then heart-free, perhaps caring for him all the time.

Certainly his conduct would not look blameless in Elizabeth's eyes, whether he too could his true relation to Eva as no.

He had indeed asked the younger sister to be his wife, and done his utmost to extract a promise from her, and when she refused him, on conscientious grounds, as she said, he straightway abandoned her altogether. Yet it was hardly his own fault that he had wronged Elizabeth past forgiveness. Another agonized thought.

If indeed Carl Fleming's surmises were true, what had led Eva to the desperate deed? Was she actuated by the playful revelation he had made concerning Elizabeth, their summer flirtation, their liking for each other. Did the elder sister, seeing the younger's happiness in jeopardy, sacrifice herself for her sake? He recalled every circumstance of that last interview, the calm, strange way in which she had taken leave of him. Oh! why had she not thrown herself into his arms and told him all? Why had he not divined the truth? Then all might yet have been well.

If not for Elizabeth's sake, was it for his the dark deed was done? Did she to the last dread lest his constancy might not bear the proof to which it would inevitably be put? Did she think to save him from shipwreck too? Or Eva had suffered too much to bear joy again, and that conviction was the saddest to bear. Her mind had been unstrung, first by a horrible crisis, then by a series of anxious hopes and illusions, painfully dispelled one after another. The very brightness of her humor during the week's halt at the chalet was fitful. He could not believe it then, but now realized that passing fits of intense melancholy alternated with the brilliant sparkling moods that made her an incomparable companion, and if it were to when he was by, what might she not have suffered from despondency during his absence?

She taught, in deed and in truth, mistrust the future and refuse to believe in happiness any more after such an experience as here. And even on himself she could perhaps hardly bring herself to rely. Arthur Venning loved her, and was ready to make her his wife, but would he not quail like other men before the world's scorn?

It is in human nature to blame ourselves when bowed down by grief and sudden calamity, and Arthur now reproached himself for having quitted Eva at all, and for not having divined the reason of her searching look when she bade him farewell—for a thousand things.

It seemed to him as he lingered in these dreary woods alone that a golden gift of fortune had dropped into his hand and he had let it fall. But self-reproach was useless. What he had to do was to summon up courage and meet Elizabeth. And Flora he must also encounter, and Harvey too. He would have given worlds to possess the island and his grief to himself just then, but that should be when the others were once more away.

On a sudden the forest became inexpressibly sombre and almost eerie in its deep, unbroken silence and monotony. He rose with haggard face and dry eyes, and plunged into a side path, then drew back, horror-stricken. It would lead him by the Black Lake.

There was another less direct way, and he now entered it. The gloom and solitude of the twilight appalled him. He thought of Eva, and quickened his steps in order to get out of this dread place as soon as possible. By little and little all the horror of her fate was forcing itself upon his mind. He might be thousands of miles away, but one picture would never be got rid of. At unexpected times and in remote scenes a vision was sure to rise up, darkening his spirit and casting a pall over the cheerful sun lit world.

The vision was there now. As he threaded the dark beechen groves in flitted he; an shadowy thing of dreams, as it seemed to his morbid fancy, but the living awesome reality. In this forest gloaming he was no longer alone. Something sadder even then himself was there. He looked up, wondering if indeed what the island folk said and believed in was true, and that the precincts of the Black Lake were haunted by ghostly shapes, or if the news of an hour ago had turned him crazy. There, flitting though gloomy vistas in the direction of the inauspicious spot, was a black-draped figure—Eva's self. With head bowed down and furtive, timid movements, as if anxious for the night to cover her, the figure glided on, Arthur watching it with frozen blood and heart that stood still. It seemed to waver in indecision, and in the gathering gloom he discerned a gesture of despair, or perhaps of intercession. The head was for a moment thrown back, the arms upraised in the attitude of a suppliant; then once more, and with hastening steps, the apparition flitted toward the dark lake in the forest's heart close by.

Now Arthur Venning had not a grain of superstition in his nature. He knew well enough that the eerie stories told by the islanders concerning these localities could not be true; that of all who slept the last sleep in the Dead Lake, none ever disturbed the surrounding solitudes by ghostly visits. Yet as affected was he by the tragedy just brought home to him, and so deeply was he influenced by every circumstance concerning it—the cloud phantasmagoria, the serial following to the tomb—that his mind was in a state to receive any impression. He was sure all the time that it was but hallucination, but for the moment so reality could appear more true.

There in the sombre woods, within earshot of him, was Eva, the Eva they had buried that day June as she must have looked on that last dread walk through the forest. It was an image of the woe-laden figure that had come this way three days ago. He could bear this tension no longer, and in a minute or two more reached the spot where she stood. But no pale ghost was this, no spectre, rather it seemed a living, hardly less lovely Eva he now held fast.

"Arthur!—my brother Arthur!" cried Elizabeth; "I was looking for you!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE "SHANNON."

Although several days before the issue of the last number of the WEEKLY, with its illustrations of the *Shannon*, daily papers of New York, Boston, and other cities had published many columns describing this vessel, yet then for the first time experts seemed to have the means of examining the claims which had been set up for her as being substantially, in her hull and some furnishings, the famous *Shannon* of 1813. An interested correspondent, Rear-Admiral G. H. Preble, has sent us what seems to an indisputable evidence that any claim to identity between the merchantman which dates from 1862 and the famous frigate of seventy years ago can not be sustained. "Referring first," he says, "to the bow, stern, cabin, and warn pictured in your paper, they are not at all representative of a ship of that period." Turning, therefore, to the records, Admiral Preble finds that the frigate *Shannon* was broken up in 1859 at Chatham dock yard. "Some of her timbers have been constructed into an elegant and lofty pair of gates leading to the grounds of Broke Hall." It may be argued that the present vessel, built soon after, obtained enough of the material and fixtures to claim to be the *Shannon's* successor, but the Admiral notes that "the English government seldom or never sells vessels from the royal navy unless to be *broken up*, and never with all their fixtures on board." Without questioning the antique appearance of some of the fixtures depicted, yet the old victor in the duel with the *Chesapeake* has entirely disappeared, though emblems and memorials of her undoubtedly survive, and may be on board the present *Shannon*. It is suggestive that illustrations presented to the eye have set on foot historical inquiries which the elaborate printed descriptions might never have aroused.

PARTY VIOLENCE OF OLD.

Party violence raged among our ancestors with a severity unknown to our modern contests. Federalist and anti-Federalist were names that carried with them an intense hostility. At the adoption of the Constitution the contest had risen to the extreme of violence. New York was divided into two hostile camps, and the cry was, "Federalist or anti-Federalist." One evening in July, 1788, gunshots were heard in Water Street, not far from Broad and Counties Slip. It was at No. 25, a small printing-office, where was published the New York *Journal and Daily Patriotic Register*, at six dollars a year. Here was the centre of the anti-Federalist faction. Thomas Greenleaf, the editor, gave full scope to all the republican impulses of the time. It was in the *Register* that "Brutus" poured not his maledictions upon the new Constitution, and "Cincinnatus" and "Cato" described it as a "a poisoned pill," a "gilded bait," designed to introduce a monarchy, and destroy the liberties of the people.

The feeling was sincere; it was that of the "Sons of Liberty," of whom Greenleaf's journal was the organ, and of a band of patriots of which Samuel Adams, George Clinton, Patrick Henry, Jefferson, and many other famous names were the leaders. The monarchical spirit was abroad, and every sincere republican felt that it was his duty to oppose with scrupulous energy the first traces of its progress. They would stamp in out as something deadly and destructive, and they were right. It was the honest republicanism of Washington that purified the nation. But the letters of "Brutus," "Cincinnatus," "Cato," and the republican leaders who wrote for the *Daily Register* are so worthy of study as those of Hamilton and Jay. They were far more truthful, because they reflect more clearly the impulses that were to govern America in the future. "The new Constitution," said "Brutus," "has a specious resemblance to a free government." "Cato" complains of "the vast and important powers" given to the President, and fears he may raise himself to a despotism on the ruins of his country. He thinks the two miles square of the new capital will become a centre of tyranny and Battery. Every trait of the new government was scanned and criticised by the keen republicans, and Greenleaf's journal gave them a free access to the public ear. The rage of the Federalists was intense, and the voice of the "Sons of Liberty" seemed to have lost its old charm.

At length New York adopted the Constitution, the opposition yielded, and on a memorable day, July 26, 1788, the city arose to celebrate the auspicious event. A great crowd, we are told, of not less than six or seven thousand persons gathered to witness the procession. It began its march at St. Paul's Church, passed down Broadway to Pearl or Queen Street, then along Hanover Square to Chatham Street, and then to the green fields, where had been prepared a banquet for the people. It was, the newspapers said, a *fête champêtre* in a style of rare profusion. Ten tables radiating from a centre had been laid for the feast, and canopies placed above these kept off the rain that unkindly fell in frequent showers. The company was large, the entertainment profuse. Two bullocks and a sheep were roasted whole, hams and other delicacies abounded, ales and punch flowed freely, toasts and speeches followed, and it was not until four o'clock in the afternoon that the Federalists, satisfied, returned to their homes. In the evening there was an illumination. The city shone with light. A transparent picture of General Washington, brilliantly lighted, glittered in Maiden Lane. Stars shone everywhere, flags waved, and crowds gathered, and New York seemed a fairy city. The next day the newspapers described the glowing scene, but Greenleaf's *Register* was full of malicious strokes of wit. The *ensis*, it suggested, stand at home. It reported an accident to the good ship *Hamilton*; its guns had refused to fire, its figure-head snapped off. The wit was harmless, but its point was felt.

Such were the early celebrations of our ancestors. But unhappily our ancestors were often harsh and rude. They had not yet learned toleration. The Federalists resolved to revenge themselves on the bold printer Greenleaf, and in the midst of their triumphs they had not learned to forgive. On the evening of July 31, when he was absent, a crowd collected, and gunshots were fired into his house on Water Street. His family were in great alarm. Late in the evening the printer came to his home, and was told of his danger. He armed himself with two pistols. About one o'clock he was roused by a loud knocking at the door. He fired his two pistols at the leaders of the mob in vain. They broke down the door, dashed to pieces his shop window, and destroyed his type and presses. The *Daily Register* no longer appeared. The weekly was still maintained, and the unfortunate editor lamented his losses in subdued tones, and complained that the freedom of the press was no longer known in New York. But his was resolved, he said, to appeal to a jury and to his countrymen.

In the end the principles he advocated were triumphant. The influence of the "Sons of Liberty" has been felt in all the history of the country. The monarchists did themselves in despair. The Constitution was administered according to the teachings of "Cato" and "Brutus" rather than those of the Federalists who assailed the printer. Freedom of thought has spread over sunshine, humanity has advanced, party violence is confined at least to words, and from the little shop in Water Street have come lasting impulses tending to the common good.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The Republicans of an Illinois district have nominated Dr. Needles for Congress, and those of a Missouri district have nominated Mr. Pins. Considering the political complexions of the two States, the chances are that Pins will not go in as easily as Needles.

The company owning the black-and-tan cabs has obtained in the Supreme Court an injunction restraining an owner of cabs painted in imitation of them from using his vehicles as a means of public conveyance. The judge explained that he did not mean to hold that the company was entitled to any exclusive property in color or in words, but he held that it "has as far established a trade-mark in the words and color and device, as they are combined and used, that the plaintiff is entitled to call upon a court of equity for protection against imitations designed to mislead the public, and to deprive the plaintiff of its profits." Everybody who but had anything to do with the drivers of the bogus cheap cabs knows that, while they will usually accept the established low rates, the majority of them will take advantage of strangers or persons whom they know to be in too great a hurry to lose time parleying with them or hunting for another vehicle. It is not logical to expect fair dealing from a man who seeks patronage under false pretense. The public will rejoice in every decision against the bogus black-and-tans.

The foreman of the men employed in the Flood Rock excavation is reported as having said that the mine would be ready for the blast in September of next year. When Hallett's Reef, a short distance above Flood Rock, in Hell Gate, was blown up, several years ago, much curiosity and some alarm concerning the result were evinced by the public. Having been informed that Hallett's Reef was part of a rocky formation which extended northward through New England, some rural scientists at a distance of several hundred miles from Hell Gate seriously proposed to make preparations for studying the effect of the explosion upon the up country end of the rock. But the effect of the blast was disappointing even to those who were stationed nearest to the mine. Measured by preparations, the Flood Rock explosion will be a bigger affair than that of Hallett's Point, but the public interest in it will be far less than that with which the people awaited the firing of the first monster Hell Gate mine.

In the year ended June 30 last, Uncle Sam disposed of nearly twenty-seven million acres of land, for which he received a little less than twelve million dollars.

In a recent lecture before the Social Science Congress at Birmingham, England, Mrs. Kendal, who, conjointly with her husband, manages the St. James's Theatre in London, said that a menace to the drama was found in the case with which "empty-headed sprigs of nobility" found their way upon the stage and crowded off those to whom the stage afforded their only means of livelihood, and who were therefore compelled to be faithful and painstaking.

The State of Virginia asks those persons and societies that have mementos of her great men—autographs, portraits, monuments, literary relics, souvenirs of any kind—to co-operate with her in the grand exhibit the proposes to make at the forth-coming World's Fair in New Orleans. Through her Governor, who is chairman of a committee appointed for the purpose, the Treasurer being Colonel Randolph Barrison, of Richmond, she makes an appeal to the country at large for the loan of any trophy of her great men or her great natural resources. Her roll of heroes is both illustrious and long, and if every American who possesses some reminder of their valorous virtues should accede to her request, the magnificent building of the exhibition would not be large enough to contain the treasures.

Next year there is to be an exhibition of historical furniture in St. Petersburg. Connecticut manufacturers of that line of goods say that the announcement gives them too little time to which to do themselves justice, and they will not compete.

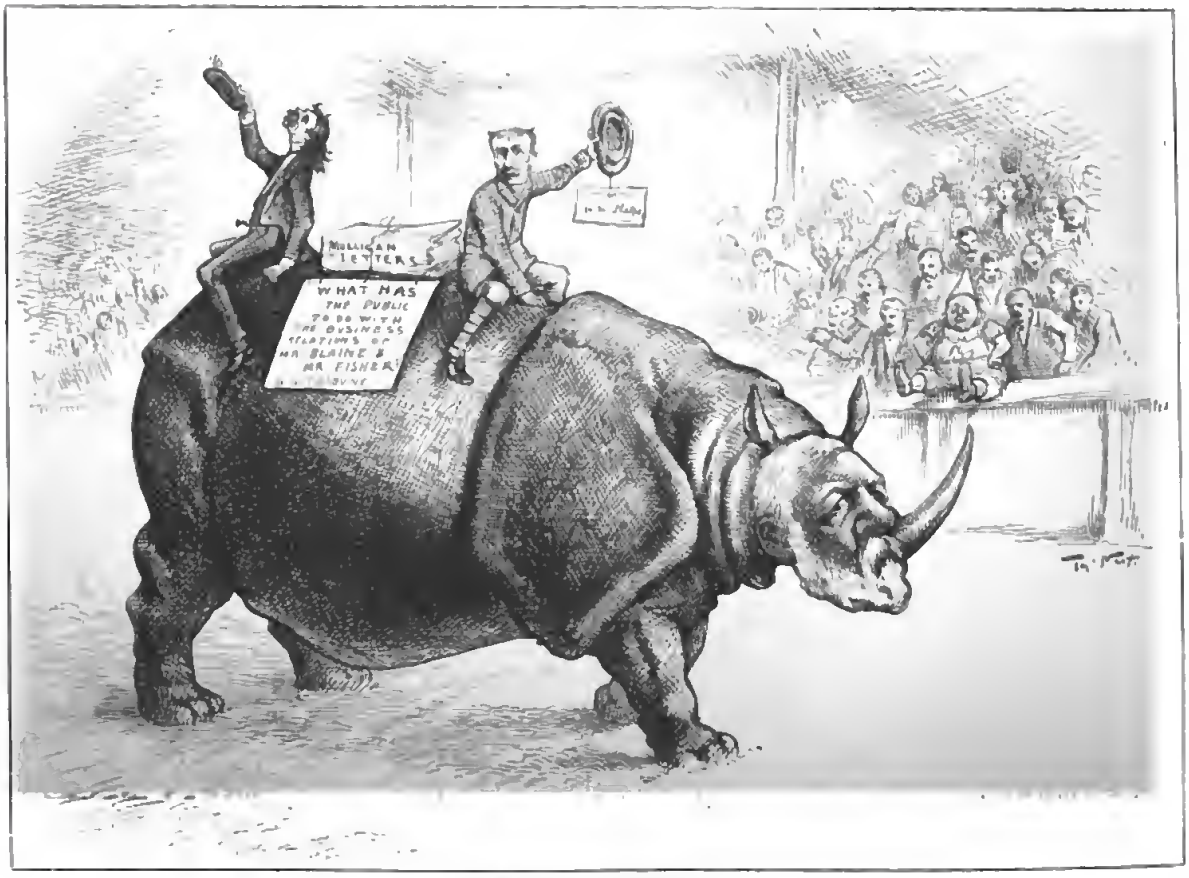
"Four young ladies" who are addicted to croquet have written to the *Times* charging that it is necessary to "tip" the policemen and the men who mow the grass on the grounds, in order to secure proper treatment in Central Park.

A journal devoted to insurance interests prints some statistics regarding suicides to the United States during the six months ending with August. From these figures it appears that a man is three times as likely to commit suicide as a woman; that the period of his greatest danger is his thirty-fifth year; that the chances are more than two to one that if he kills himself the deed will be done in the night; that the latter half of each month is a more perilous fortnight to him than the first half, and that the probability of his being driven to self-destruction by disappointment in love is slightly greater than that of his coming to a like end through dissipation. The moral of this last comparison is susceptible of re-enforcement by bringing in the fact that dissipation frequently leads to insanity, and that the chances of a man dying by his own hand while insane are as three to two to the chances that the cause of his suicide will be either an affair of the heart or devotion to the bottle. There were more suicides in the spring of this year than in any other spring covered by three statistics. In the summer the number fell below the usual summer average, but the fall opened with an alarming ratio, which promises to make the number of suicides for the year somewhat larger than that for 1883. The usual annual average in this country is about thirty-two per million of population.

HONEST REPUBLICAN VOTER. "I want to follow the party; but which is the party, anyhow? I guess I'll follow the brains."

A DISTINGUISHED GUEST.

"Come out to Orate in de Canvass."



GLORYING IN THEIR SHAME.

THE THICK-SKINNED ANIMAL GOING AROUND THE CIRCLE.

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THE GERMANS FOR CLEVELAND—THE GREAT MEETING IN THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 676]

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THE GERMANS FOR CLEVELAND.

UNQUESTIONABLY Mr. CLEVELAND has the support of by far the greater part of the German-American voters, and it is thought by those best informed that he is supported by a majority of those who have in the past generally voted the Republican ticket. This is shown by the striking frequency with which German leaders and German journals heretofore Republicans have declared for him. In the State of Illinois, of some seventy papers published in German only three support Mr. BLAINE. In Wisconsin, where Mr. SCHURZ, the most gifted and the most honored leader among the German Americans, has been making a remarkable series of addresses, he has everywhere received the most enthusiastic greeting. In Ohio, where the first great struggle of the canvass occurs, the Germans have been practically given up by the Republicans, who are turning to the Irish for compensation.

In this city, the great meeting on the 29th ult., filling the Academy of Music and Irving Hall, with an "overflow" in the streets, was by far the most notable so far of the canvass. And it was more notable from the tone and strength of the addresses than even from its size and spirit. The presiding officer was Mr. OSWALD OTTENDORFER, the veteran journalist of the *Staats-Zeitung*, one of the best representatives of the German Americans in our country. His speech was one of which those of his race may well be proud, for its plain and direct common-sense, its appeal to the reason and consciousness of his hearers, the entire absence from it of anything like demagogy. He referred with just pride to the splendid vigor and independence with which the German Democrats of New York rallied to the defense of honest government against the Tammany ring (a movement in which his own part was conspicuously honorable), and declared that German Republicans would show the same spirit now in saving the national government from pollution. Ex-Governor SALOMON, of Wisconsin, a life-long Republican, followed in the same line, and Mr. SCHURZ, fresh from his triumphant but arduous labors in the West, declared that as there were no German rebels and no German repudiationists, there will be no German defenders of dishonesty.

Undoubtedly the question of prohibition enters into the German feeling against Mr. BLAINE. The Germans regard the prohibition project as one directed against the personal liberty of the citizens, and while they are recognized as among the most temperate and law-abiding of our citizens, they revolt at the idea of compulsory regulation of their personal habits. But the influence of this element in the situation is generally exaggerated. It must be remembered that the Germans have been faithful to the Republican party in many instances when it was much more closely allied with the prohibition movement than it now is. They gave Ohio and the Presidency to the water-drinking Mr. HAYES in 1876, and they stood by Mr. GARFIELD against an organized attempt to influence them on the side of their antipathy to the temperance party. They see in this campaign the real issue, one of personal integrity and official fidelity in the candidate. They are inclined to regard a party as a means rather than an end, and their support of Mr. CLEVELAND is very largely due to the conviction that his election is necessary at once to the honest administration of the government and to the honor of their adopted country. If this were not plain from the history of the Germans in our politics, it might be inferred from the character of the speeches addressed to them in this canvass. These are not less honorable to the audience than to the speakers. Mr. SCHURZ, for instance, has been accused by ignorant or mendacious organs of Mr. BLAINE of appealing to race feeling, but it is to the highest feelings of the human race, in organized political life, that he appeals. He does not seek to lead his fellow-Germans where their sense of duty does not point the way. Happy would it be for the American people if the entire body of voters required and followed the same sort of leadership!

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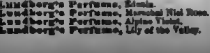
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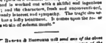
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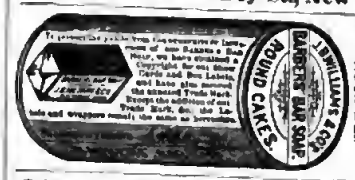

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXVIII.—No. 1432.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1884.

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THE SELF-CONVICTED KNIGHT.

YESTERDAY

He prayed on his knees for the return of his letters, for the sake of his wife and six children, and declared that if the committee should get hold of this communication it would sink him immediately and ruin him forever.

TO-DAY

He says there is not a word in those letters which is not entirely consistent with the most scrupulous integrity and honor, and hopes that every Republican paper in the United States will publish the letters in full.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1884.

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GROVER CLEVELAND.

THE quiet dignity of Governor CLEVELAND during this bitter personal campaign has greatly impressed the country. Not a week passes that some fresh and disastrous illustration of the crooked and questionable conduct of Mr. BLAINE during his official career is not made public. But against the perfect honor of Mr. CLEVELAND'S official action not one serious blow has been even aimed. The more closely his career is scanned, the more plainly it appears that the guiding principle of his conduct has been the great truth that public office is a public trust. The Mayor of Buffalo and the Governor of New York are not found to be involved in vast speculative schemes whose value depends largely upon action which he can control. He is not the broker of such enterprises. He is not found entreating to be let in upon the ground-floor, nor promising not to be a dead head, nor proposing schemes in which his influence may be serviceable, nor, when hopelessly entangled in a net of his own letters, begging a friend to save him by asserting what the same friend has told him is not true, nor, lest he should lose votes, declaring that he never owned property which undeniable documents prove that he did own.

We do not believe that any honorable man who supports Mr. BLAINE would be willing to say that he would himself use the power of official position as Mr. BLAINE'S letters show that he used his. But we have no doubt that every such man would agree that Governor CLEVELAND'S official conduct has shown every quality which is desirable in official action—absolute honesty, careful deliberation, inflexible courage and independence, and sole regard to the public interest. They might regret that he is a Democrat, they might differ with his judgment, but it is very long since there has been so conspicuous a public man in high executive station of whom all honest men of all parties would so unanimously declare that he is more patriot than partisan, and that his integrity is spotless. Those among his opponents who know him best earnestly declare that their opposition is political only. They do not question or doubt the unselfishness and purity of his discharge of public duty. Indeed, their support of Mr. BLAINE is perfunctory and partisan. They support him merely because he is the candidate of the party. But the more warmly they praise the great achievements of the Republican party, the more deeply they brand the Republican candidate as unworthy. Never would the Republican party have accomplished its immortal work had it been willing to select as its chief representative a man self-convicted of flagrant abuse of his official position. The great Republican leaders, LINCOLN, SEWARD, SUMNER, FESSENDEN, CHASE, were men distinguished for precisely the lofty official integrity which is the distinction of CLEVELAND, and CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS in his eulogy of Mr SEWARD before the Legislature of New York, regrets that the debased standard of public conduct requires him to mention as one of the praises of Mr. SEWARD that he was an honest public officer.

So rapidly has the standard declined since Mr. ADAMS delivered his eulogy that the controlling question of this Presidential election is not that of party policy, but of official integrity. A candidate whose abuse of official position for private gain is established by his own letters, and the orators who support his candidacy, try desperately to raise the issue of protection to American labor as the main question of the campaign. But it is a futile effort. It is not protection of American labor, but protection of the national honor, which is the true issue at this election. Shall we have a President who has made public office a private gain, or one who has faithfully held it to be a public trust? Tariffs and all other questions must await the decision of this momentous question. Protection is not an issue which divides the parties, and to raise the cry is merely an effort to confuse the country and to conceal the real question. Does any honest friend of a high tariff hold that in order to sustain protection the condition of the country requires him to vote for a trader in official influence? Would he say that to favor protection he would vote for DORSEY or BRADY? To say that protection and the Republican party can be saved only by voting for dishonest candidates is to confess the failure of the government and the decadence of the people. It is an appeal unworthy of Americans. In the present situation we believe that the result of the election will show that the country holds it to be of the highest importance to secure in the national administration, not the kind of official morality which Mr BLAINE'S career illustrates, but the principle that public office is a public trust, and the unbending honesty, intelligence, executive vigor, courage, and independence which are identified with the name of GROVER CLEVELAND.

THE HOCKING VALLEY AFFAIR.

THE Hocking Valley affair is another glimpse of Mr. BLAINE'S extraordinary and unnecessary duplicity. In July there was serious trouble among the miners in that region, and it was said that Mr. BLAINE was interested in some of the mines. It was supposed that if the miners believed this report, they would certainly not vote for Mr. BLAINE. On the 22d of July, therefore, he wrote a letter in which he said, "I am not and never have been the owner of any coal lands or iron lands, or lands of any character whatever," in the valley; "nor have I at any time owned a share of stock in any coal, iron, or land company in the State of Ohio." This denial was as absolute and complete as his assertion in 1876 that he had acquired bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad Company only by purchase in the usual way and in open market. It was evidently intended to convince the country that he had never had any kind of transaction or interest in land or land companies in Ohio.

But the documents are now published which prove that in 1880 Mr. BLAINE paid $25,000 for a share in an association formed for the purchase of lands in the Hocking Valley. Here, for instance, is a receipt:

> "BOSTON, *December* 17, 1880.
>
> "Received from JAMES G. BLAINE $25,187 50, being payment in full for one share in the association formed for the purchase of lands known as the Hope Furnace tract, situated in Vinton and Athens counties, Ohio. This receipt to be exchanged for a certificate when prepared. J. N. DENISON, Agent."

Mr. W. D. LEE, a friend of Mr. BLAINE'S, in attempting to explain, admits that he asked Mr BLAINE to subscribe, that Mr. BLAINE did subscribe, and that he held the share for two years. But Mr LEE adds that Mr BLAINE took it upon condition that at the end of the two years during which he was to hold it he might, if he chose, regard it as a loan to be repaid with six per cent. interest. It is thus evident that for two years Mr. BLAINE did hold a share in a land company in the State of Ohio, while he declares in the most unreserved manner that he has never owned such a share. Further, if the statement of his friend be correct, he held it with the right of withdrawal without loss, and for the purpose of inducing other persons to invest to whom such withdrawal was not guaranteed. Moreover, it appears that he took an active interest in the enterprise, going out to Ohio, with other gentlemen interested, to effect an exchange of stock with a railroad company. Yet in the face of all the documents, which are sworn to and not questioned, Mr. BLAINE now says:

> "I do not own and never did own an acre of coal land or any other kind of land in the Hocking Valley, or in any other part of Ohio. My letter to Hon. HEZEKIAH BUNDY in July last on this same subject was accurately true."

This is the counterpart of his assertion that there is nothing in the MULLIGAN letters which is "inconsistent with the most scrupulous integrity and honor."

There is no reason that Mr BLAINE should not hold or have held lands in Ohio. But there is every reason that if he did hold such lands he should not deny the fact, and there is also every reason that he should not have permitted the use of his name as a decoy, which is the interpretation given to the transaction by Mr. LEE. It is not surprising that his supporters have given up explaining and defending his transactions and his assertions. But why should they wish to make such a man President?

THE REPUBLICAN PROTEST.

DR. W. E. FORREST is the second elector upon the Republican ticket in New York who has resigned. He writes as follows to the chairman of the State Committee:

> "I wish to tender my resignation as Republican elector for this State. I am sorry to say that I can not conscientiously support the present nominee for President, JAMES G. BLAINE."

In an interview Dr. FORREST declined to say whether or not strenuous efforts had been made to induce him to withdraw his letter, and he repeated that upon long and careful consideration he had been forced to the conclusion that he could not honestly vote for Mr. BLAINE.

The situation is unprecedented. Never before has any Republican known so many stanch Republicans among his friends and acquaintances who can not support the ticket. Mr. JOHN M. FORBES, one of the most eminent and honored citizens of Massachusetts, the late member for Massachusetts of the National Republican Committee, and one of the most efficient and liberal Republicans in the State or the country, was the first Vice President of the late great Independent Republican meeting in Boston, and said in his letter regretting that he could not attend, that it "has cost a more severe wrench in politically separating from old friends and companions than you young men can easily conceive of." Such a separation and such an expression by such a man are infinitely more significant than the noisy adhesion and support of official party leaders and of mere party organs.

Young men hitherto unknown, but whose courage and conscience are the forecast of future distinction, may easily be dismissed by the BLAINE organs as dudes and Pharisees, as the rebel press described their brothers a quarter of a century ago as LINCOLN'S hirelings. But the influence of men like Mr. FORBES is not to be extinguished by flippant sneers, and young men who have been bred in the lofty Republican patriotism and independence which he represents are not to be frightened by hard names nor seduced by party promises. The men who are the life of the Independent Republican protest are perfectly capable of enduring defeat, if need be, and rising from it with unshaken fidelity to their principles. And that is one of the chief reasons why the election of Mr. BLAINE would be so disastrous to the Republican party.

OLD-FASHIONED HONESTY.

THERE is a country called Italy, of which one of its citizens, Mr F. NOBILE VITELLESCHI, says in a recent article: "I remember when one of our most able and distinguished ministers [of the King] thought it necessary to sell out the few shares which formed part of his very moderate fortune before he felt entitled to propose a measure which might indirectly affect the company in question."

There is a country called the United States of America, in which a public officer pleaded his official action as a reason for being let in upon the ground-floor of the company's operations, and who served it as a broker, receiving its bonds as a commission. And this public officer aspires to be the Chief Magistrate of that country.

Yet there was a time in that country when one of its "most able and distinguished" public servants made this entry in his diary:

> "I called upon NICHOLAS BIDDLE at the United States Bank, and received two dividends of my bank stock by an order upon the branch bank of Washington. I left with Mr BIDDLE my certificate of stock to be sold, and the proceeds to be remitted according to such directions as I may give. I told him that, as I might be called to take a part in public measures concerning the bank, and was favorable to it, I wished to divest myself of all personal interest in it."

This was what is called old fashioned honesty, and this was the man whom the people of the United States had chosen President. They are soon to decide whether they require the same kind of honesty in their President, and intelligent and honorable Italians like Mr. VITELLESCHI will naturally watch the result with great interest.

OHIO.

THE result of the State election in Ohio will be known when this paper is issued. Last year the Democrats elected the Governor, but the State has always voted for the Republican President, and its electoral vote has been always conceded to the Republican candidate. But notwithstanding this, if the State election of this year should be carried by a large Republican majority, it would greatly stimulate the expectations of Mr BLAINE'S friends. It would, however, by no means determine the result in November. On the other hand, if the result should be close, or if the Democrats should hold their own, the election of Governor CLEVELAND would be generally felt to be

assured. It would show that the most lavish expenditure of money, and the most unscrupulous efforts to conceal the true issue of the campaign and to concentrate the attention of Ohio upon the question of protection, had failed.

The friends of Mr. BLAINE throughout the campaign have counted upon the State election in Ohio as their chief hope. Succ of Maine and Vermont for the Republican State ticket in September, they have argued that to follow the New England success with that of Ohio in October would have a prodigious effect upon the doubtful and reluctant voters, and force them to go with what would be declared to be the current. But it must be remembered that Maine, Vermont, and Ohio have been always expected to throw their electoral vote for Mr. BLAINE, and that New York is still the important State. Should the result in Ohio this month forecast a majority for Mr. BLAINE, it would only confirm a general expectation. But it would not relax, it would but stimulate, the efforts of his opponents. There are multitudes of Republicans who will not vote for Mr. BLAINE, but who for that very reason will desire especially to prove their party loyalty by voting for the State ticket.

The result in Maine and Vermont did not discourage any Republican opponent of Mr. BLAINE, because the issue upon which they stand was not raised at the State election. A similar result in Ohio will not discourage such opponents, and for the same reason.

MR. BLAINE AND MR. JOY.

A MORE lamentable spectacle was never seen than that of a candidate for the Presidency enveloped in a constantly strengthening coil of testimony fatal to his integrity. General ALGER, candidate for the Governorship of Michigan, recently sent the following telegram to Mr. J. F. JOY:

"DETROIT, Sept. 19, 1884.

"*Joy, care Brown, Shipley, & Co., London:*

"Did BLAINE offer to appoint committee to suit you if you took Little Rock Bonds off his hands? HENRY WARD BEECHER says you told him BLAINE did. ALGER."

Mr JOY replied:

"LONDON, Sept. 20, 1884.

"*R. A. Alger, Detroit, Michigan:*

"BLAINE never made me any offer to appoint a committee to suit me in any manner or form, or for any consideration of any kind whatever. J. F. JOY."

Mr. BEECHER, regretting the necessity of making the statement, now writes that at a dinner at Mr. JOY's on the 29th of September, 1877, at which he, Mr. BEECHER, was present,

"Mr. JOY spoke with contemptuous severity of Mr. BLAINE, and gave this statement:

"'When a difficulty occurred in regard to certain lands in the Southwest in which I was interested, a committee was about to be appointed by Congress to examine the matter, BLAINE being Speaker of the House. Through a friend I asked Mr. BLAINE to have one sound lawyer appointed on that committee, I did not care of which party. I simply wanted a sound lawyer. In a day or two Mr BLAINE sent me word through a friend that he had certain depreciated bonds, and that if I would enable him to place them at par, I could have my committee as I wanted it.' I can not forget with what cutting scorn Mr JOY leaned back in his chair and said, 'That is the man BLAINE is'; and he added, 'I refused the offer, and as the courts soon settled the matter, no committee was appointed.'"

Mr. BEECHER adds:

"What changed Mr JOY's notion, and led him to nominate Mr. BLAINE at the Chicago Convention in 1880, I do not know. It can probably be found out by inquiring of the editors of certain great daily newspapers, who hardly found language bitter enough for years to inveigh against Mr BLAINE, and who now can not find language enough to pour contempt upon the men who do not approve of placing Mr. BLAINE in the Presidential chair.

"I shall not prolong this letter by relating Mr. BLAINE's views of the matters in an interview with me which took place after my speech at Cooper Union, during the GARFIELD canvass, at his own request, in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. I can hardly believe that he has forgotten that."

This story has been long privately known, as Mr. BEECHER felt entirely at liberty to mention to his intimate friends the opinion of one public man about another, although expressed in his own house. But he has steadily refused to give it to the press, until now, in self-defense, he is forced to make it public. It is not a statement to be dismissed as a campaign lie or a Pharisaic slander. It is too much in harmony with other unquestionable and familiar facts in Mr. BLAINE's career. They all lead straight to the question, Ought such a man to be elected President of the United States?

A BAFFLED PLOT.

IN the stress of the constantly recurring exposure of Mr. BLAINE's abuse of official position and of his extraordinary statements in regard to his transactions, and in view of the utter impossibility of similar exposures of Governor CLEVELAND's conduct, the friends of Mr. BLAINE are driven to the most desperate but futile expedients.

There have been rumors for some time of a new "scandal" which was in course of preparation to be sprung upon the public at a convenient moment. The fact of the plot, however, was laid bare, and the nature of the proposed slander, and the following card has now been published. It relates to a proposed calumny upon Governor CLEVELAND:

"*Editor Evening News:*

"I ask you to present this statement to the public in my behalf. The CLEVELAND-GRAYSON matter has been widely read and discussed, and the blame has all been put on me. I am willing to bear some of it, but not all that has been given me. The matter was all a joke at first. Afterward, while under the influence of liquor in Mr WOLFORD's saloon, I was led into a scheme which I would not have gone into otherwise. WOLFORD got the documents and kept them, and finally gave them up to the *News*. The dispatches sent to the *Sun* were written at his request; he paid for them. I do not defend any facts re the case, but ask that circumstances should be taken into account. I have been subjected to a suspicion of serious offenses in this matter of which I am innocent. I have held a good name for many years in Buffalo, and have dear friends and relatives who suffer now for my folly. I only ask that I shall not be blamed for more than is my due. The affair has injured no one as much as myself. Mr CLEVELAND has not suffered by it, and I ask his friends not to be vindictive in their censure. SAMUEL H. WARREN, M.D."

The failure of this plan of falsehood, and the total inability of his enemies to point out a single suspicious circumstance or transaction in his official career, commend Governor CLEVELAND only the more closely to those who demand absolute official integrity in a Presidential candidate.

A WORD IN SEASON.

AT the late Independent and Republican meeting in Boston the Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE made what he called a serious speech, but a speech full of suggestion and sound principle worthy of the old abolitionist and Republican, the friend of SUMNER and ANDREW. This extract is peculiarly timely:

"The great harm to morality does not come so much from the wrong action as from its being defended, palliated, and called right. This great injury to the public morals is now being done by Mr BLAINE's advocates. They are putting evil for good and good for evil, darkness for light and light for darkness, bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter. No young man who has seen what an awful burden Governor CLEVELAND has had to carry in consequence of his one offense can possibly be tempted by his example to any like iniquity. But when a man who has devoted himself to making money out of office is defended for doing as he our best men, when asking to be paid for doing justice in a high judicial position is treated as a mere accident, when asking a man to perjure himself by writing a letter prepared for him full of falsehoods is considered as something not worth speaking of, then the morals of society are being cankered at their heart."

"BYSTANDER" UPON THE LETTERS.

GOLDWIN SMITH, whose comments upon current politics are those of a singularly competent observer, says, as "Bystander" in the last Toronto *Week*, in reference to the MULLIGAN letters:

"But this new series of letters throws decidedly a darker hue over his case. It not only substantiates the charges of corruption against him by showing that he did receive large gratuities in payment for the use of his political influence, but proves, at seems to prove, that he has publicly told what can only be designated as downright falsehoods in his attempts to conceal the offense. Worst of all, perhaps, is a draught of a letter denying the damaging facts, which he penned and solicited an associate to adopt and address to him as that associate's own, that he might use it in his public defense. This is not only falsehood, but subornation of falsehood, and of the worst kind. It is difficult to believe that in the breast of the man who could be guilty of it any regard for principle can reside, or that his election to the highest office in the State could fail to act as an announcement to all young men, and especially to all young politicians, that magnetism and success will cover dishonor. It is possible that there may yet be an explanation; but at present Mr. BLAINE's chief organ, the New York *Tribune*, only meets the fatal disclosure with impudent bluster and recently appeals to American prejudice against Great Britain."

"ANOTHER LIE NAILED."

BY mere chance in a late number of the Springfield *Republican* an address of the Massachusetts Blaine and Logan Club was printed in a parallel column with the address of the Pennsylvania Independent Republicans, who are generally protectionists. The following passages were almost side by side in the paper, and they show the characteristic tone and spirit of the BLAINE address.

The BLAINE club says:

"The Democratic party, encouraged by the defection of a few free-trade Republicans, falsely styling themselves 'independents' in order to cover their real motive as free-traders, has placed itself in the hands of its free-trade contingent, and demands the government of the country under the false cry of 'revenue reform.' Thus the tariff has become the absorbing issue of the campaign. It is enough to say that the election of the Democratic candidates, as the issue is now made up, would be hailed with delight by all European manufacturers who are anxious to control and cheapen our markets with goods produced by labor inadequately requited, as well as by a class of importers of foreign wares whose motives are purely selfish, and by a few free-trade theorists and doctrinaires among us, whose ignorance is only equalled by their assumption of superior intelligence and virtue. In this twenty-sixth Presidential election, as in several heretofore, the question of first importance is the tariff, and upon that issue we boldly challenge the judgment of the voters of this great industrial and manufacturing commonwealth of Massachusetts."

The Pennsylvania Independent Republicans say:

"With respect to the tariff, we in no way recognize that protection is at stake in the present canvass in the sense which the Republican managers would have us believe. The utterances of both parties in their respective platforms are so nearly identical that there can be forced no definite contention between them. Besides, the power of the Executive to determine the revenue legislation of the country is too remote to render this a controlling factor in a Presidential canvass. The decision rests with Congress, and the intelligent voter can have no difficulty in separating his Congressional from his Electoral ticket, and in thus satisfying his convictions in both directions. Many of the members of this association are pronounced protectionists, whose interests are largely dependent, as they believe, on the continued prosperity of the manufactures fostered by the tariff, and they can recognize no danger to these interests from the success of the candidate of a party which in the last session of Congress only showed in its efforts at tariff revision its own hopeless division on the subject, and was forced at Chicago to adopt an expression of policy so nearly akin to that of its rival. We in Philadelphia, no longer ago than last February, had an example of the skill with which the tariff can be unfairly used by self-seeking politicians to frighten the people to their support, and we do not propose at this time again to be deceived in the same manner."

The address is signed by the president, Mr HENRY C. LEA, one of the best known, most intelligent, and most uncompromising protectionists in the country. These Pennsylvania gentlemen may be supposed to understand their own views and position quite as well as a BLAINE club in Massachusetts which dishonorably accuses them of opposing Mr. BLAINE under false pretences. These extracts fitly illustrate the unscrupulousness of the BLAINE campaign.

PERSONAL.

THE following terse and strong letter was received by the president of the New York Stock Exchange Cleveland Club the day previous to the great CLEVELAND demonstration of the 9th inst.:

"DEAR SIR,—Although I retired from active business some five years ago, I have not yet sold my seat in the New York Stock Exchange. The substantial reward for having held the seat so many years I am about to reap to-day, inasmuch as it enables me—a life-long but disgusted Republican—to join your Cleveland and Hendricks Club. In the name of pure politics it is to be hoped that the good, sound, honest sense of the American nation will prevent so indelible a disgrace as the election of Mr. BLAINE from being fastened upon the country. DE WITT J. SELIGMAN."

—ISAAC HECKER, the founder of the Paulist Order, is now sixty years old. With his two brothers, GEORGE and JOHN, he began life as a baker in this city, and while kneading dough he studied algebra from a text-book which he had nailed up in front of the trough. The ever recurring, ever-unanswered question of man's origin and destiny took hold of his mind, and would not let go. As St. Paul expressed it, he was possessed by the powers of the world to come. He gave up his business and withdrew to Brook Farm, where HAWTHORNE, GEORGE RIPLEY, and other choice spirits were seeking the rest they never found. Finally he embraced the Roman Catholic faith, at the age of twenty-three, and entered the priesthood. His life has since been one of gallant but modest sacrifice for the spiritual good of his fellow-men.

—Said ALEXANDRE DUMAS, a few days ago: "I have yielded to the temptation to write one more drama. Yet I do not need it. I do not lack money. It would, perhaps, be to my advantage if I should never write anything more, for I might then at least run a chance of passing for a master. I am, above all else, independent, always setting forth what I believe to be true, and never disowning anything that I have written."

—A beautiful altar of white statuary marble, fourteen feet high and ten feet long, with richly carved panels, and a Greek cross in the centre of each, has just been erected in the Church of the Madonna, at Fort Lee, Bergen County, New Jersey, by the sister of the late Dr HENRY J. ANDERSON, of this city, in memory of her brother.

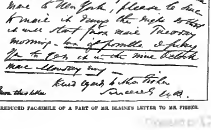
—The late Spanish Ambassador to Paris, Don MANUEL SILVELA, was angered by the quarantine regulations on the frontier near San Sebastian, which required all his dispatch-boxes to be fumigated, and their contents to be subjected to vapors of sulphate of copper. Some of his state secrets became promulgated by this means, and he resigned in disgust, and returned to his lucrative practice at the Madrid bar. He was educated in France, and writes verses, and is a master of a perspicuous and graceful style. He made some enemies at court by dining with VICTOR HUGO.

—Mr JOHN R. MCLEAN, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, was married on the 7th of October to Miss EMILY T. BEALE, at the house of her father, General EDWARD F. BEALE, in Washington. Only the immediate families of the bride and groom were present. The ceremony occurred at nine o'clock in the morning, and the couple left at once for Cincinnati, which is to be their home. Among the guests was the mother of General BEALE, a venerable lady of eighty-seven years.

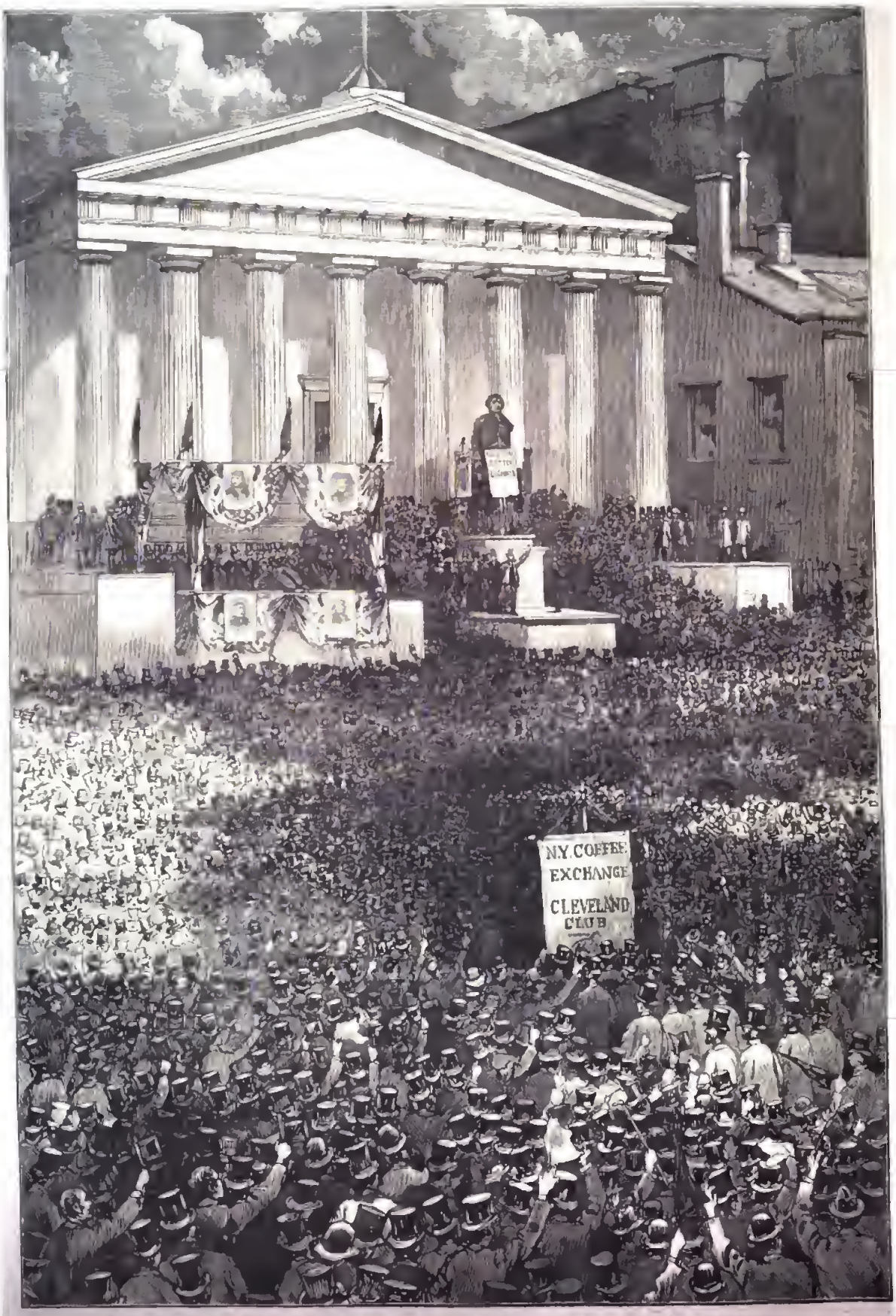
—The late WINTHROP SARGENT GILMAN, who died on the 3d of October, was a successful New York banker. He has a historical reputation as the friend of the Rev. ELIJAH P. LOVEJOY, whom that distinguished abolitionist was killed by a pro-slavery mob at Alton, Illinois, in 1837, in Mr GILMAN's store.

—"Daniel Boone and the Genesis of Kentucky," was the subject of an interesting lecture delivered before the New York Historical Society by the Rev. JOHN HAVANSON, D.D., of Cambridge, Massachusetts. BOONE died sixty-four years ago, after numberless adventures with the Indians, who captured him, and from whom he escaped, and rescued his daughter at the end of a long period of captivity. He was, perhaps, the most admirable type of the American frontiersman of the generation preceding the last, and his manly virtues demand well of the historian.

—The youngest son of the late actor FRANK S. CHANFRAU, a lad of fourteen, inherits to a remarkable degree his father's genius for comic verisimilitude. In his commodious house at Long Branch, surrounded by many acres of well-tilled soil, Mr CHANFRAU used to hold dramatic receptions, and instruct a class of amateurs, but his ambition for his own boys was in other directions than that of the stage. He and his wife used to "star" a good deal together, until they found that they almost doubled their receipts by "starring" single. Perhaps there never was a married couple more devoted to each other.



REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF A PART OF MR. BLAINE'S LETTER TO MR. FISHER.



THE GREAT CLEVELAND MEETING OF BUSINESS MEN IN WALL STREET.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM AND W. P. SNYDER.—(SEE PAGE 683.)

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THE SHOOTING PONY—USEFUL HINTS TO SPORTSMEN

"HE SHOOK HANDS WITH THE LADS WITH THE GREATEST CORDIALITY."—(See Serial "From Pony to Pinto," Page 684.)

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Bressie Langton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ONCE MORE AT RIDDLETON.

Gerald could not help smiling at his dual identity as he jumped into the trap that was to convey him to Riddleton Moor. He had during that hurried visit to York been his own self; now he had become Jim Forrest again. He was like a young soldier returning from a successful campaign. He had left Riddleton a raw recruit, at the very bottom of the turf ladder; he was returning decorated and known to fame. The stable-boy had blossomed into the coming jockey, who had held his own successfully with the best horsemen of the day. He was famous in his world, and knew that his old comrades would regard him with more respect as Jim Forrest, the artist who had picked the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood out of the fire, to say nothing of winning the Two Thousand and the July, than if he were of the best blood in Yorkshire and Master of the Buckhounds to boot.

Years ago, I remember, when I was a small boy at a private school, there came to visit us one who had gone from our ranks and attained the dignity of the Upper School at Rugby. He was neither clever nor had he distinguished himself in any way, but we all looked upon him with infinite awe and respect, to which he responded by treating us all with the most supercilious contempt, interspersed with sundry cuffs of our heads and tweaks to our small noses. I think we regarded him with greater awe than ever then. We did not understand in our juvenile ignorance what a contemptible snob he really was. There was nothing of this sort about Gerald, and he shook hands with the lads midst whom his lot had been for a short time cast with the greatest cordiality. They were all proud of him in the stable. Jim Forrest had begun as a Riddleton lad, and it was open to any other Riddleton lad to attain equal eminence, and who can doubt there were several among them who deemed they were quite as fine horsemen as their fortunate comrade?

"Well, Jim, you've come on wonderful. I and the Dancer between us have made you. What's the machine say? You're careful about your grub, I hope, and keep the eating muzzle on mostly? Think of a career like yours being spoiled by mere greediness!"

"I tell you what, Joe," returned Forrest; "you're not so abstemious yourself, you know. You don't practice what you preach."

"Bless you, don't take pattern by me; take warning. I'm incurably given to vicious courses, I am," said Butters, shaking his head. "In my perverted nature I never could be got to like toast, stale bread, gruel, and lots of walking."

"And the end of it is, Joe, you've never been given a chance in a big race."

"It ain't all vice," returned Butters, dolefully; "it's partly constitutional. Fat's unevenly dispersed in this world, that's what it is. Have you seen Mr. Greyson yet?"

"No. I want to have a bit of a talk with him, and I thought I'd like to see you all, and as a matter of business brought me up this way, I came over."

"Well, we reckoned to see you on the Knavesmire, but not before. You'll of course be up for the races?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Ah! here comes Greyson."

Butters stared almost in awe at his audacious companion. The idea of any one at Riddleton speaking even of Mr. Greyson as Greyson was to him not to be "understanded."

The trainer shook hands heartily with his visitor.

"I'm glad to see you again, Forrest," he said. "You did us credit at Goodwood, though it was hard you should just beat your old stable. Will you have a look at the horses before we peck a bit?"

"I should like to take a look round first, thank you, Mr. Greyson. Old Phaeton wasn't beat by want of condition. It was a very tight fit. I got just a shade the best of Beaumont at the beginning of our set-to, and managed to hold it to the end."

"Yes," replied the trainer, "he was well enough. Pibroch was a little better than I thought him, that was all."

"I fancy your estimate of his form was about right, Mr. Greyson, but the distance suited him a bit better than either Newmarket or Epsom."

"Perhaps so. But here's an old friend of yours, Forrest," and as he spoke, the trainer threw open the door of a loose-box, and the Dancing Master turned his neat, black-muzzled, gray head round to examine the intruders on his privacy.

"He looks well—uncommon well. May I strip him, Mr. Greyson?"

"Certainly. Here, Matthews, take his clothes off."

"No; I want to do that myself, as I have done scores of times when I was his boy. He was the making of me. I wonder what he'd have done in the Derby if you had allowed me to ride him?"

"Pretty much as he did do, I fancy," rejoined the trainer. "Mind what you're about, Forrest," he exclaimed, as the gray acknowledged his old jockey with one of those lightning one-legged kicks peculiar to thorough-bred horses. But Jim sprang on one side like a cat, and was at the horse's shoulder in an instant. "His temper I'm afraid will always go in a crowd. He'll never try in a big field."

"Well," replied Forrest, as he threw the rugs on the straw, "he'll be in rare fettle at Doncaster. Riddleton ought to take the Leger again this year."

"All depends upon whether that beggar thinks so," rejoined Greyson. "He'll go, bar accidents. Never mind about that," he continued. "Matthews will put his sheets on. Come and have some lunch."

As they walked down toward the house Forrest remarked:

"Is it a secret, or have you not settled who is to ride the Dancer in the Leger? I put some of my Goodwood earnings on him for luck at that meeting, and am very curious to know who's to have the mount."

The trainer eyed his questioner keenly for some seconds, and then said:

"You must rest satisfied with the assurance that he will run, and have a good man up. How the horse is, you have seen for yourself. I suppose you'll ride one of Sir Marmaduke's?"

"I should hardly think so," returned Forrest. "I don't fancy he'll run more than one, and Blackton will be all right again by that time."

Again the trainer looked sharply into Jim's face, and this time came to the conclusion that Forrest had no suspicion of the bargain concluded between Sir Marmaduke and himself at Goodwood. Greyson had not much intercourse with the Baronet as yet, but he did know that he enjoyed the reputation of being able on occasion to keep his own counsel, and if ever any one believed that much cackling was wont to result in addled eggs, it was Bill Greyson. Silence is golden, especially in turf tactics, and tattlers rarely effect big coups. It was evident Sir Marmaduke had as yet kept his intentions pretty well to himself, though the trainer saw by the papers that there was always money being quietly trickled on the Dancing Master for the Leger whenever a decent price was offered.

"Well, here we are," said the trainer, as he opened the little gate and led the way across the grass-plat to the snug gabled porch, in which many a pipe had been smoked and many an equine battle been fought over again by veterans who had borne their part in the veritable fray, the result of which was still matter of dispute as bitter as just before the post was passed. The "what might have been" is always a fruitful if profitless subject of discussion; and the "what should have won" racing men have always much to say about, to say nothing of that more extreme point of argument, to wit, what really did win. There are many turfites yet who witnessed the Derby of '69 who vow that Pero Gomez won; but as his owner curtly remarked at the time, "The only man whose opinion is of the slightest consequence—Judge Clark—says I didn't."

"The missus will be right glad to see you, Forrest. Like the rest of us, she regards you at all events as a Riddleton trained one that does us credit. Dollie's with her uncle in York," and Greyson cast a quick glance at his guest to see whether he showed disappointment at the latter intelligence.

That Jim should listen quite unmoved was natural, considering that he was already quite aware of Miss Greyson's absence. To her mother this would have suggested an underhand correspondence; to the trainer it merely occurred that it was well he had nipped an idle and unsatisfactory flirtation in the bud, as Jim had apparently lost all thought of the object of his transient passion.

Mrs. Greyson welcomed Jim warmly, it might be almost said effusively, considering that the last time she had seen him her husband had with difficulty restrained her from sending Forrest away with what in homely language is denominated "a flea in his ear." Still, Jim Forrest the rising jockey was a very different person from Jim Forrest the stable-boy; although Mrs. Greyson, who, in her secret soul, was very proud of her daughter, much as she snubbed her, had very much higher views for her ultimate settlement in life. Mrs. Greyson was a vain woman, having, indeed, more than an ordinary share of that pardonable weakness of her sex, and she indulged in dreams at times of Dollie's marrying very much above her station. She aimed for her daughter, not at Jim Forrest, but the employers of Jim Forrest and his fellows. She was rather discontented with the gentlemen who trained at Riddleton, and—only her husband stood no nonsense nor interference with his business—would have been always carping at him, because he numbered, with the exception of Cuthbert Elliston, none of the aristocracy amongst his clients. Elliston was by birth undoubtedly nearly connected with that class, and as such stood very high in Mrs. Greyson's estimation. She would have been astounded to learn that Mr. Elliston's paramount influence in the stable had prevented many of the best men on the turf from sending their horses to Riddleton. Gentlemen who wished to run their horses honestly were afraid to send them to an establishment in which Cuddie Elliston pulled the strings. It was through him that Bill Greyson had acquired such a shady reputation; it was through Elliston's incessant scheming and tortuous turf tactics that Alister Rockingham and one or two more profitable employers had withdrawn from Riddleton. The trainer, though he had undoubtedly rather a tendency to crooked paths, was more sinned against than sinning; but he was to some extent in Pearson's hands, and so forced to do the bidding of the partners, and that was bad for his or any one else's reputation.

"You've become a successful man, Mr. Forrest," said Mrs. Greyson, as she extended her hand, and begged him to sit down to luncheon. "You have got a grand start, and we shall hear of you quite at the top of the tree before long."

Jim pricked up his ears at hearing himself addressed as "Mr." Forrest. It was a recognition of his success that came home to him. Mrs. Greyson was not wont to address the stable lads with any prefix of "Mr.," even if she managed to recollect their names, which was not always the case.

"And you've got Sir Marmaduke's riding, too; well, you are lucky. He's such a princely employer. I only wish we had got his training," and Mrs. Greyson shot a querulous look across at her husband, as if to say, "You might have had it if you had exerted yourself."

The trainer vouchsafed no reply, but could not help reflecting with a dry chuckle that he happened to have a colt in training for Sir Marmaduke at that moment.

"Thank you, Mrs. Greyson," replied Forrest. "Getting Sir Marmaduke's riding is, of course, a bit of real good luck; but I'm only the second string, after all."

"What does that matter? You'll get lots of other opportunities. They came to you before, and will again. We shall see you busy, no doubt, at York. That, as you know, is my great holiday in the year. William always takes a box for me there."

Now this was precisely what Forrest did not know. He had been to York races as a schoolboy, but it so happened not since he had known Dollie Greyson; however, at the moment he thought but little of the intelligence. He had further overlooked another thing, namely, that if he rode in his own part of the country his recognition was a certainty. He had, he thought, pursued his career quite unsuspected so far; but if he donned silk on the Knavesmire, the identity of Jim Forrest with Gerald Rockingham was inevitable. This had as yet not occurred to him.

"Yes, Mrs. Greyson," he replied, "I'm pretty safe to be there, and I particularly hope I shall have a good mount or two. I should like Dollie to see me ride a winner."

The trainer and his wife exchanged a rapid glance at hearing Jim use their daughter's Christian name so glibly.

"I hoped you had forgotten all that nonsense, Forrest. You have other things to think of just now: time enough to talk about that three or four years hence if you are still in the same mind."

"I have neither forgotten it, nor do I intend to change my mind," rejoined Jim, quietly.

"You won't see Dollie at York, I doubt," said Mrs. Greyson, with just a tinge of tartness in her tone. She did not intend in the least to quarrel with a rising jockey; but she at the same time did not intend he should marry her daughter. However, mothers are not always the masters of such things nowadays.

A little more desultory conversation, during which there was no farther allusion to Dollie, and then Forrest announced he must be off.

The trainer ordered a trap out to take him to the station; and as they shook hands, Forrest said, "Well, I suppose we shall know at York who is to ride the Dancer?"

"Yes," replied Greyson; "most likely. What you all ride will, I dare say, be settled by that time. Good-by."

"Old Bill can keep his mouth shut as well as any one I know," muttered Jim, as the dog-cart whirled him down to the railway; "but I should have liked to know who'll have the mount on my old friend at Doncaster."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"YOU'LL BE WANTED AT DONCASTER."

Gerald's announcement of his intended marriage terribly disconcerted Mrs. Rockingham. She could not realize his marrying at all as yet, and comforted herself with the reflection that this was at worst a mere boyish flirtation, which could result in nothing, as such boyish flirtations usually did. But this was not the case with Ellen. In the first instance she had thought just as her mother did; but she had recognized with astonishment the rapid development of her brother's character, its increasing hardness and fixity of purpose. Whatever his calling might be, it was evident that he was pursuing it with energy, and doing well, according to his own account; and then, again, she wondered what this mysterious avocation might be. Another thing, too, Miss Rockingham had seen Dollie Greyson, and she was aware that her mother had no conception of what the girl was like. Mrs. Rockingham would see something very different from what she at present pictured, Ellen knew, whenever she came to meet Miss Greyson.

So the two women sat in the quiet York lodgings which they had at last learned must represent their home for the future, and bewailed the lad's willfulness and folly in this matter, but with this difference, that whereas the mother still had no real belief in his being in earnest, the daughter knew better, and felt that in two or three years it would be only Dollie herself who would prevent that marriage. It was a severe blow to Ellen, for, in spite of her strong religious proclivities, there was a large amount of "the pride that apes humility" in Miss Rockingham. She was a stickler for class, and intolerant of a church in which the pews were not reserved. She did not understand free sittings; she was very anxious to do her duty to her fellow-creatures, but not from the same level. Her good works were tinged with patronage, and when her more lowly brothers and sisters winced, as people will, from that most galling infliction, she inwardly accused them of ingratitude. Not altogether a pleasant character, and yet Miss Rockingham was a handsome girl and a nice girl, who simply from want of an outlet to her feelings had contracted an unpleasant kink in her disposition.

But she was game as any of her race, and though evil times had come upon them, was not going to lower her crest on that account. It was a sore trouble to her that Gerald should think of marrying so much beneath himself; and when she learns, as sooner or later she must, how he is getting his living, it will be a very bitter moment to her. To say nothing of what she would consider the disgrace of his present calling, Ellen has a great horror of the turf. She regards it as associated with gambling, falsehood, and much other wickedness; moreover, she has ever before her eyes the ruin it has brought to her own home and family, and she would have told Gerald, and with reason, that the sea is as likely to give up its dead as the turf to restore the fortunes buried in its treacherous quicksands.

Yet Gerald, short as is the time he has followed his profession, has already some hundreds at his banker's, and is rapidly extending his connection and business. Still, the more that riding falls to the lot of Jim Forrest, so do the rumors strengthen and increase that he is of gentle blood. "A scion of an old family that has gone to everlasting smash, you know," murmured racing men in club smoking-rooms. The sporting papers began to babble of the "aristocratic jockey"; but though, of course, Forrest was aware that he had received that nickname, he was far from knowing how very busy men's tongues were about him. Amongst a large section of the racing community there was no doubt now about Jim's being well born, and who he was formed constant subject of discussion. It was evident that a boy brought up in a public school, who had passed a term at Cambridge, and who had been well known as such a very "promising young one" with the York and Ainsty, must be recognized before long in a pursuit which brought him so much before men's eyes as professional race riding. But there are many people in this world, and shrewd people too, who, like the ostrich, think that if they bury their head in the sand they have swallowed fern seed, and are consequently invisible. To bury your identity is a very difficult thing, but for one always before the public an impossibility.

The first person to thoroughly open Jim Forrest's eyes to the fact that his secret would very speedily become general property was Captain Farrington, that good-natured, reckless plunger, who followed Sir Marmaduke's horses so staunchly. Jim had been riding one of the Captain's indifferent platers at Egham, in a race in which it was fondly hoped he had met half a dozen rather worse than himself; but the calculations of the stable were upset, for, in spite of strenuous efforts on Forrest's part, he failed to get his horse nearer than second.

"You did your best, Jim," said the Captain, with his usual pleasant smile; "but the brute's gone worse than we thought him."

"Yes, sir," replied Forrest; "I should have thought he was good enough to win in this company. It will be difficult to place him anywhere where he can earn his keep."

"More difficult to place him than to place you, Jim," replied Farrington. "I'm not going to ask impertinent questions; but you're one of us. I'll bet a level hundred you're clean bred, whenever we get at your pedigree."

"I am James Forrest, the jockey; where I come from or of what stock is, I think, of no consequence to my employers, as long as I do my best by them."

"Quite right, Jim. I told you I'd no wish to press the point," replied the good-natured plunger, "but I warn you, it's a good deal talked about, and I should fancy you're safe to be spotted before long."

Forrest, on his way home to Newmarket, thought a good deal over what Captain Farrington had said. He knew the Captain was a shrewd man of the world, whose judgment might be relied on in a matter of this kind, and if he thought there was little doubt of some one shortly recognizing him as Gerald Rockingham, Jim felt that it would be so. He did not want that, he persuaded himself, at present, on account of the annoyance it would occasion his mother and sister; but in reality he shrank from its being proclaimed to the world that he was getting his living in a line not recognized as permissible for young men of gentle blood. He did not a bit mind the work, or being treated like any other of his fellows; he was only too thankful at having found a vocation so little distasteful by which he could not only get a living, but would have money to spare for those near and dear to him; but he infinitely preferred that it should be as "Jim Forrest."

However, he reflected, it would be time enough to worry about it when the thing came to pass, and at his age such Epicurean philosophy was, perhaps, as much as was to be expected.

The next morning Jim was up betimes, and away to the Heath to see what Sir Marmaduke's string might be doing. He found Mr. Pipes very busy indeed with the horses, for Sir Marmaduke, who, since the termination of the Sussex fortnight, had been away in Scotland, resting on his Goodwood laurels, had announced his intention of being present at both York and Doncaster, and issued extensive orders with regard to the northern campaign. The principal interest of the trainer and his assistants seemed centred on Bushranger, the Leger crack. Blackton, now entirely recovered from his accident, was there to give him a gallop. The horse had done remarkably well since Epsom, and been kept and carefully prepared for the great Doncaster race, and all connected with him were very sanguine that he would turn the tables on Comet.

"Good morning, Forrest," said Mr. Pipes; "you're just in time to do us a turn. Go and get on Pibroch. I want you to bring Bushranger along the last mile. You can make it pretty warm for Blackton for that distance."

The latter nodded good-morning to Jim, and then said, laughing, "Ah! you'll not run away from me this morning as you did the first time we met. By-the-way, how's that gray devil doing? Are you going to ride him at Doncaster?"

"I saw him the other day, and he's right enough, and meant for the Leger; but how he'll

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1430.

run is a thing no man can hazard an opinion about. I never ride for Greyson's stable now, and have no idea who is to have the mount."

"A book-maker's friend," retorted Blackton. "A sort that only wins when nobody's backed him. If I can only get rid of Comet, I sha'n't be afraid of him. I'd best be off, I suppose, Mr. Pipes? I suppose old King of the Mist will lead me as usual, and Forrest pick me up with Pibroch at the end of a mile."

The trainer nodded. "A good strong gallop, remember; but, of course, no racing. Still, you are to bustle Pibroch along toward the finish."

"All right," replied Jim, as he walked his horse leisurely after the other two, to await at the mile-post for their arrival.

It was but a few minutes before he saw King of the Mist leading the way at a good steady pace, and Jim just settled up his horse. As they all but reached him, he jumped off with two or three lengths to the good and improved the speed, quickening it gradually till they neared the place where Pipes was standing, when he still further increased it, finishing almost at racing pace. Bushranger strode along in his track in grand fashion, and was, in racing parlance, always treading his heels off.

"Yes; we made a mistake with him in the Guineas," muttered the trainer confidentially to himself. "Bushranger stays much better than the other, to say nothing of his being a more improving one than Pibroch. He's a seven-pound better colt than when he ran second for the Derby, and the extra distance at Doncaster will serve him better than the mile and a half at Epsom. He went well with you, Blackton?" he continued aloud.

"Never galloped stronger in his life; and as for Pibroch, I fancy I could have smothered him any time in the last quarter of a mile, eh, Forrest?"

"I think Blackton's right, Mr. Pipes," replied Jim. "I believe he could have left me any time toward the end. There's no doubt about it, three-quarters of a mile suits Pibroch better than a whole one, and that's the extreme length of his tether. You'll not send him to Doncaster?"

"Yes, my orders are he is to go; but he's not going for the Leger, if you mean that," returned the trainer.

"*I* ought to have a great 'look in' with Bushranger," chimed in Blackton, with just a shade of acidity in his tones, implying "You had better discuss these things with the leading jockey of the stable." "Comet will have to be at his best to do me the next time."

"We'll hope he won't be," rejoined the trainer, tersely.

But there were plenty of keen eyes besides those of Mr. Pipes and his merry men who had watched Bushranger's gallop, and, like him, deemed it as satisfactory that the wires were in great request that morning; and when the magnates of the Victoria Club got together, it was evident that there was more than one commission to back Sir Marmaduke's crack for his Doncaster engagement in the market. That the credulous public should follow suit was matter of course; and at Tattersall's, in the afternoon, it was an open question whether Bushranger or Comet was first favorite for the Leger. In reporting this fact next day few of the leading sporting papers failed to remark "that, in spite of the strong demonstration in favor of Bushranger, reported to have done a splendid gallop that morning, there were a small coterie who apparently never tired of backing the Dancing Master at a certain price."

"Oh, by-the-way, Forrest," said the trainer, seizing an opportunity when Blackton was out of ear-shot, "you will be wanted at Doncaster."

"I!" ejaculated Jim. "Why, Mr. Pipes, what is there for me to do?"

"You will find out when you get there. Anyway, those are Sir Marmaduke's orders;" and so saying, the trainer turned carelessly away, leaving Forrest to walk home and meditate what the deuce Sir Marmaduke could want with him at Doncaster, now Blackton was about again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GREAT WALL STREET MEETING.

The business men "who most do congregate" in the region of which the Sub-Treasury is the geographical and financial centre are not much given to merely partisan politics. Their occupation is absorbing, and tends to keep their heads cool and their enthusiasm under control. They watch the policy of the government as it affects their interests closely, but not from a partisan point of view. They are, so far as ordinary issues go, divided pretty evenly between the two great parties, with a very large contingent of what is called the floating or silent vote. It is only on occasions that involve the inherent principles of business or its immediate interests that they are apt to make any demonstration.

Four years ago there was a great meeting about the Sub-Treasury in support of Mr. Garfield, who appealed strongly to business men by the firm and effective stand that he had for years maintained in defense of the principles of honest finance, and by his enlightened and statesman-like treatment of the general questions of commercial legislation. That meeting embraced a large percentage of Democrats who were afraid of the tendencies of their own party. On Thursday last there was a still larger meeting on the same spot in support of Grover Cleveland. All reports of impartial observers agree that this meeting was not only larger, but that its feeling was more intense and more united. The pavement of Wall Street from Broadway to William Street, and the broad space from the Sub-Treasury south to Exchange Place, were packed with a crowd of not less than 10,000 men. Cleveland clubs from the Produce and Maritime exchanges, from the Cotton Exchange, from the Mercantile Exchange, from the Petroleum and Mining exchanges, from the Coffee Exchange, and a Merchants' Cleveland Club, marched upon the ground from their various head-quarters, with silken banners and badges, preceded by bands of music. The meeting was addressed by Hon. Roswell P. Flower, who presided, Hon. William Dorsheimer, and Ex-Governor Salomon. Mr. Dorsheimer's address was pointed, solid, and brilliant. "What is that quality," he demanded, "that lies at the foundation of all commerce? What is that quality which must exist in human character in order that commerce shall exist? Beyond all doubt that quality is *honesty*." The applause that rang out in response showed that he had struck the key-note of the spirit of the meeting. Pointing to Ward's noble statue on the steps of the Sub-Treasury, he asked, "What made Washington great?" and answered that "it was because through and through he was an honest man. We feel," he added, "that his fame is secure, because no letters or other documents will ever be found to cast suspicion on him.

"Whatever record leaps to light,
He can never change."

Governor Salomon, on the other hand, spoke as a Republican who supported Mr. Cleveland for the same reasons that had made him vote and work for Mr. Lincoln a quarter of a century since.

This meeting of the business men in the great centre of finance of this continent is significant because it shows that the feeling of the business community is deeply moved by the question of character. It is not the differences in professed principle or in avowed policy between the two great parties that now attract attention. As a matter of fact, these differences are very small, and the business men of Wall Street or of the whole country would feel but little the influence of the course which either party can or will take in the direction of legislation, since each party is restrained by a powerful minority from going very far toward its extreme views. But business men must and will feel very greatly the effect upon the tone of the government, upon its general credit, upon the reputation of the nation, upon the standing of its merchants and financiers, of the decision for or against honesty in the Chief Executive.

A NEW GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

In a trap-rock quarry of Orange Mountain, New Jersey, a remarkable natural curiosity has recently been disclosed—a series of basaltic columns closely resembling the celebrated Giant's Causeway on the coast of Ireland.

We learn from an interesting article contributed to the Orange *Journal* by Professor George H. Cook, head of the New Jersey Geological Bureau, that the workings in this quarry extend seven hundred feet along the face of the mountain. They are thirty feet in height at the ends, rising to a hundred feet at the centre. The whole of this surface is made up of columns of rock as perfect in form as if cut out by workmen, and packed in as closely as the hexagonal cells in a honey-comb.

The columns, of which we give an illustration on page 687, are mostly six-sided, although there are some with only five sides. Those at the two extremities of the quarry are perpendicular, and perhaps thirty feet high, while the higher portion in the middle is made up of columns which are more or less inclined, as if directed toward a central line. The columns in the same part of the quarry are quite uniform in size and appearance, but those at the northeast end are much the largest, some of them being four feet across a single side; those at the southwest are smaller, but still very large, being from two to two and a half feet across the sides, while those in the middle are perhaps a foot or more in the same measurement. The columns of the Giant's Causeway on the Irish coast are much smaller, being only about twenty feet in height, and varying in diameter from fifteen to twenty inches.

The Orange Mountain rocks, says Professor Cook, "rise to the very crest of the mountain, and make all of its higher and rougher parts, but underneath them is a great platform of red sandstone, extending back and lasting downward into the mountain. At the quarry this rock is only from four to eight feet below the working bottom, and these gigantic pillars seem to stand upon it. The trap rock is of igneous origin. It has been melted beneath the surface, and then forced through fractures, or between the inclined layers of the overlying rock, out to the surface. The peculiar and characteristic structure of the rock has been developed in its cooling and solidification. The differences in the appearance of the rock structure in different parts of the quarry suggest the thought that the rock here has not all been forced out at once, but that it has come out in at least two or three successive eruptions."

The appearance of the rocks on the crest of the mountain suggests the crater of an extinct volcano, and the attention of geologists has already been directed to a careful study of this remarkable formation. The whole face of the quarry, as now exposed, seems, in fact, to be a section cut directly through the centre of an ancient crater. We learn that the New England Society has taken steps for the preservation of these columns, and that the owner of the quarry, Mr. John O'Rourke, has agreed to suspend work there until the matter is decided. Thousands of people have visited the quarry since the columns were laid bare, and public opinion is strongly against breaking these wonderful curiosities into material for road beds. It is to be hoped that the effort to preserve them for the benefit of the public will be successful.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

An incident of the business activity in Baxter Street was reported a few days ago in the newspapers. After describing the injuries suffered by the rival clothiers and their families, an account says, "The customer got away from both of them unhurt." It is to be inferred, therefore, that he bought two coats.

It is the unexpected that happens. Instead of being struck by lightning, Zagazig has been plundered by brigands.

One of the National Labor parties, after its orators had declared that both the old and large-ly effete parties should be buried out of sight, nominated its chief men for cornoner. That looks like an aggressive campaign. The Convention also put in its platform a plank in favor of base-ball playing in Central Park on Sundays. However, as Mr. Blaine said of Prohibition, that is a local issue.

Among the "humors of the campaign" is the story that General Butler will receive a heavy vote in New Orleans next month. The story comes straight from the Butler head-quarters in this city, otherwise it might not be believed.

A young Englishman who had taken quarters at a Coney Island hotel started the story that he was a nobleman existing incog. Of late, in view of the time and place of his self ennoblement, he has been called the New Iron Peer.

A number of street cars have been built in this city for shipment to Japan. They are wholly finished here, even to the Japanese characters in gilt on their sides, and are to be used in Tokio. They will have conductors, for the jigger or bob-tailed car is an abomination which the people of Japan will not tolerate. When our own country is as free from the rule of corporations as is Japan, the bob-tailed cars will become a reminiscence here.

A Georgia man claims to have a rooster which crows every day at noon with such exactness that all the neighbors set their clocks by him.

In one of the imposing houses of worship on Fifth Avenue the doors are closed and silk curtains are drawn across the entrances to the aisles when the minister arises to begin his sermon. This is in conformity to a rule adopted by the board of trustees, made necessary by persons coming in late and disturbing the preacher and the congregation.

Three races were represented in the three men concerned in an action at law in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, a few days since. A negro and a white man were accused of stealing chickens from Yeow Quong Wah. The Caucasian pleaded guilty, and went to prison because he could not pay the fine imposed. The African's case was continued. Security rested upon the countenance of the Chinese.

Turn about is fair play, as between Canada and the United States. A dispatch from Montreal says that an insurance agent of that city, who "has been living in high style and moving in the best society," has "mysteriously taken leave of his former friends," and is believed to be sojourning in New York or Boston. His "luxuriously furnished home" has been under the auctioneer's hammer, and the proceeds of the sale were vastly insufficient to satisfy his creditors. His return to Montreal "is not anticipated."

Now comes forward an inventor who claims to have gotten up a telephone which is operated without the help of electricity, and requires no insulation of the wire, and yet reproduces "aspirates and sounds that it is impossible to transmit over any other known telephone."

In the course of the litigation likely to arise over the possession of Broadway for railway purposes it is probable that a proposition will be urged that the city has not the power to give or keep that thoroughfare. This proposition will be based on the claim that Broadway was an old State road, and the city has never acquired any other right to it than the right to use it as a street. The claim is made in respect only to the lower part of Broadway, extending from its foot to Bleecker Street, we believe. It is held, also, that the Bowery became the property of the State in the same way, and has never belonged to the city. If these claims should ever be established, it will be pleasant to know that there are two strips of territory in this city used by the public which the aldermen can not present to corporations.

The telegraph may be counted upon to furnish something at not very long intervals for the delight of connoisseurs in amusing blunders. "Can not be down till Thursday—foreman drunk," wrote a California editor, and left it to be telegraphed to some friends. "Can not be down till Thursday forenoon—drunk," was the shape in which it reached them.

Mr. Dodge, a well-known Georgia preacher, is said to be related to both James G. Blaine and Grover Cleveland. It must be pleasant for Mr. Dodge to go to sleep nights knowing that whichever way the election goes, the Presidency is sure to come into the family.

The question whether colored men may be enlisted in the Signal Service Corps has been decided by Secretary Lincoln, who has instructed the Chief Signal Officer to give such orders to his recruiting officers "as will prohibit the rejection as a recruit by any such recruiting officer of any applicant for enlistment in the Signal Corps on account of the color or on account of the African descent of such applicant." The question came up in consequence of the application of a colored youth, a graduate of the College of the City of New York, for admission to the corps. The recruiting officer refused to enlist him except upon an order of the Secretary of War. General Hazen wrote to Secretary Lincoln disclaiming that he had any prejudice against negroes, but saying, "If it is intended that the Signal Corps shall be singled out as a separate branch [of the army] where mixed enlistments may take place, I feel it my duty to recommend that this be not done." The Secretary's order requested General Hazen to report to him the action taken under it, with special reference to the application of the colored graduate of the City College. He also wrote that if the recruiting officer declined to act in accordance with his view, that officer's name be reported to the department, so that he might be relieved by one who would so act.

THE CLEAN SHIRT—A BAD FIT.

Sir Blaine. "I haven't felt so uncomfortable for twenty years. Ever since I put this on I've had to defend myself. Oh, give me back my old shirt!"

Mixed Editor. "Patience, my dear boss. Washington and Lincoln always put on the bloody shirt for the last week of the campaign—just too late for the brigadier-generals to hear of it."

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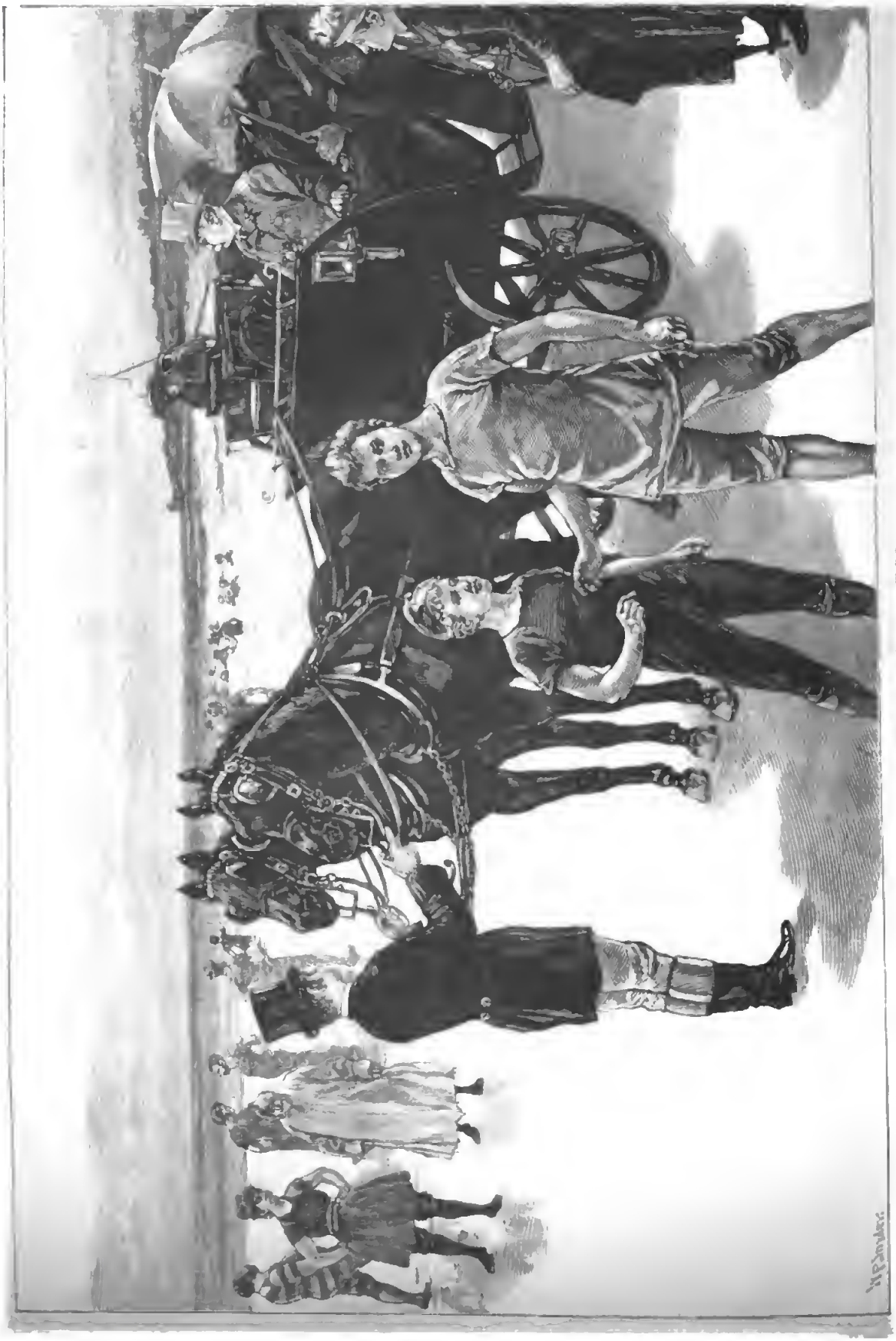

ON THE NEWPORT BANDS.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.

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THE "GIANT'S CAUSEWAY," AT ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 693.]

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SEA BUILDERS.

What living things are these
Deep in the tropic seas
Or Northern waters? Cold
And voiceless—yet they live:
They are vital to the heart
Of men who breathe and give
Moon-nights to fame and gold,
And love-days that depart
As dreams are told.

To the subaqueous rocks
Their arborescent blocks
Cling fast, their branches spread
In delicate forms of grace
Beneath the ocean, fair
As leaves that interlace;
Or from the hard sea-bed
They build mar reefs and bars
That sailors dread.

Once in my search I found
An island. All around
Its green, luxuriant earth
The blue Pacific lay;
Exquisite odors blent
In its sweet air, and they
Who had grown up from birth
Amid its beauty spent
Their woodland mirth
Unmindful as a bird
That sings not to be heard
This island world was wrought
By the patient polyp's toil,
And like some wonder rose
Out of the water's broil;
And here the ages brought
Plant life, and life that glows
In human thought.

George Edgar Montgomery.

LOVE AND MIRAGE;*

or,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BROTHERLY, SISTERLY.

"I have sent Flora to bed; the poor little thing was worn out with sorrow and fatigue," Elizabeth said, as they walked back to the chalet. "Harvey, too, I think, drowses. You see, we were travelling the greater part of last night. But I could not take any rest till I had seen you," she added, in a voice that conveyed the most implicit trust in him, and at the same time put him on an affectionate standing: the old romantic relation was to be left wholly out of sight, a brotherly, sisterly confidence and intimacy, by virtue of Flora's betrothal with Harvey, taking its place.

"Will you tell me everything that passed between my sister Eva and yourself?" she asked, without the remotest suspicion that Arthur could have anything to conceal.

"Had we not better put off talking till to-morrow?" Arthur asked.

"No," she answered, with decision; "I shall be better able to bear this trouble when I know all." Here her voice dropped to an agonized whisper as she added, "I will conceal nothing from you. We must keep this from Flora, but I can not help thinking Eva fled to death as a refuge. She had suffered so much, and knew how much suffering she had caused others! It must have been so."

Arthur Venning was dumb. He let her lead him to their little sitting-room. The chalet was empty; they could have had as many rooms as they pleased now, but then speech did not come. Elizabeth wept a little before she could say a word more, and he had scant comfort to give.

Suddenly she rose, and unlocking a drawer, placed a little water-color portrait in his hand. It was the self-same sketch he had made of Eva during that first strange visit to the palace. Whilst he appeared to examine it, Elizabeth hung over the picture, weeping bitterly.

"We found this in her room," she said. "How sad and yet how beautiful! I never saw my Eva look thus. When we parted she was bright as a star, and Stella all called her because she seemed to shine amid others. Oh, Eva! Eva! why were you born to be so unhappy?"

Arthur felt conscious that he must seem unsympathetic, and Elizabeth hastened to apologize for him.

"You did not love her," she cried, passionately, "as you would weep as I am doing now. But tell me what passed between you. The people here say that she was on her way to England, and had consulted with you as to finding means of livelihood there. Is that so?"

"It is as you say."

"Were you kind and encouraging?" she asked, after a pause.

Again Arthur made sign of affirmation.

"There must have been some new sorrow at the last. It could not have been because she heard that Flora and I had left the island so hastily. For do you know why we went away?" she asked, with a sad smile. "It seemed captious and unreasonable of me then, I know, but I may tell you now. I discovered that Eva was on this very island. Our father had made us promise solemnly never to see her." She calmed herself now, and went on again with a look of rebuke. "But all this time I am talking to you as if you knew my poor Eva's story and you could not know it, of course. She would never tell you."

"She told me," broke in Arthur.

Elizabeth looked up searchingly, and with an expression of intense, almost fearful surprise. Arthur tried to extricate her as well as himself from the difficulty.

"How could I help her unless I knew something?" he said, hoping to appear collected and matter of fact. "She asked me to find her some kind of employment in England. I was bound to know her circumstances."

Elizabeth looked hopelessly perplexed and dejected.

"You say you were kind and encouraging," she said, almost appearing to shrink from Arthur in a momentary apprehension that made him hateful to her. "Were you considerate, respectful?" she broke forth at last. "Did you treat Eva as you treat me?"

How like the dead Eva was the living Elizabeth in her flashing scorn, her lightning-like look penetrating his very soul! The girl's passion unmanned him. He saw himself driven into treating Elizabeth as he had never intended to treat any living soul.

"Was I considerate, respectful?—did I treat Eva as I treat you?" he cried. Then he got out the words with bitter scorn, "I asked her to be my wife."

Both were pale and silent now. Elizabeth's flush had died away, and Arthur's angry frown. They sat opposite to each other, full of passionate thoughts, yet both unready of utterance. Elizabeth was the first to grow calm and kind. She could not in the least think of herself now, or of any slight, real or imaginary, Arthur had put upon her. Her mind was wholly bent on Eva and the secret, as she had feared, buried in Eva's grave.

"Why did you ask her to marry you?" she asked, very sadly and wonderingly.

"You may well put that question to me," Arthur answered, very bitterly. "Had I not put the same question to yourself a few weeks before? And what will you say when I speak of love," he added, growing more and more ironic and self-condemnatory. "But scorn me as you will, love it was that prompted me. First I pitied this beautiful Eva, then I loved her."

All the time that Arthur's mood was hardening under the intense humiliation of this confession, Elizabeth's manner but grew softer and kinder. She was passing through one of those crises that make even the most impulsive natures seem passionless. Elizabeth's affection for her brilliant elder sister had been sheer idolatry. That Arthur Venning should have willed to do this thing but drew her nearer to him. She could overlook a lapse on the part of her lover that took the shape of magnanimity to Eva.

Arthur, not reading these single-minded thoughts, continued his palinode:

"Think meanly of me as you will, but at least exonerate me from absolute disloyalty toward yourself. You had told me in the plainest possible words that you could not think of marriage. When you spoke of outraged feeling and a forfeited word, I imagined you to be telling your own story; I supposed that you had already cared too much for another ever to care for me."

"My friend, my brother," Elizabeth broke in, with wonderful sweetness and calm, "I am not thinking of myself; do not you think of me. Let us talk of Eva. It would comfort me inexpressibly to believe that some accident had brought about her death. But I can not put away horrible misgivings that it was not so." She looked up as if for comfort. What had he to give? He sat like a conscience-stricken man.

"Your offer of marriage should have inspired hope," she went on; "that is to say, if Eva was not too broken-hearted to look forward. Did she give you any answer?"

Arthur's answer was swift and startling. "We were to have been married on this island," he said, averting his face.

Elizabeth remained long buried in deep thought. Then she said, forcing him into further disclosures: "If so, then what could have happened to bring about this sudden change of feeling? There must have been a cause, and no trifling one, to drive her to despair. Oh! will you not let me know all?" she added, beseechingly, ready to go on her knees to him in the extremity of her suspense. "No matter how cruel, how more than sad, only let me have the truth," she pleaded.

Arthur hesitated. Her passionate appeal was almost more than he could bear. There was something so like Eva in the candid, fair face upraised to his own, such a tone of Eva's in the clear girlish voice, that he was shaken to the very roots of his nature. He felt it impossible to answer, more than impossible to refuse. That momentary conflict aged him.

"Elizabeth, my sister Elizabeth," he said at last, "do you remember something I said to you when we first knew each other? You asked me then if I was a brave man, and I made answer that courage and valorousness must be tried. I remember saying to you—how little I thought we should both soon be put to the proof!—that I believed a crisis came to us all when we need every vestige of heroism that is in us. Can you be brave now?"

"Oh, Arthur, I see now you have something terrible to break to me. My Eva! You did not abandon her at the last? No unkind word dropped from your lips? You were good to her?" she cried, seizing Arthur's hand and raising it to her lips. "For if you were good to Eva, and it was through no fault of yours she despaired at the last, I will adore you, Arthur. You shall be loved by me as never brother was loved by sister yet. But tell me it was not you who sent Eva to her doom."

She was shaken by emotion now, and the sweet, calm, dignified manner was changed to impetuous, irresistible pathos. Arthur, hardly knowing what he did, wholly unnerved and pliant to her will, spoke out gently and tremblingly. "No, Elizabeth. My best friend, my sister, I am blameless. And do not weep too much for our lost Eva. She died nobly. It was to insure, as she thought, your own happiness." He spoke now with great tenderness and humility. "That night before I went away we were talking of my past life. She asked me playfully if I had ever loved before, and I told her of you. I said that I had never cared for any woman till I set foot on this island, and that a few weeks before I had asked a sweet girl named Elizabeth Flower to become my wife; that she had refused—"

Light was breaking on Elizabeth's mind now. Arthur felt her quick breath come and go, sure precursor of mental or bodily agony. She was kneeling by his side, looking up into his face, resolved to have the truth if it killed her.

"How could I suppose," he went on, "that the story you told me was her own, and that but for Eva you would not have refused my love? I spoke of the obstacles you had hinted at—family misfortune, disgrace. I said that but for these I might have persuaded you to marry me. And—God forgive me!—I even let her think that you had begun to care for me, that we had begun to care for each other." Elizabeth saw it all now. She was weeping as if her heart would break. There was no one to blame—but no one to give comfort.

"You would have done so much for her," Arthur said, in a low voice.

"I knew all along how Eva loved me," cried Elizabeth at last. "But now she will never know how I loved her. I durst not even write. My father from the first would have it so. All were so hard upon my poor Eva, Arthur. Arthur," she said, in tones startlingly artless and yet solemn, "do you think there is life and memory beyond the grave? Shall I ever be able to make Eva understand there? I know that death ends the kind of existence familiar to us. It must be so. But will there be sympathy, communication, between those who have loved, misjudged, wronged each other here? Will there be reparation, think you? some kind of spiritual intercourse, some means of self-justification on the part of those who seem now to act blindly? It would comfort me if I could believe this. But do you believe it?"

"Without aspiration there can be no belief," Arthur made answer. "Till now I have never suffered enough to look beyond the present."

She looked at him with an expression of wholly new concern, mingled with some self-rebuke. She had all this time lost sight of his own sorrow.

"Arthur," she said, "you do not weep. Your voice is hard. Yet you loved Eva. You want comfort too."

"There is time enough for weeping!" he said, with a dreary smile. Then he rose to go. But first he went toward her and pressed a brother's kiss on her pure candid forehead.

"Heaven bless you, Elizabeth!" he said—"my sister Elizabeth!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE END OF THE WAITING.

Two days later Arthur Venning was once more waiting on his island alone.

He had taken affectionate leave of Harvey and the sisters, but, for no reason that he cared to give, declared his intention of remaining behind yet a week or two.

"Do not stay till the sea is frozen," Harvey said, cheerily. The brothers' misunderstanding had been righted with a word.

Arthur wore a semblance of cheerfulness too. "Well," he retorted, glancing at Flora, who had never looked prettier than in her black gown, "I should be all the nearer to Bremen in the spring. You say you will want my presence there."

"Yes, we must have you there," Harvey replied, blithely. Flora had turned away her blushing face. Arthur added, "You will find me in London, most likely, Harvey, if you turn up there yourself this winter."

Arthur had something he wanted to say to Elizabeth, but lacked the courage. Did she guess why he lingered on the island? Had she a parting injunction to give about Eva's grave? He dared not ask.

All that passed between them Harvey and Flora could hear too—a word of friendly farewell, a promise on Elizabeth's part to write, an admonition on Arthur's that she should be careful of her health. Then the boat put off, and Arthur, to his inexpressible relief, found himself alone.

It was his first sorrow. No wonder that even the sweet company of Elizabeth was a weakness, almost unendurable, to him! Only one thing he craved now, and that was solitude. Who, indeed, is enough alone? Alike in our joys, sorrows, and common moods, the world is too much with us. Arthur Venning's longing for privacy and quiet indicated depths of feeling he was conscious of for the first time. He had not told Elizabeth the whole truth, for if he had hitherto not known what sorrow was, still less had he known of himself. He had never supposed that anything could make him suffer as he was suffering now.

He went back without losing time to the little capital with its ancient minster, but found no more the same place. The golden dome now flashed above no amethystine hill; no corn-fields now lay bathed in amber light; no rose gardens sloped down to a silvery sea. About the sombre tower hovered the gray sea-ravens, croaking hoarsely as they wheeled hither and thither. Summer had vanished from the hanging pleasure-grounds. Far and wide stretched the bare brown fallow land under a cheerless sky. All was sad and common.

Arthur went straight to the quiet grave-yard under the Dom, and sat down by the mound of freshly turned earth on which lay faded chaplets. Could he leave Eva in this dreary place? Could he find any comfort in the cheerful, busy life to which he was returning? Not a creature was stirring in this old-world God's-acre where he now sat alone. Far away stretched the sea, many a rocky islet breaking the monotone of cold metallic silvery gray. Inland he saw sweeps of barren hill and dark forest, the fairy world of yestreen translated into gloom unutterable.

Arthur recalled the charm and delicious freshness of his first few weeks in the island almost with wonder now. How enthusiastically he had entered into the spirit of this unique summer holiday! How young and naïve he had felt when exploring the island with Elizabeth and Flora! How he had revelled in the sweetness and beauty of the place! How easy it had been to fall in love, or fancy himself falling in love, with Elizabeth!

Then he thought of the feeling that had been love indeed, that had led him to a desperate resolve. Was it so with all men as with him, or was he born with deeper feelings than he had ever given himself credit for? One thought comforted him inexpressibly, and it was that none but Elizabeth would ever share his secret. He might mourn for Eva as much as he pleased. He might appear superficial where the other sex was concerned, seem cold, cynical, bitter. The world would never know why. He had something of the unbending and much of the Briton about him here. The desperate cost paid to feeling would be known to himself only. He rose at last, and rang the bell of a tiny postern leading into the cathedral cloisters. The summons was answered by the sacristan's daughter, one of those fair-haired, blue-eyed, well-favored young women common to the island. These rustic beauties often spend their whole lives without crossing the narrow channel shutting them off from the continent, and yet, with the most entire freedom from coquetry or self-consciousness, possess easy, gentle manners, acquired one knows not how.

"I have something to say to you. Do me the favor to come out, Fräulein," he said, raising his hat, and addressing her with the formal politeness now exacted from the humblest ranks in Germany. "You see this grave?" he said, pointing to the mound raised two days ago.

"Yes, I see it," said the girl.

He took out two gold pieces and put them into her hand.

"Now," he said, "I want you to keep this special grave covered with fresh flowers from to-day till next July. Will you undertake the task? Here is your payment."

The girl had colored with astonishment and pleasure at the sight of the guerdon—a royal one in her simple eyes.

"Dear God in heaven!" she cried. "Is the gentleman dreaming? In a month more not a grave will be seen any more than the dead who lie in it. There will be several feet of snow, here as we stand here, till April."

"True," Arthur said. "I had not thought of the snow. But till it comes, and when it goes, will you remember the flowers?"

"Oh yes," she answered, eagerly. "And I can procure roses and such like. My brother is under-gardener at the palace."

"No hot-house blossoms, understand that," Arthur put in, quickly. "Only the posies you find in your own garden or in the woods and fields." He glanced at the little plot just outside the postern, and added: "I see rosemary here and pansies in bloom, and a last white rose or two. Then in the brook by yonder garth are forget-me-nots in plenty, and in the spring the woods will be white with lilies-of-the-valley—Mai-Blumen you call them. These are the flowers for graves."

"I understand," said the girl, and stooping down she culled the choicest offerings she had to give.

"Take these now, and I will see that the gentleman's wishes are carried out; I will not forget." Arthur glanced at her before saying farewell.

"Such charges are sacred," he said. She had a sweet face, but a careless one. He did not feel sure of her memory. "Promise." She crimsoned. Tears came into her eyes. Then she held out her rough little hand, and falteringly gave the word.

He went back to the lonely grave uncomforted. He had gratified a foolish, sentimental whim, he reflected, but if it brought him no solace, at least Elizabeth would be made happier. He had done it partly for her sake.

Yet as he lingered thus he said that Elizabeth would never be anything but a sister to him. His love, all that was best in him, lay buried here. He thought and believed that he should visit that lonely grave every summer as long as he lived. He said to himself that when once he had recovered from the shock he should have an unruffled, even existence to the end of his days. Love, much less passion, should never trouble him any more.

To this his mind was fully made up, yet with the discomforting half-consciousness that perhaps it would not be so. He might appear to forget Eva against his will. Was he not here made aware of a truth on which rests the very stability of human society, the capacity for hope within the human breast? The divine order of things has so willed it. Were it not otherwise the world would be one vast tomb, and life an unbroken threnody. But alike in the spirit as in the flesh, we must abide with the living and not the dead.

Having bid Eva farewell, there was nothing to keep Arthur Venning any longer on his Northern island. His coming and waiting were not in vain. He had found Love and Mirage, and thus seen fulfilled the dearest vision of his heart.

Wiser, certes, he was for the supreme experience of life; but happier? 'Tis a question each heart must answer for itself; other oracles are dumb.

THE END.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 14[illegible].

A VISIT TO THE PYRAMIDS.

Having decided on visiting the Pyramids, it was necessary to make an early start from Cairo; and we set off in bright starlight, crossed the Nile, and were soon clear of the town, bowling along at a sharp pace over a good road under a beautiful avenue of acacia trees which extends the whole way to the Pyramids, ten miles off. Presently we passed an imposing pile of buildings with extensive grounds, which was pointed out as the Khedive's new palace; then another, built, as we were informed, for Prince Hussein, and soon after yet another, intended, it was said, for the Khedive's second son. We began to hope, for the sake of the Egyptian tax-payer, that there were not many more sons to be similarly provided for. Certainly, if visits to foreign countries have had no other result, they have inspired the rulers of Egypt with notions of luxury and magnificence which their country can ill afford to gratify. Their ambition of late years seems to have been to convert Cairo into a second Paris, and the millions that have been wasted on mere frivolous display must have been a source of wonder to all sound financiers. A considerable part of the country was under water from the recent inundation, small islands dotted about marking the position of villages with their groves of palms, while here and there a figure might be seen wending its way, waist-deep, across the submerged plain.

Our first view of the Pyramids, as we turned a corner of the road, and observed them looming dimly through the morning mists, was a sight to be remembered, and was a fitting sequel to our introduction to them the evening before. The sun was just flushing the sky above, and as the first rays shot over the distant hills they caught the peak of the Great Pyramid, tipping it with a glow of red light and throwing into deeper gloom the mass below, the whole magnificent effect being reflected on the glassy surface of the intervening lake with the distinctness of a mirror; and, as we approached, the line of light might be observed creeping lower and lower until the whole mass was one rich glow of orange, and the sun itself at length burst into view, chasing the mists away, and pouring down its rays with a force which was soon to be unbearable.

The general effect, as you approach the base of the Great Pyramid, is, as all know full well who have experienced it, simply overpowering; and for some minutes you feel the utmost difficulty in mentally grasping its majestic proportions, or in realizing in the smallest degree the material and labor expended in its construction. You can only look and wonder until the first daze wears off. After making a tour of inspection we followed the example of every other traveller and ascended the Pyramid attributed to Cheops; and although the ascent is hardly so arduous as that of the Matterhorn, from the fact that the rectangular blocks, which form a series of steps from base to summit, are at the same time some three or four feet high—rather beyond the stretch of most people's legs—it is necessary to vault from one to the other, a gymnastic feat which soon becomes monotonous, and you begin to wonder why your legs grow shorter and heavier each step of the ascent.

Nor was it for the lack of proffered assistance that we essayed the attempt alone; for a whole army of Arabs are ever on the alert to tender their help to those in need, and, with two of them to pull and one to shove behind, the ascent can be accomplished with little more exertion than that of putting one leg before the other. But being able-bodied as well as strong in the legs, we scornfully declined assistance of any sort—a "devil-may-care" proceeding which seemed to excite the gravest alarm in the minds of our would-be attendants, who not only did all they could to instill the belief into others, but seemed to cherish the delusion themselves, that the ascent of the Pyramids without their assistance was a physical impossibility.

In spite of our efforts to get rid of these clustering pests they followed us up, and on attaining the summit tried to persuade us that we ought to expend what little breath there was remaining in shouting at the tops of our voices, by way of announcing the achievement to the surrounding country; but we were unprepared for any such valiant display of feeling. Whether the wicked deserve any peace in this world or not, surely the most hardened sinner might look for a brief immunity from the annoyances of his fellow-creatures at the top of the Great Pyramid; but such a happy lot was not to be ours, the importunities of these wretched Arabs got almost beyond endurance; they nearly drove us mad. Not content with following us up, they must needs sit down with us, and then they stared at us, they shouted at us, they even tried to quarrel with us; and as if these forms of torture were not sufficient, they began pestering us with singularly disinterested offers to run down one Pyramid and up another in some incredibly short space of time, for the paltry sum of sixpence. The offer was a tempting one indeed; we would gladly have paid double this sum—nay, three times the amount—to have got rid of them, say for ten minutes, so that we might have enjoyed the magnificent panorama spread at our feet in peace and quietness; but as their number was already legion, it would only have been putting a premium on vice. So, after racking our brains in vain for some device to get rid of them, short of murder, we began the descent, and on reaching the plain once more, drove back to Cairo, and spent the rest of the day in wandering through the bazars and listening to an Egyptian military band discoursing French airs in some public gardens.

Apropos of our rambles, there was a little incident which ought to be recorded, as tending to show the depravity of Egyptian donkey boys. One of our party having ventured to hint at the extreme impropriety of leaving Cairo without having ridden a donkey, the sentiment was re-echoed by a majority, and although at the moment no donkeys were visible, the wish was no sooner expressed than, as if by intuition, what appeared to be the entire donkey population of Cairo suddenly presented itself. The street simply swarmed with donkeys, and before we had well realized the fact, a score or more of donkey proprietors were shouting the rival claims of their beasts into our ears, with a persistency and strength of lung which were irresistible. A minority of the party, who had scornfully repudiated the idea of disporting themselves in so frivolous a fashion, had a rough time of it. It was to no purpose that they assured the infatuated youths they did not want donkeys, for their importunities only redoubled, until they fairly roared with incredulity: the idea was absurd! they must have donkeys! they could not, in fact, be allowed to proceed unless they passed over their donkeys' backs. The end of it was, the minority were driven to bay in a tailor's shop, from whence, with the help of a friendly snip, an escape was made by a back door.

THE SCHOOL CONTEST IN BELGIUM.

Just three hundred years have passed since the assassination of William of Orange (1584) gave back what is now known as the kingdom of Belgium into the hands of the reactionaries and the Spaniards. William, the most amiable and the most consistent of liberals, would have saved Antwerp, Ghent, and Brussels from the tyranny of an alien race and a despotic Church. But at his death they fell before their destroyers. Antwerp, scarred with the ineffaceable traces of the "Spanish Fury" or the "French Fury," was to sink at last before the arms of Parma into a scene of waste and ruin. Once the commercial capital of the North, it has slept from that day until this, the monument of the persecuting rage of the reactionaries. Its commerce and its wealth passed to Holland and to England. Its Protestant population was driven away, massacred, or forced into an unwilling compliance with the ruling Church. Freedom of thought perished throughout all Belgium. The printing-press and free institutions made its neighbor Holland the teacher of the age, the ruler of the seas, the centre of liberal progress. And it is only in the present century that Belgium, founded anew as an independent and liberal kingdom, has arisen from the slumber of death imposed upon it by its conquerors of the close of the sixteenth century.

It has awoke at last. But it is in a manner singular and almost inconsistent. It is no longer a religious quarrel that disturbs the country. There are very few Protestants in Belgium; nearly its whole population claim to be Roman Catholic. The fearful massacres of the sixteenth century were perfectly successful. But in the midst of this apparently united population has grown up the question: "Shall the priests or the people control the education of the children? Shall monks and nuns be the only teachers, and every school inculcate the extreme doctrines of the ultramontanes?" It is the same question that has so often arisen in our own country, from Massachusetts to Oregon, from Canada to New Mexico. And on this point the five and a half millions of the people of Belgium have been roused to a pitch of excitement approaching civil war. The contest has raged for many years. Belgium is one of the worst and one of the best educated countries in Europe. Its cities are full of intelligence and the highest cultivation, and they are all intensely liberal. The rural districts are lost in poverty and ignorance, and wholly controlled by the priests. Not many years ago a liberal politician could venture into the country; and the recent sack of the villa of a liberal Senator by the rural Catholics—*paysans cléricaux*—is given by the Brussels papers as one of the causes of the intense excitement in the city.

The two parties in Belgium are so nearly equal that the change of a few votes decided the recent election. For four years the liberals had been in power, and their chief aim was to establish unsectarian schools and educate all the people. But they were divided upon the questions of the enlargement of the suffrage and a necessary increase of taxation. The clericals gained the control. They at once prepared a new educational law, which the liberals claim will destroy the unsectarian schools. The liberals assert that the clericals are laboring to introduce a real tyranny; the cities are to be reduced to vassalage. Says the *Indépendance Belge*: "The clericals strive to exasperate the people; to drive them to acts of violence." It palliates while it condemns the recent disorders. On the 7th of September the clerical party prepared to lead a great procession through the streets of Brussels to present an address to the King. It was chiefly composed of peasants from the country, and more than eighty thousand of the least educated of the people invaded the capital. The liberals unwisely placed themselves in the way of the procession. A contest arose. Several hundred persons were severely injured. Party spirit rages throughout the little kingdom, and Belgium is once more the battle-ground of contending principles, as in the days of William the Silent. On the one side are the friends of advancing knowledge; on the other, its bitter foes.

Motley has painted with unrivalled accuracy and force the fate of the Netherlands under their oppressors three centuries ago—the frightful fall of Antwerp, the sack of Mechlin, Mons, Ghent; the terror and abject submission of Brussels and Bruges. It is strange to find so late in history the same struggle, though of a milder form, renewed. Recently the burgomasters of Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, and many other cities appeared before the King to protest against the proposed alteration in the school law. They ask only for delay, or a dissolution of the reactionary Parliament and an appeal to the people. But the less intelligent part of the nation—the extreme ultramontanes—now threaten to remove the burgomasters, and to bring the cities to complete submission to the ruling sect. "We are the masters," they say; "you must obey." It is the spirit of Alva and of Parma renewed in the scene of their dreadful achievements. The good sense of the liberal Roman Catholics will probably restrain the violence of their extremists. The liberal papers inculcate forbearance and moderation. They confide in the irresistible force of advancing knowledge. Eugene Lawrence.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

PREVENTING SEASICKNESS.

Would that there were no more sea! Would that one could cross the Atlantic without paying this tax on travel, this hard exaction that outweighs even the pleasures of a European tour!

Thousands of people utter this wish every spring, as the outgoing Atlantic steamers put to sea without them. How many thousands also may would go if only some sure preventive was known for this most distressing disease?

For seasickness is not a thing to laugh at, either from the economical or the personal point of view. It keeps down the world's passenger travel by sea to one-half, I suppose, of what it would be if seasickness could be prevented; and what inestimable suffering does it cause to millions every year! Until recently it has been generally considered as an affliction that might be palliated, but not prevented or cured. Within a few years, however, the question of preventing seasickness altogether has taken on a new aspect, and it is seen in a much more hopeful way than ever before. I will not say that it is solved, except in the confident belief of some who have investigated the new treatment; but it seems to be in a fair way of being solved. The new treatment has very enthusiastic advocates.

The late Dr. Beard was one of the firm believers in the absolute preventability of seasickness; he numbered the disease as among the unnecessary evils. A battered copy of his little book lies before me as I write; it kept me company on two rough Atlantic voyages, during which I made a careful trial of the treatment that he advocated. Of its success in his own hands he wrote thus in the spring of 1881: "One year ago seasickness was thought to be the most hopeless of all diseases; to-day there is no other nervous disease of the family to which it belongs, and few diseases of any kind, except perhaps small-pox, that are so completely under medical control as this."

How far is this true? How far have we gained control over this formidable disease, which yearly causes a week's misery to hundreds of thousands of transatlantic voyagers only, and keeps hundreds of thousands of would-be transatlantic voyagers at home, to their deprivation of a great pleasure and to the detriment of the steam-ship companies?

The first question about a disease is this: What is the nature of the disease? One thing is clear as regards seasickness: that this question has been wrongly answered until recent years. Seasickness has been thought to be everything but what it is; the common opinion having been that it consists in a disturbance of the stomach. That is entirely a mistake. The disturbance of the stomach is but a symptom of the disease. The disease is in reality a functional disturbance of the brain and spinal cord. The same nausea which is its most prominent symptom is caused by other mechanical disturbances of the brain and cord, whether moderate, as by the swaying motion of a swing, or violent, as in concussion. The other symptoms point in the same way, particularly the headache and the miserable mental prostration which accompany the disease, the paralysis of hope and will, which to the seasick make life seem not worth saving, and the bottom of the sea an undreaded end to the sufferer's voyage.

This distressing disease, in a word, is a disturbance of brain and nerve function, and, except in a secondary way, it has nothing to do with the stomach. The old treatment looked to its symptoms and not to its true cause: the regulation of the diet, the prescription of champagne, ammonia, chloroform, cold to the spine—all these efforts to prevent or cure the disease are misdirected, and at the best are seldom more than slightly palliative. To palliate such misery as that of seasickness is indeed something; but to prevent or cure it would be a benefit of the first order to humanity.

Now it is claimed that this can be done; and how? The treatment is very simple. It consists in taking, always under skilled medical guidance, a drug that has a powerful action on the brain and spinal cord; namely, bromide of sodium or bromide of potassium, in large doses, for two or three days before going on shipboard. This is strong treatment; in two or three days it produces its effects in the condition called *bromism*—a condition of drowsiness, with symptoms somewhat resembling those of a cold in the head. Thus prepared for a voyage, delicate persons, and even those who have suffered the most acutely on previous voyages, have passed stormy days or weeks at sea without the slightest seasickness—it being necessary in some cases, though not in all, to continue the use of the remedy during the voyage. Even after seasickness has begun, a single full dose has sometimes checked it completely, and given a comfortable voyage to previous sufferers.

This is much to accomplish. And this much is certain, that in many cases the bromides, freely yet cautiously given, have entirely prevented or entirely cured seasickness, and have prevented or cured it in the most susceptible persons. So much is sufficient cause of thanks. But now, if we ask in what proportion of cases may the bromides be safely and successfully used, we ask another and a harder question. I have myself made trial of the bromides, as indicated above, during two Atlantic voyages. With what success? I can only claim a partial, or, more accurately, an unsatisfactory success. I found that large doses of the bromide of sodium, while they certainly did prevent seasickness, produced a condition of stupor that seemed quite as bad. Yet I do not regard this experience as sufficient cause of discouragement. Those who have tried this treatment upon the largest number of cases are the most emphatic in their testimony as to its efficacy. There can be no doubt that the bromides do actually prevent seasickness. The only question is whether they can be safely and generally administered—whether, in a word, the remedy is any better than the disease. It is an efficient remedy. Is it always successful? Is it safe? These questions must be left to further experience; they will be settled before very long. Meanwhile the experiment is one that any one may try, always under medical guidance, when next he goes to sea. But it can not safely be tried except under medical guidance; the doses required are too large to be intrusted to laymen.

Titus Munson Coan.

"A KISS FIRST!"

"What keeps Bessie so long at the well?"
Mother wonders, but can not tell.
Out by the well-curb Bessie stands,
The pitcher grasped by her chubby hands
Is empty still, while many a trace
Of anger vexes the childish face.
"If *I* were a boy, I wouldn't tease—
Leave me alone now, Bobby, please."

Up on the well-curb Bobby sits,
A roguish smile o'er his brown face flits:
"I ain't your kind of a boy, you see;
Give me the kiss and I'll let you be.
You're welcome to drain the old well dry,
But a kiss first, Bessie, so say I."
And Bobby is master of well and rope,
So how can Bessie for victory hope?

Slowly homeward little Bess goes,
Her soft cheeks blushing like any rose;
And Bob (the little vexed heart beats fast)—
But the pitcher is full to its brim at last.
There's a moss-grown well near by, and to-day
I heard a gray-haired woman say,
"What keeps Bessie so long at the well?"
Ah! *I* know, but I wouldn't tell.

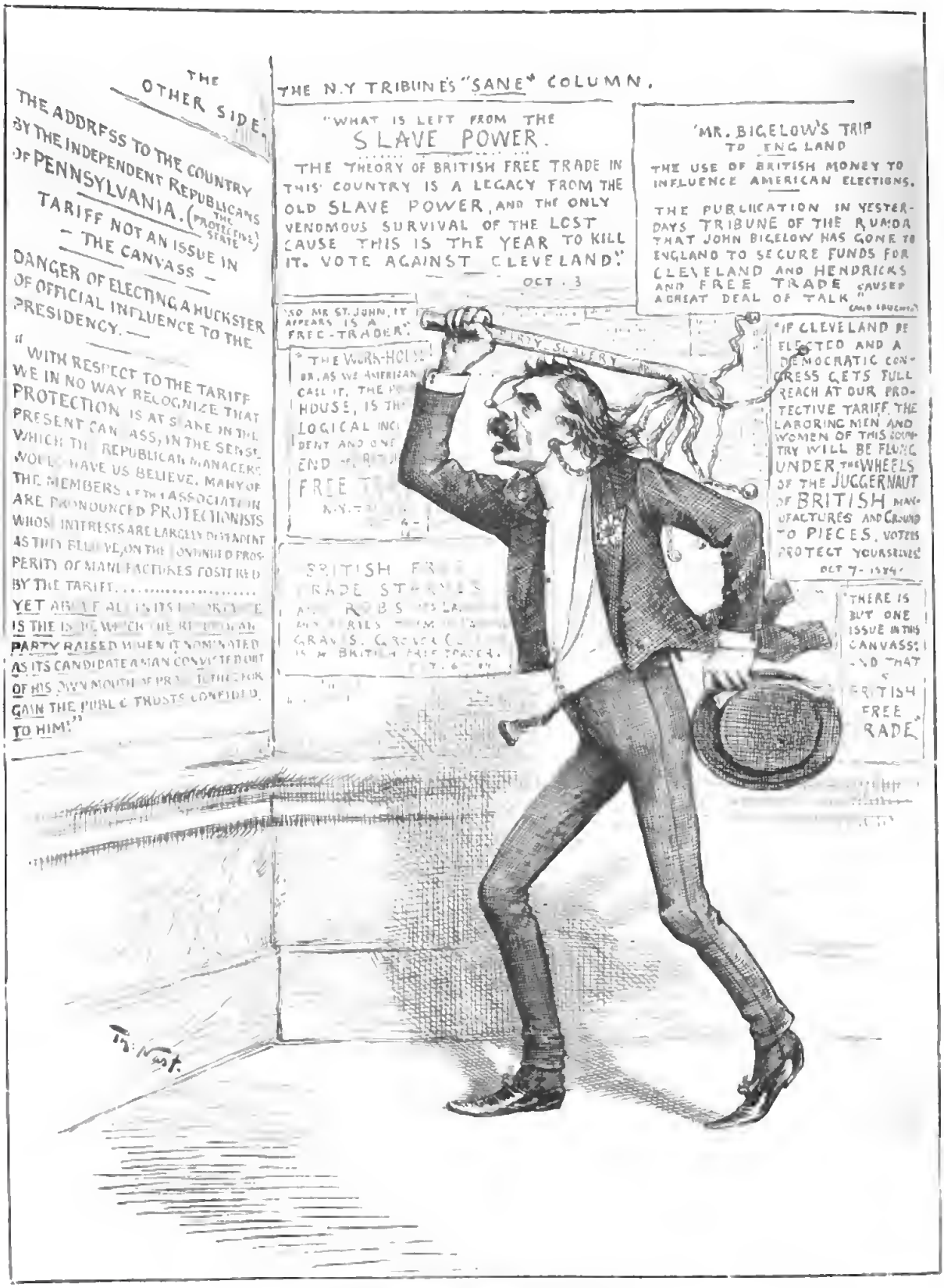
For what if two by the well-curb stand,
Bobby and Bessie, hand in hand?
What if a pitcher forgotten lies
At the feet of both? and if two blue eyes
See only the glance of another pair,
And if there are saucy lips that dare
To ask for a kiss? What harm, pray tell,
If Bessie should linger at the well?

M. D. Brine.

THE HIGH ALPS.

When due precautions are taken, mountaineering among the High Alps is attended with as little risk as any other sport—certainly with less than, for example, fox-hunting. What seem dangers to those who have never been on a glacier are, in truth, none at all. It is only through gross carelessness that any danger from crevasses can arise. A single man who chooses to walk over a snow-covered glacier has only himself to thank if he falls in and is killed. Two men together, if the rope which ties them together be of sufficient length, may do so without much risk, though in that case both should be competent mountaineers. We know of a case in which a traveller who had plenty of Alpine experience was crossing a level glacier with one of the best guides in Switzerland. The snow was perfectly smooth, and there appeared none of the signs by which an experienced eye can detect the presence of a crevasse. The snow gave way, and he fell straight through. The traveller was well in the rear and the rope was fairly taut, and he was able to help his guide out. But three persons tied together, keeping at a proper distance from one another, are as safe in crossing a glacier as they are in crossing a street.

Similarly on an arête, or on difficult rocks, the rope is essential. In the earlier days of Alpine climbing there used to be a difference of opinion on this point. It was urged that where a slip on the part of one member of the party might involve the death of the rest, each man ought to shift for himself. Experience has shown the contrary. A man is, as a fact, much steadier in danger if he knows that the lives of others as well as his own are at stake. Besides, in the great majority of cases, the rope, even in the most difficult positions, saves the man who slips. On the long and narrow crest of the Lyskamm, some years ago, one member of a party made a false step and fell over on to the Italian side of the arête, dragging another with him; but was saved by the fact that the other members of the party, with laudable presence of mind, slid over on to the Swiss side, and so both divisions of the party were able to scramble up again and go on. Again, in difficult places, where even the experienced climber needs all his presence of mind, the fall and death of one is sure so to unnerve the others that their own danger is increased tenfold. If in dangerous rock-climbing one of the party slips and falls, it may as easily be the foremost as the last of the party, and in his fall he may knock over one or more of his companions. If the others are firmly fixed, with a solid piece of rock to hold on to, there is no danger so long as all are roped together.



LASHING HIMSELF INTO FEVER HEAT.

BLACK-LAW REID. "You are British Free-Traders, Dudes, Pharisees, Frauds, and Mugwumps—that's what you are!"

VIEWS IN PENSACOLA, FLORIDA.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 692.]

1. A Picturesque Street. 2. Ruins of Fort McRae.

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GIVE OVER COAXIN', NEIGHBOR.

By MARGARET EYTINGE.

Give over coaxin', neighbor, for I'll go out no more,
 Unless to walk about the farm once in a while I try.
'Tis not because I do not feel as friendly as before
 She left me. But there, sit you down, and I will tell you why.

You see, when she was here—it's now some fifty years ago
 Since I first brought her home—how glad and proud I was that day!—
I never went abroad but that, as sure as faith, I'd know
 She was keepin' lovin' count of all the hours I staid away.

And when the gate latch clicked, and she again my footsteps heard,
 Wide open would the house door fly, and her bright face appear,
And in a voice as sweet to me as song of any bird,
 With smiling lips and smiling eyes, she'd say, "You're welcome, dear."

You know our sons have sailors been since they were naught but boys,
 And that our only daughter when a child was called above,
And so we two were left to share each other's griefs and joys,
And we loved each other, neighbor, with a good, old-fashioned love.

And think a moment, neighbor, how very sad 'twould be
 To come back from an outin'—how my poor old heart would pain!—
And find the house door shut, and no dear wife awaitin' me;
 'Twould hurt almost as much as though I saw her die again.

Give over coaxin', neighbor, for now you understand
 I'll leave my home no more until I'm summoned where I'll hear,
At heaven's door wide opened—she'll be there with outstretched hand
 And smiling lips and smiling eyes—her say, "You're welcome, dear."

PENSACOLA.

If the Southern tourist will leave the beaten track of travel at Mobile, and go by steamer to Pensacola, he will enjoy a very pleasant break in the monotony of railroading. Mobile and its bay are full of historic landmarks, and when the steamer leaves Fort Morgan, and heads to sea for the short run down the coast, there is much that is of interest in the marine landscape.

The approach to Pensacola, as the *Mary Morgan* runs in, is of ever varying beauty. Long lines of sandy beach and dark woodland point in converging lines to the distant harbor. Closer in is the tall light-house pointing finger like heavenward, with a background of dark trees and peeping cottages, below which runs, like a ribbon of satin, the snow white beach for miles. Presently the long ocean swell ceases, and we are passing the forts. On the left are the ruins of Fort McRae, now only a few massive arches of tough masonry tottering amid the surges rippling under their gloomy shadows, while opposite is Fort Pickens, gray, straight-faced, and sturdy, crouching, as it were, on the landward end of historic Santa Rosa Island. In spite of its battle record it looks quite modern, with the great guns gazing vigilantly out to sea. In the distance the remains of old Fort Barancas lie sleeping with the memories of General Jackson and the Spanish commandant who blew it up at the capture of the place by the American army in 1812.

As we enter the harbor we find it land-locked and of immense magnitude, its further shores appearing as if on the horizon. It is a shelter for the navies of the world.

To the left appears the town, fronted by the massive buildings of the Navy-yard, the great derricks holding aloft boilers for expectant hulls. The size of the place can only be guessed at from the steamer's deck by house roofs and distant spires.

The lower part of the town has an essentially nautical flavor. The sandy streets are filled with a motley crowd of mariners. The talk is of ships and cargoes, and the bell of the Norwegian chapel, nestling almost under the yard-arms of the ships at dock, mingles with the forecastle bells striking the hour, tolled maybe by some ancient quartermaster of a sexton, and strangely out of place seems a back-country ox-cart, whose great broad wooden-tired wheels and crates of "gophers," or land-turtles, roll silently over the sand.

The wharves are immense structures thickly laced with car tracks, walled in by masses of closely packed shipping whose interlocked spars and masts are as a forest through which a road is cut. Here the smaller iron steamers, those "ocean tramps," nestle beside the great three-masters to secure a share of the vast forests of lumber annually exported, which by train loads continually pour on the docks.

Out on the broad harbor are fleets of vessels clustered about great timber rafts which have been floated out to them, and from which their gaping holds are being rapidly filled. Tugs are towing out rafts to vessels further distant. Here are two just spreading their wings to sail. There is one just arrived and dropping anchor, and in the offing more are inward bound. It is an animated scene, rendered doubly delightful by a balmy air, a cloudless sky, and the scent of pine freshly cut.

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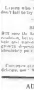

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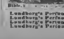

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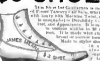

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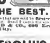

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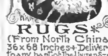

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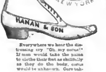

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by PAUL GRANT, *and* "*Fido,*" *by* SIDNEY DAYRE; *also Chapter VIII. of the serial story* "*Wolfville,*" *by* KIRK MUNROE.

MRS SOPHIE B. HERRICK *contributes an interesting article on* "*Mama,*" *with seven illustrations by the author;* HON. M. E. SANGSTER *tells* "*The Strange Story of Fritz Kurner.*"

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☞ *A* SUPPLEMENT *containing the* BLAINE *letters, arranged in chronological order, with marginal notes, was issued gratuitously with the number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *for September 27.*

OHIO.

OHIO speaks for itself, not for the country. It has elected State Republican officers, but it has not elected Mr. BLAINE. The result was generally anticipated, for the State has always been Republican in Presidential years, and a departure from that rule this year would have portended such a defeat for Mr. BLAINE as that which overwhelmed the Republican candidate in New York in 1882. The Republican majority is large, but it foretells only what has been constantly expected—that the electoral vote of Ohio will be probably cast for Mr. BLAINE. The most extraordinary efforts were made by the BLAINE managers to carry the State, even to the remarkable tour of Mr. BLAINE himself, for the purpose of personal exhibition. This, however, was a well-considered plan, and it has been undoubtedly serviceable to the managers.

The Boston *Herald* on the eve of the election stated the situation precisely: "With Ohio Republican, Mr. BLAINE can be defeated, and, we believe, will be. Without it, he will be overwhelmed. The State is not necessary for CLEVELAND, and has never been counted upon for him. It is indispensable to BLAINE, but its vote will not elect him." The words remain true now that the event is known. The pivotal States have always been New York and Indiana and New Jersey and Connecticut, and in those States the Republican opposition to Mr. BLAINE is very large, and in New York especially the fluctuations at elections are very striking and significant. In 1872 the Republicans carried the State by 50,000 majority, and in 1874 the Democrats by the same number. In a voting population of more than a million, there is, as has been constantly proved, an immense body of independent voters, and they are generally not favorable to Mr. BLAINE.

The question of the Presidential election is yet to be decided, and that question is not changed by any State election. It is the question whether a candidate who has grossly abused the most important official trust for his own pecuniary gain shall be elected President of the United States. If Republicans who can not deny the offense, and all that it signifies, still propose to vote for him for the reason that they trust the party which has nominated him more than any other, let them ask themselves whether a party composed of those who consciously and deliberately vote for such a candidate as they admit Mr. BLAINE to be, can honestly claim to be superior to all other parties without admitting the utter degradation of the national character.

MR. BLAINE'S DIPLOMACY.

TWO pamphlets published in Boston, "The Proudest Chapter in his Life," and "Mr. Blaine and his Foreign Policy," contain a history and criticism of Mr. BLAINE'S conduct of the State Department. The first-named review is by Mr. THOMAS H. TALBOT, and is devoted to the extraordinary diplomacy in Chili and Peru. Both of the pamphlets show Mr. BLAINE to have pursued a course in South America which, as Mr. EDMUNDS said, meant war, and one of the excellent services of the ARTHUR administration is its reversal of the policy of Mr. BLAINE, which was earning us the ill-will of other American states. The second-named pamphlet is anonymous, but it touches every point of Mr. BLAINE'S diplomacy, and it is easy to see from it the reason of the profound distrust of his probable management of our foreign relations which has been expressed by ex-Attorney-General SPEED and many other wise and sedate observers of the political situation.

The tale of the BLAINE Secretaryship, as told by the two pamphlets, and read consecutively, produces the impression of a restless, sensational, impetuous, and not frank or candid course, pursued with the intention of striking the country with a spirited foreign policy, and of assuming a kind of dictatorship over other powers upon the continent which might gratify the national vanity. The details of the management of our foreign relations are not generally known, and it is in the power of a scheming Secretary to lead the country into exceedingly false and disagreeable relations with its neighbors, as when Mr. BLAINE persisted in arbitrating between Mexico and Guatemala, against the wish and without the request of Mexico, and interfered in a similar controversy between Costa Rica and Colombia. Mr. BLAINE'S attitude in the question of the American Irish suspects was very much less heroic, and in the correspondence about the protectorate of the Panama Canal Lord GRANVILLE had him at contemptuous disadvantage.

The management of affairs in Peru was extraordinary both for the wholly original principles of international law which were laid down in the Secretary's letters and for the action concerning the LANDERAU claim. Both of the pamphlets tell the story, and expose a kind of *bouffe* diplomacy, which may well have amazed the administration of Mr. ARTHUR when its details were known. That there should be no cordial relations between the President and Mr. BLAINE is very natural and intelligible. Secretary FRELINGHUYSEN, at the President's instance, promptly and peremptorily revoked Mr. BLAINE'S instructions, reversed his policy, and held a very different and friendly tone toward the republic of Chili. Mr. BLAINE retorted, in his evidence before the Committee on Foreign Affairs. He said that the war was an English war upon Peru, with Chili as the instrument, and that they, when they divided the spoils, laughed at American citizens who had "been discredited at home," and he added that "history will hold the United States responsible" for the cession of Peruvian territory. He intimated in his testimony with a jaunty frankness that the course of the ARTHUR administration had made the United States a laughing-stock in Chili. The tone of his testimony toward the administration was very unfriendly, and Chili may well feel apprehensive of Mr. BLAINE'S possible election. Had the facts chronologically and skillfully presented in these pamphlets been earlier more generally known, they would undoubtedly have been fully discussed in the campaign, as showing a disposition in the management of our foreign relations which promises much more "spirit" than peace. In the event of Mr. BLAINE'S election, this chapter of his official career will be studied with curiosity and alarm.

A WELL-KNOWN PLOT.

IT is not impossible that an attempt will be made to slander Governor CLEVELAND in regard to his conduct during his official life at Albany. But fortunately his treatment of the Buffalo story was so manly and honorable that his word will be believed as against any number of suborned affidavits, and that word would put the conspirators to shame. There has never been a Governor of New York whose life was more correct, more diligent, and devotedly faithful to the duties of his office than Governor CLEVELAND. During the day and the evening he is constantly at his post in the Capitol, and it is this conscientious and unremitting fidelity to official labor which made his brief vacation in the Adirondacks indispensable.

If some of the stuff which has been collected for an attack upon the Governor were true, or had the least trace of truth, he should be driven by public wrath from the office that he would in that case utterly disgrace. But after the exposure of the recent Buffalo plot of the same general kind, the plotters will be wary. The desperate effort against the Governor has totally failed. There is no doubt that "the set" of the campaign is strongly in his favor, and that he has steadily and rapidly gained in the confidence of the country. This confidence is due to the fact that while every week has accumulated more and more evidence, in his own letters and declarations, of the conspicuous unfitness of Mr. BLAINE for the office that he seeks, every week also has shown that Mr. CLEVELAND'S qualities and convictions are just those which are now most indispensable in the office that seeks him.

His manly integrity and simplicity, his frank, direct, and hearty dealing, his official fidelity and singleness of purpose, are in extraordinary contrast with the restless, scheming, tortuous, crafty, and concealed activity of his opponent, who during the whole term of his public service has apparently been engaged in enormous private speculations, which his apologist, Senator HAWLEY, wishes that he had not mixed up with his official relations. That also is doubtless the wish of the country and of his friends. But honest citizens everywhere differ from ex-Governor LOWELL, who thinks it to be largely a question of taste, and who is reported to have said that the country ought not to lose the services of such a man for such reasons. But the country is evidently asking, and in a dangerously significant manner, why should we place in the Presidency a great financial speculator whose transactions, complicated with his official opportunities, with his explanations that deceive, and his assertions that mislead, are all revealed in his own letters, instead of the upright, clean handed, clear-headed, honest, and devoted public officer who frankly owns one offense in his past private life, for which he has made all honorable amends, and whose official career is without suspicion or stain?

CAMPAIGN SLANDERS.

THE remark attributed to Governor ROBINSON, of Massachusetts, in a speech for Mr. BLAINE, that the stories about him will be forgotten within a month after the election, implies that they are merely "campaign slanders." Did Governor ROBINSON ever know men of the highest character, of the utmost practical political sagacity, of an honorable political ambition, break old party ties, and expose themselves to be assailed with lies and unmeasured abuse, because of campaign slanders? Does he hold that every charge which is made against a candidate for office, however grave, however well supported by evidence, should be dismissed as a campaign slander, and the voter betake himself to comparing the two parties, when, if the charge be true, it is absolutely decisive!

Let us cite an example. Governor ROBINSON has seen the second series of MULLIGAN letters, because, if correctly reported, he said that undoubtedly they would be explained. He may think that Mr. BLAINE'S conduct in the Little Rock Railroad transaction was becoming a Speaker of the House, and that the writer of the MULLIGAN letters is an excellent kind of man for the Presidency of the United States. However that may be, what does he think of Mr. BLAINE'S letter to Mr FISHER of the 16th of April, 1876, inclosing the draft of a letter which he wished Mr. FISHER to copy and return to him, and to regard the request as strictly confidential, and to burn the letter which made the request? What did Mr. BLAINE mean to do with the copy of his letter if he received it? Did he not mean to give it to the country, not as a copy of a letter which he had sent to Mr. FISHER, but as Mr. FISHER'S own spontaneous, unsolicited letter? Was this honest? Was it not a dishonest intention? Did it not contemplate a gross deception of the country? And is it a campaign slander to say so, and to call the writer of such a letter, with such a purpose, a dishonest man?

This is but one of the many charges against Mr. BLAINE which involve his truthfulness. They do not rest upon the assertion of newspapers and stump-speakers. They rest upon his own letters. He is the witness against himself. The testimony is all gathered from what he has written, and such charges, so originated and supported, against a man who asks to be made President of the United States, are not to be dismissed like a partisan skit or squib, and no one who could explain them would try to dismiss them as campaign slanders.

THE BRIBERY OF PATRONAGE.

As we have often said, the Republican party has no right to claim to be especially a reform party because of platform declarations or any other form of profession. Some of the leading managers of the present Republican campaign are contemptuously hostile to reform, and Mr. BLAINE is anything but a reformer. The Democratic party, as a party, is certainly no better. The truth is that the progress of reform is due to a conviction in both parties, and to the official action of some Republicans and some Democrats. The politicians of both parties are hostile. Mr. EVERETT P. WHEELER, one of the counsel of the New York Reform Association, has addressed a letter to the President, calling attention to the statements, distinctly made and not denied, in regard to the conduct of the Commissioner of Pensions. It was stated by Mr. SCHURZ in a public speech that the Commissioner has given orders that applications for pensions filed by voters residing in Ohio and Indiana shall be taken up out of the order of filing, and have a preference in their examination over those filed by persons residing in many of the other States.

This, as Mr. WHEELER says, is the worst form of bribery, and should the offense be proved to the President, we do not doubt his prompt action. Whether he would regard such a statement at such a time as a reason for inquiry would depend upon his estimate of the authority with which it is made. But it is unquestionable that the probabilities are so strong that he will be hardly disposed to dismiss the charge as frivolous. There is no doubt that there was great official activity in the late State election in Ohio. The Commissioner of Patents was a candidate for Congress, and gave his time to his canvass, not to his official duties. The Register of the Treasury was active in campaigning, and not in his office. Pension clerks were reported as scattering promises of early consideration of claims. Agents of the Post-office and of

the Treasury Department were very busy with politics, and the Commissioner of Pensions presided over all

This was an evil which was known to JEFFERSON when the civil service was very small. It has become a threatening peril now that the service has enormously increased, and its mitigation is one of the chief objects of the reform movement. The twaddle about disabling American citizens in public employment of their inalienable political rights is merely intended to cover the bribery and corruption and cruelty and baseness of patronage. An officer runs away from his duties, uses the power of his place to force voters to obey his will, and if a plea is raised that the public money should not be used to corrupt voters, the offending officer asks, with a fine air, whether he is to be deprived of his political rights because he holds office. The reply to his lofty demand should be that honest American citizens are to be protected from this form of the corruption of patronage, even if "campaigning" is to be forbidden to government employés. If there must be a choice of evils, let us take the least.

WHAT MR. BEECHER SAID.

THE attempts to evade the force of Mr BEECHER'S letter in regard to Mr. JOY'S statement about Mr. BLAINE in 1877 are as abortive as the effort "to bluff him off." Indeed, the best course for the BLAINE advocates to pursue is that which has been finally adopted by a Massachusetts orator, who is reported to have said in a late speech that he will not allude to personal stories which will be forgotten a month after the election. Mr. BEECHER said that at Mr. JOY'S table, in 1877, that gentleman said that "Mr. BLAINE sent me word, through a friend, that he had certain depreciated bonds, and that if I would enable him to place them at par I could have my committee on I wanted it." And Mr. BEECHER added that he "cannot forget with what cutting scorn Mr. JOY leaned back in his chair and said, 'That is the man BLAINE is.'"

Mr. JOY'S friend Mr. ALGER says that Mr JOY was deceived by a friend of Mr. BLAINE. But even if that were so, it does not affect Mr BEECHER'S statement, for he merely reports what he heard Mr. JOY say; nor does it affect Mr. JOY'S opinion of Mr. BLAINE at that time. Why did he believe, as he evidently did believe, from what Mr. BEECHER says, that Mr BLAINE made him the offer? Obviously because he thought him a man who would make such an offer. But there are plenty of men in public life whom he would have known to be incapable of proposing such a transaction. Why did he not suppose Mr. BLAINE to be one of them? Why did he not at once and instinctively reply to the intermediary that he was a rascal in trying to make Mr BLAINE appear to be one? Evidently because his observation of Mr. BLAINE had led him to regard the offer as one that he would make.

Mr JOY may have been mistaken in his impression of Mr. BLAINE. But what Mr. BEECHER says is that such was Mr. JOY'S impression in 1877, and that he heard him say so. Now if a man in Mr. JOY'S position says unreservedly, at his own table, and to such guests, that he thinks a Speaker of the House of Representatives to be venal, it is not lightly said. He would not dare nor wish to say it if he did not believe himself to be unquestionably justified in saying it. And all the revelations of this extraordinary campaign show that Mr. JOY may well have known enough to make such an offer from Mr. BLAINE seem to him a very probable and natural offer. Why he should change his opinion, and why he should have been willing in 1880 to nominate for the Presidency a man whom in 1877 he had believed to be venal, has not been made known. But the friends of Mr. BLAINE should certainly wish that Mr. JOY would state the reasons, to confound those who still doubt.

MR. CLEVELAND AND REFORM.

THE address of the Pennsylvania Republicans and Independents treats the position of the two Presidential candidates toward reform in the following clear and conclusive manner. It is a most significant fact that the great mass of Republican and Independent supporters of Mr. CLEVELAND are the strongest friends of civil service reform.

"As regards the reform of the civil service, we see the same lack of distinction between the parties. To the independent members of both it is an object of the most earnest solicitude, while by the working machine of both it is regarded with scarcely concealed aversion. If the distinguished Democratic author of existing legislation can prescribed by the bosses of his own State for his leading position in the reform, on the other hand, the Republican National Committee has been seeking over ingenious device whereby to evade the legal penalties of assessing office-holders, and it has recognized as its representative in Virginia General MAHONE, well known as one of the most reckless spoilsmen of the age. The permanent establishment of the principle of this reform now depends mainly upon the faithful execution of the present law in letter and spirit. A President earnestly in its favor can infuse its spirit throughout the service, a President secretly opposed to it can render it virtually nugatory. It would therefore be impossible for any friend of the reform to justify the support of one who, like Mr BLAINE, as Speaker of the House, delayed its progress for years, when, to use the language of the New York *Tribune* of June 19, 1874, 'Mr. BLAINE, with distinguished ability, appointed a committee on that subject [civil service reform] which strangled the reform and scalped it, and then executed a war-dance over it.' No stronger contrast can be presented than that which exists between his record on this subject and that of his principal opponent, who has been the faithful and efficient promoter of the reform, and has not hesitated for its sake to alienate powerful sections of his own party, from whose hostility thus aroused the Republicans draw their strongest hopes for success in the pending election."

NOTHING AGAINST HIM.

EX-GOVERNOR WASHBURN, of Massachusetts, is reported to have said in a public speech, alluding to Mr. BLAINE:

"I have been surprised that no attempt has been made to bring anything against him in his public capacity; but you say the bonds. But they have not a thing to do with his public character. You may only say he made a sharp bargain to get bonds at a bottom price."

Is it only a pardonable sharp bargain when the Speaker of the House of Representatives tries to get bonds at a bottom price by calling attention to his favorable official action as saving the property?

Is it nothing against him in his public capacity that as a member of Congress he deliberately misstated the facts of his interest in a financial speculation which depended for its value upon Congressional legislation?

Has it nothing to do with his public character that he sent a letter to a friend asking him to copy it and return it as his own, which letter stated as true what the friend had already declared to be untrue, and which letter he meant to show a the unsolicited tribute of that friend to his honesty?

If ex-Governor WASHBURN—a gentleman beyond reproach—had ever done one of the crooked things which Mr. BLAINE has done, and had been convicted by his own letters, he would never have been elected—as he was most properly and honorably elected—Governor of Massachusetts.

CONNECTICUT INDEPENDENT REPUBLICANS.

THE Independent Republicans of Connecticut have issued an admirable address. It is temperate in its tone, but its statements are conclusive, and its spirit uncompromising. The number of signatures is limited to one hundred, and they represent the intelligent, patriotic, and substantial Republicanism of the State. In the list we recognize many representative and influential names in every profession and pursuit. The address, with its signatures and the sober sentiment which they represent, is another illustration of the profound feeling of opposition to the election of Mr. BLAINE. We quote its concluding sentences, and beg every Republican carefully to consider them:

"The great party to which you and we belong was founded to carry the rules of right into the government of the nation It has fallen far when it seeks to put such a man as JAMES G BLAINE at the head of that government. It would fall further were there none within its ranks to protest against this insult to the moral sense of the American people.

"Some of us will emphasize our protest by voting for Mr. CLEVELAND; some of us think we shall do our duty by not voting at all for Presidential electors; but we all unite in calling upon our fellow Republicans in this State, which has ever been the home of honest government, to give no vote for Mr BLAINE. He is a man of brilliant talents, of wide legislative experience, of attractive personal qualities, but all these make a candidate for high office only the more dangerous unless they are controlled by a sense of honor and by motives free from all taint of personal and pecuniary gain. His defeat may save our party by freeing it from the control of the camp-followers and office-seekers who have too often dictated its policy. His success would be a declaration to the world that our people have either ceased to hold honor and honesty the first conditions of public advancement, or begun to rate loyalty to party above loyalty to principle and to country."

A BLAINE-BUTLER TREATY.

MR. GEORGE H. MUNROE is well known in newspaper circles as an honorable journalist, who recently retired from the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* because he could not support Mr. BLAINE. He is also the "Templeton" of the Hartford *Courant*. Mr. MUNROE gives this account of a BLAINE and BUTLER treaty:

"General BUTLER came home from the Chicago Convention very cross and very unhappy, but not absolutely rebellious He and JOHN KELLY wanted together in New York to be approached by Governor CLEVELAND, but without success. Then General BUTLER came home, and still continued glum and sour. In a few days he announced that he was going off on a yachting tour He started, but he didn't go far. He suddenly put into Portsmouth, and there he met the man who has been Mr BLAINE'S go-between for twenty years for all his scheming in the lobby and out of it, WILLIAM E. CHANDLER. They briefly conferred in that city for several days, in the mean time messages and messengers passing constantly between Portsmouth and Augusta, in which latter place Mr BLAINE was domiciled. The first fruit of this conference was the letter of General BUTLER to the New York *Sun* announcing that he would run as a candidate for the Presidency; its later outcome was the arrangement of the programme under which it is to be done."

Mr MUNROE adds:

"This is familiar to the public. But details have lately leaked out as to the arrangements which have not been made on public General BUTLER is now running for the Presidency, and is making an active campaign at considerable expense No one who knows him believes that he assumes that expense himself. In fact, his followers declare that he does not. Some of them have been talking specifically in this city of late. And this is what they say; they say that a trade was made by which it was stipulated—first, that BUTLER should run for the Presidency in BLAINE'S interest; second, that his expenses should be paid, the money being furnished by BLAINE'S agent; third, that the *quid pro quo* for this service should be in the giving over the Presidential patronage of New England into BUTLER'S hands . . . Mr BLAINE readily surrendered the patronage of Massachusetts to BUTLER. He never had much consideration for our State at any time, it will be remembered. He haggled same about New England. BUTLER was inexorable. The bargain was made, and he has it in writing. Mr BLAINE can not go back on it, unless he acts upon the view, 'After the Presidency, the deluge' Twenty-five thousand dollars was paid down for campaign expenses, and twenty-five thousand dollars more is to follow hereafter."

That General BUTLER is running for the benefit of Mr. BLAINE, nobody has seriously doubted; that he would run at his own expense, nobody supposes; that some understanding between him and Mr BLAINE was probable from the career of both, is undeniable. Like all such stories in regard to Mr. BLAINE, it is not contemptuously dismissed at once because it is felt not to be improbable. The transaction, whatever it may be, hardly comports with the declaration of the Republican platform upon civil service reform, and it must be productive of singular emotion in the minds of Mr. BLAINE'S leading supporters in Massachusetts.

PERSONAL.

In his delightful volume of *Literary Recollections*, Mr. JAMES PAYN writes that the last time he saw CHARLES READE, the novelist was painfully ascending the stairs of the London Library, looking very old and ill. "I waited for him on the landing, where he noticed some books in my hand which I was carrying away for a professional purpose. 'How hard you work,' he said; then added, with pathos, 'So did I, at your age!' When I was instancing to him WALTER SCOTT'S ultimate inability to compose when he wished to do so, and his bursting into tears in consequence, as the most pathetic incident in the annals of literature, 'For that's make, don't talk of it,' he said; 'it is what we must all come to.' But he never did come to it, nevertheless."

—At the centenary of the German Society of New York city, President ANDREW D WHITE, of Cornell University, said: "The success of Count SCHURZ as a statesman is founded in his habit of going down deep into the philosophical and ethical aspects of questions. This German habit has had a most beneficial effect on American thought."

—M DE LESSEPS allows his ten children to play freely out-doors without much wrapping of hands, arms, and necks. His neighbors think that he is careless of their health; but only one of the ten is delicate, and he is a twin. The rest never suffer from colds. French fathers and mothers, as a rule, are careful not to expose to the weather their children's arms and necks, and they do not understand the DE LESSEPS family

—The daughter of the American sculptor Mr W W STORY has given to the world a translation of the autobiography of the late Italian sculptor GIOVANNI DUPRE. She is the wife of an Italian named PIANTANI. One of his countrymen speaks of DUPRE'S "sweet and homely pathos," but complains that the book is only a superficial account of his own work, with a few unimportant and not new observations on that of others.

—The *Athenæum* thinks that $87,500 was a "monstrous" price for the London National Gallery to pay for VANDYK'S portrait of CHARLES I., recently at the Blenheim Palace. The king appears bare-headed, in black armor, on a dun-colored horse, and wears a large pearl in one of his ears

—In an interview in Berlin, Prince BISMARCK said of M FERRY: "He is the one Frenchman with whom it is possible to negotiate, whose hand one can take without the fear of grasping something concealed. M FERRY is a steady man, like a German. Without parade, without making great professions, and without special gifts of oratory, he is resolute, strong, and capable. He has proved by his own force of character that the French are easily governed, if you will ignore their fables. Don't combat them, don't prohibit them, close your eyes to them, and go on with the work of the government as though they did not exist. The trouble with the French is that they have been badly governed before. Now they are well governed, and in fact no people on earth obey better than the French, if they feel the strong hand."

—M FLAUBERT, in a letter to George Sand: "I experience an invincible repugnance to putting on paper anything of myself. I feel even that a novelist has not the right to express his opinion about anything. He may communicate it, but I do not like to have him utter it. I believe that great art is scientific and impersonal. The author must, by a mental effort, transport himself into his personages, and not draw them to himself. This, at least, is the method, which amounts to saying, Try to have much talent, and even genius, if you can."

—Miss BRACE, who recently delivered a lecture on the methods of the French theatre, before the Lyceum School for Actors in this city, was a teacher at Vassar College before she went to Paris to study histrionic art. She appeared in a gray dress, with a bouquet of crimson roses on her breast. She is petite, and has a peachy complexion. "This is the age," observed one of her listeners, "when the Yankee school-ma'am trains actors for the theatre." Her audience was both instructed and delighted.

—The new Japanese Minister to this country, Mr KEKI, speaks English fluently, and appeared recently in New York city in English dress. Two of his sons also are at home in our language, and much of their conversation is carried on in it. Ten years ago Mr. KEKI visited the United States on his way home from the Paris Exhibition, and made himself familiar with our mode of life. One member of his party is about to enter Amherst College The English language is now thoroughly taught at the University of Tokio. Mr. KEKI is thirty-four years old, and of average height and weight.

—The Russian General SKOBELEFF used to tell an excellent story about one of his soldiers who once saved his life. "Which will you have in return, my good fellow," he asked, "the Cross of St. George, or one hundred rubles?" After hesitating a moment the man required the money value of the Cross of St George "Oh," replied the General, "it is very little—five rubles, perhaps; but it is a great honor to possess it" "Then," said the soldier, "if that is so, give me ninety-five rubles and the Cross of St. George."

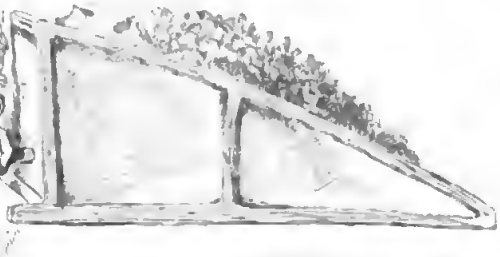
—VON MOLTKE, the German soldier, was born with the century, and presents no symptoms of decay He habits, like his manner, are simple and frugal, as much as in the case with the Duke of Wellington. His deep-set eyes shine beneath shaggy eyebrows and a massive forehead He is tall, slightly bent, and has a martial step. Wine he seldom touches, being satisfied with an occasional glass of beer. His favorite exercise is walking out-doors with his hands behind him, and his head bent forward. Count VON MOLTKE is in bed by half past nine o'clock.

—Mr GEORGE W CHILDS has been entertaining at Wootton, his country-seat near Philadelphia, the son of Lord ROSSE, after whom the celebrated telescope is named.

—Mr DAVID NEAL, who has an extensive reputation in Europe as an artist, will return to this country this fall to paint several portraits for which he has received commissions. Whoever gets a portrait by NEAL will get the worth of his money.

—A cable dispatch announces that Mr WILL CARLETON has been making "a brilliant success" in London with his lecture on the "Science of the Home."

—Mr FREDERIC G. ELDRIDGE, a gentleman well known in business circles, has organized the Knickerbocker Trust Company for the convenience of residents up-town, and in order to guarantee the soundness of the institution has introduced into the by-laws the following remarkable regulation: "From time to time, at least once a week, the Executive Committee shall request one of the directors to meet with two of the Executive Committee as a sub-committee, who shall personally examine all securities and investments of the company, and shall make a detailed statement thereof, which shall be duly verified by such committee, which shall be filed among the records of the company, and which shall be copied into the minute-book of the Executive Committee."



AMONG THE HOP-PICKERS.—Drawn by Jessie McDermott.—[See Page 701.]

FROM POST TO FINISH.

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART.

Author of "Beneath Lancton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MR. DURNFORD'S LITTLE DINNER.

Mr. Durnford was a man who understood the art of dining. He was fastidious in all his tastes, and in none more so than in the pleasures of the table. He had various crotchets and theories on the subject, declaring, for one thing, that the guests were matter of as much importance as the dishes. He had been known to reply to the remark, "Dull, but a devoid good dinner," with "Impossible, wholesome food well cooked, and you satisfied your appetite no doubt, but pray don't think you had a good dinner. The mere fact that you found it dull proves the contrary."

Mr Durnford held that, as well as tickling the palate, it was equally necessary to amuse the mind and gratify the eye. It was not essential that the guests should all be clever, but it was a sine qua non that they should assimilate. Equally the decorations of the table need not be expensive, but it was imperative they should be tasteful.

"Flowers, glass, and china are quite as pleasant to look upon as gold and silver, and can be had at small cost in these days," said Mr Durnford. "It is as inexcusable to set your guests at a barely or cutgerly furnished board as it is to put before them a badly considered menu."

The Canon's little dinners had been famous in London, and their reputation had by no means diminished in York. John Thorndyke and Miss Rockingham were both special favorites of Mr. Durnford's, and in consequence often met at his house in fact, Ellen had come of late to seeing a good deal of Mr Thorndyke, and was imperceptibly acquiring considerable admiration for his strong, straightforward, fearless character. He would have been a man of mark on whatever walk of life his destiny had thrown him, and Ellen often wondered what had led him to embark in a vocation which scarcely afforded scope for his energy and talents. He did his duty honestly by his flock with all his heart and with all his soul No one had ever heard John Thorndyke express the slightest wish that his lot in this world were different, and yet there were times when Miss Rockingham thought that for some reason or other he had stifled the hopes and aspirations of his youth, and taken his place in a profession not altogether of his own choosing

The month of August afforded Mr Durnford great scope for the exercise of that hospitality he so dearly loved. Lots of his old London acquaintances flocked through York at that time on their way to the moors, and were nothing loath to pull up for a night or two, break the journey, and have a gossip with a man sadly missed by the set he chiefly affected in the metropolis. The

"WALK YOUR HACK ALONGSIDE MINE, AND TELL ME WHAT IS THE MATTER."

WAITING FOR THE CABLE TO BE LANDED, MANHATTAN BEACH, CONEY ISLAND.—Drawn by C. D. Weldon.—[See Page 701.]

Canon naturally asked his York friends to assist in making up dinners for those migratory intimates, which resulted in quite a series of little entertainments in Mr Burnsford's pleasant house in the Close. Then people who turned up for the races were only too glad to partake of the Canon's well-iced wines and toothsome viands after the tussle of the Knavesmire, so that altogether Mr Burnsford's week had a busy time of it during August.

The Canon stands in his pretty drawing-room looking out upon the Deanery garden awaiting the arrival of his guests. He has, however, already one companion, who lounges in the easiest arm-chair caressing his heavy blonde moustache. It would seem to first sight that incongruous that Mr Burnsford should number amongst his intimates Captain Farrington, but so it was. That nonchalant plunger in his hours of relaxation mixed freely in society; hath he and the Canon were among all essentially men of the world, and such assimilate easily. Farrington, apart from the one great business of his life—gambling on horse-races—was a popular fellow who knew everybody, and everything that was going on in town. He had lots to say, and was an excellent raconteur, not given to talk inside, as is too often the case with racing men, but putting off the shibboleth of the turf with his race-glasses. Mr. Burnsford liked him, and was only too delighted to stumble on him to luncheon in the York Club, and persuade him to join his dinner table.

"So you really must go on to-morrow, Farrington?" said the Canon, turning round.

"Yes; after the London season a fellow wants a bit of picking-up. As an intimate friend of Marm Martindale's, I had, of course, a good time in Goodwood, eschewed Brighton, and started for the North at once. There's nothing like three weeks amongst the heather to knock the smoke out of you."

"Then I suppose you will be back here for the races?"

Farrington nodded. "Yes; just been losing my money at Egham, and am going to give Scarborough a turn for a little; look in at Doncaster; and then work my way South again. Same old round, you know—London, Newmarket, and then comes the hunting."

"There is certainly a monotony about the way in which you sporting men take your pleasure," laughed Mr Burnsford.

"No; there you mistake. Hunting, shooting, racing—all afford infinite variety; that's the charm. I know a racing man who, at one time of his career, declared he was tired of winning. I fancy, poor fellow, he's rather tired now of doing the reverse."

Here the butler announced Mrs. and Miss Rockingham, who were speedily followed by the Dean, with his wife and daughter, and these, with the addition of John Thorndyke, completed the party.

"I'll get you to have me, Thorndyke, please," said the Canon, as they entered the dining-room; "and then I'll you place the young ladies on either side of you, we shall all fall into our places."

"Glorious dowdy old city this of yours, Miss Rockingham; but I suppose that most of you are leaving now for the sea or country? In these days people are all gravitating to the big towns, but nature impels the denizens of the big cities to seek the salt licks at this season."

"No, I don't think we shall leave York," replied Ellen.

"There are always people in the big cities who have to stick to them, even though 'Midsummer, with its array of banners, be advancing [illegible] the sky,'" said Thorndyke, who could make a pretty shrewd guess to what detained the Rockinghams in York.

"Beg pardon, of course, Mr Thorndyke. I'm such an idle, do-nothing lot myself that I sometimes forget the workers in the hive can't drift about to the drones do. But you have the pull of us, when you do get your holidays you enjoy it. We sometimes don't. Not but what I get along very well with all my play-time."

"Yes, because, as I understand from Burnsford, you're a keen sportsman. You see, you're always doing something. It's the people who do nothing find life so dull—those who have got the dry-rot, as Dickens expressed it, who have neither energy to work nor to play."

"That is a thing that always astonishes Americans so much when they come to London and mix among our young men," said Mr Burnsford. "To find so many of them doing nothing. In their country every young fellow goes into business of some sort, however rich his father may be. I met a very shrewd, amusing New York man last season who said, 'Yes, sir, I came very near getting myself disliked here to starting from asking, in my ignorance, what their business might be of several young gentlemen; I found out at last they looked upon business as *infra dig*.'"

"Don't be personal, Burnsford. 'Loafing around,' as our Yankee friend doubtless calls it, suits some of us best," retorted Captain Farrington. "Besides, we are rapidly becoming more American in that respect. Some of the sons of the nobility have taken to the City of late; and as for the footlights, there seems to be quite a craze amongst both women and men to get in front of them."

"But surely it is looked upon as very derogatory for people of that class to embark in trade or theatrical speculation?" said Miss Rockingham.

"I think they might leave the Stock Exchange to those to the manner born," remarked the Dean, sententiously. "Nothing is more likely to bring the hereditary chamber into disrepute than such vulgar dallying with commerce."

"The discovery that our nobility lacked the brain and energy to get their own living, if need be, would be infinitely more damaging to them as an order," said Thorndyke. "By the-way, I read in the papers a short time ago that there was a young man of good family who was earning his living as a professional jockey. Is that the case, Captain Farrington?"

"Quite true, on the turf my belief. I know Jim Forrest well; indeed, he rides for me sometimes, and a very fine horseman he is. But you on sooner speak to him than—though his manner is perfectly respectful—you feel that you are talking to a young gentleman of your own class."

"Does he admit at all that he is a gentleman?" inquired Ellen.

"Well, Miss Rockingham, I ventured to lay him with it once, but I am fain to confess he put me down thoroughly, while, at the same time, he convinced me that rumor was right in its surmise about him. 'My name,' he replied, 'is Jim Forrest; and as long as I do my duty by them, I conceive my family is no concern of my employers.'"

"Yes; that sounds very like it," said Thorndyke. "The people are habitually diffuse upon the subject of family. I speak as a man having much aspirants amongst them; and how often I have had to endure the story of the sister's sufferings, hear about the prosperous brother in Australia, who seems to have forgotten his own flesh and blood, or listen to how Aunt Maria left her money in the way she'd no will to. I really couldn't tell you, Miss Rockingham, too, could testify to their garrulity in that direction."

"Yes, indeed," replied Ellen, laughing. "I have heard it all too often. Do you suppose Forrest will continue to preserve his incognito, Captain Farrington?"

"Not a chance of it, I should think. So continually before the public as a crack jocker, the only wonder is that he has not been already recognized. It is already rumored that he comes from up here somewhere, either this or an adjoining county. His real name is sure to come out shortly."

"What a dreadful thing for his family!" said Ellen, softly.

John Thorndyke looked at her curiously; he remembered what this had told him about Gerald's mysterious disappearance, and how they were in complete ignorance of where he was or what he was doing; and it flashed across him that possibly that Jim Forrest might be Miss Rockingham's brother. If so, how pained she would be by the discovery of the fact which he himself quite agreed with Farrington was inevitable.

"Don't know about that," said Farrington. "Heads of families are lucky if they don't hear any worse of their sons than not be paid of Jim Forrest. I fancy there are a good many fathers who would be glad to hear their sons were making money instead of wasting it."

"And I suppose Forrest makes a good bit of money," remarked Thorndyke.

"Yes, a successful jocker in these days makes an income that some professional men would jump at; and if he's only steady and keeps it, can put by a good bit every year. That's a very nice champagne, Burnsford—not too dry, but letting you taste the flavor of the grape."

And then the conversation turned into another channel, and the history of Jim Forrest was no further discussed. Mr Thorndyke walked home with the Rockinghams, and on, after bidding them good-night at their own door, he wended his way through the gorgeous summer night to his own house, he pondered a good deal over the strange suspicion that had come into his head. He liked Ellen Rockingham: he disagreed with her on many points, but he recognized what a fine character hers was naturally, though, in his opinion, somewhat spoiled by class prejudices and mistaken training. If he was right in his conjecture, he felt that when the thing came to be publicly known it would be a severe blow to Ellen. Would it be kinder to break it gradually to her—to give her a hint of what he suspected? On the other hand, he might be all wrong in his guess, and then he would be making Miss Rockingham very unhappy for no purpose. Very much puzzled was John Thorndyke as to what he had best do under the circumstances. He, a man of decision, was undecided, and could see nothing for it but to await the upshot of events.

CHAPTER XXX.

GERALD DISCOVERS HIMSELF.

The more Jim Forrest thought over it, the more he shrank from the idea that his actual name should be proclaimed to the world. He was quite aware that it would be bitter grief to his mother and sister that he should have descended so beneath the social position of the Rockinghams as to earn his living by professional race-riding, and yet what was he to do? It was all very well, but what was he to do? A man can not live on his social position—social position, too, in danger of falling rapidly to pieces from lack of that very necessary ailment, pounds, shillings, and pence, wherewith to sustain it. He was making money rapidly in a profession in which he delighted, and yet he owned to himself that he was a little ashamed that it should be known to old friends and acquaintances how he earned his bread.

Snobbishness—sank snobbishness! But at twenty we turn up our noses at that which we are very thankful for at forty; disdaining a career in our hot youth which we see in middle age with envious eyes successfully followed by others. Still, one could hardly expect Gerald to be stoical enough to take this latter view of the case.

Mr Pipes had told him he would be wanted at Doncaster. He couldn't, for the life of him, see for what reason he had received these orders, as Blackton was too thoroughly well, and would naturally do all the leading riding of the stable; but one thing he was clear about—that there could be no hope of his passing unrecognized if he were walk on the Town Moor. There would be far too many there who had seen Gerald Rockingham "go" with the York and Ainsley not to at once know that he and Jim Forrest were identical. He did not wish that, and made up his mind that he must forego both York and Doncaster. Foregoing York, he reflected rueefully, meant foregoing an afternoon with Dollie; but it was impossible that he could attend those meetings and decline such remote as might be offered him, and he had promised his sweetheart that she should have the gratification of seeing him ride and, he hoped, win. But he had quite overlooked the fact that there were plenty of other cuts would also see, and be quite as well aware as she, who he really was.

The first thing he determined was to go and have a talk with Mr Pipes. There was one little peculiarity about this arrangement. The trainer was invariably most affable and open; the last man apparently to have any mercen from his fellow-creatures. He usually agreed with all they said, and seemed to have an opinion of his own about anything. Men came away after having quite a long chat with Mr Pipes, but when they came to analyze the results of that gossip they were fain to confess that they were no wiser than before they saw him. Even about the horses in his own care all they seemed to have learned from him was "that perhaps they might win, but then, on the other hand, perhaps they might not," and that was a conclusion possible for any one to arrive at without troubling Mr. Pipes, for it was odd, but the trainer from long habit had become excessively reticent and cautious in his admissions. Sir Marmaduke, who had a high opinion of him, was wont to say that when you could wring from Mr Pipes that he rather fancied a horse's chance, it was tantamount to being told you had a stone in hand. He erred undoubtedly on the side of caution, but was clever in his vocation, and enjoyed the implicit confidence of his employers.

Having found the trainer, Forrest at once asked whether, now Blackton was all right again, it would be necessary for him to go to the North.

"Such are Sir Marmaduke's orders," replied Mr. Pipes.

"But what can he want me for?" persisted Jim.

"That you will most likely learn when you get there. He's going to send a pretty big string, and I dare say there'll be riding for both you and Blackton. Anyway, Forrest, I have told you Sir Marmaduke's orders, and as he pays you a retainer, I suppose you'll think fit to attend to them."

"Where is he?" inquired Jim. "Is there any chance of his being down here before York?"

"I don't know," replied Mr Pipes. "He went yachting after Goodwood, and Captain Farrington went to Scotland to shoot, but I don't know where either of them is now; the last I heard of Sir Marmaduke he was to Cowes. He generally does have a look at the horses before a big meeting, but, of course, I don't know for certain."

There was a good deal of "he may and he mayn't" about Mr Pipes's information.

But one day about the middle of August Jim Forrest was told that Sir Marmaduke had arrived at Newmarket, and would be not on the Heath the next morning. Jim woke up, as he often did, to ride gallops or trials, or whatever there might be for him to do, and found the Baronet already there, and in close conference with Mr Pipes. There are owners who leave the entire management of their stable to their trainers, very often not even knowing when or where their horses will run, but Sir Marmaduke was not one of these. He looked pretty closely into things himself, was a very fair judge of racing, and generally, after due discussion with Mr Pipes, dictated what the plan of the campaign should be. This morning he was having a great parade of the whole team with a view to arranging which of them should be sent on fulfill their Northern engagements.

The Baronet nodded good-humoredly to Jim in return of his salutation, but it was not till the morning's work was over, and a lengthy conference with the trainer brought to a conclusion, that he afforded Forrest the slightest opportunity of speaking privately with him.

"Pipes told you that you would be wanted at Doncaster?" said the Baronet, as he swung himself on to his hack, preparatory to riding home to breakfast.

"Yes, Sir Marmaduke," replied Jim, "but I am very anxious to speak to you about it."

"What is it? Walk your hack alongside mine, and tell me what is the matter."

"I have strong reasons for not riding at Doncaster, and hope you will excuse me this time."

"My good fellow," said the Baronet, "I pay you a pretty liberal retainer to ride for me whenever I want you, not to ride only when it suits your convenience."

"I know that, but I thought you could spare me this time, Sir Marmaduke. Blackton is all right again, and I presume will ride Bushranger in the Leger, and I thought—"

"Ah, Forrest, don't fall into that mistake. Your 'thinking' needn't begin till you're 'up.' You can think to some purpose then—witness the way you rode Pibroch at Goodwood—but previous to that leave all the 'thinking' to Pipes and myself. I shall want you at Doncaster. Why, you will know in due course."

"I am very sorry," returned Jim, quietly though firmly, "but I can not ride there."

"I presume you know the consequences of refusing?"

"I shall have to 'send in my jacket,' I suppose."

The Baronet nodded.

"You've been very kind to me, Sir Marmaduke, and I have to thank you very much for the opening that your riding afforded me, but circumstances forbid my going either to York or Doncaster."

"You must be aware, Forrest, that I can't be satisfied with such rubbish as this. Either give me a good reason for your refusal, or send in your jacket."

The Baronet had let the moment forget all the rumors that were afloat as to Jim's social status.

"I am afraid you would hardly call it a good reason, Sir Marmaduke, even if I told you," replied Forrest, regretfully. "I don't think it is myself, but I can't help it. I should give great pain to those very dear to me if I appeared as a professional jockey to either place."

"Then I suppose it is true what is told about you?" rejoined the Baronet, "and that you really are a scion of a well known Yorkshire family?"

Jim hesitated for a moment, and eyed Sir Marmaduke keenly.

"I don't know exactly what they do say about me," he replied at length. "I'm aware, of course, that I'm called the 'Aristocratic Jock,' that my name is often put in inverted commas, etc., and Captain Farrington told me only the other day that it was useless to suppose that I could much longer conceal my identity. He was very kind, and didn't seek to pry into my secret."

"Neither do I, Forrest," interposed the Baronet, hastily; "but when I pay you an annual retainer for first call of your services, I certainly expect to obtain them, and when you decline to do what I have engaged you for, I am entitled to ask the reason."

"Quite so, Sir Marmaduke, and I will tell you my story at once. You knew my poor father, no doubt. I am the only son of Alister Rockingham."

"Good heavens! you don't say so! What, the poor fellow who was broken over last year's Leger, and died shortly afterward?"

"Yes," rejoined Jim, briefly.

"Know him?" continued Sir Marmaduke, "of course I know him. What racing man didn't know cheery, genial Alister Rockingham, who bore his penalisers bad luck with such unfailing patience and good temper? It was very hard his cousin, Mr Elliston, neglected to give him a hint about Phaeton."

"Mr. Elliston had much more than that to answer for in bringing about my poor father's ruin," replied Jim. "Curious; my father was about the best friend Cuthbert Elliston had. He received nothing but kindness at his hands; and Cranley was his home whenever he chose to make it so; and yet he seems to hate us all—but more especially myself."

"I can understand his dislike to you," replied Sir Marmaduke, drily.

"Why, accept some boyish prank at his expense, I never did anything to incur his enmity, and yet his conduct to me at my father's death was simply brutal. He seemed pleased with our ruin; he jeered at me, and bade me go get my living as a gamekeeper or pad groom."

"By Jove! though," said the Baronet, smiling, "did he? Well, you repaid that last taunt with a vengeance the day you got Pibroch home a head in front of his colt to Goodwood. He must have repented bitterly of his advice, for he lost a lot of money over that race, I know."

"Yes, it was note to me to find I had just done Phaeton, and his my black blooded cousin is his only vulnerable spot—the pocket. But why should Cuthbert detest me?"

"Why, my good fellow, you came between him and Cranley Chase. Till your birth he was heir at law."

"That never occurred to me, nor to any of us," rejoined Jim.

"Perhaps not; but from my knowledge of Mr Elliston, it was not a card in his game that he would omit counting. He tails pretty near the wind always, and is about as sharp a practitioner as there is on the turf. Now to return to the original question. What is your objection to riding at Doncaster?"

"If I ride there I shall be recognized; and though I am not ashamed of the way I earn my bread, I don't want my people to hear of it as yet."

"I can understand that; but it's only putting the thing off. You can't expect to be pronounced before the public and not be recognized."

"No, I am afraid not, Sir Marmaduke; still, I wish my mother and sister to get rather more used to our altered circumstances before they know how I am getting my living."

"Getting your living!" replied the Baronet, laughing. "Why, if you are only a little careful, you will soon be worth money, and make a deal more out of the turf than ever your poor father did."

"Yes," replied Jim, "it was a curious coincidence, but the first few sovereigns I saw won were over the very race that ruined, and I firmly believe killed, my father."

"Ah! Phaeton's Leger. Now for my scheme. Once more a glorious revenge for you! On the very scene of your father's ruin, you shall win *this* year the Leger, the very race that broke your father *last*. Listen. I have leased the Dancing Master from old Greyson till the end of his four-year-old career. All that's to be got out of him will have been got by that, I fancy. I want you to ride him. He'll run with any, and apparently he won't with any one else."

"I am very, very sorry, Sir Marmaduke, but it can't be done. Ride in my own county just now I won't, for the reasons I have already given you."

"But I have backed this gray colt to win me a very large stake," said the Baronet, sharply, "relying upon his doing his utmost in your hands. I regard him as the best of the year when he likes to try, but apparently he will only do that for you."

"I think you are right, Sir Marmaduke. I feel sure that he's the best colt of the year when it's his day. As for me, well, he ran kind with me at Newmarket, but I'd little to do with it, and nobody who rides him ever will."

"What do you mean?"

"Just this. I believe he is likely to run just as kind in Blackton's hands as mine if he will simply attend to the orders I got."

"And they were?" asked Sir Marmaduke.

"Simply to get well off if I could, never fidget my horse, but leave it all to him. Greeson's words were, 'He can win if he chooses fast enough, but you can't make him.'"

"Well, Forrest, I suppose it must be so, though I own I had counted considerably on your riding him before I went into the speculation."

"I am very sorry myself, more especially as I backed the colt for a trifle at Goodwood, not having an idea that he was virtually yours. I saw him the other day, and know he was never better in his life, and if I rode in the Leger at all would ask no better mount. I know it's a toss-up, but I know if he tries the Dancer will win easy."

"That's settled, then. For the present, good-morning, Mr. Buckingham."

"Good-morning and good luck, Sir Marmaduke. Am I to 'send in my jacket'?"

"That's a thing I'll think about," rejoined the Baronet, as he struck spurs to his hack.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LAUNCH OF THE "ATLANTA."

A war launch is an imposing sight, and when it is a vessel in the national service that receives her watery baptism—one that is to patrol our coasts, fight our battles, and carry the Stars and Stripes to the remotest corners of the globe—an added interest attaches to the event.

The time-worn and battle-scarred war-ships that have been kept afloat for the last twenty years have gradually dwindled in number, until our "navy" of to-day would be (so far as ships are concerned) simply helpless before any fourth-rate power with whom complications may arise. The glorious American clippers—those flying clouds of the ocean—some of whose "runs" have never yet been equalled, even by the most expensive of modern steam-ships, are known but as traditions by the present generation. It is little to be wondered at, therefore, that so little notice was taken of the launch of the *Atlanta*, the new steam-cruiser for our navy, which took place at Chester, Pennsylvania, on the 9th of this month. This vessel is one of a series of steel ships to be built for cruising, is supposed to embody the latest improvements in speed, lightness, and general sea-going qualities. She is of the following dimensions: Length, between perpendiculars, 270 feet; length on water-line, 276 feet; length over all, 283 feet; depth from garboard strake to underside of superstructure deck, 34 feet; height of main-deck port sill from load water-line, 11 feet; free-board at extremities of superstructure, 9 feet; extreme breadth, 42 feet; mean draught at load water-line, 16 feet 10 inches; displacement at water-line, 3000 tons; area of plain sail, 10,400 square feet; complement of men, 230; battery, four 8-inch and six 6-inch breech-loading rifles; indicated horse-power, 3500; sea speed, 13 knots; capacity of coal bunkers, 500 tons.

There will be eight complete transverse bulk-heads extending up to the main deck. Longitudinal bulk-heads will extend on each side throughout the machinery space, forming side coal-bunkers, which afford a coal armor eight feet in thickness above the water-line and five feet below it. Her coal will enable her to steam 2500 miles at full speed, and 5000 miles at the rate of ten knots an hour. Her water-tight compartments are seventy-three in number. An inner water-tight bottom extends under the machinery spaces with twelve water-tight cells. Her screw is of steel, and has four adjustable blades, with a mean pitch of twenty feet.

Her armament will be distributed as follows. Outside the forward port angle and the after-starboard angle of the superstructure an 8-inch long rifled gun will be mounted on a barbette about three feet high, built of 2-inch steel plates. The forward gun has a train from forty degrees abaft the beam on the port side, sweeping the whole deck forward to thirty degrees abaft the beam on the starboard side; the after-gun will have the same range.

Within the superstructure will be six 6-inch breech-loading rifles—two on each broadside, with a train of sixty degrees before and abaft the beam; one, forward in the starboard angle of the superstructure, may fight either through a forward or a broadside port, giving a total sweep of twenty degrees across the bow to sixty degrees abaft the beam. The last gun is mounted the same on the port side aft.

The *Atlanta*, as she lay on the ways, presented a fine appearance, towering above the machine shops of the ship-yard, the iron superstructure along her gun-deck, the turrets on the forward and after decks, and the round Hotchkiss gun towers on either side being novel features to American eyes.

Shortly after 3 P.M. a hundred workmen with sledge-hammers began simultaneously to drive in the wedges and knock away the shores. Scores of visitors thronged her decks and peered curiously from her ports, while thousands below watched proceedings from the docks, yards, and house-tops. The steamer *Seneca*, the hull of the new Monitor *Puritan*, and the dispatch-boat *Dolphin* lay near as the signal for the launch was given.

Two men with saws were stationed on each side the cradle. A few strokes from their instruments, and with the parting of the last piece of wood she promptly began to move. The motion was slow at first and noiseless, like a boy's sled coasting down hill, then faster and faster, until the water was reached, and a huge mass of roaring white water was piled up to her rail under the stern. Then the iron-like ram to the bow sank gracefully under the water, and rose again, and the great ship gave two or three mighty rolls. A bottle of wine was dashed against the bow and ran sparkling down the side. The ships blew their whistles and saluted, and the crowd cheered again and again as the vessel glided out into mid-stream.

The *Atlanta* will soon be brought to New York, where her machinery will be completed and her batteries placed on board.

THE KENT OF AMERICA.

As the trains on the several lines of railway that traverse the central portion of New York State approach that section of country lying between Utica and Oneida their conductors are often interrogated concerning certain novel features of the landscape. The objects attracting most curiosity are numbers of small square buildings, surmounted by queer little lopsided steeples, looking something like old-fashioned extinguishers. They are perched on the very summits of the pyramidal roofs, and nearly every farm-house is provided with one or more of such out-buildings. Besides these, from September to May the country is dotted with such numbers of what appear to be conical wigwams that a vast Indian encampment is suggested. From May until September no traces of the wigwams are seen, but hill-sides and plains are covered with vineyards growing in wild luxuriance—or are they fields of beans?

To all inquiries on these subjects the summer conductor will answer that the supposed bean fields or vineyards are hop-yards, and the winter conductor will upset the Indian encampment theory by stating that the imitations of wigwams are stacks of hop-poles; each will designate the little buildings with the extinguisher-like top-knots as hop-kilns, and some one will be sure to say, "Yes, sir, we are now passing through the 'Kent of America.'"

It is the great hop-producing district of the United States, and in the three counties of Otsego, Madison, and Oneida more hops are annually gathered than in all the rest of the country. From the busy hop harvest, which lasts from the latter part of August until late in September, our artist has just returned, bringing the sketches that appear on page 698. The task of gathering the immense hop crop enlists not only every available man, woman, and child from the rural districts, but a large contingent from all the adjacent cities, towns, and villages. So enjoyable is the season of this fragrant harvest that many young men and women journey long distances to join in the hop-picking, as they would in any other rural frolic, and a right merry time they make of it, too. All day long laugh, song, and jest echo amid the green lanes of the hop-yards, and in the evening dances and frolics prolong the fun far into the night. When such a party gathers about one of the big hop boxes, and when among them are such pretty girls as Lizzie, who peeps from beneath the curious sun-bonnet, and Maggie, whose broad shade hat is crowned with sunflowers, it stands to reason that hop-picking must be an attractive pursuit.

Such hop-pickers as they will earn from a dollar and a half to two dollars a day. Others, who attend more strictly to business, but who do not have half so much fun as these, can earn from two and a half to three dollars per day, and instances are on record where persons have made as much as a hundred dollars during a single harvest season.

To gather hops, poles, vines, and all are pulled up, and dragged to the picking boxes, where the sweet-scented cones are stripped off. When a box is full, it is emptied into a sack. These full sacks are taken by the wagon-load to the kilns or curing-houses, where the green hops are strewn on lattice-floored chambers to a depth of ten or twelve inches. From a furnace on the ground floor of the building a strong current of heated air is drawn up through the open floors and their beds of newly gathered hops to the absurd-looking ventilators at the top, and with it are borne fumes of sulphur. The hops are thus dried or cured, and bleached at the same time.

After being thus prepared they are transferred by means of great wooden hop-shovels to presses, where they are screwed into compact bales four feet and a half long, two feet and a half wide, a foot and a half thick, and weighing about two hundred pounds each. In this shape they are ready for export, or for delivery to the breweries of this country, which already consume nearly thirty million pounds of hops annually. Each of the one hundred and fifty thousand bales into which this enormous quantity is compressed will "hop" one hundred barrels of beer, varying in strength according to the quantity of this ingredient used in its composition, and each year witnesses an increase in the number and acreage of hop-yards throughout the country.

LANDING A CABLE ON CONEY ISLAND.

At present New York is the only large city in the world having the terminus of a sub-oceanic telegraphic cable in its very heart. It is only since last Saturday that it has enjoyed this distinction, and that it is thus honored is owing to the Commercial Cable Company, more popularly known as the "Bennett-Mackay Cable Company," which on that day landed the western end of one of its transatlantic cables in the sands of Coney Island.

On the 10th inst. two hundred guests of the company, among whom were many of the most distinguished electricians of the country, boarded a special train of the Long Island Railroad, and were whirled down to Coney Island. The famous summer resort was deserted, save by the lonesome watchmen who are already ensconced in snug winter-quarters in out-of-the-way corners of the great hotels, and ... dreary. The visitors had, however, taken a brass band with them, and with measured steps and solemn faces they marched briskly along the board walks to the tunes of "Rig-a-jig jig" and "Son of a Gambolier," until they reached a sand dune a few hundred feet east of the Oriental Hotel, and close beside the United States Life-Saving Station. Then they looked at a deep trench that led through the sand from the water's edge up the beach to the "hut" or pretty little cottage in which the cable now connects with the land lines. A mile and a half out to sea lay the great steam-ship *Faraday*, that had laid the cable thus far. Inside it was a large raft, and between it and the shore were several tugs and life-boats, the crews of which wore their cork jackets.

The wind blew keen and cold, the sea rushed angrily up the beach, the spectators shivered, and the band sought shelter behind a huge pile of cedar boughs. One of the tugs made frantic endeavors to carry three miles of hempen cable, one end of which was made fast on land, out to the steam-ship, and as her efforts were continued throughout the day, the shivering spectators had something to look at, if it was not what they had come to see.

The monotony of the day was broken by the invitation to help dispose of a Hoffman House lunch that was spread in the Manhattan Beach Pavilion, where the basket picnics are held in summer. After that the dreary afternoon was passed in alternations of hope when some one shouted, "Cable's coming!" and disappointment when the report was found to be false. As the shades of evening stole over the scene, the rough sea that had precluded the landing all day was as rough as ever, and the disappointed visitors returned to their homes without having been able to welcome the first direct cable to New York city.

On the following Saturday, in the presence of a few coast-guards, reporters, and hotel watchmen, the cable was quietly and easily landed, and messages of congratulation were flashed through it between New York and London.

This cable is one of two that have been laid by the Commercial Cable Company from Waterville, Ireland, to Canso, Nova Scotia, and thence to Rockport, on Cape Ann, and to Coney Island, New York. The manager of the company asserts that by this direct route a message may be transmitted from this city to London and an answer received inside of three minutes. Certainly the danger from the interruptions suffered by the long land lines from Nova Scotia is very much lessened.

The new cable is now being laid under-ground from Coney Island to the East River Bridge, and from there it will be continued under-ground to the office of the company, at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets. From Waterville, in Ireland, the Commercial Company controls or owns lines to Paris, London, Liverpool, and Glasgow, while in this country its other terminus is in Boston. It thus owns or controls a total length of 6300 miles of cable, and its two transatlantic lines, by the use of Muirhead's duplex system, are able to do the work of four single-action cables.

The new cables are the finest and most carefully constructed of any ever laid beneath the Atlantic, and vary from one to three inches in diameter, being made heavier in mid-ocean than they are nearer the land.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The most fashionable bonnet in Paris is called the Mecube. Its price did not suggest the name.

It is now reported by cable that some of the members of the British Association who attended the gathering of American savants, after taking part in the meeting at Montreal, complain of the niggardly conduct of the Philadelphians generally, and of the extortions of the hotel-keepers and cabmen of that city in particular. Simultaneously Professor Goldwin Smith writes indignantly to a Toronto paper concerning the *personnel* of the party of British visitors, which he says was composed largely of Manchester "drummers," who came to this continent in the guise of philosophers to sell goods for the firms they represent. If he is not in error they should have insisted upon having the benefit of the commercial travellers' discount in the Philadelphia hotels, and then they would have had no reason to complain of the hotel rates. For the hardships they suffered at the hands of the cabmen there was no preventive.

Conventions flourish in Philadelphia. The railroad-time superintendents, the billiard players, the undertakers—funeral directors they called themselves—the bicyclers, the locomotive engineers, and the electricians held conventions there, and then came the American laundrymen, numbering about two hundred, and representing twenty States. Among the questions taken up was this: "Should collars, cuffs, and shirt fronts be glazed or rough-starched?" This question, it was said, grew out of the objection of a small but influential minority of the men who wear linen, who deprecated gloss as being evidence of vulgarity more glaring than paper collars and ... tuting for a man's turn-down collar the conspicuous tubing designed for the neck of some dude stranger was not discussed by the convention.

Lord Wolseley is authority for the statement that the camel corps in Egypt is inefficient because it is without camels. Even at this distance it is possible to understand how a camel corps, with the camels left out, might reasonably be regarded as handicapped, to say the least. But the situation is made still worse, according to the same eminent authority, by the fact that if camels were abundant the corps would still be useless, because the very necessary supply of saddles was forgotten.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the patriotic people of this our country have overlooked an opportunity to get up an anniversary celebration. On October 12 a banquet was given in Paris by the Sociedad Latino-Americana in commemoration of the three hundred and ninety-second anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus.

In Lithuania a bride's mother gives her a box on the ear at the time of her marriage. This gentle tribute is due to maternal anxiety. In case the daughter becomes dissatisfied with the match, she can plead that she was forced to marry her husband, and thereby can obtain a divorce.

"These beautiful $5 poets only $3," says a sign in a down-town bookseller's window. Think of going through whooping-cough, measles, chicken-pox, and the other perils that intervene between the cradle and maturity to become a beautiful $5 poet, and be sold at forty per cent. discount!

It is given out that Sitting Bull has already cleared $30,000 by exhibiting himself in the East. At that rate he will soon be able to buy back his reservation.

A witty contemporary writer defines flirtations as "attentions without intentions."

Mrs. Lockwood announces that if elected President she will have one woman Minister in her cabinet. Apparently she forgets that the cabinet meetings are intended to be secret.

Strange things happen in politics. While digging a hole in which to plant a Prohibition flag-pole in Indiana the workmen came upon a spring of water. A hole was bored up into the pole, a pump handle was rigged to it, and it is expected that St. John will have the solid vote of the milkmen of that entire region.

New England is favored beyond every other part of the republic in respect of the beauty of its autumn scenery. The frost passes with uneven touch over the hills and valleys, bringing out the brilliant red of the maple leaves, the reddish brown of the oak, the pale yellow of the silver birch, and yet leaving trees of every kind untouched almost side by side with those it changes. The foliage of these trees, as richly green as in midsummer, prevents while it lasts the appearance of decay that comes when the leaves all have been turned. In parts where there are pines and other fir-trees the deep color of the evergreens still further diversifies the landscape. Throughout much of New England all the woods are of comparatively recent growth, filled in thickly with underbrush, and the bank of color made by the frost-turned thicket is more compact than where the bare trunks and limbs of aged trees intervene. The hills of New England are never so beautiful as in October.

BORN SO!

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BROOKLYN'S WELCOME TO GOVERNOR CLEVELAND—THE PROCESSION

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THE LADY OF THE TURRET CHAMBER.

THREE young heads peeped over the wall of the terrace, watching the slow approach of a post-carriage along the winding road. These heads belonged respectively to Monsieur Alphonse Rivoire and his sisters Delphine and Angélique, while Mademoiselle Baud hovered in the background.

Monsieur Alphonse was a youth of seventeen, with a bullet head shaved in the military fashion, an olive complexion, heavy black eyebrows, and a highly humorous physiognomy. His sisters wore short frocks, in deep mourning, and the high black ruffs lent piquancy to their pretty faces.

"The lady who has taken the turret chamber arrives to-day," said Delphine, with a swiftness of conviction in keeping with her sparkling eyes and jet black hair, braided in a long tress down her back.

"Is she young?" demanded Mademoiselle Baud, her brown fingers knitting rapidly.

"How can one tell that through the roof of a post-carriage? Her dress is black," said Angélique, a charming blonde of fifteen, with golden hair, the bloom of a tea rose in her cheek, and candid blue eyes.

"Ciel! She must be a widow," exclaimed Mademoiselle Baud, with the ready animosity of an "old girl" for that bewitching class.

"I should like to be a widow," mused Delphine. "One could wear such ravishing toilets and caps. A widow is always interesting at the mass in her veil of crape."

Monsieur Alphonse lighted a cigarette.

"A lady in the tower," he said, mockingly. "How truly romantic! She should find here a knight to assume her colors as a badge of honor."

At this moment two persons approached from opposite directions. Dr. Speiser strolled along the terrace, wearing blue glasses and a wide hat; his countenance had a morose expression, and he hugged several political journals under his arm. Professor Defoe, with an entire bush in his hand, a green tin for botanizing slung over one shoulder, and several banished beetles attached to his coat by means of pins, descended the hill, crossed the drawbridge, and entered the castle.

The three young people gathered about Dr. Speiser with voluble observations on the approaching carriage. He brought his blue spectacles to bear on the vehicle, but it was entirely without kindred enthusiasm.

"A lady, you say? Who knows what she may prove to be in our peaceful household? We live in evil times, my friends, and in the throngs of Swiss hotels it is best to ask no questions."

Mademoiselle Baud shrugged her fat shoulders.

"Mon Dieu!" she retorted, with good-humored vivacity. "You make the blood run cold in one's veins. Are we to believe that our neighbors are all conspirators, and our vis-à-vis at table plotting the dethronement of kings with the salad?"

Dr. Speiser raised a thin forefinger impressively. "Madame, I once had confidence in humanity, before the war."

Mademoiselle Baud dropped her knitting, and stamped on the gravel with one plump foot. "The Prussians!" she hissed through her strong white teeth—"I mock at them."

Dr. Speiser did not heed this feminine ebullition of patriotism. He was a man prone to detect under-currents and cross-purposes in life, and a deep meaning in seeming trifles. Years of self-banishment from his home had shown him the seamy side of life, and a prolonged residence in Switzerland had revealed to him so many startling incidents, in the throng of different nationalities frequenting the beautiful land, that he might have rivalled Boisgobey and Gaboriau in the field of sensational literature, if endowed with the same gifts. He laughed in a dry fashion, and rejoined: "I have lived, unsuspecting, amidst a band of thieves, of which a so-called Polish countess was one link of the chain, in the best suite of the hotel, and the porter who polished my boots the other extreme. What would you say if I told you I had seen a tourist lower a package of papers out of the window in the moonlight?"

"Perhaps they were love-letters—the poor man," suggested Mademoiselle Baud, once more smiling, as she resumed her knitting.

Monsieur Alphonse winked one eye at his sisters.

Dr. Speiser regarded his companions with a gloomy mien.

"Are you writing to-day, monsieur?" inquired Mademoiselle Baud, softly.

"Yes, madame. I do not permit my brain to rest idle," he replied.

"Ah, what a thing it is to possess intellect—rare powers of penetration!" said Mademoiselle, with that tact peculiar to the French woman of all classes, in soothing self-love, above all, masculine vanity.

"The police have just seized a quantity of poisonous fungi in the Geneva market-place," said Dr. Speiser, forgetting the badinage of the previous moment, as his interlocutor intended he should. "I am giving the affair all my attention. Last week I was dining in a large hotel. Very good. A dish of wild mushrooms circulated at our *table d'hôte*. I addressed my neighbor in a loud tone, and asked if he had read the account of the seizure in the journals. The company listened. And afterward, I pray you? Not one person of any nationality ceased to eat the mushrooms on their plates for my warning."

"Is it an indigestion?" inquired Alphonse, airily.

"It is a duty," responded Dr. Speiser, severely.

"The carriage approaches," cried Delphine.

The château, once a mediæval stronghold, and now a hotel, was situated on a peak of the Savoy mountains above Geneva. The carriage crept along the dusty road, and the occupant gazed on a wide expanse of valley, veined by the river Arve, while Lake Leman extended in a blue sheet to the mists of the horizon. The lady in the carriage beheld all about her the bold grandeur of Alps, the freshness of foliage in dewy thickets, and a world of sunshine. At the gate of the château the usual bustle of arrival ensued. A waiter, clad in black, with a white neck-tie, emerged from the mediæval door; a porter soon shuffled along the parapet balcony to the turret with Mrs. Wilton's box on his shoulder.

"I feel young again," sighed the lady. "These battlements are delicious. This castle was once the stronghold of some robber baron of the Middle Ages, when the Counts of Savoy and the Archbishops of Geneva fought perpetually. Fancy! The robber knights would have swooped down on poor little me and my luggage at an earlier date. Now the spot has been civilized into a modern hotel, with wine card and extra charges for service and candles. I saw a cook in a white cap looking out of a dungeon keep, where he makes soups and ragouts. How do you find it, Flossy?"

Flossy, a poodle of sagacious aspect, barked, and tinkled the silver bell attached to his neck ribbon. The group on the terrace had watched the stranger with sharp scrutiny and ready criticism.

"A lady alone," grumbled Dr. Speiser, in his Alsatian French. "Perhaps she came here to meet somebody. Who knows? Last summer I encountered a tourist in a wig; she had run away from her husband."

"Figure to yourself, monsieur," exclaimed Mademoiselle Baud—a large, yellow woman, with the blue-black hair and energetic features of a Marseillaise. "We made the acquaintance of a charming creature at Ouchy. She was so *spirituelle*, so elegant, and she proved to be the *première danseuse* at a Vienna theatre!"

A six o'clock *table d'hôte* drew together the inmates of the hotel. Hither came Dr. Speiser, and Mademoiselle Baud with her demure young people. Hither came Professor Defoe, shy, and measuring his words in careful French sentences. For the rest, there was a sprinkling of invalids, recently boiled in the fervent waters of Aix-les-Bains, and sent here to solidify, after the cure, while still in a state of pulp much resembling soft-shell crabs. A musical composer from Milan, with hair on end, partook of the meal with abstraction, as if an opera was passing through his brain between the courses, while madame his wife, with many yellow and red bows on her dress, flirted with her neighbors.

The lady of the turret chamber was seated opposite Professor Defoe. She was fair and girlish in appearance, despite her widow's cap. Dr. Speiser saw her start and tremble when she glanced at her *vis-à-vis*. What did that mean? The professor had a fine head, dark beard tinged with gray, and aquiline nose, crisped by Alpine sunshine. The latter did not look up.

Evening succeeded. Dr. Speiser smoked his meerschaum on a lower path, near the castle moat. The boiled ones from Aix had already crept under their blankets. The composer was strumming a tinkling piano. The professor leaned on the parapet in meditation.

The château rose on the cliff, sharply defined by moonlight. Shadows filled the rocky chasm once haunted by the wolf and the eagle. The scent of wild thyme and hay was wafted from adjacent meadows. The valley world below was obscure, save where a cluster of lights defined a town. Occasionally a shower of fire-works rose in the air to break in golden stars—ebullition of some national fête—and a green light was shed over the Jura flank. Voices mingled on the terrace.

"He was the victim of a conspiracy," said the lady of the turret chamber.

"Yes, I know," replied Professor Defoe.

"You do not believe in his innocence?" she added.

"Hush, Edith; we may be overheard."

Silence ensued. Dr. Speiser pricked up his ears. Ha! the victim of a conspiracy? It is an age of conspiracies. Proficient of vast experience, he decided that the lady had tracked the unfortunate botanist here.

Mrs. Wilton sat beside Mademoiselle Baud on the terrace next morning. Sunshine sparkled on the castle towers, the burnished weather-cock, and balconies shaded by striped awnings. The plane-trees spread green parasols above their heads, vases adorned the coping, while the pink bloom of oleanders perfumed the air. Delphine and Angélique showered compliments and caressing attentions on the stranger. Alphonse brought his album, and begged her to write a verse in English. She wrote:

> "And I have vowed never to see him more—
> To see him more;
> And even as she spoke her thoughts,
> From old habit of the mind,
> Went slipping back to the golden days
> When she had known him first."

Professor Defoe approached.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Wilton," he said, with anxiety.

"Good-morning," she replied, coldly.

Warmth crept into his manner as her own chilled. He presented a nosegay of grasses, and the great silver thistle known as the *artichaut de la montagne*. "A friend of many years," he explained, nervously, as she withdrew.

"There were mushrooms in the sauce last night," proclaimed Dr. Speiser, from a neighboring bench. "My forth-coming pamphlet will treat of the danger of using the wild mushroom."

Later Professor Defoe found Mrs. Wilton in the rustic pavilion on the cliff.

"Are you alone, Edith?"

"Alone in the world," she replied, with dim eyes.

"Poor child! I have lived in Canada since—the loss of my property."

The man's face reddened; the woman's hardened.

"Of course you blame him."

"Doubtless he was to be pitied."

"We do not need your pity," she cried, with anger.

The following morning Professor Defoe slept late. He had decided to leave by the afternoon diligence.

"A-a-ch!" he exclaimed, as he drew on his walking shoe, taken in from the mat outside the door. A crooked pin thrust through a note had pierced his foot. "A billet-doux has been dropped in my shoe."

He unfolded the note, and recognized the writing of Edith Wilton. Had he not cherished a bundle of letters in that writing in his Canadian home? Did not the romance of his life centre in these faded relics? He had loved her, in her maidenhood, with all the intensity of quiet natures. A verse was inscribed, and a line scribbled below:

"11. The window."

The professor rubbed his eyes. What did it all mean? Clearly Edith expected him to remain at the castle. He mused long over the contents of his shoe. There are moments in life when a man does not analyze too closely the means by which his own hopes become realized. After breakfast he scrutinized the windows of the château. What casement could be meant unless that of the turret? He skirted the base of the tower on the narrow ledge of path. Dr. Speiser was seated on the wall gazing down into the valley.

"That man is always lounging about," muttered the professor. Flossy, the poodle, appeared at the turret window above, barking wildly. At the same time laughter and the patter of donkey hoofs on the draw-bridge announced the departure of Mrs. Wilton, Mademoiselle Baud, and her young people on an excursion to a distant hill-top. That grave student Professor Defoe treasured a crooked pin tenderly, and read the pink note in the depths of fragrant woods, lulled to day dreams by the words:

> "I have vowed never to see him more—
> To see him more;
> And even as she spoke her thoughts,
> From old habit of the mind,
> Went slipping back to the golden days
> When she had known him first."

The excursionists did not return until night-fall.

"You might have left your dog in my care," said the professor, reproachfully, as he assisted Mrs. Wilton to dismount from her saddle.

How pretty she looked, with her brown hair wind-ruffled, her cheeks flushed, and her lap full of wild pinks and cyclamen!

"I fancied you were leaving to-day," she replied, quietly.

He was aghast. Verily the ways of women are past finding out! Mrs. Wilton withdrew to her room, and appeared no more that evening.

The night was sultry, the sky overcast, and the masses of foliage rendered the terrace doubly obscure. At eleven o'clock two heads were cautiously advanced from different windows, and then Dr. Speiser emerged from the house by the draw-bridge. A few moments later Professor Defoe opened the entrance door.

The wind moaned in the gorge, and thunder echoed along the valley of the Arve. The absurdity of the situation fell somewhat rudely on the professor's forty-five years of wisdom, and yet the spot harmonized with romantic adventure. He gained the base of the tower just as the storm burst. The trees rustled and swayed their branches; piercing flashes of lightning illuminated hill and valley. What did he see? A ladder placed against the wall, and a man crouching beyond. Sudden wrath smote Professor Defoe. The blood boiled in his veins. He sprang forward, and seized the man by the collar. He recognized Dr. Speiser, but he uttered no sound.

Thus unexpectedly assailed, the pessimist fled most ignominiously, leaving his antagonist alone in the succeeding darkness.

How many vigils may have been kept beneath the window of the turret chamber in by-gone centuries? The night wind, sweeping up the gorge, making the weather-cock rattle sharply and the tower rock on its foundations, told of love-smitten knights sighing forth their devotion here while the castle retainers slept. Professor Defoe belonged to a prosaic age. He removed the ladder, and flung it down the precipice. Then he listened. Had Edith Wilton been alarmed by all these strange proceedings? He must protect her. Yes, he was her true knight, after all.

The storm increased in violence. Thunder, lightning, and rain were succeeded by violent gusts of wind. Suddenly a candle ray gleamed on the pane above; a rush of feminine draperies and footsteps ensued on the outer corridor. Professor Defoe hastened forward, and confronted Mrs. Wilton in the hall. She was pale and shivering; she held Flossy under one arm. He took her hand reassuringly, drew her into the deserted salon, and placed the candle on the table.

"I know it is very silly, but I was afraid to stay in the turret alone," she confessed, smiling. "The storm is most violent up there, and I have heard such odd sounds. I fancied I saw a hand tapping on the window."

"The wind must have moved the trees," he replied.

Then they seated themselves beside the table, and the poodle crossed to the gentleman's knee, licking his cheek with a little red tongue. Time and place were forgotten. Fifteen years rolled back while the candle gleamed on the table and the storm beat outside. He saw again the girl who had slighted him in favor of a handsome suitor. The latter, a weak nature, had become involved in ruin by a bank failure, and been transported for life branded as a felon. Edith had clung to her idol, who received her homage carelessly. She followed him to New Zealand, imbued with the same heroic loyalty which leads Russian princesses to cross Siberian snows and share the exile of their lords. John Wilton had not outlived his time. Professor Defoe contemplated again the brown head, the clear eyes, the youthful contours of the woman bowed by such misfortune, and yet she had trembled at a summer shower in the turret. Edith, in turn, beheld the lover she had wronged, with soft compassion, the shy country gentleman rendered penniless by the same bankruptcy, and compelled to earn his bread far from home.

"I returned to Europe for the first time in June," he mused.

"I arrived in June from New Zealand," she echoed. Then there was silence until the clock on the chimney-piece struck the hour.

"Are you happy in your Canada home?" she inquired.

"I thought I was contented, Edith, until I met you here," he said, and once more took her hand.

She understood him, but all she said was: "The storm is over, and I may venture back to my tower. After all, our castle is a toy house perched on the cliff, an absurdity, with Swiss waiters for baronial menials. A giant coming over the hill could whistle down the chimneys."

Day dawned unclouded. Monsieur Alphonse paced the terrace, adjusting the strap of the bag over his shoulder. Delphine and Angélique sought the sprays of roses and culled the blossoms recklessly. Soon a post-carriage trundled down the hill, bearing away Mademoiselle Baud and her young people. The lady of the turret chamber stood at her window and fluttered her handkerchief. Monsieur Alphonse waved his hat, while his sisters kissed their hands.

"How sentimental she looks up yonder!" said the youth, and snatching up a silk umbrella, he converted it into the semblance of a minstrel's guitar. The trio looked at each other and laughed.

"I put the note in the Englishman's shoe," giggled Delphine.

"I placed the gardener's ladder against the wall," added Alphonse.

"I whispered the hour of eleven on the balcony, to arouse the curiosity of Dr. Speiser. He went out, as well as the professor. We heard him," supplemented Angélique, clapping her hands.

"Perhaps they will fight a duel, those two," suggested Alphonse, with a fresh paroxysm of hilarity.

"Ah, Alphonse has such fine ideas!" exclaimed his sister, with admiration.

"What do I hear?" demanded Mademoiselle Baud, severely. "Does Alphonse get his fine ideas at the Gymnase, I pray you? Am I to confess to some dear father—"

Here Delphine and Angélique embraced her, while Alphonse took her hands.

"Mademoiselle, I adore you," he cried. "Would you disarrange the projected marriage between your niece and myself when we are of age? No? Then swear we have been good children on the Swiss tour."

Laughing and scolding, Mademoiselle Baud re-arranged her bonnet.

"The Dr. Speiser is an angel," she said. "If he visits our city during the winter, be discreet."

"I promise he shall have no poisonous mushrooms served with his dinner," said Alphonse, fervently.

In the mean while Dr. Speiser had approached Professor Defoe on the rustic terrace.

"My friend, I had a strange adventure last night," he whispered, mysteriously. "At eleven o'clock I went out to breathe a little fresh air."

"In the storm?" queried the professor.

"Ahem! I often do that. Two miscreants set upon me. They had climbed the cliff by means of a ladder. I escaped with difficulty. I leave by the noon diligence. We live in strange times. Now the question is, were these men merely thieves, or had they political associates in the house?"

Before Professor Defoe could control his secret merriment sufficiently to reply, Mrs. Wilton joined them. Later Dr. Speiser was seen hastening to the diligence office of the village, manifestly to the consternation of the hotel proprietor.

"Edith, your note made me very happy," said the professor, in joyous accents. "I esteem finding it in such a novel post-box as a turning point in my life."

"I do not understand," she retorted, bewildered.

He drew the little pink note from his pocket. She recognized the page of Monsieur Alphonse's album on which she had written some lines. The prank of that young gentleman was apparent.

"I thought of you when I wrote the verse," she said, with a becoming blush.

"I remember writing the line in your album once," he added, thoughtfully. "You must have forgotten all about it."

She gave him a clear glance, in which were blended regret and a certain sweet resignation.

"Shall we let the past rest?" she asked, in a low and tremulous tone.

"Yes, if you will promise me a future," he acquiesced with sudden eagerness.

"I promise," she said; and the girlish dimples again asserted existence beneath her widow's cap.

Flossy, with shaved body, and plump legs adorned with a frill of white wool about the knees, tinkled his silver bell. The poodle's satisfaction at the amicable attitude of his friends was only equalled by his relief at the departure of Delphine and Angélique, whose sly young fingers had nipping propensities much to be dreaded by canine instinct. Sunshine gleamed on tower and wall; far down the white road Monsieur Alphonse

and his sisters waved a last adieu, airy and mocking, as the carriage disappeared.

Quoth Dr Speiser, perched on the diligence roof: "Texans are safer. Geneva has a police system as rigorous as that of the Middle Ages. I wonder how many men were on the château terrace last night? What plot were they hatching? Ah! who knows?"

The following year Professor Defoe and his wife received a foreign missive in their home at Quebec. It was a pamphlet on the poisonous varieties of the wild mushroom liable to be sold in public market-places, by Dr. Speiser. The author's compliments were appended in a crabbed handwriting.

"To be sure, we exchanged cards," exclaimed the recipient, turning the pages with interest.

Edith laughed as she peeped over his shoulder.

Flossy, promoted to the dignity of a separate rug, growled, possibly in remembrance of the time when he had snapped at Dr Speiser's ankles.

In return, the professor forwarded to Lausanne his new work on the Alpine flora, in which the large silver thistle had a place of honor.

There came also a letter addressed to Madame Wilton, and redirected from London by her solicitor. This effusion, couched in the careful language of the convent at Lyons, where she was being educated, was from the vivacious brunette Delphine Rivoire. The missive described the return to Provence at great length, and demanded tidings of the lady of the turret chamber, with many flattering amenities from Mademoiselle Baud, stated to be enjoying sea-breezes and her favorite dish of bouillabaisse in her native Marseilles. Evidently the school-girl who wished to become a widow desired further information of the stranger whose embroidery she had admired on the castle terrace. The epistle concluded with this irrelevant inquiry: "Alphonse requests to know if Englishmen fight only with their fists when they demand satisfaction of each other."

There is nothing new under the sun, at least in the passions of the human heart. The château on the Savoy height treasures the memories of passing generations, in winter storm and summer sunshine, with Lake Leman and the valley of the Arve at its feet.

VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.

WASHINGTON MARKET.

THE sidewalks of the block bounded by West, Washington, Vesey, and Fulton streets are now encumbered by booths and sheds. At certain times of the day it is no easy matter to make one's way through the crowd which gathers there to purchase from the stock of delicate meats, poultry, fruit, vegetables, and dairy products displayed in tempting variety and profusion. Washington Market has been the centre of trade in edibles for many years, and year in, year out, scenes similar to those now witnessed have transpired, though on a gradually diminishing scale as we go back in point of time. But the sidewalks were not encumbered by sheds, as at present, until the erection of the new market building, now rapidly approaching completion, was under way. When it became apparent that some of the market-men would have to leave their stalls pending the work, they cast about for temporary quarters, and finally, as the easiest solution of the problem, erected sheds on the sidewalks by and opposite the market wherever they could obtain permission from the neighboring store-keepers. But by the end of the year these sheds will probably have disappeared, and the substantial yet graceful structure designed by Mr. DOUGLAS SMYTH will be seen to full advantage.

Of the three celebrated markets in New York Washington is the largest, and its building the most expensive. Jefferson Market occupies 11,000 square feet, and cost $70,000; Fulton Market occupies 34,000 square feet, and cost $186,000; while Washington Market occupies a lot which, including the sidewalk, measures 54,000 feet, and without the sidewalk 42,000 feet, and cost $260,000.

Mr. SMYTH has cleverly contrived to cover the entire lot, including the sidewalks, with his structure without in any way encumbering the walks. At the same time he has contrived to have the interior roomy, light, and well ventilated. There is no wall running from the top to the bottom of the building, as will be seen from a brief description. A line of panels rises from the curb line, and supports a shed roof which runs from the curb to the building lot proper. This line of panels is the only thing resembling a wall which touches the ground. At each corner a pillar takes the place of several panels, and the line is broken elsewhere to afford entrances and exits. Above the shed roof rises a façade of arches filled in with toned glass and separated by terra-cotta work with corner and centre pediments. This façade is supported by columns at intervals sufficiently great to give the public and the occupants plenty of moving room. From the façade a roof of slate with a good deal of toned glass slants upward, ending at a line of lattice-work which runs around the building, affording ventilation, and surmounted by the main roof. Thus it will be seen that the entire structure, with the exception of the shed roof, which rests upon the curb-line panels, is supported by pillars. This arrangement leaves the greatest possible amount of space for the use of the occupants of stalls. While the distance from the floor to the main roof is fifty feet, there are no stories, so sellers and buyers get the full benefit of the light which streams through the glass-work of the arches and roof. Some butchers think that the architect has let in too much light on the subject, but for the buyer Mr. SMYTH has dispelled some of the mysteries of marketing.

The building is in the style of the French Renaissance. From the size of the structure in length and breadth, and its limited height, it derives an air of solidity, while at the same time the curved lines in the façade of arches and certain details of ornamentation give it an air of grace. The façade is interrupted at each corner by a pediment, and is also surmounted by a pediment in the centre. Each centre pediment bears the name of the market and a medallion head of WASHINGTON. The coat of arms of New York city is on each corner pediment. A cattle head decorates the middle of each arch, below which there is an ornamentation formed by garlands of fruit.

With the demolition of the old Washington Market what had been one of the famous landmarks of the city for many years disappeared, for Washington Market has occupied the site now half taken up by the completed portion of the new building since 1812. The founding of the market was advocated as early as 1805, and in 1812 the plan finally took shape. A report was made to the authorities on the 1st of June of that year, and the present site selected, Fulton Street being then known as Partition Street. Bear Market, which was near by, was consolidated with the new enterprise. Owing to the war with England, prices for provisions were pretty stiff. In the jubilees following the American successes the butchers took prominent part, and the illumination of the market on such occasions was frequently alluded to by the press. The butchers distinguished themselves particularly after PERRY's victory by hoisting a transparency bearing the motto, "Free Trade and Butchers' Rights."

Among the country folk who brought their products to the market none were more attractive than the shapely "Jersey Dutch" women in their Enssy-woolsey short gowns and petticoats. These "Jersey Dutch" came from the neighborhood of Hackensack and Teaneck Ridge, where the old Dutch names still abound. In June, 1822, prizes were offered for the best butter. In the competition the "Jersey Dutch" women were eminently successful, Mrs. CORNELIUS TERHUNE and Mrs HOPPER, of Hackensack, carrying off prizes. I happened to be stopping at a farm-house on Teaneck Ridge this summer, and knowing that the landlady's mother, a charming old lady of eighty-five, had been a Miss TERHUNE, I mentioned the subject of the prize. I found that Mrs. CORNELIUS TERHUNE was her mother, and the prize, which had been carefully preserved all these years, was soon produced. It is a solid silver pitcher, which looks like a delightful receptacle for cream, with the name of the prize-winner and the date.

Among the traditions of the market is the story of a farmer who tried to overreach his customers by selling under-weight rolls of butter. As the weigh-master came along the farmer pressed a guinea into the top roll, and so the weigher was content with that roll as a sample, the farmer's dishonesty was not exposed. But he had been seen to slip the guinea into the top roll by a Quaker who stood near, and when the weigh-master departed the Quaker threw down the market price for a roll of butter, and walked off with that which contained the guinea, remarking at the same time, "Friend, thee will not find cheating always profitable."

Now that so much stock and even dressed meat comes from the West, it may be interesting to note that the first drove of oxen from that section, viz., Ohio, arrived at Washington Market in June, 1817. The cattle had been carefully driven and well fed, and were, as one of the journals of the day says, "as fresh as if from Long Island."

The corner-stone of the old building when dug up was found to contain a number of old coins and documents. It passed into the possession of the late Captain KETTLEMAN, Clerk of the Market, but the coins are now in the hands of the contractor for the new building.

Washington Market, like the other public markets of New York, forms an important source of the city's revenue. Colonel THOMAS F. DEVOE, a retired butcher, who has devoted his leisure hours to writing on local historical questions, was Superintendent of Markets for some years. Understanding the wants of the butchers from his familiarity with their trade, he gave great satisfaction to them, and his retirement from the office—because he did not give satisfaction to the politicians—was much regretted.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

FOOD FOR BABES.

WHAT? How? and Why? If we can only answer these three questions, as the philosophers tell us, about any given thing we shall know all about it. We shall know, that is to say, its constitution, its way of acting, and its object or final purpose of existence.

Physiology, happily, has nothing to do with the "final purpose" of anything. It is content to ask, What and How. And to descend from generals to particulars, it will be quite sufficient for our present purpose if we ask, What to give to the infant, and How to give it.

Until the infant's teeth appear, there is no doubt as to what is the best, and indeed the only proper, food for it: it is a healthy mother's or nurse's milk. But sometimes this natural food is deficient in quantity or in quality, and sometimes, for one reason or another, it is withheld. What is the best substitute for the natural food?

There is only one available substitute that can be depended upon, and every other one before the time of teething should be carefully avoided. That substitute is cow's milk properly diluted. When this can be had, resolutely put aside every other thing that is recommended or urged as infants' food: you will take any other substitute at a considerable risk. One that is much used, and indeed sanctioned in some medical books, is diluted canned milk. Now if this could be had pure and without addition of any sort it would be good. But it is not so to be had, it usually contains a great deal of added sugar, and often too it contains added starch, a substance not found in milk, and one which is neither digestible nor fattening for an infant. Sugar is fattening, and many parents think that the fatter a child is the better. That is a serious mistake. A child may easily be too fat. Like an adult he is injured by too much fat. It oppresses the viscera and clogs their functions in much the same way as in the adult. Too much sugar is the main cause of too much fat. Starch, on the contrary, is absolutely indigestible by a young infant. Dr. SONSINO, of Pisa, has shown that until the appearance of the teeth, which is nature's signal for a change of diet, the child has what he terms a *physiological dyspepsia* toward all starchy food. The digestive apparatus is not yet sufficiently developed to assimilate it. It is important to remember that milk contains no starch, and that the infant stomach can not digest it. A multitude of infants are constantly sacrificed to ignorance on this point; they are sacrificed to a starch diet in the form of gruels, arrowroot, cornstarch, and such like preparations. Against the hurtfulness of giving adults' food to infants, such as meat and vegetables, there is less need to give warning, for the danger is generally known. Yet I have seen a young mother feed a nursing infant from cooked dishes, and wonder why it was never well. It requires great darkness of mind to do a thing like that. But it needs to be constantly borne in mind that, as a rule, no food whatever can be safely given in place of milk to an infant much under a year old.

I have before me the analysis of a popular food for infants, which shows, at least on paper, a close correspondence with the analysis of human milk. I do not say that a good artificial food may not be or may not have been produced in the laboratory. But these artificial foods are still on trial, and they must show the best of credentials before they can receive the parents' confidence. Experiment with none of them as long as you can give good cow's milk in place of the mother's or nurse's.

In what way shall this milk be prepared? Good cow's milk contains a little larger sum of solid constituents than human milk contains; it needs, therefore, to be diluted. One part of water to two parts of good milk is enough, and this amount of water need not be added should the milk yield less than eight per cent. of cream. A small quantity of sugar, not more than a teaspoonful to a half pint of the diluted milk, will make a combination that nearly resembles mother's milk. Cow's milk differs very considerably in richness; when it abounds in cream it is sometimes better to let a part of the cream rise and remove it before diluting for the infant's use. It is well to use the milk of one cow when you know all about that cow; but as to its being more uniform, that is not the case; the milk of a herd is more uniform than that of any single animal. Dilute with lime-water if the infant's bowels are disturbed.

To the question, What is the best food for infants, there is thus but one answer: milk is not merely the best, but the only proper food for infants before teething begins. The question remains, How is this food to be given? Shall the child be allowed to nurse whenever it desires or is supposed to desire, or shall it be restricted, like its seniors, to some regularity of times and seasons in its repasts?

Most mothers and nurses prefer the former plan, and practice it. If this important question could be decided by a majority vote there would be no room for doubt in the matter, and surely, one would say, after so many thousand years of civilization, no difference of opinion as practice should be possible over such a simple, such a rudimentary question as this.

But as all important subjects much remains to be observed, and this question, like many others in practical life, is one to be settled by systematized observation. So far as careful observation has been given to the subject, I believe that the regulated feeding of infants is shown to be the better way. The cramming of the spontaneous system undoubtedly produces much injury. Too frequent nursing deranges the whole digestive tract; it causes indigestion and diarrhœa in the weaker infants, and excessive fattening of the stronger. If an over-fattened infant could explain his sensations, he would complain as unmistakably as his adipose seniors. He does complain, loudly, eloquently, and often. But his cry is misinterpreted, and with ignorant good-will we force more food upon the little sufferer. Diarrhœal diseases, the scourge of infancy, are the result of this mistake.

It is true that many infants are underfed. This may occur from poverty, or from any other cause that hurts the quality of the milk that is given. But more are hurt by too much than by too little feeding. Systematic moderation in feeding is as beneficial for the infant as for the grown person. It lessens their digestive troubles, and, consequently, the great mortality that is due in considerable part to the diarrhœal and other diseases caused by excessive feeding. We have in this country no effective birth registration upon a large scale, so that we can not tell what proportion of infants survive their first year. But in New York city the death registration, which is carefully made, shows that in any given year from one-third to one-fourth of the whole number of deaths are of infants less than one year old. During the five years 1826–1830 more than half of the deaths in Philadelphia were of children under one year. Now more than a half of the infant deaths in New and Old England are caused by diseases of the digestive organs, and the argument derived from the practice of those who have tried the plan of regular feeding is a strong one, for they report immunity from these diseases as a result.

No hard and fast rule, of course, can be laid down in these matters. A good approximate rule is five or six feedings in the twenty-four hours, one late at night and one early in the morning; but on night-waking and on broken sleep for the mother on this account. I have seen the happiest results follow this system in practice. As to the measured amount that may be given, two or three cups per day are enough for most infants until they are five or six months old. This much will be perfectly digested; more may be, but two or three cups is a safe average.

A milk diet thus given would bring many more infants to the age of dentition than now reach it. In another paper we will ask how to feed them when they have reached this era in their development.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

A WELCOME TO WILL CARLETON.

THE following appreciative lines are published in *The Yorkshireman* for October 4:

"Sweet laureate of the scatter'd Western life,
Inspired interpreter of lowly worth,
Thy lyre, attuned to things of common earth,
Ennobles and enchants amidst the strife.
A Yorkshire welcome shall be thine, great heart,
For of our lives thou'rt evermore a part—
Yea, evermore, for thoughts that have their birth
In heav'n, like thine, so fraught with tears and mirth,
Sink deep into the soul, and there remain,
A comfort and a joy to soothe life's pain.
Thrice welcome, then, to Yorkshire Hills and vales,
And may the Yorkshire heart and Yorkshire scene
Impress thee when, beyond the Western gales,
Thou once again resum'st thy lyre serene."

BROOKLYN'S WELCOME TO CLEVELAND.

THE splendid reception given to Governor CLEVELAND at the New York Academy of Music, on Wednesday evening of last week, was followed the next day by an equally enthusiastic reception in Brooklyn. The City of Churches never witnessed a more spontaneous and magnificent popular ovation than was accorded to Governor CLEVELAND. From the moment he crossed the bridge in the morning until the close of the crowded evening reception in the Rink his visit to Brooklyn was a grand, uninterrupted civic celebration.

A great crowd had assembled at the Brooklyn end of the bridge, and when the Governor's carriage came in view he was greeted with enthusiastic cheers. He was escorted by thousands of people to the Pierrepont House, where he held an informal reception, and was then accompanied to the Art Assembly Rooms in the Academy of Music. Here he was welcomed to Brooklyn by Mayor LOW, the city officials, and hundreds of distinguished citizens. The reception lasted until nearly noon, when the Governor, the reception committee, and many of the guests descended to the street, and entered carriages which were in waiting to convey them to the great barbecue at Ridgewood Park. By this time the current of travel had set toward the park. The street car lines ran extra cars, and every car was crowded. Thousands of people followed the procession on foot.

"Three cheers for our next President!" was the cry as Governor CLEVELAND entered his carriage. The cheers were taken up along the line, and rang out again and again as he elbowed his way through the crowd toward his carriage. People pressed forward on every side and grasped his hand. He smilingly submitted to the ordeal, and shook heartily every hand that came within reaching distance. Finally he reached his carriage, and then the signal was given to move forward.

The reception at Ridgewood Park, where an old-fashioned barbecue had been prepared, was intensely enthusiastic. At least 20,000 people were assembled there. The main stand had been erected near the old dance hall in the centre of the park. The temporary structure was roofed and walled in by American flags. Prior to the arrival of the Governor a square space equal to about an acre had been cleared in front of the stand. As soon as the people caught sight of Governor CLEVELAND they made a rush for the stand, which speedily filled up the open space, and almost overwhelmed the stand itself. The Reception Committee ushered the Governor into the dance hall, but the eager crowd at once demanded his appearance on the stand. "Come out, GROVER," shouted one enthusiastic voter, "you needn't be afraid; you haven't got any letters to explain." The Governor promptly responded to the calls, and was greeted with tumultuous applause.

When the cheering had subsided, Mr VAN WYCK introduced the Governor in a brief but telling speech, to which Mr CLEVELAND made a very happy, modest, graceful, and appropriate response.

The reception at the Rink in the evening was a grand success. The great building was densely crowded by a most enthusiastic throng of people, and thousands who were unable to gain admittance stood in the street about the entrance. About eight o'clock the Governor took his stand at the end of the platform, and for more than an hour the crowd pressed by him, and he shook hands with the people at the rate of thirty shakes to the minute, until he was compelled to stop from sheer exhaustion. The police were frequently obliged to bar the entrance to the Rink in order to check the impetuosity of the crowd outside. The cheering in the building was almost incessant. It was estimated that between 10,000 and 12,000 persons participated in the reception. It was a gala-day for Brooklyn. During the whole of the afternoon the streets were thronged with parades, and at night were ablaze with torches and illuminations. The display of popular enthusiasm was such as is rarely seen at a political reception.

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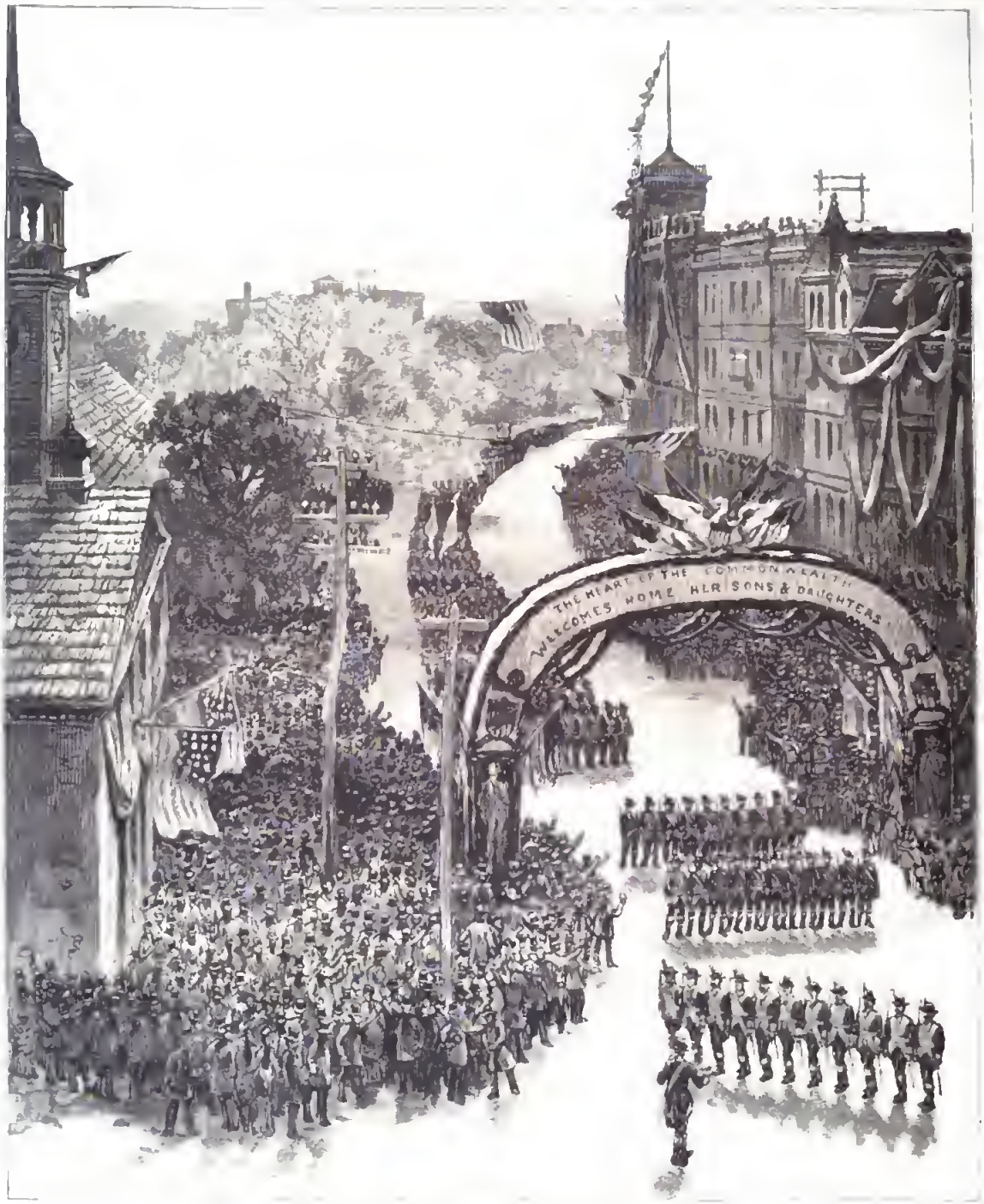

WORCESTER'S GREAT CELEBRATION.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.

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COLD WATER COMFORT.

ST. JOHN. "I shall neither withdraw from the canvass nor assume a neutral position."

AN ELECTION DAY IN ANCIENT ROME.

From republican Rome—our early teacher—we borrow most of our political ideas, and even language. Our elections vary little from those of the Roman Forum. To the Latins we owe our candidates and our orators, our tribunitian arts and tribunitian veto, the ballot and ballot-box, the register and the polling, the conception of personal independence, the sovereignty of the people. The free Roman would bow to no man; and Cicero and Cæsar were forced to solicit the votes of their fellow-citizens with a humility that was never feigned.

To obtain an office at Rome the candidate toiled for months, and even years. Clad in his white robe he walked the Forum and the busy streets of the city saluting every one, asking votes, and seeking what we now call popularity. He spoke to every citizen he met familiarly, he grasped his hand, he begged his support; he spoke of his own merits, decried his opponent, promised to advocate some liberal measure, and sometimes a bribe. Cicero, who was above bribery, has left us in his letters a curious picture of the toils, anxieties, and interior life of the Roman candidate.

An election day at Rome was a scene of singular excitement. Every year the chief magistrates of Italy were renewed, and every year the voters crowded the capital. The city was agitated by intense party feeling. The rural population from Latium and the distant colonies over the Tiber hastened to exercise the prized right of suffrage. Chariots filled with citizens came from the Sabine villages, footmen crossed the Sublician Bridge, a great multitude wandered through the streets of Rome, astonished at the magnificence of the city.

If it was a Consular election the people gathered at sunrise in the Campus Martius, where the voting was to take place. The candidates in their white robes before daybreak were seen mingling with the voters, followed by their partisans and proclaiming their political principles. Sometimes they stood on a high position, where they could be seen by all; sometimes the great multitude covered the tops of the houses and filled all the extensive plain from the Capitol to the river.

At length, at the sound of a horn, the voters assembled in the Campus Martius. If the auspices were favorable and no peal of thunder heard, a standard was raised on the Janiculum, and the Consul began the ceremonies with prayers and sacrifices, the people, deeply superstitious, an altered awe-stricken until he closed. The spectacle was one of rare interest; it was an assemblage of Roman freemen. In the later comitia, at least, all were equal. The rich noble, accustomed to luxury and power; the equites, who had sprung from poverty to wealth, the prosperous traders of the Forum and the Suburra, the farmers, even sometimes the freedmen, the manumitted slaves—were blended by the Roman law into one harmonious and momentary equality. Each was gifted with a vote.

The voting next began. The excitement rose. The people, arranged in centuries or hundreds, passed over a bridge of wood into the polling-place. Here, in the earlier age, they voted orally, and later with wooden tablets. Each vote was recorded and counted at once, and the result announced. The ballot-box and the register were watched over by citizens of undoubted honor, and fraud was scarcely possible. As one by one the centuries gave in their ballots the excitement was redoubled. The candidates and the people hung breathless upon the cries of the heralds as they proclaimed the progress of the election. Livy has left many a picture of these fierce political struggles. Now on one side, now on another, the balance hung. At last it was fixed forever. A Scipio, a Cato, a Gracchus, a Cæsar, had triumphed, and the victors shouted in a wild strain of Southern enthusiasm that echoed far away over the Capitol and the crowded hills. The beaten party turned silently homeward. The excitement was over, and the Roman voters went quietly again to their usual pursuits.

These were the first general elections, the model of our own. They were preceded by a period of discussion as animated as that which has recently stirred fifty millions of freemen from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Recent excavations in the Roman Forum have laid bare the stone terrace of the rostra on which these discussions were held. We may tread the very platform where the Gracchi, almost the authors of modern republicanism, defied the Roman slave-holders, and perished by their daggers, where Cato demanded reform; where Cicero spoke to a degenerate, hopeless race. For four hundred years,

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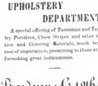

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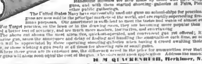

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THE NEW WASHINGTON MARKET, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 700.]

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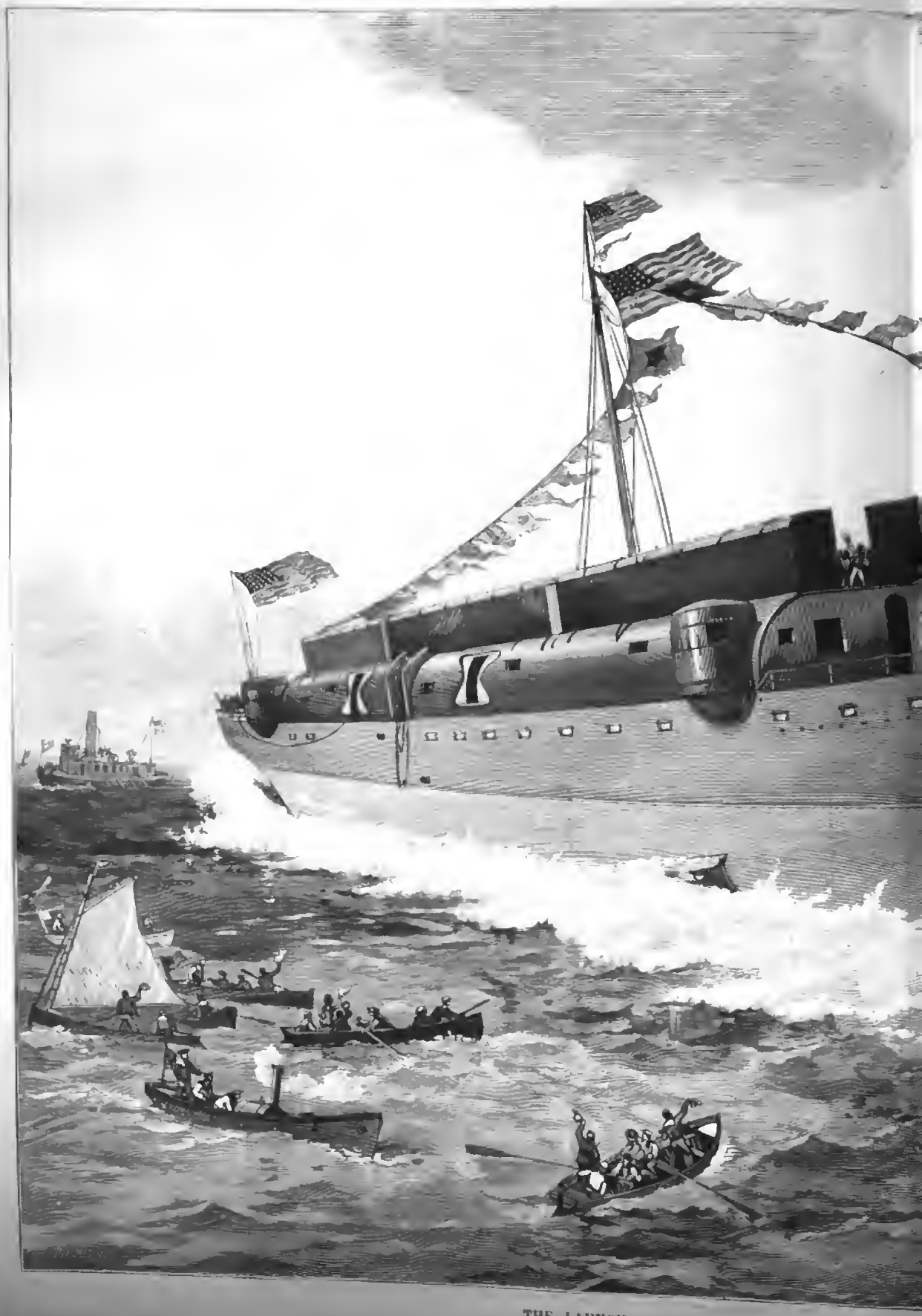

THE LAUNCH OF THE UNITED STATES STEEL CRU

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXVIII.—No. 1454.

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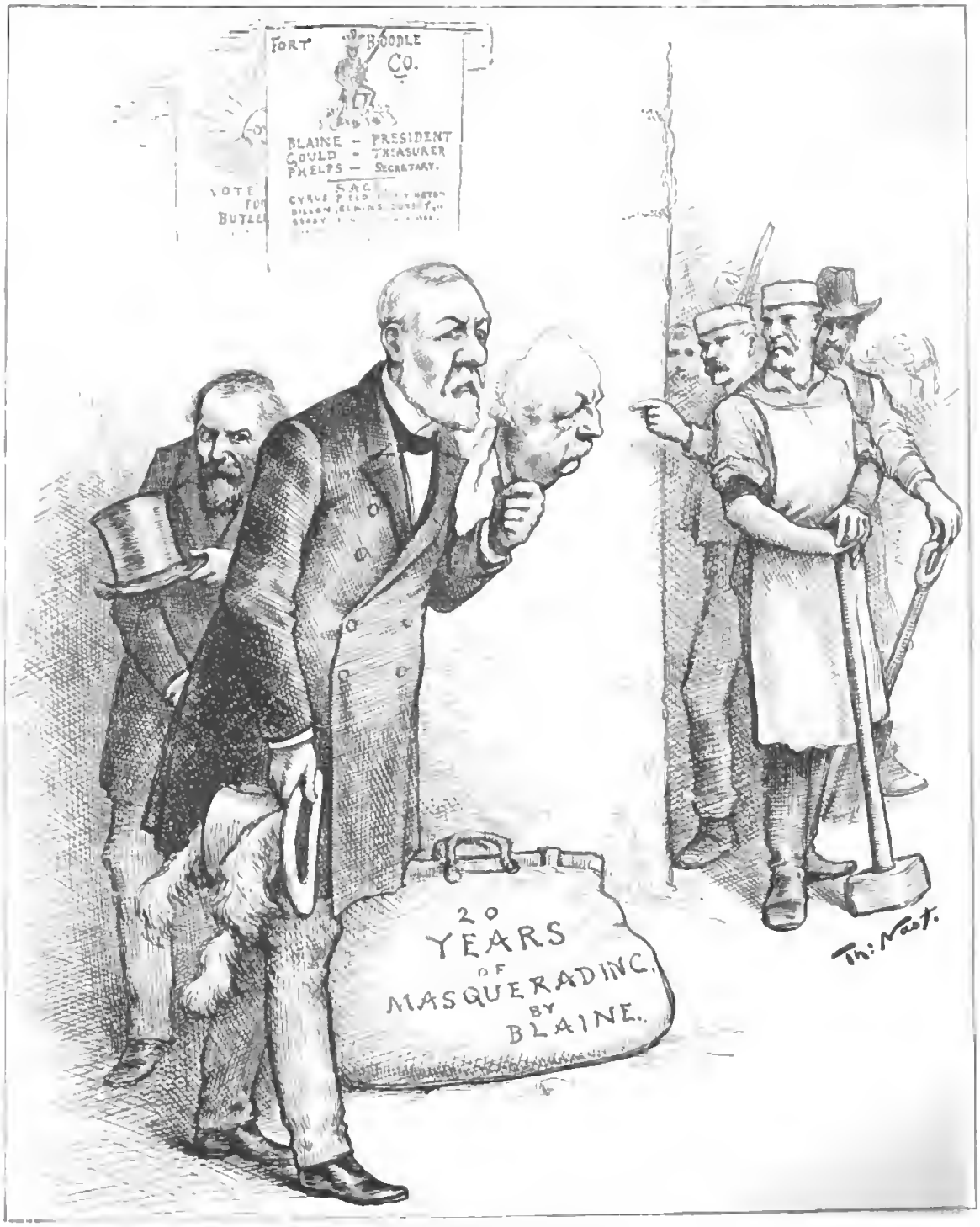

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1884

☞ A SUPPLEMENT *containing the* BLAINE *letters, arranged in chronological order, with marginal notes, was issued gratuitously with the number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *for September 27.*

THE LAST CALL.

THIS is the last number of HARPER'S WEEKLY that will be issued before the election. The campaign of unprecedented personality and bitterness is ending in the promise of the election of the candidate whom, in common with thousands of Republicans, we have earnestly supported. When the issue was distinctly declared, namely, the support of a candidate for the Presidency who had trafficked in his place for his personal gain, or a candidate whose national distinction was his inflexible official integrity, our choice was made. As the canvass has advanced, the public mind has been profoundly impressed by the contrast between the modesty, the sturdy rectitude, and the diligent devotion to duty of Mr. CLEVELAND, and the eager and personal electioneering of Mr. BLAINE. The desperate resolution of Mr. BLAINE and his friends to conceal the real issue by a constant and vehement discussion of the tariff has not availed. The history of the year has proved, if proof were still wanting, that the Democratic party is not a free trade party, and that no serious modification of the foreign revenue laws is probable until there is a reconstruction of parties.

Since the publication of the second series of the BLAINE and FISHER letters and the Hocking Valley documents no serious attempt has been made at explanation of Mr. BLAINE'S abuse of official position and his singular duplicity. He gave the key of the only possible reply to undoubtedly authentic letters, which spoke for themselves, by declaring that all his words and acts in connection with the disputed letters were consonant with the most scrupulous integrity and honor. That includes asking a correspondent to copy his letter and return it to him, to be shown as the correspondent's unsolicited and unexpected testimony. A more extraordinary and painful disclosure was never made in regard to a candidate for the Presidency, and no noise of shouting and no flare and glare of rockets can divert the eye of American intelligence, conscience, and patriotism from seeing and measuring the revelation. Indeed, the campaign of the voters who will decide the election has been not a "still hunt," but a silent reading and thinking. The Independent Republicans are holding enthusiastic meetings in certain parts of the country, and Mr SCHURZ'S stumping tour has been remarkable for its enthusiasm and effect. But the Independent argument is especially one for reading and reflection, and election-day will show how large a number of the oldest and staunhest Republicans refuse to support a candidate unworthy of the Republican principles and traditions, and who prefer to acquiesce in party defeat rather than in party disgrace.

The local result in the Republican States of Vermont, Maine, and Ohio does not indicate the general result in November, nor even the vote in those States Mr. BLAINE has not yet been voted upon. The real issue has not been submitted to the ballot. Independent Republicans have undoubtedly generally voted for the Republican State ticket. Even in Massachusetts, where Governor ROBINSON'S support of Mr. BLAINE upon the stump has somewhat alienated the feeling of Independent Republicans, most of them will probably vote for him. In New York they will also, we presume, generally support the Republican Congressional candidates where there is no personal objection. The volleys of abuse and falsehood which they have received from the BLAINE presses have disinclined many who agree with them and who will vote against Mr. BLAINE to declare themselves, and they will vote against him quietly and without demonstration. The defection of the business vote is very great, and it is very significant. Business men comprehend the extraordinary correspondence and documents which have been published, and they understand the danger of a stock-jobber and speculative broker in the White House. We print elsewhere an excellent passage upon this point from the Boston *Transcript*. No word of exhortation is necessary to the readers of the WEEKLY. Those who intend to cast their votes for a public officer who used his official influence and opportunities for his own profit have probably stopped reading this paper until the election shall have passed. The contest itself, although painfully personal, is so by the nature of the case and unavoidably. The cry of principles not men will hardly persuade honest and intelligent men to vote for an officially unprincipled candidate. The character of the canvass and the uncertain prospect of the Republican party are due, not to those who will not support an unfit and unworthy candidate, but to those who imposed such a candidate upon the party.

"THE MOST CONSPICUOUS STATESMAN"

IN one of his speeches in support of Mr. BLAINE—and how painful the effort must have been!—ex-Governor LONG of Massachusetts, after saying that England, Germany, and France would never have lost the services of GLADSTONE, BISMARCK, and GAMBETTA for writing MULLIGAN letters—as if it were conceivable that GLADSTONE should have written the letters or made the false explanations!—he mentioned, to complete the roll of illustrious men, "Here is JAMES G BLAINE, the most conspicuous statesman of our country." Conspicuous for what? Is it for the wise, upright, temperate tone of his public life? Is it for the measures of policy with which he is identified, which he has elaborated, explained, defended? Is it for the sagacious and humane conduct of our foreign affairs? Is it for the universal confidence which his career has inspired in his lofty integrity and single-hearted devotion to the public welfare? Is it that growing gray in the public service and remaining poor upon the modest salary of a public man he has so impressed the mind of his countrymen with sterling public spirit that they hold him up to their children as an example of a stainless public virtue?

In the House he was an admirable parliamentarian. But the most memorable events of his career as Representative were his quarrel with Mr. CONKLING, his Andersonville speech "to stir up the rebel brigadiers," his speech of the 24th of April, 1876, to explain his railroad transactions, and his reading the MULLIGAN letters on the 5th of June. In the Senate the chief events were his assault upon Massachusetts, his doubtful course upon the Electoral Commission Bill, his "siding with the railroads," as Mr. EDMUNDS says, and his anti-Chinese speech. In the State Department his course in South America was leading straight to war with Chili, and was mysteriously connected with the LANDRAU claim; his letter upon the Panama Canal brought him a crushing and conclusive reply from Lord GRANVILLE, and what he did not do for American citizens in Ireland his successor at once accomplished. In his retirement from the State Department his chief political proposition was a plan of division of the surplus revenue, which, it is a mild phrase to say, was not approved by any party or by any considerable number of citizens in the country, and which, indeed, seemed to most intelligent persons to reveal a singular want of genuine statesmanship.

These are among the most conspicuous events in Mr. BLAINE'S public career. They are not those of a great statesman. They are not such as to entitle him to be ranked with Mr. GLADSTONE and Prince BISMARCK, nor with many of his American contemporaries. Mr. BLAINE is a clever and adroit and audacious politician. He is a good "organizer," a good chairman of a State or national committee, a bold player at the game of politics. His candidacy for the Presidency illustrates this. He is a student of American political and statistical history. He is an excellent partisan speaker. His discourse upon GARFIELD was admirably skillful. He is certainly very conspicuous in public life, but ex Governor LONG is mistaken in thinking that it is as a great statesman.

"WAYS THAT ARE DARK."

ANOTHER curious disclosure of the "ways that are dark" of Mr. BLAINE has just been made, which throws an interesting light upon the desperate eagerness with which he has been struggling, by hook and by crook, to obtain a nomination for the Presidency. In the spring of 1880 Mr. BLAINE was the chief competitor of General GRANT for the Republican nomination. The New York *Tribune*, which a few years before had bitterly and contemptuously assailed him, had become, as it has since been, practically his personal organ. Mr. BLAINE was the leader of the Half Breed Republican faction, as General GRANT was the chief of the Stalwarts. Just before the meeting of the Convention a series of articles appeared in the *Tribune* violently attacking LOGAN, CAMERON, and CONKLING, the GRANT triumvirate, and sneering at the New England men of whom Senator HOAR was the leader, and who opposed both GRANT and BLAINE. The "candid brutality" of LOGAN, and the "political burglars of Illinois who stick at nothing, and the political hermaphrodites of Massachusetts who stink to nothing," were treated with equal denunciation, and General GRANT was depicted with similar felicity as a sturdy beggar "holding out his hand for an honor which no man in this republic ever sought."

The articles disposed of every candidate but Mr. BLAINE, and it now appears that the articles were written by Miss MARY A. DODGE ("Gail Hamilton"), a relative of Mr. BLAINE'S, and resident in his family, and that they were printed in the *Tribune* by Mr. BLAINE'S authority and at his direction. Fac-similes of parts of the articles are published, and it appears that the article of May 29, 1880, which especially assails the GRANT leaders, was written on the back of government paper with the heading of the Senate Chamber, and on the back of the last page of the copy, in Mr. BLAINE'S handwriting, in this note:

"MY DEAR REID,—This is a timely appeal, and should be printed at once. J. G. B."

To identify the manuscript beyond question, a fac-simile of a letter of instructions to Mr. REID from Miss DODGE, and part of a letter of hers upon JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, are also published. This interesting discovery throws light upon other contributions of "Gail Hamilton" to the *Tribune*. It is a natural and fair inquiry whether her series of letters in that paper covering civil service reform with ridicule and contempt, and the acrid comments upon Mr. CABOT LODGE'S *Life of George Cabot of Massachusetts*, were also approved by Mr. BLAINE as timely and deserving instant publicity.

This disclosure will not surprise any one who has become familiar with the methods of Mr. BLAINE. But the spectacle of a desperate seeker of the Presidency anonymously and with lofty severity accusing General GRANT of "holding out his hand for an honor which no man in this republic ever sought" is ludicrous and humiliating. Mr. BLAINE'S letter to Mr. HARRINGTON, in 1882, as Mr. FOLGER'S recently published letter shows that he was fully aware, was a virtual order to his faction to bolt Mr. FOLGER. The articles which were written under his supervision in 1880 virtually justified bolting General GRANT should be be nominated. The reason suggested was fraud in the nomination. But fraud in the candidate is a much more cogent reason for bolting. General GRANT probably attributed the bitter articles in the *Tribune* to the editor. Had he known that they were substantially Mr. BLAINE'S, he would hardly have cared the other day to pay his personal respects to that gentleman as the candidate.

THE IRISH "SUSPECTS."

THE BLAINE managers have sought zealously to conciliate the "Irish vote," and the diversion of General BUTLER, if it holds out until the election, is designed to draw from Governor CLEVELAND as much of it as General BUTLER can capture for the benefit of Mr. BLAINE. In Michigan Mr. BLAINE denied that he was ever a Know Nothing, a report which was based upon the conduct of a newspaper in Maine with which he was connected some years ago. But the attempt to present him as the especial friend of the "Irish suspects" while he was Secretary of State has been brought to grief by the publication of the correspondence—more of that correspondence which must have often led Mr. BLAINE to sigh, "Oh, that I had not the hand of the ready writer!" The trouble is that the correspondence demolishes the claim. Certainly a Secretary can not pose as peculiarly the friend of those prisoners whom he showed no desire or eagerness to release, and which were released immediately upon the application of his successor.

It appears that in April, 1882, Earl GRANVILLE, the British Foreign Secretary, wrote to the present British Minister at Washington:

"I think it as well to state to you that Sir E. THORNTON, who was at that time her Majesty's representative at Washington, reported to me last summer that he had been confidentially informed through a trustworthy source that the government of the United States were not disposed to make up too warmly the cause of American citizens, whether native or naturalized, who went to England or Ireland with the express object of agitating, and of then appealing to their government for protection."

American citizens who become naturalized for the purpose of abusing American citizenship, everybody will agree, ought not to expect any particular favor from the government. But it is not less undeniable that a Secretary of State who conveys to a foreign minister the tidings that a special class of American citizens in his country will not be too warmly sustained by the government at home ought not to be alleged to be a friend of such citizens. To put forth such a claim is to solicit votes under false pretenses. The fact that when Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN succeeded Mr. BLAINE the citizens in question were liberated goes far to corroborate the statement of Lord GRANVILLE to Mr WEST.

This is another illustration of the insincerity of the whole BLAINE campaign, and of its fatuous neglect of incontrovertible testimony against its assertions. When Mr. BLAINE wrote the letter to Mr. BUNDY, in order to hold the Hocking Valley mining vote, he had either forgotten his letter and receipt in regard to the purchase of the shares, or he "ran for luck" in the hope that nothing would be disclosed. So when he solemnly asserted in the House that he had obtained his interest in the Little Rock Railroad by paying the market rate at which everybody could buy, he had either forgotten the contract and memorandum, or he hoped that they would not be discovered. When he permitted himself to figure as the best friend of the

oppressed Irish-American languishing in the British dungeon, he had forgotten the official correspondence which shows that Lord GRANVILLE's statement was correct, or he supposed that it would not be made public. In striking contrast with all this, the candidacy of Mr. CLEVELAND has been urged without equivocation or deceit upon grounds which appeal to the confidence of the whole country, not of classes of citizens—his admirable and faithful discharge of official duty, and his immovable public rectitude.

A FUTILE BLOW.

THE stories containing gross charges against Governor CLEVELAND to which we alluded last week have been published. They were addressed in an open letter to the Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, of Boston. In his reply Dr. CLARKE said truly that he had always kept himself open to conviction, and that he should support no man whose life was proved to be irregular. A lawyer of Boston, Mr. G. C. HODGES, went to Buffalo to investigate the stories, upon an invitation from the chief accuser, the Rev. Mr. BALL, and Mr. HODGES's report effectually disposes of the story.

The stories as told were declared to rest upon the testimony of numerous witnesses, who were described as persons of the highest character and veracity, but who were not named—a monstrous way of assailing a man in the position of Governor CLEVELAND. Mr. HODGES accompanied Dr. BALL to visit the witnesses, and to verify their evidence. Dr. CLARKE tells with what result.

"The result was that in five of the cases the witnesses did not appear at all. Of the remaining five two witnesses appeared, but refused to testify. Of the other three witnesses, two testified to what seemed to Mr. HODGES, after a careful examination of the premises, impossible for them to know. There remained one witness, whose statement, I am told, is now undergoing investigation. These ten charges of gross immorality have been sent all over the country. The offer to prove them has not been fulfilled. In a letter lately published in the Woman's Journal, Mr. BALL explains the fact that his witnesses would not testify by their fear of losing their situations or being persecuted. The fact remains that the witnesses who were promised to sustain the charges did not appear, or declined to testify.

"These cases were selected by you, the witnesses were chosen by you, and the result is that proof of the accusations has not been produced. I have no doubt that you desire nothing but to find the truth. Concede to me a similar honesty of intention."

Last July, when the stories were first told, Mr. HENRY W. BOX, a Republican lawyer of Buffalo, who stated that he should not vote for Governor CLEVELAND, but had known him for twenty-three years, most of the time intimately, and who for nine years had an office opposite to Governor CLEVELAND's in the same building, declared the stories as told to be absolutely false. Mr. RALPH STONE, another Republican lawyer in Buffalo, now writes of the renewed assault:

"There seems to be a regular scandal mill here, from which the most revolting stories are sent forth. Nothing is too vulgar, indecent, or foolish for them to utter. Mr. BALL's indorsement by the clergy of Buffalo was not general, and many clergymen are strong supporters of Governor CLEVELAND, among them the Rev. Dr. BROWN, rector of St. Paul's Church, Dr. VAN BOKKELEN, of Trinity, the Rev. WALTER NORTH, and the Rev. HERBERT G. LORD. All the new stories are false. Wherever they have been definite, they have been traced and found to be utterly without foundation."

Mr. STONE might have added what Dr. CLARKE points out, that although many clergymen in Buffalo "indorse" Dr. BALL, they do not "indorse" his charges.

THE ACTUAL FIGURES IN OHIO.

THE actual and not the hurra figures of the result of the late elections in Ohio and West Virginia are very significant, and reveal a sad want of that enthusiasm for Mr. BLAINE which was to sweep the country like a prairie fire, etc., etc. In West Virginia the Democratic majority is about double that of 1880. In Ohio the Republican plurality of 19,000 in the State election of 1880 has been reduced to 11,000, and the Republican majority of 9000 over the combined vote of all other parties has wholly disappeared, and there is a Republican minority of 1300 on the total vote.

Again, there is an increase of about 60,000 votes over the State election of 1880. Of this increase the Republicans have 23,000, and the Democrats 37,000. The increase over the Presidential vote of 1880 is about 60,000, and of this the Democrats have received 39,000, the Republicans 16,000, and the Prohibitionists about 5000. The *Evening Post* says: "In other words, the Democrats have secured three-fifths of the increased vote, casting nearly 40,000 more votes than they gave HANCOCK, while the Republicans in a Republican State, after a canvass led by their candidate in person, have cast only 16,000 more votes than they cast for GARFIELD, though the poll is 60,000 greater." Moreover, instead of a Congressional delegation, as in 1880, of 15 Republicans and 5 Democrats, there is now a delegation of 11 Democrats and 10 Republicans.

This is a sober showing, and when, as in November, there is a direct vote upon Mr. BLAINE, it is fair to presume that if he should carry the State at all, it will be by a plurality, and not a majority. It was certainly an unwise defiance of the moral sentiment of the Republican party which was made by the nomination of Mr. BLAINE.

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE" IN ENGLAND.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has met with so much favor among the little readers of England that it has been found necessary to issue it in their own country as nearly as possible simultaneously with its appearance here. The English edition will be published by Messrs. SAMPSON LOW & Co., beginning about the middle of November. American books and American periodicals have attained a strong foot-hold on British soil since SYDNEY SMITH delivered himself of his celebrated and sarcastic query; and no doubt that amiable gentleman, were he still in the flesh, would be among the first to extend a hearty greeting to the new source of entertainment and instruction now opened to the little subjects of her Majesty.

BUSINESS MEN AND MR. BLAINE.

THE Boston Evening *Transcript*, which has been strong and steady in its honorable opposition to the election of Mr. BLAINE, says very truly:

"But it is not through the slang-whanging and ribaldry of party newspaper warfare that the people will reach a full realization of the gravity of such infamy to high trust as was involved in the business operations of the Speaker of the House of Representatives with capitalists and corporations. Only in the most enlightened communities, and only among the more intelligent classes of such centres, can the offending of Mr. BLAINE be estimated at the real seriousness of it. Especially in business communities, where the absolute necessity of good faith as the foundation of the whole vast system of credit on which the modern world of business rests, is the fatal out in character revealed in the correspondence with FISHER keenly felt, and the danger of putting a man of great energy so defectively constituted in possession of the powers of the Presidency fully apprehended. The business intellect of the country is conservative, and the moral judgment of our business class, as a whole, is sound. It does not take its ethics from JAY GOULD, and it certainly does not take political counsel from political orators or brass bands. It reads, dissects, and judges for itself such evidence as that furnished in the MULLIGAN letters. Taken together with the corroborative and cumulative evidence that has come to light and is still coming to light in such correspondence as the later MULLIGAN letters and the SAWYER letters, and the letters in the Hocking Valley matter, it is beyond further doubt or possibility of question that Mr. BLAINE has always been up to his eyes in stock-jobbing, and that he has used both his official position and political prominence in the business."

THE MAYORALTY OF NEW YORK.

THE Tammany Democrats and the Republicans have each nominated a candidate for the Mayoralty, and a great meeting of Republicans and Democrats and Independents has nominated ex-Mayor GRACE. This meeting represented the sound principle that municipal nominations should not be partisan. The duties of a Mayor are in no sense political, and Mr. GRACE's official conduct was so excellent that his nomination commends itself to the approval of all good citizens. His experience gives him a great advantage over other candidates, and it has taught him the necessity of managing the business of the city upon business principles.

The party nominations are not only unsound in principle, but, as city politics are managed, they imply a bargain and "deal." The candidacy of Mr. GRACE is an honest candidacy meaning honest administration, and it should be supported by the friends of such an administration.

A CHARACTERISTIC SQUIB.

ONE of the campaign skits in Ohio since the State election is very suggestive. Whether it be issued by friend or foe it is entirely characteristic of the BLAINE campaign. It is a strip of paper headed OHIO. Under the name of the State is a fox holding its tail with one paw, and flourishing the other like a hand with outstretched fingers from its nose, and below the fox are the words, "Who cares a d— for the MULLIGAN letters? Three cheers and a tiger for BLAINE."

That is the key. Who cares for the evidence? What if the candidate did trade upon his office? What if he did equivocate and falsify about it? What if no defense is possible? Who wants a defense? Who minds placing a speculator "on the make" in the chair of WASHINGTON? No goody-goodies for us! No hypocritical vantors! No squeamish sentimentalists and mugwumps! Who cares a d—? Three cheers and a tiger for BLAINE!

A BLAINE LEGION SUPPORTING A DEMOCRAT.

VOTING for Mr. CLEVELAND is regarded by the more frantic BLAINE organs in this vicinity as the unpardonable political sin for a Republican. This is upon the general principle of the wickedness of Democrats. But we observe in the *Sun* a telegram from New Orleans, stating that the Blaine and Logan Legion, one of the strongest Republican organizations in the city, have indorsed the nomination of the Democratic candidate for Representative in Congress, Judge WILLIAM HOUSTON, "and will give him their full support."

What kind of conduct is this for a Blaine and Logan Legion? And what is the reason which the Legion gives for such conduct? Simply that Judge HOUSTON will protect the rice and sugar interests of the city, and will endeavor to secure legislation which will make New Orleans a manufacturing as well as a commercial city. Moreover, "HOUSTON's election by an immense majority is assured, as he will get the entire protectionist vote."

Now here, as Mr. SQUEERS used to say—here's richness! Mr. BLAINE and his friends are filling the land with denunciations of Democrats as free-traders, and yet the Blaine Legion aforesaid votes unanimously for the Democratic candidate to secure protection! This incident will serve to remind hesitating voters who, unable to support Mr. BLAINE, yet fear to vote for Governor CLEVELAND lest they overthrow the tariff and introduce free trade, that the tariff is not a question in this campaign, and that a Democratic candidate is to be elected in Louisiana by a great majority because he is a protectionist. Mr. RANDALL, of Pennsylvania, the leader of the Democratic House, is also a protectionist. The truth is that the parties do not divide upon the question of protection, and the issue in the pending national election is official honesty.

PERSONAL.

PRINCE BISMARCK, who erstwhile was troubled with obesity, has reduced his bulk by adopting the rule of never eating and drinking at the same meal. After eating, he waits a couple of hours before drinking; after drinking, he waits a couple of hours before eating. Most bon-vivants would rather stay obese.

—The wife of the Czar of Russia is represented as being reconciled to the danger in which her husband constantly lives. It has increased, she says, their mutual affection. For this reason she feels positively indebted to the Nihilists. "Our home life has become so different since I began to look upon him as though he were under sentence of death. You can't think how deeply his menaced state attaches me to him."

—Professor HUXLEY, now sojourning at Venice for his health, has ascertained by laborious experiments that a full-grown man's heart should beat seventy-five times a minute, and his lungs inhale fifteen times a minute; that his skin should throw off eighteen ounces of water, three hundred grains of solid matter, and four hundred grains of carbonic acid every twenty-four hours, and that his weight should be one hundred and fifty-four pounds.

—Lovers of the game of chess will be interested to know that Mr. W. STEINITZ, of the Manhattan Chess Club, intends to edit and publish a chess magazine every month, provided they give him sufficient support.

—The ex-Empress EUGENIE is now able to refer to her unfortunate son without being overcome by sorrow. She has aged much of late, and her face is dependent for its beauty entirely upon the gentle resignation and other spiritual qualities reflected in it. She does not divert her mind by amateur devotion to painting, music, or needle-work, but directs her thoughts to the faded glories of her late imperatorial position, and is free to admit the administrative mistakes of her reign at the Tuileries.

—A barber in Exeter, England, bought three drawings for a sovereign apiece. He has recently discovered that they are by TURNER, especially as Mr. RUSKIN declares so. He has refused to sell them at five hundred sovereigns apiece. There is no telling where this sort of thing will end.

—Governor CLEVELAND, in a letter to Mrs. HENRY WARD BEECHER: "As to my outward life in Buffalo, the manifestation of confidence and attachment that was tendered me there by all the citizens must be proof that I have not lived a disgraceful life in that city. And as to my life in Albany, all statements that tend to show that it has been other than laborious and perfectly correct are utterly and in every shape untrue."

—A watch given by Queen MARIE ANTOINETTE to the architect of the Tuileries is said to be in the possession of a Long Island farmer. It is small, and in design very choice and quaint. The silver hands are studded with diamonds, and on the back, in gold and silver, is a Cupid on a cloud.

—Many musical experts are declaring over and over again how tired they are of the opera *Il Trovatore*. It now appears that its author, Signor VERDI, while finishing it, said to a friend: "I have been composing a 'popular' opera. In it I resolved to please everybody except the great judges and classicists."

—Mr. SCHAUS is exhibiting in his gallery Mr. W. T. DANNAT's interesting Salon picture, "Un Quatuor," which contains four life-size figures of roving Spanish minstrels. It will acquire rank as a great piece of pictorial realism and color. Some competent admirers have expressed the conviction that by it the young American bore off the chief honors of the Salon. These honors were not formally awarded to him, however, because of the odious course of his country on the art-tariff question.

—The contracts of Professor W. P. BROOKS and Dr. J. C. CUTTER, of Massachusetts, are to be extended by the Japanese government two years from January next. These gentlemen have been connected with the Agricultural College at Sapporo, Yezo, upward of six years. The college at Sapporo is modelled after the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

—The second of the bronze panels designed and modelled by Mr. J. E. KELLY for the base of the shaft to be erected at Freehold, New Jersey, in honor of the battle of Monmouth, was cast at Mr. POWER's foundry, in this city, on the afternoon of October 7, in the presence of a number of his friends. It is five feet high by six feet wide, and depicts Colonel RAMSAY, who has been dismounted from his horse, meeting a cavalry charge, with no weapon but a short dirk. The action is intense and the grouping life-like.

—It was a fortunate selection which assigned to the Nautical School-ship *St. Mary's* Commander E. M. SHEPARD and Lieutenant BERRY, of arctic fame, the one as superintendent, the other as executive officer. The care and discrimination exercised by these officers in the choice of boys seeking a marine training have resulted in far superior material to that which formerly gained admission to this most valuable adjunct of the city's schools. The class which will join the ship at the conclusion of the present cruise promises to be unusually numerous, and of a quality of exceptional excellence.

—"The artists," said HENRY CLAY thirty years ago, "have not generally succeeded well in taking my features, but that has been in a measure my own fault, for my face never long retains the same expression, and especially when I am under any excitement, it changes every moment." Mr. CLAY, perhaps, did not know that the possibilities of such a face are particularly alluring to an artist of the first class, who is sure to produce a highly suggestive study of them.

—Mr. FROUDE declares that he objects to being brought into the society of people in a book whom he would shut his eyes rather than see in real life. He was taking a voyage when he first read BALZAC's *Le Père Goriot*. "My impulse after it was over was to plunge into the sea to wash myself. As we were going ten knots, there were objections to this form of ablution, but I felt that I had been in abominable company. The book seemed to be the very worst ever written by a clever man. M. BALZAC's heroines are so base and low that it would be a compliment to call them devils."

—Mrs. COWDEN CLARKE's mode of writing her concordance to Shakespeare: "I had a separate portfolio for each letter of the alphabet, and these portfolios were ranged round in front of me on my writing-table. I opened my father's copy of Shakespeare at my side, having two pages in view at a time. I took the first word that presented itself at the top of the first page (we will suppose this word to begin with 'a'), and entered each word commencing with the same letter on the manuscript page which was headed by the word, and placed it in its respective portfolio, going thus alphabetically through the whole of the two spread-open pages until every salient word therein was duly culled and registered. I generally worked from four to six hours per day, and always before and after breakfast until dinner-time." When half-way through, she heard that somebody else was doing the same work. She sadly abandoned her task. But she soon learned that the rumor was unfounded.

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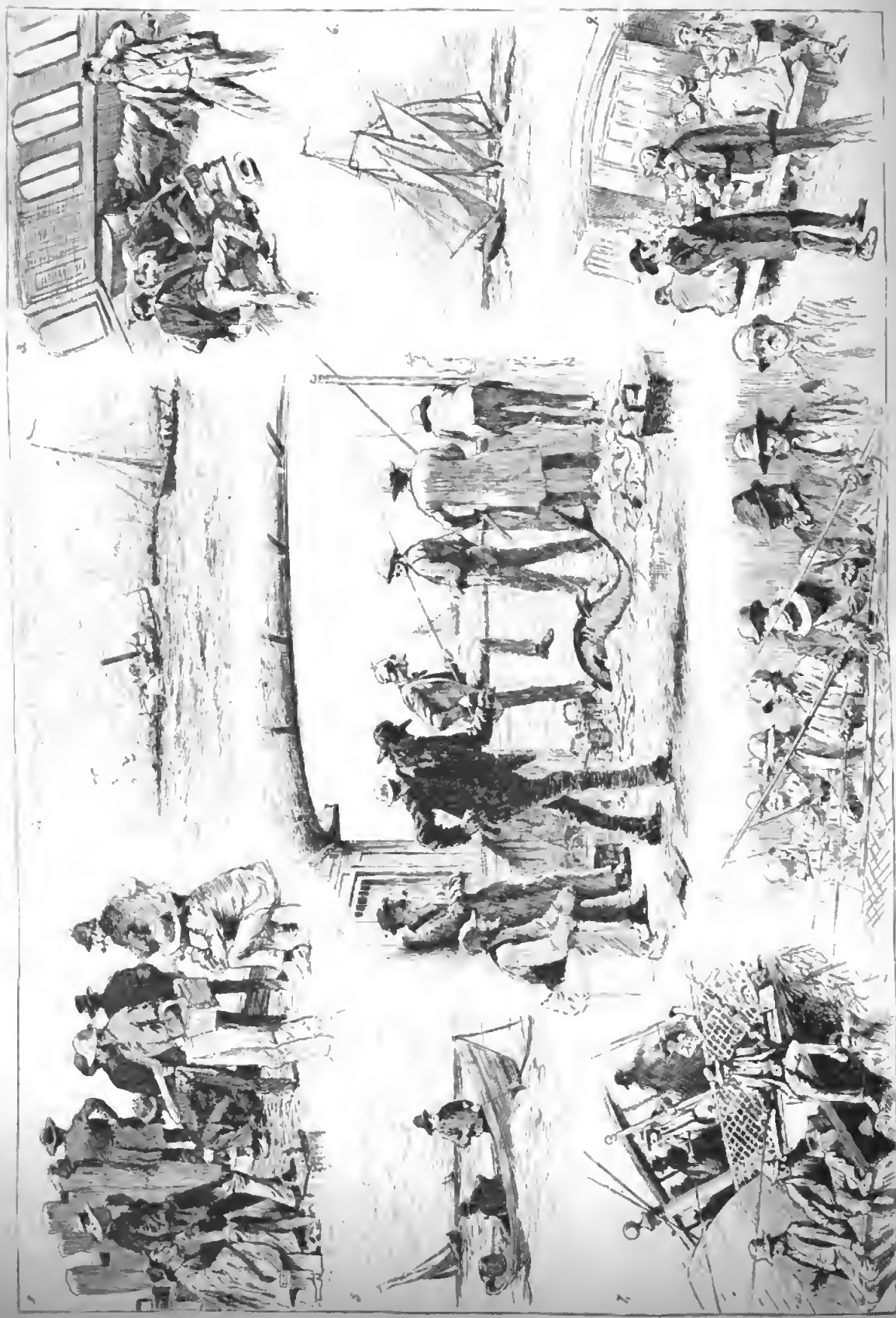
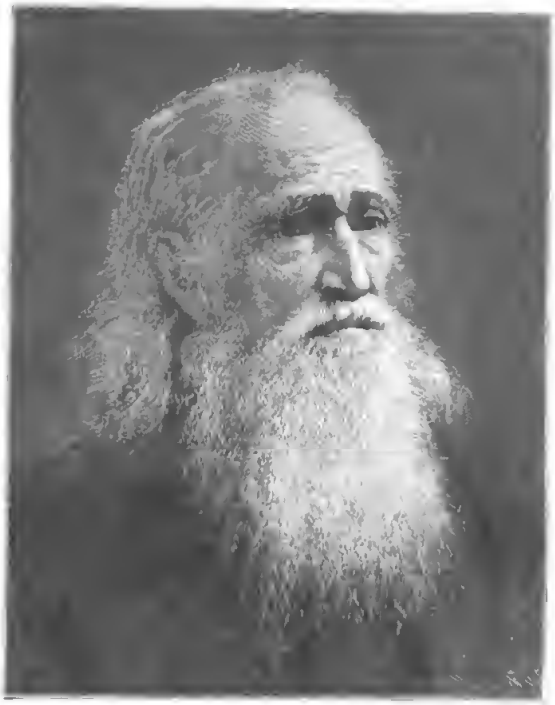
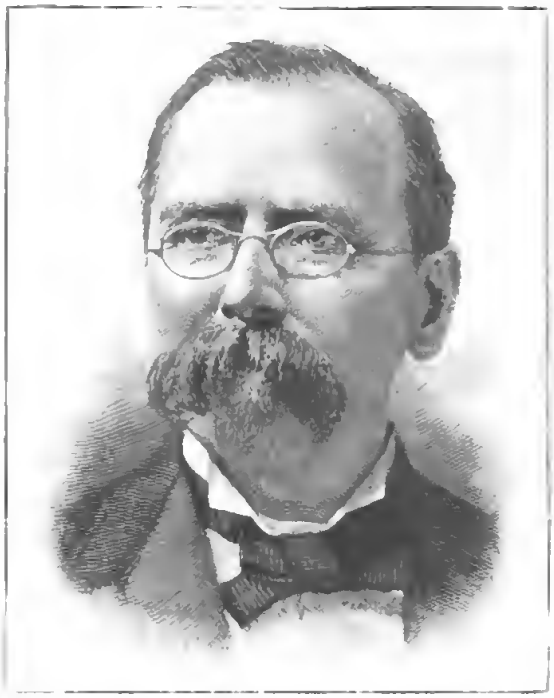


A DAY'S FISHING ON THE CHOLERA BANKS.—DRAWN BY A. B. FRAER.—[See Page 721.]

1. Patient Waiters. 2. On the Banks. 3. A little too rough for them. 4. An ugly Customer. 5. Professionals. 6. "Bound in." 7. A dip to Leeward. 8. Library, Equality, Fraternity. 9. An Interval for Lunch.



DR. C. C. GRAHAM, CENTENARIAN, OF LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. KLAUSER.—[SEE PAGE 720.]



THE HON. WILLIAM R. GRACE, CITIZENS' CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF NEW YORK.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 711.]

"HA! HERE COMES THE TISSUE: OPEN IT, SOMEBODY, AND SHOUT IT OUT."—[SEE SERIAL "FROM FOOT TO FOOTE," PAGE 720.]

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By BAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Barrier Lawson," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WAITING FOR "THE WIRE."

There was tremendous excitement at Doncaster on the Monday before the St. Leger when it oozed out that the Dancing Master was now the property of Sir Marmaduke, and would run in his colors. It further transpired that the horse had been quietly but persistently backed to win an enormous stake, and that the money had been dribbled on in the interest of the Baronet and his friends. Bushranger also had arrived, looking uncommonly well, and evidently trained to the hour, and it was rumored the Panton Lodge stable stood to win heavily on that horse. The public is much disturbed in its mind about which of Sir Marmaduke's pair to intrust with their money. Various tipsters think it more prudent to back the pair coupled, while some great judges, remembering the Dancing Master's performance at Epsom, shake their heads and prophesy he won't be in the first three, and that if Sir Marmaduke is to win the Leger it will be by the aid of Bushranger.

The Baronet has had a very good year upon the whole, and, in racing parlance, taken a deal of money out of the Ring. It is whispered about that if the Dancing Master wins, that erratic body will to about broke, which, when Bill Greyson hears, causes him to shake his head and remark, "That's an ominous sign. My colt's fit to run for his life, but the man or the horse to break the Ring I've never seen in all my five-and-thirty years' experience, and don't expect to."

Jim Forrest than at Newmarket is anxiously awaiting the result of the struggle on the Town Moor. He is in a hurry to grow rich, and, as we know, he invested part of his Goodwood winnings on his old charge, and at a pretty remunerative price. He fidgets dreadfully. He wishes now he had not allowed his pride to stand in the way of his career, that he had gone to Doncaster to ride the Dancing Master or Sir Marmaduke had required. "Utter snobbishness," he muttered to himself. "As if there was anything to be ashamed of! Not one of my father's old friends would think a bit the worse of me, and I should like to ride the winner of the Leger. I wonder whether he will do his best with Blackton?"

Jim is waiting with a little knot of turf sprigs whose ill luck compels them to attend to their vocations at Newmarket instead of being present at the great carnival of the North. There they be at Newmarket in the flesh, clustering like bees in the gateway of the Rutland, but in spirit they are all on the broiling Town Moor, absorbed in the struggle for the Leger.

Will the telegram never come? The big race was set for three, and it is half past, and still no news. Why can't these Doncaster officials keep "Newmarket time," and have the horses in the hands of the starter to the minute? False starts! Yes, there may have been. There were sixteen that memorable year at Epsom when Mountain did Lord Clifden a head, and Blue Mantle sent to the top of the hill so thirteen of them, the race being run an hour late in consequence, and Blue Mantle's chance of a place comfortably extinguished.

Are we ever to hear— Ha! here comes the telegram! Open it, somebody, and shout it out.

Fedora	1
Comet	2
Bushranger	3

"Fedora!" murmurs a score of voices. "The mare that was so badly beaten at both the Oaks at Epsom and the Great Yorkshire Stakes last month! What was she queered at?"

"I can't say at the post, but she was at fifty to one on Monday at Tattersall's, and was mentioned in the betting late night at Doncaster," quoth a gentleman in a white hat, and whose nether garments fitted his extremities like eel-skins, reminding one of that apostrophe addressed to an eminent sporting character:

> Look in his breeches,
> Chaging nae beetles
> To his thin legs!

"Ah," responded a bulbous-nosed man whose artistically folded white scarf was decorated with a fox's-tooth pin, "these 'ere mares upsets all calculations with their will and their won't sort of conduct."

"And Newmarket ain't in it," said a pimply-faced man, in a querulous, piping voice.

"Not in it!" said the gentleman with the attenuated legs. "Why, it's placed third, and what do you call that?"

"Not a morsel of use when I've backed it to be placed first," piped the pimply-faced one. "I know what happened. He's been fooled away, that's what he has. Sir Marmaduke may be clever, but he's just like all these young 'uns—he's too dashed clever to last. He went for a tremendous stake over an uncertain brute like the Dancing Master, and he sacrificed Bushranger to make the running for the other. He ought to have won, that's what he ought. Rode his head off, that's what they did"; and muttering something about there being a wonderful lot of dashed fools about, the pimply-faced gentleman retired to high dudgeon.

"Old Sammy don't like it when his pick don't win, and he's a tidy judge too, and pricks the garter offener than most of us," observed the bulbous-nosed man, with a comprehensive wink at the company; "and now, if anybody's had a good race, and wants to know what I'll take, I'm agreeable to give it a name."

"Yes, you're generally that," remarked the spider-legged one, sarcastically, without much reference to circumstances. "I went for the Dancing Master myself, and he don't warrant my calling for 'pop.' But, lor! here's Mr Forrest; he knows all about the colt that made such a show of all our Newmarket horses last April. What is it? Can't he play? or is he beastly temper?"

"I should think he wasn't in the humor," replied Jim, sententiously, as he turned to walk away and digest the news. He wondered whether the gray would have run better in his hands, and what it was that had upset the colt.

The next morning's papers contained a full account of the race, and it appeared thereby that the man of the pimples had been tolerably right in his deductions. Most of the writers were of opinion that Bushranger's chance had been deliberately sacrificed in the interest of Dancing Master, for which horse he had avowedly made running. He had finished a fair third, and with outlooking gameness, after forcing the pace nearly the whole way; and it seemed to be the general belief that had he been handled in more judicious fashion, he would most certainly have proved a thorn in the winner's side at the finish, if he had not fairly beaten her. Comus was pronounced to have shown himself a wonderfully good horse, considering the infirmity of his understandings had precluded his being quite wound up to concert pitch. The winner and the Dancing Master was pronounced alike the base of those thorough-going hackney of horses, who, batting in small stakes simply for sport's sake, were guided mainly in their investments by pubs form. "What are we to say concerning those two most unsatisfactory animals?" asked one of the cleverest of the critical band. "Fedora, on her previous form, had run a hundred-to-one chance for the Leger, while as for the Dancing Master—great horse as he showed himself in the Guineas—he has never since in the least vindicated that performance, and has now confirmed the impression we have always had of him, namely, that he is an arrant cur, and will only win when the race is at his mercy before half the distance has been traversed. It was the case to-day. Despite the bold front shown by Bushranger at the Rifle Butts, the gray looked like walking in; at the Red House, when the pace became hot, he cut it palpably, and declined to struggle further. Few of my followers can have had a satisfactory Leger. Don't let them blame me, but the two most inconsistent horses in training—a pair never to be despaired, but never to be depended on. Sir Marmaduke, had he placed his faith to Bushranger, would have probably had a far pleasanter settling next Monday; while the few followers of Fedora have doubtless scarcely got back the money she wons them."

But there was one man who was very jubilant and in high feather at the success of Fedora, and that was Cuthbert Elliston. The mare was trained, though not at Middleton, at a neighboring racing stable, and Elliston knew that the was considered pretty smart in those surreptitiously connected with her. She was, he knew, all wrong when she ran for the Oaks; and holding as he did that the Derby horses were very moderate, he and Pearson backed Fedora for the Leger to an three a very nice stake. After the mare's ignominious display at York, then, in conjunction with her trainer and owner, looked upon her Doncaster chance as utterly hopeless, and she would never have been even sent there if it had not been for Sam Pearson, who, with true Yorkshire tenacity, was desirous of a run for his money, and offered to pay all her expenses to the Town Moor if her owner would start her for the Leger.

He, in fact, had done just what old Greyson had with regard to the Dancing Master for the Two Thousand, and with equal success. He, his partner, and the Ring, indeed, were the principal winners by Fedora's victory.

"I suppose he wouldn't try with you?" was Bill Greyson's remark as he met Blackton coming smoothly back from his twelve ride.

"He's a proper silky brute, that's what he is," replied the disgusted jockey, as the trainer took the horse by the bridle. "Just as he came to the Red House I thought there was making in it but Bushranger and myself, and felt sure I should beat him for speed. I got a little shut in at the turn, and the gray at once curled up, and declined to make one further effort. Jim then Fedora came with a not mill, and I saw had her field safe, but if I'd been on Bushranger we'd have taken the Leger to Newmarket, I fancy."

"I dare say," returned Greyson, quietly. He was on great admirer of Blackton, who was much too garrulous to stand high in the old trainer's estimation. Moreover, he was not the man to make excuses for his changes when they failed to justify the opinion formed about them. The worse they were thought of in their hour of defeat, the better the crafty trainer knew was their chance of redeeming their character in some big handicap, and handicaps were a *spécialité* Greyson rather laid himself out for. Add to this it was his bounden duty to do his best for Sir Marmaduke, whose horse the Dancing Master was, at all events for the time, but about the latter business he was speedily relieved of all concern. Sir Marmaduke sent for him the day after the race, and came to the point at once with all his characteristic frankness.

"I'm not going to pretend, Greyson, but that I am much disappointed with the Dancing Master's running, but pray don't think I blame you in the least for his most unsatisfactory performance. He was as fit as hands could make him, and if he ran badly it was simply Blackton could do nothing with him. But the mystification about him for betting purposes is now played out. Everybody knows that he is to all intents and purposes my horse, and therefore you had better send him down to join my string at Newmarket. Don't think for a moment I'm not satisfied, or suppose I pipes can make more of the horse than you, but he's a queer-tempered one, and we shall at all events understand him better when we have him in our own hands."

"I hope you may, Sir Marmaduke. All I can tell you about him is that he's never sick nor sorry, and his legs are of iron. He can both race and stay—*when he likes*. He may win races, but his jockeys, he they who they may, won't. He may take it into his head as he did at Newmarket to simply smother his field, but he won't be helped by his rider. I can only wish you luck with him, Sir Marmaduke, and he shall be sent off to Pipes to-morrow."

"Thank you, Greyson," replied the Baronet. "Hum!" he muttered to himself as the trainer left the room; "it strikes me I've made a bankish deal of it. I shall most likely never get a good race out of the gray, and I certainly threw away my Leger chance by becoming his temporary owner. Blackton swears he could have won on Bushranger; but then he's such a conceited beggar, he always thinks he could have won on anything. My impression is nothing would have beaten Fedora yesterday, though mine would have doubtless been nearer if he hadn't been made so much use of." And having arrived at this conclusion, Sir Marmaduke, with his usual sanguinness, dismissed the subject from his mind.

Jim Forrest is amongst those terribly discontented with the result of the big Doncaster race. He can not help thinking that the Dancing Master would have acquitted himself better at his hands than he did in those of Blackton; and he has only himself to blame that he was not upon the gray's back. He knows it has been a very costly race for his employer and his friends, and he feels very sore in thinking that it might have been to his power to avert this. Captain Farrington, for one, has been very hard to win, and Jim feels pretty sure that that placid plunger was amongst those heavily hit. The more he thinks of it, the more he recognizes that his present position is almost at an end. He is paying one of the ordinary penalties of success of the time we live in: emerge from the rack, and it matters little what your pseudonym may be, the public, before many days, will know all about you. Do you suppose we should have been many weeks in ignorance concerning the author of *Isonhoe* in the present decade, or have been the least in the dark about the "Junius Letters" before half a dozen of them had been penned? No; the electric light, as, the lime light, is on most of those who distinguish themselves, and their past history speedily unearthed, listened to, and probably published.

Jim Forrest is conscious that from false pride he has missed a great opportunity, perchance had his patrons much names (these was no racing hun the Dancing Master might have backed in his hands), and delayed the discovery that Gerald Rockingham and Jim Forrest were one but a little. To be ashamed of one's trade is pitiful snobbishness. Are you are a brick maker, stick to it your bricks are of vastly better make than your neighbour's. As you be an actor, openly proclaim that you are the one man whose reading of *Hamlet* can be accepted.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SIR MARMADUKE "CALLS FOR HIS JACKET."

There were two other events bearing upon this history that marked the close of a that was destined to be known in turf chronicles as Comet's year. The winner of the Derby, as the angel of the turf, he always spoused to that. The victories of the race-course disdain numerals, and a silk them '67 is the Herald's year, '61 Ivanhoe's year, etc. The first of these was that Jim Forrest received a note from Sir Marmaduke, at the opening the Tober Meeting, which called upon him formally to send in his jacket.

The epistle was kind and courteous in the extreme; it commanded, "Dear Mr Rockingham," contained no allusion to his heavy losses, nor the slightest hint that Jim, but for his false pride, might perchance have averted them. He merely said he severed their connection with great regret, but that he expected unhesitating obedience from all who served him, and that it would be painful to himself to exact that from Gerald now he knew his real position. Gerald was not to think that his desire to conceal his identity by refusing to ride at York and Doncaster was the cause of his jacket being called for, "that," continued the Baronet, "will speedily earn itself; for, though I promise to respect your secret, it is idle to suppose that it will be many weeks before your story is generally known; but I should feel very uncomfortable about having your father's son in my employment as a servant. Any assistance I can render you I will; there is no reason you should not have some of my riding when it suits you to take it, but there must be no permanent engagement between us, on account of the feeling I have already mentioned. With considerable admiration for your pluck in choosing such a career, and wishing you every luck in it,

"I remain, yours most sincerely,

"MARMADUKE MARTENDALE."

To Farrington and one or two of his intimates the Baronet was perfectly candid about the withdrawal of his jacket. "He told me his story," he said, "and I admire his resolution as much as his riding; but I don't hold with the employment of gentlemen out of their class. It never works; they can't forget their old caste, and every now and again jib at the work. I engaged Forrest with a special object in view, and when it comes to the point he declines to ride. He gave his reasons—I understand them: he was ashamed to acknowledge he had lost caste. But I had laid out a stiffish lot of money on the faith of his engagement, and though it perhaps made no difference really, I should certainly not have adopted my turn tactics had I not counted on having the call of Jim Forrest."

The second event was that Cuthbert Elliston, flushed with his success over Fedora, conceived the idea of buying Cranley Chase—not the property, for that was far beyond his mark, but just the house and adjoining land. There had been as far as bid for the property in its integrity, and Wrinson was sadly contemplating the necessity of selling it piecemeal. The creditors of the late Squire were growing impatient at the tardiness with which his estate was administered, and, if it were possible to hurry a lawyer, would have long ago realized on Cranley. But Wrinson, with all the immovability of his class, insisted that his duty to all concerned required him to sell Cranley to the very best advantage, and that, though some of the land might sell better if disposed of in small lots, the house itself would certainly fetch very much less if shorn of its broad acres. Thus people who wanted a good country house invariably wanted a good range of shooting with it, and would hardly look at a place that had only a beggarly five hundred acres attached to it. In selling a property like Cranley, one always had to cast about for a purchaser. Men able to spend two hundred thousand pounds in buying an estate were not to be found every market-day; that they would get the money to the course; but it was undoubtedly a matter of some little time. Impatient creditors take this reasoning according to their respective temperaments; the milder treating "the time may be as little as possible"; the irritable with the peppery retort that "if the time is not desired short, they intend to precious soon know why."

To these latter as to their soldier brethren Wrinson listens perfectly impassive. The old lawyer is determined not to break up a fine landed property if he can help it, and has by no means abandoned the idea of finding a purchaser for it in the whole, although, to allay the excited feelings of the creditors, to speak metaphorically, within meddling sight of their money, he proceeds leisurely to let the estate. This naturally very man reaches Sam Pearson's ears, who, in the course of conversation at the First October Meeting, mentions it to his partner, when, to his unbounded astonishment, Cuthbert Elliston expresses his intention of buying "the Chase" himself, if the property is sold in lots.

"Why, what the deuce do you want with it?" inquired Pearson.

"A sentimental weakness, Sam; I don't like the old place going clean out of the family."

"But how do you propose to find the money?" inquired the attorney. "I don't know exactly how they'll let it; but I take it you want at least thirty thousand to buy 'the Chase' with. Besides, you are the last man I should have suspected of a sentimental weakness."

"People always do overlook the good points in my character," returned Elliston, with a sneer. "As for the money, another coup or two like Fedora, and there will be no trouble about that. Perhaps I want to restore the place to my cousin Gerald, eh?"

"Gerald Rockingham wasn't at Doncaster," replied Pearson, dryly.

"What the devil do you mean by that?" snapped his companion.

"It's singular," continued the attorney, "but you never win when Jim Forrest is riding. I am not superstitious, but I shouldn't follow you when he is upon the course."

"Nor, you're right, Sam. That young whelp's dark face always brings me bad luck. I've said so since the day he won the Two Thousand. I should like him to know that I am owner of the Chase."

"It will annoy him, no doubt, considering the ill blood there is between you."

"Yes; I believe the dislike is pretty mutual," replied Elliston.

"It usually is," rejoined the attorney; "and the bitter words you fling at him that winter's day at Cranley were overheard for a month to forget. If ever there was a case of curses, like chickens, coming home to roost, it was the taunt you threw at him about getting his living as a pad-groom or gamekeeper. By-the-bye, he took the hint, and when he drove Pilcrock home a head in front of Phaeton at Goodwood, must have felt that he was repaying that jibe with interest."

"What, in Heaven's name, makes you rake up all the causes of my antipathy? I can not likely to hate him less because you recapitulate the many reasons I have for wishing he may break his neck," retorted Elliston, sharply. "In the mean while, I suppose you will see about this Cranley business for me."

"Certainly, but there is no hurry. I know old Wrinson well; he is not the man to sell, much less let, a property off-hand. You'll have plenty of opportunity of landing another coup before you've required to plank up the money."

"So much the better; but I'll buy Cranley if I break even it, if it is only to spite that cursed young whelp."

"By the-way," said Pearson, "I had a letter from Wrinson to know what you proposed to do about those bills. He can't hear of compounding for a thousand, and hints pretty broadly that he thoroughly understands how to make the most of them unless they are redeemed at what he considers an adequate price."

"And that is?"

"Three; and if he doesn't get that, he hints unmistakably at putting them into the hands of Lord Whitby, and, I suppose, filling him the whole Rockingham story highly garnished."

"Yes, and Whitby hates me, and has already said I ought to have been warned off the turf. I can't quite afford another *coup*, and Whitby would have both the Jockey and Turf clubs about

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1448.

it *ad nauseam*. Alister's old friends could make the racing world look very shy at me, to say nothing of general society."

"Then take my advice. Pay up the three thousand, redeeming thereby the bills, and don't trouble your head about Cranley, a place you don't really want."

"You don't suppose I am going to pay so much as that? If it looks threatening, I shall perhaps advance on the original offer, but not to that extent. In the mean while, when Cranley is in the market let me know, and what the figure is. I dare say part of the purchase-money could be easily left on mortgage, or you could raise it elsewhere in similar manner."

"Yes, no doubt; but I can't, for the life of me, see what you want with the place."

"Never mind—it's my whim," returned Elliston, fiercely, "and it shall go hard but what I gratify it."

Pearson said no more. He knew well the dogged obstinacy of the man with whom he had to deal. Heartless in his loves, implacable in his dislikes. The attorney knew that Elliston's hatred of Gerald Rockingham was quite sufficient to make him strain every nerve to become master of Cranley Chase, with no other motive than the malignant desire to pain the lavish cousin to whom he had already wrought sufficient injury. Sam Pearson had seen too much of the seamy side of life not to be thoroughly aware that men are wont to hate those they have wronged, and he did dimly understand that mixed with this feeling in Elliston's case was a superstitious fear that Gerald Rockingham was his evil star on a race-course. That the presence of some individual is fatal to one's luck is a very common superstition of the gaming table, and many racing men have similar fancies. Elliston had certainly some warrant for this feeling as regarded his cousin.

Gerald knew that he had thrown a chance away, but that was nothing. In the position he had reached in his profession he would doubtless have his opportunity of riding the winner of those great three-year-old contests which are designated the classic races, again before long. But he was honestly sorry he had not gone North, and endeavored to do his best for Sir Marmaduke and his friends. Another thing, too, he had received a letter from Dollie, upbraiding him for not fulfilling his promise of meeting her at York. The girl had looked forward to seeing him and hearing him hailed the hero of the hour, and her disappointment was great. Moreover, she was much too quick-witted not to read aright the meaning of his absence, and it troubled her.

"It was cruel of you, dear Gerald," she wrote, "to throw me over at the last. I had so looked forward to those days on the Knavesmire, and so craved to witness your triumph, and then you say you can not come, and all the salt is taken out of my holiday. I am afraid that it was the fear of being recognized prompted you to give up York and Doncaster. But, Gerald, if you are ashamed to be known as a professional and successful jockey in such a horse-loving country as this, where every one thinks so much of a good horse or a good horseman, how will you ever have the courage to marry a trainer's daughter? I love you very dearly, but if I thought you could ever be ashamed of me as your wife, I would never go to church with you. Write to me at once, and tell me that it is not so.

"Yours, ever lovingly, DOLLIE."

That this letter met with a speedy reply need scarcely be said. Gerald acknowledged the girl was right in her surmise, but indignantly denied that he could ever have any such feeling concerning their marriage. He owned he was a thorough snob to be above avowing his trade, but that he meant manfully to follow his calling wherever it led him in the future, and wound up by saying that nobody had suffered for his foolishness so severely as himself.

Dollie, however, was not quite to be assuaged by soft words. Her next letter was affectionate enough, but she gave Gerald to understand that she would wait for him so long as he liked, that he should choose his own time to proclaim his identity, but that she would not marry him until the world knew that Gerald Rockingham and Jim Forrest were one.

Gerald was not much disturbed by this epistle. He knew now that the time was very near at hand when every one would know that he was Jim Forrest; that fact was likely to be promulgated much sooner than he would be able to marry; but his luck seems to have departed with Sir Marmaduke's jacket. He gets plenty of riding this First October Meeting, and has no cause to complain of his mounts if the way they are backed by their respective stables be any test. Those immediately connected with the horses undoubtedly believe in their chances, but somehow they are never quite good enough, and, do what he will, Jim Forrest can not succeed in bringing first past the post. Sir Marmaduke and his followers, on the contrary, are in high feather, and rapidly recovering their Doncaster losses. Cuthbert Elliston, too, who had commenced by backing one of the Panton Lodge favorites, jumps to the conclusion that the stable is in for a run of luck, and steadily follows Sir Marmaduke's colors throughout the meeting, with a result that causes him to exclaim in exulting tones to Pearson as they travel back to town at the conclusion of the meeting:

"The charm is broken, my star at last is in the ascendant, luck has turned, and I'll buy Cranley Chase. That young beggar has had his day; it's my turn now. They pronounced him a great horseman just because he was fortunate enough to win with Pibroch at Goodwood. He had plenty of chances this week."

"You are talking nonsense if you say the lad can't ride. He can. I told you I should never follow your advice on a race-course if young Rockingham was there, and I'm a poorer man this week in consequence. But, mark me, I'm not usually a superstitious man, yet I firmly believe that boy will be your ruin; that in the end he's as surely bound to avenge his father over that Phaeton Loger—you remember you would not allow either Greyson or myself to give him a hint—as that we are sitting in this train."

Elliston's sole reply was a savage malediction, but he was secretly much dismayed at finding that his partner still clung firmly to the idea that young Rockingham was his evil star.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FISHING ON THE CHOLERA BANKS.

In the summer of 1832 Captain Lyman Hess, commander of the fishing smack *Mary*, of New York, discovered a most notable fishing bank about twenty miles to the eastward of Sandy Hook, toward Fire Island. As 1832 was the year of the "great cholera," and as the dread disease and its progress was the one topic of conversation in everybody's mouth, Captain Hess, following the bent of his own melancholy thoughts, named his new-found fishing ground the "Cholera Banks"—a name that they have retained ever since. The origin of the name has in late years afforded a fertile subject for speculation, and some persons are so prejudiced by it as to declare that nothing would tempt them to eat a fish coming from such a place.

Another reef, famous for its fish, and known as the "Fishing Banks," extends from just off the Highlands of Navesink, down the Jersey coast past Long Branch, to a point about opposite Squan Beach. Both of these are favorite resorts for piscatorially inclined New-Yorkers, who visit them on the small steamers that, during the summer season, make daily excursions to the Banks.

As the Cholera Banks afford the best sport, it was to this fishing ground that our artist went in search of material for the sketches with which he has adorned page 718. Starting at so early an hour that his eyes were still heavy with unexpended sleep, the artist-fisherman soon found himself steaming down the bay, in company with a hundred more devotees of the sport, some of whom were heavy-eyed and inclined to grumble at the early hour of starting, while others were bright, cheerful, and full of excitement at the prospect of the day's sport. Down the bay, through the Narrows, across the lower bay, and out at sea steams the little craft on which they are embarked. Past the red light-ship, and twenty miles due east from Sandy Hook, she runs, and then begins the search for the Banks. The pilot takes ranges by several of the big hotels, of which so many have been erected during recent years along the south shore of Long Island; a man in the bows takes soundings, and if the day be clear, the steamer is soon brought to anchor directly above the fish-haunted reef, and a hundred eager lines are dropped overboard. If, however, the day is overcast and hazy, so that objects on land can not be distinguished, there are more chances against than there are for finding the Banks, and many a steamer-load of disappointed excursionists has returned to New York fishless and disgusted on this account.

Before the great hotels were built the best known of the old ranges for the Banks were a cupola that rose above Evergreen Cemetery and a hollow in the sand hills along shore; and in those days to anchor directly over the fishing ground was much more difficult than it is now.

Once at anchor the fun and trouble begin together. It is fun to catch fish; but seasickness is among the saddest of human experiences, and many of those who have bravely endured the pitching to which the steamer has been treated ever since she left Sandy Hook succumb at once to the motion that succeeds it as soon as she comes to anchor, and rises and falls with regular, ceaseless monotony on the long swells. Of those thus stricken the majority crawl into retired corners and yield unreservedly to their misery; but some stand bravely to their lines, and pull in their fish between intervals of obligatory offerings to Neptune.

Apart from these, and making light of their wretchedness, stand the professionals and toughened amateurs, smoking short pipes, hauling in fish, making cruel jokes upon the condition of the novices, and thoroughly enjoying themselves. They bait their hooks with hard-shell clams, skilfully toss their leaden sinkers far out from the steamer's side, let run fourteen fathoms, or eighty odd feet, of line, and haul in sea-bass, black fish, flukes, rock cod, weak fish, porgies, or whatever else comes to hand. Once in a while a line goes whizzing through the water with a wild rush, there is a protracted struggle, and an ugly customer, in the form of an evil-eyed shark, either breaks the line and escapes, or is hauled on board amid general excitement and much rejoicing.

The first catch of the day is always watched for with the greatest interest, for upon it depends the ownership of a number of small pools that have been made up among the passengers. Other points to be scored are the largest catches of the day in point of numbers and weight, and the catching of the heaviest single fish. In these contests the novices are very apt to come out losers; for they spend much time in studying the points and admiring the beauties of the fish they have caught, while the professional, after jerking one fish off his hook, proceeds steadily with the business of catching another without so much as turning his head to look at the victims already secured.

About noon an interval is devoted to lunch, and the fish are allowed a respite. Clam chowder, beer, and hard-tack are unfailing elements in this lunch, which invariably upsets many a stomach that has thus far successfully resisted the assaults of the sea. The professionals, however, consume the lunch with great glee. They rejoice in their own strength, and gloat over the weakness of those who, reproachfully averting their gaze from the chowder pot, leave them the larger share.

Late in the afternoon the anchor is lifted, lines are drawn in, and the steamer is headed toward home. Then comes a time of great interest. The fish are cleaned, sorted, weighed, examined with care, passed around for inspection, and commented upon. Special lots are laid aside for home consumption and for distribution among friends; and frequently those who have made the large catches, and have more than they know how to dispose of otherwise, raffle them off, or present them to the crew of the steamer.

It is on this homeward-bound trip that the novice begins to recover his spirits and actually to enjoy himself. He feels better as soon as the Hook is passed; and once inside the Narrows, he is possessed of an enormous appetite for sandwiches, a consuming thirst for beer, and a burning desire to relate to any who will listen his own thrilling experiences under other circumstances, and to give logical reasons for becoming seasick on this occasion, which is, of course, the very first time such a thing ever happened to him.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The word mugwump has gone a long way in a short time. Twelve months ago almost nobody knew what a mugwump was outside of those who can read Eliot's Indian Bible. Now the word has a significance for everybody. Mark Twain candidly and gleefully admits that he is a mugwump. The word has been received in England as warmly as the old Stilton cheese or the prime roast beef of Old England which are regularly sent over from this country.

The sea is cracking and scaling off in Turner's painting of the "Disembarkation of William III." in the National Gallery in London. Ruskin has said that all of Turner's coloring must meet this fate, but an attempt will be made to arrest the disintegration in the picture named, which is called one of the great colorist's finest works.

"Wanted, by a lady, for adequate remuneration, a few well behaved and respectably dressed children to amuse a cat in delicate health two or three hours a day," is an advertisement which it is averred appeared recently in good faith in a German newspaper.

A correspondent writes that Englishmen eat at much shorter intervals than Americans are accustomed to. The farm laborer eats four meals daily, and the correspondent says that "in one of the stateliest baronial halls in England" he has seen posted in one of the rooms the orders of the day for the service of meals, which showed that the table was spread at intervals of four hours during the day and evening. This is an evolution according to George Francis Train, who eats only once in twenty-four hours, and who hailed Dr. Tanner as the most advanced of men.

What concise and forcible information the telegraph sometimes brings out of the great West! "W. W. Payne, the millionaire cattle-dealer, had a dispute about a debt with Mark Parkinson, a cow-boy, at Deer Trail, yesterday. Parkinson suddenly drew a gun, and Payne fell dead in the presence of his wife and children."

Men digging building sand near Fonda, in the Mohawk Valley, recently unearthed a skeleton which is considered an interesting relic. The body lay with the breast up, while the skull was turned face down, and it is inferred that the man was decapitated before burial. From the make of a large pistol and a dagger a foot and a half long, found buried with the bones, it is inferred that the remains are those of a French officer. There was also found with the skeleton a fragment of a clay pipe of the style that gentlemen smoked upward of a century ago. The grave was only two feet deep.

We believe that rather than for politeness, Boston has been distinguished for mind. At the same time, mind may choose to concern itself about politeness, and a Boston newspaper has recently engaged in an investigation of street-car etiquette. "One observes," it says in the course of its remarks, "that it is not at present the fashion to surrender a seat to a lady, unless, indeed, she be either tottering with age or bowed down with the burden of a baby." The body of this rule holds good in New York street cars, but the exceptions are not especially insisted upon. If a lady is pretty she can get a seat in a car here without the need of either age or a baby.

A dispatch was recently sent from Independence, Missouri, to an inland town in Scotland, and an answer was received in one hour and ten minutes. That is what the telegraph men call fast time. There were four transfers on this side, and five on the other.

The "popular end man" of a New England negro minstrel troupe has been elected to the Vermont Legislature. He expects to find in the course of the session much material that will be of future use to him in his profession.

The wife of a Vermont farmer has attracted attention and got into the newspapers because she trudged into a town with a big bundle on her back. In Germany attention would be attracted by a farmer's wife who should trudge into a town without a bundle on her back.

Two or three years ago it was believed in the oil regions of Pennsylvania and New York that the petroleum-producing pools had been pretty accurately outlined by the sinking of wells. But a well was opened a few days ago which yielded at the rate of over five thousand barrels a day—nearly twice as much as the flow of the wells in the Cherry Grove district, which astonished the world a little less than three years ago.

The number of pupils in the public schools of this city whose hearing is so imperfect that they can receive but little instruction in the classes with other pupils is so great, according to the assertion of a physician, that separate instruction for them is demanded. The results of his observations in the schools have been laid before the Board of Education, and the matter has been referred to a committee for consideration.

Three persons have been injured recently by explosions of gas in the sewers of Long Island City, otherwise known as Hunter's Point. The odors of that region are so many and so substantial that the presence of sewer gas is not detected till something bursts.

One of the topics of Paris is the marriage of the daughter of Worth, the famous man milliner, to the son of Delbalke, the millionaire tailor. The journals of that city print long lists of wealthy Parisian tradesmen, and declare that the needle is the sceptre of the day.

The project to hold a baby show in Paris was met with the most determined opposition in some quarters, and the proposed show was finally forbidden by the Prefect of Police. Dr. Proust wrote to that official that such an exhibition on a large scale must be a slaughter-house of infants.

If an American citizen were casually to be asked what he thought was involved in the usual election bet, the chances are that he would say a hat; though he might speak of an obligation on the part of the loser to remain unbarbered for a year or so, or to trundle the other man through the main street at noonday in a wheel-barrow. In Vallejo, California, two citizens of opposite politics have laid a wager upon the coming election which provides a penalty that is also quite disagreeable. The loser must stand upon a conspicuous street corner and black the boots of passers-by from seven o'clock in the morning until six in the afternoon. The winner will drum up custom for him.

THE LAST WEEK OF THE CELEBRATED BREAKDOWN.
RICHARD IS HIMSELF AGAIN, IN HIS BLOODY SHIRT.

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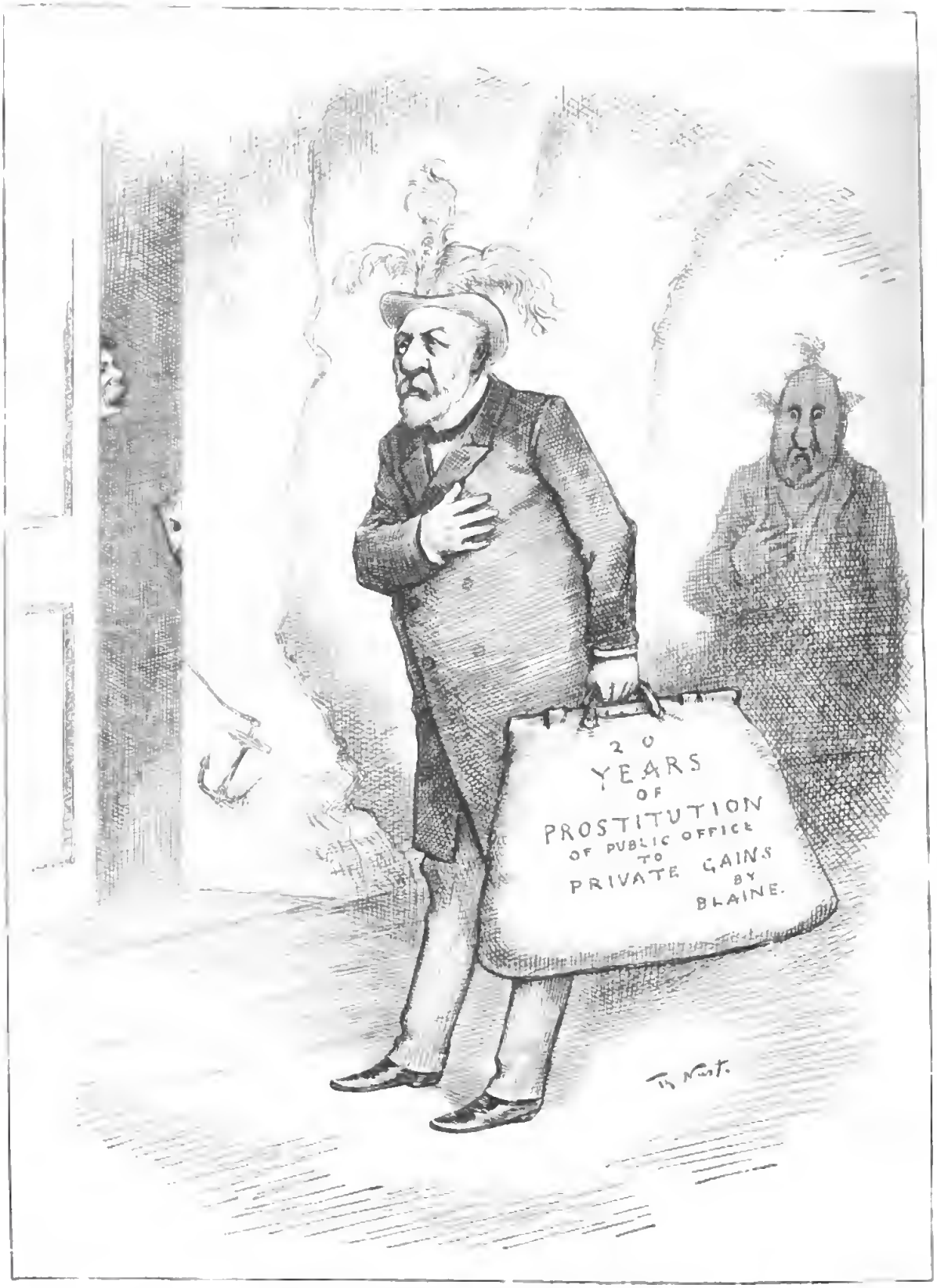


"ABOVE PETTY PERSONAL ISSUES."—NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

BLAINE. "The mere personality of a candidate for President is of small consequence."
TWEED. "I ought to have run for the Presidency."

THE TIGERS' VARANDAS.—[See a sketch of the Bengal tiger on page 721.]

THE TRAMPS' PARADISE

[See Illustration on Page 728.]

Three tramped into the wildwood that sunny summer day,
And each one brought an offering to help make up a feast,
But they very soon decided that the gem of the display
Was the goose chosen most triumphantly by honest old man East—
It was a very queen of geese, and weighed twelve pounds at least.

"I never seen a goose," said East, "so trustin' an' so mild;
'Twas standin' in a barn-yard gate as I was goin' by,
An' out it waddles after me jess like a friendly child,
An' offers me its beak so sweet it almost makes me cry,
An' then insists on comin' too—it done—I wouldn't lie.

"Well, boys, we tramps an' tramps until we git to that there lean
That leads to this 'ere shady roost in umbrageous bowers;
An' then, thinks I, I'll carry it, for, though it don't complain,
It must be tired with our tramp of somethin' like two hours;
But sing'larly it dies before we reach yon wild-wood flowers.

"An' now we'll make a fire, boys, an' have a little roast;
Spread the entrays an' side dishes out ready for the feast;
An' when we drinks our beer-champagne, I'll give you just a toast,
May the tribe of such confidin' geese be very much increased,
For I wouldn't steal a goose—oh no!" said honest old man East.

BENSON.

Benson was a club man, and women were his detestation, perhaps because he knew so little about them, or, perhaps, figuratively speaking, because they flung themselves so palpably at his head. Whatever the reason, the fact remained the same; he disliked the women, and avoided them on all occasions. One enterprising widow offered him hand and heart in genuine orthodox fashion. Benson never recovered the shock. It made him misanthropical and pessimistical, and he refused an introduction to Fred Hunter's pretty sister, Mrs. Raymond, merely because she was a widow. It was his fear of widows that drove him to the wilds of Massachusetts, and it was his friend Fred Hunter that recommended Valley Echo Farm.

"It's beyond civilization," explained Fred, "and Aunt Ruth is a Quakeress—"

"Is she husbandless?" interrupted Benson.

"Yes, and likely to be till the end. She has lived alone for nearly sixty years now, so I fancy she likes it."

"Good! Your description pleases me. I'll go next week," and so it happened that on a lovely June morning Benson found himself *en route* for Massachusetts.

Fred accompanied him to the junction. There he bade him a tender and solemn farewell.

"Beware of the widows," warned Fred, as the train gathered itself together and moved slowly along the rails.

"Ay, ay," rejoined Benson from the distance. "I'm safe this time."

"That remains to be seen," soliloquized Fred, as the train quickened its speed and bore Benson out of sight. "I am rather inclined to think your stay will be a short one." Then he laughed aloud, crossed the track, and took the lightning express home.

Benson settled himself in his seat with a restful feeling of security, and opening his paper, lost himself in its pages. He was a medium-sized man, with a strong, well-knit frame and bright, intelligent face. His income was more than enough for one, and the gossips said he only needed a wife to make him perfect. Benson disagreed with them; but then all the world knows that gossips know more about one's affairs than one knows one's self.

A few hours later Benson found himself on the platform of a deserted, barn-like looking building, with nothing visible but sky and trees and grass, save the fast-receding train that seemed carrying all life away with it. He looked curiously around. The hot rails stretched themselves up and down, off and away into the distance, while in the rear of the building a grass-grown, daisy-covered roadway wound itself across the meadow to disappear in a tangle of bushes.

Where was all humanity? Valley Echo was indeed beyond civilization!

"Roads end in something," he reasoned, with a curious unbelief in his own logic as he looked at the labyrinth of trees across the meadow, so, shouldering the valise, he followed the trail of the daisies. The sun was warm, and he paused on the outskirts of the forest to light a cigarette. Under the dense shadows of the trees it was cool and delightful. A brook ran in and out, following the roadway. He stooped and drank of it. Benson walked on and on, seeing no signs of life, meeting no human being. He finally paused, bewildered.

Had he lost his way, or had he passed some road he should have taken? While he stood debating these questions a shrill, sweet voice sounded close beside him, calling, "Echo! Echo! Echo!" The mountains caught up the word, and flung it from height to height like a plaything. Then followed an outburst of childish laughter that repeated itself from the hill-sides till all the woods seemed alive with merriment, and before Benson could turn his head, a shaggy Shetland burst through the undergrowth of bushes and scrambled across the brook to his side.

"Who are you?" demanded its rider, a little fellow in kilts and curls.

"Jonathan Howard Benson," responded that individual, with a grave and profound bow. "And who are you?"

"I'm Jackey," replied the child, as though astonished at his ignorance. "Aunt Ruth sent me to meet you. We'll strap your bag on Tom's back," he added, slipping to the ground. He spoke with the manner and accent of a full-grown man.

Benson was amused, and looked curiously at the boy. In some intangible, indefinite way the little face seemed familiar.

Jackey showed Benson how to place the valise; then, with Tom's bridle over his arm, led the way through the woods to open farm lands, shut in on all sides by mountains rising one above another as far as you could see.

"There's Valley Echo Farm," said the child, pointing to a cluster of low-roofed, straggling buildings some distance from them.

"Do you live alone with Aunt Ruth?" asked Benson, carelessly.

"No," replied the child, with a touch of anger. "I'm mamma's boy, and I live with her."

"How about papa?" asked Benson, in the same indifferent voice.

Jackey bared his yellow hair to the sun. "My papa is dead," he said, reverently, while Benson inwardly repented his question.

"Benson is spending the summer with Aunt Ruth," continued Jackey, puzzled by Benson's silence, and finding the duties of host a little irksome.

Jackey's explanation startled Benson from his listlessness.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed; "is your mamma young?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply.

"And—and pretty?" stammered Benson, breathlessly.

Jackey nodded.

"One more question," begged Benson. "Is your name Raymond?"

"Frederick Jackson Hunter Raymond, after Uncle Fred."

"I see it all," cried poor Benson, in dismay. "Fred's eagerness to get me off! His anxiety to send me here! It is because I refused an introduction. The widow is here, and he knows it. But I'll turn the tables. He'll expect to see me back to-morrow, and the men at the club will think it an end of a joke. I'll stay if she asks me to marry her forty times a day! I'll stay if I die for it!"

Jackey listened with frightened, wide-opened eyes.

"What's the matter, little fellow?" asked Benson, stopping short in his harangue, and laughing down into the childish, upturned face.

"Are you going to take my mamma away?" queried Jackey, with the suspicion of a sob.

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Benson, piously.

They had reached Aunt Ruth's by this time. Jackey opened the unpainted gate, and the two passed up the path, bordered on either side by hollyhocks and sunflowers, to the low, red painted house. Elms knotted their branches over its roof, roses clambered up its sides and nodded in the windows. A huge old apple-tree guarded the well-sweep in front, and a long line of outbuildings stretched themselves in the rear; on the left fields of grain rippled in the sun with a sea-like glimmer, and on the right stood a century-old orchard. Benson liked the place, but he sighed as a lady appeared in the doorway. Of course it was the widow, and of course she was pretty, with a round, brilliantly colored face, and magnificent eyes and teeth.

Benson looked at her furtively, and noted the simplicity of her dress with a covert sneer.

"One of her coquetries," he thought, and bowed with studied coldness.

The little widow seemed in no wise surprised. She held out her hand with genuine cordiality, a glimmer of fun shining under the long lashes.

"Fred wrote me to take good care of you," she said, brightly, with the manner and accent of one accustomed to society, "and you must tell me how to do it."

"I am unused to being cared for," said Benson, stiffly. "I shall need no entertaining."

"Then we will leave you alone," she answered, demurely, flashing him a quick glance from eyes that danced with mischief. "Jackey will show you your room; and tea is at six."

"Do you like my mamma? Is she very pretty?" demanded the child, mounting the narrow staircase step by step.

"Jackey," said Benson, solemnly, "wise children hold their tongues."

"But I am not wise, and I want to know," persisted Jackey, when some one called him from below, and he was obliged to leave with his question still unanswered.

Benson surveyed his room with delight. Its fresh muslin daintiness and quaint furniture pleased him. He liked the view from the windows, and the roses that hung in clusters over the blinds. He picked one of the buds and fastened it in his coat. He hardly knew why he did it himself, for he was not apt to decorate his person; perhaps the detested widow had something to do with it. He took especial pains with his hair, and looked critically at his features in the small glass over the wash-stand.

Aunt Ruth met him in the hall. She was white-haired and sweet-faced and soft-voiced.

"We give thee hearty greeting," she said, "but fear thee will find it dull, for we are still folks at the farm, and busy."

"I like the stillness," he answered, "and I like the farm."

She smiled placidly and bade him in to tea.

The low-ceilinged room was plain, but fresh and clean. The red-berried asparagus over the mantel, the oil-cloth on the floor, the paper shades fastened with bits of tape, seemed to him picturesque and appropriate. The table itself was white with linen and laden with dainties, and Aunt Ruth, in her Quaker costume, presided with the sweet, quaint dignity of her sect. The pretty widow sat opposite, quietly intent upon her supper and her child. Benson inwardly pronounced her a consummate flirt, yet his eyes never looked that way without a lingering glance of admiration.

After tea he sat under the lilacs and the maples and smoked his meerschaum in peace and solitude.

Mrs. Raymond left him quite to himself; she talked and laughed with him at the table, but during the day and evening Aunt Ruth and Jackey entertained him. It was Jackey that pointed out the still pools in the woods, where the fish bit as fast as he could throw; Jackey that climbed beside him up the mountains and showed him where to find the sweetest flowers and largest berries; Jackey that swung with him in the hammock, or lay stretched full length beside him on the grass. From morning till night Jackey. The two became inseparable. The child kissed him into wakefulness in the mornings, and fell asleep in his arms in the evenings; and when the little fellow was tucked away for the night, Benson visited with Aunt Ruth, or sought solace in his books and meerschaum.

The widow was always busy. He caught glimpses of her through open windows deep in house-work. Once he saw her sweeping his room, her pretty arms all bare, her face aglow with exercise. His conscience smote him. Perhaps he had misjudged her after all. He had heard her spoken of as a woman of the world. He despised such women. He frequently saw her on the kitchen door-step shelling peas or engaged in other household tasks. The sunlight glimmering through the grape leaves over her head wove fitful shadows on her face and dress.

Was it a sin to be beautiful? Why should she not be liked and courted? These questions haunted him. The smoke from his meerschaum curled into tantalizing queries, the letters in his books twisted into the thoughts that haunted him. He became wakeful and irritable and uncertain of himself. He felt that he thought too much of the widow, and the thought dismayed him; but he refused to acknowledge the facts of the case even to himself. The widow was Jackey's mother, so it was natural he should think of her, because Jackey was his idol. So he blinded himself, as we all blind ourselves when we lack courage to face the truth, and drifted deeper into love each day.

Summer slipped into autumn. There was a suspicion of frost in the air; the maples by the house shone a mingled blaze of red and yellow, and the orchard was fragrant with fall ripeness. The old-fashioned parlor was aired and opened. Logs burned brightly on ancient andirons. The little widow sewed busily in a chair by the fire, while Jackey crouched on the hearth rug, a tangled mass of bare brown legs and yellow curls. Benson read aloud to Aunt Ruth, who nodded drowsily over her knitting and heard one word in ten. Long before midnight Valley Echo Farm was wrapped in that intense stillness peculiar to the country.

Club men gossiped over Benson's absence. Benson's partner wrote to ask if he thought of remaining there forever. The same mail brought a letter from his friend Fred Hunter.

"We miss you," wrote Fred, "and need you in the club, for we are on the verge of a reception, and most of our men are married or engaged, and disinclined to take an active part. All our confirmed bachelors are in demand, so we can not do without you. I fully understand your ecstatic descriptions of country life and country scenery. I'll stretch a point, and believe it all if only you will help us through. I had no intention of imprisoning you all summer. I only wanted to punish you for being so down on widows. I can well imagine the satisfaction you have experienced in killing yourself by inches rather than confess to the martyrdom you have endured. Come home, old boy, there shall be no allusions to widows, no jokes of any sort, and a penitent Fred Hunter."

Benson folded the letter and replaced it in its envelope with a stifled sigh of disgust. Aunt Ruth heard the sigh, and laid a soft hand on his shoulder.

"What ails thee?" she asked, in her sweet, brave voice. "Hast thee had bad news?"

"No, no," he answered, flushing redly. "It's only a summons home," and he sighed again.

"Friend Benson, thee art too shy for thy own good. If thee loves my niece, tell her so like a man; then perhaps thee wilt not mind the leaving us."

"I was thinking of Jackey," he stammered. "The little fellow has been with me so much, I hardly know what I shall do without him."

"Thee art foolish to do without him," said Aunt Ruth, gently, and left the room as quietly as she had entered it.

Benson thrust the letters in his pocket. Aunt Ruth's words made his face tingle and his heart throb with a fierceness akin to pain. He had never before had his love brought so directly before him, and the having it put into words by another affected him strongly. Jackey's voice calling to him from the hammock came to him with a different sound. He put on his hat mechanically and answered it.

"I'll not go home till I'm ready," was his firm resolve; "not for all the receptions and partners in the world." Then he remembered how he had denounced the club men who had shaped their lives according to their loves, and here he was doing the same thing; and the thought stung him.

He took Jackey in his arms and swung back and forth in the morning brightness till Jackey's lids drooped, and the child slept. Then he rose, the boy still in his arms, his yellow hair making a sunny glimmer on his shoulder, and carried him to his room.

He laid Jackey on the bed, and collected his writing materials that he might answer the letters at once, and have them off his mind. While he was so engaged, Joe, one of the farm hands, stumbled upstairs with a telegram. Benson took it hastily and tore it open.

"Grimes very ill. Return at once."

Grimes was Benson's partner.

"Is there a train to the junction to-day?" he asked, abruptly.

"Nay, nay, sir," answered puzzled Joe; "thee canst not go till to-morrow."

Benson drew a breath of relief, and dismissed the man with thanks. His half-written letters were useless; there was nothing for him now but to return at once. His last day had come, and the thought stirred him into life. What should he do without the child? Always the child, even to himself.

Jackey opened his eyes sleepily, and knew intuitively by Benson's face that something had gone wrong.

"What is it?" he asked, wide-awake in an instant. "What makes you look so funny, Mr. Benson?"

Benson caught the child in his arms and covered his face with kisses. Jackey was accustomed to such demonstrations, and received the kisses with indifference.

"Let's go and see mamma, Mr. Benson," suggested Jackey, as soon as he could speak. Mamma was his cure for all ills. They met Aunt Ruth on the stairs, her basket heaped high with crimson apples. Benson stopped and told her of the dispatch.

"I am grieved about thy friend," she answered. "But thee must come back to us, for thee would miss Jackey."

Benson blushed guiltily and shook his head.

"I am a sad coward, Aunt Ruth." He sometimes called her aunt when there was no one near save Jackey. He liked to feel he had a claim upon her.

"Make me thy aunt in truth, and I shall deem thee a wise man, friend Benson."

Benson made no answer, and Aunt Ruth watched them pass out into the sunshine with a smile. Benson looked at the hills and the sky and the house that had grown so dear to him with actual homesickness. It would look just the same to-morrow, but he would be miles away.

They found Mrs. Raymond beating eggs in the kitchen, her small round figure half lost under a huge apron. She smiled them a welcome, and bade them make themselves at home.

"Give me something to do," begged Benson, feeling awkward and out of place.

"Can you beat eggs?" she asked, with saucy demureness.

He assented, and received the bowl and beater with inward trepidation. He grasped the beater firmly in both hands, and brought it down with a force that scattered the eggs in all directions.

"You must be more gentle," laughed the widow, merrily. "It doesn't require much strength."

The advice came too late; handle and beater parted company, and the bowl lay broken on the floor.

"I—I am very sorry," stammered Benson, contritely, ruefully surveying the wreck.

"But you needn't be," smiled Mrs. Raymond. "There are dozens of eggs in the pantry, and Rachel can beat some up in a moment. After all, you would be the loser, for I was going to make your favorite cake."

"I am sorry," he said, "for I go to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" echoed the widow, with surprise. A something underlying the surprisement in her voice startled him into looking at her, but her face was as usual, with the dimples playing around her mouth in the most tantalizing manner.

Benson took the towel she handed him, and dried his hands and face, and twisted his mustache in long, slim ends, without venturing to look toward her, but Jackey climbed into his lap and burst into tears.

"Why, my darling," exclaimed the little mother, "how have you hurt yourself?" and the color faded from her cheeks, while the dimples disappeared entirely.

"I don't want Mr. Benson to go," sobbed the child, clinging with one hand to his mother's neck, and stretching the other out to Benson.

Benson took it in his and kissed it—the little brown, dimpled hand that curled itself around his fingers as though it never meant to let them go.

"I want to go with you, Mr. Benson," continued the child, in a grieved, broken-hearted way.

"I've no objections," said Benson, in a cold, constrained manner. He tried to say more, but his voice failed him, so he relapsed into silence. He dared not look at the widow, for he fancied she would laugh at such an absurd proposition.

"Will you take me?" asked Jackey, smiling brightly through tear-wet lashes.

"Yes, Jackey."

"And mamma too?"

"Yes, Jackey, and mamma too." There was a moment's pause, the widow's face was hidden in Jackey's curls. Benson only saw the rounded outlines of her cheek and the coils of hair resting darkly on her neck. He caught his breath sharply, then said, with a sudden proud firmness, "Tell mamma, Jackey, I would like to take her as my wife." He spoke very low, but his voice was clear and distinct.

Mamma unloosened Jackey's arm and buried her face still deeper in Jackey's curls.

"Mamma, mamma," coaxed the child, stroking her cheek with one soft hand, "say yes, mamma, please, mamma."

Benson scarcely breathed lest he might miss the answer, but he might have spared himself the trouble, for no answer came.

"Jackey," said Benson, softly, touching his lips to the childish hand, "it is no use. Mamma

dislikes me because I once detested widows. I was a fool then, but I have been well punished for my folly, for I have learned to love one of them too well for my own good. She scorns my love, Jackey, so good-by—" His voice broke.

"But I don't scorn your love," objected the widow, in a low and rather tremulous voice.

Benson's shyness suddenly vanished. He lifted Jackey from Mrs. Raymond's arms and placed him on the floor. The child was too astonished to rebel. He had never before been dethroned, and could not understand it.

"Kate," said Benson, not heeding Jackey's presence, "will you be my wife?"

She gave him a quick shy glance of assent, and he waited for no further encouragement, but stooped and gathered her into his arms.

Jackey's face grew momentarily darker, his eyebrows puckered into a frown, while the corners of his mouth drew down in an injured, tempestuous fashion that would have touched their hearts at any other time, but now neither of them noticed it.

"I want my mamma!" cried Jackey, stamping his foot. "Are you going to take my mamma away?"

"I am," replied Benson, penitently, recalling a widely different answer to a similar question asked some months before.

"You said you loved me," pouted disconsolate Jackey, "and now you are loving mamma. Are you going to forget me?" he asked, with a piteous little quiver.

"No, indeed," laughed Benson, "for you did the wooing. I shall love you more than ever, Jackey."

"We shall both love you more than ever, Jackey, for you won me," added the widow from Benson's arms. But Jackey disliked such undemonstrative love, and burst in on Aunt Ruth a moment later a most angry-looking, tear-stained little object.

"Mr. Benson is going to take away my mamma," he gasped, flinging himself into Aunt Ruth's arms.

Aunt Ruth smiled contentedly, and straightened her glasses before she soothed him into quietness with the story of "Jack the Giant-killer."

Benson returned to find his partner better, and Hunter met him at the depot with unfeigned delight.

"I am not back for the reception," explained Benson, awkwardly. "I am going to be married."

Fred whistled.

"It is the widow," continued Benson, with increasing shamefacedness.

"Kate Raymond?" ejaculated Hunter, in astonishment.

"The same."

"By Jove, old fellow, you've won a treasure! How did it come about?"

"Jackey did it."

"Heaven reward him!" exclaimed Fred, heartily. "I am glad for you both."

So the club lost Benson, and the widow won him.

A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.

Early in the evening of October 17 people living in the vicinity of the long railroad bridge over the East Fork of the Little Miami River, at Batavia, Ohio, were startled by a fearful crash. The cry was immediately raised that the bridge had fallen, and a great crowd rushed to the scene. A terrible disaster had occurred. The bridge, which was undergoing extensive repairs, had given way under the weight of a passenger train. The engine, baggage-car, and one passenger coach had fallen into the river, fifty feet below the bridge, while the rear coach, containing thirty passengers—men, women, and children—hung balanced over the water, as shown in our sketch on page 727.

It was a moment of extreme peril. Had the passengers moved to the forward end of the car, their weight would have thrown it upon the wreck below. By the efforts of the conductor, Charles Graham, and the brakeman, John Nash, who were both in this car, and who preserved their presence of mind in the face of the appalling danger, the passengers were removed in safety. The names of these two men will be gratefully remembered by those for whom they bravely risked their lives. The engineer and fireman were instantly killed in the wreck, and several passengers in the forward car were seriously injured.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

To few men come the happy distinction of living half as long again as the fortunate mortal who reaches the Psalmist's limit of threescore years and ten. Two exceptions to the general rule have been quoted in the papers recently. In the Old World Sir Moses Montefiore has just celebrated his centennial, and in this country a well-known physician of Louisville, Kentucky, Dr. Christopher Columbus Graham, has had his hundredth birthday commemorated by a grand dinner given him by his fellow-citizens.

We have already given in Harper's Magazine, November, 1883, and Harper's Weekly, October 20, 1883, sketches and portraits of Sir Moses Montefiore, and will shortly publish his life in book form, with illustrations. In this number we present a portrait of Dr. Graham, to whom the *Courier-Journal* thus pleasantly refers in the course of a long article:

"Our citizens have shown their good taste, and good heart as well, in thus publicly recognizing the centennial anniversary of Dr. Graham. In thus honoring their oldest citizen they honor themselves and their pioneer ancestry. Dr. Graham is a connecting link in the golden chain that binds the present generation to the founders of our city and our State. He is older than the Commonwealth of Kentucky, and older than the government of the United States. None of our citizens born in the year 1784, except him, now remain among us. And it is not his age alone that distinguishes him from other men. Through his long length of years runs a moral that demands our admiration and invites our imitation. The fine constitution he inherited from his parents was never abused by dissipation or excesses of any kind, and hence he is among us to-day not borne down by the weight of a hundred years. Having been successful as a hunter, as an artisan, as a soldier, as a physician, as a landlord, as an author, as a scientist, and as a public-spirited and progressive citizen, he has much to be proud of when he glances at the hundredth mile-stone and looks back upon the ninety-and-nine he has passed in the journey of life."

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

The waning year keeps to the last its best gift to our gardens, for there is no flower that blows comparable to the chrysanthemum.

> "It cheers with bloom the stormy gloom
> By chill December nursed,
> And it is told in stories old
> That this fair flower first
> On that blest morn when Christ was born
> Into white beauty burst."

But traditions apart—and the chrysanthemum has many, for have not two queens worn it as their badge and emblem, and does not an emperor to-day entitle it "the Royal Flower"?—it is a delightful and a wonderful blossom, this darling of winter, the only flower in the garden, and yet a whole gardenful of flowers in itself!

Spring, summer, and autumn enjoy a constant succession of bouquets, and from the multitude of their contending charms no single blossom can fairly call itself the chief flower of the day, or claim to wear the crown of beauty. Partisans of particular plants, whether violets, roses, or cyclamen, may claim for their favorites the place of honor; but other factions with equally strong arguments will come forward with pink or hyacinth or lily. The contest would be endless.

But let winter our gardens keep only one posy, the chrysanthemum, and Flora thus dignifies it beyond all the flowers of the year by giving it the whole throne to itself.

> "Symbol of Hope, still banishing the gloom
> Along our the mind by stern December's reign."

A bleak reign, it is true, but then there is none to share its sceptre with it, as the chrysanthemum queens it in solitary brilliance over empty beds. Lest, though, it should seem too manifestly alone, and the eye might tire of a single flower, however beautiful, if monotonous in color, shape, or size, the chrysanthemum seems forever straining to spread its own charms over half the parterres. No lilies show so clear a white, no daffodils so clear a yellow; roses have no prettier pinks; and all the family of the hollyhocks, and dahlias, and many of the others—for instance, calceolarias and zinnias—can not show tints and half tones in crimson and orange and tawny more decided, bright, and various than the chrysanthemum alone. And not content with rivalling their colors alone, it gives the whole garden back shape for shape as well as hue for hue, and whether as a rose, a dahlia, an aster, a carnation, or a daisy, it makes its pretty mimicry sufficiently exact to create gratitude for its variety, and to abolish monotony. Art mimics nature wonderfully. During the other seasons the flowers do not absolutely need man's help, but now in winter the chrysanthemum seems glad of it, lending itself to skilled cultivation with singular readiness, and always rewarding ingenuity and patience with beautiful novelties of form and color. Perhaps it knows its weakness to stand alone as the one flower of the month.

All our large-flowered varieties have been grown from the single Chinese chrysanthemum, and the delightful dwarf Pompons have in the same way been produced from the Chusan Daisy. A hundred years of experimental cultivation have been necessary to arrive at such floral triumphs as the Elaine, the Nil Desperandum, or the Bouton Hélène, and viewed therefore solely as "a work of art," the chrysanthemum is worthy of respectful admiration; while as "a work of nature," to praise it seems almost impertinent. Looking down the bank of flowers at any chrysanthemum show (such a one, for instance, as is now on view in the Temple Gardens, London), the exquisite form is astonishing. Blue alone has never been attained, but the chrysanthemum, besides its pure whites and yellows,

> "More pure and clear than any hero,
> Their snowy disks unfold;
> Bright as the star that melts afar
> Into the morning's gold,"

positively revels in shades of all the other colors—pink, crimson, chestnut, orange, lilac, puce, carmine, amber, violet, peach, magenta, ruby, cinnamon, sulphur, fawn, buff, salmon, maroon, bronze, cherry, scarlet, mauve, purple, and, above all, in white silver, silver white, cream white, ivory white, snow white. No wonder, then, that with such a range of hue the chrysanthemum should justify the confidence of Flora in its power to queen it alone in the winter-stricken garden! and have I not done well to claim it as my favorite?

In contour also, as in color, the chrysanthemum knows no margins. On one plant the bloom cuddles all its petals together, making a round soft ball of itself; on another, it flings them out all flat from the centre in a great disk of color; a third binds its central petals into a button, or arranges them in a crown or a tuft, and then sends out on every side rays of bright tints, some long, some short, but all to a method as exact as on the stars of any order of honor. Some of the flowers curl their pretty fronds inward, others curve them backward; some take the dahlia's form, others the sunflower's; some assume the precise circle, others radiate in quaint marginal devices. Of them all the Elaine, with its great fleecy snow-like flowers, is perhaps the queen; but in such a puzzling variety of charms it is difficult to award the palm. The connoisseur turns, of course, to the coral-red Mons. Crousse, the no less curious La Frisure, or to the ever-new varieties, such as the McMahon, the Gazelle, and the Empress of India; but for the uninitiated the equality of beauty suffices to make all admired. Many of the tints, it is true, are curious rather than pretty, and many of the shapes fantastic rather than graceful; but these triumphs of art are in no way blemishes upon the plant that can show the splendid blossom of the Elaine or the purity in color of the George Glenny. Nor is it only in tint and outline that the chrysanthemum arrogates such privileges, but in size also, for twenty Pompons would lie upon the disk of one Elaine, and the Empress of India overshadows like a shrub the tiny Christabel. Yet one more triumph has the chrysanthemum achieved. The glory of other plants, the perfume, seemed at one time beyond its reach; but audacity or patience has conquered even here, and the Progne, with the color of the amethyst, has also the odor of the violet. No further triumph remains for it.

> "Type of a true and holy love; the same
> Through every scene that crowds life's varied page,
> 'Mid grief 'mid gladness—spell of every dream—
> Tender in youth, and strong in feeble age!
> The peerless picture of a modest wife,
> Thou bloom of the fairest 'midst the frosts of life."

Phil Robinson

SAN MARINO.

The whole territory of the state consists of sixteen square miles, and has a population of about nine thousand souls. The capital city, inclusive of the Borgo at its foot, has over nine hundred inhabitants. The army is composed of ten companies of ninety men each; but perhaps one guide forgot to reckon the reserves, for Mr. Bent says that the military force is two thousand strong, and that half the able-bodied men of every family must be enrolled between the ages of sixteen and fifty-five, unless they are government officers, doctors, priests, or students. The entire revenue of the state is less than £8000 a year; but San Marino is a model of financial prudence, has no public debt, lives within its income, and has even a nest-egg laid by against rainy days. And although it bestows no titles on its own subjects, it swells its exchequer by the sale of orders and titles of nobility to foreigners. To avoid complications with Italy it has no printing-press within its dominions. For the same reason it refrains from growing tobacco, and buying the leaf from Italy at cost price, contents itself with manufacturing its own cigars. It possesses no penal establishments, but has made a very pleasant arrangement with its obliging neighbor. San Marino sends its criminals to be punished in Italy, and—although that part of the arrangement is probably not recorded in black and white—may be said to receive monks and nuns in exchange. For the two large nunneries and four monasteries of this tiny state afford the devout uncurtailed privileges that are no longer, it seems, to be enjoyed across the border.

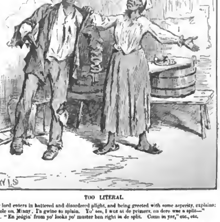
The legend of San Marino may be told in a few words. He was a Christian of Dalmatia, and came over with a companion named Leo to assist in the rebuilding of Rimini (then Ariminum) early in the fourth century, during the reign of Diocletian. Wearied by incessant struggle against Roman persecution, the Christian friends withdrew to this Mons Titanus, planted a cross on the summit of the rock where their cave, carved on it the word "Libertas," and devoted themselves to holy exercises and meditation.

Gradually their fame spread; miracles were ascribed to them; believers gathered round them. The community of San Marino sprang into existence, and has remained a republic ever since. Not, however, without several narrow escapes from annexation by this or that pope or potentate; and although originally a refuge for the devout, its rules were not monastic. San Marino, indeed, is supposed to have been a married man, and he promoted marriage among his flock. His companion had some ascetic views, and finally retired to a precipice in Montefeltro, and founded the monastery which was afterward converted into the fortress of San Leo. It was to this place that Dante likened the entrance to Purgatory, and it became famous in history as a frequent bone of contention between Montefeltro and Rimini.

We had hoped to see the library of rare and precious books collected by Count Manzoni, the well-known bibliophile, but in the absence of its owner we could only gain admittance to his garden. It is a pleasaunce in which stone walls are the principal features, flowers mere details; but it climbs to the brink of the rock, and its terraces skirt and overhang the wonderful precipices, and are draped with ivy and ferns. Carts, oxen, and men down in the road by Borgo seem no bigger than flies. Cold winds blow fiercely round the corners of dark clefts, and here and there gigantic turrets and towers of limestone stand up from the buttressed slopes as though in huge mimicry of the masonry above. Retracing this giddy path to the end near the hermitage chapel, we found a shady arbor among the rocks whence we could gaze on the faint dark line of Ravenna's pines and the fainter coast beyond the sea, while waiting for our long-delayed lunch.

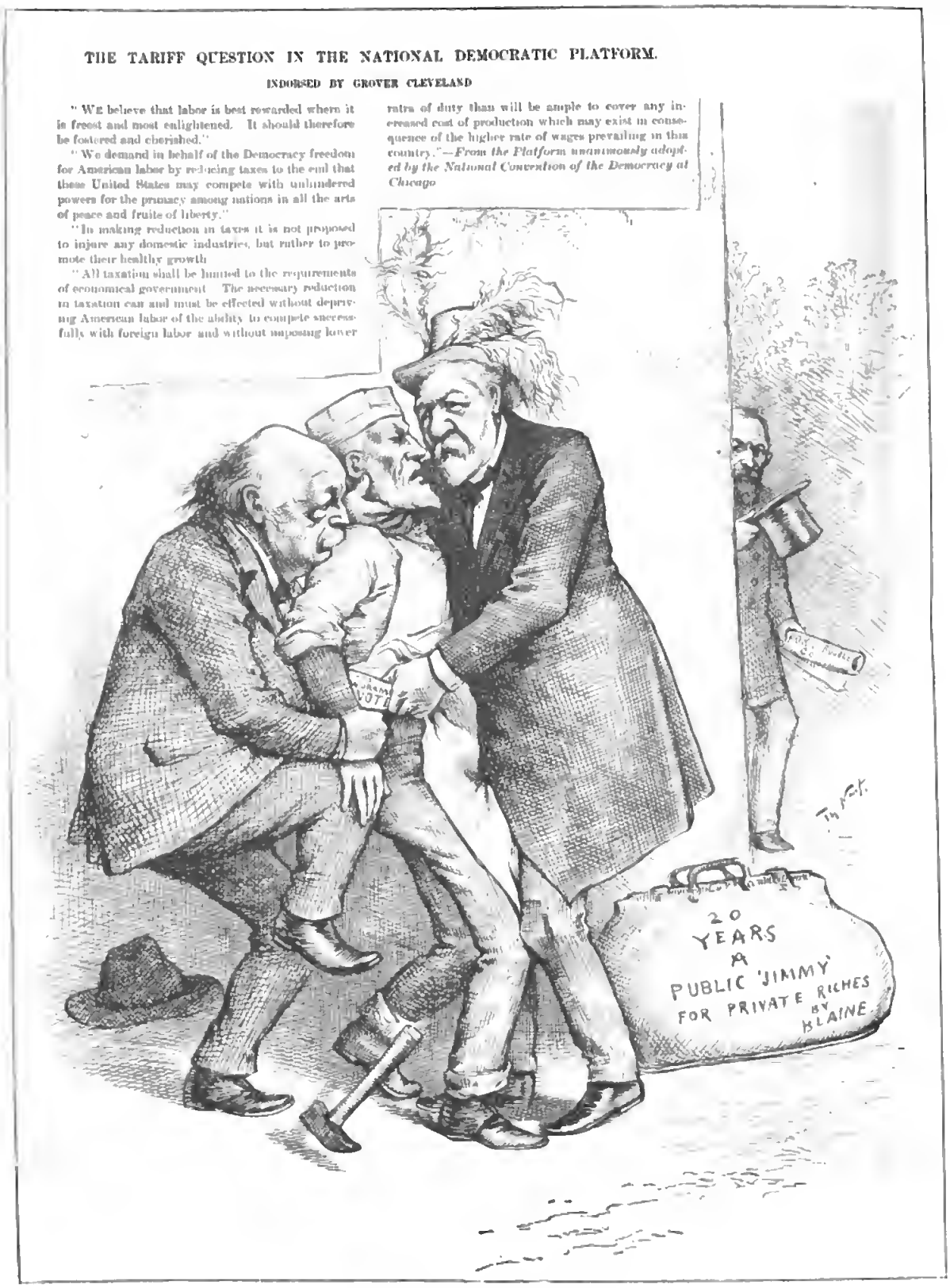
The method of election is an interesting survival of the intricate procedure of the old Italian republics. The presidents or captains, one of whom is always a noble, the other a citizen or rustic, are changed every six months; and a fortnight before their term of office expires, namely, in the middle of March and September, their successors are elected by ballot. "Twelve electors are chosen by lot from the Council of Sixty, and each proposes a candidate for the Presidency from among his fellow-councillors. Upon this the names of six of these, chosen by the majority of the whole council, are written upon three lots, it having been duly arranged that one noble and one of the other two estates be coupled together. These preliminaries having been completed, the whole council go in great pomp, accompanied by music and soldiery, to the parish church, toward the evening of the day on which the election takes place, their attendants carrying torches to add to the solemnity of the scene. Here the parish priest is in attendance, and having read aloud the names on the three lots, incloses them in three ballot balls, puts them into a silver urn, shakes it well, and then, in the presence of the assembled multitude, a little boy of about eight years extracts one of the lots which contains the names of the captains elect.

Then every 1st of April and 1st of September the new rulers solemnly assume office, and the outgoing captains vacate the seats of honor, and hand over the insignia, etc., to their successors. This the custodian assured us was a most touching ceremony; he had beheld foreigners, especially Frenchmen, actually moved to tears by it. The late captains have then to pass through a trying ordeal. In accordance with the old usage, they are literally called to account for their stewardship. While in office they were inviolate, but are now liable to punishment for any injustice or abuse of power that they may have committed.



TOO LITERAL.

Her lord enters in battered and disordered plight, and being greeted with some asperity, explains: "Hole on, Minny. I's gwine to splain. Yo' see, I wus at de primary, an dere wus a split—" She. "En jedgin' from yo' looks yo' muster ben right in de split. Come in yer," etc., etc.



HIGHWAY POLITICS.

A VOTE FOR BUTLER IS A VOTE *LOST—OR STOLEN.*

THE SAILOR AND HIS LASS.—DRAWN BY HENRY HAVER

A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE—THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT BATAVIA, OHIO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN A. KLEIN.—[SEE PAGE 729.]

MARRIAGE IN TARTARY.

Among the Kirghese the practice of polygamy obtains. Generally the eldest brother of a family has more than one wife. The first wife is mistress of the household, and is called *baibiche*. To her are subject not only her husband's other wives, but also all the other females of the family. The head of a household will often send a portion of his herds several hundreds of miles away under the care of this wife, whilst he himself will either remain with his other wives about the grazing ground, or go and encamp somewhere by himself. In winter the family comes together again. The manifold circumstances connected with marriage among the Kirghese are somewhat formidable, and involve the payment of a kalim, besides the giving of various presents. The affair is arranged as to its preliminaries by matchmakers, and the bridegroom, after betrothal, has sometimes to wait for a year or more until he can bring the remaining portion of the kalim. If during this period the betrothed girl should die, her parents are bound to give instead their next daughter, or in default to return the kalim, and pay also a fine of one or two horses and robes or furs. So also is it if the girl should refuse to marry, which she may do on account of the suitor's ill health, or his poverty, or (in some localities) her personal dislike.

Yet another custom is that if the bridegroom die or refuse to marry the girl, his parents are bound to take her for their next son, paying a fine, usually a camel, in case of refusal. When the prescribed period of betrothal is at an end, the bridegroom, dressed and mounted at his best, goes with his friends to the aul or village of the bride, where the tent has been prepared for his reception. Throughout the ceremonies of betrothal the bride's brother has the right of pilfering from the bridegroom whatever he pleases; but now the bride's relations come and take as presents almost everything he has—his coat, hat, girdle, horse, and saddle—saying each one that they are for the education of the bride—a measure that is afterward repaid by the relations of the bridegroom on the visit to their aul of the relations of the bride.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

FOOD FOR CHILDREN.

Before his first year is completed the little animal that we call a child makes a marked step in his development. The first teeth appear, the digestion begins to take on its new range of powers. "When teeth appear," says Dr. Frank Hamilton, "milk ceases to be the only natural food; when the tearing teeth appear, nature demands meat. Man is neither carnivorous, graminivorous, herbivorous, or vegetarian; he is omnivorous, demanding for his most perfect development a greater variety of food than any other animal."

This doctrine is the guide to the proper feeding of children. When the first teeth appear the child has gained the power of digesting starchy foods, and it is time to begin the process of gradual weaning. The child may then take such light food as bread and milk, and a little later a small quantity of broth or beef tea daily, or the yolk of a soft-boiled egg. But these foods should be only supplementary to milk; milk is to be the mainstay of the diet for a long time yet. When the weaning is completed, three meals a day will be found enough for most children, and indeed a much better régime than that of frequent feeding. The child should not be accustomed to wake in the night and demand food; it is a habit very hard to break, and one that injures the child and unduly tasks the parent. From the age of one to two years the diet need include nothing but milk, bread, potatoes in small quantity, and broth or beef tea.

As the child grows in digestive power a larger variety of diet is needed. Two mistakes are made, both injurious, in this matter of a varied diet for children. The first is in following the caprices of the child for food; this results in his getting all manner of aliments that are more or less indigestible, and in consequent sickness more or less serious. These errors from pampering the appetite are well known, but they are perpetuated by weak or careless parents; and they are as certainly fatal, in many cases, as the error of overfeeding during infancy. The child's constitution can, indeed, resist more ill usage during the second year than during the first. But nothing can be more injurious than letting a young child partake of a great variety of dishes, especially of such as are highly seasoned or much compounded in the preparation. This is well enough known to most parents; and yet it is wonderful to see what unscrupulous providers many parents are. What scenes of dietary confusion, resulting in what "creature complaints," do we not constantly see at boarding-house tables! The indolent parent, the ungoverned child, the elder malefactor stuffing the junior with pastry, croquettes, hot bread, and pickles, with tea and coffee as natives, and indeed everything else that should be rated as an extra-hazardous risk in matters of digestion—all this is a familiar picture; familiar, too, are the pasty complexions, the sour tempers, and the broken constitutions which are the result. On such a clear matter as this there should be no need of any warning, but the need exists, and will continue to exist as long as selfish parents and spoiled children remain with us.

The second mistake which I have to mention in the matter of children's diet is the reverse of the first; it is what I will call the prison-ration mistake. Some excellent parents forget that the child needs a reasonable variety of food as well as the adult; his enjoyment of this within limits is a thing to be kept in mind. It is not enough to feed a child on two or three things which the parent may consider theoretically the best nutriment. Many children do, indeed, grow up well and strong upon oatmeal or potatoes alone, but they would be better and happier upon a reasonably varied bill of fare. The question is not one of extremes; it is not what can be done with the diet of our little omnivorous animal, but what on the whole is the best to be done. We shall not do the best for him either by pampering his appetite or by keeping him down to oatmeal and potatoes. His tastes, his enjoyment, in eating are just as legitimate objects as our own; the only difference is that the child has not the power of controlling his tastes, and that their safe range is narrower than that of our own.

Within these limits, however, his diet should vary day by day. The veal, the hot bread, the pickles, the pastry, the tea, coffee, croquettes, and all other indigestible things may be excluded from the child's bill of fare, and yet leave quite enough to please and satisfy his appetite. After he is two years old he may be promoted to a fair variety of good, simple, and digestible articles of food. The ordinary soups, meats, and vegetables, if well cooked, may take their turn in moderation upon his menu; so may light puddings, and fruits of many kinds, whether stewed, roasted, or fresh. Of course they must be perfectly ripe. As to the amount of a child's food, there is no doubt but that overeating is a frequent cause of trouble. Nothing will serve to prevent this but the watchful care of the parent, and this is a thing that, in our land of boarding-houses and hotel life, is too often lacking. Watchful, intelligent care will do more to give health and strength to the young American than all the rules that were ever printed. The proper food for children is an eminently proper study for the mother.

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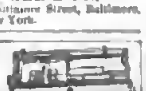

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 1433.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1884.

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ELECTION DAY—WATCHING THE RETURNS.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1884

THE RESULT.

THE result of the election will be known when this paper appears. Speculation upon it is useless. But however earnest and absorbing the contest may have been, we may certainly congratulate our readers and ourselves that the range of our topics and comments is enlarged by the end of the "campaign," and that we can now hope to give that variety even to these columns which the exigencies of a "campaign" do not permit. It has been a debate of unusual acrimony, because it involved the gravest differences within the parties, and whatever the result may be it will be impossible for some time to perceive the ultimate consequences of the peculiar conditions of the contest. This, however, is clear, and not a speculation, that the Independent Republican movement has been of the greatest service, whoever may be elected, because it has brought strongly into view the true nature and duties of party and party relations. What BURKE says of government is true of party, but it is constantly forgotten. "All government is founded upon compromise and barter. . . But in all fair dealing the thing bought must bear some proportion to the purchase paid. None will barter away the immediate jewel of the soul." That is to say, government, like party, is a means, not an end. Yet the tendency of a party is toward the overthrow of individual liberty. Consequently, although a seeming paradox, it is true that the best party men, that is to say, those who hold parties steadily to their legitimate and reasonable purpose, are the independent members who resist party slavery. But what is party slavery except tacit acquiescence in party commands, however unjustifiable and dangerous?

Independents who disclaim any party name are yet more or less party men; that is to say, the general tone and tendency of one party rather than of the other is more satisfactory to them. A party is not a church nor an army, and if refusal to support any party measure however wrong, or to vote for any party candidate however objectionable, be party treason and desertion, then political progress can be secured only by such treason. With every Presidential election a large number of young men cast their first vote, and are of course deeply interested in the campaign. Such young men in the debates of this year have heard something else than party appeals and party denunciations. They have heard more even than sound and candid party arguments. They fifty-five millions of population within the century and a practically popular election of the President, they would have foreseen also the feverish public turmoil, and they would have decided that a longer term would be more desirable.

It would be exceedingly unfortunate also if the defective system of finally determining the electoral vote should not be amended. The experience of 1876 should have convinced us of the justice of the warnings of statesmen and political philosophers, that the weak practical point of our whole system is the undefined method of determining the Presidential vote. The Senate has done its duty in this matter. It has adopted twice, and unanimously, the admirable scheme proposed by Mr. EDMUNDS. It is not partisan; it is not cumbrous. It is in strict accordance with the spirit and requirements of the Constitution, and there is no respectable reason why it should not become law. It is not a wise statesmanship which waits until the horse is stolen before it locks the door. Yet that is very common and familiar statesmanship. It is true that if people are very anxious for a thing they will ask for it. But we have known rural communities which were forced to pay enormous sums in damages by weak bridges—sums which they could have saved by a few planks and nails in time. One of the first tasks of Congress next month should be to take up this bill providing for the electoral count and make it law. It is a great mischief of the four years' Presidential term that its brevity keeps Congress constantly acting with a view to the election, and not to the real requirements of the country. Will there be no Republican or Democrat in the House of sufficient patriotism and public spirit to take up this question and press it to a decision?

ONE OF THE LESSONS.

ONE of the many lessons to be drawn from the late election is the folly, which was never more conspicuous than this year, of holding the municipal election in New York at the same time with the national election. The local election at such a time merely offers boundless opportunities for trading, which are shrewdly improved. These opportunities spring from the absurdity of introducing national politics into the city election, which was never more clearly illustrated than this year. National party organizations in the city are solely conveniences for trading. They are managed by professional politicians, that is to say, by men who make a living by politics. They reach an understanding with each other for the common benefit. This is a "deal." The innocent citizen goes to the poll, and takes his party ticket, and votes it, and is proud to have done his duty as a good party man. But he knows nothing of the candidates, and all that he has done is to serve as a pawn and dummy and make-weight for his party boss who made the deal. The great mass of citizens who vote the party ticket in the city merely because it is the party ticket are simply gulls.

If, now, the municipal election should be the only election which he must consider, every intelligent man who intended to vote could know what he was doing, and the chances for deals of every kind would be much diminished. The assertion that voters will not turn out if there is only a municipal election is not a valid argument for their turning out at a general election without knowing what they are about. If the citizens of New York do not care how they are governed, how heavy their taxes are, what is done with the money, or whether there are decent and honorable men in the government, they can only be taught to care by savage experience like that of the TWEED ring. But that does not affect the duty of providing conditions of elections by means of which, if good citizens choose, good municipal government will be possible.

The so called Republican City Convention at the late election did a great public service by its frank exposure of its methods and purpose. It nominated a ticket so preposterous that even some of the members of the convention protested and left the hall. The object of the nomination was to secure a party ticket to sell out to Tammany Hall. It was proposed by some of the seceders that a fitting candidate for Mayor should be nominated, so that the party decency might be preserved, and this plan certainly seems to have been preferable. When an excellent candidate is already nominated who has invaluable experience and undoubted ability for the office, and who is presented by citizens of both parties that there may be

A SPECIAL SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

ENGLISH politics have their intense excitements as well as ours although there is no quadrennial election of a chief executive magistrate. The general excitement of an election in England, however, shows that interest in the result does not depend upon the hope of a general change in the civil service, for when power passes from one English party to another the whole appointive civil service is substantially unaffected. There has been no general election in England for some time, but there is now a special session of Parliament to consider a bill for the enlargement of the franchise, and the position of the House of Lords toward it is such that Mr. GLADSTONE, in introducing the bill, is reported to have intimated a possible reform in the House of Lords, a suggestion requiring to be so delicately handled that he read it from manuscript—a very unusual proceeding.

The point of the conflict between the Commons and the Lords is the demand of the Tory leader, the Marquis of Salisbury, that the bill for a redistribution of the districts, as we should say, shall take precedence of the enlarged franchise. But the question is one upon which the House of Commons will not submit to any kind of dictation from the Upper House. The representation of the people is especially a question for the Commons, and if the Lords should be seriously hostile the situation could easily become exceedingly "strained." Even the London *Times* evidently regards the position as grave, and it suggests to the Peers to begin to reform themselves. But in a Parliamentary contest which takes the form of a conflict between the Houses the aim of the Peers, who are a permanent body, is to force a dissolution and an appeal to the country, in the hope of the election of a new House of Commons which shall be in accord with them. This, however, the Commons would resist, as they would now resist any attempt of the Peers to thwart them upon any important point. Fifty years ago, when the Reform Bill was pending, the ministry were ready to "swamp the Peers" by creating enough new ones to secure a majority if they did not yield, and public opinion would sanction such a measure much more readily now than then.

The Lords, however, are not likely to prolong a struggle of this kind when they once clearly ascertain the temper of the Commons. There are too many sagacious men among them who feel how totally their position as a privileged class of hereditary legislators is at variance with the spirit of the age and with the sentiment of England. The conservative instinct and habit of that country are very strong, and they preserve old forms and ancient institutions very tenaciously so long as they do not obstruct real progress or interfere with the will of the people. The Lords as a tradition, and as an ornamental part of the Constitution, and as enormous land-holders, and often men of trained mental power and political talent, are indeed very influential. But fortunately their instinct leads them to yield when resistance means defeat and possibly change. The result of the present situation seems to us forecast. The Commons will substantially have their way.

FOREIGN MILITARY MOVEMENTS.

OUR attention in this country has naturally been diverted from the English military operations in Egypt and the French war in China. But they have continued, nevertheless. In England the official correspondence has been published. The instructions to General WOLSELEY state the object of his expedition to be to bring back General GORDON and Colonel STEWART safely from Khartoum without any further offensive operations than may be necessary to that end. It is not the intention of the British or the Egyptian government to undertake the government of the Nile Valley beyond Wady Halfa or the second cataract, and General GORDON'S order to Colonel STEWART to burn Berber has been countermanded. Meanwhile General GORDON has offered freedom and pay to slaves who desert the Mahdi, and he hopes that this will overthrow slavery in the Soudan. But the whole situation is so obscure that speculation is baffled. The orders of the government to General WOLSELEY show only the determination not to attempt any control beyond Egypt, a conclusion which can hardly fail to be satisfactory to public opinion in England.

In China the French are strengthening their forces in Tonquin, and speculation upon the probable issue

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situation and its traditions preserve it from the chances of war. It has no entangling foreign alliances. It has no colonial system. It has no army to maintain, and to stimulate the military spirit by active campaigns. No state paper is more precious to us nor of greater influence than WASHINGTON'S farewell address, in which the soldier of the Revolution bids us cultivate peace. There could be no greater misfortune to this country than a spirit of what is called Jingoism, a disposition to a bumptious assertion of Americanism, as if Americanism were a restless and truculent self-assertion. A firm and equable foreign policy, based upon the principle of doing justice to other powers and requiring justice from them, without irritating suspicion or bluster—this is the true American policy. The appearance of any other spirit in an administration would be the just occasion of general anxiety and apprehension.

SECRETARY McCULLOCH.

THE return of Mr MCCULLOCH to the head of the Treasury is cordially welcomed. He is thoroughly fitted for the duties of the position, and his previous service is recalled with great satisfaction. He has the entire confidence of the business community, and all the more from the fact that he is not a politician. His experience will be of the greatest service in the position, and the President completes his cabinet circle in the most honorable and efficient way.

Judge GRESHAM retires to become United States Judge of the Seventh Circuit, and so withdraws from two high political stations to which he brought tried ability and unsullied character. His brief term in the Treasury was yet long enough for him to begin inquiries which his successor will doubtless continue.

Mr. MCCULLOCH shows the truest public spirit in undertaking this great trust so near the close of an administration, when a prolonged tenure is necessarily uncertain. But he has that high sense of public duty, even when its performance requires personal sacrifice, which makes patriots. As the *Times* truly says, the position adds nothing to the Secretary's deserved honors, but his acceptance is an admirable illustration of the character of the man.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

AMONG the excellent books which, appearing in the midst of an exciting political campaign, are likely to be overlooked is the *Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor*, prepared by Mrs TAYLOR and Mr SCUDDER. The work is most carefully and affectionately done, and with great completeness it gives a full-length portrait of an American author who was exceedingly beloved by a host of friends, and whose life was a marvel of literary activity. No man of letters had ever a higher sense of the dignity and sacredness of his calling than BAYARD TAYLOR, and our literary history shows no more striking example of the faithful cultivation of every gift and the inspiring enthusiasm of the literary life.

TAYLOR was the sweetest and simplest of men, of undoubted talent, of many successes, of an enormous capacity of labor, a delightful companion, a world-wide traveller, a popular lecturer, of great skill in languages, and a remarkable master of German. He was a careful student of literature, and a man of great literary ambition who accomplished much. He died, after many honors, as Minister to Germany, not an old man, but apparently suddenly, although not surprisingly, worn out. The progressive story of this life is admirably told in this book. But, upon the whole, it does not leave the impression of a happy life, notwithstanding the fortunate temperament and the apparent success. The reason as shown in the book is twofold—his lofty ambition as a poet, which was not gratified by the consciousness of adequate recognition, and the necessity of incessant literary drudgery with his pen.

TAYLOR was deeply dissatisfied with his early and easy success as a traveller and narrator of travels. He had a very high and serious literary aim, and nothing shows more agreeably the manly ingenuousness of his character than his willingness to put aside an unsatisfactory success in the sincere endeavor to deserve a higher and more enduring renown. Apart from its personal interest, the book has great value as a picture of the life of an American workingman of letters; and to those who knew BAYARD TAYLOR and loved him, it is delightful to see how fresh was his heart, how generous and how gentle, to the sudden end.

A HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY.

THE celebration of the hundredth birthday of Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE was very general both in this country and Europe, and it is a striking illustration of the happy progress of public sentiment that it was a tribute paid to a Hebrew. It would have been inconceivable to an Englishman of the time of the EDWARDS that the crown of England would confer knighthood upon a Jew, and that hosts of good people in all countries would unite upon his birthday in rising with affectionate reverence to call him blessed.

The name of MONTEFIORE is that of a charitable benefactor, not to his own kindred in race and faith only, but to all men. The good man is the man who lives to do good. His opinions may be what they will. Of those we can know only what he tells us; and it is not the opinion, but

fully, and universally paid to a Quaker and a Jew—are harbingers of the better time, which comes surely, however slowly; and it is pleasant to think of the venerable Hebrew as looking upon the course of time in regard to his own people with the feeling which the Quaker sings:

> "That care and trial seem at last,
> Through memory's sunset air,
> Like mountain ranges overpast
> In purple distance fair
>
> "That all the jarring notes of life
> Seem blending in a psalm,
> And all the angles of its strife
> Slow rounding into calm."

HONORS TO WHITTIER.

AMONG recent suggestive events none is more significant of a certain change of sentiment than the pleasant ceremony of the presentation of a portrait of JOHN G. WHITTIER to the venerable "Friends' Boarding School" in Providence. The institution is familiar to all Friends as one of the best schools in their denomination. It is charmingly situated upon the long eastward slope of the high ground that dominates the city of Providence, and upon which Brown University is situated. The school, which was formerly in the retired outskirts of the city, has seen the nearer advance of houses and streets, and although it has lost something of its rural seclusion, it still retains its groves and ample grounds, and the spirit of the school illustrates, as this incident suggests, the modifying influence of time even upon the austerity of Friends. In one of the halls there is, we believe, a grand piano, and there are busts of JOHN BRIGHT and ELIZABETH FRY, and portraits of other famous Friends.

This shows a kindly practice of the world's people creeping in "with petty pace" among the Friends. But what could be a wiser and better conformity? What more properly stimulating to every just and generous impulse than for the young Friend to see the faces of the benefactors whom his form of religious belief has given to the world? What pleasanter than to read the tribute of the great English orator to the poet of New England, brethren in the same sweet and simple religious faith? WHITTIER'S brother bards and old friends contributed their words of salutation and admiration and affection, and the principal of a kindred institution in Pennsylvania delivered an oration upon the character and services of the poet. Dr. HOLMES and Mr. LOWELL, the two most eminent survivors with WHITTIER of the recent group of New England poets, each sent his friendly greeting, Dr. HOLMES a letter, and Mr LOWELL this sonnet:

> "New England's poet, rich in love as years,
> Her hills and valleys praise thee, and her brooks
> Dance to thy song; to her grave sylvan nooks
> Thy feet allure us, which the wood-thrush hears
> As maids their lovers, and no treason fears.
> Through thee her Merrimacs and Agiochooks,
> And many a name uncouth, win loving looks,
> Sweetly familiar to both Englands' ears.
> Peaceful by birthright as a virgin lake,
> The lily's anchorage, which no eyes behold
> Save those of stars, yet, for thy brother's sake
> That lay in bonds, thou blew'st a blast as bold
> As that wherewith the heart of Roland brake,
> Far heard through Pyrenean valleys cold."

The letter of JOHN BRIGHT showed how truly WHITTIER speaks to the heart of the older England, and JOHN BRIGHT'S felicitous quotation of poetry in his orations proves the value of his praise. WHITTIER himself sent a characteristically modest and charming letter:

"I have reached an age when flattery ceases to deceive and notoriety is a burden, and the faint shadow of literary reputation fails to hide the solemn realities of life; but a genuine token of love and good will has no limitations of time, and is never out of place. I scarcely need, therefore, say that I highly appreciate the generous compliment paid me by my much-valued friend in placing my portrait in the old and honored institution under thy charge. I confess that I heard the first intimation of his purpose with some surprise and misgiving, as I looked back upon a life, not, indeed, without honest endeavor, yet marked by many weaknesses and errors. If, however, this gift of my friend shall testify our common interest in the Friends' school, and faith in the principles and testimonies of its founders, and if it shall serve to remind those who see it that whatever may seem worthy of commendation in the life of its original is due, not to himself, but to the divine providence which surrounded his youth and strengthened his manhood, I shall be more than satisfied. I need not say to thee, my dear friend, that although I am a Quaker by birthright and sincere convictions, I am no sectarian in the strict sense of the term. My sympathies are with the broad church of humanity. Nevertheless, if one has to be 'hung in effigy,' he may have some choice as to the place of execution, and it goes far in reconciling me to my own fate to know that the ceremony, in which I must be a passive participant, will be performed in a hall of learning of the Society of Friends."

One phrase in this letter expresses clearly the precise spirit which, by relaxing a certain rigidity among the older Friends, now adds a fresh charm to the denomination. It is the spirit to which the Providence school owes the portraits and the piano: "Although I am a Quaker by birthright and sincere conviction, I am no sectarian in the strict sense of the term." This is the tendency which softens and humanizes every religious organization, and it is the spirit which gives such tender pathos of humanity to the poetry of WHITTIER.

PERSONAL.

of health and good spirits in gentle scientific exercise. His father is a Presbyterian minister, and in his mother's veins flows the blood of Captain KIDD, who fought in WASHINGTON'S army.

—Mrs. BELVA LOCKWOOD is a graduate of the National University Law School, and practices at the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States. She is counsel for more than two thousand persons who are interested in the pension law. She has defended murderers and other criminals before the most obstinate juries. Her first husband died of consumption, and her late husband was an invalid for many years previous to his departure from her side. Governor CLEVELAND admits his rival to be a very remarkable woman. She is about fifty, with iron-gray hair, and a pleasant, animated face.

—The grave of RICHARD BAXTER has no stone to mark it in the chancel of Christ Church, London, and the vicar of that church asks for one hundred pounds with which to remedy the omission. "Who can doubt," he writes, "that after life's fitful fever RICHARD BAXTER sleeps well, and that he has entered into that everlasting rest which while on earth he so wistfully contemplated and so sweetly discoursed upon? But his name belongs to the religious history of our country, and it is not well that the last resting-place of so good a man should be so utterly forgotten." BAXTER'S name belongs as well to the religious history of the English-speaking race, and there are thousands of Americans who gladly would honor his memory.

—The death of that intelligent and prosperous colored man JAMES WORMLEY, proprietor of Wormley's Hotel at Washington, D. C., called forth many expressions of respect, which served as a fine commentary on the possibilities of the negro race in a free country. His parents were never slaves. His hotel was the regular stopping-place of hundreds of distinguished Democrats and Republicans.

—A recent issue of the *Pall Mall Gazette* contains an interesting "interview" with Mr WILL CARLETON, in which one "laureate of the scattered Western life," as he was hailed in England, gave his impressions of the old World in a manner that showed that he had travelled with his eyes open. Mr CARLETON has just returned home from an extended tour in Europe.

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* regards CARLETON as one of the most original of American poets. "It has been given to him," it says, "to impart to American poetic literature something of the native color and vigor which has been wanting in the works of other American poets. LONGFELLOW caught some of the local spirit in 'Hiawatha,' and LOWELL has been peculiarly happy in the quaint touches of local character and humor which distinguish his 'Biglow Papers' from all other verse whatsoever. But the great bulk of American poetic literature bears the English impress, follows English lines of thought, and echoes English sentiment. Mr. CARLETON'S work does not present these leading features. His lyre is not of the loftiest, but his inspiration is essentially a home product."

—The late Lord LYTTON to his wife after the birth of their daughter: "Do not let a being, however dear it necessarily will and ought to be to you, but which is only just come into the world, in which I for three years have known and loved you—do not let it be so dear to you as one who has given, and will give, you proofs of affection which that can not for many years equal, and which it can never exceed. That a creature hitherto without sense, knowledge, feeling, attachment, should at once become dearer to you than I am, I do not and will not believe. If it were the case, one of us would, indeed, be utterly unworthy of the other."

—ARABI Pasha, the celebrated Egyptian exile, is of noble carriage and lofty stature. His intelligent face is surrounded by a long black beard, his lips are not thick, and his forehead is not low. He converses with the ease and pleasantness of a cultivated gentleman, and praises "the extraordinary energy" of General GORDON. He lives in Ceylon with his wives and his children in luxurious captivity. Egypt, he says, is too near Europe, too directly in contact with modern ideas, to permit of her being subjugated to a state of vassalage like that of the principalities of the Rajahs.

—M. MAX O'RELL has ascertained that when a French woman marries, her good time begins, but when an English woman marries, hers comes to an end. "The French woman," he adds, "is more graceful and piquant than the English woman, but less wholesome and fresh. Her eyes are brighter, her mouth is much prettier, and her waist more shapely; but her skin is not so white, and much less firm. Pedestrianism and baths, these are the secret of English women's health."

—Fifteen years ago Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE, then eighty-five years old, was walking in a little garden in Ramsgate, on the coast of England. Near a noble tomb were one filled grave and an empty one. A friend who accompanied him asked, "Why this empty grave?" "That is for me," replied the philanthropist; "in the other lies my wife. Her soul is with me still, as she was with me in life. She was my guiding-star, and now looks down upon me."

—The fine Titian owned by Professor CORNELIUS FELTON of Harvard University has been lent by him to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where it will stay a year.

—A rich Indian Rajah died recently of a carbuncle in France. His suite begged permission to cremate him. Permission was obtained by telegraph from Paris. At two o'clock in the morning the coffin was set on fire out-doors, under the great white cliffs of Étretat. In four hours the body had become ashes, one-third of which was thrown into the sea, another third to the winds, and the remainder put in a vase to be sent to India.

—Professor HUXLEY is not handsome, save as handsome is that handsome does, but his daughters—one of whom is to be married next spring—are among the prettiest girls in London.

—GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, in his delightful book on Holland, does a grave injustice in calling himself a cold, sad cynic. If he is a cynic at all, he is the merriest one afloat. His conversation is usually flavored with that dash of sarcasm which ANTHONY TROLLOPE described as characteristic of his own ideal man and woman.

—Friends of the late Professor GROSS, the distinguished surgeon of Philadelphia, have caused to be inscribed upon the urn containing his ashes the following interesting inscription: "In Memoriam. Within this urn lie the ashes of SAMUEL DAVID GROSS, a master in surgery. His life, which neared the extreme limits of the Psalmist, was one unbroken succession of laborious years. He filled chairs in four medical colleges in as many States of the Union, and added lustre to them all. He found surgical science as taught in North America, formulated anew its principles, enlarged its domain, added to its art, and imparted fresh impetus to its study.

LONG ISLAND FISHERMEN.—"DIVIDING UP."—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.—(SEE PAGE 735.)

"JOHN THORNDYKE HAUNTED HER TO THE DOOR HARE-HEADED."—[See Serial, "From Poor to Purse," Page 736.]

"THE WEEKLY MAIL."—From a Pastelle of W. T. Smedley, in Possession of Thomas Bernard Clarke, Esq.

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FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Breezie Langton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

GERALD'S IDENTITY PROCLAIMED.

We are most of us blessed with spinster aunts. I am not speaking ironically of that acidulated maiden lady who, in consideration of having money to leave behind her, deems herself entitled both to cross-examine us about our doings, and lecture us severely should they not meet her approval, but of one of those dear old ladies who are pleased with small attentions, who take the greatest interest in the careers of all the family, who keep up a desultory correspondence with every branch of it, and are always doing small kindnesses to some of "the failures" amongst us. They invariably know more about the family as a whole than any one, and are usually, in some occult way, among the first to hear of any good or evil that may have befallen us. Ellen Rockingham had an aunt of the latter type, whom she regarded as a real infliction. Aunt Mary, Mrs. Rockingham's elder sister, was a sweet-tempered, chatty old lady, with a modest independence and a large circle of acquaintance, amongst whom she was extremely popular. Moving, as she did, from one country house to another, and living when in London in quiet apartments in the vicinity of Portman Square, she was always quite *au fait* with all the current topics of the day, to say nothing of its gossip. Ellen was one of the few people who didn't get on with Aunt Mary, and the cause of discord was Ellen's extreme religious views. Miss Stacey was quite orthodox, but very conventional in her worship. The old lady was quite content with going to church once on the Sabbath, and deemed it no great sin to indulge in forty winks during the sermon. She was quiet and unostentatious in her little charities, and perhaps did no great good in her life, but then she assuredly did many little kindnesses and no harm. Aunt Mary a little laughed at Ellen's night schools and plans for the elevation of the bucolic mind, and thought that the Cranley people infinitely preferred their Christmas coals and blankets to drowsy discourses, and the shrewd practical help in time of trouble of the late Rector to the methodistical teaching and stern rebukes for improvidence that the present Incumbent so delighted to administer. Of course Aunt Mary was right. Humanity does prefer a shilling and a kindly word to the shilling with the addenda of a severe lecture on the want of thrift that necessitates the need of it.

Now Aunt Mary, in the expansiveness of her nature, when she heard of Alister Rockingham's death and the ruin that followed, had written promptly to her sister, and proposed that she and Ellen should make their home with her, a proposition which was kindly but firmly rejected. Still, Aunt Mary naturally took the keenest interest in the fallen fortunes of her sister. Some of the sunniest days of her life had been passed at Cranley, and she had entertained a most sincere affection for her brother-in-law. That Aunt Mary maintained a constant correspondence with St. Leonard's Place may easily be imagined, and she was therefore fully informed of Gerald's mysterious disappearance. She knew how uneasy his mother and sister were about him, but what she did not know was the change his father's death had wrought in Gerald. The last time she saw her nephew he had been a bright, laughter-loving boy, but the stern compulsion of earning his own living, and the knowledge that his mother and sister must depend upon him for those luxuries which were almost necessities for women brought up as they had been, had hardened his character and transformed him at one bound into a man. The small income derived from the few thousands settled on Mrs. Rockingham at her marriage was all that she and Ellen had left to them, and Gerald was very anxious to supplement that to some extent.

Mixing a good deal in society, Miss Stacey was not very long before she heard the mysterious Jim Forrest talked about. People, indeed, began to be very full of this little romance after Goodwood. From the club smoking-rooms the story of the gentleman who had turned professional jockey speedily spread all through the London world, and many curious eyes were bent on the lad's dark face from among the brilliant throng that crowded the grand stand at the great Ducal meeting. Still, Jim escaped recognition on that occasion, but the attention that had now been drawn to him made it, as Farrington had warned him, quite impossible that he could do so much longer.

Ere the October meetings were over at Newmarket he had been recognized by some Yorkshire gentlemen as young Gerald Rockingham, and the fact was soon noised all over the Heath. The first intimation Gerald received that his incognito was at an end came from Lord Whitby. The news had reached the ears of that sporting but choleric old peer, and happening to encounter Gerald shortly afterward in the Birdcage, he astonished him not a little by holding out his hand and exclaiming, "I shall be proud to make your acquaintance, Mr. Rockingham. I knew your poor father well, and a better, kinder-hearted fellow never breathed. Gad! I admire your pluck, and, by Jove! you're likely to do what neither your father nor myself ever did—make money out of racing."

"I had to do something for myself, Lord Whitby," replied Gerald, as he shook hands, "and bar ride and shoot, there seemed nothing I could do. I have done pretty well so far."

"Pretty well! I should think you had. The way you got Pibroch home at Goodwood would have been a credit to any of the old hands. Dammo, I'll give one a turn myself before long. I can trust one because one are one of us; but, for all that, don't back your mount when one don my colors. My horses never can win, somehow."

"Jim Forrest" thanked his lordship, but, for all that, he did not particularly covet any of his riding. The irascible peer was notorious on the turf for his persistent bad luck, and his violent outbursts of temper in consequence. It was not the money, for he was enormously wealthy, and, to do him justice, nobody cared less about money than Lord Whitby, but he did hate being beaten. In the first tempest of his wrath at defeat—and horses will at times fail to do what is expected of them—he was wont to cast round for some scapegoat upon whom the cause of his disappointment might be properly fathered. Obviously his trainer and jockey stood out as the proper recipients of his ever strongly expressed feelings on such occasions, and no man on the turf had changed his trainers and jockeys so often as Lord Whitby. It struck Jim at once that a ride on one of his lordship's nameless horses might be productive of much unpleasantness, albeit he had done his very best by his mount. His not naming his colts was another idiosyncrasy of the hot-tempered though kind-hearted nobleman.

That the mysterious Jim Forrest is none other than the son of Alister Rockingham, who died a ruined man at the commencement of the year, stricken to the death by his terrible losses over the Phaeton Ledger, is a tale that spreads like wild-fire through the clubs and amidst country houses, and it is not long before Aunt Mary, sojourning in one of these latter, is made aware of it, her informant having no suspicion that Miss Stacey was the aunt of this young Centaur who had just appeared above the turf horizon. Aunt Mary was thunder-struck; she hardly knew for some hours what to think of it. That a Rockingham should be getting his living in such fashion seemed terrible in the old lady's eyes, but at the same time she could not but admire the way in which her feather-pated nephew had met the shock of disaster, and then again Aunt Mary had lived too much in the horse-loving country and amongst racing men not to feel a wee bit proud of his deeds of "derring do" in the saddle. No need to laugh at the word, though it is only the initiated of the race-course who comprehend the nerve, head, and hands it requires to come round Tattenham Corner "on the rails."

Aunt Mary, on the receipt of the news, hurried up to her bedroom to think it all out. Firstly, had Mrs. Rockingham and Ellen the faintest idea of what Gerald was doing—it was some weeks since she had heard from them; and secondly, what were they all to do about it? That Gerald had taken his life into his own hands, and was little likely to listen to what kith or kin said concerning the manner of it, was a thing that Aunt Mary had no conception of. The good soul thought that she would have to assist at a little family council, consisting of herself, her sister, and her niece, at which whether it was possible for Gerald to continue this—well, she would call it eccentric freak—might be calmly debated; and, actuated by that impression, made up her mind to write to York at once. The only question was whether it were best to write to Mrs. Rockingham or Ellen. She was quite aware that she did not quite hit it off with her niece; but then she was quite alive to her being a very much stronger character than her mother. Still, Aunt Mary could not help thinking that Ellen would be very much shocked at the calling it had pleased her brother to adopt. It might be lucrative; he might be a great success in it; but surely it was rather *infra dig* for a Rockingham to be riding race-horses for hire.

She knew that, though Ellen was no doubt sincere in her Calvinistic doctrines, humility entered but small into her profession of faith. She judged rightly that her niece would carry her head high as ever in adversity, being quite aware that Ellen was as proud a girl as ever stepped. She felt pretty sure that Mrs. Rockingham and her daughter must be still in ignorance of this caprice—so Aunt Mary called it to herself—of Gerald's. Still, it was only right that they should be made acquainted with it, now poor Alister was gone. Gerald had nobody to look to for advice but his mother and sister; and a boy of eighteen required some guidance in shaping his life.

Ah! Aunt Mary, you don't know that boys with any grit in them settle these things best for themselves, and without much reference to their womankind.

So Aunt Mary sat down and indited a letter to her niece, in which she told the story of Gerald's career as far as she had been able to learn it. There were plenty of people who were able to narrate the history of Jim Forrest; but Miss Stacey was a little shy in her inquiries if she thought people the least aware that she was the rising horseman's aunt. Still, so much was it the topic of conversation that in a few days she had got over all sensitiveness on that point. The men—and their opinion does count for something in the long-run—were pretty well unanimous in their admiration both of his pluck and his horsemanship.

"When a fellow's ruined, by Jove! you know, what's a fellow to do?" observed the Hon. Bob Mosley, who, having reached that same crisis some ten years previously, had lived comfortably on his friends and relations ever since. "He's quite right to see if he can't get back some of the money the confounded beggars took from his father"—a [illegible] which, though a little incoherent, inasmuch as that the book-makers who follow the *figures* should in the long-run invariably get the best of the backers who follow their *fancies*, simply meant that Alister Rockingham had shared the fate that has attended so many all through a backing of the favorite.

Even the women for the most part seemed to think there was nothing derogatory in the line Gerald had taken up. It was so eccentric!—it was so romantic! Then he was a success!—and women love success. He was quite a lion; and they love that still more. Then, again, he was said to be good-looking, and tongues were wagging much about him; and finally, when Lady Di Franton declared she would bring up her youngest boy to the same profession, Aunt Mary altogether succumbed before the verdict of that sporting peeress, and wished now that she had unfolded the tale of Gerald's iniquity in less despondent fashion.

We are all influenced more or less by the opinions of our fellows—women more especially—and with good reason, for none of them can afford to ignore any combined opinion of their own sex. Aunt Mary suddenly found herself quite a personage of some little importance, simply owing to her relationship with the fashionable jockey. That all this should produce a complete reaction in Aunt Mary's opinion was only natural. Upon first hearing of Gerald's career she had felt not a little ashamed; now, as might have been expected, she waxed rather garrulous concerning it, and pronounced his conduct noble, nay, heroic; confided to her hearers that her nephew was the grandest horseman this or any other age had seen, and then proceeded to recount sundry of his youthful exploits on his pony with the York and Ainsty, or over the Cranley pastures.

At length Aunt Mary received a reply to her letter. Ellen's answer ran as follows:

"My dear Aunt,—You know how anxious we have been about Gerald and what he was doing; but even that anxiety was easier to bear than the dreadful things you sent us. How he can have so utterly forgotten what he owes to his family as to accept such employment as you talk of would be beyond my comprehension but for one thing. He is the victim at present of an unfortunate entanglement with a young person, the daughter of a man of that class; and though, in the first instance, I looked upon it as a mere boyish flirtation, I fear it is likely to end much more seriously.

"I fancy I can hear you say, 'You don't mean he is thinking of marrying her?' Yes, my dear aunt, I am very much afraid that is what he will do, in spite of all our remonstrances. You don't know how Gerald has altered of late. He has become so hard and obstinate, and takes his own way about things without reference to mamma or me. That the strange career he has adopted was at that young woman's suggestion I have no doubt; that our united persuasions will fail to induce him to abandon it I have also no doubt, and yet surely it is our duty to try what we can do.

"Here Gerald's dreadful secret is as yet unknown; but for you, Aunt Mary, how I pity you! I wonder how you ever dare face society. It must be so very awkward to [illegible] stared at as the near relative of a professional jockey, or to have to listen to the comments made on Gerald's conduct by those ignorant of the relationship. Our ruin, except for mamma's sake, I felt but little, and can not help owning that I think Gerald might have spared us this disgrace. I will send you his address as soon as I know it, and you will write to him, won't you? It is our duty to do all we can to save him from the life of degradation he has chosen.

"Good-by. Kindest love from mamma, who, like myself, is quite upset by this new affliction.

"Ever, dear Aunt Mary,

"Your affectionate niece,

"Ellen Rockingham."

The news that Gerald meant to marry among those of his vocation was a blow Miss Stacey was quite unprepared for. She knew very well that though society in its caprice might applaud "Jim Forrest" the successful jockey, and even make a lion of him, they would not recognize his wife if she sprang from that class; and then Aunt Mary pictured a buxom young woman with hoydenish manners, as unlike Dollie as possible, and knit her brows as she wondered what the family would be able to make of her. However, she reflected, Gerald was only just nineteen, and Ellen probably overrated his obstinacy. When he was seriously talked to by them all, he would no doubt see that this could not be. Boys did get engaged in this ridiculous fashion sometimes, but nothing ever came of it. Gerald's offending would terminate, no doubt, in the usual fashion.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ELLEN CONSULTS JOHN THORNDYKE.

Her letter to Aunt Mary barely conveyed Ellen's real view on the subject of Gerald's offending. She really could not have been more horrified at hearing her brother was somebody's stud groom, a most respectable and trustworthy position, no doubt, but not one that any girl, born a lady, could feel anything but shocked at finding her brother holding. She racked her brain as to what was to be done. That anything she, her mother, or her aunt could say would turn him from his course she utterly disbelieved; but that he was to be left to continue such a disgraceful calling without stern remonstrance on the part of his near relatives Ellen thought would be monstrous, and argue disgraceful neglect of a mere boy on their part. But who was to speak to him? Ah! that was not quite so easy to say. There were plenty of people, no doubt, who might speak, but to whom of them was Gerald likely to pay the slightest attention? To those related or connected with him, Miss Rockingham made answer to herself—None.

Then Ellen had an inspiration—what if she should ask John Thorndyke to expostulate with him? She did not herself at all hold with those very Broad Church views which characterized the Rector of St. Margaret's, but her common-sense told her that, could they be brought together, this was the man of all others to talk to her brother about the disgrace he was bringing upon his family. And yet she felt a little shy about entering into family affairs with Mr. Thorndyke. Still, to whom was she to speak? Something must be done, and at once, and if any one could appeal to Gerald with some chance of success, the liberal-minded and whilom sporting Rector—for he owned freely and mirthfully to that backsliding—was, she thought, the man to do it. Miss Rockingham had seen a good deal of John Thorndyke lately, and had conceived a great respect and esteem for him. She still held that his bold views and frank outspoken treatment of things religious savored of want of reverence, yet she was fain to confess that she could not call Mr. Thorndyke himself irreverent, while she acknowledged that the man was thoroughly honest and in earnest. If his treatment of his parishioners was, to say the best of it, peculiar in her eyes, she knew that he nevertheless worked hard amongst them, and had undoubtedly won their confidence and regard, while those short stirring addresses, with a good deal of sting in them too, at times, she saw roused the congregation in a manner that she looked in vain for elsewhere. Miss Rockingham wondered at times whether Mr. Thorndyke might not understand how to influence men's hearts better than Mr. Brushley, who, though he preached at considerable length, was wont to have a soporific effect on his hearers. She was still a constant attendant in the latter's church, and took an inconsiderable part in the work of that parish, but in this her hour of trouble it was John Thorndyke whose help she determined to seek, and not that of the clergyman of her election. Ellen felt instinctively that Gerald would listen with scant patience to an appeal from Mr. Brushley, but thought somehow with John Thorndyke it might be different.

It was a cold, raw November day that Ellen, wrapped in furs, relics of her former grandeur, of the time when she was Miss Rockingham of Cranley Chase, made her way across the city in the direction of Walmgate Bar.

The parish of St. Margaret's clustered round the splendid old gate which, with barbican and portcullis, dominates the Hull road, standing in rather a poor-looking part of the city, tenanted in great measure by the artisan class. Ellen had never been to Mr. Thorndyke's house before, but had no difficulty in finding it, there being plenty of people ready to point out where t' parson lived. In answer to her inquiry Miss Rockingham was informed that Mr. Thorndyke was out, but would probably be in before many minutes. Would she step in and wait?

"I'll show you into the study, if you'll excuse it, miss," said the servant-girl, in response to Ellen's assent. "There is no fire in the drawing-room, and it's a raw morning. Master said he should be in by this, and he's mostly pretty close to [illegible] time."

Ellen looked round the room with the curiosity we all feel upon first seeing the sanctum of any one in whom we feel interested. It was not a large room by any means, and the walls were lined from top to bottom with book-cases. In the centre stood a writing-table, not a gimcrack dandified davenport, but a large, serviceable oaken one, covered with dark leather, and well garnished with drawers. Another plain, square table in the window, a comfortable arm-chair on either side of the fire-place, and a few other chairs scattered about, pretty well completed the furniture of the apartment. The tops of the book-cases were decorated with the busts of some of the most illustrious Greek and English poets—Æschylus and Homer, Shakespeare and Milton, etc.—while the book-cases contained a *mélange* that would have misled any one studying their contents considerably as to the position in the world occupied by their proprietor. Rows of the Greek dramatists and of the English classics clothed the shelves on the one side of the room, while on the other was a nearly complete edition of the "Racing Calendar," works on farming, treatises on angling, beginning with Izaak Walton, and then going down to what the more modern writers on scientific fishing had written on the subject. Judging from that room, you would have pronounced the master of the house a scholar and a sportsman, but there was nothing suggestive that he was a clergyman.

Ellen had not to wait long before Thorndyke entered.

"Charmed to see you, Miss Rockingham, though I regret that I should have kept you waiting. Still, I am glad that my people had the sense to show you into a room where there was a fire."

"I have come to consult you about a rather painful business," said Ellen, as they shook hands.

"I am sorry to hear it," replied Thorndyke, "but don't be in a hurry. Take your own time to tell me what your trouble is. I need scarcely say you are welcome to any advice or assistance I can give. Nothing the matter with Mrs. Rockingham, I trust?"

"No, thank you; my mother is quite well. It is about my brother that I wish to speak to you."

John Thorndyke made no reply, but quietly dropped into the arm-chair opposite Ellen, and waited for her to begin. He knew at once that she had at last discovered how Gerald was earning his bread, and from what the Rector knew of Miss Rockingham's feelings on such points, guessed that the discovery was a cruel mortification to her.

"You know how anxious we were to find out where my brother was, and what he was doing. We have heard at last, and, oh, Mr. Thorndyke, it's too dreadful—too disgraceful! He is getting his living as a common jockey."

"Not quite that, Miss Rockingham, for he is already eminent in the profession of his adoption.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1439.

You must forgive me neither feeling surprised nor shocked at what you tell me. I have known it some time. I don't know why, but last August, at Durnford's, when Farrington told us the history of Jim Forrest, I jumped to the conclusion that he was your brother. Still, it was not till a couple of months later that I found my surmise was correct, and the confirmation of it came in a letter Farrington wrote to Durnford, in which he said, 'Fancy, my gentleman jockey, the Jim Forrest I told you about, turns out to be the brother of that handsome Miss Rockingham whom I met at your house last summer!'"

"Yes; my aunt wrote word that the story was in every one's mouth. Poor Aunt Mary! No doubt she hardly dare go out for fear of being pointed at as the lady who has got a professional jockey for a nephew."

"Quite the reverse, I imagine, from what I hear. There is something so romantic in the idea of a son recovering from the quicksands of the turf the argosy his father lost therein that your brother, Miss Rockingham, if he chose, might be the lion of the day. Titled and fashionable ladies would compete for his company at their table; but I am told he lives the life of an anchorite, and is not to be tossed from his seclusion by mere 'cakes and ale,' or 'ginger hot i' the mouth.'"

"Mr. Thorndyke!" cried Ellen, rising indignantly; "I come to you in my trouble, and you jeer at me—make a jest of what assuredly is no jesting matter to me."

"Miss Rockingham," said the Rector, quietly, but with a sternness the girl had never encountered before in his manner, "I am not in the habit of jeering at people who come to me in their hour of sorrow. My office brings before me too many tales of real suffering that I am powerless to alleviate not to leave me tender-hearted and, I trust, sympathetic. If I have treated your trouble somewhat lightly, it is because it is imaginary. I have told you what I firmly believe to be the truth concerning it. Your brother is not held by the world to have disgraced himself, but, on the contrary, to have distinguished himself, and might, if he chose, be the lion of the hour."

"You can't really mean this, Mr. Thorndyke?" cried Ellen, perfectly agasp at such an utterly new reading of Gerald's conduct.

"Indeed I do. I look upon it that the world generally have the good sense to recognize the pluck and independent spirit that led your brother to turn to and support himself in the manner he best might, instead of sponging on his friends for the miserable bread of indolence. Remember, Miss Rockingham, that it is not given to all of us to follow the path in life we would have fain chosen for ourselves."

"And I counted upon you to speak to him, and point out the disgrace he was bringing upon his name and family," murmured Ellen.

"But I don't see that he is doing anything of the kind," rejoined Thorndyke. "Although I have no plea on which to intrude my advice upon your brother, still, had he fallen into vicious courses or amongst evil associates, I would have done your bidding, Miss Rockingham. Gerald is leading a healthful life, and following a profession that requires energy, abstinence, and self-control. A young fellow can go through no better discipline; the worst of it is it's a little too severe, and apt to produce a reaction resulting in a very Capua of self-indulgence."

"And you don't think we ought to remonstrate with him?" exclaimed Ellen, in a state of unmitigated surprise at the view Mr. Thorndyke took of her brother's proceedings.

"I think you had better leave Gerald to himself. From the independence of character he has already shown, I should say he has taken his future into his own hands, and is little likely to brook remonstrance or advice from any one."

"I don't know what to think about it," rejoined Ellen, sadly.

"Miss Rockingham, let me tell you a little story," said the Rector, quietly. "When I was at the University there was a young fellow there from whom great things were expected in the future. He was not only amongst the foremost in the cricket field, and devoted to all kinds of sport, but he stood high in the estimation of the dons besides, for he worked, as he played, with all his might, and fought his way upward till he was not only in the University Eleven, but had taken high honors to boot. The bar was the career he had marked out for himself, and he was about to leave the University and commence the pursuit of fortune in that arduous profession, when the sudden death of his father changed the whole current of his life. His father was a quiet country clergyman, who died leaving behind him a shy, delicate widow and an invalid daughter, besides this young fellow at college. The mother, as those shy, sensitive women always do, trembled at the bare idea of transplantation, whilst the daughter was equally dismayed at the idea of facing a new world. Where they were they knew every one; they had numerous friends even amongst the trades-people. The late Rector had been very popular, and at the earnest request of the parishioners, backed by the strong testimonials in his favor of the authorities of his college, the Bishop offered the living to his son, proposing to put a curate in charge till such time as the son could get ordained, and otherwise qualify. Whether he did rightly or no is not for me to say, but my friend, after taking one night to think over it, accepted the Bishop's offer. It was the one way he could keep a comfortable home, much less the home they were attached to, over the heads of his mother and sister. You may say he had no right to embrace so sacred a vocation without feeling a decided call for it. He acted as he thought right. He sacrificed himself for those nearest and dearest to him, and from the moment he elected to take up the cross, abandoned all those pursuits of which hitherto he had been so passionately fond as incompatible with his new profession. Like your brother, Miss Rockingham, he was compelled to embark in a career not of his own electing, but whatsoever his hand found to do, he did it with all his might, and has ever labored honestly and conscientiously to do his duty in that path of life to which it pleased God—not himself, mind—to call him. A man, I hold, can do no more."

John Thorndyke became silent, and was apparently absorbed in reverie. Ellen broke the stillness by never a word.

At last she spoke.

"Mr. Thorndyke, you are wiser and better than I, and I beg your pardon for troubling you with my foolish pride. Your story—*for of course it is your own*—is strangely like my brother's; but—but you had the alternative of—I can't help saying it—embracing the profession of a gentleman, while poor Gerald—"

"Had to embrace a more healthy, lucrative, and, to him, congenial career. Pray don't distress yourself about your brother, Miss Rockingham. You will find most men and women whose opinion is worth having, ay, and worldly people too, will indorse my opinion, and admire your brother's pluck and independence."

"I hope we may get used to it in time," replied Ellen, with just a slight shake in her voice—for this really was a serious trouble to the girl—"and that Aunt Mary may not find it a serious annoyance in society. And now I must say good-by, with many apologies for trespassing so long upon your good-nature. Only one question more," she added, softly. "I trust your mother and sister are happy?"

"They have both been at rest now some years, Miss Rockingham; but that their last days on earth were tranquil was an inexpressible consolation to me. Good-by."

John Thorndyke escorted her to the door bareheaded; and, as Ellen walked home, she thought about the Rector of St. Margaret's in a way she never had yet. He had become a hero in her eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"DIVIDING UP."

Our artist gives on page 734 an illustration of a practice common among the Long Island fishermen. When a party of them return from a day's fishing, the usual catch is divided as fairly as possible into as many piles as there are members of the party. Then, in order that there may be no dispute over the distribution of the several piles, one of the men is placed with his back to the catch, while another points first to one heap and then another, calling out, "Who takes this?" At each call the "blind" man names one of the party, who takes the designated lot without a word. This goes on until the whole catch is distributed. There is no appeal from the decision, and it is very rare that any disputes arise over this method of dividing up.

SELF-PROTECTION OF PLANTS.

Plants have several methods of protecting themselves from assault, among which is that of secreting an acrid poison in their leaves. In the *Ranunculaceæ* this secretion is a virulent poison, and half an ounce of that secreted by the celery-leaved buttercup would kill a dog. The root of an Indian species of this order is used in the Himalayas to poison arrows for tiger shooting. It is said that tramps use the leaves of the common buttercup, as well as those of the celery-leaved kind, "to produce blisters on their limbs in order to excite compassion." The reason why ferns grow in such unmolested profusion is that they are steeped in *tannin*, a substance very much disliked by all animals. Another most effectual means of protection adopted by plants is the secretion of a sticky substance on their stems, in which ants and other unwelcome insects are caught. The writer mentions a curious example of sagacity in connection with this sticky substance. The amphibious *Persicaria*, which grows both on land and water, only secretes the sticky matter when growing on land, as if quite aware that the water was sufficient protection from creeping insects.

Even the milky juices exuded by the leaves of the common lettuce, milk-thistle, etc., may be frequently ranked among the defensive arrangements of plants. Kerner narrates some experiments he made, which prove that ants and other insects crawling over such leaves soon get glued down by the milky exudations produced by the claws of their tiny feet. His experiments were made with *Lactuca angustana* and *Lactuca sativa*. He says: "No sooner had the ants reached the uppermost leaves, or the peduncles and the involucral bracts, than at each moment the terminal hooks of their feet cut through the epidermis, and from the little clefts thus made milky juice immediately began to flow. Not only the feet of the ants, but the hinder parts of their bodies, were soon bedrabbled with the white fluid, and if the ants, as was frequently the case, bit into the tissue of the epidermis in self-defense, their organs of mastication also at once became coated over with the milky juice. By this the ants were much impeded in their movements, and in order to rid themselves of the annoyance to which they were subjected, drew their feet through their mouth, and tried also to clear the under part of their body from the juice with which it was smeared. The movements, however, which accompanied these efforts simply resulted in the production of new fissures in the epidermis, and fresh discharges of milky juice, so that the position of the ants became each moment worse and worse. Many of them now tried to escape by getting as best they might to the edge of the leaf, and letting themselves fall from thence to the ground. Some succeeded, but others tried this method of escape too late, for the air soon hardened the milky juice into a tough brown substance, and after this all the strugglings of the ants to free themselves from the viscid matter were in vain. Their movements became gradually fewer and weaker, until finally they ceased altogether, and the dead animals were left adhering to the involucre or the uppermost branches."

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

This is an era of great deference to artistic taste or fancy. Queen Anne houses jostle one another in this country now, whereas ten years ago you would have had to walk a long way to find one. New England has again taken to andirons as a means of warming herself—those of old-fashioned bell-metal preferred, though the newly manufactured and more brassy fire-dogs have to supply a large part of the great demand. Near Yorkville Police Court an old German *Gasthaus*, or tavern, is furnished throughout with real antiquities from the father-land. In Paris an outshoot of the public taste is a "Convicts' Tavern," of which the café is fitted up in imitation of the hulks, and the waiters therein wear the garb of convicts.

Once in a long time a great outcry insists upon the purity of bread. Tennyson, in the poem of "Maud," exclaims against the use of plaster of Paris in bread-making; but the world-wide and almost unintermitted clamor of this century is directed against the adulteration of wine and distilled and malt liquors. England is just now in ebullition over a cheap concoction which is manufactured in Hamburg and sent in enormous quantities into British territory as sherry. It is declared to be a wholly artificial product, made only of alcohol, sugar, water, and table salt, without a touch of grape, and positively frightful in its effects upon the human stomach. For years, English physicians say, the true sherry of commerce has been fortified in divers places in Spain with Dutch spirit, and now the thrifty Dutch and German burghers leave Spain out altogether, and do not even include grapes in their scheme for the cheap and abundant production of this popular wine.

The secret of the jumping Mexican bean is out. It was discovered on the Comstock lode in Nevada. Each bean contains a worm which can uncoil itself with such sudden vehemence that the bean is made to jump. The Nevada newspaper which avers this also says that the worm is a provision of nature whereby the beans are distributed and become planted. Dropping from the trees which produce them, they jump about until they fall into crevices in the ground, where they are imprisoned and may take root.

Probably few of the many people who like and eat the salmon concern themselves about the shape of his nose. It is hardly possible that anybody has ever dreamed of a salmon with a Greek or a Roman nose, or with a pug. Napoleon could not have required long noses in his salmon as he did on his generals. And yet there is a Roman-nosed salmon—hook-nose is a more common name for him—and he is not very good to eat. Complaint is made of the appearance of a large number of hook-noses in Oregon waters. It was at first supposed that this fish was a distinct species, but it is probable that he is only an especially ill-favored male—the hook-nose is always a male—of the Chinook variety.

It seems now that the surprising and beautiful sunsets of last winter and this fall were not and are not due to a canopy of fine pumice from the Javanese upheaval or from volcanoes in Alaska or anywhere else. In the Signal Office in Washington it is said that no volcanic dust could remain suspended in the upper atmosphere for so long a time, and moreover that such dust could not reach the height necessary to produce such effects. The present theory is that the earth is in the meteoric belt, and that the sun's rays are refracted by meteoric substances at night and morning. It should be said that this is, as the other was, what somebody thinks, and not what anybody knows. Many of the spectacles of the universe are not understood even by those who understand or suspect a great many things.

The chief of the Swiss Federal Bureau of Statistics estimates that in the year 2000 the United States will contain a population of 400,000,000. He can not get trustworthy returns from Russia, Spain, Portugal, and Turkey; but leaving those countries out, he estimates that the rest of Europe at the same time will contain a population of 365,601,141.

A voodoo doctor in Washington, when a believer comes to him to find out what is to be the issue between him and his enemy, drops two silver coins into a skillet of boiling water, adds a pair of black chicken feathers, and in the course of a satisfactory incantation manipulates the skillet so that the coin which represents the believer shall hop up and down upon the coin which represents his enemy, and the believer pays five dollars with alacrity for so convincing an exhibition.

There is no law against the admission of Spanish laborers to the United States, even if those Spaniards do wear their eyes obliquely and their hair in queues. About twenty such Spaniards arrived in this port recently from Havana. Their speech was not the purest Castilian. Said their spokesman: "'Melican law no good. We pay twenty-five dollal in Havana fol papel that make us Spaniads. 'Melican man got no law 'gainst Spaniads."

CANDID(ATES).

She. "I suppose you voted, Mr. Giltedge?"
He. "No, Mith Polly. You thee, there were tho many candidath in the field it wath too awfully difficult for me to dethide."

GALLANT FISHERMEN.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.

NOVEMBER.

On one November afternoon
We sat beside the glowing fire,
The winter skies were full of gloom,
The roads and fields all deep in mire.
We sat and watched the fitful blaze
Among the ashes rise and fall,
And smiled to see in what strange ways
Fell shadows on the parlor wall.

Love took an apple in his hand,
And lightly threw it to and fro;
Then said, "If it could understand
How you and I have watched it grow,
Would it for us its secret tell?
Would it for us the charm obey,
And say to two who love so well
When comes their happy wedding day?"

He sought the apple's fragrant heart,
With eager fingers found the seed,
Said, "Sweetest, do not blush and start,
There are but five—just five, indeed.
These five seeds mean five days, my dear,
For 'tis an oracle that speaks."
"Ah, Love!" I answered, "it is clear
The oracle intends—five weeks."

The jest to tender earnest grew;
We spoke of marriage hopes and cares:
Sure never hours so swiftly flew.
Happy the heart that with Love shares
The doubtful dreams of future days,
The trouble and the joy of life;
Happy the maid to whom Love says,
"Come, be a well-beloved Wife!"

And thus the dark November hours
Had joy no other month had known;
The glint of gems and wedding flowers
Upon its sombre light was thrown.
And when the glad Thanksgiving tide
Brought friends our bridal bread to break,
Sweet Love and I stood side by side,
And made all happy for our sake.

INSIGNIFICANT AGENTS.

We are so heedless of that which brings about our good or evil fortunes, and so often the agents thereof are unconscious too, no wonder we call chance and circumstance blind, and build up all sorts of metaphysics to account for our lives. Cousin Hitty Barrows during her lifetime was only an old woman who came to our house on a yearly visit, and told us children stories till we were grown up, and afterward we regarded her as we regarded any of the adjuncts of our imperial youth. Now, since she has gone the way of all the earth, I wonder that I have not seen her counterpart since. She stands out in the atmosphere of my past as clearly as the statues of the ruined Parthenon stand in the sunshine of departed Greece. People like her no longer exist in our country society; they have vanished from the frame-work of their isolated lives, as the old damask roses and the summer-sweeting apple and the camomile beds have from our gardens. We called her cousin, but she was no relation. I am ignorant of her birth-place, and we children never surmised that, like us, she could have a father and a mother. Our own mother, a Lady Bountiful, and strictly pious, was ever seeking and succoring the lonely and the unfortunate, especially if they were respectable born and came within the pale of her loved Church. Cousin Hitty was near to her in this respect, and was the object of her most delicate charities. Every autumn Cousin Hitty was invited to spend several weeks with us. I never see pumpkins in a field among faded stalks, or corn on the cob, nor take my first annual taste of the Carolina potato, without recalling her. A chilly, white-curtained spare chamber, a cheery wood fire, a door-yard covered with silver frost, the stamping of a horse in the stable, the crying of loons on the still harbor in a cloudy morning, also bring her to mind. Her own home was in a dreary house outside the village, with a family upon whom she had some mysterious claim. In the summer time, when currants were ripe, I occasionally went to this house, and made myself ill with currant pie. I remember these visits as I remember a pre-Raphaelite picture. Mrs. Hamon, a red-haired woman, was the mistress there, passing most of her time in a creaking chair, whose rockers went over the bare floor like a slow velocipede, while she smoked a short pipe. An old man occupied one of the rooms upstairs, which he paced constantly. Sometimes I saw him staring out of the window into a distance where something had happened which he never spoke of now. Mr. Hamon, the man of the house, wandered about the premises in his shirt sleeves as if he were about to do something, but it was evident that he had never begun his work; it was so out of repair, so tumbling a concern every way, that he could find no proper opening for his industry. House, barn, garden, were a ruin.

"Here is the little gal," Mrs. Hamon said when I appeared.

"That's Hunsdown's daughter, is it?" asked the old man always. "I knew her gran'ther; told good stories."

"Ah, my lass, come after currants? Ain't any this year; birds eat 'em, every one, and caterpillars," Mr. Hamon said. "Maybe Hitty can find you some; Hitty finds everything. Take her into the garden, Hitty; give her all there is. She is growing so, and gals love sour things."

"Go with Hitty, she loves little gals," added Mrs. Hamon, "and pretty soon I'll call you back to a nice supper."

I was rejoiced to get into the garden—a wild spot with straggling trees, and tufts of long grass mixing in with old-fashioned flowers and vegetables. Mrs. Hamon hastened supper, and I was always made ready for departure before the chaise sent from home appeared over the brow of the hill. Once a great tempest came up at sundown, and I remained all night. For the first time I then saw Edward Hamon, who proved an awful tease to me. He was then fifteen, but he had an old face; he was pale, had a Roman nose, and beautiful brown hair. I was twelve years old. His mother was terrified at the tempest, and rocked backward and forward in her arm-chair, while he laughed at her and made as many noisy demonstrations as possible. Mr. Hamon did not reprove him, but kindly and sternly repeated passages inapplicable to the occasion from Scripture. Edward tormented me with various suggestions—that I should have my curls cut off lest I should be struck with lightning. Would I like him any better, he asked, if his grandfather upstairs should die and leave him money? He did not care if my name was Hunsdown. God made the Hamons too, and meant to take them all into heaven. I made faces at him, turned from him with contempt, shut my eyes, but he continued to tease me till Cousin Hitty took me to her own room, a cheerless spot, and put me to bed. How many times afterward, as I grew older, was I perplexed and annoyed by this odd boy! I could not understand his persistent notice of me and his rude behavior. He never sought any society, but somehow wherever I happened to be, Edward Hamon happened to be also.

"What a nasty boy, Cousin Hitty!" I said, when undressed.

"No, dear; an unfortunate one. Go to sleep."

Shortly we heard a throwing of boots against the old man's chamber door, and a headlong rush up and down the stairs, accompanied by growls.

"He is a nasty boy, Cousin Hitty."

"No, dear; an unfortunate one. Shall I tell you a story?"

And so she did, with my hand in hers till I fell asleep. She was so different at our house, away from these surroundings, that it was easy to imagine her as having come from an atmosphere of faded gentility; she was neat, natty, precise, and so bright and cheerful withal that it was hard to believe her poor or in any misery. She was very plain. Her nose was so hooked that her breath whistled before it came through her nostrils; her eyes were small and gray, and she was almost a dwarf in height. Her dress was of bright-flowered calico generally, and she wore embroidered muslin collars and caps; the collars were fastened by a mourning brooch of vast size, and she also wore several mourning rings on a tiny hand incapable of labor. Altogether she was a lady, and that which made her so can not be catalogued. Being the oldest, it was my privilege to sleep in the best chamber with Cousin Hitty when she came. Personally speaking, I dreaded to be near her; but I wanted her stories, and I wanted to hear them in the darkness and silence of night, when there could be no interruption and no distraction. The dark was her chosen time also. With a simple child she dared to speak her romantic thoughts, and was not ashamed of her innocent imagination. During her visit I went to bed without riot or skirmish with my parents and guardians, and kept awake till Cousin Hitty came upstairs. After bandaging her head in a colored silk handkerchief, which made her look like a cockatoo, and reading a chapter in the Bible, she carefully deposited herself upon the edge of the bed, where she staid motionless, with the exception of talking and snoring, till daylight. On the other side I was perched, a small bundle of self-conceit, happy in the security of companionship, the comfort of being wrapped from the frosty air, and the anticipation of drowning along the shores of sleep, while listening to a lovely story which happened when Cousin Hitty was a young girl, and she was staying in the family of the Governor of Rhode Island, or a tragedy which took place while she was at Commodore Cooper's, forty years ago. Of course her repertory was limited; her tales were often told, and I knew them by heart, so that I could correct her if she made a mistake; but they never wearied me. My childhood was a prosaic one, and it was Cousin Hitty who introduced me into a world where lovers only existed, and where beautiful young men and women lived and died for each other, according to Cousin Hitty's experience. The residue of that world was merely accessory to the happiness or woe of these young people. So I was educated in regard to the sentiments, and no one knew, not even Cousin Hitty herself, that she had taught and prepared me for a heroic, love-stricken destiny.

Time flew; every year the visit and the stories were repeated, and with them were voiced her hopes and prophecies concerning my future. She thought me very like the heroine of her best story, who waded through seas of disappointments and underwent agonies of self-denial before she attained her earthly paradise with the lover who returned to her after years of separation. When I was about seventeen, a young man, the son of one of my father's friends, came to our house upon some business matter, and remained some days. He fell in love with me, much to his surprise and to my annoyance; but he could not help it, and told me so. Would I marry him in a year or two, he asked, when his father would be ready to make him a partner in the business, which was a flourishing one? He could make me happy, he believed, if I would only return his love. I refused him point-blank, and in so doing disappointed my father and mother, who were exactly suited with him for a son-in-law.

"What objection have you, Mary?" my father asked.

"I do not know him sufficiently to trust my happiness to him; besides, he is a poke."

"What nonsense has been put into your head? *I* know him. You will not have a better offer. He is of the right age, a good-looking fellow, first-rate principles, good business talents, and very fair prospects. I desire you to reconsider the matter."

"Mary, my dear child," said my mother, "I am convinced that you will love George after you are married to him. He will be an indulgent husband. Pray tell me if you expect to receive many offers in your quiet position? Such men don't grow on every bush. Try to please your father; his heart is set upon the match. Come; I think you do not know your own mind. It will be pretty much the same, whoever you marry."

And my dear mother sighed and lapsed into a dream.

"Mother, I mean to be dead in love before I marry; I mean to be wrought up into a frenzy first. Besides, George Mendon is not really in love with me; he thinks he is, but he knows nothing about love."

"Hear the child! Goodness!—what ails you, Mary? Is this the result of my bringing up? You amaze me. You talk as no young girl should. I never had such thoughts when I married your father."

"What did you marry him for?"

"Go right away, Mary; I have something to attend to besides listening to your foolishness."

And I went away, right up to Cousin Hitty, to the house I seldom entered, and till then had not entered for several years.

"What is the matter, that you have come here, Mary? Tell me—quick!" asked Cousin Hitty, running to the door.

She clapped her little hands together, and stood on tiptoe swinging backward and forward, the picture of distress.

"It is only my own affairs, Cousin Hitty. You know that young Mr. Mendon has been at our house, and—and—"

"He has offered you his hand and heart?"

A burst of laughter from the stair railing overhead—for we still stood in the entry—interrupted and dismayed us. It was Edward Hamon hanging over the balustrade, with a book in his hand.

"The young man has come his road, and gone his road, has he? I thought how it would be. There's more to come, eh? Thick as autumn leaves in our oak patch."

"Edward, for shame!" cried Cousin Hitty. "An eavesdropper?"

"No; a stair-hopper, that's all. I'll get out of your way."

He let himself over the balustrade, jumped down the stairs, passed me with a fierce look, and went out by a side door.

"How that fellow has changed since I saw him last! What does he do, Cousin Hitty? I have not seen him since he insisted upon my dancing with him more than a year ago at the county ball. You know when I refused to stand up in the cotillion with him he said that he would excuse me, but swore that I should not dance that set with anybody else."

"Did you?"

"No."

"Come up to my room, dear, and tell me your trouble, for trouble it is, I see. Won't your parents consent?"

"Oh, Cousin Hitty, they want me to marry him."

"Well, isn't he a beautiful young man? I know that he comes of an excellent family."

"I tell you I don't love him!" I cried in a loud voice. "His love for me don't seem like love. You remember Emily Cooper, how she acted."

"Emily Cooper!" said Cousin Hitty, with a puzzled air.

"Commodore Cooper's daughter, you know, who said wild horses should tear her limb from limb before she would accept Captain Brown."

"Mercy on me! that was forty-four years ago." Her look of perplexity and confusion I can not describe; to anybody but me it would have been laughable.

"Emotion annihilates time."

"I thought you looked beautiful in your father's pew on Sunday—you and Mr. Mendon—he so tall and stately, you so delicate and girlish. I believe I was reminded of Emily Cooper."

"If I am to be treated badly at home, can I stay here with you awhile, till mother and father withdraw their opposition?"

"Oh, my dear, this is no place for you—indeed it is not."

"At any rate, till Mr. Mendon goes. I do not wish to see him again. He must leave at once, I should say."

Cousin Hitty was ready to cry, in her distress and amazement.

"I would not offend your dear mother for anything in the world, Mary. She would be displeased with me for harboring you under such circumstances. I confess I do not quite understand you. Here are youth, good looks, talent, and fair means offered you, and you decline. What more can you demand?"

"Just a miserable commonplace affair! A stone-colored silk, a white bonnet, shiny cards, fifty slabs of black cake, a new trunk, a trip on the railroad, and all is over."

"Oh dear me!"

"I need delay, dread, doubt, anguish, a combination of all that is exciting and opposing. Didn't Emily Cooper go without—"

"Plague take Emily Cooper!" cried Cousin Hitty, using the only violent word I ever heard her speak. "Child, you are alive in an incurable, commonplace world. Do you see, when I amused you, that I was forced to return to my far-off youth? The time of illusions so soon passes! Can't you, with your natural good sense, comprehend this?"

"And all that you have told me, all that I so deeply desire, comes but to go! What does it mean? What plants the germ of romance in the imagination? and then, why is one's whole nature filled with leaves and blossoms, to be carefully nourished in the hope of an unknown but delicious fruit?"

The door by which Edward Hamon disappeared opened a little way, and we heard his voice:

"Marm Hamon's compliments, and would you be pleased to walk in to dinner. Anti-flesh-pots of Egypt, potatoes, fish, and apple-pie directly, and no questions asked."

Cousin Hitty looked at me with entreaty in her eyes that I should go home; but I went to dinner. Mrs. Hamon, paler, sadder than ever, was quite flustered at the sight of me. I felt a strange thrill of pity shoot through my head, and shook hands with her vehemently.

"You haven't been here since grandpa died. Poor soul, I miss him so! It is kind of you to come into our poor place. She brightens it, don't she, father? Come, help her to what we have."

"I am quite hungry from my long walk," I replied.

As I took a chair to the table I happened to look across it, and met Edward Hamon's eyes. Their expression startled me; *he* startled me. For the second time in that house I experienced a tempest. The flush in his blue eyes, the trembling of his lips, revealed his secret to me. The boy loved me with the kind of love I was dreaming about and laying claim to. If *love* must be obtained, here was my chance.

"My lass," said Mr. Hamon, "can you make way with a morsel?—every mite grown on the place, poor as Prissy calls it—potatoes, pork, and the after-clap—apple-pie. Flour? Oh yes, that was bought with Edward's money; but the apples are all our own."

"Yes indeed, father, to your credit. Edward, be attentive to Miss Mary; pass her the bread," ordered his mother.

"*My* bread," he laughed. "Will Miss Hunsdown eat it?"

He held the plate, but did not offer it. I reached my hand toward it and took a slice, and looked at him once more. His pale face was aglow; I felt my own flush without knowing why. I liked to be there, and was amazedly conscious of it; poor as it was, mean even, I enjoyed a strange satisfaction and forgetfulness of all my wonted proprieties. It would seem that he divined my thoughts, for he burst out:

"No genteel scraps to speak of here; only our plain, bare, forlorn human nature to fall back upon. Isn't it so, Hitty Barrows?"

"Never mind him," said his mother. "Mary is glad to be here. She does regard her old friends still; she reminds me of many pleasant things."

"Currants?" said Mr. Hamon. "And just to think on't, the bushes have died out almost."

"When Edward comes home he must set out the garden anew."

"Are you going away?" I asked him.

"On a three years' voyage, in a few days. An uncle has at last given me a chance in one of his ships. I am going to India. I resign the part of rural fool. I shall come back a made man, as they say, or—I shall not come back."

He rose from his place with such an air of pride, and looked so stern, that I ventured no reply.

When Cousin Hitty and I were alone together I said,

"He is stranger than ever—Edward Hamon."

"To you, yes; but he has energy, and if he is placed in the right direction may not turn out so badly, considering who he is. But never mind him. Shall I walk part way home with you? The sun is on the wane already."

"You mean that I shall go home?"

"Yes, my dear child. You must reconsider this matter. I long to see you well settled. You ought to reflect on the future."

"Do you remember when Alice Bell, the Governor's son, was talked to as you talk to me, that there were occasions when a man should take account of all his relations in life from a selfish stand-point, and throw to the winds all the past, and all the future also, in order to secure the present?"

"Yes, yes—an age ago—in other times."

"Why did you drag the age back, to prove that there was nothing worth having but love? You have schooled me, and see the result!"

"I told you stories—true in fact, lies in spirit, for I left out the necessary filling in. I have, like a dreamy, foolish old woman, impressed your imagination. Yet I will stick to the text of my youth. Go home, and, if you choose, send George home too."

I saw that she was much disturbed, that it would be cruelty in me to prolong my visit, and about dusk started for home. It was a delightful autumn eve—a pale, quiet light spread over the silent landscape. The village was a mile off, standing before the bay, which loomed up from the horizon pale and misty. The leaves were dropping in the still air one by one, remaining where they fell—red, brown, and yellow bits among the path along which I walked. It was a grave and melancholy scene. *Departure, change, loss*, were everywhere expressed. To cut off the distance I crossed over into some fields which would bring me near our street; lonely enough they were, a crooked path winding through them, along which stunted firs and low-topped oaks were scattered. The dusk began to creep beside me and dim the view. I stopped a little beneath one of the oaks that stood on a knoll to look out seaward, and fell into a reverie about the singular isolation I happened to feel. It seemed to me that nobody understood me, or could approach the inner self, where all that was the sweetest and strongest had its abode. I wished to linger there. A wind rose suddenly and rustled the branches above, but I knew, in spite of the noise, that some one was slowly coming down the path toward me. In an instant I saw Edward Hamon, and he saw me.

"What are you waiting for?" he asked, gently. "It will rain soon."

"I am not waiting for you," I answered, crossly.

"I know that, Miss Mary. *That* is something you would never do. But tell me one thing. Do you despise me? *Now*, I mean. Please look at me."

I raised my eyes.

"I do not despise any one."

"It is no time to generalize. I have just this one moment to speak to you in—the only one, the last that I may ever have. I know that you are not satisfied with your present condition. Should I come home—as I will come, or never—do you think that I might venture to ask you to be my wife? There, it is out! I tell you, Mary, that my heart has been burning constant fires for you. There is something in me—rough, ignorant as I am—that is worthy of you, dear and lovely as you are. Oh, my dear, I must leave you, when I love the ground you walk on; the old hut up there is a palace of glory, because you have been in it, and I must go. One word, Mary—to thank me at least for my love, if you can give me no hope."

He bent his head low, and covered his face with his hands. The rude, rough creature was weeping like a child. The wind began to roar like mad, and the noise of the far-off waves came up the fields, and plash fell some great drops. It darkened every moment.

"I must hurry home," I said.

"Yes, well, I will go to the last wall with you."

And we started, leaving the shelter of the tree; the wind blew round me violently and disengaged my shawl, which he caught and folded round me.

"Thank you," I said.

He was silent.

"Thank you, Edward; I shall not forget you."

"For Heaven's sake," he cried, "can't you forget your pride for an instant? Are you happy?"

"No."

"Will you give me one word of hope? Now you shall answer. I have laid myself in the dust before you."

"How can I give you a word of any kind? I never imagined you cared for me. I never thought of caring for you. Time must decide the question."

"You will not throw yourself away on that chap?"

"Here we are at the wall."

"One moment more."

"But it rains."

"It is not wet rain."

"And it is late."

"Not *too late*, thank God! You will yet love me. The voice of my soul tells me so, far off as it is, farther than the cry of yonder ocean, thundering so distantly along the coast."

"I must go."

"Have you forgiven me my boorishness? Pity me. You know all, only you do not know how I have struggled to rise and be your equal. Give me your hand; let me lift you over the wall."

Before I could resist he had taken me up and put me on the other side; but he did not let go my hand.

"Good-night, and good luck," I said.

"Can I have a lock of your hair?" and he timidly touched a braid.

"How absurd! I have no scissors."

"Here is my knife."

I shook down my tresses; one was quickly severed, over which he made some kind of mumbling noise expressive of delight. "Bound for India," he said. "Now may I walk on with you? It is pitch dark; no one will see you with me; perhaps no one will ever see me with you."

"I despise humility," I answered, feeling glad to have him beside me, for the wind and rain increased, and the darkness was black.

"I have that with me now which will cure me of humility and weakness. I feel that I grow bold already. Let us go down the lane that runs behind your father's orchard. Many a time have I walked there alone, till I have seen the light go out in your chamber, and then have trudged home, more miserable than any dog in believing that I was as far from your heart as heaven is from hell."

His tone was so vehement that I trembled, and welcomed the deserted scene more than ever. I made no demur when we turned into the lane, a favorite walk of mine; the old orchard trees topped the high wall on one side, and a hedge with wild shrubs and an oak or two bordered the other.

"May I think of you as being here?" he asked. "Sometimes come alone, and remember this hour—the brightest and best I have ever had—the most blessed good God has allowed me. Will you come?"

"Yes, I shall come."

"Often?"

"I think so."

"I see the light in your father's house. I must let you go now. It tears my heart. Say, do you believe in my poor heart? Feel it beat."

He caught my hand and pressed it against his breast, and I heard a new music. It was echoed in my own. We stood on in silence for a moment or two.

"Farewell, Mary," he said, in a broken voice.

"Good-by, Edward."

"Will you kiss me once, for a three years' separation?"

He waited for no reply. We kissed each other—once, twice, thrice—and I felt more rain on my face. At last had come the looked-for harmony. It might never come again, but it was so—the hour, the place, and the man, and my whole soul was attuned to the scene. So we parted, he taking my budded love to cherish and to voyage by, and I calling him back in the silent depths of my heart with a call that would not cease till he returned.

"Where have you been?" was the exclamation from mother and father, who were sitting by the evening lamp, with newspaper and knitting.

"I have been visiting Cousin Hitty."

"What possessed you to go there?" demanded my mother. "What is the news? Anything happened? Is Edward Hamon still at home? I wish he would make up his mind to do something to improve the condition of things there. Cousin Hitty had more good words for him the last time she was here. She said he read and studied by himself eternally."

"He is going on a voyage to India—a three years' trip. An uncle has sent for him."

"I am glad to hear that," said my father. "It will be the making of him to surround him with respectability and give him a purpose. I know something of this uncle; he is a hard, eccentric man, but if Edward pleases him, and I think he will, for there is good blood in the Hamons—one *Mayflower* stock—the young man will be somebody. There was no sort of chance here, and that fact accounts for his oddity and reticence. I talked with him up in the meadow the other day, and found good sense in him. His father and mother are a skip over in the Hamon generations; *he* is like his grandfather."

I thought my father uncommonly delightful, and went up to him, put my arms round his neck, and kissed him.

"Why, puss, what are you after? A new dress? How bright your eyes are!"

"Not a new dress, papa, but your forgiveness for displeasing you."

"You know best, my dear, I suppose. Fathers can't compel their daughters to marry against their wills nowadays. I wish they could, almost. Pack George off, if you must—as likely and as honest a chap as one may find anywhere."

"Indeed he is, papa."

"Oh, nonsense! Don't irritate me. Mother, why haven't you brought up this child differently?"

"Why, father, you know you would have me. And I suppose Mary will make her own obstinate choice too."

"I am going to stay at home," I said. "I shall never leave this town."

"Mercy on us! You will die an old maid, then."

"We will wait, mamma."

"Well, we must have Cousin Hitty here soon," said my mother, rather inconsequentially. "Was she full of her stories to-day?"

"She has proved a fortune-teller to me," I answered. "But I must confess she is on your side now."

"I used to wonder why she never tried to influence Edward Hamon. She had the faculty to amuse you so when you were a child. She is no fortune-teller, but a sentimental, harmless woman who loves to hear herself talk."

"Some day I shall have a new story to add to her list."

"What will that be?"

"That she has had a hero under her nose all these years without dreaming of it; that there was stuff at hand for a stronger romance than any she ever told me—Edward Hamon, I mean."

"Oh," said my father, dryly.

"Goodness, Mary! what do you mean?" asked mother, with wide eyes.

"One of these days, mamma, and once upon a time, I shall tell you. Good-night."

One of the days came about four years from this date, on an occasion when Cousin Hitty, in a silk dress, said to my mother, "Would you ever have believed it?" And my mother replied:

"I never would have believed it. But so it is; and here is the wedding cake."

THE DOG SHOW.

It is seven years since the first dog show was held in Madison Square Garden, in this city; since then its promoters, the Westminster Kennel Club, have given annually spring exhibitions of the various breeds of dogs, and these shows have steadily increased in popularity with the exhibitors and the sight-seeing public. Until very recently, although all the different breeds of canines had representation at these shows, the setter and the pointer were greatly in the ascendency, not only as to numbers, but as containing in their individual classes more typical specimens than any of the other breeds. These shows, therefore, naturally received the patronage of the shooting fraternity, and for a time the non-sporting breeds were allowed to rest in the background. These convivial meetings, however, attracted persons of doggy proclivities, who "dropped in," as Paul Pry would put it, and subsequently became inoculated with the canine complaint. Many of these were ladies who were interested enough when the next show came around to enter their non-sporting pets. To the surprise and mortification of the fair owners, many of their dogs received no recognition from the judges. What could the matter be? Privately the judges were button-holed by the unsuccessful exhibitors, and frequently the judges were courageous enough to point out the defects of the defeated pets. This has done much to educate the wealthy owner to a higher standard, and none but the best dogs will now interest him.

Now all this has led during the past two years to the importation of non-sporting dogs from the best of European kennels; and the Westminster Kennel Club, knowing this, and actuated by a desire to repay in a measure the loyalty of their fair patrons, determined to give a non-sporting dog show, including the three sporting classes of greyhounds, deer-hounds, and fox-terriers. The show, the inaugural of autumn non-sporting exhibitions, was consequently held at Madison Square Garden, and ran its course during the 21st, 22d, 23d, and 24th of October. Unfortunately it did not receive the patronage by the public that it deserved, although the exhibition would compare favorably with the best of its kind ever held in Europe, and the breeds present, beyond question, were a great improvement over those that have heretofore been shown in this country. The arrangements for benching, besides, were entirely new, and enabled each class to be taken in at a glance, and the individual dogs compared with the winners. This was effected by the substitution of long rows of platforms, on which the big dogs were chained, in place of being cooped up in wooden pens, which heretofore have been used. The small dogs, too, were shown in open wire-work cages, instead of in little wooden boxes with broad slats, the cages resting on a frame work four feet from the ground. Great care, too, had been taken in the selection of competent judges, which were found to be as follows: For the mastiffs, St. Bernards, fox-terriers, sheep-dogs, bull-dogs, and bull-terriers, Mr. JAMES MORTIMER, of New York city; for Newfoundlands, black and tan terriers, hard-haired Scotch terriers, rough-haired terriers, Dandie Dinmont terriers, Irish terriers, Bedlington terriers, Skye terriers, Yorkshire terriers, toy terriers, King Charles spaniels, Blenheim spaniels, Japanese spaniels, pugs, Maltese terriers, and Dalmatians, for greyhounds, deer-hounds, Italian greyhounds, and miscellaneous classes, Mr. JOSEPH R. PIERSON, of Buckingham, Pennsylvania; for poodles of all classes, Mr. JOHN G. HARMSTEAD, of New York city.

The dogs were catalogued in ninety-two classes, which contained 499 dogs, exclusive of several litters of young puppies. The prize-money offered amounted up to $1200, exclusive of silver medals and eighteen special prizes, being a full return to the exhibitors for their entrance fees. The heavy expenses of the show, therefore, had to be made up in the shape of gate-money, and this fell short. There is always considerable monetary risk to the promoters of dog shows, as in every speculative business; for though an approximate estimate of the outlay may be made, much of the income depends on counter-attractions simultaneously offering themselves. It is therefore clear that the promoters always run a risk. It is also clear that the money won by an exhibitor is far from equal to the outlay, the cost of purchase, preparing for, and exhibiting. The profit is secured in another way: the far-seeing exhibitor knows that prizes carry a higher remuneration than mere money value; they increase the prestige of his kennel, and bring grist to his mill in the shape of stud fees, and immensely enhanced prices for his stock. There are, of course, hundreds of exhibitors who exhibit for honor alone, to whom six inches of blue ribbon is worth more than a very substantial roll of greenbacks.

As has been said, the dogs were the best lot of non-sporting dogs ever exhibited in America. The big dogs were the finest, especially the St. Bernards, which were the best classes in the show. The mastiffs, too, were a noble collection, and the now fashionable sheep-dogs a great improvement over those of previous exhibitions. The fox-terriers were not better than have been shown during the past two years; but there was no falling off in this class. The deer-hounds made a splendid appearance, and the greyhounds, which are rapidly coming into popularity, were also a greatly improved lot. The bull-dogs and bull-terrier classes contained some fine specimens; and the small dogs—the pugs, Yorkshires, Japanese spaniels, and black and tan terriers—far surpassed in quality the usual entries of these breeds at American shows.

Taking in turn the most popular classes, and beginning with the mastiffs, splendid dogs were found in Hero II., Princess Royal, Hector, Hildebert, Ilford Cromwell, Juno, Ayiah, Queen II., and Liberty. The subjects of our illustrations, Jumbo and Punto, the property of Mr. SAMUEL F. SNIFFEN, are fine young dogs. The St. Bernards were wonderfully fine. Although the Hospice is a thing of the past, the breed of courageous and intelligent animals has not deteriorated in the slightest degree on the bench. But the St. Bernard of the bench to-day is not the same dog of the Hospice, which was a medium smooth and rough coated dog. The bench-show dog is a grand animal for the lawn or fireside, but is not a traveller hunter. The breeders have systematically lost sight of the type brought into wide world prominence by the monks. The dog of the present is prized for being huge in body and possessing a magnificent massive head. In marking it differs from the dog of the monks, whose white band running from his white muzzle between his eyes and down his back, intersecting his white collar, when looked down upon resembled the cross worn upon the back of the vestments of priests, which is the ecclesiastical emblem of the order of monks. Our illustrations include Mr. BEAM'S rough coated Duke of Leeds, a magnificent dog, for whom his owner paid $1750, Mr. HERR'S Boulevard, a splendid animal, the winner of fifty prizes, and Mr. REGINALD FURNESS'S bitch Stella, a daughter of the famous Thor. Among the smooth-coated St. Bernards, Don II. won in the champion-dog class. Leila, the best smooth-coated bitch living, was shown in the finest condition. St. Rudolph, Guard, Verone, and the Mill Brook Kennel's Royalist, the subject of our illustration, were the best dogs in the open class, while Her Majesty and Daphne secured ribbons in the bitch class.

The Newfoundlands were an inferior lot. It is astonishing how this superb breed of dogs is being neglected. Among the greyhounds was the recently imported bitch Mother Demdike, the best bitch that has ever been seen in America. The time is rapidly coming when coursing will come into vogue in this country. Already there are several coursing clubs on the Pacific slope and on the Western frontier, and an attempt is being made to organize one on Long Island.

The deer-hounds were an improved class. Grand animals, reminding one of deer-stalking in the Scotch Highlands, which for ages has been so profusely illustrated. The subjects of our illustration are a draft of splendid animals from Mr. EDWARD KELLY'S Clovernook Kennels. The fox-terriers were well represented by Raby Tyrant, a remarkably fine dog. These little dogs have become great favorites of late years. They are charming companions in a country ramble, and plucky and bright as they are faithful. It has long been acknowledged that there is no more intelligent breed of dogs than the collie. From being the drudge of the yokel they have recently been elevated to the companionship of the nobility of England. America has followed suit, and the dog is now the fashion on Fifth Avenue. In both the rough and smooth coated classes there were many very fine specimens. The Bruce of Tylde is one of the finest dogs in America. Mr. THOMAS H. TERRY'S rough-coated Tweed II., a splendid old stager of many shows, and the winner of innumerable prizes, and his kennel companion, and Mr. W. W. TUCKER'S Frank, all shown in the accompanying illustration, are fine dogs.

The bull-dog, and his cousin the bull-terrier, have ceased to be regarded as the companion of Bill Sykes and the patrons of the pit; they are now being bred by gentlemen all over the world, and are said to possess all the good qualities which are heir to dog flesh. Messrs. R. and W. LIVINGSTON'S champion bull-dog Bob, and champion bull-terrier Grand Duke, the subjects of our illustrations, are remarkably fine dogs. The terriers, pugs, and toy spaniels were beautifully shown. The poodles were well judged by Mr. HARMSTEAD, Miss WOOD'S Rajah receiving first. This breed of dogs is becoming immensely popular with the dudes, and need as much titivating as their owners. Mr. E. BERRY WALL'S Mignon (illustrated) is one of the best bitches in the city. Captain WILLIAMS, of police fame, showed his dog Nigger Jim, a rounder of the Twenty-ninth Precinct, who has a record for putting out fires, saving people from drowning, capturing burglars, and voting the Democratic ticket. Two Esquimau dogs, bred by Governor PETERSEN, Disko, Greenland, and brought home by the Greely Relief Expedition, were also on exhibition. "Mo Too," a Mexican hairless dog (illustrated), belonging to Mrs. M. T. FOOTE, was one of the special attractions of the show, and demonstrated that every dog has his day.

BOOKS.

THERE is perhaps no greater wonder than a book. By the help of little figures or marks placed upon reeds, or skins, or some other available material, men have been able to transmit their thoughts through thousands of years. The names and shapes of things, the deeds and sorrows that have occurred as far back as the time of Adam, have been made known to us. Even those abstract and invisible thoughts, which have no shape or substance, but which nevertheless inspired the writer, and have since inspired others, are all put down in little letters or figures, and made eternal. The songs of David, the sublime grievings of Job, the speculations of Plato, the visions of Homer, have by these means been handed down faithfully for many centuries.

To read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest *all* the thoughts and learning of others is evidently impossible. It is beyond the compass of any intellect. But we may gather a portion of this knowledge, and the object is to know how to begin this humbler task.

We must not read to waste. We must be moderate if we wish to gain much. The bee does not overload herself with the nectar of flowers, but takes what he can carry away. We must select also, and see that the quality of what we take be good.

We should read not merely that we may make money, not to sharpen our intellect, but to *enlarge it*. We should read in order to know and feel what is good, and what is evil, and to do what is good and useful. Are we ambitious? let us learn humility. Are we avaricious? let us learn content. When a man can truly say to himself, "My mind to me a kingdom is," a kingdom of which he is the absolute ruler.

WHAT THE MOON IS DOING TO THE EARTH.

THE tides are caused mainly by the moon, as it were, catching hold of the water as the earth revolves around on its axis. This must cause friction on the earth as it revolves, and friction, as every one knows, causes loss of power. Suppose a wheel, with hair round its rim, like a circular brush such as is used for hair-brushing by machinery; if this brush be revolving rapidly, and we hold our hand ever so lightly on the hair, so that it is slightly rubbed backward as the wheel revolves, we can understand that the speed of the wheel will be gradually diminished, until at last it will be brought to a stand-still, provided there is no additional power communicated to the wheel by machinery or hand beyond what was given to set it spinning round. Now this is somewhat analogous to what is happening to the earth in its rotation. There is reason to suppose that the action of the tides is slowly but surely lessening the speed of the earth's rotation, and consequently increasing the length of the day, and that this action will continue until the earth revolves on its own axis in the same time that the moon takes to revolve round the earth. Then the day, instead of being twenty-four hours as now, will be about twenty-eight days, and the earth will be exposed to the full blaze of the sun for about fourteen days at a time. The change this will bring about on the face of the earth can hardly be exaggerated. All life, both animal and vegetable, will be destroyed; all water will be evaporated; the solid rocks will be scorched and cracked, and the whole world reduced to a dreary and barren wilderness. It is supposed by some that the moon has already passed through all this, hence its shattered and fire-looking surface. That the earth, being so much larger, has more quickly acted upon the oceans which once were upon the moon's surface, and stopped almost entirely its revolution round its own axis, thus causing it to have a day equal to twenty-eight of our days, and the heat of the sun has already done to it what in future ages it will do to the earth.

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THE NON-SPORTING DOG SHOW.—[See Page 741.]

"VENUS AND NEPTUNE"—FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A., IN THE POSSESSION OF WILLIAM T. WALTERS, OF BALTIMORE.—[SEE PAGE 744.]

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

Heine's Works in Vienna.—The International Copyright Meeting in Switzerland.—An Agricultural View of Providence.—The Royal Academy Sales.—A Lake-Dwelling.—An excitable Sergeant.

The benefits promised to the literary world by the expiration of the copyright of Heine's works are no doubt considerable, but that event will scarcely "bring them within the reach of the poorest reader." If the news from Vienna is to be trusted, an enterprising firm there is about to bring out Heine's poems in ninety parts, at sixpence a part. If a book at two pounds five shillings is reckoned in Vienna to be a cheap edition, I wonder what is the price in that city of an *edition de luxe*. In the same literary organ from which I cull the above piece of information I find a tear dropped for the loss of a "vivacious writer on the Yorkshire dialect." I am sorry, too—as sorry as one can be expected to be at the decease of a gentleman one has never heard of—but the terms of the notice do strike me as being a little grotesque. There are such things as "cheerful obituaries," of course, but an obituary ought to steer clear of contradictions in terms which produce that "sense of incongruity" which mere vulgar people call a joke.

Of all the loud cries that have been made about little wool, the fuss people make concerning the international copyright meeting in Switzerland bears the palm. Which of our authors is so sanguine as to imagine that he will ever get sixpence for a Swiss translation of his book? It is a fact not generally known, but from the whole of France and Italy, where international copyright already exists with us, nothing worth speaking about ever reaches the pockets of the British author. The French publishers are much more gushing than the English ones, and will praise to the skies the literary genius with whom they propose to deal, but they will give him no pudding. After half a score of letters have passed between the contracting parties, and an infinity of detail has been arranged, it is discovered that the term allowed for publication (twelve months) has elapsed, and the Frenchman takes the book for nothing. The Italian does not trouble himself to go through this formula, but openly states that he can only give the author "the advertisement of publication," and, unlike the Frenchman, he keeps his word. The German, it is only justice to say, performs his promise to pay, but the payment is so small that it is scarcely worth the trouble of registration and the expense of posting the proofs.

Everybody remembers the *non sequitur* in the "Rejected Addresses" with reference to the mischiefs supposed to be wrought by the Corsican Ogre:

"Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?"

And in the agricultural village of Marden the same sort of view is apparently prevalent. The curate of that place is represented as taking from his pulpit a comprehensive view of his congregation, and then observing: "There are complaints in this parish of the smallness of the hop crop. We need not go far for the reason when I see only three farmers here: it is through their absenting themselves from this church." It did not seem to strike the reverend gentleman that this disposition of affairs was rather hard upon the three farmers who did come; however, it is a great thing to know the actual reason of those dispensations which have hitherto puzzled people a good deal.

It must be very disagreeable to be in a railway carriage when the collector is coming round, and to be conscious of the non-possession of a ticket; yet the shifts some people are put to in order to avoid detection seem even worse than the embarrassment itself. A gentleman coming from Doncaster races found himself in this predicament, and knowing that on a race-day the official would look under the seat for stowaways, he got one of his friends to sit in a row upon him. It is always easy to get one's friends to "sit upon" us, and the result is seldom satisfactory; and so it was in this case. Flat as he was, the ticketless one was discovered and hauled out. I remember a young gentleman who was running away from school at Swindon without funds getting under the seat of a first-class carriage, which was "shunted" at the terminus, Paddington, before he had any opportunity of emerging, and sent back to Swindon.

It is curious to observe from the official returns of the Royal Academy how small a proportion of its contents are sold to visitors. Out of sixteen hundred pictures, only two hundred were disposed of within the building, and of the two hundred pieces of sculpture, only five. The advantage of being hung on these respectable walls would for the most part seem to be confined, therefore, to the advertisement, "Exhibited at the Royal Academy," which we see on so many pictures at the dealers'. In an ignorance which I fancy is shared by many, I had thought that half the pictures exhibited were sold within the walls.

A competitive examination paper was set the other day by the "Puzzle Editor" of *Truth* in order to arrive at an estimate of the comparative popularity of modern novelists, and the result of it has proved not a little surprising. Among the five living writers of fiction who have secured the greater number of suffrages I remark with pleasure, not, however, unmixed with astonishment, that Ouida does not appear. I am still more surprised that Mrs. Oliphant is not among them, and, most of all, that Miss Braddon is excluded. I should have named one of these ladies for "a place" against any male.

A lake-dwelling is in more than one respect, to modern eyes, a good deal like a mare's-nest: one is not quite certain, without an archæologist's word for it, that it is a dwelling at all. Even when you are so fortunate as to disinter its furniture, it does not carry the same conviction that anybody has lived there as the discovery of a table from Maples', or a carpet from Shoolbred's would do. Antiquarians glow with enthusiasm at the sight of "an armlet of slag," but to uneducated eyes it only bears a very remote resemblance to an armlet, while as for a "flint flake," it looks (like the famous Primrose of Mr. Wordsworth) a flint "and nothing more." Still, it seems to be now abundantly established that, as in Switzerland so in Scotland, our northern ancestors did live in "crannoges," dwellings built on piles or fagots in lakes and marshes; to which circumstance their descendants are, perhaps, indebted for their chronic rheumatism. In one of these there has lately been found even a bronze "vessel"—antiquarians always use this word to our confusion, for we don't know *what* to make of it; the imagination roves from an iron-clad to a pipkin—"stamped with the name Cipipolis." This is a real discovery, for such a name was never heard of; as the high-born lady says in *Caste*, when she finds her son has fallen in love with Polly Eccles, "There is no such name as Cipipolis." It is not only a novelty, but an original invention, and does the lake-dwellers infinite credit.

A sergeant of artillery has been giving great annoyance to the theatrical profession by paying a natural tribute to the genius of a particular stage-villain, in taking his acting for earnest, and rushing on the stage between him and injured innocence. But, after all, is there such serious cause for jealousy? The sergeant might have been a Scotchman, brought up in an atmosphere of Presbyterian purity, who had never before seen a stage play. "One should consider, madam, what your praise is worth," said Dr. Johnson to a gushing young woman, "before one permits one's self to be intoxicated by it," and the same thing may be said of dramatic criticisms. The less experience it has, the better the audience. Nevertheless, to have roused a man to fly in such a passion with one's simulated villainy as to have to be removed by the police is no doubt a feather in an actor's cap.

I know a humorous writer who, unlike Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, "does dare to write as funny as he can," who caused a tune to rupture an important vessel by laughing at one of his stories, and to be put on a literary diet of sermons and blue-books for months afterward, and he always speaks of it as a great intellectual triumph and creditable feat. He would never make me endanger my life that way, as I once ventured to tell him; to which he replied, "Ah, but you're in the same way of business."

R. Kemble, of London.

"SKETCHING RAMBLES IN HOLLAND."

We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. William T. Walters, of Baltimore, and to M. Knoedler & Co., who own the copyright, for permission to engrave Mr. George H. Boughton's characteristic painting entitled "Venus and Neptune," one of the fruits of that artist's sketching rambles in Holland, made in company with Mr. E. A. Abbey.

Holland has long been a favorite resort for artists, but these two Americans made their rambles a trip of genuine discovery. Avoiding the beaten routes of the ordinary tourist, and discarding Murray and Baedeker, they wandered at their own sweet will through the most picturesque and unfrequented parts of the country, filling their portfolios with sketches which for variety, beauty, and originality surpass everything that was ever before gathered in the land of dykes and canals. It had been arranged that a well-known man of letters was to accompany them on their rambles, to supplement their sketches with his impressions of the country; but owing to his inability to keep the engagement, this part of the work was undertaken by Mr. Boughton.

The result of this felicitous combination of art and literature was a most original and fascinating series of illustrated papers in Harper's Magazine, now collected into a sumptuous holiday volume, published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, under the title of *Sketching Rambles in Holland*. It is the very romance of travel. Mr. Gradgrind would probably pronounce it deficient in valuable facts and statistics, but our artists were not in search of material of the guide-book or blue-book sort; for which the vast majority of those who turn the pages of this delightful volume will be profoundly grateful. Mr. Boughton writes with a pleasant freedom from conventionality. His narrative and his descriptions are easy, animated, colloquial, and overflowing with graceful humor. The two artists saw Holland as it is, and their work presents a more faithful, picturesque, and attractive idea of that country, and of the life, customs, and character of its people, than has ever before been given by pen and pencil.

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FROM THE CORPORAL.

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Soothes the irritated scalp.
Affords the richest lustre.
Prevents the hair from falling off.
Promotes its healthy, vigorous growth.—[*Adv.*]

"Hello!" we heard one man say to another, the other day. "I didn't know you at first. Why! you look ten years younger than you did when I saw you last." "I *feel* ten years younger," was the reply. "You know I used to be under the weather all the time, and gave up expecting to be any better. The doctor said I had consumption. I was terribly weak, had night-sweats, cough, no appetite, and lost flesh. I saw Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' advertised, and thought it would do no harm if it did no good. It has cured me. I am a new man because I am a well one."—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ring-worm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.—[*Adv.*]

THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES CONCEDE Anglo-Swiss Milk Food to be the best-prepared food for infants and invalids. Ask druggists, or write Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co., 86 Hudson St., New York, for their pamphlet, "Notes regarding Use of Anglo-Swiss Milk Food." (See advertisement in next issue of this paper.)—[*Adv.*]

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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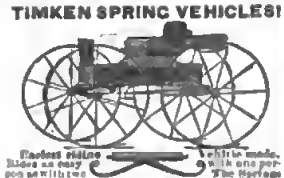

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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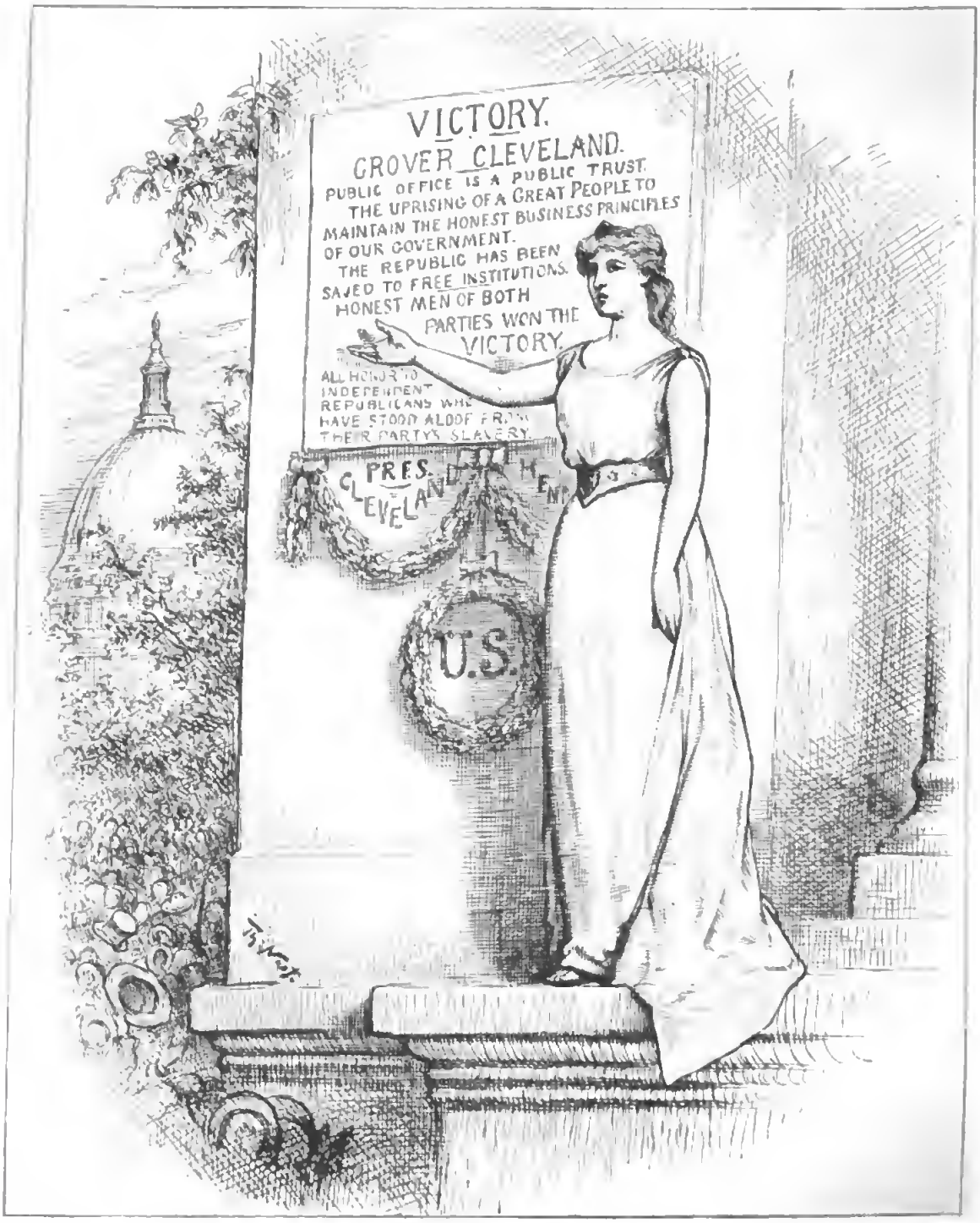

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1884.

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.

THE election places in the Presidency a man whose public career has made him universally known as a thoroughly courageous, honest, and independent magistrate. He is a Democrat, but a Democrat whose party and political relations have been little considered in the general confidence in his integrity and public spirit. He was chosen Mayor of Buffalo by Republican and Democratic votes; a similar union made him Governor of New York by an enormous majority; and the same combination has now elected him to the Presidency. His election was impossible without the vote of New York, and his success in New York is due to the Independent Republican vote. The result proves what the situation has long suggested, that there is a serious decline of public confidence in the Republican party. The vote for Mr. BLAINE in New York would have shown a startling decrease of the Republican vote if the loss had not been supplied by the most disreputable elements of the Democratic vote. Even among those who voted for Mr. BLAINE there were thousands and thousands of stanch Republicans who voted with the utmost reluctance; and Massachusetts, the strongest of Republican States, cast a majority of her votes against the Republican candidate, and the State was carried by a meagre plurality only. There was nothing more striking in the election than the character of the vote which the Republicans lost and that which the Democrats gained. The secession from the Republican candidate was composed of the most representative of original Republicans of the highest character, intelligence, and patriotism—a secession springing neither from personal feeling, disappointed ambition, nor eager self-seeking. The folly of supposing that the objections to Mr. BLAINE'S candidacy were of a kind that would be overlooked by conscientious Republicans has been fully demonstrated, and the party has been admonished in the most impressive manner that there is a host of Republicans who require something more than a regular nomination to secure their support.

The result is not a mere party victory. There is no reason to doubt that Mr. CLEVELAND comprehends fully the circumstances under which he has been elected. Those circumstances secure to him a freedom of action which is most desirable in the situation, but which other conditions in the campaign and the election would have seriously limited. Mr. CLEVELAND is attached to his party, but his whole career proves his profound conviction of the truth of his remark that public office is a public trust. The trust which has been confided to him is that of clean and upright administration upon principles and by methods which he has already shown that he approves. The old tradition of parties that a change of administration imports a clean sweep of the civil service is not a tradition which he has accepted. The same regard for the principle of public office a public trust which he has shown at Albany he will observe in Washington, and all the more because it is his fidelity to that principle at Albany which has really transferred him to Washington. It is a great advantage to the country that Governor CLEVELAND has learned from his official career that dependence upon the good sense and honest patriotism of the intelligent people is a surer reliance than subservience to mere party politicians.

The ultimate results of this great change it is impossible to foresee, and all speculation upon them is premature. The one thing which is clear is that no great national policy will be changed. The Democrats retain the House and the Republicans the Senate. The record of the present House shows no disposition to disturb the existing order. Mr. CLEVELAND'S election does not signify, like Mr. LINCOLN'S, a reversal of the course of this country upon any great question. It is not a result due to free traders, or paper-money men, or Southern reactionaries, but to citizens who demand the emancipation of the government from the evil influences and tendencies which have been too plainly disclosed. It is not a change which threatens any interest, but one which promises honest and vigorous administration, and a close scrutiny into the details of the public business. One result of the election, however, is most beneficial, and it can not be too strongly emphasized. It will dissipate the mere superstition of party. However American citizens may differ upon cardinal principles of public policy, it is monstrous that half of the people of the country should be regarded as dangerous enemies of the government. The longer that this extraordinary notion was cherished, the more difficult and perilous any change of party administration became, and no circumstances could be imagined more happy for such a change than those of this election, when the most conscientious and devoted members of the dominant party have made the change possible, and when the situation is perfectly comprehended by the President-elect.

BRIBERY AT ELECTIONS

THE election has recalled the country to the sense of a constant and a rapidly growing public danger—the use of money at elections. The sums of money which are spent at a general election are enormous, and the larger they are, the nearer is civil disturbance and the overthrow of popular government. It is customary to treat the matter as a joke, and to insist that every party is equally guilty. But it would not be found to be a joke if a result plainly due to bribery and corruption should be rejected and resisted. It is in the great cities that the mischief is most marked, and it is the vote in great cities which often determines the election. In every Presidential campaign it is easy to foresee upon what very few States the result must depend, and at what points in those States the contest will be decisive. Thus Mr DORSEY described, in an interview in the New York *Sun*, the methods which were pursued in 1880:

"I thought our sole chance lay in concentrating all our powers on New York and Kings counties (that is, in the two cities of New York and Brooklyn.) Well, we did so. We cut down the Democratic majorities more than 75,000, and the State was carried by 20,000. You want to know how this was done," continued the Senator, smiling. "Well, we had a big campaign fund, but as to the way it was spent I would refer again to Mr STERNBERGH. He handled the money. There was spent in Indiana about $400,000, not a nickel of which came into my hands. The Republican organization there was as good as it could be, and the credit of it is due to Joseph E. New and Colonel W. W. DUDLEY. All of this money was paid out by Mr STERNBERGH and Mr DILLON. They live in New York. There can be no difficulty in verifying from them my statements. I do not think they will deny them."

This is a system of carrying elections which becomes more and more highly organized with time and practice. The "stall hunt" and the "bar'l" are familiar names for bribery, and bribery is easier in any community where the population is largely of foreign birth, and where there are neither political convictions nor traditions. The evil is most serious. One form of it, that of assessments upon persons in the employment of the government, has been much discussed, and this especial abuse has been somewhat remedied. But the central fact remains that immense sums of money are raised to carry elections by corruption, and that the practice poisons the government at its very fountains. The evil has never been more conspicuous than in the late election. This is largely owing to the fact that parties no longer represent living issues, and the party argument is mere appeal to prejudice and to old traditions. In this situation the spirit of speculation and jobbery and the schemes of organized capital seek by reliance upon party machinery and by stimulating party spirit to control party to their own profit. It is a time when common honesty in every relation is imperiled.

Nothing is more childish than to say that both parties are equally guilty. That is merely to assert that the vice is ingrained. If both parties are guilty of practices which threaten the peace of the country, shall nothing be done? Or because there has always been bribery of some kind and degree at elections, shall we quietly acquiesce in buying and selling the government? It is no new crime in England, but Englishmen do not for that reason propose to do nothing. The English general election in 1880 was supposed to have been the most corrupt upon record, and immediately upon the opening of Parliament in 1881 the Government brought in a bill by the Attorney-General to repress corrupt practices at elections. The Irish question intervened and delayed action, but the bill was passed in July, 1883. The bill regards extravagant expenditure as "the father of corruption," and it therefore limits the lawful expenses of an election. Neither directly nor indirectly, by payment or by contract, is more than a certain sum to be lawfully expended in the election of a member of Parliament. The maximum sum for a borough of 66,000 electors is £3000, or $15,000. The bill provides the most careful details, and it shows a resolute determination of the representatives of the English people to protect the honest expression of the will of the people. The bribery fund in England is enormous, but it is not less in this country, and effectual dealing with this kind of corruption is one of the most pressing of present public questions.

THE VICTORY IN THE CITY.

IT is one of the happiest results of this year's election that despite the treachery of Republican and Democratic politicians Mr. GRACE has been elected Mayor of New York. It was a skillful movement of Tammany to make an early nomination, and leave to the other wing of the Democratic party the responsibility of supporting another candidate. But fortunately the honest and intelligent citizens of New York are now aroused to the necessity of securing an efficient and honorable municipal administration totally regardless of party, and they were very fortunate in having a candidate like Mr GRACE, who has been already Mayor, and who has proved in the office his ability, public spirit, and independence.

The municipal election was of peculiar importance, because the reform bills for the city which were passed by a Republican Legislature last year, and which were approved by Governor CLEVELAND, go into operation under the new Mayor. These reforms confer great power upon the Mayor, and they assume a public interest in the city government which will lead the citizens to select a proper man to exercise the power. The candidate who was nominated by Tammany Hall could be regarded only as a dummy or respectable figure head for the Tammany chief. Mr. GRACE was nominated by citizens of all parties, as peculiarly fitted for the great and important trust of the Mayoralty. But his supporters could form only an impromptu organization, and were forced to contend with both the party machines, manned with unscrupulous skill, and desperately determined to perpetuate their power.

The election of Mr. GRACE, therefore, was one of the signal triumphs of the day that saw so many. It has shown what the citizens who wish good city government can do. But the disadvantage of electing the Mayor at the same time with the President is so obvious that the law should be still further amended to provide for a spring municipal election. The old objection to this plan, that good citizens would not be interested enough to turn out, is disposed of by the fact which we have stated, that they are thoroughly alive to the necessity of interesting themselves. Mayor EDSON has shown an excellent disposition to avail himself of the reformed methods of administration provided by the civil service law of the State. But the conditions of his nomination and election prevented his independence. Mayor GRACE will enter upon his duties absolutely unpledged in any way except by his desire, in common with his fellow-citizens who have most at stake in the city, to make its government as vigorous and efficient and as regardless of party as every city administration should be.

COUNTING THE ELECTORAL VOTE.

WE repeat what we said last week, that there is no further excuse for the neglect of Congress to provide for the count of the electoral vote. The want of proper provision is a standing menace to the peace of the country, and the delay in passing the bill is a national disgrace. There is no duty which takes precedence of securing a tranquil and indisputable determination of the electoral vote, and it should be the first business of the session. The subject is so important that immediate action might well be recommended by the President in his annual Message to Congress, and hearty co-operation among intelligent members of Congress of both parties would secure the good result. There is no legislation more simple or more desirable, and there is none which has been more carefully considered. The chief commentators upon the Constitution have plainly stated that the indefinite provision of that instrument upon this subject was the weak point of our system, and this became evident during the period of reconstruction, when there were conflicting State authorities.

It is nearly ten years since Senator MORTON, of Indiana, made an elaborate and excellent report upon the subject, and proposed a fair scheme. But the suspicion that such legislation, when introduced by a party leader, is really designed to secure a party advantage is so unappeasable that it arouses deadly party opposition, and nothing can be done. The MORTON proposition was offered before the election of 1876. That election, however, brought the very situ-

ation which the MORTON bill had anticipated. The election was disputed, and there was no universally acknowledged legal method of settling the dispute. The assertion that the constitutional method was good enough was absurd, because the very question at issue was that of the constitutional method. There was, for instance, no agreement of opinion as to the precise authority of the Vice-President, and nothing was at once more ludicrous and more startling than the incessant cry to stick by the Constitution. There was a storm of newspaper articles, pamphlets, letters, and opinions of every kind, proving beyond contradiction that the country had reached a fundamental dispute for which there was no express constitutional solution. The only peaceful escape lay in an interpretation of undoubted constitutional power which should be acceptable to both parties. This was found in the Electoral Commission Bill, which provided a way in which Congress should exercise its authority to count the vote.

A civil convulsion was avoided. But it was the universal conviction that except for the recent close of the civil war, and the unwillingness to engage in further strife, it would have been hardly possible to reach a peaceful issue. The result was, indeed, a triumph of patriotism. Party feeling upon both sides was very fierce, and eminent party leaders were very hostile to the settlement. But there was no doubt that the country overwhelmingly approved the solution offered by the bill. The necessity of action being demonstrated, attempts have been made during the last eight years to do something, and the Senate has twice adopted unanimously, and the last time without debate, the excellent bill of Senator EDMUNDS. But the House, acquiescing in the mischievous opposition of Mr. EATON, of Connecticut, who proposed another bill, took no action. There is no good reason whatever why a bill so simple and adequate as that of Mr. EDMUNDS should not become law, and a threatening peril of the most serious character be removed at once. If Congress should do nothing else at this next session than pass this bill, it would have done a memorable service.

THE POLITICAL DOLDRUMS.

THE course of the campaign justified our view that the question of protection would not be the leading issue. That some votes would be lost or gained upon both sides by that question, as by the question of prohibition, was certain, but the effort to make the tariff the paramount consideration totally failed. The reason is obvious, and it is that the tariff is not a question upon which the parties divide, and it is one upon which their platform declarations did not seriously differ. The Democrats have a large majority of the present House of Representatives, but a proposition for a slight general reduction of duties was not supported by the party, and was defeated. Some of the campaign speakers upon both sides devoted their speeches in great part to the discussion of the tariff. But it was beating the air. It is impossible to fight over an issue which is not raised. If the Democratic party should declare definitely for free trade, it would go to pieces.

The reason is that for various purposes an enormous revenue must be raised, that it must be raised by indirect taxation—that is, by duties upon imports—and that there is a general demand that those duties shall be laid in a manner which will most encourage domestic industry. But that the duties shall be laid in such a manner as to produce a vast surplus, which represents money taken from the people for no definite purpose, is not a doctrine which any party would care to avow. In his annual Message of December 4, 1882, President ARTHUR said:

"It is one of the tritest maxims of political economy that all taxes are burdensome, however wisely and prudently imposed, and though there have always been among our people wide differences of sentiment as to the best methods of raising the national revenues, and indeed as to the principles upon which taxation should be based, there has been substantial accord in the doctrine that only such taxes ought to be levied as are necessary for a wise and economical administration of the government."

This is sound doctrine. It is the doctrine of the new Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. MCCULLOCH. It is the doctrine of this Republican Administration. In his report for 1868, Mr. MCCULLOCH, then also Secretary of the Treasury, said:

"There will be in the future, as there have been in the past, a widely different opinion upon this long vexed and very important subject, but the indications are decided that the more enlightened sentiment of the country demands that the tariff shall hereafter be a tariff for revenue and not for protection, and that the revenue to be derived from it shall be no larger than, in connection with those received from other sources, will be required for the economical administration of the government, the maintenance of the public faith, and gradual extinguishment of the public debt. While the country is not at present, and may not be for many years to come, prepared for the abrogation of all restrictions upon foreign commerce, it is unquestionably prepared for a revenue tariff."

The views of the President and of the Secretary of the Treasury, with the action of the Democratic House, and the absence of a direct party issue upon the tariff question at the late election, show that the question is not yet ripe. The Democratic Pennsylvanian Mr. RANDALL is in principle as sound a protectionist as the Republican Pennsylvanian Mr KELLEY: and the Republican President is as averse to a vast and corrupting surplus as the Democratic Representative Mr. HEWITT, or any other reputable representative of his party. The political situation, so far as great questions of public policy are concerned, is one of rest, observation, and expectation.

THE MEANING OF IT.

THE Albany *Argus*, the Democratic journal at the capital of New York, in an excellent article upon the significance of the result of the election, recognizes that it is not an "old-fashioned" party victory. It is very much more than that. It is the opening of an immense opportunity, which we trust will not be lost. It brings into the Presidency a man who by the circumstances of his election is singularly independent, and who has amply proved his ability to be wisely independent.

Mr CLEVELAND is not a theoretical reformer; he is a practical reformer whose works have proved his faith. The *Argus*, therefore, says truly that his election "signifies the preservation of every reform established, and the completion of every reform now in its incipiency," and that the new President "comes to his great duty, without pledges or trammels to any man, clique, or faction."

The *Argus* adds these words:

"Let the obligations to the free Republicans be here and now and everywhere and always acknowledged. Neither political party, as a party, has gained or could gain this election. The independent re-enforcements held the balance of power. They awarded it to CLEVELAND because his election was an assurance against a reversal or a suspension of the reforms on which the virtue and culture of Americans are resolved. The meaning of the fact must be appreciated. The pledge it carries must be kept. Our allies ask nothing for themselves, but something for their country. Their interest in the welfare of the country must be regarded. The Democracy are entitled to and will have all the legitimate fruits of success. Theirs will be the origination and enforcement of the policies of the Government. But the Administration must and will heed every lesson taught. It will re-assure good and apprehensive citizens. It will refute the predictions of the malign prophets of evil. It will guarantee to the nation the beneficent results of the Democratic governments now in operation in a majority of the States."

THE BRYANT TREES.

ONE of BRYANT'S favorite among his own poems was the "Planting of the Apple-Tree," and indeed there is a certain fanciful resemblance between the sturdy, healthful, natural vigor of the poet's genius and the characteristic native fruit of his New England. BRYANT is so especially associated with the sweet and peaceful aspects and moods of nature that there could be no more fitting memorial of him than beautiful trees, and it was a very happy thought of his old neighbors at Roslyn, on Long Island, to plant upon the village green a group of trees which had a personal and local associations with the poet.

On the day before the late election a large company of citizens of Roslyn and its neighborhood assembled upon the green in that pleasant village, and there planted seven trees which had grown in Mr. BRYANT'S grounds at Roslyn from slips brought by him from trees under which he had played as a boy in Cummington, the village in the hills of western Massachusetts where he was born. Mr. PARKE GODWIN, the son-in-law of Mr. BRYANT, made a few appropriate remarks, and the school-children sang the poet's centennial hymn, and the singular fitness and beauty of the simple occasion was deeply impressive.

The trees will be known, doubtless, as the BRYANT trees, a perennial and significant bond between the poet's two country homes, one upon the inland hills, and the other by the salt-water. The house in which Mr BRYANT was born at Cummington, ninety years ago, has long since disappeared. The one which he enlarged and improved into a charming residence, in the later years of his life, was the house to which his father removed when he was a boy of eight or ten years of age. It looks up and down the valley of the Westfield and across to the wooded hills of Plainfield, in which he opened a law office for a year, and in which secluded village he wrote the "Water-Fowl."

BIRDS OF SONG.

THE season of musical concord will follow immediately that of political discord which has just ended. Even in the crowded columns of the newspaper extras of the last day of the campaign space was found to announce at length the arrival of Madame PATTI and her parrot, and to record that *la diva* stated that she was a little sick on the first day out, but was "able to eat her meals" during the rest of the voyage. This was gratifying. But when she was also pleased to declare that she liked America and the Americans, but that her affection was not strong enough to persuade her to subject herself to the physical discomforts of the ocean voyage, the interest became extreme.

The manager of the opera arrived on the same day, with the air and tone of a Xerxes, and complacently declared that his host of soprani, contralti, tenori, and basso was invincible, unprecedented, and unapproachable. He may well be pardoned his allusion to the fact that the forces arrayed against him at the Metropolitan Opera-house during the last season were totally routed. But if, as reported, he said that he had engaged TAMAGNO at $2000 a night, then Mr. TAMAGNO is the most fortunate of singers in the matter of compensation.

There seems to be something grotesque in the disproportionate space given in the press to this form of amusement. But when a prima donna is paid five thousand dollars for singing once in an opera, and a tenor is to be paid similar immense sums, there is obviously a public interest in their performances which may justify wide publication of the fact that their appetites are good, and that they like America. Undoubtedly they like America; but upon those terms who would not! It is not clear that the Academy with the Italian melody will score this year as decided a victory as it secured last year. There is a musical taste which demands the new German opera, and German opera presented with every proper accessory and to the best manner will command immense favor in this cosmopolitan city.

PERSONAL.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE'S most arduous act of philanthropy was to cross the desert, at the age of seventy nine, and have an audience with the Sultan of Morocco, which so impressed that sovereign that for many years the Jews in Morocco enjoyed comparative immunity from persecution. The amount of human suffering which the noble old man prevented by that self-sacrificing trip is incalculable.

—M JULES FERRY, the present French Minister President, is married to a great-granddaughter of GOETHE'S LOTTE, whose full name was CHARLOTTE BUFF.

—A friend asked THACKERAY for a recipe for restoring brilliancy to his eyes. The novelist replied: "Take them out and wash well, first with soap and water, and afterward with a solution of nitric acid, white sand, and blacking. Let them dry well, and then replace them, fastening them in their places with gum water. One great advantage of the discovery is that by turning the pupils inward, and restoring the eyes to their places again, a view of the whole internal economy may be obtained, and thus the precept of the old philosopher to 'know thyself' be readily complied with."

—A chapel is to be erected in England "to the glory of God and in memory of ELIZABETH EVANS, immortalized as Dinah Morris by George Eliot in her novel of *Adam Bede*." So runs the prospectus, which invites all readers of the famous novel to contribute to the fund. The idea is already very successful, and the edifice will be called "The Bede Memorial Chapel." Its site is in the town of Wadesworth, where Dinah used to preach so eloquently to the simple native, little thinking, doubtless, that decline art would by-and by make her artlessness immortal.

—A description of TALLEYRAND appears in the *Cooper Papers*, having been written by COOPER in a letter to his wife: "TALLEYRAND is fattish for a Frenchman; his ankles are weak and his feet deformed, and he lectures about in a strange way. His face is not at all expressive, except it be a kind of drunken stupor; in fact, he looks altogether like an old, bedded, lame, village school-master, and his voice is deep and hoarse. I should suspect that at the Congress his most natural employment would be keeping the unruly boys in order."

—When President ARTHUR drove up to a polling place in New York city to cast his vote on the 4th of November, at least a hundred citizens gathered about him. The ballot peddlers wanted for the honor of giving him tickets, and the welcome was so warm that he blushed like a girl. His vote was neutralized by that of his immediate predecessor on the spot, a sturdy Irishman, who had just deposited a ballot for Mr CLEVELAND.

—While the President was voting, Mr GLADSTONE was laying the corner-stone of a magnificent new club-house on the Victoria Embankment in London.

—Mrs. BELVA LOCKWOOD was announced to deliver an oration in Binghamton, New York. A crowd of masqueraders, in various striking feminine costumes, gathered to hear her, and the one impersonated by a young man of that city, whose make-up was a close imitation of the celebrated Presidential candidate, and whom a committee of elegantly attired gentlemen received with most distinguished consideration. "Mrs. Lockwood" wore a wig and switches, and her figure was finely rounded by not unknown devices of the toilet. Her speech is described as a mass of airy nonsense.

—The old home of ALEXANDER HAMILTON at St. Nicholas Avenue and One-hundred-and-thirty-eighth Street, with its spacious grounds and white porches, is soon to become transformed into a series of ordinary city lots. Eighty years ago, and more, HAMILTON spent there the happiest days of his life, with his wife and seven children. The building is two stories high and sixty feet square, commanding a noble view of the Hudson River and the Palisades.

—Mr EDISON laughingly admits that when a young man he was a telegraph operator on the Grand Trunk Railway, west of Toronto, and was "bounced" because he allowed two freight trains to approach each other contrary to the rules, although there was no collision. The great inventor can afford to jest over such youthful experiences.

—ALVIN JOHNSON on THOMAS BEWICK, the engraver: "He used to go out and look at things, and then come home and draw them."

—Among the members of the Legion of Honor are seventeen lady knights, nine of a home or Superiors or Sisters of orders which devote themselves to hospitals. The oldest two of the nine are Mlle. REMI DE CLAUDY, who conspicuously resisted the revolutionists of 1849, and Madame ANNEY, who, in the same year, gallantly defended her husband, the Mayor of a French village. This summer two women who displayed their heroism in ministering to sufferers from the cholera in the south of France have also received the ribbon.

—One of the latest public appearances of Mr IRVING and Miss TERRY in England was at a provincial theatre where a version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was being played. The little maiden who personated Eva received a kiss and a bouquet from Benedick's Beatrice.

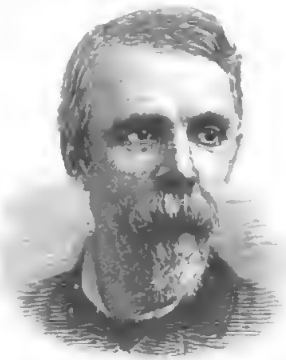
—MADAME STRAKOSCH, who married ADELINA PATTI'S sister, relates that when four years old the famous ADELINA could sing many of the most difficult operatic airs almost to perfection; that when not eight years old she made her first public appearance at Tripler Hall, New York, singing the Rondo from *Sonnambula*, and JENNY LIND'S "Echo Song", that when fifteen she was ready for the stage, but he persuaded her parents to keep her back a year; and that on the 24th of November, 1859, she made her *début*, at sixteen, "having on that first night the phenomenal success which has not continued and augmented ever since."

—MEISSONIER'S house in the Boulevard Malesherbes, Paris, was built of the best materials, after his own designs, and was also every piece of furniture and every article of silver ware in it. The style is Italian Renaissance, and the artist takes pride in telling his guests that the structure has not settled an inch since it was raised. There are two studios, the smaller a *sanctum sanctorum*, which few of his guests ever enter.

—It is reported that the Queen will place Buckingham Palace at the service of the Prince of Wales, giving Marlborough House to Prince VICTOR. Under the clamor that has been made by the radical press, the Board of Admiralty have refused to give to Prince LEININGEN, the Queen's cousin, the post of Admiral at the Nore, and have placed him on the retired list. The Queen is said to be trying to arrange a marriage between Prince VICTOR and Princess MARIE of Belgium.

—Twenty years ago a recent essayist met George Sand at a hotel in Tours, France. She sat opposite me, he says, at a narrow *table d'hôte*—a tall, large, strongly built woman, with features in proportion to her size. Her eyes were fine, but her force of appearance was rather physical than intellectual. It must have been the brain beneath the strong features which caused me as it did to make me to myself who she could be. She was mature, but in no decline of force, massive, grave, and restful, with nothing Gallic about her. The dark hair, eyes, and dist might have belonged to Italy or Spain quite as well as to France, and the bearing better. Her dress might have been called dowdy. I think her robe was brown, which did not become her at all. Crimson would have suited her. She wore an ugly, large-brimmed straw hat, with broad lace falling over the brim, at a time when French women had hardly begun to wear straw hats, and, if my memory does not err, the wore it at dinner.

OPENING OF THE AMERICAN ART GALLERIES, MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY ST. JOHN HARPER.—(SEE PAGE 753.)



THE HON. R. A. ALGER, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MICHIGAN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY D. J. SMITH.

THE HON. J. M. RUSK, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF WISCONSIN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. R. CLARK.

THE HON. JOHN A. MARTIN, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF KANSAS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY CONKLIN.

FROM POST TO FINISH.

A RACING ROMANCE.

BY HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREAKING LAUNCH," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TOUTING," "AT FAULT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE DANCING MASTER PROVES INCORRIGIBLE.

A LETTER from Aunt Mary condematory of Thorndyke's words did much to reconcile Ellen to Gerald's present course of life. That it was right for a Rockingham to ride races for hire, she could not believe, any more than it would be that he should drive a cab. It was a comfort to find that the world looked leniently upon it, and regarded the affair apparently as a piece of pardonable eccentricity. She was not blind to the independent spirit Gerald had shown, and upon what John Thorndyke had had such stress, but she did wish it had taken some other direction. Surely he might have found something better to do than race-riding. Ellen did not know what a well-paid profession jockeyship was in these days, nor did she quite understand the difficulty a young gentleman with no special qualifications had about finding something to do.

Suddenly it occurred to Ellen that she had forgotten to confide to Mr Thorndyke the more serious part of Gerald's offending—to wit, his contemplated marriage. Surely Mr. Thorndyke would not approve of Gerald's marrying out of his class. That could have nothing to do with "the spirit of independence" so much lauded, and even the Rector of St Margaret's, liberal as he was in his ideas, could hardly approve of such a fusion of classes as that marriage would be. Then it suddenly occurred to Miss Rockingham that, much as she valued the opinion of John Thorndyke, it was quite possible her brother might see no necessity for the Rector's approval on a matter so nearly concerning himself. Moreover, Mr. Thorndyke had already declared that he had no plea upon which to interfere in Gerald's affairs, and given her to understand that only to rescue the lad from a dissolute life, and at the earnest desire of his people, could he have any pretext for meddling with Gerald in any way. Now Gerald was doing nothing of that sort, but was leading a steady, hard-working life from all accounts, so Ellen sorrowfully came to the conclusion that it would be useless to ask his advice about that seven Dollie.

The dead season, or racing men call it, had now commenced; that is to say, the legitimate racing year was finished, and till the saddling bell pealed forth on the Carbolme at Lincoln surfeits had nothing to do but to study the "Calendar" and discuss the events of the past twelve months. No story, perhaps, was more handled about than that of Gerald Rockingham, for all race-goers, as well as society, knew now that he and Jim Forrest were one. Gerald had thrown off all disguise about it, and though he still retained his assumed name of "Jim Forrest," frankly admitted to all who cared to know that he was the son of Alister Rockingham

The promulgation of his real name, to tell the truth, promised to do the young fellow considerable good. He had already shown that he was an artist in the saddle, capable of holding his own with the foremost jockeys of the day, and many an old friend of his father's followed Lord Worthy's example, and promised to give him a turn when the game began again. Gerald, of course, wrote openly now to his own people concerning his career. He told them how well he was doing, how he had already money in the bank, and how high were his hopes for the future. About Dollie he said nothing, but Ellen did not augur there was any likelihood of his engagement falling through from such ominous silence. Still, all that winter, though his letters were frequent, he never came to York. He remitted more than one comfortable little check to St Leonard's Place, but pleaded he was too busy studying his profession to have time even to run up at Christmas, at which Mrs Rockingham made vehement protest. But it was no use; Gerald remained resolutely at Newmarket, where he volunteered to give a canter, when weather permitted, to any horse requiring one; and Mr. Pipes, with whom he had become a great favorite, more than once invited him to give some of the Panton Lodge colts "a lesson," which his patience, tact, and delicacy of hand made really invaluable to a nervous young one. But this Gerald steadily declined to do. He made some trivial excuse at first, but at last told the trainer right out that, handsomely as Sir Marmaduke had always behaved to him, he could not forget that the Baronet had taken his jacket away, and therefore he could not think of loitering in his stable without express orders from him, which, as Sir Marmaduke was away gambling at Nice, shooting pigeons, and fruitlessly endeavoring to break the bank at Monte Carlo, he could hardly be expected to attend to give.

Still, Gerald worked hard that winter, and was constantly on the back of some awkward-tempered colt, employed to the not very enviable task of teaching it manners, and before the public were hurrying to Lincoln to once more try to pick the winner of that most difficult of handicaps, and lose their money by backing the always beaten favorite for "the Rockleaby's," the Newmarket trainers had come to the conclusion that there wasn't a lad as Newmarket that could communicate such confidence to a nervous "young one" as Jim Forrest, and many were the good natured assurances that he needn't fear but what he'd get plenty of riding in the coming season.

We have all our days, our seasons. What ordinary shooting man does not remember the day on which it seemed he couldn't go wrong, could not miss them if he tried? Many of us can recall that day in the racket-court when we played a good seven aces over our game, and astonished our friends in the gallery not a little. Billiards the same. And what hunting man does not recollect the time he got well away with the leading hounds, slipping the whole field by a quarter of a mile or so, and his blood up, riding as he never did before nor since? So it is with racing, and

THE RT. REV. WILLIAM PARET, D.D., BISHOP OF MARYLAND.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL.—[See Page 753.]

LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY FALK.—[See Article "German Opera," Page 753.]

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old turfites can recollect "Sir Joseph's" year, more than one of them, but 'll will do for a sample, Mr. Merry's, "The Baron's," a very complication of triumphs, and, latterly, Lord Falmouth's. This coming season was destined to be known in turf lore as Lord Whitby's and Jim Forrest's year. The fates, tired at last, it may be presumed, of persecuting that irascible nobleman, seemed to have handed him over to be the spoiled child of Fortune, and from the Craven Meeting all through the year his lordship's well-known colors were seen continually in the van. True to his word, he had commenced by giving Jim Forrest some of his riding, and Jim was not the man to throw away a chance when he really had a good horse under him. As he scored victory after victory for his employer, Lord Whitby, to whom a series of successes was extremely titillating on account of the rarity with which such triumphs had been vouchsafed him, was in high good-humor with his new jockey. He somewhat overestimated his horsemanship, and, forgetting that he had a better lot of colts than it had ever been his luck to own before, vowed that Jim Forrest was the best jockey on the turf, "and then, by Jove, sir, he's a Rockingham, and one knows he'll ride straight," a remark which, though doubtless true of Gerald, conveyed a rather unfair insinuation against the majority of his colleagues.

Sir Marmaduke, on the contrary, and his followers, had so far been singularly unfortunate. Mr. Pipes had the mischance to get that bane of trainers, influenza, into his stable, with the usual result—his charges all the first part of the season were rarely quite themselves, while in some of the worst cases it had been found hopeless to get them ready, and more than one rich stake, which had been apparently at Sir Marmaduke's mercy, had to be abandoned because his representative was *hors de combat*. Notably the case this with the flying Atalanta, who had proved herself almost the best two-year-old in training last season. She was very heavily engaged, and apparently her taking the One Thousand Guineas and Oaks was a mere question of health. She had been smitten so badly with this curse of racing stables that it was questionable whether she would recover her form during the present campaign; and what made the matter still worse was the well-known fact that when fillies, in racing parlance, lose their form at three years old, they are apt to never recover it.

Even in this Jim Forrest's star was to a certain extent in the ascendant, for Sir Marmaduke, upon hearing from Mr. Pipes what Forrest had said when asked to handle some of his horses in the winter, chose to take umbrage at Jim's refusal, and consequently never offered him a mount, whereby Jim was probably spared discomfiture on more than one occasion, as the Baronet's string apparently couldn't win even a selling race.

You may be sure Jim's career was closely watched in St. Leonard's Place. The widow took to studying the sporting news again, as she had been used at the zenith of her husband's turf career, but with infinitely less trepidation than had come to her in latter days. She did not associate, poor soul, any danger with the race-course except that of gambling, and she was assured that Gerald did not do that. Nor did he. He bet at times, as every one connected with the turf does, but he could not be called a regular speculator. Still, he was putting together a very nice little nest-egg, and toward this Lord Whitby, who was as open-handed as he was hot-tempered, not a little contributed. He was now most thoroughly established in the very front rank of his profession, in receipt of retaining salaries from both Lord Whitby and another well-known magnate of the sporting world. Sir Marmaduke more than once regretted his severance with Jim Forrest; "not but what," he would say ruefully to his great ally, Captain Farrington, "it don't much matter who's up on such a lot of half-trained devils as all ours are this season." There was one exception, and that was the Dancing Master; the influenza had affected him but slightly, and merely necessitated a slight stoppage in his work during that bitter spring-time. Mr. Pipes, like Bill Greyson, had conceived an immense opinion of the horse's capabilities, but he also recognized that the horse equally had an opinion about when it was necessary to exert himself, and that, unfortunately, seldom coincided with that of his owner and trainer. Mr. Pipes was used to deal with all sorts of equine temper, but he candidly confessed that "the Dancer" was a puzzler. He tried—as all trainers do nowadays who know their business—coaxing, patience, and the tenderest handling; but "the Dancer" was not to be cajoled with lumps of sugar, either practical or metaphorical. That willful quadruped had sucked in the idea apparently with his mother's milk—she was a jaundiced-tempered matron—that he was to have his own way in this weary world, and could not be got to comprehend that horses are born to servitude. No, they could make nothing of him in the Panton Lodge stable. When he was tried just before the Claret Stakes, at the Craven Meeting, he galloped like a lion, and in the *argot* of the race-course made his antagonists lie down; but in the actual race, three days afterward, he never showed at all; and Blackton once more energetically pronounced him the greatest coward in training.

"It's not that, Sir Marmaduke," replied Mr. Pipes, in answer to Blackton's remark just after the race; "the beggar can stay, and is game enough when he means winning; but, damme, I can't help thinking he stands in with the bookmakers, and runs for them instead of for us whenever he's backed."

"I don't quite know what to think, Pipes. He failed at Epsom, the same at Doncaster, and now again over the 'Ditch In' for the Clarets. He wins over the Rowley Mile, the only time he ever wins. It looks to me as if he couldn't get further, and that he's been run ever since out of his distance."

"It's not that, Sir Marmaduke," replied the trainer; "it's his beastly temper."

"It's his want of heart," said Blackton, as he turned and walked sulkily away.

"Get him ready for the Hunt Cup at Ascot," said the Baronet, curtly. "If he gets in, well—and he must—I'll stand him a raker for that; and if he fails us, then Bill Greyson may have him back again at once. Better be paid for his corn than me."

In writing the wonderfully romantic narrative of Gerald Rockingham's unprecedented turf career it is difficult to keep clear of the mistake of becoming a mere volume of the Racing Calendar. Continuous repetition of sporting stories of the same description is apt to wax tedious, indeed, in these times it is so easy to bear a little too heavily upon any subject, and writing as I do within half a mile of Westminster, I may surely add talk too much on my subject. Parliament Street is thick with verbiage, national business is at a stand-still, while the six hundred and fifty wind-bags that represent the nation are still busily engaged in emulous cackle.

For the above reason it is necessary to pass somewhat rapidly over the racing of this year, and simply record the fact that the Dancing Master was allotted a weight in the Hunt Cup which, conjoined with the fact that the horse was extremely well, made the Panton Lodge people regard his chance as an immense one, should he only take it into his head to run kindly. Sir Marmaduke adhered to his before-expressed intention, and backed the horse to win him an enormous stake, which he was easily enabled to do, from the known uncertainty of the animal's temper, at a very liberal price. Once more did the erratic Dancing Master betray the confidence of his new owner. Indulging in quite uncalled-for gambols at the post, he got a very indifferent start when the flag eventually fell, but going like a bolt from a catapult when he did go, his tremendous speed enabled him to catch his horses as the hill was topped, and the gay-colored troop came within view of the Stand. Anxious to take a good place, Blackton immediately afterward hustled him a little, and just as Farrington exclaimed, "He means it at last, Marm," the uncertain brute determined not to be put out of his way by any one, shut up, and declined to make another effort.

This last exhibition of the gray's temper was enough for the Baronet; he came to the conclusion that Blackton was right, and that the colt was a rank coward, and ordered his trainer to send him back to Riddleton forthwith. To Mr. Pipes's suggestion that they had better keep the colt a little longer, Sir Marmaduke replied curtly:

"Certainly not, I can't afford to give him another chance. He's cost me about twenty thousand already, first and last, and would be a perpetual temptation if I kept him on the premises. Send him back to Greyson next week. He may be the best colt in the kingdom, but he'd break the Bank of England."

CHAPTER XXXVI

GERALD VISITS YORK

If his own people had not seen Gerald, neither had his sweetheart. Since their hurried visit just after Egham Meeting he had not set foot in Yorkshire; he had intended then to have returned in a week and take part in the various contests on the Knavesmire; but, as we have seen, false pride had caused him not to keep that engagement. Dollie hardly knew what to think of things. It was true that Gerald wrote lovingly and frequently, and spoke in the most sanguine way of the future; but the girl did think that if he cared about her as much as he pretended, he might have found time during all those winter months to run up and see her. She knew very well that he had openly avowed his name, and that all the world was now aware who Jim Forrest really was; and she had been not a little amused at the way her father and mother had taken the information.

"Dal it all!" exclaimed Bill Greyson when he heard it; "to think that I have had a son of the Squire's in my stable! I'm main sorry to think it. And that he should win the Two Thousand for Riddleton a few months after Riddleton had broke his father! It's like a dream. We ought all to be ashamed of ourselves that we didn't tell the Squire about Phaeton."

As for Mrs. Greyson, she completely changed her note; declared that she had always noticed something very superior about Forrest's manner; rallied Dollie about her flirtation; and would simper and say, "I dare say the young Squire will give us a look in before long. We know of an attraction at Riddleton that's likely to bring him north, don't we, Dollie?"

"Don't put such rubbish into the girl's head," the trainer would roughly interpose on such occasion. "He may have taken up race-riding for a season, but men of Gerald Rockingham's blood don't mate with such as us."

And then Dollie would toss her head disdainfully as women does when it is suggested the victim may break the toils, they never will believe it, and draw the gyves tighter and tighter, despite the warning of worldly wise sisters, until one day the fetters lie riven, and the captive is gone, never to be recaptured.

But as the months rolled by, and Gerald never appeared either at York or Riddleton, Dollie began to feel not a little uncomfortable. If this had been mere flirtation, incense gratifying to her girlish vanity, it would have been cause of doubt and dismay that her lover could stay so long away from her; but it was much more than that. Dollie knew, alas! she had given her whole heart to Gerald Rockingham, and if he deemed that a bauble not worth keeping, God help her! for she would need it sorely. Could her father be right? Could Miss Rockingham be right?

Was Gerald only amusing himself, as she had read and heard young men were wont to do with women, more especially when they did not belong to their own station in life? and then Dollie would throw herself into the arm-chair near her casement, and as she gazed across the broad undulating grassy expanse the tears would well up into her eyes, and she would wonder whether the world really was so hollow and heartless as all that came to.

That "the world is hollow, and their doll stuffed with sawdust," is a phase that most young women go through in their early days.

Gerald had conceived a great idea, and was working up to it with all the steady persistency that misfortune had called forth in his character. He had heard from Writson that all chance of disposing of Cranley in the aggregate seemed hopeless, and that he should be compelled to lot it and dispose of it piecemeal. Now Gerald, thanks to the liberal presents he had received, in the first instance from Sir Marmaduke and his followers, and latterly from Lord Whitby, had no less than between two and three thousand pounds at his banker's. He worked hard and lived sparingly, and except the money he sent to assist the ménage at St. Leonard's Place, spent little of his earnings. He was now making a very good income, and the idea had come to him to embark the bulk of his savings in some turf speculation; to go for one great *coup*, and should that come off, with the proceeds to purchase Cranley; not the manor, of course, but simply the house and chase. The difficulty was, what should the plotted *coup* consist of? He had ridden several colts of Lord Whitby's this year, whose winning might be regarded as fairly certain; but then the prices laid against these at starting had been so short that it required to risk much more than he could afford to win the stake he wanted.

Gerald had for months been puzzling as to how the solution of his puzzle could be come by, but see it he couldn't, and meanwhile he heard from Writson that the handbills would be out early in August, and the sale take place about the beginning of September. Gerald reflected sadly that there remained but a very short time to plan and execute the stroke he meditated. Stockbridge and the Newmarket July meetings were gone and past, and though Goodwood loomed before him he could see nothing in the programme that seemed suitable to his purpose. Suddenly it struck Jim that he would take a few days' holiday, run up to York, and see his mother and sister and Dollie.

It was with a big jump of the heart that Dollie received the letter in which Gerald announced his intention of coming northward. Ah, this would clear up all doubts! Let her but see Gerald, and she would speedily be assured as to whether he loved her still; but she did not want to see him at Riddleton, and that was where she was when she received his letter. She looked forward to the rather slavish adulation that she felt sure her mother would accord "Mr. Rockingham" with as much dismay as the blunt mistrust of her father. So Dollie made up her mind that she must abandon the sweet summer moorland breezes for the hot, dusty city of York, and once more take up her abode with her uncle Thomas in Coney Street.

Mrs. Greyson was not disposed to wrangle with her daughter, according to her wont. Had not that young woman captured what in the good lady's estimation was a stag royal? and although she knew enough of the science of deer-stalking to comprehend that

"Let the stricken deer go weep"

did not at all mean that he was "gathered," that those sorely wounded ones often struggled on to the next forest and then took to themselves another mate, yet Mrs. Greyson, with half-closed eyes, kept on purring to herself over Dollie's approaching marriage with the heir of Cranley Chase. It mattered nothing that she knew, as all Yorkshire knew, that Cranley Chase was for sale, and Gerald a ruined man riding races for a living. In her extreme satisfaction at her daughter marrying a man of gentle blood she ignored the sad story of the past few years, and chose to regard Gerald as holding the position his father had occupied when she first knew him.

Bill Greyson, on the contrary, took a very different view of his daughter's engagement. He admired Jim Forrest much; he recognized his great qualities as a horseman, and had heard from many of his Newmarket compatriots how steady he was in his life, and how steadfast in the pursuit of his new profession. As a brilliant jockey and a straight-going young fellow the old trainer would have held Jim Forrest a most eligible suitor for his daughter's hand, but when it turned out that Jim Forrest was Gerald Rockingham, it was different. A wild, hot-blooded lot the Rockinghams!—ever reckless in their passions as regarded wine, women, or play; such was their reputation on the country-side; and the late Squire had shown himself impregnated with the old Adam in his youth to the full as much as his ancestors. Greyson could hardly believe that, ruined or not ruined, Gerald Rockingham could mean to act fairly by his daughter. To a man of his birth the most obvious solution of his difficulties was a wealthy marriage. Groping dimly in the dark, the trainer had come to his reasoning. In the state of transition in which we are all now living, the money-grubbers, in their anxiety to turn butterflies, are only too keen to barter wealth for position, though how long we shall be before diamonds, a brown-fronted stone house, a silver-gilt dinner service, and a pair of thousand guinea carriage horses constitute the summum bonum of existence, after the manner of our New York cousins, is a matter of conjecture. Birth and family are not likely to count for much, while the dollar will be all-powerful, in the days that lie before us.

Greyson honestly wanted to see no more of Jim Forrest save on a race-course. He liked him in every respect except as a suitor for his daughter, though he still felt a little uncomfortable that Alister Rockingham's son should ever have been a stable-boy of his. A life passed in the chicanery of the turf, and Bill Greyson (to put it mildly) had been at all events mixed up with some ugly turf stories in his time, had not altogether blunted the veteran's ideas of right. Although he had honestly done him a good turn, he still harped upon the fact that the son of his old free-handed employer, Alister Rockingham, should have been employed by him in a menial capacity. On the other hand, the thing he loved best on earth was Dollie, and his face hardened as the bare idea that a man should meditate wrong to her. It would be far safer, he thought, that the two should see no more of each other for the present. "As for the wife," he muttered to himself, "she's good in the dairy, and keeps a sure hand on 'em in the house, but she's a feather-pated woman, and no judge whatever of weights when it comes to match-making."

Dollie had, perhaps, exercised a wise discretion in not meeting her lover at Riddleton. The judicious pilot does not take his bark between Scylla and Charybdis unless necessity compels; those treacherous headlands are better avoided, if possible; and the girl felt that neither of her parents was likely to be quite what she wished to Gerald at present. Besides, she wanted to have him thoroughly to herself, and thus she wondered whether she should see Miss Rockingham again, and whether Gerald meant to present her to his mother. She knew that he had announced his engagement to herself, but she had not come across Ellen since, and she was very anxious to meet that young lady under these altered circumstances.

If Dollie really entertained any doubts of her lover's constancy they were dispelled at once on Gerald's arrival at the drawing-room in Coney Street.

"Oh, Gerald!" she exclaimed, as she at length released herself from his passionate embrace, "what a time it is since I have seen you! Do you know how long it is, sir?"

"Yes; it is very nearly a year since I was last in York."

"And if you are as fond of me as you pretend to be, how could you be so many months without coming near me?"

"Dangling at her apron-strings is not always the readiest way to win the girl you love. When there's man's work to be done, 'tis no time for such sweet fooleries. I only did your own bidding, Dollie; and now I am more successful than ever we hoped in the trade of your naming, surely you'd not have me give up 'silk,' and turn aside when I'm close to the top of the ladder?"

"Of course not, Gerald. You know I wouldn't wish it for a moment, but you must expect a girl to pout a little at her lover's absence, even if she knows he is working hard for her sake. I don't suppose Rachel was very well satisfied with her father's arrangement, and I have no doubt felt quite as bad as Jacob did about it, when she found that she had, after all that waiting, to give way to her elder sister."

"Ah, well," said Gerald, laughing, "my servitude is not going to extend quite so long as that. I shall demand you of your parents before many months, I trust. I have worked hard—ay, very hard—and done better than I could have ever dreamed, and the end of it all is, darling, I have conceived a wilder dream than ever. I told you Cranley was in the market, and I am haunted with the idea of saving the house and park. Writson told me, and very sensible too, when last here, that it would be madness—that it would involve genteel pauperism—that most painful of all stages of poverty. "But," continued the lad, springing to his feet and pacing the room in his excitement, "at that time I had very little money at the bank. I was by no means sure of making a good income by my profession. Now it is different. I am prepared to risk my small capital to effect a grand *coup*, and should that be successful, I could save Cranley; while with the income I now make we could all live there if we were content to do so quietly, though comfortably."

"Oh, Gerald, that would be glorious! But what is to be the great stake that we are to play for?"

"Ah! that's just where it is, Dollie. I don't know. I can't think of a *coup* to go for with what I call any reasonable chance of success."

"Stop, Gerald. Remember the horse that gave you your first great start—the horse that made you—the Dancing Master. Isn't there something to be done with him?"

"There might be," said Gerald, meditatively; "but, you see, I never ride for Sir Marmaduke now."

"But the horse is at Riddleton. They sent him back from Newmarket directly after Ascot. Sir Marmaduke, it seems, lost a lot of money over him in the Hunt Cup, and vowed he wasn't worth his keep. Father's got him back again."

"Well, it is possible there's a good race in him yet, if one could only catch him in the humor; but—but even then I don't know when it's to be; and, Dollie, the time is so short. The Chase is to be sold in September."

"It's no use talking it over now," said the girl; "still, I've a presentiment that 'the Dancer' is our guardian angel, and he will take care of us yet. He doesn't mean to exert himself till you want him, Gerald; but don't forget he's at Riddleton, well, and—wicked old thing!—anxious for a job. How long are we to keep you with us?"

"A couple of days or so is all I can spare. I have to see Writson, and I must call in St. Leonard's Place; but I have no end of engagements, and must get back south toward the end of the week."

"I was afraid it must be so. No, Gerald; I'm not repining, and I know that it is all for your

good that you should be so fully occupied; but a young woman likes to keep a sweetheart she only sees once a year a little longer with her, if possible."

"Nonsense, Dollie; don't be unreasonable," exclaimed the young man, a little impatiently.

"I am not," replied the girl, softly. "I know it can't be; but I surely may regret that it is so."

Gerald's sole reply was of that description which is best left to the imagination. We can all recall what would have seemed appropriate under the circumstances, and human nature varies little with regard to these things.

"And now, Dollie," said young Rockingham, as the girl emerged from one of those unaccountable but every-day disappearances which so troubled Bella Wilfer, "it's time I said good-by. I've got to see Writson, and prepare my mother and sister to be introduced to you."

"Really, Gerald! Is Mrs. Rockingham anything like your sister? I shall feel so strange at meeting her."

"It would be much the same whoever I brought her, I think. She would never consider any one quite good enough for her scapegrace son."

"I won't have you call yourself names," retorted Dollie, with a stamp of her pretty foot. "You know you are nothing of the kind. You never got into any row yet, and since—forgive me, Gerald, if I seem to speak hardly—you were left a beggar, you've honestly earned your own bread. Scapegrace, forsooth! I don't see much of that about you."

"Perhaps not," said Gerald, laughing, as he took up his hat; "but I must be off now, see Writson, and call in St. Leonard's Place. For the present, sweet, adieu."

"God bless and keep thee, dearest!" rejoined Dollie, as she kissed him; and then Gerald went out into the soft summer air, and wended his way toward Mr. Writson's.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GERMAN OPERA.

The bleak, unmelodic days of Puritan times in America gave little encouragement to the development of music, and zealous severity threatened to stifle it altogether in its infancy. For there really was a period when music was completely ostracized in this country, and even the simple forms of primitive psalmody were regarded with condemnatory disfavor by the autocrats of the Church. No sounds of "lively voice" were permitted in church or out of it, and the people were commanded to "sing the praises of the Lord in their hearts," but not audibly. Pious mothers rocked their cradles in gloomy silence; the patient toiler could not enliven his task by one cheerful melody; such a thing as a ballad or a love-song would have been considered a sacrilege and a heresy; and the bare walls of the meeting-house were doubly secure in the appalling chill of enforced silence, broken only by austere exhortations, and by moans and sighs and contrite responses. (It is but justice to state that it was a churchman, John Cotton, to whose efforts it is due that music was reinstated.) Contrasting this dark age with the present day, one is apt to feel a satisfaction not untinged by a mild wickedness at the triumph of material pleasures over the solemn, unreasoning asceticism of the early settlers of North America. The latter part of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century mark the dawn of musical culture in this country. The introduction of instrumental music, the forming of singing societies, and the establishment of theatres followed in natural sequence. As early as 1730 *The Beggar's Opera*, at that time the "rage" in London, was performed in New York, and became very popular; this was followed by a number of similar ballad plays and musical pantomimes. At the same time the different singing societies pursued the study of music in its nobler forms with eager devotion. In the South, the French *émigrés* of 1793 soon exercised the influence of their musical tastes, and New Orleans revelled in secular music long before Boston responded to its echo.

In most cases, however, it was the non-English immigration which changed the current of thought in favor of music. Thus we find Hans Gram, a German organist, editing the *Massachusetts Compiler* in 1795, and Gottlieb Graupner, also a German, leading an orchestra in the old Federal Street Theatre three years later. In 1810 Graupner founded the Philharmonic Society of Boston—one of the most important events in the history of music in America. From that time dates the cultivation of music as a genteel accomplishment in American society. Under fairly capable instruction the taste for the compositions of Bach, Mozart, Handel, Haydn, Weber, Rossini, and others found sympathetic expression by a coterie of respectable amateurs. Gradually that circle widened, and the public at large became interested in music in its higher forms. The influence of the quietly unassuming progression of amateurs of music made itself also felt among the professional element. For while amateurs seldom attain to the very top notch of excellence, yet it is they who are the spurs to urge the professional speed. Thus the primitive form of the *Beggar's Opera* and the musical buffoonery of the early English ballad pantomimes faded away before the pretensions of the more refined musical taste, and oratorios with orchestral accompaniment, and finally grand opera performances, became a possibility. As early as 1810 Paisiello's *Barber of Seville* and Zingarelli's *Romeo and Juliet* were produced by French artists in this country. These performances grew in subsequent years (1818-24) to really brilliant representations of operas by Rossini, Spontini, Mozart, Méhul, and other composers.

In 1825 a somewhat emasculated performance of Weber's *Freischütz* was followed in November of the same year by the first complete Italian opera company, under the management and with the co-operation of Garcia and his afterward famous daughter (Malibran). Their performances, although not a brilliant pecuniary success, were enthusiastically received by delighted and extremely fashionable New York audiences. The first opera produced by Garcia and his company was Rossini's *Barbiere*, and the critics of that day are full of the praise of its performance. At this time it may not be uninteresting to mention that the most complete orchestra of those days consisted of one pianist, seven violins (including the leader), two violas, three 'celli, two double basses, two flutes, two clarionets, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, and one kettle-drum; a chorus of seventeen persons, all told, together with the six or seven principals, formed the entire *personnel* of the greatest opera company heard in America up to that time.

Dating from the Garcia season up to about 1848, the musical taste in this country was preponderatingly Italian. The arrival of the "Germania" orchestra, which, after its first somewhat disastrous season, came under the able leadership of Carl Bergmann, made a decided epoch for German music in America. They were a band of capital musicians (Carl Zerrahn was the original first flute), and by the exquisite taste displayed in their programmes, and by their intelligent rendering of the same, revealed to the American public musical beauties which up to that time had been a sealed volume. They were the first to interest Americans generally in purely German music, and earned for themselves an enviable reputation as most conscientious musicians, and proved themselves, in the face of adverse circumstances, a most brave company of pioneers, many of whom gained a much higher individual standing, after the dissolution of the "Germania," than that of their collective fame. Thus Carl Bergmann became the leader of the New York Philharmonic Society, Carl Zerrahn, the conductor of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society; William Schultze, Carl Sentz, and others occupied prominent places in the musical world of the United States. Although the *Freischütz* was performed in its completeness at the old Park Theatre in 1844, and some years later Lortzing's *Czar und Zimmermann* was produced under the auspices and with the assistance of the "Liederkranz," yet these performances and other similar ones were principally patronized by Germans, and had but little influence upon the taste of the public in general. Even Von Berkel's brief opera season at Niblo's in 1855 did not appeal to the American public at large, though it was a subscription season, and the singers not unknown to fame.

It was Madame Johannsen, together with Leonard Scheerer, in the season of 1856, who aroused a general interest in German opera; augmented later on by Lucas Quint, Lotti, Mr. and Mrs. Himmer, Carl and Theodore Formes, Anton Graf, and others, German opera forced a recognition from non-German auditors. While opera in its present condition can scarcely be more than a merely popular vehicle for the better musical forms, because it is indissolubly linked to the deceptive methods of the stage, and is too much dependent upon the glitter of the spectacle and upon the dramatic license of the performers to be regarded a purely esthetic demonstration of the quality of music, yet it possesses a power for good which can not be ignored—a power which is particularly exercised by German composers. Generally, Italian opera composers subordinate the auditors to their singers, while the Germans endeavor to subordinate the singers to their auditors. Hence one is apt to meet in the one with an amount of meaningless *bravura* and *fioritura* which serve merely to demonstrate the singer's capacity for vocal embroidery, while in the other one finds most frequently an earnest endeavor to express a harmonious suggestion of appropriate sentiments. And while the former may gain something in pleasing vocalism, the other generally arouses much the deeper and the more lasting sympathy. Italian composers insinuate passion in radiant flesh-colors, gracefully, glowingly, yet with a certain reckless impulsiveness which often appears quite irrational. The Germans seem to dispense romance in a reflective mood. They treat their ideal sentiments with a dreamy tenderness, and cling as far as possible (consistently) to their theme.

But judged musically, without taking the tropical personality of the one or the thoughtful individuality of the other into consideration, Italian opera music is rarely in sympathy with the text, while German composers sacrifice melody rather than violate national expression. This is especially true in regard to the later and best German operas. The easy, self-satisfied conventionality with which the ordinary Italian composer contents himself with old forms and well-worn phrases, sparsely embellished with fresh motives or original themes, is not so much the failing of temperament as it is the fault of method. A German tries at least (even though he does not always succeed) to endow his entire composition with the spirit of its story, and thus endeavors to lend a character to his opera which is quite in accord with the plot, with the sentiment, and with the ideal of the drama which he attempts to portray. Carl Bergmann was the first to bring the works of that purely German composer Wagner before the American public. From that time to this the interest in Wagner's compositions has been of steady growth. Despite the great disadvantage of hearing his compositions as mere fragments, for which they are particularly unsuited, the American musician absorbed his ideas and entered into the spirit of his work with rare intelligence. The scant opportunities to listen to his operas in their completeness have been eagerly sought, and the interest in his compositions, once aroused, has never flagged. The first productions of *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and, later on, that of the *Walküre*, under the direction of A. Neuendorff, revealed the *rationale* of the great German master, and secured the adherence of many who up to that time were skeptic of his power. The venture of Mr. Theodore Thomas to present parts of the *Nibelungen* is of quite recent date, and served to whet the public appetite for a possible opportunity to witness a complete performance of the same.

All this shows a warm sympathy on the part of the American public toward German music. And, not without reason, Germans, wherever they may be, are ever connected with their father-land by the subtle yet tenacious bond of music. Music claims their patriotic allegiance long after every other bond between them and Germany has been dissolved. Wherever Germans reside, music has a home. It is owing largely to their early settlement in this country that the cultivation of music is so firmly grounded here. The works of German composers, presented by German musicians, and taught by Germans, have been of the utmost importance in the struggling development of music in America, and their influence dates back into the very dawn of musical culture in this country. Singing societies, chamber music, orchestras, and opera have occupied and are now engaging the most talented Germans in the United States and much that is best of musical taste in America has been stimulated and nourished and matured by the aid of Germans. The names of Gram, Graupner, Bergmann, Anschütz, Neuendorff, Thomas, Damrosch, Zerrahn, and that score of Germans besides who have devoted their lives and best energies to the cause of music in America, are not equalled by the representatives of any other nation, or all other nations combined.

The labors of Bishop and other English and some French musicians, and the enthusiastic efforts of a number of worthy Italians, should not be forgotten; but it is particularly the Italian school which has done the cause quite as much harm as it did good. Its alluring melody but too often became an insidious bribe to the judgment, and many a budding power has withered to pitiful insignificance by following blindly the sensuous influence of Italian methods. But turning from the usefulness and influence of German music, one involuntarily lingers at its enjoyment. Their simple folk song, their "männerchor," their "heimaths-klänge," full of tenderness and devotion, show their character to an increasing advantage beside their more pretentious symphonies and elaborate suites. Their operas particularly aims at an excellence which is calculated to impress the general auditor, whether he be musically educated or no. There they introduce one to their dream-land creatures, who echo humanity in melodious sighs; there one meets with their grandly passionate creations, whose fortunes one is tempted to follow with spell-bound sympathy; there all that is heroic, all that is chivalric and brave, kindles the spark of valor in responsive bosoms, and under the influence of their majestic chords of harmony one silently and fervently worships the Creator. M. T.

BISHOP PARET.

On page 750 we give the portrait of the Right Reverend William Paret, D.D., who has been elected Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Maryland, to succeed the late Bishop Pinkney. Dr. Paret was born in 1826 in New York city. He was educated in Hobart College, in Geneva, New York, and he first assumed the priestly functions at Moravia, in this State. In the course of his career he has had charge of various parishes, and for the eight years previous to his going to Washington, D.C., he was stationed at Williamsport, Pennsylvania. He was installed into the Epiphany Church in Washington in October, 1876, and his rectorship was very successful.

THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION.

The sole object of the American Art Association is to promote the sale of American paintings and sculptures. Foreign works of art have long had earnest friends in the well-known dealers who have made large fortunes by selling them. The purpose now is to organize an attractive and successful market for domestic works of art.

When an American painter has painted his picture, how shall he interest in it a possible buyer? The answer to the question is of the last practical moment to any real encouragement of the fine arts in this country, and without encouragement the fine arts can not live. Shall the artist invite the picture-buying public to his studio? He has tried this plan, but they will not go. He must needs, therefore, send his canvas to some place whither the picture-buying public do go. The annual exhibitions of the National Academy, the Society of American Artists, and similar organizations might serve his purpose, were it not almost an axiom in the studios that pictures do not sell well on such occasions. The sumptuously furnished galleries of the leading dealers are visited freely by patrons, but these places never have truly welcomed the products of native genius. For reasons into which it is inconvenient just now to enter, the seller of foreign pictures makes more money than the seller of American pictures. What, then, is the cisatlantic artist to do in order to bring the creatures of his imagination to the notice of possible purchasers?

The founders of the American Art Association, Messrs. James F. Sutton and Thomas E. Kirby, have undertaken to solve the problem by laying out forty thousand dollars in an extension to the old quarters at No. 6 East Twenty-third Street, and thus establishing four well-lighted and otherwise pleasing galleries, to which they invite all American artists, at home and abroad, to contribute their best examples, with the understanding that the most approved business methods shall be used to effect the sale of the works. The size of these galleries—they are respectively 33 × 48 feet, 16 × 37 feet, 16 × 38 feet, and 33 × 75 feet—enables the owners to accommodate a large number of contributions, and the manner in which the scheme is operated has won the confidence of at least thirty business men, who have founded a fund of six thousand dollars, out of the interest of which annual prizes will be distributed to the most deserving competitors. At this writing the walls are hung with not less than three hundred and sixteen American paintings, forty-five of which were exhibited in the Paris Salon last summer, and all of which are worth seeing and owning. The opening of these galleries on the evening of the 8th of November deserves to be an occasion of great joy to the hard-working denizens of American studios.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Among the archives of the State of South Carolina is the following document, recently unearthed in the office of the Secretary of State, and dated 1733: "The humble petition of all the Maids whose names are underwritten: Whereas we, the humble petitioners, are at present in a very melancholy condition of mind, considering how all the bachelors are blindly captured by widows, and we are thereby neglected; In consequence of this our request is that your Excellency will, for the future, order that no widow presume to marry any young man till the maids are provided for, or else to pay each of them a fine, for satisfaction of invading our liberties."

A Philadelphia physician claims that the ladies of that city are handsomer than the ladies of other cities, and that the reason of it is their comparative freedom from lacing, a practice which deranges the functions of the liver. He thinks also that Philadelphia ladies do an unusual amount of walking out-doors, and that this conduces to the freshness of their faces and the roundness of their contours.

The Rev. John J. Riordan, Catholic missionary at Castle Garden, says, after a three months' visit to Ireland: "It is the dream of every boy and girl in Ireland to get to this country. In every other cabin there is hanging up in the most conspicuous place a photograph of a lady dressed in silk, with a bonnet covered with feathers, or of a young man with stylish trousers and a cane. That's Mary, or Terence, who have been in America only three or four years, and these photographs and the glowing letters that come back about the eating and drinking and high wages turn all the young people's heads. Of all the girls I saw living in comfortable homes there was only one who did not want to come to America."

An English paper enumerates the periods of great heat that have occurred in Europe since the year 627. In Germany, in 1132, it says, "the ground cracked on every side, and became baked to the hardness of stone, and in France, in 1705, meat could be cooked by merely exposing it to the sun." These are statements calculated to tax credulity anywhere east of Chicago, but it is simple to say of the German vegetation of 993 that it "burned under the sun's rays as under the action of fire," because anybody knows it would burn like that if it was the sun's rays which made it burn.

It is said that the average charge for board in Boston boarding-houses is $4 weekly for men, and $3 50 for women, less being charged for women because it is considered that their presence at table is an inducement to the men of Boston, who are most earnestly disposed to eat their beans amid gentle and cheerful surroundings. Fifty cents, it is believed, is only a fair premium for the extra attraction; and the writer who has let the world into the knowledge of all this declares that Boston landladies invariably leave their dining-room window-shades up, so that passers-by in the streets may behold without let all the joy and glory that are inside.

Talk has been carried on over the telephone between a man in St. Petersburg and another man 2465 miles away, and it is now believed that oral conversation between New York and London is quite feasible.

A French *savant* describes the sensation produced in a human being by the impingement upon him of a flying cannon-ball. It is not a satisfactory description, the upshot of it being that sensation ceases almost instantly upon the coming of the man and the cannon-ball together.

There were forty-nine railway companies in Russia, according to the last official report. Of these, four used wood for running their locomotives, consuming 363,029 cubic Russian fathoms in a year, and the others burned coal, consuming upward of 1,230,000 tons in the same time. Since this report was made, the lines near the Caucasus have come to use petroleum as fuel.

Complaints are filed constantly at the Treasury Department in Washington of the inadequacy of the means of life-saving on the big trans-atlantic steam-ships. A United States naval officer reports that he recently came over from Liverpool on one of these ships, which carried 1200 passengers, and whose boats and other life-saving appliances could not have accommodated more than 400 persons. In case of wreck in mid-ocean two-thirds of those on board must have been left almost without any means of salvation. It is said that a large proportion of the ocean passenger steamers neglect to observe the law which requires every ship to carry boats, rafts, etc., enough to accommodate all persons on board.

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THE ELECTION RETURNS—THE EXTRAORDINARY SPECTACLE IN PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 4.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP AND W. P. SNYDER.

NEW YORK
TIMES

AT ROSLYN.

(November 3, 1884.)

When poets touch the heart, they touch
To finer issues than the brain
Conceives of either joy or pain;
And their sweet influence is such
As comes to buds with vernal rain.

Sculpture may satisfy the eye
With lines of grandeur or of grace,
Painting restore the hour, the place,
When tranced with wood, or wave, or sky,
We stood with Nature face to face:

And Music—all that spells of sound,
Enamored of melodious speech,
Rejoice in, calling, answering each,
Music may bring; but more profound
Than these the arts that poets teach.

Their Art is Nature. They divine
Her secrets, and to men disclose;
They taught, or teach, him all he knows—
First, last, of the prophetic line—
And what he is, and where he goes.

Of many men and many things
Forgetful—priests that shape his creed,
Stout men-at-arms that make him bleed—
He still remembers him who sings,
Who was, and is, his friend indeed!

Green was the laurel Cæsar wore,
But Virgil's wreath is greener now
Than Cæsar's; that imperial brow
Is balder than it was before,
Pompeius; but, Horace, not so thou!

A Queen and player both drew breath
In good old England's golden prime.
To-day the sovereign of that time
Is Shakespeare, not Elizabeth—
Not Tudor, but his powerful rhyme.

What homage shall we offer these,
Our Masters, and their deathless song?
Pay them the honour that belong
To founders of great dynasties—
The strong hands that destroy the strong;

Build monuments to them beside
Earth's mighty ones—their mightiest;
Visit the spots that knew them best,
The houses where they lived and died,
The graves wherein their ashes rest!

Master! The monument we raise
Is other than these piles of stone,
Builded by Nature's hands alone,
Before thee all thy length of days,
'Tis ours then now that thou art gone!

Poet of Nature! Thou to her
Wert dearest of this Western race;
And she whom thou wast first to trace,
Discoverer and worshipper—
Who folded thee in her embrace!

A child, she led thee hand in hand,
To watch the grassy rivulet flow,
Where still the yellow violets grow,
And still the tall old forests stand,
Though that was ninety years ago!

What monument so fit as these,
Which never from their poet's heart
Were absent—in the noisy mart,
Or in strange lands beyond the seas,
Where still he walked with them apart?

Bring these! O bring the forest trees
From Cummington to Roslyn now!
He would be glad to know they bow
Above him in the summer breeze,
And have their shadows on his brow.

Memorial in Cathedral vast
He needeth none, nor requiem, save
The music of the wind and wave,
Least such a song as this I cast
Like a poor wild flower on his grave.

R. H. Stoddard.

AFTER THE ELECTION.

By MRS. FRANK McCARTHY.

It rankled within me like a poisoned arrow! Never before, during our whole married life, had my wife alluded to the property in that way. And I had merely said that I thought politics was not the province of women.

Jane was no longer in her first youth, but she was yet very pleasant to look upon. In repose her face was of the Madonna type, with large brown eyes that shone with a lambent light, and hair that lay soft and smooth upon her temples in the sweet old-fashioned way, when bangs and crinkles were unknown. But, my! how her whole aspect changed that morning when I said that women shouldn't meddle in politics! Her eyes flashed, her cheeks were aflame, and her hair crinkled up with volcanic velocity.

"A woman is better calculated for a door mat, perhaps," said Jane, "that anybody can wipe his feet upon, or a patent dish washer, butter and cheese maker, sweeper and cleaner, and Jack-of-all-trades machine to do the work in a farm-house."

I determined to keep cool outwardly, though I felt an unpleasant heat in my veins which increased with every word that she said.

"Your remarks," I said, [illegible]ly, "are as unjust as they are unwomanly, for I have always thought enough of your intellect to consult it in all the transactions of the farm."

"Very good of you, I'm sure," she replied. "I'm [illegible] perhaps, as grateful as I might be if—" She hesitated, and, yes, I remember now, it was not Jane that actually gave utterance to the words, but she certainly suggested them.

"—If you did not own the farm," I said, completing her sentence, and pushing my chair back from the table. "But you need not remind me of that fact; I am well aware of it already."

"Why, John!" she said, putting up her hands in a pleading way that had won me over in our little matrimonial tiffs time and again, but I walked out the door and straight to the barn, where I began jerking my good mare out of the stable in a manner that made her turn her head and look at me in intelligent surprise. I had no kind word for man or beast that morning, and rode away to the nearest town without a gesture of good-by to the little woman who still sat at the breakfast table as I rode by, looking after me with longing eyes.

For that hint about the farm rankled. I found, for the first time, that it sometimes was injudicious for a man to live upon his wife's property. Jane was naturally illogical, and had doubtless ignored the years of labor I had given in supervising her farm, the improvements I had put upon it, the money I had spent. I had neglected my own property, which lay in an adjoining county, and was farming it on shares in a very unsatisfactory way, for the sole reason that Jane's farm adjoined that of her sister, and it had been pleasant for them to be so near each other.

It had been enjoyable for me also, as Jane's sister had married my nearest friend. Dick Knowles and I had been school-mates together, and had grown up like brothers. Dick owned some valuable land in the southern part of the State, but he felt as I did, that the two sisters ought to live near each other, and sublet his farm so that we could all pass our lives pleasantly together. Our proclivities, tastes, sentiments, and opinions had all run in the same channel, so that heretofore it had been difficult to get up an argument between us.

But of late all this pleasant harmony had turned to discord. Dick Knowles chose to ignore the highest principles in politics, and had begun to champion a certain party feeling that was very repugnant to me. How in the world a man with his probity of character and rectitude of feeling could deliberately put aside the very elements of honest success, I could not conceive. Why, his own wife disagreed with him, and deplored with me the path he had chosen in the Presidential canvass. Not that I particularly cared to argue the matter with Maria. She was the wife of my friend, and however erroneous Dick's opinions might be, it was best for his wife not to question their sagacity.

Besides, she was my wife's sister, and by some inexplicable misconception of the elements of right and wrong, my wife had actually taken part with Dick in his alienation from party principle. I think at first she was only trying in her womanly way to help Dick out. Jane had the tenderest heart in the world, and always flew to the succor of those in distress; but when she found that Dick was swimming with the tide of popular opinion about him, and was perfectly able to defend himself, why did Jane still cling to her objectionable ideas of right and wrong? Why did she allow herself to adopt a style of language that was so distasteful to me? A door mat, indeed! A machine for keeping the farm house in order! Not so grateful as she might be if the farm didn't happen to belong to her! Was it, indeed, come to this?

I lay the lash upon the haunches of my mare, which almost sprang out of her harness, poor beast! and went flying down the road in a tempest of storm. I was in a reckless and almost desperate mood, and in no humor to meet with patience the ignorant, coarse, and repelling class of politicians that hang about a country town. I would, in fact, have gone out of my way to avoid them, if Dick Knowles had not been, perhaps, the most aggressive of them all. One word led on to another, blustering boasts were followed by boisterous assertions, until, stung to fury, I cried out, "Who among you will back up his opinions with hard cash? I—I bet my farm against any man's farm of equal value in this crowd that my choice will be the choice of the people!"

"Done!" said Dick Knowles. "Is my property worth as much as yours?"

"A trifle more, I think," I replied.

"Then let that trifle be thrown in the weight of a good cause," said Dick. "Come, boys, let's adjourn to the lawyer's office across the way, and have the separate deeds put up for stakes in such a way that we can't back out."

The rabble shouted and applauded, and with the good-natured profanity that characterizes a mob of that kind, ratified the stupid and reckless deed by drinking at the public bar at our expense.

Then we rode home, my brother-in-law and I, in a somewhat wiser and sadder mood. The reins lay loosely upon the back of my poor spent mare, and Dick held those of his own spirited bays firmly in check. "John," he called to me across the road, "if I said anything out of the way down there, I'm sorry for it. The fact is, I was mad as a hornet when I left home. Maria is one of the most perfect women God ever made, but she's got some peculiar views lately."

"I have no fault to find with Maria's views," I said.

"Well, no matter, anyhow," said Dick, raising his voice and pounding his fist upon the dash-board of his buggy; "a woman has no right to meddle in these things."

"There I agree with you, Dick," I said. "Women don't understand these matters. Jane is one woman among ten thousand, but she made some remarks this morning—"

"Jane knows what she is talking about," shouted Dick.

It was all I could do to keep from springing out of my wagon and having it out with my brother-in-law there and then, but I whipped up my unfortunate mare, and called out to Dick that we had left our differences in the hands of the law, and from that time till the election was over Dick and I merely exchanged a gruff word of recognition when we met.

Some time after, I was surprised at church one morning to find that Jane and Maria were no longer on speaking terms with each other. As their Sunday silks rustled together they seemed to partake of the combative clash of contention. The whole thing began to strike me as being ridiculous, until Dick Knowles suddenly grasped my wife's hand with the old heartiness. I immediately stretched my hand over to Maria with a like fervor, and we all went our ways, the bone of discord still between us.

On the homeward way I tried to reason with Jane upon her differences with her sister, but she would give heed to nothing that I could say.

"It's too late now," she said; "we've only just got to wait and see how the election goes. Dear me," she added, with a sudden stamp of her little foot, "it seems to me sometimes that I could just fly!"

"I used to think," I said, "that you only wanted wings to make you an angel, but lately I've somewhat changed my opinion." I smiled down upon her gravely; she looked so fair and sweet in her close bonnet with the lavender ribbons, and the bunch of marigolds at her breast; the smile she gave me in return was so pitiful and pleading, my heart melted within me. We were on the road from the mill, with the hedges of young willows on either side; the top of the buggy was up, the back flap of the curtain was down; I forgot for a moment the iniquity of her political opinions, and, stooping, I kissed her trembling lips. To my surprise and consternation she burst into tears. Then I saw to the full how fatal was the proclivity to politics in woman.

"After this campaign, Jane," I said, gravely, "you must certainly leave all these matters to me."

"Oh, John," she said, with a humility that was very soothing to my dignity, "please, *please* forgive me for anything that I have done in the heat of the canvass."

I patted her glowing cheek; it seemed so foolishly odd to listen to the little woman's political jargon.

"Tell me, John," she said, earnestly, "do you think we will win?"

"I hope not," I replied, laughingly, but beginning to be perturbed again that her whole heart seemed set upon the issue of the election.

"John, John," she said, "you don't know how much there is at stake."

I remained silent, but thought to myself, "Neither do you, my dear."

So the days went on. The harvest moon hung red above the turning fields; the beat of the flail gave promise of the garnered grain; through the flaming leaves of the maples and beech the robins flitted and sang; the potatoes were gathered, the corn was cut and stacked, and election day was close at hand. The very night before, I had noticed at the supper table that Jane was laboring under a suppressed excitement. Her cheeks rivalled the bit of salvia she had put in her hair; two or three times I saw her brown eyes fill with tears. She wore a red merino gown with some soft lace about her neck, and never since her girlhood had she looked more sweet and fair. After supper I went out to see after the stock, and looking from the stable door I saw what seemed to me the flutter of a red gown in the dusky gloaming, down under the big chestnut-trees, and peering through the darkness I saw my wife standing there, talking earnestly with Dick Knowles. He was in his shirt sleeves, and leaned idly upon a rake, with which he had probably been gathering the underbrush that cumbered the boundaries of the farms. Jane had likely gone to look after her young turkeys, and had stopped, I thought, to have a chat with Dick. Time was when he would have come up to the house and talked with me, but I remembered sadly that there was no pleasure in that any more. Nor did my wife mention that she had seen him. She knew that Dick and I were not what we had been to each other.

That night my foolish wife lay wide awake for hours. Every time I turned my weary eyes to hers I found them opened wide. She lay quite still. Her face was white, save for a feverish spot that burned on either cheek. Once she put her hot little hand on mine, but I turned away in grim impatience, beginning to believe we were both bewitched. For, now that matters had been settled one way or the other for the nation, I began to think of my farm. It had always been pleasant to me to remember that I owned those broad acres, and to part with them for a mere matter of opinion would certainly be a grievous wrench to me. But all that was past praying for now. Dick and I had been hot-headed fools, but we must abide the consequences. Out our way a man's word was as good as his bond, and in this case it was a double covenant between us. Besides, the gulf had widened between Dick and me since that stormy campaign; hot words had passed between us. I knew he would rather hang himself than take back his farm if his candidate was defeated, and no power on earth could induce me to accept of mine under a like mischance. The deeds were there, the property must change hands. Yet how could Dick or I rob each other in this miserable way? But could I ever enjoy the possession of my land again if I owed it to the bounty of Dick Knowles? Or would he take his back from me under the sting of a like obligation? It was a wretched muddle either way, and, worn out with contending emotions, toward morning I fell into a heavy slumber.

When I awoke it was broad day, and I was not surprised that Jane was up and dressed and already down-stairs. She was a thrifty house-wife, and arose with the lark. I hurried on my clothes, beginning to realize what an important day it was to me, as Dick Knowles, to thousands of miserable wights who had foolishly placed themselves in a like predicament. As I threw up the window the morning air poured in, pungent as wine; a soft bright haze blurred all the sweet landscape that lay before me. The farm was Jane's, to be sure, and perhaps at that moment I had not a rood of earth that I could comfortably call my own; but as long as I owned Jane, her farm was in a certain sense mine, and as I went down the stairs and into the dining-room, from thence to the kitchen and cellar, and out into the garden and out-houses, I began to wonder where this most precious of all my earthly treasures could be. Out in the barn-yard I saw my black boy Sam with a load of wood he had brought from the cedar swamp. I thought Jane must be hunting for eggs in the barn.

"Have you seen my wife, Sam?" I called.

"Yes, sah," he said, opening his mouth from ear to ear; "I see her 'bout 'n hour ago ridin' with Mr. Knowles down to Blanktown. He was drivin' like all possessed; them 'ere bays o' his'n was all in a lather."

I stood looking at Sam a moment, almost as open-mouthed as he, then I laughed. "Ha! ha!" I laughed. "Gone riding, eh?"

It wasn't necessary that Sam should know what a hurricane his words had raised within me; but if a man wants to appear unconcerned when he is distraught with a sudden terror, he never should essay a laugh. Mine echoed in my ears like the ghastly chuckle of a madman.

Then I turned on my heel and went back to the house, to the bedroom. I began turning over the articles there, the blood beginning to boil in my veins. I ransacked the bureau drawers, tossed the bedclothes on the floor, knocked over the wash-pitcher, put my elbow through the looking-glass; Heaven knows what I was looking for—a note, perhaps, to tell me why she had stolen out of bed and gone away with Dick Knowles, what plot they had been hatching the night before, what misery had come to her and to me. Great Heaven! had I, then, been fretting over the loss or the gain of a piece of land, as the earliest way to the heart of a friend, when all I held precious on earth was perhaps lost to me forever, and the once friendly heart was rotten to the core? I remembered all—everything—her white face with the red stains upon her cheeks, the wild sleepless eyes, the little hand she had held out to me in vain. If I had taken that little hand in mine—if I had grasped her close! "Jane! Jane! Jane!" I cried, sinking on the bedside and burying my face in my hands.

And all at once, as if in a dream, I heard the sweet voice of my wife say, "Yes, John, here I am."

I started up amid all the ruin I had made about me, and I heard her again. "John, John," she called, "where are you?"

I went out upon the landing, and there she stood, her bonnet hanging upon her shoulders, her dress all covered with the red dust of the road. And how strange is the heart of man! A moment since and I would have given all I could hope from earth or heaven to have my arms about her once again; but now it seemed as if some black shadow stood between us. She held in her hand a roll of foolscap bound about with red tape, and a bit of folded paper torn from an old note-book.

These she extended to me.

"Dick told me to give them to you," she said. "He said you'd know what they meant."

I opened the note and read these words, in Dick's round school-boy hand:

"The jig is up! Your man has won! *No reneging!*"

The roll of foolscap was the deed of Dick's farm. I looked in bewilderment to my wife again. She had sunk in a heap on the old hide-bound trunk on the landing.

"It isn't fair," she sobbed, "to keep anything when it's won in that way. You know, John, it isn't fair!"

Great Heaven! Was she then pleading Dick Knowles's cause with me?

"And yet," sobbed my wife, "I do so hate to take it back from her now. She's been so perfectly dreadful, and said such awful things! Dick says she won't keep it; he says it's different with men, but women have no right to do these things; but I can't bear to take it back. It will always seem as if she gave it to me. And you too, John, how will you ever forgive me? You always thought so much of it; it seemed to you just as if it was yours always, but it isn't yours any more, nor mine—it's hers!"

I put my hands on her shoulders.

"Jane," I said, solemnly, "will you try to tell me what you are talking about?"

"Oh, you poor dear," she whispered, "of course you can't understand it. How can you ever believe I'd do such a thing?"

"Jane," I cried, shaking her shoulders to and fro, "will you *please* tell me what you have done?"

"Why, I have told you, John. Dick says it won't amount to anything."

"Jane, if you mention Dick's name again I'll throw you out of the window! *What have you done?*"

"Why, what's the matter with you, John? Haven't I told you time and again that I have lost your farm? That is, it was my farm, but what is mine is yours. It was all Maria's fault. She was so aggravating one day when we were talking politics I went and bet my farm against hers, and I was sorry right away, but was too proud to let Maria [illegible] it, and she was so dreadful, she made me go down to Blanktown with her and get the deeds fixed, and I've been almost wild about it ever since—it's just spoiled all my interest in politics and everything. It seemed to me as if I wouldn't care who was elected if I could only get my farm back, and you

wouldn't know what I had done. And last night I told Dick Knowles about it, and begged of him to take me down the first thing in the morning, and I thought I should die when I found that everything had gone against us. Dick tried to comfort me, but I knew just how you'd feel, and, oh, John, how good you are to me!"

For I had gathered her to my heart on the old hide-bound trunk, and taken her on my knee, and was stroking her hair and kissing her hands, and hadn't made such a fool of myself over her since they shut the door of the carriage and left us alone together the day we were married.

All at once we heard the sound of wheels on the gravel-walk. "There she is," said Jane, looking out of the hall window. "She's on the front seat with Dick. Oh, John, what shall I do?"

I put her hand in my arm, and down we went. Sure enough, there they were, Dick's bays all in a lather, as Sam had said, and no sooner were the sisters within hailing distance than Maria called out to Jane, with an air of great benignity, "I shan't take your farm from you, dear; it's enough for me to have won the day."

My wife's face was a picture to see. Such a struggle with relief and mortified pride; such an eagerness to get back her farm, yet reluctant to accept it at the hands of her triumphant sister.

I pulled out Dick's deed and went to the rescue. "You and I have always been good friends, Maria," I said; "there's a little matter of exchange I'd like to arrange with you this morning." Dick was frowning, and beckoning me with all his might behind his wife's back, but I went relentlessly on: "A fair exchange is no robbery, Maria. Dick and I made a little bet on the election. I'll exchange his property for Jane's."

Maria gasped a little when she looked over the paper. "Well, of all the fools!" said Maria.

Then Sam put up the horses, and we went in to a somewhat late breakfast. And as we sat there, drinking our coffee in the old genial way, a drop of water fell from above on the table; then another, and another, and looking up, we beheld a big damp spot widening on the ceiling.

"Why, what is that?" said Jane.

I sprang from my chair. "Go on with your breakfast," I said; "I'll go and see."

I went up those stairs three at a time, and flying into our bed-chamber, endeavored to remedy the ruin I had made. I began picking up the broken pieces of the pitcher and the bits of looking-glass, and mopping up the floor, and stuffing things in the bureau drawers, and tossing the bedclothes on the bed, and in the midst of my superhuman exertions to do these things all at once I heard my wife say: "Why, good gracious, sakes alive, John!"

There she stood, like a retributive angel, in the doorway. "An accident, my dear," I stammered. "In my hurry to dress, I inadvertently knocked over the pitcher and put my elbow through the looking-glass. I was a little worried about you; it is not usual for you to get up in the morning and go off in that way."

"Why," said Jane, "you must have known I was all right, for Sam saw me with Dick Knowles. I called out to him to tell you, but perhaps he didn't hear me, we were going so fast. Didn't Sam tell you?"

"Wouldn't you like, Jane," I said, contemplatively, "to have a new carpet for this room, and a brand-new bedroom set, and all those pretty knickknacks in china, and curtains of sprigged muslin tied back with pink ribbons?"

Jane clasped her hands in ecstasy, and we don't talk about politics any more down this way.

ECCENTRIC COLLECTORS.

Some collectors have strange fancies, as, for instance, the gentleman who amused himself in his rambles through the streets of London by purchasing a single specimen of every article sold by itinerant vendors for a penny. In the course of time, as I have been told, he had amassed an immense quantity of miscellaneous trifles, which turned out to be a most profitable investment; for when eventually submitted to the chances of the auction-room, they realized at the very lowest computation several hundred per cent. on the original outlay.

The late eminent statesman M. Thiers was for some years an enthusiastic print collector, the *école gracieuse* of the eighteenth century, and more particularly the works of Watteau and Lancret, being the objects of his search. I have often seen him in the Rue Drouot of an afternoon, either inspecting the art treasures "on view," or energetically holding his own against a rival amateur bold enough to dispute with him the possession of a "lot" equally coveted by both; and I remember how on one occasion, a difference of opinion having arisen between him and a well-known *curieux* as to whether a print exposed for sale was in the first or second state, the latter, losing his temper in the discussion, tartly observed, "En matière d'estampes, Monsieur Thiers, je suis plus fin connaisseur que vous." "Non," coolly retorted the future President of the Republic, staring at the other through his spectacles; "vous ne l'êtes pas, ou vous ne l'auriez pas dit!"

I once knew an individual whom I can not more accurately describe than as a "philanthropic" collector, his sole motive in laying out his money in what Mr. Wemmick calls "portable property" being that of benefiting his fellow-creatures by distributing his acquisitions among them. Had he confined his investments to objects of real utility, nothing could have been more praiseworthy; unfortunately he had a mania for wholesale purchases, embracing every variety of miscellaneous articles picked up at cheap sales, and of no earthly value, financial or artistic, whatever. These he stored up in cupboards until a fitting opportunity occurred of disseminating them as birthday gifts or wedding presents, the recipients of his *largesse*, chiefly his own lady relatives and connections, being not only expected to accept them with gratitude, but also to express their admiration of pinchbeck jewelry, or flaring vases of imitation china that would have disgraced the chimney-piece of a lodging-house.

While on the subject of eccentric collectors I can not avoid incidentally alluding to that unfortunate class of beings afflicted with the deplorable malady of illegitimately appropriating whatever they can lay their hands on, of which category old Lady Cork was so notorious an example. Perhaps the most ludicrous of her ladyship's freaks was the surreptitious carrying off of a hedgehog from a friend's house, as recounted by Mrs. Kemble in her delightful *Records*, and her subsequent exchange of the prickly beast for a pound-cake with a confiding baker, who was assured that it would be invaluable to him as a destroyer of beetles, with which his establishment must necessarily swarm. She had a parallel in Paris in the person of the wife of a celebrated dramatic composer, whose favorite victim was a bookseller occupying a shop in the Passage de l'Opéra, immediately adjoining the Rue le Pelletier. Thither she betook herself frequently of an evening, armed with a muff or hand-bag, according to the season, and under pretence of inspecting the latest literary novelties invariably slipped a volume or two into the receptacle prepared for them, and walked quietly away in the most unconscious manner possible. The bookseller, who knew her well, far from interfering with her little game, contented himself with keeping a sharp eye on her from his place at the counter, while his assistant acted as sentinel inside the shop. After her departure, the extent of her depredations having been easily verified, the bill for them was made out forthwith, sent in to her husband next morning, and paid, as the dealer jubilantly remarked, "*rubis sur l'ongle*."

RANKE'S "UNIVERSAL HISTORY."

Leopold von Ranke, who is approaching his ninetieth year, has just produced a universal history that shows no trace of age. It is clear, animated, and careful. It is the brilliant product of a cultivated mind, learned in all the annals of the past, surveying the whole history of its race, and repeating it in a novel form. Ranke is the most industrious of historians. Every year with him seems to produce its volume or its complete work; all that he has done has been marked by the same care and cautious research. On every subject he has treated he has thrown new light, and his latest labor is not inferior to his best. He was born in 1795. In 1824 he published a valuable historical treatise; he was made Professor of History at Berlin; he travelled in Italy, lived at Rome, returned to Berlin, and began that series of volumes that has since never ceased to flow from his fertile brain.

Time has had no apparent influence upon his mental activity. His healthy intellect has escaped the ills that are said to flow from a prolonged life. He belongs to that fortunate class of authors who by prudence and composure seem to show that the mind is capable of producing its own happiness or its own woe. The extreme old age attained by many writers is a circumstance that has not been sufficiently studied; it proves that literary culture is one of the surest means of preserving mental and physical health. Our own period abounds in examples of this natural result of knowledge. At an age of only seven years less than that of Ranke, the great genius of France, Victor Hugo, still presides over his country's literature. The countryman of Fontenelle, who reached ninety, is still studious and active. Thiers and Mignet were over eighty when they died. In England, Gladstone, Tennyson, Carlyle, Wordsworth, and Disraeli are examples of the healthful influence of a literary life. In our own country the vigor of a Bancroft is scarcely surpassed by that of Ranke, and Whittier and Holmes may well reach the period of Victor Hugo or Simonides.

It is curious to notice among the early Greek writers how prolonged and healthful were their lives. Xenophanes, poet and thinker, wrote his own elegy at ninety-two, and died more than a hundred years old; Simonides was ninety; Aristarchus, the tragic writer, was over a hundred; Cratinus was ninety-seven, and Alexis one hundred and six; Gorgias grew tired of living at one hundred and nine, and Isocrates was ninety-eight when he died. It would be possible to enlarge the list by a great number of names from the philosophers and historians of Greece of those who passed the usual limit of life without losing the power of composition, or of giving instruction and delight. The historian Timaeus reached ninety-six; Plato died young at eighty-one; but Zeno, Diogenes, and many others passed the limit attained by Ranke and Victor Hugo.

We listen with natural interest to the story of the human race as told by the eminent historian. No one is so capable as he of drawing into one concise picture the eventful annals of the nations known to the scholar. Egypt, just rising from the mysterious past, opens the splendid panorama; it is the land of despotism, of superstition, and of science. The same intellect that worshipped the bull Apis invented letters and laid the foundation of mental progress. Next the Hebrew, Phoenician, Assyrian, and Persian take up the torch of knowledge. Navigation begins; the world unfolds; discovery, invention, conquest, robbery, and massacre move on together. The Mediterranean opens its secrets to the Eastern mariners. The accomplished Greeks rise like a brilliant apparition, the fairest, the most cultivated, the wisest of antiquity, sometimes the most treacherous and cruel. Their genius enlightens the world. Freedom is born; the new idea spreads over the West. Rome enters on its high career, and the full tide of human progress extends from land to land.

It is a saddening picture at times. We might excuse the barbarous tyranny of the Pharaohs and the savage deeds of Oriental kings. But it is difficult to pardon the evil impulses of the countrymen of the humane Socrates and the liberal Plato. Republicans, one would suppose, should of all men be the most averse to bloodshed and to crime. The amazing exploits of Alexander are lost in a cloud of horror. He is a monster—the parent of monsters—the example of all later conquerors, yet the pupil of Aristotle. In the onward stride of nations the sorrows of the industrial classes are forgotten; yet they have paid for the victories of Alexander, or the conquests of princes and kings, with a boundless expense of labor and of woe.

Ranke is a liberal in feeling, although trained in Continental instincts. He is not a conservative forever desponding, lost in an adoration of a fabulous past. And to those who survey the history of man from his earliest age there is always room for hope. Better thoughts and higher impulses seem to rise forever above the clash and clamor of life; men grow slowly gentler and wiser. The polished Athenian and the stately Roman had cruel instincts and barbarous tastes that mark the youth of the world. The education of twenty centuries has created a plain tendency toward humanity. It is this progress that gives the charm of hope to the study of universal history, and the work of its most recent teacher, the venerable Ranke, will be of great use to every one who would read well the story of the past.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

POLITICS IN GREENVILLE CENTRE.

BY A LEADING LOCAL SMALL BOY.

GREENVILLE CENTRE, *November 8, 1884.*

We have had a great deal of politics in town lately. Politics is a brass band, and a torch-light procession, and a lot of fire-works. It's a good deal like Fourth of July, only it lasts longer, and happens only at night.

I have been a Cleveland man. 'Most all the boys are Blaine men, and so is my sister, but I supported Cleveland because he has been an incorruptible Governor all his life, while Blaine went and wrote a history. I know what history is, for I have to study it in school, and any man who is mean enough to write a history can't be supported by me.

When you support a man you walk in a procession and yell. Sometimes you carry a torch, and sometimes you carry a transparency, which is a box made out of white cloth, with pictures of candidates outside and a candle inside.

I had a Cleveland transparency, and Mr. Thompson, who lives next door to me, made no end of fun of it. I didn't care much about that, but I was surprised when he said that he was going to support Blaine with a Blaine transparency. One night when there was going to be a Blaine procession Mr. Thompson brought out his transparency, and left it on his piazza. The procession was to walk past his house, and he expected to join it and support Blaine all the evening.

While Mr. Thompson was in the house, I took his transparency away and put mine in its place. You couldn't tell the difference between them when the candles were not lit, and I felt a little angry at Mr. Thompson because he had made fun of my transparency and my torch and the rest of my political principles. Of course if I had known what was going to happen, I would not have done it, for I didn't want to have my transparency spoiled.

Well, the procession came along about eight o'clock, and Mr. Thompson came out in a great hurry, seized the transparency, and lit the candle, and rushed out to join the procession.

In about two minutes there was a tremendous row. As soon as the Blaine men saw Mr. Thompson carrying a transparency in their procession, with a picture of Cleveland on one side and of Hendricks on the other side, they made things lively. One man snatched the transparency and smashed it over Mr. Thompson's head, so that it hung around his neck with the handle in front like a pig yoke. Then 'most all the procession got hold of him and rolled him around in the mud, and after a while they threw him over the fence into his front yard and marched off.

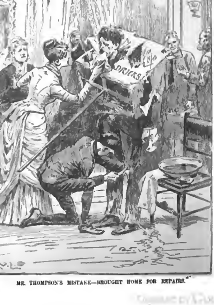
He was all broke up when his folks and I picked him up and helped him into the house. It took about an hour to get the mud scraped off him so that he could talk.

I am glad to say that he wasn't hurt much, only his clothes. As soon as I found that out, and he began to ask what in the world was the reason those abominable wretches had treated him so, I went home. After a while he found out what was the matter, but he didn't seem to be at all angry with me. He was awfully angry with the Blaine men, however, and said that he was convinced that Mr. Blaine's conduct had been bad, and that he should not support him any more. Father didn't say much to me about it, for he is a Democrat, which is a kind of Cleveland man, only he wouldn't support Cleveland because he said he was too old to march through the streets, and that all he would do would be to vote for Cleveland. However, father did say that it was nonsense for that boy to be marching all over town and getting his clothes covered with grease. There was a little grease on my clothes, I admit, for it will drop off the torches. And that reminds me that torches are nothing but kerosene lamps, and all those pictures that pretend to represent savages in Central Africa and other places carrying torches made of wood are all wrong. A torch must be made of tin and filled with kerosene oil and fastened on the end of a stick, and how a fellow can help getting grease on his coat I'd like to know.

As I was saying, father objected to my supporting anybody, and told me to give my transparency away, and spend my evenings at home. We had politics in our town almost every night after that, but I couldn't support Cleveland any more. I think father might have let me support Blaine a few times with the rest of the boys. However, father knows best, for two of the boys got awful colds supporting Blaine one cold night, and have been in bed ever since.

As it is getting late I must close.

HARRY C. WILSON,
Late President of the Greenville Centre Boys' Cleveland and Hendricks and Base-ball Club.



MR. THOMPSON'S MISTAKE—BROUGHT HOME FOR REPAIRS.

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THAT BOODLEFUL DINNER AT DELMONICO'S BEFORE THE ELECTION (OCTOBER 29).

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THE MONMOUTH BATTLE MONUMENT.

THE monument in commemoration of the battle of Monmouth unveiled this week at Freehold, New Jersey, is a notable work of art. The first movement toward the erection of this monument was made in response to an address delivered by ex-Governor JOEL PARKER at Freehold on the ninety-ninth anniversary of the battle, June 28, 1877. A preliminary meeting for this purpose was held September 17, and the Monmouth Battle Monument Association was organized October 2, 1877. The people of the State, and especially of Monmouth County, during the years 1878, 1879, and 1880, contributed nearly $10,000 to this object. The State of New Jersey, by an act of March 14, 1881, appropriated $10,000, and placed the work under the charge of a Commission instructed to select a design, contract for, erect, and finish a monument in the Park at Freehold, where the battle commenced June 28, 1778. The Congress of the United States passed a law, approved July 6, 1882, granting an appropriation of $20,000 for this purpose.

At a meeting of the Commission held March 2, 1883, the design executed by EWSELL T. LITTELL and DOUGLAS SMYTH, architects, and J. E. KELLY, sculptor, and exhibited by MAURICE J. POWER, of New York city, was accepted, and a contract was awarded to Mr. POWER, of the Power Bronze Foundry, for the erection of the monument for the sum of $33,000.

The base of the monument is in the form of an equilateral triangle, with cannon at each angle. Three spurs of granite form the base of the shaft, surmounted at the point of contact by a large drum-shaped block, on which five bronze reliefs illustrative of the battle will be placed. Above the tablets and around the shaft are the coats of arms of the thirteen original States, festooned with laurel leaves. Rising above this is the shaft proper, consisting of three sections, which are joined by crops of bay leaves. The shaft is surmounted by a composite capital, on which is a statue of Columbia Triumphant. The monument is constructed of New England granite, polished, and is about one hundred feet high.

The tablets, five feet high and six feet wide, merit special mention. The models thereof were designed by Mr. J. E. KELLY, of New York city, and the bass-reliefs were cast at the Power Bronze Foundry. They represent with graphic exactness five scenes in the Monmouth battle. Three of them are already finished and in position on the monument. A brief description will be of interest to the public.

1. *Ramsey Defending his Guns.*—This represents Lieutenant-Colonel NATHANIEL RAMSEY, of Maryland, in the closing effort to hold his position until the main army could be rallied. General WASHINGTON had told him he depended on his exertions, and he had promised to check the enemy. He fired with his gallant regiment to defend the guns of Lieutenant-Colonel OSWALD, until, having become dismounted, he was overwhelmed by the superior numbers of the British dragoons. In the foreground he is represented with historical accuracy in a hand-to-hand conflict with a detachment of the Seventeenth British Regiment Light Dragoons. Colonel RAMSEY's portrait is from a miniature and a silhouette, taken from life, and furnished by his family. The sword is modelled from the short-bladed weapon which he actually carried and used with great effect that day, and which is still preserved. The uniform, horse furniture, and all the equipments of the dragoons are taken from the official records of the regiment. So particular has the artist been that the "death's head" may be seen on the hat of the troopers of the Seventeenth Dragoons—the organization allowed to wear the same by the orders of the King, with the motto, "Death or glory." In the background OSWALD is directing his men in their attempt to carry off the guns. It will be remembered that RAMSEY, badly wounded in this personal combat, was taken prisoner by the British. Sir HENRY CLINTON, in publicly admiration of so brave a man, ordered his release on parole the following day.

2. *Washington Rallying the Troops.*—The Commander-in-chief is here depicted riding down the American lines on the spirited horse which had just been presented to him by New Jersey's war Governor, WILLIAM LIVINGSTON, and rallying the troops after General LEE's unaccountable retreat. He is placing the regiments of STEWART and RAMSEY and LIVINGSTON in position to check the advance party of the British. General WASHINGTON's head and figure are modelled from HUNTON's life cast, now in possession of Mr. POWER. The model is worked on a scale, and is entirely accurate in all its proportions, from HUNTON's measurements. The styles of the uniform and horse equipments of the chieftain are all from authentic sources.

3. *Molly Pitcher.*—The head and figure of the heroine of Monmouth is an ideal woman of great muscular power. Her dead husband is at her feet, and General KNOX is seen in the background directing his artillery fire. A wounded soldier uses his right hand instead of his left in thumbing the vent. This, it is readily seen, improves the composition of the picture. The old Tennent Church, still standing on a memorial of the battle, is seen on the extreme left of the relief.

4. *Council of War at Hopewell.*—This tablet is unfinished. It will represent Generals WASHINGTON, LEE, GREENE, STEUBEN, LAFAYETTE, STIRLING, KNOX, POOR, WAYNE, WOODFORD, PATTERSON, SCOTT, and DUPORTAIL as they appeared in the important council held at Hopewell, Old Hunterdon County, New Jersey, June 24, 1778. General WASHINGTON is listening attentively as General LAFAYETTE, standing by the table, is urging upon the council to decide on making a strong demonstration against the British column, even if it brought on a battle. The position and general expression of other officers clearly indicate their opinion of LAFAYETTE's appeal. General LEE, who preferred to let the British force parade unmolested across the State, looks anxious and indignant that his military experience and judgment do not entirely control the board. It is also easy to see that the foreign officers STEUBEN and DUPORTAIL want to make a strong attack, and not simply to feel the enemy. General PATTERSON agrees with them, and so does the true-hearted GREENE. General WAYNE, always ready for fight, can hardly wait until LAFAYETTE is finished, that he may speak a few words of ardent patriotism. Colonel SCAMMELL, WASHINGTON's Adjutant-General, who afterward gave his life for liberty on Yorktown's ramparts, is here engaged in noting the opinions of the general officers for the guidance of his chief.

5. *Wayne's Charge.*—The other unfinished relief depicts Mad ANTHONY WAYNE leading his troops, in the final charge of the day, through a trampled corn field, and the battalions of British grenadiers falling back, and trying in vain to carry away the body of their dead commander, Lieutenant-Colonel HENRY MONCKTON. The parsonage of Tennent Church is seen in the background.

All lovers of American art will be charmed with the wonderful beauty of these reliefs; all students of the Revolutionary epoch will be struck with the zealous care displayed by the skillful artist to have every detail historically correct. The great delicacy with which these bronze panels have come

RAMSEY DEFENDING HIS GUNS.

WASHINGTON RALLYING THE TROOPS.

MOLLY PITCHER.

PANELS FROM THE MONMOUTH BATTLE MONUMENT.—DESIGNED BY J. E. KELLY, PHOTOGRAPHED BY S. L. COE.

from the sculptor's hand will be seen in the fact that all the picturesque qualities of the original would have been reproduced in the successful cast without the usual chasing.

WILLIAM S. STRYKER,
Adjutant-General of New Jersey.

THE GIFT OF THE AUTUMN SUNBEAMS.

By MARGARET EYTINGE.

"DEAREST Sunbeams," murmured the leaves
Of an oak-tree strong and high,
"Soon—the thought is one that grieves—
We must say to you, 'Good-by'.
For the winter months are coming,
And the bees have stopped their humming,
And the song-birds south are flying
Over flowers dead or dying."

"Ah! 'tis sad," the Sunbeams said;
"But we'll give you, from our bright
Wealth of colors, deepest red,
To be with you day and night,
Till the time comes for your going;
And of all the colors glowing,
Red's the queen. And so, to cheer you,
You'll have sunshine always near you."

And the leaves are shining still,
With as warm and rich a hue—
Though the air grows very chill—
As the ruby ever knew.
Precious gift the Sunbeams gave them,
Many gloomy hours to save them,
Be the truest friendship cheering
Days of life fast disappearing.

OMENS.

Parts of Georgia are suffering from long continued drought, and the superstition of the negroes has evolved some characteristic stories. The negroes of Henry County assert that a child was born there which had three teeth at the time of its birth, lived three hours, and died after having spoken three words—"Three dry years." It is also averred that in another county an equally short-lived infant—whether toothless or not does not appear in the story—opened its mouth to say, ominously, "Five years without rain."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
SPECIFIC VIRTUES IN DYSPEPSIA.

DR. A. JENKINS, Great Falls, N. H., says: "I can testify to its seemingly almost specific virtues in cases of dyspepsia, nervousness, and morbid vigilance or wakefulness."—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SINGERS.

You are often troubled with hoarseness which affects the voice; if need not be so if you use Dr. Tobias' Pulmonic Life Syrup; it will cure you. No injurious ingredients are in it. [illegible] will be paid if it injures an infant.

The Hon. HENRY C. KELSEY, Secretary of State, New Jersey, writes: "I have used your Syrup with great benefit for a Pulmonary complaint."

Mrs. A. N. VAN BUREN, of Marion Avenue, Fordham, states that it is the best remedy for hoarseness or a cough that she ever tried, and will never be without it.

DR. TOBIAS.—I have used on myself and in my family for years your Pulmonic Life Syrup. It has never failed to cure. I believe it is the best medicine for throat diseases ever sold. I am acquainted with the ingredients of which it is composed, and know them to be perfectly harmless.
C. H. [illegible]
Brooklyn, April 23, 1883. 295 De Kalb Ave.

FROM THE REV. DR. PRICE.

I have used your Pulmonic Life Syrup for years with great benefit: in fact, I cannot preach without it.
New York, July 14, 1883. I. P. PRICE, D.D.
1173 Third Ave.

Price, 50 cents, in large bottles. Depot, 42 Murray St., New York. The money refunded on the return of the empty bottle if any one is dissatisfied with it.—[*Adv.*]

CATARRHAL throat affections, hacking, irritating Coughs, Colds, cured by "Rough on Coughs." 25c.—[*Adv.*]

FUR AND SEAL-SKIN GARMENTS.

C. C. SHAYNE, the well-known Wholesale Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince Street, New York, will sell elegant Fur Garments at retail at lowest cash wholesale prices this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity to purchase strictly reliable Furs direct from manufacturer, and save retailer's profits. Fashion Book mailed free.—[*Adv.*]

THIN People. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, etc. $1.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE

Promotes a Vigorous and Healthy Growth of the Hair. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out, and has never failed to arrest its decay. Use BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS—the best.—[*Adv.*]

NOTHING under the sun is half so brilliant as Gold or Silverware polished with Electro-Silicon.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats, Mice. 15c.
"Rough on Corns," for Corns, Bunions. 15c.
"Buchu-paiba," Great Kidney and Urinary cure.
"Rough on Coughs," Troches, 15c.; Liquid, 25c.
"Rough on Toothache," instant relief. 15c.—[*Adv.*]

LADIES who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."—[*Adv.*]

A SORE THROAT, COUGH, OR COLD.

If suffered to progress, results in serious pulmonary affections, oftentimes incurable. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" reach directly the seat of the disease, and give instant relief. Sold only in boxes.—[*Adv.*]

CHILDREN slow in development, puny, scrawny, and [illegible] use "Wells' Health Renewer."—[*Adv.*]

"DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS."

IF you are pale, emaciated, have a hacking cough, with night-sweats, spitting of blood, and shortness of breath, you have no time to lose. Do not hesitate too long—till you are past cure, for, taken in its early stages, consumption can be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," as thousands can testify. By druggists.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THIS IS THE GENUINE!

SOLD ONLY IN BOTTLES WITH BUFF WRAPPERS. SEE THAT STRIP OVER CORK IS UNBROKEN. *Our trade-mark around every bottle. In sickness*

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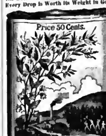

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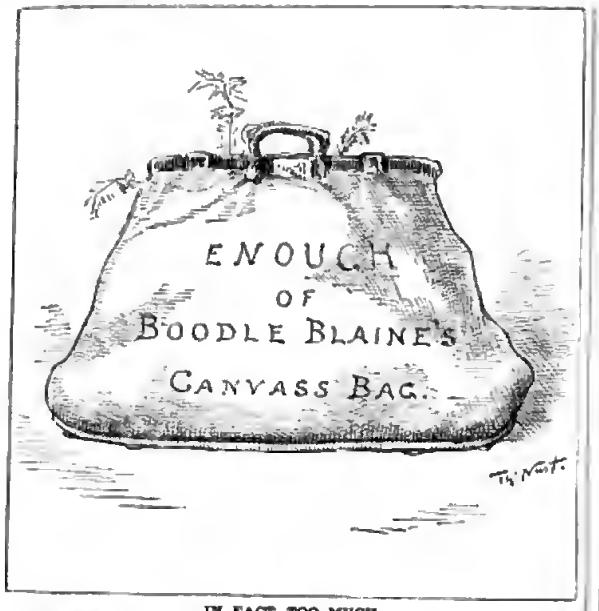

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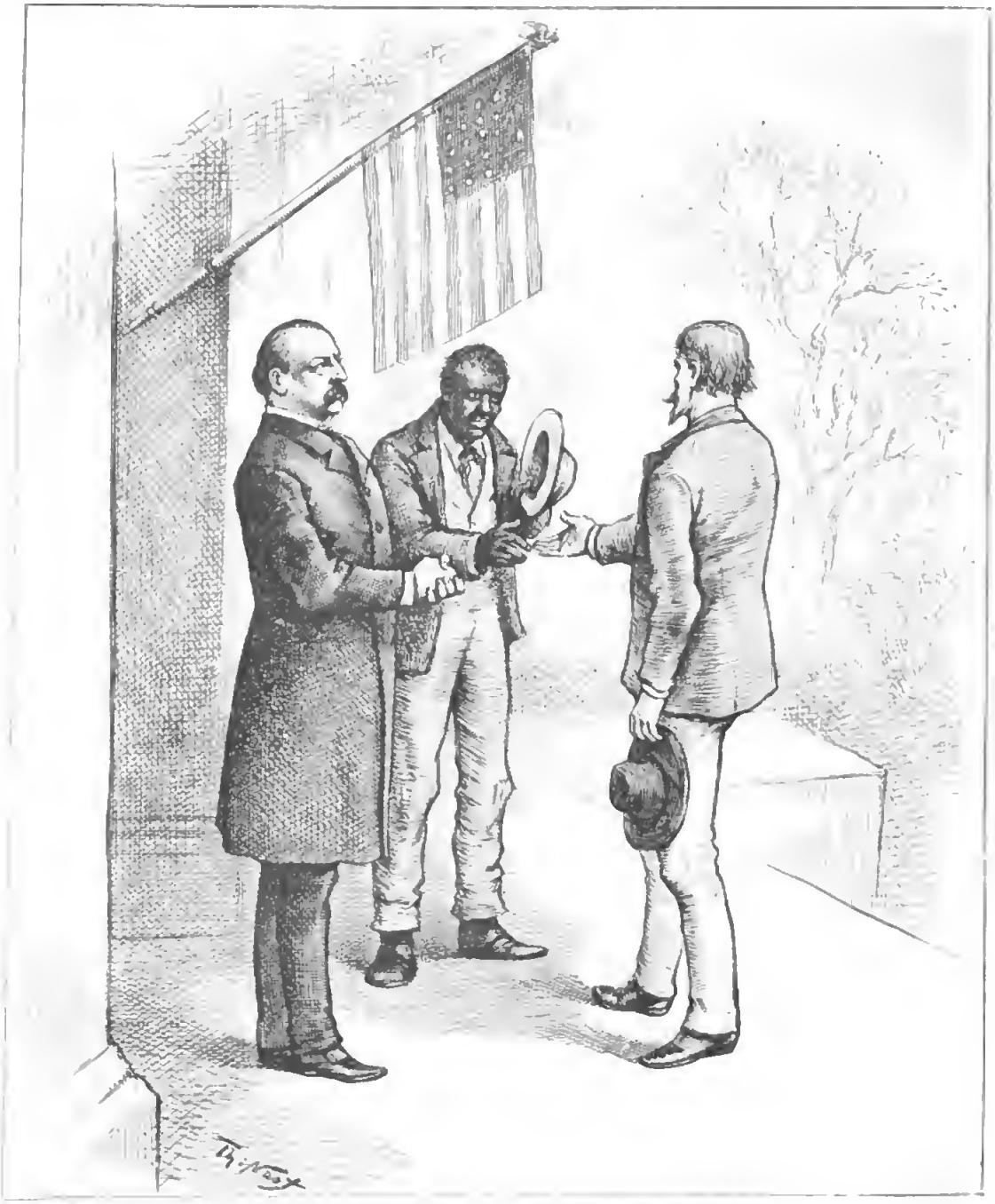

ONE OF THE FIRST-FRUITS OF THE VICTORY.

PRESIDENT-ELECT CLEVELAND. "Shake heartily, boys!"

The Atlanta (Georgia) *Constitution* (Democratic) says: "The negro will find that his best friend is the Southern Democrat. President Cleveland is his friend. The Southern people are his friends. Every right that they have as freemen and citizens will be jealously protected by the white men of the South, who have been their neighbors for years. In their schools, at the ballot-boxes, everywhere, they have their full rights. That man is the best Southerner and the best Democrat who stands by this doctrine and shows the negro that we are his true friends."

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

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"JIMMY THE DUKE,
AND HOW HE GAVE A CHRISTMAS TREAT,"

with a front page illustration by C. D. WELSON. *This is followed by an article on "Bees," by* SARAH COOPER, *with six illustrations. The serial story "Wakulla," illustrated by* W. P. SNYDER, *constantly gains in interest as its plot develops.*

Special attention may be called to the art work of this number. In addition to the illustrations accompanied by text, there is a charming full page entitled

"THE BELLE OF THE FLORISTS,"

a reproduction from a painting by the popular artist J. G. BROWN; *a humorous page, verses and illustrations by* HOWARD PYLE; *and eight small drawings accompanying a verse of merry Nursery Rhymes.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1884

THE COMING ADMINISTRATION.

IT is the good fortune of Mr. CLEVELAND that he has been elected upon an issue and by a vote which enable him to enter upon his great office with singular freedom and independence. It is evident that upon a simple party issue he would not have been elected. The result was decided by New York, and in New York his plurality is small. But the independent vote fortunately outweighed the Democratic defection. Mr. CLEVELAND owes his election to no party wing, faction, squad, or hell. He is no man's man. He is bound by no personal pledges or engagements. The wildest whims were urged as arguments against his election. We ourselves heard it stated that slavery would be restored, that the rebel debt would be paid and rebel soldiers pensioned, and all kinds of rebel claims allowed. It was gravely argued that enterprise would be paralyzed and labor ruined. In other words, it was contended that if the candidate whom, as it proves, the constitutional majority preferred, should be elected, the country was delivered up to its remorseless enemies. When party madness had reached this point, it was evident that a party change of administration was desirable, if for no other reason than to prove that a constitutional majority, or half of the nation, is not a public enemy.

The argument which has been often presented, but which has not hitherto seemed to us very forcible, is now seen to be very strong, that change for the sake of change may be desirable. The lawful, rational endeavor of what now proves to be the constitutional majority, by argument and appeal to the national reason and conscience, to obtain control of the government was denounced as an attempt to steal it, as if the government were the rightful property of a party, instead of the agency of the lawfully expressed will of the people. Does any intelligent man not see that this is simply revolutionary politics, and that there could be no more startling revelation of the perilous political condition into which we had drifted? There were plenty of people, also, who said that BLAINE would have been a fool not to use his opportunities, that even if he was dishonest, he was yet better than any Democrat, and that no conceivable disaster could be so great as that of a Democratic President. There are thousands of honest Republicans who have hitherto deeply distrusted the Democratic party whom this campaign has taught profoundly to distrust the management of the Republican party, which attempted to carry an election by outraging the consciences and the common sense and patriotism of thousands of Republicans. They do not believe that any foreign policy, or commercial policy, or any question of administration, is comparable in importance to honesty and official integrity, and no crime against the principles, the traditions, and the name of the Republican party is so unpardonable as to make it responsible for scornful disregard of public morality and official purity.

The rights of no man, no State, and no section, of no vested interest and of no industry, are threatened by the election of Mr. CLEVELAND. The organ of the colored citizens promptly declared that it feared from him no injustice for the colored race, nor does any man doubt that every law and all lawful power which protects any citizen, white or black, at home or abroad, will be enforced and directed by President CLEVELAND with perfect honesty and impartiality. When a Republican Administration properly withdrew the army from the Southern States, it practically and wisely announced that the internal difficulties of the States were now remitted to their own settlement, and that the relations of the races, beyond the provisions of existing laws, could not be adjusted by the national government. In what way has any Administration recently attempted to adjust them? The congratulations of Mr. VANDERBILT and of JAY GOULD do not indicate alarm upon their parts of business disturbance, while the remarkable and enthusiastic support which Mr. CLEVELAND received from the business men of New York was the most significant and conclusive answer of the most responsible representatives of business interests to the assertions of the professional campaign orators. The task before the new President is, of course, prodigious. But we believe that his administration will be wise, moderate, and conservative. That it may lead to political reorganization and to party changes is very probable. That there will be disappointment of various kinds within his own party ranks is inevitable. But that the patriotic purpose of the administration will be plain, and that it will commend itself to the approval of all good citizens, we see no reason to doubt. We shall treat Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration as we should have treated Mr. BLAINE'S, not as partisans, but with candor, without prejudice, and with a clear perception both of its great opportunities and its great difficulties.

THE FATAL ERROR.

THE fatal error of Mr. BLAINE'S nomination lay in the disregard by a Republican Convention of the conscience and principle of the Republican party. Ex-Governor LONG'S noted speech warned the Convention in the most skillful but unmistakable manner not to make a nomination which would inevitably raise the question of honesty. But the BLAINE managers defiantly relied upon mere party spirit, upon traditional distrust of the Democratic party, upon a mistaken sense of the popularity of Mr. BLAINE, and upon party discipline and the support of great moneyed interests, to force the election of the candidate. One of the most urgent supporters of Mr. BLAINE at Chicago, in reply to a friend who represented to him the danger of a defensive campaign of the kind which was sure to follow the BLAINE nomination, exclaimed, "Pshaw! whatever can be said against BLAINE can be said a hundredfold more strongly against any other candidate." When he was warned of the conscience which was the original mainspring of the party, he smiled. They all smiled. The BLAINE leaders believed that Mr. BLAINE was as much the leader of the Republicans as HENRY CLAY was the leader of the old Whigs. There was never greater fatuity than the BLAINE craze.

The immediate result of the nomination was the general Republican protest which at once organized itself, and foretold the extraordinary campaign. The prairie fire which had been announced was not the enthusiasm for BLAINE, but the Republican and Independent insurrection against his candidacy. That was the main object of Republican attack. But the protest grew constantly stronger and more threatening, and it was perfectly well known that the most conspicuous BLAINE orators, except those who carry no moral weight into any movement, bitterly deplored his nomination, and feared the probable result. Mr. BLAINE himself furnished the weapons in the destructive campaign against his election. His desperate efforts, seconded by his orators and newspapers, to raise a false issue of protection, and of wrongs to the colored race, failed, and the fight was forced upon the one paramount point of official integrity. The response to the Independent appeal was worthy of the old Republican party and of the American people. The figures of the election returns show how totally mistaken were the Republicans who sneered at the demands for honesty in the Presidential office as "particular" and "finicky," and who were sure that a "dashing, smashing" leader would "sweep" the country. Like the *hobitués* of London clubs who laughed at GLADSTONE as a moral prig, but who were taught what the opinion of the real England was when BEACONSFIELD was overthrown, the airy gentlemen who really supposed that a knot of New York politicians associated with Mr. ELKINS and certain notorious capitalists carried Republican principle literally in their breeches pockets have at last heard from the Republican party.

There were four doubtful States, upon whose votes the election turned; but Mr. BLAINE did not carry one of them. Massachusetts is the original and representative Republican State. In three Presidential elections the average Republican majority has been 36,000; but Mr. BLAINE gets less than half of the votes cast, and except for the diversion of his ally BUTLER, he would have lost the State. Four years ago GARFIELD carried Michigan by 53,000. This year, a week after the election, it was not clear that Mr. BLAINE had carried it at all. Iowa gave GARFIELD a majority of 78,000. Mr. BLAINE may receive a majority of 18,000. Illinois cast 40,000 majority for GARFIELD. It has possibly given Mr. BLAINE 23,000. The GARFIELD majority in Wisconsin was 29,000. The BLAINE majority may be 5000. GARFIELD carried Indiana by 6600. Mr. BLAINE loses Indiana by 7000. In no State, we believe, except Colorado and Maine, is the Republican majority increased, and it would not be surprising if the final result should show a falling off of nearly a half of the GARFIELD majorities. But to this must be added the immense number of Republican votes most reluctantly and protestingly cast for Mr. BLAINE before the significance of the whole situation is perceived. Even if it could have been clearly shown that Mr. BLAINE had a plurality of a few hundred votes in New York, and he had so scratched into the Presidency, the fully of the nomination would have been thoroughly exposed. But with the actual result it is seen to have been an appalling folly. After a dominance of a quarter of a century, and with as noble a history as any party can show, the Republican party loses the Presidency upon an issue of official honesty. The Boston *Journal*, which throughout the campaign was one of the most unscrupulous of mere party organs, begs the Independent Republicans to withdraw finally from the party. The *Journal* prefers a management which brings not only disaster, but disgrace. It is precisely the spirit of the *Journal* which has defeated the party, and it is the spirit which, if it should continue to sway the party, as it did in this fatal nomination, would seal and confirm its final overthrow. The purblind people who are called practical politicians have yet to learn the first truth of practical politics, that in all party action the important consideration is not the party man who will support anything which bears the party stamp, but the party men who will support nothing without the stamp of their own approval.

BOYCOTTING.

THE plan of expelling from Republican associations the Republicans who voted for Mr. CLEVELAND or Mr. ST. JOHN, and of boycotting traders who decline to sell their principles, is very poor practical politics, and recalls the old pro-slavery tactics before the war. The Republican wrath with the ST. JOHN men is especially contemptible. The ST. JOHN men did at this election precisely what the Liberty party men did in 1844. They stood up to be counted for a principle which they believed to be more important than any which divides the parties, and upon which the position of neither party suits them. The Republicans who rail and rage at their course are the lineal successors of the old pro-slavery Democrats who mobbed the original Republicans. Their conduct shows precisely how far certain Republicans have fallen below the principles and character of the party, and their conduct merely confirms the conviction of a multitude of the most intelligent and patriotic men in the country that the Republican party has survived its moral vigor and impulse.

In this city and Brooklyn if the gentlemen who control the Republican associations propose to "weed out" of the party connection all Republicans who did not vote for Mr. BLAINE, they will weed out the vitality of the Republican party. As Mr. EDWIN PACKARD said in Brooklyn, the Independent Republicans have not belonged to the party for what they could make out of it, and to put out gentlemen like Mr. PACKARD, Mr. FORMAN, Mr. DEMING, and the Committee of One Hundred, and to leave in Mr. DAGGETT and his friends in Brooklyn and Mr. O'BRIEN and his friends in New York, may leave a number of persons who are expert at "deals," but it annihilates a party which can carry elections. Undoubtedly the events of the summer have severed a great many of the best Republicans from the party. But the merest tyro in politics can see that if the whole Republican host that would not support Mr. BLAINE is to be ostracized, the party will be very select, but can not be successful.

If this boycotting method had been applied to the party in New York in 1882, the "remnant" would have been a ludicrous representative of the party. If it is to be formally announced by the action of Republican associations that refusal to support a candidate whom the voter holds to be dishonest is incompatible with Republican principles, what self respecting man could wish to belong to the party? The Republican party should avoid dangerous inquiries. If the condition of membership is unquestioning and unscrupulous support of all party nominations and measures, the party is already gone. But how unnecessarily foolish this policy is appears from the results of the late Congressional elections. While the Republican vote for the Presidential candidate, as we state elsewhere, has declined in a startling ratio from that for GARFIELD, the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives has been reduced at the same election nearly one-half. Now if this freedom is incompatible with Republicanism, so much the worse for Republicanism; and if Republican managers think that expulsion and calumny and boycot-

ting are the true ways to deal with those who will not support improper nominations, or nominations improperly made, they merely persevere in the unspeakable folly which they showed in the nomination of Mr BLAINE.

THE ELECTORAL COUNT.

WE recur to the subject of the electoral count because events prove that the warning which we and others have raised against the folly of leaving the count unprovided for is completely justified. It is a national shame and disgrace that the House of Representatives has left this question unsettled. The peculiar peril which arises from leaving the vital point in the lawful and peaceful continuation of the government unprotected was revealed in the most startling manner in 1876–7. The remedy was simple, practical, and obvious. A proper bill was unanimously adopted by the Senate, and was not adopted by the House, and now we are confronted with the same possibility of trouble.

The duty of Congress upon its assembly is imperative. A proper provision for determining all questions arising upon the electoral returns should be at once taken up and pressed until adopted. Any attempt like that of Mr. EATON, of Connecticut, to secure a partisan advantage in such a law should cover with suspicion the party to which the proposer belongs. The EATON proposition was a scheme to swamp the Republican Senate by the Democratic House, and its principle was unconstitutional, because it not only disregarded the equal authority of the Senate as a House of Congress, but proposed to determine the question between certificates by a numerical majority of the combined members of the Senate and House, in direct opposition to the intent of the constitutional provision which vests the election, when it falls to the House, not in the majority of members, but of States.

The election by States is the essential point of the constitutional scheme of choosing the President, and the provision for counting the votes must be conformed to this fundamental fact. The provision of the HOAR bill—which we last week confounded with the EDMUNDS bill—upon the subject of conflicting certificates is simple, judicious, and unexceptionable. Each State must settle the dispute and determine who are its lawful electors. If the State fail to do it, then only the votes shall be received which the two Houses, acting separately, shall concurrently decide to be the lawful votes. If, however, the State has settled it, and only one certificate is presented, it shall not be rejected except by the affirmative vote of both Houses. This is a perfectly fair scheme, which throws upon the States, where it justly belongs, the duty of deciding who have been appointed electors, and only when the State fails to do so undertakes to decide the question, and in a way to which no party objection can be made. The necessity of Congressional action is so urgent and the duty so plain that it would be a grotesque as well as perilous want of common sense to do nothing. There is no need of petitions. Failure to take the proper steps would be an impeachment of popular government.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE ELECTION.

THE attitude of the President during the late campaign was so dignified and becoming that we are not surprised to hear that the report of his conference with Messrs. JAY GOULD and CORNELL during the count of the vote was a highly unfounded. He came to New York to vote and to attend to some private business, after which he returned to Washington, without taking part in any election consultations.

The only circumstance in his official conduct during the campaign which is to be regretted was his tolerance of the outrageous performance of Commissioner DUDLEY. The President did, indeed, direct the attention of the Secretary of the Interior to the Commissioner's conduct, and the specific allegation against him was officially reported not to be sustained. But a Commissioner who sends in his resignation to take effect after the election, and then deserts his post and goes upon the stump, and still draws his salary, is an officer who should be peremptorily dismissed.

But it will be universally agreed that the President throughout his term has shown a high sense of the dignity of his great office, and that he will retire with the general respect and confidence of the country.

THE CHOLERA IN PARIS.

THE appearance of the cholera in Paris is startling, but it is reported to be confined to the worst parts of the city. It is in such ways that the worst parts revenge themselves upon the better. The sanitary conditions of the city are said to be very good, and the percentage of recoveries to be larger than in any other part of France in which the plague has appeared. The excitement is also said not to be great as yet. The theatres are as full as ever, and the lateness of the season encourages the hope of speedy relief.

The first great visitation of the cholera in France will now be generally recalled. This was in 1832, when, having ravaged Russia and Poland, the plague had appeared in England, but had spared France. On the 26th of March in that year, however, the first death occurred. On the 29th of March, at the festival of Mid-Lent, there was a masked ball at the Opera-house, and some of the maskers personified the Cholera. As if by a Providential judgment upon their defiance of the dread disease, one masked reveller after another, says OSCAR BROWNING, fell smitten and shrieking to the floor. The ball broke up in horror. Fifty victims were carried to the hospital, many of whom died a few hours later, and were buried in their masquerade dresses. More than 12,000 people died in Paris in the month of April, and in June it was still more violent. On the 16th of May CASIMIR PERIER, LOUIS PHILIPPE's second Prime Minister, died of the epidemic, and during the half-year of its duration in France more than 1,200,000 persons died.

The later visitations of this plague have been less violent. But it seems to make a periodical tour of the world, and it will probably reach America in the next year. For a sensible people we are of so happy-go-lucky a temper that it is not at all improbable that we shall have taken no adequate precautions against its appearance. But it will not be because we have not been forewarned.

SINGING AND PLAYING.

THE season of the theatre began impressively. In New York Madame PATTI sang in ROSSINI's *Barber*, and Mr. IRVING and Miss TERRY played in the *Merchant of Venice*, and Madame RISTORI, after an absence of nine years, appeared in Philadelphia in an English version of *Queen Elizabeth*. The accounts report a great success, although her mastery of English is not quite complete. But the power of the actress, if the reports may be trusted, has not declined.

Last year we recorded our impressions of the IRVING representations of the *Merchant of Venice* as among the most poetic and charming of performances, and it has evidently lost nothing of its delightful character. The care and completeness in every detail, the great intelligence of the actors, the conception of the drama, and the spectacle as a whole, make it a memorable representation. The "old favorites" were welcomed most warmly, and their appearances will be followed with very great interest as the last opportunities of seeing and enjoying the most complete and perfect English drama of the day.

And at the Academy PATTI, the sole Rosina of the time, warbled the florid and sparkling and rippling melodies of ROSSINI in the decorative Italian style of vocalism which is becoming a tradition, as the music of ROSSINI ceases to fascinate as it fascinated the last generation. The PATTI performance, like the ROSSINI music, is an artificial pleasure, but it is unequalled of its kind. The rival house of song will open its doors a little later, and the melodious tournament will begin. A weekly journal can make but an occasional note of these metropolitan delights. But they may serve to remind our more distant readers of the refined and various pleasures that await their coming to the city.

THE FOUR GEORGES.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY's *History of Our Own Times* was one of the most popular of recent books. It was read with such general interest that it was certain the author would turn the talent of historical writing which he had developed to some other period, and the first volume of his *History of the Four Georges* is just published by the HARPERS. It is a convenient and well-printed book of about three hundred and twenty pages, and it is issued also in a very legible "Franklin Square" form. It is another excellent illustration of Mr MCCARTHY's striking gift of "interesting writing." The time of which he treats is one of great importance in English history, and one which THACKERAY's lectures have made generally familiar. It was an epoch of fundamental constitutional settlements. England was passing finally from the old STUART and regal ascendency to the modern rule of the people under monarchical forms. The reign of the first GEORGE was the very turning-point, and the situation was such that Mr. MCCARTHY is of opinion that a little more wisdom upon the part of the old Pretender, JAMES STUART, would have restored to him, for a time at least, the crown of his ancestors.

The conspicuous figures of the time were almost wholly without moral elevation. Lord SOMERS, the greatest statesman of the Revolution of '88, had passed from active life, and the chief men were MARLBOROUGH, BOLINGBROKE, HARLEY, ROBERT WALPOLE, and Dean SWIFT. But of these, in the proper Georgian epoch, ROBERT WALPOLE was alone active and efficient. There are other names—ADDISON, ATTERBURY, PULTENEY, STEELE; but among them all, in that queer "Augustan age" of ANNE and her successors, ADDISON and STEELE are the only ones which are recalled with any fondness. The morality of the time, especially at the court, is best to be learned from HERVEY's memoirs and from Mr. MCCARTHY's description. The gravest statesmen, he says, KING WILLIAM the Third or any other high personage, did not hesitate to lie in the most flagrant manner. Diplomacy, in fact, was mainly ingenious lying and overreaching.

It was the fortune of England that her fidelity to the "glorious Revolution" and the Protestant succession should have been tested in the most stringent manner at the very beginning of the new order. ANNE was a STUART, and her hope undoubtedly was that her brother JAMES might in some way "have his own again." It seems as if the chance of the appearance of certain uninvited lords at the meeting of the Privy Council baffled the plans of BOLINGBROKE and secured the Brunswick succession. But that succession appeared to the person of a dull and ignorant foreigner who hated England and Englishmen, and who could not speak a word of English—who was stupid and dissolute and without a single grace of manner or charm of character. He was succeeded by a son who was like him, and he in turn by a grandson who would have arrested the course of constitutional liberty, and he again by an utterly worthless son. Yet during all this time, as TENNYSON sings, freedom was broadening slowly down from precedent to precedent. This is the story which Mr MCCARTHY has to tell, and which begins delightfully in this volume. It covers the whole reign of the first GEORGE, and enters upon the beginning of the second and the administration of WALPOLE. MACAULAY said that he wanted to write a history which should dispute with the best novel the interest of the reader. There are few novels in the "Franklin Square Library" which are more interesting than this history.

PERSONAL.

HANS MAKART's funeral in Vienna was imperial in proportions and color. Two hundred artists followed the bearer with torches, and a hundred thousand less conspicuous mourners gave honor to the painter who had brought honor to Austria, and whose fine sense of the picturesquely magnificent would have been gratified and stimulated by an anticipation of the scene. It takes an empire to bury with splendor an illustrious artist.

—M BLONDIN, who many years ago walked on a rope stretched above the Niagara Rapids from shore to shore, is now sixty years old, and a rope-walker still, at $500 a performance. His home is in London, but as the English law requires him to provide himself with a net against a possible fall, he usually gives his useless exhibitions on the Continent.

—Mr JULIAN HAWTHORNE writes that his father would probably have not undertaken the work that he did in literature were it not for his wife's sympathy and companionship. "Not that she afforded him any direct and literal assistance in the composition of his books and stories; her gifts were wholly unsuited to such employment, and no one apprehended more keenly than she the solitariness and uniqueness of his genius, inasmuch as she would have deemed it something not far removed from profanation to have offered to advise or sway him in regard to his literary productions. She believed in his inspiration, and her office was to maintain, so far as in her lay, the favorableness of the conditions under which it should manifest itself. As food and repose nourish and refresh the body, so did she nourish and refresh her husband's mind and heart."

—Mrs. THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, according to the Cleveland (Ohio) *Plaindealer*, called upon Mrs. LOGAN when the latter was in Indianapolis. "Both are ladies in the highest sense of the word, and the meeting was as could have been expected. There was respect on the one side and courtesy on the other, and however politics may divide people, it is gratifying to know that these two ladies could meet each other as they should."

—An Albany correspondent writes that there are four ladies in President CLEVELAND's immediate family, either of whom can well do the honors of his household in Washington. His oldest sister in this country, Mrs. W. E. HOYT, of Fayetteville, would fill any position with credit. She is a middle-age lady of pleasing address, who has spent a good deal of time at the EXECUTIVE Mansion since her brother has been Governor. She has made many friends in the capital of the State, and will doubtless do the same in Washington. Miss R. E. CLEVELAND is the maiden sister. She still resides in the little home cottage at Holland Patent, just above Utica. A good public speaker, a quick conversationalist, and of intellectual force, she a said do her share in entertaining her brother's guests at the national capital. Mr. CLEVELAND has a sister who for twenty years has been a missionary in Ceylon. She has two charming young lady daughters, MARY and CASSIA HASTINGS, whom the Governor has been for years educating in this country. He has given them every advantage, and they have improved it. They will no doubt be a part of their uncle's family circle at Washington.

—Fifty years ago a Russian general, the friend of the Emperor ALEXANDER I, left a legacy of 50,000 rubles, which, in the year 1920, should be paid, with the accumulated interest, to the person who, in the judgment of the St Petersburg Academy of Sciences, should write the best life of that sovereign. The fund by that time will have amounted to the magnificent sum of $1,000,000. One-fifth of it will be deducted to defray the expense of publishing the work in fitting style, leaving the unprecedented literary prize of $1,200,000 for the successful competitor.

—Mr. FRANK VINCENT, Jun., the traveller and author, has recently received from the King of Cambodia the diploma and decoration of Officer of his Majesty's Royal Order. The diploma is elaborately engrossed in red, brown, and black upon a sheet of yellow parchment fully two feet square. The decoration of dark gold and red and blue enamel is very artistic in design and workmanship. It is in form a cross with eight points, surmounted by the imperial crown, all richly chased. The order is bestowed upon Mr VINCENT "for services rendered to the Kingdom of Cambodia" in his book *The Land of the White Elephant*.

—An Oxford under-graduate who heard Mr. RUSKIN lecture as the "Pleasure of England" writes: "I had never before realized what the 'ancient eye' of the Ancient Mariner was like, and how the wedding guest could have been so under-bred as to neglect his engagement, till I saw Mr RUSKIN. He looks one full in the face with his clear, quiet gaze—a thing which no other lecturer I have sat under ever did. The only 'Pleasure of England' connected with the lecture was the pleasure of listening to him."

—The designer of the first Confederate battle-flag was Colonel WALTON, of Louisiana, who presented it to General BEAUREGARD, who in turn submitted it to General JOE JOHNSTON, who caused it to be adopted by the Confederate army. It was a Greek cross of blue on a red field, with white stars on the blue bars. At the battle of Bull Run the Stars and Bars were found to be too much like the Stars and Stripes, and caused great confusion among the hostile forces. It was for this reason that General JOHNSTON took measures to have a new battle-flag.

—Macon County, Mississippi, claims to be the happy possessor of a citizen who was born in the year 1776, and, after being twice married, has sixteen children and one hundred and thirty eight grandchildren and great-grandchildren in the direct line. He has been a teetotaler since early manhood, but for sixty years has used tobacco, and believes that "it does not hurt me." He is able to get about the house, to walk in the yard, and to eat at the table without help. It is a source of regret to him that in 1813 he was too old to do military duty.

—Madame RISTORI thinks that MARY ANDERSON is "a splendid actress—so queenly—and a beautiful statue," and that SARAH BERNHARDT plays Lady Macbeth like a mad woman, "rushing about the stage in a blood-curdling manner."

—Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE's famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic," beginning with the verse, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," was written the morning after a visit to the Union army in Virginia, when the and her party came near being captured by Confederate scouts. To save her eyes, she followed her habit of penning her words without looking at the paper.

—Mr CHARLES T. BARNEY, of this city, who is the personal friend of many of our leading artists, is erecting on West Fifty-fifth Street a succession of approved studio buildings, the rent of which will be within the means of our painters and sculptors. The project is in part the outcome of his success with a studio building on the same street, in which INNESS, the landscape painter, and HARTLEY, the sculptor, have for some months been housed.

—Mr. HENRY VILLARD's new house, at Madison Avenue and Fifteenth Street, is remarkable for the chaste affluence of its interior. The large dining room, whose ceiling, walls, and doors are of black English oak, profusely carved, with appropriate legends inlaid in white mahogany or ivory-wood, looks almost as antique as a baronial hall of the sixteenth century, and there is perhaps no private residence in America in which half a million dollars have been expended with less ostentation. Mr VILLARD had been living in his palace only a week when his financial crash came. He stood there four months longer, and then withdrew to Germany for repose, taking with him the most of his ornate and costly furniture. The magnificent hall and staircase are of Mexican marble, with floor and many-vaulted ceiling of mosaic.

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THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION—COUNTING THE NEW YORK CITY VOTE.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 769.]

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GENERAL EDWARD A. PERRY, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF FLORIDA.

Consul at Florence, where he remained until 1882. While in Italy he received a mark of distinction from the King for the active part he took in securing the arrest of one of the worst and most formidable bands of criminals in that country. On his return to the United States he was made Governor of Montana, which position he has held until transferred to Washington. He did much toward securing the preservation of the Yellowstone Park, and later for the enactment and enforcement of the laws for the protection of game in the Territory.

Governor CROSBY's bravery was not confined to the army. In 1876, when Commodore GARNER's yacht, the *Mohawk*, capsized off Staten Island, and several of the party were drowned, he succeeded, at the peril of his own life, in rescuing Miss MAY. Mr GARNER and his guests were preparing for a cruise down the bay in one of the largest vessels in the fleet. Suddenly a cloud came over the horizon, black, swift, menacing. All sails were set at the time, and the squall striking the yacht she capsized. The ladies were in the cabin at the time, under shelter from the rain, and when the boat went over their cries for help quickly brought Commodore GARNER and Colonel CROSBY from the deck to their rescue. With great difficulty the Colonel reached Miss MAY, and carried her to the hatchway. But the vessel being on beam ends they could not get up the steps. The Colonel pushed Miss MAY up through the opening, and so she escaped with her life. He then returned to the cabin, and worked heroically to the last minute to save others, but the vessel gave an extra lurch, the water overwhelmed the party, and Colonel CROSBY, nearly drowned, had barely time to make his escape through a hole cut by a boatswain in one of the side lights. For his gallantry on this occasion the Life-saving Service awarded the Colonel a medal, which he proudly keeps among his most valued treasures.

GOVERNOR HILL.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR DAVID B. HILL, who by reason of Governor CLEVELAND's election to the Presidency will be elevated to the gubernatorial chair of the Empire State, is a comparatively young man, being but a little over forty years of age. His ancestors were New-Englanders, but he was born at Havana, Schuyler County, New York.

Mr. HILL was educated in the schools of his native place, and went to Elmira in 1862, where he completed his law studies, and was admitted to the bar in November, 1864. There he continued the practice of the law until elected Lieutenant-Governor in 1882. Since he was a lad Mr HILL has taken an active personal interest in political matters. He has always been a firm, consistent Democrat, and early became a leader and controlling power in the party in his county and district. He was elected a member of the Assembly in 1870, and was re-elected in 1871. In his first term he introduced a bill which was passed by the body of which he was a member, but lost in the Senate, abolishing the contract system in State prisons.

Mr. HILL served one term in the Common Council of Elmira, and was afterward elected Mayor of the city. For a number of years he was the proprietor of the Elmira *Daily Gazette*, the leading Democratic organ of the Southern tier.

GENERAL J. S. MARMADUKE, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MISSOURI.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SCHULTZE.

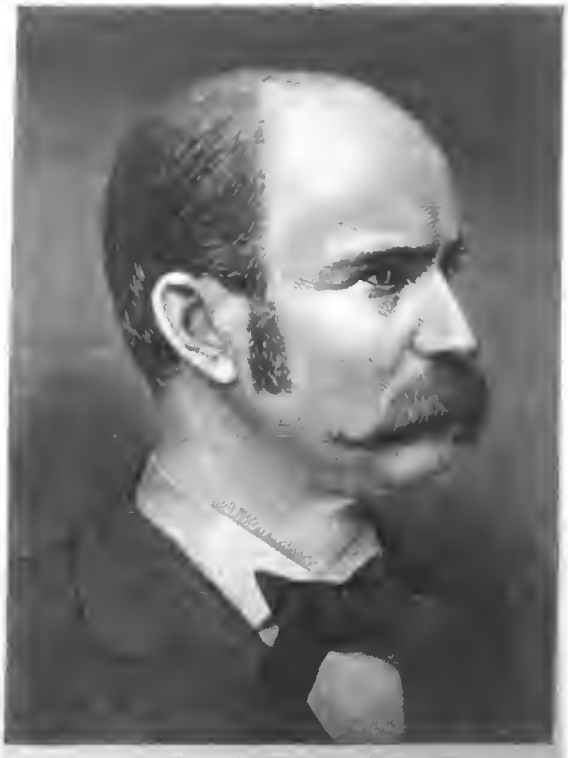
THE ASSISTANT POST MASTER-GENERAL.

COLONEL SCHUYLER CROSBY, the gentleman who, by favor of the President, has just stepped from the chair of Governor of Montana Territory into that of First Assistant Postmaster-General, has a splendid record, and so deserves the new honor that has been conferred upon him. Governor CROSBY is a native of this State, having been born in Albany County, in the year 1839. He comes of good family, his great grandfather having been WILLIAM FLOYD, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and his mother, a Miss SCHUYLER, of Albany. He is a nephew of Rev. Dr. HOWARD CROSBY. He was educated at the University of the City of New York, and served during the war in the regular army, where he was three times brevetted for distinguished gallantry. He held positions on the staffs of Generals HAMAN, CANBY, and SHERMAN, and after the close of the rebellion did brave service with General SHERIDAN throughout the Indian campaigns in which CUSTER fought. In 1871 he resigned, and five years later was appointed United States

THE HON. A. M. SCALES, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF NORTH CAROLINA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. W. DAVIS.

THE HON. MOSES CURRIER, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY S. PIPER.

THE HON. SCHUYLER CROSBY, FIRST ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL. PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. D. MOSHER.



THE HON. DAVID B. HILL, GOVERNOR CLEVELAND'S SUCCESSOR.

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FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Breezie Langton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A CALL AT ST. LEONARD'S PLACE.

Gerald's interview with Writson, although only what he expected, was nevertheless saddening. He had known that Cranley must go for months, but it was nevertheless a wrench to think that it was on the very verge now of passing away from the family. His principal object was to delay the sale, but he could not quite muster up courage to confide to the kind-hearted old lawyer the visionary hope he indulged in. It was all very well to tell his warm-hearted, sanguine *fiancée* that he contemplated some daring turf speculation that would enable him to win money enough to redeem the Chase, but he felt it was a different thing to put this very undigested scheme before a hard-headed practical man. The scheme was as yet utterly unmatured, and to get a business man to take into serious consideration that you meditate embarking in some gambling speculation to raise money is a thing not to be thought of. Mr. Writson, conscious that he had already delayed the sale to the utmost extent of his ability, not from the remotest idea of averting the blow, but simply from the hope that a purchaser might yet be found to take the estate in the lump, naturally failed to fathom Gerald's reason for further deferring it. There was no hope of assistance or rescue from any quarter. The lawyer felt like a surgeon who has conclusively made up his mind that an operation is imperative, and that it is childish on the part of the patient to wish to put it off any longer

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Rockingham, that the creditors are not to be stayed farther I've exhausted the law's delay, and excuse my saying further postponement, even if possible, is unadvisable. Nobody can sympathize more sincerely with you under the circumstances than I do, but you must brace yourself up, sir, to meet the inevitable. A curious thing is that Pearson, I find, has been making inquiries about the Chase"

"Why, what can he want with it!" exclaimed Gerald. "After squeezing the orange all these years in conjunction with my precious cousin, he can't hanker after the rind."

"No, no, my dear sir," replied Writson, not a little astonished at Gerald's passionate outbreak. "It's not likely he wants it for himself, but he may have a commission to buy it. I shall very likely get at who it's for before the sale."

"By-the-way, has Mr. Elliston made any farther proposition with regard to those acceptances of his?"

"No; and until we put the screw on him from a social point of view, I suspect it's very unlikely he will. He, through Pearson, as I wrote you word, offered a thousand pounds, but we ought to get double that out of him. The whole sum it's useless to expect. Now I see by the papers that you ride a great deal for Lord Whitby. On what sort of footing do you stand with him?"

"I'm a great favorite of his. I have been lucky with his horses, and though he treats me always as if I stood on the same platform as himself, I never forget that at present I am his jockey, and it has done me no harm with him. He is, as you perhaps know, proud and passionate, but he was an old friend of my father's, and stretched out his hand to me on that account."

"It strikes me that he might be just the man to put pressure on Mr. Elliston. If Lord Whitby chose to take up your case he is big enough to crush such as Mr. Elliston, and you owe it to Mrs. and Miss Rockingham to make him pay as much of his debt to your father as possible."

"I'll do it, Writson. I'll take the earliest opportunity of speaking to Lord Whitby on the subject. His dictum on all matters of honor is law in the racing world Nobody even ventures to question his decision"

"If that's so, I think it probable Mr. Elliston will come to terms sooner than have so awkward a story in circulation concerning him."

"We'll try it, at all events," said Gerald, rising "There'll be little enough left for my mother and sister when all is done. There's nothing to warrant me not recovering that two thousand pounds, if I can. Cuthbert Elliston will be really our debtor for four thousand odd even then."

"Quite so," replied Mr. Writson. "Do you make any stay in York?"

"No. I must get back to-morrow or the next day at furthest. Good-by."

The lawyer shook his head thoughtfully as Gerald left the room.

"Ah!" he muttered; "it's very sad. A fine young fellow, and the best blood in Yorkshire, riding races for a living, and his heritage coming to the hammer in September."

Gerald's appearance in St. Leonard's Place was welcomed with a low cry of pleasure from Mrs. Rockingham; indeed, both ladies were unfeignedly glad to see him. They had quite got over their first dismay upon learning the career he had embraced, and discovered that the world generally saw nothing at all disgraceful in it. Then, was he not an only son and brother whom they had not seen for nearly a twelvemonth? It was small wonder they were disposed to make much of him.

"My dear boy, it's quite a treat to have you with us again," exclaimed Mrs. Rockingham. "Sit down and tell me who first put this extraordinary freak into your head. We are too thoroughly Yorkshire not to feel somewhat proud of your horsemanship. How on earth came you to think of it?"

"It was Dollie Greyson's idea, and without her help and encouragement I should never have carried it out. But, mother dearest, to go back to first causes, Cuthbert Elliston made me take to the saddle. Surely you remember the cruel taunt he flung at me that day at Cranley when we learned we were ruined. He recommended me to 'turn gamekeeper or pad-groom.' I had to do something; and, talking the matter over with Dollie, told her of Cuthbert's bitter gibe, and her woman's wit suggested turn jockey. Curious enough, the first race I won was on his horse. I won, and he had me turned out of the stable."

"What disgraceful ingratitude!" exclaimed Ellen. "I wonder all the racing world didn't cry shame upon him"

"Never expect gratitude from Cuthbert," rejoined Gerald, with a bitter smile. "Our poor father lent him thousands which he never repaid, except with undying hatred for all of us."

"I always did think he was your poor father's undoing," murmured Mrs Rockingham, sadly.

"He hasn't quite settled with me yet," rejoined Gerald. "I fancy he's repented already of his sneering advice. My riding cost him a good deal at Goodwood last year."

"And you like the life, Gerald?—it interests you?" inquired Mrs Rockingham.

"Yes; it's a healthy life, if hard; and besides, I've done with the rough part of it. I had my turn of that in my noviciate at Riddleton. You know I was always fond of horses, and there's nothing more exciting than the final struggle for a big race, when you know that success depends principally on your own nerve and judgment; that the calling on your horse for his supreme effort at the right moment means victory, while a couple of seconds too soon or too late is to lose the race."

"But your associates, Gerald; they must be so dreadful," said his sister

"Some of them, of course, are pretty rough—but it's not necessary to see much of them—while others are very good fellows. They may not have quite the polish of society; but don't think they're uneducated Many of the trainers, for instance, interest themselves in many things quite outside their profession"

Miss Rockingham had not quite got an answer to her insidious question. Since her brother had announced his firm intention of marrying Dollie Greyson, Ellen had become curious concerning Gerald's feminine acquaintance. Up to that time she had never given a passing thought to his marrying, but when a man, even though young, takes the idea of wanting a wife into his head, his sisters may naturally regard a sister-in-law as imminent. Ellen had hoped her question would draw forth some allusion to Dollie. She wanted much to hear whether Gerald had seen her constantly all these months. She knew his letters were always dated from the South, and that Dollie's home was in Yorkshire, but he might have been in Yorkshire many times though he had never visited St. Leonard's Place, and whether he was as "infatuated about that chit of a trainer's daughter as ever," was a thing Miss Rockingham much desired to know

"But," she said, returning to the charge after a slight pause, "you used to be fond of ladies' society; surely you must miss that dreadfully in this life you have chosen"

"A good many young fellows have to do without that at the outset of their career; and though I fancy I am not quite the social pariah you picture me, still, I haven't time or inclination for that sort of thing. Remember, I have always this end before my eyes, I have adopted this profession as the pleasantest and easiest way in which I can make sufficient money to take my true position in the world, and, further, that I have probably but a short time to do it in. I'm not a light-weight now, and it's only by constant exercise and rigid abstinence that I keep about eight stone. It's quite likely that in a few years I shall get too heavy to ride. Besides," concluded Gerald, with a smile, "you forget my book's made"

"Surely, surely, you will never commit such madness," said Ellen. "You are avowedly making money in an inferior position with which to resume your proper station as soon as possible. To marry Miss Greyson is to settle down in that class for life. Speak to him, mother—urge him, for all our sakes, to pause before he takes such an irrevocable step as that would be!"

"Indeed, my dear," said Mrs. Rockingham, "do think of what your sister says. It was a great trouble to us at first when we found out what you were doing, and it was only when Mr Thorndyke explained to us that you were making a deal of money, and people in these times didn't care how that was done, providing it was only honestly, that we got reconciled to it, and began to understand what you have just told us. But, Gerald dearest, to marry amongst these people is to live and die amongst them."

"You can't understand," interposed Gerald, roughly, "what Dollie's been to me. You can't suppose I'm going to throw over the girl I'm sincerely attached to, and to whose advice and assistance I owe my present position, because she's not in the Stud Book!"

"Your new associates begin to rather influence your conversation," rejoined Ellen, haughtily

"Don't talk rubbish," said Gerald, sharply "You might have heard my last remark in the smoking room at Cranley, or in the precincts of any club in London. I'm not going to quarrel, but what can you know in reality of the world? Some knowledge of slang is and always was part of a gentleman's education. Why, when the late Lord Lytton wrote *Pelham* it was brought against him that 'his knowledge of flash was evidently purely superficial.' *Flash*, my sister, is merely recondite slang or thieves' argot."

"I can only say," returned Ellen, by no means mollified at the sharpness with which her brother was asserting his position as head of the family, "there is a savor of the race-course about your conversation which I, at all events, am not accustomed to"

Gerald bit his lip as the blood rushed into his face, and for a moment meditated an angry retort, but his new profession had schooled him severely in the disadvantage there is in loss of temper. He had not battled with equine infirmity of that nature without discovering the virtues of patience and "a calm sough." After a little he replied, calmly:

"Don't be unkind, Nell. I started, remember, smashed, broken stock, lock, and barrel as a Rockingham; that may be slang, but you understand it. Good! I have struck out my own line, and made a reputation under another name; that the world have discovered Jon Forrest and Gerald Rockingham to be one is no fault of mine. If you and mother feel so ashamed of me, I'll pursue my career under the name of my adoption, but don't suppose, under any circumstances, that I shall not marry Dollie Greyson, because I shall, hap what may."

Miss Rockingham was not a little staggered at her brother's firmness. She had recognized for some time the change that had come over him, but she had thought the united entreaties of his mother and herself would have at least made him waver in his determination to marry Dollie Greyson. But it was evident he was shaken not one iota on this point. They had to choose between whether they would abandon Gerald or receive his wife, and as head of the family he had surely some right to dictate. Ellen was a little puzzled how to reply; her pride forbade her to give in to this brother younger than herself, while her common-sense told her he had the right to select the woman he would marry, and meant to exercise it.

"I had thought you would have paid some attention to my wishes in some respect, Gerald," said Mrs. Rockingham, feebly.

"My dearest mother, I hope I shall always listen to your wishes about anything, but this is a thing a man must decide for himself"

Despite this being a question of serious disquiet to them, the two ladies could not refrain from exchanging a slight smile at hearing this dark-faced stripling who had so suddenly arrogated to himself man's estate pronounce his opinion in so decided a fashion.

"As I said before," continued Gerald, "not only do I love her very dearly, but I owe my present position entirely to her clear practical common-sense You may think that it is very easy for a Rockingham to get his living in this world I can only say that when it became necessary I should do it, I found Rockinghams considerably at a discount, and that except in my present profession I should be much puzzled how to earn thirty shillings a week"

"That is not exactly the question, Gerald. You have adopted this profession, and everybody knows it. It is much too late to say anything more about that, but we do urge you to pause before you take such an irrevocable step as getting married. Remember, you can abandon a profession, but not a wife."

"I am not likely to change my determination," replied Gerald, quietly; "such training as I have gone through lately has strengthened my will as well as my muscles An irresolute jockey would soon lose his riding. But if it will be any satisfaction to you to know that I don't mean marrying immediately, you may have it. We can both afford to wait, and for the present I am bound to work hard at my profession, as I told you at my age it is impossible to say how long I may be able to continue it. The probability is I shall get too heavy in a few years. Mother, when may I bring my *fiancée* to see you?"

But ere Mrs. Rockingham could answer, the door opened, and the servant announced "Mr Thorndyke"

It was true that Ellen, after what had passed between them, had no cause to think that Mr. Thorndyke was in the least likely to intrude his advice upon Gerald; but she was decidedly nonplussed at the line John Thorndyke took up when, the first greetings over, she introduced him to her brother.

"How do you do, Mr. Rockingham?" said the genial Rector. "I am delighted to make your acquaintance. We are all proud of you in Yorkshire, and so are your class all through England. It always does one good to see the gentleman hold his own with the professional. It shows there's grit left in us still"

"Thank you very much for your good opinion," replied Gerald, laughing. "But remember, I don't claim to be 'a gentleman'; I ride purely as a professional"

"I know," replied Thorndyke; "but a gentleman you are, and I feel quite sure will never forget that position. You are paid, and so, indirectly, are most gentlemen riders. The one difference is, *they* all take seven pounds' allowance as such, while you don't."

Gerald cast a triumphant look across at his sister; the name of John Thorndyke had cropped up not a little in that young lady's letters of late. Judging from past experience, Gerald had no doubt that what he had begun irreverently to term "Ellen's new pet parson" was of that extreme type that are merciless in their denunciations of the turf and all connected with it. Mr Thorndyke's speech was a pleasant surprise to him. As he rose to go, he said, simply:

"I'm glad to have met you, Mr Thorndyke, and I hope to see you again before long. You must excuse my running away now; I have lots to do, and very little time to do it in. Good-by, Ellen, good-by, mother dearest;" and, as he kissed her, Gerald whispered into her ear, "I shall bring Dollie to see you to-morrow morning."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"WILL YOU BE MY WIFE?"

"I congratulate you on your son, Mrs. Rockingham," said Mr Thorndyke, as the door closed upon Gerald. "A fine, manly young fellow, and he has caught no taint of the profession he has embraced."

"I beg your pardon," interposed Ellen, a wee bit sharply. "His conversation was tolerably interlarded with horsey expressions before you came in. You only saw him for a minute or two, remember"

"What does that matter?" rejoined the Rector "A large proportion of the young gentlemen of the present day talk horse, and usually in exact inversion to their knowledge of the subject. He would probably have done that had he remained at Cambridge."

It was too provoking. John Thorndyke seemed to be holding a brief for Gerald, but ere Ellen could reply, Mrs. Rockingham cut into the conversation.

"Ah! you do not know the worst," she said. "He contemplates marrying amongst these people."

"He is too young to think of that; not but what if he marries the right woman it very often steadies a young fellow, and is the making of him; but when there is such a difference of class, it's a doubtful experiment. A half-educated woman is apt to jar upon a refined man after the first. She is perpetually offending him unwittingly."

"I knew, Mr Thorndyke, you would never approve of such a *mésalliance*," exclaimed Ellen, triumphantly.

"Forgive me: I don't altogether say that. I only say it's a dangerous experiment. It depends so much upon what the girl is like."

The two ladies exchanged glances, which said, "Shall we tell him?" and then Mrs. Rockingham rose, and saying to her daughter, "You had better tell Mr Thorndyke, and then perhaps he wouldn't mind saying to Gerald what he has just said to us. You will excuse me, as I have one or two little things to attend to."

"Let us hope it is not so bad as you think it, Mrs. Rockingham," said the Rector, as he opened the door for her. "Many girls in these days are educated what would have been thought far above their position forty years ago."

"You can't make a lady out of a trainer's daughter," retorted Mrs. Rockingham with no little asperity, as she swept from the apartment.

John Thorndyke bowed silently, and then, taking a chair, waited till it should please Ellen to be communicative.

"This is very sad, very distressing for us, is it not?" she said at length.

"Your brother is young, and as long as he is not actually married there is always considerable likelihood that he will change his mind," replied the Rector, vaguely

"I am afraid not. You do not know my brother—he is very obstinate when he has taken a thing into his head."

"Very resolute in purpose is, I fancy, more the term. Weak characters are obstinate. Your brother's career so far shows anything but weakness of character"

"Call it what you will," exclaimed Ellen, impatiently, "he is very fixed in his determination to marry this Dollie Greyson."

John Thorndyke was almost betrayed into a long whistle. "How very dull of me," he thought, "not to have guessed the riddle at once!"

"Ah," he said, dreamily, at last, "if he is honestly in love with Miss Greyson, I think the probability is he will be—well, we'll say obstinate."

"Why what do you know about her?" exclaimed Ellen, in amazement.

"Very little. I have only seen her two or three times in her uncle's shop, and she was such a pretty, graceful little girl that she attracted my attention, and I inquired who she was. Upon one occasion she served me with gloves or something, and in the few words that passed between us I can recollect being much struck with her lady-like manner, so very superior to what one would have expected."

Really, Mr. Thorndyke was too bad. He had been looked to to play in modified manner the part of Balaam, and, far from rebukes, he was dealing out nothing but approbation.

"Pray have you ever seen the girl, Miss Rockingham?" inquired the Rector, after a short pause

"Yes," replied Ellen; "and I am bound to confess she is a pretty little thing, but," she added, with a shrug of her shoulders, "she is the daughter of William Greyson the trainer, at one time my father's servant."

"It is awkward; but you know I don't attach quite so much importance to these things as you do. I have lived a good bit in the world, for when I had charge of a large parish in London I had most excellent introductions, and saw a good deal of society The hardest workers find the most time for play It's all method and arrangement. Well, Miss Rockingham, the prosperous butter merchant's son of to-day goes to college, and, let him only turn out a good fellow and his father die rich enough, mixes and marries in society."

"You don't mean to say," cried Ellen, "that you are advocating Gerald's marriage with this Miss Greyson?"

"No; certainly not. As I have said already, he is too young, for one thing, nor do I know enough of the lady to be able to form an opinion. I only mean that from the little I have seen of her it is not nearly so bad as it sounds. You have not yet mastered the fusion of classes, which is one of the characteristics of the age."

"No, and I trust I never shall. I can't and won't believe it!" cried Ellen, passionately.

"Ah, well," said the Rector, "you know the old proverb, 'None so blind,' etc. The represent-

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1420.

sitives of the people might touch you that. Look at the present House of Commons, what an incongruous assembly it is! Men of birth, talent, and education sitting side by side with shop keepers, etc., and the result is that one man of transcendent genius rules it with a rod of iron, makes it, when he chooses to take up that rod, cower like naughty children, and yield to his whims and caprices, whatever they may be. Democracy is always dangerously near autocracy, and on mark since the days of the Tudors was ever so absolutely ruler of England."

Ellen, however she disagreed with him, was always deeply interested when John Thorndyke talked in this way, and of late the girl had lost her self-reliance, and caught herself wondering whether it was not more likely that Thorndyke, with all his knowledge of life, learning, and common-sense, should be a better judge of these things than herself. Canon Dorrsford, too, although he laughingly repudiated sharing the Rector of St. Margaret's extreme views, indirectly confirmed them to a certain extent.

Still, believing with interest to Mr Thorndyke's Radical theories was a very different thing from welcoming Dollie Grayson as a sister.

But the Rector had stopped talking, and after a slight pause broke into a low laugh as he said.

"Ten thousand pardons, Miss Rockingham. I had an business to hold forth in that fashion, but once give a man a chance to ride his hobby, and he's sure to get away with him. Forgive me. Upon my word," he continued, breaking into a peal of laughter, "I really thought I was on the stump!"

"No, Mr Thorndyke, I like to hear you talk, little as I agree with you; but we women, as a rule, are all Conservatives to the backbone. We dread our advanced sisters, and want neither votes nor seats in Parliament. I for one think the 'Mrs. Jellabys' of the world do no good in their generation, and may well leave such work to their male belongings."

"Perhaps you are right. At all events, Radical though I am, that is my opinion also. But do you want my advice about your brother's engagement?"

"Ah, Mr Thorndyke, you will speak to him, and point out to him the mistake he is making, won't you?" cried Ellen.

"No, not at all. I wash my hands of it. I simply recommend you to make no further objection. Your brother, from what I see of him, is little likely to be swayed by any one in this matter. To oppose him means to quarrel with him, and, if anything, hurry his marriage. Rest contented, then. The girl is pretty and lady like. It is quite possible, when I know her, I shall congratulate you most heartily on your sister-in-law."

A sudden thought flashed through Ellen's mind. Could Mr Thorndyke contemplate some such marriage as Gerald? Was he advocating his own cause while pretending that he could not see anything touch to be distressed about as her brother's engagement? A strange feeling of weariness, for which she herself could hardly account, came across her at this idea. She had never heard of Mr Thorndyke being particular in his attentions to any lady in York, but he was just the man to be much struck with any case of devotion and self sacrifice amongst the poorer of his parishioners, and, if the maiden were comely, quite capable of asking her to share his home, with very little heed as to what the world might say of it.

"Would you make such a marriage yourself?" she asked, a little shyly, after a long pause.

"No," replied the Rector, bluntly.

"Then, Mr Thorndyke," exclaimed Ellen, "how can you support my brother in his preposterous folly?"

"I would not myself make such a marriage, because I hope to marry a woman of very different station;" and the quiet, resolute tones in which the answer was given, and the straight glance of John Thorndyke's blue eyes into her own, told the girl at once who that woman was.

Ellen's heart gave a great jump; she recognized now why she had felt uneasy at the idea of John Thorndyke marrying, but though she had conceived a great liking and respect for the Rector, she honestly had never yet thought of him in the light of a possible lover. But she recovered her presence of mind in a few seconds, and replied,

"That sounds to me an additional reason why you should expostulate with my brother."

"Never mind your brother just now. I've a question to ask you on my own account. You've known me now over a twelvemonth, Miss Rockinghem, and I have learned in that time to love you very dearly. Will you be my wife? *Stop*," he continued, seeing that she was about to interrupt him. "Don't think that we differ very much in our views of life or religion. We both wish to do each good as may be within our power, and tolerance should be a cardinal point in all creeds. If we love me, there will speedily be little difference of opinion between us."

Suddenly Ellen rose to her feet. "Mr Thorndyke," she said, "you have paid me the greatest compliment a man can pay a woman, and for that I thank you; but I have too great a regard and esteem for you to answer your question without some little consideration. You have taken me by surprise. I must have time to think whether I could be the wife I wish to be to you."

"I am quite satisfied on that point," rejoined Thorndyke, smiling. "Only say you will be my wife, and I am quite willing to chance your being a good one."

"Please let me go now; I want to be alone and think," exclaimed Ellen, resisting her lover's attempt to detain her hand.

"It shall be as you will," he replied, releasing her, "although I had hoped to have was a consent from your lips this morning; but, Ellen, you won't keep me long in suspense?"

"No; you shall hear from me to-morrow morning without fail. For the present, good-by," and the Rector felt that he was dismissed.

John Thorndyke did not feel much disturbed that he had failed to obtain a final answer that morning. He understood Miss Rockingham's character too well. She would have been prompt enough if she had meant to say no. Most women when they debate about accepting a man merely come to that conclusion. The girl with her somewhat rigid principles had unconsciously made it very difficult for herself to give Thorndyke a negative answer. She had great contempt for the laziness of coquetry, and thus would have been a prize of that in keeping a straightforward, honest gentleman in suspense, if she had much doubt about what her decision would be. The Rector felt well satisfied with his morning's work as he strolled homeward, and his thoughts now drifted into some mundane reflections about his professional prospects. The first five years of his ministry had been passed in the quiet country rectory in which he had succeeded his father; but when the almost simultaneous death of his mother and sister released him from keeping the home to which they were so wedded over their heads, he at once applied for metropolitan preferment, and was quickly installed in one of those large East End parishes that often prove the stepping-stone to promotion. From thence he had been transferred to York at his own request, finding the sickly London atmosphere, after three years, began telling on a man so used to the fresh pure country air and a healthy country life as he had been.

John Thorndyke knew that he stood well with the chiefs of the Church, despite his somewhat peculiar views, and that he might count upon promotion in some shape before long, and he thought now would be a fitting time to jog their memories.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"JUDITH SHAKESPEARE."

A recent issue of the London *Times* contains the following letter to the editor:

"SIR,—I have just received from Mr J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps a letter in which he refers to a review of the above-named novel in *The Times*, and in kind enough to inclose the accompanying memoranda. I had not myself seen the article in question, so I make it a rule nowadays not to read reviews of any of my books; but as these points of detail appear to have been in dispute—and as they are of great importance quite apart from the mere *vraisemblance* of a work of romance—I have no doubt that those of your numerous readers who are also Shakespearean students will be glad to have information with regard to them coming from so distinguished an authority. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"October 20. WILLIAM BLACK."

"1. There was no law of copyright in the time of Shakespeare nor for long afterward. The Stationers' Company had the right, which was seldom exercised, of seizing books printed without their license, but when once a license had been granted, the author and theatrical manager, unless there were a restrictive clause in the entry, were without any sort of remedy against literary piracy.

"2. There is an accepted order of the dates of the composition of the *Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*. What there is of external evidence would indicate the priority of the former; while the aesthetic and metrical tests can be of no weight in this matter in regard to two plays composed, in all probability, within a few months of each other. As to mere opinions, Coleridge puts the *Winter's Tale* second, while the poet Campbell is positive that Shakespeare broke his staff in company with Prospero.

"3. Judith Shakespeare, in common with most of her contemporaries who were in a similar position in life, was, in all probability, unable to either read or write. There are two documents extant in which her attestations are given, in each case with a mark, and this is all the evidence there is on the subject. It has, I am aware, been stated that persons who could write occasionally used marks instead of signatures, but if any examples of this practice are to be found, they are certainly too rare to warrant his assumption in the absence of evidence. No case of the kind has been traced among the voluminous records of Stratford-on-Avon."

RAILWAYS IN CHINA.

IN a country where time is no object, where punctuality is unknown, and where haste is regarded as a sign of ill breeding, the introduction of railways seems a superfluous anomaly. And yet stress of circumstances has so forced the hands of the statesmen of China that an imperial decree has, we are told, been issued inviting proposals for the construction of railways through the northern portions of the empire. Thus the day has arrived which has for years been looked forward to by financial syndicates, groups of contractors, and ambitious foreign engineers. Already, no doubt, plans and maps which have been kept carefully pigeon-holed at Shanghai and Hong Kong in preparation for the turn which events are now taking are on their way to Prince Kung's successor at Peking, and to his omnipotent lieutenant Li Hung Chang, whose only difficulty will be to make choice of the best among the many schemes which will be laid before them. It is, however, by no means certain that foreigners, or at all events any subjects of the Great Powers, will have much to do with the construction of the proposed lines. The Chinese have shown of late a natural desire to do their own work, or if foreign help has to be called in, to employ people of nationalities whose desire to encroach may reasonably be considered as limited by their lack of power to trespass. Thus to Danes has fallen much of the work connected with laying the new telegraph lines, which, from a Chinese point of view, could not safely be entrusted to subjects of states possessing large armies and powerful fleets.

On the subject of the adoption of railways the Chinese have hitherto proved themselves stolidly indifferent to the promptings of active plenipotentiaries and of interested advisers. For some years it has been foreseen by the most enlightened of their statesmen that railways are inevitable, but at the same time they have wisely determined to wait for the demand of a naturally developed want, and have set their faces steadily against pandering either to a gushing philanthropy or to the cutting begotten of a manufactured need. In this spirit they refused, on behalf of the late Emperor, the present of a railway which a number of well-meaning English capitalists proposed to lay down in the palace grounds for the amusement of his Imperial Majesty, and they pulled up the Woo-Sung Railway, which, having been made for the purpose of stimulating the appetite of the people for railways, enjoyed a checkered course of popularity, litigation, and financial loss for just six weeks. As though destined to be the unfortunate plaything of people in advance of the age, the *material* of this railway was shipped to Formosa by an enthusiastic mandarin who thought it possible to regenerate the island by carrying passengers and goods about it at the rate of thirty miles an hour. He even succeeded in collecting several hundred thousand dollars to make his road, but before he could begin the work he was transferred to another scene of usefulness, and the mandarin who entered on his labors entered also into the possession of his accumulated dollars. From that day to this nothing has been heard of the road, and the rails and rolling-stock are at this moment rusting on the Formosan wharves.

But during the eight years which have elapsed since the Woo-Sung fiasco events have occurred which have educated the native mind at an unprecedented rate. One of the most awful famines which have ever visited any country has desolated whole provinces of the empire; there have been wars in the outlying dependencies, rumors of wars with Russia and Japan, and an actual crossing of swords with France. The telegraphs also, which now carry messages from Peking to Canton in a few minutes, have aggravated the growing impatience at the slowness of the means of transport from one place to another, and the natural result of these conditions is the now expressed desire to have the iron horse venture through the land.

Private interests are also in favor of the innovation, and Prince Ch'un, the Emperor's father, who, according to the *quidnuncs* of Shanghai, is opposed to everything foreign, has inaugurated his accession to power by giving his cordial support to the new proposal, and has sanctioned an order for a quantity of steel rails from the Osnabruck steel-works. For the last two or three years the Prince has taken an active interest in the coal and iron mines of the northern provinces, and he probably recognizes the fact that his profits might be increased a hundredfold if the output were carried to market in railway trucks rather than in donkey carts. It is doubtless in connection with these mines that the first railways will be constructed, and fortunately for the undertaking the prospects of an immediate return are unquestionably certain. In Shan-Sze, the province adjoining the metropolitan province on the west, the extent of the coal field is incalculably great, while in the immediate neighborhood iron abounds so profusion.

In estimating the effects which are likely to be produced on the country by railways, it is necessary to consider the social side of the question. Although cause in its technical sense is unknown in China, the divisions which separate the ranks of the mandarinate are as marked as those which divide the different Brahminical grades, and the gulf which intervenes between the official classes and the people is quite as wide as that which yawns between the Brahmin and Sudra classes. And in one sense the Chinese distinctions are more difficult to deal with than the Indian, in that they affect every act in the daily intercourse of life. At first, therefore, the levelling tendency of railways will beyond question produce soul searchings of heart among the privileged classes. A red-buttoned mandarin whirling through the country in company with a parcel of rich shopkeepers would be in a position as distasteful to himself as embarrassing to his fellow travellers, whose only attitude in the presence of so great a lion would at any other time be one of humble prostration.

This necessity for punctuality also will be galling to men who have always been accustomed to start on their journeys at any hour their pleasure, unfettered by time or time-tables; and the idea of a railway guard stopping a train without waiting for a leisurely approaching local magnate would be an unheard-of act of propriety. Even in the minor question of making the time-tables plain to the people, some preliminary difficulties all unquestionably arise. The day of twenty-four hours is, according to Chinese reckoning, divided into twelve equal divisions, which are known as the period of the rat, the ox, the tiger, the hare, the dragon, the serpent, the horse, the sheep, the monkey, the cock, the dog, and the boar. Each of these periods is subdivided into eight parts of fifteen minutes each, and these are the smallest divisions of time known to all except the few fortunate possessors of watches. This at once opens a field for the wildest confusion and strange misunderstandings. What will minutes represent to the minds of people accustomed only to reckon by the rat, the ox, the tiger, etc.? and how will the fine distinctions of A.M. and P.M. be brought home to their intelligences? Though these and all other difficulties, not the least which will be connected with ladies travelling will disappear with time, they will not be felt real while they last; and though railways will ultimately lead up to greater reforms, and will produce greater advantages in China than on any empire under the sun, they will probably have encounter a period of probation which will try the patience and tax the resources of the promoters and supporters of their existence.

DEER-HUNTING.

THE illustration on page 774 closes the admirable series of pictures on hunting deer, from the pencil of Mr Frost, which have appeared from time to time during the past few months in the pages of HARPER'S WEEKLY. This picture tells its own story; but those who are interested in the subject, and especially in the causes which are leading to the rapid disappearance of game in regions where it was once abundant, may find food for reflection in an article by Mr Grant Wallace, which was printed in the WEEKLY for October 4, 1884.

COUNTING THE VOTE.

OUR illustration on page 766 shows the scene in the Aldermanic Chamber in the New York City Hall on the 7th inst., when the City Fathers assembled to count the votes cast in this city and county at the late election. By a combination between the Republican and Tammany Hall members, Alderman Wand, Republican, was elected chairman.

The room was thronged by interested spectators, but the counting proceeded quietly, and there was little excitement during the sessions of the board. The proceedings were closely watched by counsel for both parties. Among the former lawyers retained by the Democratic National and State committees were Roscoe Conkling, Aaron J. Vanderpool, James C. Carter, Francis C. Barlow, Franklin Bartlett, Francis L. Stetson, Edward H. Bacon, E. Ellery Anderson, Charles H. Miller, and Francis M. Scott, while the Republican committees were represented by William M. Evarts, George Hilles, Robert Sewell, Clarence A. Seward, and William Allen Butler. Neither Mr Conkling nor Mr. Evarts was present when an artist sketched the scene.

THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION

THE grand World's Industrial Exposition to be opened in New Orleans early in December, and to continue during a period of six months, will be a magnificent exhibition of the progress of all nations in art, science, and industry during the last hundred years. The buildings, covering thirty acres in the City Park, present a great variety of architectural styles. They are designed and grouped not only with a view to the special uses to which each will be appropriated, but with an eye to the general effect of the whole. Our illustration on page 770 shows a busy scene of preparation in front of the principal building.

The situation of the Exposition is one of rare beauty and attractiveness. Splendid groves of live-oak are scattered over the grounds. Large trees have been converted into elaborate and lovely gardens, some of which are several acres in extent, with miniature lakes, sparkling fountains, tropical flowers, and luxuriant vegetation. The temperature of New Orleans during the season when the Exposition will be open is mild and salubrious. The verdure of the trees, shrubbery, and lawns remains fresh and green, flowers are blooming, and the whole aspect of nature is charming.

The importance of the Exposition was very forcibly stated by President Arthur in a special message to Congress recommending an additional appropriation for a government exhibit, in which he said:

"The importance, purposes, and benefits of the New Orleans Exhibition are continental in their scope. Standing at the threshold of the almost unopened markets of Spanish and Portuguese America, New Orleans is a natural gateway of their trade, and the Exhibition offers to the people of Mexico and Central and South America an adequate knowledge of our farming implements, metal manufactures, cotton and woollen goods, and the like necessities of existence, in respect to which these countries are either deficient or supplied to a limited extent. The breaking down of the barriers which still separate us from the republics of America, whose productions so entirely complement our own, will aid greatly in removing the disparity of commercial intercourse, under which less than ten per cent. of our exports goes to American countries."

For the purposes of the Exposition the general government has appropriated $1,300,000; the city of New Orleans and the State of Louisiana, each $100,000, the citizens of New Orleans have contributed $200,000; Mexico has appropriated $200,000, and various foreign countries and many States, counties, parishes, cities, towns, corporations, and individuals, have appropriated and contributed amounts aggregating hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The main building is the largest ever erected, being 1378 feet long by 905 feet wide. It is situated near the centre of the grounds, and is intended for general exhibits. Machinery Hall and Music Hall form subdivisions of this building.

The Government Building, intended for United States and State Exhibits, is 885 feet long by 565 feet wide.

The building known as Horticultural Hall is 600 feet long by 194 feet wide.

The Art Gallery, built of corrugated iron, is 230 feet long by 100 feet wide.

The building designated as Factories and Mills is 350 feet long by 120 feet wide, and built of iron.

THE WORLD'S EXPOSITION AT NEW ORLEANS—SCENES IN THE CITY PARK.—DRAWN BY GRAHAM AND DUNDAS.—[See Page 773.]

WATER-LOGGED—A PERIL OF THE SEA.—DRAWN BY W F H DE HAAS.—[SEE PAGE 776.]

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THE SEVENTH REGIMENT CROSS OF HONOR.

The Board of Officers of the Seventh Regiment of New York has recently adopted a design for a military cross to be awarded for long and faithful service to past, present, and future members of the organization. The term of military service as now required by law is five years, but the cross in bronze is only awarded to those who have served ten years in the regiment, and to those members who served in the regular or volunteer army and navy during the war, 1861–5. The objects of this military decoration are, first, the recognition of distinguished service by members during the war, or before or since the war; and second, to encourage the service of officers and members, present and future, for a longer period than the term fixed by law. The cross may also be issued in silver and gold to those serving fifteen and twenty years; but the bronze cross will be the standard and popular form for presentation by the regiment. At the November meeting of the Board of Officers the bronze cross was awarded to two hundred and eleven active and exempt members, and the presentation will take place at a parade of the regiment at the armory in February next.

The cross was designed by Mr. WHITEHOUSE, of TIFFANY & Co., and it is now being manufactured by that firm. Upon its face is a wreath of oak and laurel, and at the centre a figure 7, surrounded by the words "Long and faithful service." It is suspended by a ribbon to a bar upon which is engraved the motto of the regiment, *Pro Patria et Gloria*.

THE PROFESSOR'S GREAT FIND.

By THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

As a scientist, Professor MacDougal stood high. He left Yale at twenty-one, went through Giessen afterward, and concluded by a course of study in the School of Mines in Paris. He was recognized abroad and at home as a man of profound learning, and at the early age of thirty was made Professor of Natural Science at Barneville College. He came of a race of scientific notables. His grandfather, a Scotsman, had been Professor at Glasgow. His father, who came to this country, and married, and settled here, though he never taught, was more distinguished, and Professor Roderick bade fair to surpass his predecessors in scientific renown.

But the close pursuit of knowledge has its penalty. The first Commencement-day found the Professor quite broken up. Nearly six feet high, and with muscles to fit, he had been the crack oarsman at Yale, and at the head of the first class of the Turn Verein at Giessen. Now he had grown lean, weak, and listless. His colleagues viewed his state with alarm. One of them, also a skillful physician, gave him a prescription. "Mac," he said, "you have worked wonders for us during the course, but at your own expense. Go to the country. Get away from books entirely. You have three months of vacation. Turn it up by absence from ink of all kinds, or you will be used up."

The Professor thought so it. "I ought to devote the vacation to my treatise on the Graylidæ," he said. "But perhaps you are right. Up in Mountain County there is a gneiss formation, permeated by veins of coarse granite that must be rich in minerals. It has been little explored, and I may make a great find there, and get a specimen or so that I shall be proud to show to my friends."

So the Professor bought a coarse gray suit, packed his valise, added a leathern satchel and belt, with hammer, chisel, and blow-pipe, and started for Mountain County. On the cars he fell in with an old friend, who happened to know all about his place of destination. He was told to get off at Firwood Station, where he would find a stage-coach to take him to Rockborough, the county town. The inns there were execrable, and he was advised to seek boarding in a farm-house.

"Can you recommend one?" asked the Professor.

"They are about the same kind," was the reply, "clean, coarse, and with no chamber window that will let down from the top. The natives have a horror of letting foul air out or fresh air in. There is one exception: old Squire Martyne has a nice house, and lives well. His maiden sister is his housekeeper. He has a very pretty daughter; but she is off at boarding-school. The Squire takes boarders only now and then—he is rich—and only for company. If he likes you, and his sister should like you, he'll let you stay. He lives three miles east of Rockborough, and any one can pilot you."

"Thank you. I'll try him."

"I must tell you, however," resumed his informant, "that the Squire is a character. He is a fairly educated man, and as you say you are mineral-hunting, he can help you, for he has a collection, and knows the localities. But he'll accost you in the vernacular of the region, and keep it up until he gets to know you."

Thus it was that one afternoon early in July Professor Roderick MacDougal was carried in a hired wagon from Rockborough to Martyne's Nest, as the farm was called. The farm-house, standing upon rising ground a short distance from the high-road, was half hidden by wistarias and creepers that draped the wide veranda, and climbed the brick walls to the eaves of the gambrel roof. There was an attempt at a lawn, with beds of gay-colored flowers. The place looked comfortable and home-like. The man who sat on the veranda, with his chair tilted back, his shirt collar unbuttoned, and a cob pipe in his mouth, looked at home too. Why not? He was the owner. He brought his chair forward and arose as the Professor came up the steps.

"Squire Martyne, I presume," said the Professor, blandly.

"That's what they call me. Is it book or lightnin'-rod?"

"Neither," replied the Professor, smiling. "My name is MacDougal, and I have been advised to try the hill air for a time. I called to request you to accommodate me with board for a few weeks."

"May I ask what you do for a livin'?"

"I am a professor in Barneville College."

"You ain't one of them snake-catchers an' bug hunters?"

"I know something about reptiles and insects, but I expect to amuse myself by collecting the minerals and plants of the region."

"Stuns, eh! There 'ain't been a stun hunter in these parts not sense the time of the Jollylogical Survey, an' there's right smart of queer stuns here yet. Plants, eh! That would suit my Hetty, if she was to home, for she's got lots of 'em upstairs in books.—Lucy Ann!"

A tall, neatly dressed old lady came to the door, and said, "Well?"

"Can we make room for a stun hunter?"

Lucy Ann surveyed the Professor, who smiled at the scrutiny, and then said, "There's plenty of room; but if this gentleman be hunting minerals, there'll be a nice pair to clutter us up."

And with a laugh she retreated.

"Approved by the higher powers," said the Squire, laughing. "Who brought you over? I see now: John Adkins. John, bring in the Professor's things. Sit down and rest yourself. There will be no difficulty about terms, I think."

The Professor soon found that his informant had been right. He had come to the best place. He was assigned a neat and pleasant chamber opening upon a flower garden, at one end of which were several hives of bees, which made a pleasant humming, while the odors from beds of fragrant herbs smote pleasantly on the nostrils. From the windows he had a fine view of mist-covered ridges in the distance, over a long stretch of undulating valley, dotted with fields of grain, patches of woodland, farm houses, and out-buildings, and herds of kine grazing in their pastures. When supper time came he found the comforts of the inner man would be well cared for. Whether Miss Lucy Ann Martyne or the plump hired girl who brought in the dishes and waited on the table were the cook, it was evident there was somebody about who could cook. Scientist as he was, the Professor liked to eat. But is not good cookery the sum of science?

The next morning early the Professor arose, and brought down his belt and satchel, prepared for an exploring expedition. To his delight he found his host overhauling a similar equipment.

"You shan't have the best things without sharing," said the Squire. "I shall give you my time for to-day, and after that you can paddle your own canoe. You won't find any corundum, which used to be abundant. I bagged all that long ago, and made a pretty penny out of it. But you'll not lack specimens. I saved a lot of duplicate crystals, and you can pick and choose from them at your leisure."

They made a day of it, and the Professor came home at night with his sack full and his pockets crammed. After that he went alone, and explored the neighborhood thoroughly.

A week passed on, and the Professor heard of a quarry fifteen miles off, which abounded in kyanite and black tourmaline. So he walked there, to be absent for two days.

It did not turn out as well as he expected, and he started to walk back next day. About noon he was within a mile of Martyne's Nest, and crossed a field to cut short a turn in the road, when he heard a female voice crying for help. He looked up and saw a young and pretty girl mounted on the top of a hay-stack, and making frantic signals for assistance. He got over the fence to see the cause of these extraordinary motions, when a vicious-looking bull pranced around from the other side of the stack. The Professor got back again. He comprehended the situation.

"Keep where you are," he cried, "until I drive the bull off!"

It was superfluous advice, and his purpose not easily carried out. He threw stones to the bull; but he was not to be diverted from his object. The animal would prance forward, bellow, and then resume guard over the stack.

Then a bright idea struck the Professor. Linen handkerchiefs are inconvenient for travellers, and for mineralogists in particular, for they are bad for use as sacks when satchel and pockets are full. He had provided himself with stout silken bandanas, and had one in his pocket. As Alexander Dumas would describe the affair:

It was of a bright red.
He drew it from his pocket.
He waved it frantically.

The bull saw it, and made a dash for the offensive thing.

"Run, young lady!" cried the Professor from the safe side of the fence.

The girl ran, and got safely over the fence on the other side.

As in duty bound, the Professor went around, leaving the bull to his chagrin, and joining the girl, inquired if she were hurt.

"Not at all, sir," she answered, "but very much obliged to you for your assistance."

She seemed to be going the same way with himself, so the Professor, who, though not "a marrying man," as the saying goes, was gallant, entered into conversation with her. They drifted from the weather and the scenery into books and current events, and he was astonished to find how much the bright little lady knew. Who could she be? Some visitor, doubtless. Though plainly dressed, she had the air and manner that showed her not of the type of the neighborhood. He began to skirmish to find out, when she broke into a light rippling laugh.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said, "but I think I know you. You are Professor MacDougal, are you not?"

He nodded assent, still more mystified.

"We used your work on botany as a text-book at St. Sebastian's; but you'll excuse me for saying that I always thought you to be an old gentleman. I only got home from the school last evening, and I was returning from a visit to a neighbor when that cross bull made me climb the hay-stack. I am Hester Martyne."

The acquaintance thus made, the two grew quite familiar by the time they reached the Nest, where Hetty told of the adventure, and the Professor declared that he would put the bandana in lavender as a *souvenir* of the method he had employed to trick the bull.

That evening there was a visitor at Martyne's Nest. Mr. Jotham Jones, a wealthy young farmer of the neighborhood, made his appearance. Jotham was the champion athlete of that section, and could outjump, outlift, and outwrestle any one in those parts. Lord of many acres and herds of kine, he had great confidence in himself, and swaggered around out-of-doors. That night he sat almost tongue-tied, saying little more than monosyllables. The Professor, though he did not know that Jotham had known Hetty since she was a child, and always admired her, concluded that it was a case of courting, and so discreetly left the room, and went to his chamber, where he labelled and packed his specimens. The Squire, however, remained, which was a sure sign that he did not regard the suitor with special favor.

From that time forth Jotham came quite often. The Professor, who saw a deal of Hetty, and who, having turned his attention to plants, got from her the location of scarce varieties, took a special interest in the result of this siege. "I have a pity for Hetty," he said to himself. "She is really a charming girl, and fit for any position in life; but it will end by her marrying this coarse clod. It is a case of Beauty and the Beast, but the Beast is not apt to change to a Prince. It is no business of mine, but I hate to see it."

The more he saw of Jotham, the less he liked Hetty's prospects. And then he began to discover by unmistakable signs that Jotham did not like him. Jotham glared at the Professor when they met, and spoke of him among his associates as a "stone cracker" and "a crank"—the last word being always applied by fools to any one they think to possess brains. The lover did not let his hate for the stranger interfere with his siege of the maiden. At all the picnics and rural festivities he followed Hetty like her shadow. She gave no tokens of dislike at this, and every one, even the Professor, thought it would eventually be a match. Why not? Jotham was even richer than the Squire. There was nothing between the farms but a narrow patch of land, which was in the market. That bought by either, and the combined Jones and Martyne places would cover nearly two thousand acres of the best land in the county. The very proximity suggested a matrimonial alliance. The sense of the fitness of things possibly suggested to the Professor a conviction that the matching would not be lasting; and the more he talked with Hetty, and the more he saw of her, the stronger did this conviction become.

The time of vacation had nearly slipped away, when there was a merry-making on the farm. The Martyneses had always given an old-fashioned harvest home to their neighbors after the main crops were gathered in, and Henry Martyne was not a man to slight the custom of his forefathers. Aunt Lucy Ann's resources of larder and kitchen were taxed to their utmost. The neighbors, young and old, were all there. The feast was held in the great barn, and after it was all over the threshing floor was cleared, a fiddler installed in state upon a stool, and dancing began, while at a little distance off, on a patch of greensward, a party of young men jumped, ran, and practised all kinds of muscular fun. The Professor had been a great dancer in his student days, and though he had not stooped to anything so light while holding a chair at college, felt it his duty to ask the daughter of his host to open the hop with him. Just as she had consented, Jotham came up with a similar request.

"I have promised the first set to Professor MacDougal," said Hetty, "but the next is at your service, Mr. Jones;" and he had to be content with that. He looked on, instead of seeking another partner. He saw the Professor dance in earnest, not walking through, but falling into the spirit of the occasion, pirouetting, pigeon-winging, and heel-and-toeing in the rustic style, to the admiration of the spectators and the chagrin of Jotham, to whom it was gall and wormwood.

When Jotham's turn came, the Professor watched in turn, and when it was over, and Hetty seated, and Jotham bent over her and talking earnestly, the Professor felt an uncomfortable sensation, for which he could not account, and went and joined the young men on the green. There he found the old Squire looking on.

"Ever do anything of this kind?" asked Martyne.

"Sometimes in my under-graduate days," said the Professor.

But he took no interest in their sport, and soon went back to the barn. Hetty was not on the floor. She was still seated, with Jotham at her side. He was talking eagerly, and she was blushing, while her fingers picked nervously at her dress.

"I would like to take that fellow down a peg," said the Professor, viciously, and then walked back and rejoined the Squire. He stood irresolutely, and made vague and inapt replies to his companion's remarks. Suddenly the cry arose:

"Here comes Jones! Now you'll see jumping!"

Jotham dashed in among them excitedly, looked at the heel marks of the others, and took off his coat. He was very much agitated. But seeing the Professor, he gave him a savage look, and going to the starting-point, made a great leap, and landed a foot farther than any of the rest.

"There!" he said; "I'd like to see any dude stone-cracker beat that."

This drew all eyes on the Professor, who walked forward, looked at the distance, and calmly handed his coat to the Squire. Then he jumped fully eighteen inches farther than Jotham. The latter did not like the storm of applause which greeted the feat. He determined to show his supremacy in another way. So he said, in an offensive tone:

"You're good at the jump, Stone-cracker. How are you at the rassle?"

Squire Martyne frowned, but before he could utter a rebuke, the Professor replied, quietly:

"I did not come into the mountains to show myself off, Mr. Jones; but as this is a gathering of neighbors, I have no objection to trying a friendly fall with you. Only, as I am out of practice, you must be light on me."

Thus saying, the Professor divested himself of waistcoat and cravat. The crowd eagerly formed a ring, and the two antagonists stood facing each other, Jotham lowering and malicious, the other calm and indifferent. A few feints and they locked. Jotham was thickset and sturdy; the other supple as an eel. A struggle, and then—so quickly that no one could see how it was done—the two went down together, Jotham on the broad of his back, and the Professor uppermost. The latter sprang to his feet, but Jotham lay there for a minute incapable of motion. When he arose he was in no condition to renew the contest.

"Professor," said the Squire, as they walked toward the barn, "would you like to be a member of Congress?"

"I think not," said the Professor. "I have no taste for politics. Why?"

"Because if you'll settle down here, and fail half a dozen bullies, as you have Jotham Jones, you'll go in by a large majority."

It was evident that MacDougal's strength was restored, and his appearance showed him to be in good health; but his spirits were depressed. During the few more days he remained he made no more mineralogical or botanical excursions, but lingered around the house. Hetty avoided him, and if they met was shy.

"She resents the humiliation of her lover," he thought. "And yet there is nothing in common between them. She is beauty, grace, education, and intelligence; and he— Well, it can not be helped."

The day of parting came. The Professor bade good-by to the Squire and his sister, and was invited to pay them another visit. "I have charged a price this time. It is my way to avoid an influx of strangers. But when you come, you come as my welcome guest. We all like you."

"Thank you. The liking is mutual. Where is Miss Hetty?"

"She went over to Joyce's."

"Bid her good-by for me. My valise has gone on to Rockborough, and I shall walk over." And with a renewed hand-shaking the Professor left.

He soon came to the fence where he had cajoled the bull with the handkerchief trick. "There is the hay-stack," he said. "How pretty she looked!" And he crossed the fence and walked toward the stack. A girl sat, with her face bowed in her hands, on some loose hay by the stack.

"Why, Miss Hetty!" said the Professor.

The girl started, sprang to her feet, and looked at him wildly. He noticed the tears on her cheeks.

"Why, Hetty!" he exclaimed; "what is the trouble?" He took her hand, but she made no reply. "My dear child," he continued, "tell me if I can aid you. I know that it is to Mr. Jones you would naturally go, but I see your friend, and—"

"I detest Jotham Jones!" exclaimed Hetty, withdrawing her hand.

A light seemed to come to the Professor.

"Hetty darling," he said, taking her hand again, "do you detest *me*?"

Her eyes fell to his glance, and a rosy flush spread itself over face and neck.

The Professor came home jubilant. Every one noticed how well he looked. He displayed the contents of his boxes to his colleagues.

"Very good specimens indeed," said Dr. Brainard, "but not such a great find."

"There is something finer than these, but it is behind ice Mountain County. I'll have it here at the beginning of the new year."

The Professor went off during the Christmas holidays. He telegraphed back the hour of his return, and on his arrival his colleagues, with their wives, went there to meet him. He had a lady on his arm. They gathered around to welcome him back.

"My good friends," said he, "I told you I would bring home my best specimen. I did not bring it to my satchel. I do not intend to put it on a shelf. Let me present to you Mrs. Hester MacDougal, the greatest find of my life."

MISSISSIPPI IMPROVEMENTS.

Before attempting to describe the river improvements which are now in progress near St. Louis, it is essential to give the reader a clear conception of the mighty flood whose wild freaks and sudden changes it is the object of these works to moderate and control. Twenty miles above the city two great rivers join; that coming from the north, from the sandy Missouri, with clear greenish water almost free from sediment, there meets the great central artery coming westward from the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains—a river vast in length, wild in its ungovernable power, writhing and twisting in its soft alluvial bed for a thousand miles, and bearing in its turbid waters millions of tons of mud. When first they meet each takes its own side of their common channel in the most amicable manner. Where these parallel currents touch there is the most fascinating interweaving of the two. Islands of pure water surrounded by the Missouri's chocolate floods, islands of mud on thick that by contrast they appear almost solid when surrounded by the pure water of the Upper Mississippi, together float downward toward the Gulf. Gradually the two streams intermingle, and at St. Louis their difference is barely perceptible to the eye. A flood in the Missouri while the Upper Mississippi is low vastly increases the amount of sediment in the water, while a low Missouri and a booming Upper Mississippi correspond to an unusual clearness of the river in this vicinity.

Knowing now the water which flows between the banks, let us take a hasty glance at the land on either side. There we shall see two parallel rows of limestone bluffs towering from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet above the intervening land and water, and about seven miles apart. Between the two lies a narrow belt of country of marvellous fertility, intersected in all directions by crescent-shaped lakes. Between the bluffs the river wanders apparently at will. Now it follows the Missouri bluffs for a score of miles, and as you descend the river a constant panorama of white cliffs, in many places not merely vertical but overhanging their bases, delights the eye on your right hand, while on the left is seen a low level shore covered with a dense growth of trees and tangled vines. At times the river tires of its rocky bed, and wanders off to the eastward; the western bluffs disappear, and on both sides is seen the dull, monotonous succession of forest after forest. Now it turns still farther eastward, and meeting the Illinois bluffs, flows at their feet.

The river changes its position bodily from time to time. The crescent-shaped lakes are its former beds. These changes take place with marvellous rapidity; it is not unusual for the shore which the river attacks to cave away five hundred feet in one year. Not only horizontally, but also vertically, the river is prone to change, while capable of cutting its bed down till the depth of water is eighty feet, it is also contented with widening out and cutting away its shores till there is no channel having more than four feet in it, and this too changes from year to year.

The major changes do not, as a usual thing, take place slowly, but are results of alternate high and low water. Any sudden rise causes an increase in the velocity of the current, and this is immediately followed by increased cutting of the banks. A large quantity of mud is then added to the burden which the river is already carrying, and much of it is redeposited when the river begins to fall, and the current to diminish in consequence. The amount of sediment which is transported is largely dependent on the velocity of the current, but there does not seem to be any mathematical law connecting the two quantities; any large reduction of the velocity is followed by deposits of greater or less extent.

SUMMARY.

1. The water is always muddy, but varies from a state in which it can hardly transport mere sediment to one in which it is comparatively clear.

2. The alluvial banks are continually shifting their position, so that the river moves from side to side in the course of years.

3. The river has of itself the power to either remove land already made, or to make new land where all was formerly water.

4. The depth at any locality is liable to the most enormous oscillations from one year to another.

5. Any large checking of the velocity is followed by a local deposit of greater or less extent.

The narrow portions of a river are deep, the broad shallow. To deepen the shallow parts it is necessary to contract the width, thus artificially producing a strong current, which will cut a deep channel for itself. If, however, it be made too narrow, it will not have sufficient capacity to discharge the quantity of water supplied at high stages, and disastrous floods will result. In all rivers the low-water channel is much longer than the flood channel.

One of the methods most frequently employed for contracting a river is to build solid stone dams. These tops are placed at such a level that the high water will flow freely over them; but when the surface falls, the low water channel will be forced to assume the desired width and position. The high water channel is thus, as in the natural river, comparatively straight, while the low-water channel may, by a proper arrangement of the dams, be made to assume the form and length best adapted to its requirements. Sometimes they are built at nearly right angles to the banks, projecting into the stream; sometimes two parallel walls are made for the whole length of the stream, practically forming artificial banks for the low-water channel. In either case reliance is placed solely on the inherent strength of the artificial structures.

In 1873 stone dams were tried at Horseshoe Bar, a noted shoal just below the city of St. Louis, where the river-bed was inordinately wide, and and at every low water there were two or three tortuous channels, through which not more than four feet could be carried, and not infrequently only three and a half. It was decided to narrow the river to a width of 2500 feet, which would, it was thought, make the several channels combine into one, deep and easy for steamboats to follow. In theory the plan appeared feasible; in practice it signally failed, as it was found impossible to construct the dams. The bottom was so soft that the water pouring over their tops cut deep holes in the bed below, and into them the stone and brush of which the dams were made were rolled by the current. In one place a dam was built up till its top was at the water surface when the river stood at the eighteen-foot stage; but after the next flood, when the river had fall en again to the eighteen-foot stage, no dam appeared. Soundings showed a depth of fifty-three feet where the dam should have been to the water's surface, and eighty feet a short distance below. A wall parallel to the Illinois shore was next tried, connected with the shore by what was left of the dams. It was enormously expensive to build, and settled nearly as fast as the cross dams. Its action, however, combined with the effect produced by the old dams, checked the current at flood stages, and caused quite marked deposits of sand and mud, which was noticed, studied, and finally taken advantage of by Major D. H. Eaton, of the Corps of Engineers, United States Army, in charge of the improvements.

He saw that these deposits narrowed the river much more efficiently than the structures by which they were caused, and that while the bottom was of such a nature that no artificial works could be built of sufficient strength to permanently resist the current and ice, it might be possible to make light obstructions to the current which by lasting a few years would induce the river itself to bring material free of cost and place it where he desired. He experimented, found his conclusions were correct, and in 1879 actually applied on a large scale the new system, which has since been adopted and used without any essential modifications from the mouth of the Missouri to the Gulf of Mexico.

There remains only to describe these works, which have given to Horseshoe a depth of eight and a half to ten feet to low water, when the natural river gave but three and a half to four, and which have proved themselves equal to all the calls that have yet been made on them, wherever in this great river they have been employed.

There are of two kinds—bank protection, and channel contracting works. The most rapid cutting of the bank is found to be near the foot of its slope. As this wears away, the top is undermined and falls in, leaving an almost vertical face of earth exposed. This in its turn undermined and thrown into the river. View No. 3 shows a bank which was cutting away to the rate of five hundred feet in a year. The part of the bank which is always under water is protected with a willow mattress loaded with stone, the part which is submerged at high water and bare at low, with a layer of riprap stone eight to ten inches thick. The mattress is built in one piece for the whole length of bank to be protected, and is made one hundred and twenty feet wide. It is practically nothing more than a large piece of coarse cloth, of which the warp is composed of twenty-one willow threads six inches in diameter, placed parallel to the shore, and six feet apart, each consisting of willow poles spliced strongly together with wire and spikes. The woof is made of willow saplings about three inches in diameter at the butt, and thirty feet long, with all the leaves and branches on. The process of weaving is shown in view No. 1. Usually a strip about a thousand feet long is constructed, and then the up-stream end sunk while the lower end is still on the sawing barge. The operations of sinking and weaving can thus go on continuously. The largest continuous mattress in the world, successfully sunk, is that which now protects the shore of Foster's Island, about thirty miles below St. Louis. It is 5284 feet long by 120 feet wide. The operation of sinking such a huge flexible sheet in the strong current have found, and keeping it from tearing or bending out of shape until it reaches the bottom, which is often fifty feet below the water's surface, requires great skill, but a well-drilled crew will work at this for a whole season and not lose a foot of mattress. The arrangement of lines and barges to sink a single mattress six hundred feet long is shown in views 5 and 6.

One side of the river having been protected as above described, the position of the new bank opposite is defined by driving three parallel rows of piles, the distance between rows being eighteen feet. In the middle row the piles are six feet apart from center to centre, in the other rows twelve feet. The power of the current is so great that the earth round these piles would be soon washed out and the piles overturned unless some method of protecting the bottom was applied. That work has been successfully adopted is to build a mattress similar to the one before described, covering all the space between the rows, and for some twenty to twenty-five feet on either side. This mattress is woven as fast as the piles are driven, and is then sunk by loading it with stone. The piles are then united into a single structure by bolting on heavy longitudinal stringers and by putting in inclined braces as shown in view No. 4. At intervals of one thousand feet this line is connected to the shore by similar cross lines. The piles in the middle rows of all the lines are now wattled, like the sides of huge baskets, with the same sort of willow saplings as are used in the mattress-work. The space where deposits are desired is thus divided up into settling basins, through which the current passes with a slight reduction of velocity. A glance at view No. 4 shows that this is all that is needed. The line of trees and willow bushes seen in the bottom shows the position of the original bank of the river, and the land between them and the edge of the water is the sand and mud deposited by the river in a single flood. In many places deposits twenty feet thick, covering forty or fifty acres, have been the result of such works during a single flood. The process of wattling is shown in view No. 2. A ribbon about six inches wide is woven on the piles, forks with long handles are placed on the top of it, and by pressing down on the handles men standing on boats force the whole to the bottom. Another ribbon is then woven, and forced down till it rests on the first, and so on. In many places there is so much drift-wood floating in the water that it catches on the piles as soon as driven, and saves the necessity of wattling.

The new-formed land contracts the river, and all that remains to be done is to protect the deposit as if it was the natural bank, that the river may not rise to its night and undo its own handiwork. Above the twenty-foot stage there is no need of stone, as willows whose seeds are sown by the water itself spring up and cover the whole surface. These little trees check the current more effectually than any artificial works, and at each high water mud is deposited among them, and the land grows continually higher and higher without the expenditure of any human labor or money.

In conclusion, it can be truly stated that all the forms here described have undergone the most severe trials in the recent great floods from drift wood and from ice, and have uniformly resisted destruction, and done their appointed work in a most satisfactory manner. At all the shoals between St. Louis and Cairo where these kinds of works have been tried the caving banks have ceased to cave, and there is now a good navigable channel at all stages of the river.

FRANCIS V. ABBOT,
First-Lieutenant of Engineers, U.S.A.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THERE is a new electric girl in Paris, of whom it is said that "her fingers attract all sorts of light bodies, such as ribbons, laces, etc." Many a woman has been shut up by the police for similar manifestations in the fancy-goods stores in this city. But the French young person has other points which are more remarkable, as, for instance, "whenever she hears an affecting piece of music the crackllings of the electric sparks are heard all over her body."

An English rival of Mr. Oscar Wilde's is laboring for reform in men's dress. The costume he has finally hit upon is, a felt hat broad enough in the brim to shield the wearer's face from wind and rain should he unfortunately be caught in a storm without an umbrella, a cape on his overcoat to perform the same function for his shoulders; shirts for his linen, trousers of wool, cut so as not to impede the circulation of the blood; leather boots, either soft to suit, and beneath the overcoat a jacket cut to the figure and bottoming well up to the neck. He does not see in this outfit anything that would excite a desire in the minds of the mob to "rave arf a brick" at the wearer.

Two years ago the "hot-water cocktail" was widely advertised to a novelty. Now again the "hot-water cure" is heralded as something new in medicine. The whole scheme is to drop a pinch of salt into a tea-cupful of hot water and to swallow the dose before breakfast. It is said to be good for the health, and one can see how it may be if it is taken in lieu of a bona fide cocktail in the early morning. But as for the novelty of the scheme, there are old men living in New York who have been drinking hot water with a little salt in it every morning before breakfast for half a century.

A resident of St. Louis started one morning recently to move his house. When night overtook him he had got the house just half way across a rusty side track of the Missouri Pacific Railway. Resting from his labors at this point, he and his family took supper in the house, and afterward retired to the second story for the night. Shortly after they had fallen asleep the Missouri Pacific Company used the rusty side track for the first time in a number of years. The locomotive they sent upon it ran clear through the house, smashing most of the lower story, and shaking the sleeping family out of their beds. There was an immense amount of fright and disorder, but nobody was hurt.

A series of thefts that had endured through a long period of time at Yale College without attracting any particular attention was capped recently by the stealing of two meerschaum pipes, whereupon the students around themselves, and the thief was to once caught. There are many wrongs which a college community patiently endures, but the abstraction of its meerschaum pipes is not one of them.

A Washington professor teaches pupils how not to forget. That is well enough for one set of people, but undoubtedly there are a great many others scattered around, if somebody would only look for them, who would like to be taught how not to remember.

The telegraph office in Edinburgh required 150 operators to keep abreast of the reporters one night on the course of Mr. Gladstone's recent visit in that city. These operators sent 427,000 words in press messages. It was by far the heaviest bit of telegraphic work ever done in Edinburgh.

In one week this season 20,000 barrels and no another week 17,000 barrels of New England apples were shipped to Great Britain from Boston. The yield this year has been enormous, as it is apt to be every other year. England takes vast quantities from America when they can be spared, expressing a preference for the red varieties, such as Baldwins and Baldwins.

Little machines worked by hand are said still to be the only fire-engines used in Italy. There is not one in the whole kingdom which is worked by steam. This ought to delight Ruskin, who would be sure to esteem "Big Six" far above the snorting peace-disturbers which go to fires nowadays.

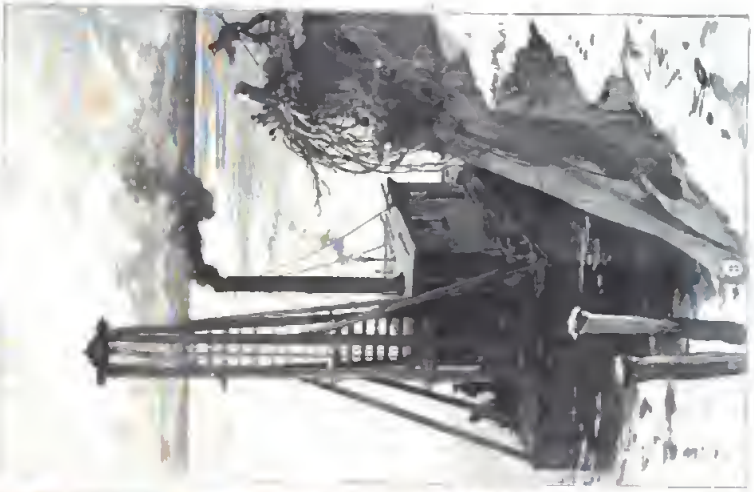
An English writer, treating of Pompeii under the text that there is nothing new under the sun, says that the bread baked yesterday at Naples is of the precise shape of the loaves found at Pompeii which were put over the oven nearly two thousand years ago. The coinage of that period differs little from the coinage of this, except that its workmanship is better. A gaming-table then had a pair at dice, and a lady's toilet-table a mirror and a rouge-pot. "Small boys scribbled on the walls and played with balls and knucklebones and whipping-tops and marbles in the streets of old Pompeii as they do in modern Paris, Naples, London, or Berlin. There even are the pass cherbs which were current at the theatre where the people were assembled at the time of the eruption." Of one modern article, however, this writer could find no counterpart among all the matters recovered from Pompeii. There was no classic corkscrew.

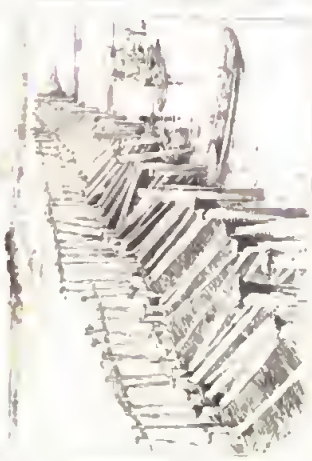
HE PARADED.

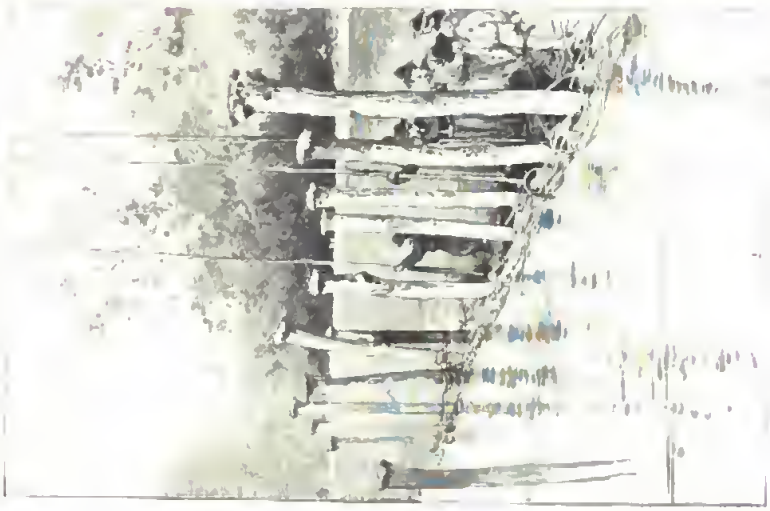
"The doctor's bill, dear; seventy-five cents for medicine and fifteen dollars for visits."

"W-w-well, considerin' that the other feller got in, an' I've p-p-paraded my feet 'most off, guess you'd better put on your hat an' one 'round an' pay for the medicine, an' s-s-say that when I can get on my f-f-feet I'll return the v-v-visits."

WATERING DEER.—WATCHING THE LAKE.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.—(SEE PAGE 780.)







IMPROVEMENT OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER NEAR ST. LOUIS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIEUTENANT ABBOT.—[SEE PAGE 778.]

1. Mattress Weaving. 2. Waiting the Tide. 3. Caving Bank at Beard's Island. 4. Completed Hurdle Line. 5. Mattress 600 feet long ready to be sunk. 6. Stone Hurdle revetment over Mattress.

A PERIL OF THE SEA.

In this number of the WEEKLY we give an illustration of a wrecked and abandoned merchant vessel which has drifted into the path of Atlantic steamer travel. The danger thus depicted is by no means insignificant. If we take the Pilot Chart of the North Atlantic Ocean, issued by the Hydrographic Office of the United States Navy, for the month of October, we shall get an idea of what the perils from derelict hulks are at the present time.

The first craft of this sort to strike the attention is the *Maggie M. Reeve*. Turning to the files of reports in the Branch Hydrographic Office, of which Lieutenant W. L. FIELD, U.S.N., is in charge, with Lieutenant J. A. SHEARMAN and Ensign L. SEARLE assisting, in the New York Maritime Exchange, we find that this schooner, loaded with lumber, was abandoned off Cape Hatteras on the 7th of January last, her crew being barely able to save their lives. She drifted easterly several hundred miles, then southeasterly, then northerly, then again northeasterly, then easterly, being reported February 6, March 2, April 18, May 9, June 14, and June 26. After the latter date she drifted several hundred miles in a northeasterly direction, to where she was reported on the 11th of September. She had travelled back, in short, into the Gulf Stream, after having originally passed across and out of it; and a continuance in her present course, influenced by this current, must carry her to the steam lanes that traverse the Atlantic.

Next we observe the brig *Albert M.*, abandoned June 19, about latitude 42° north and longitude 64° west, directly in the steamer routes to Europe. She drifted nearly five hundred miles easterly, all the time in the steam lanes, for a period of over two months, being seen directly upon the most southerly route August 13. Then she passed on in a direction little south of east, and on September 1 was descried in about latitude 41° and longitude 49°.

Then we observe the derelict bark *Ethel Blanche*, which was abandoned east of Newfoundland. She has since drifted easterly, then northerly, and from August 5 to September 5 southeasterly, and the latest report shows her to be directly in the track of steamers bound to and from the English Channel.

Southeasterly from the *Ethel Blanche*, and at present some distance south of the steamers' track, we observe the derelict bark *Appendix*, reported September 14. North of the latter, and within the track of the Atlantic steamers, near the most northerly route, is an unknown derelict bark, reported September 16. Not far from the brig *Albert M.*'s last reported position is the derelict bark *Halcyon*, reported September 20. She, however, is south of the southerly steamer route. Several hundred miles southeast of the *Halcyon* is an unknown derelict bark, reported July 29.

Turning to our own coast, we see an unknown derelict schooner off Cape May, under date of September 22, and an unknown three-masted schooner a little further south and nearer the shore. About due south of Cape Hatteras, and a little southeast of St. Augustine, is the derelict schooner *J. J. Taylor*, reported September 18. West of Andros Island is an unknown schooner, reported August 27.

If this detailed enumeration is fatiguing, yet only in this way can the true extent of the peril be known. It is [illegible], also, that a derelict vessel may be in some cases a more dangerous object to strike than one under sail. A dismasted craft, water-logged, heavily loaded with lumber, might be almost like a rock to encounter. Again an iceberg may give some warning of its presence by a fall in the temperature, but there is no such indication around the derelict water-logged vessel. May not such floating wrecks have proved the ruin of some vessels that after starting from port were never again heard from?

Sometimes, when the crew of a vessel is rescued, the abandoned ship is set on fire, if she is in a maritime thoroughfare, in order that she may be destroyed. Often, however, when the crew take to their boats on the open sea, or some passing vessel rescues them, there is naturally little thought of this, and there may also be a reluctance to destroy the ship and cargo outright, even on a faint chance of saving something. Perhaps in time, under some sort of international policing of the sea, it may become the duty as well as the interest of governments to suitably provide for getting these perils out of the highways of commerce.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
ASSISTS MENTAL LABOR.

PROF. ADOLPH OTT, New York, says of the Acid Phosphate: "I have been compelled to devote myself to hard mental labor, from shortly after breakfast till a late hour in the evening without experiencing the slightest relaxation, and I would not now at any rate dispense with it."—[*Adv.*]

ECZEMA!

Eczema is one of the ugliest and most troublesome of all blood diseases. It proceeds from humors in the blood which are sometimes very difficult to eradicate. For five weary years Mr. J. D. Kesterer, of Greendale, Va., suffered terribly from this disease. He writes: "Finding no relief in the many medicines till I used Brown's Iron Bitters, I purchased three bottles, from the use of which I have obtained almost entire relief. I recommend it to every one in my neighborhood for any disorder of the blood and as a general tonic."—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.
NO SAFER REMEDY

Can be had for Coughs and Colds, or any trouble of the Throat. They contain no hurtful ingredients, and may at all times be used with safety. 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

IF you suffer from looseness of the bowels, Angostura Bitters will surely cure you. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

CONSUMPTION.

Notwithstanding the great number who yearly succumb to this terrible and fatal disease, which is daily winding its fatal coils around thousands who are unconscious of its deadly presence, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will cleanse and purify the blood of scrofulous impurities, and cure tubercular consumption (which is only scrofulous disease of the lungs). Send three letter stamps and get Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on consumption and kindred affections, with numerous testimonials of cures. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

A PAIN RELIEVER
that is
WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

FOR over 37 years Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment has been warranted to give satisfaction or the money would be refunded, and not a bottle has been returned. Those who first used it are still doing so, having tried many other remedies without finding anything that can equal it. It cures cholera, croup, spasms, diarrhœa, dysentery, and all stomach complaints. It is clean to use, and warranted harmless. Sold by all druggists at 25 and 50 cents.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt-rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. A. Lawrence, 199 Dean St., Brooklyn, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.—[*Adv.*]

THREE or four hours every night coughing. Get immediate relief and sound rest by using Wells' "Rough on Coughs." Troches, 15c.; Liquid, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

FUR AND SEAL-SKIN GARMENTS.

C. C. SHAYNE, the well-known Wholesale Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince Street, New York, will sell elegant Fur Garments at retail at lowest cash wholesale prices this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity to purchase strictly reliable Furs direct from manufacturer, and save retailer's profits. Fashion Book mailed free.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Pain" Plaster.—Porous and strengthening, for Backache, Pains in the Chest, Rheumatism, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

DANDRUFF

Is removed by the use of Cocoaine, and it stimulates and promotes the growth of the hair. Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are the best.—[*Adv.*]

How doth the busy housewife improve each shining hour by polishing her Silverware with Electro-Silicon.—[*Adv.*]

Have you Baron [illegible] gratton, stews, chops, etc. Halford Sauce. Beware of counterfeit imitations.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Dentist" Tooth Powder. Try it. 15c. Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Headache, Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.—[*Adv.*]

THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES CONCEDE Anglo-Swiss Milk Food to be the best prepared food for infants and invalids. Ask druggists, or write Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co., 86 Hudson St., New York, for their pamphlet, "Notes regarding Use of Anglo-Swiss Milk Food." (See advertisement in next issue of this paper.)—[*Adv.*]

Prevalence of Kidney Complaint in America. "Buchu-paiba" is a quick, complete cure. $1.—[*Adv.*]

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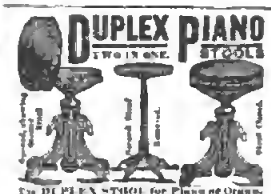

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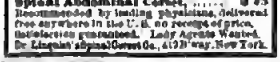

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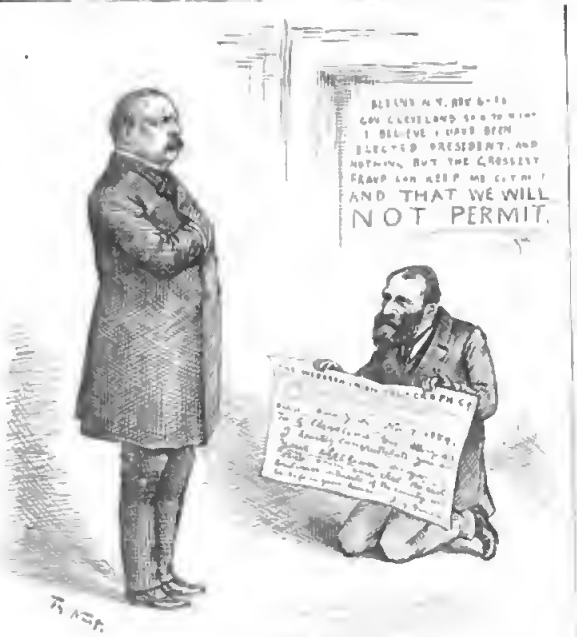

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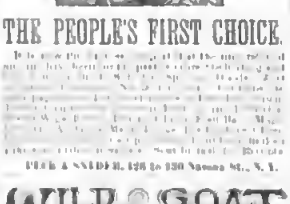

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"Buyee, seven franc," said a shop-keeper, holding up a fez.

"I—don't—propose—to—be—swindled," answered Mr Spink, slowly and distinctly, and looking the wily Egyptian in the eye. Then he added, emphatically, "No—too much."

"Buyee fiv franc?" inquired the native, with a backward twist of his head, the true Oriental merchant's gesture.

"Two francs; not a cent more," said Mr Spink.

Another shop-keeper made the proposition "six francs," and a dozen more tried to meet Mr Spink's terms, but he always answered, "Too much," and at last the ragged street urchins dared shout no shouting, "Too muchee—too muchee." Lounging along in this way, a crowd at our heels, we came upon a Bedouin standing, his white burnoose thrown back, bargaining for some cloth at a booth which was kept by a Greek. As he talked he toyed with a rich and beautiful dagger, which evidently belonged on the sheath he wore at his side. Mr Spink's eye fell on the curious weapon, and walking straight up to the man, he pointed to it and said, "How much?"

The Bedouin shook his head, sheathed the blade, and stepped back. Mr Spink, following, inquired again, "How much?" and held out five shining English sovereigns.

The splendid swarthy Ishmael said many words in Arabic, swiftly and angrily, and began to scowl. At this the Greek shop-keeper attempted to interpret. "I can leetle English spek. Sheik Kalfa Zohair say he will not to sell dagger."

"None of your interference!" said Mr Spink. "Always get what I want by talking plain English," and reiterating, "How much?" he temptingly displayed ten, then twelve bright pieces.

There came a storm of gutturals, and the sheik haughtily glowered upon us over his crossed arms.

The officious merchant again interfered. "Kalfa say that dagger is two hundred year to his father and many grandfather belong. He fear the Frank half ev'l-eye. Bad luck come to him what sell his father's dagger."

"Hold your tongue!" and Mr. Spink rattled twenty, twenty-five sovereigns.

Kalfa trembled, turned pale, put out a hand, eagerly in every joint of the clutching fingers, then sharply withdrew it. The pain still growing, the lust of gain made ugly spasms about the chief's great mobile mouth, and suddenly he threw himself upon the clinking heap, hustled the yellow pieces into the folds of his girdle, flung down dagger and sheath, and hurried away. At a little distance he wheeled, stood at his full majestic stature, raised an arm high above his head, and hurled forth a torrent of imprecation so swift, so fervid, so terrible that it needed interpretation as more than the roar of a maddened wild beast. In great clashes of sound that struck fire in the air, it spoke anger, hate, revenge—the will to rend, crush, and destroy. It was a curse, solemn, savage, and awful. At the climax Kalfa shook both long, lithe hands toward us, held them quivering high on the face of heaven, brought them down clinched like iron; then with a sweep gathered up the folds of his burnoose and was gone.

Every lounger about the bazars, the very fellaheen passing with burdens, shrank away from us; the hooting gamins stood open-

[Continued on page 708.]

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"Messrs. Harper & Brothers have just issued the fifth volume of Harper's Young People. If anything could ever make us willing to be young again, it would be the possession of such a volume as this."—*New York Mail and Express.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly,

Published November 25, 1884, may well be called a Thanksgiving Number. Among the numerous articles and illustrations which have reference to the great American festival are,

"BROOM, A STORY FOR THANKSGIVING-DAY,"

by Florence B Hallowell, *with front page illustration by* N P Sarg; "*Thanksgiving on the Farm,*" *a poem by* Mary D Brine; "*Model Thinks of What She Has to be Thankful For,*" *a full page, by* W L Sheppard.

In addition to this list of attractions attention may be called to an article entitled

"THE STONES OF THE 'HOLY CITY,'"

by Mrs. Lucy C Lillie, *and to a beautiful reproduction of* "*Greuze's Portrait of His Own Child,*" *from the original in the National Gallery, London.*

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of four cents in postage stamps.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, November 29, 1884.

THE FIRST CONTEST.

THE great contest of the new Administration will begin with the inauguration. It is one which was inevitable whenever a change of party control of the executive power should occur. It is one also which is necessary to confirm and finally to establish administrative reform. It is the contest with the party demand for a clean sweep of the civil service. It is the most important question which will confront the Administration, and upon its wise decision the welfare of the country largely depends. For unless the power of patronage, which has been always so destructive a weapon against liberty, shall be restrained, it will embarrass and at last overthrow republican government. It is patronage, more than any other cause, which has erected "the barriers between the plain people of the nation and the administration of their government," of which Mr. Cleveland spoke at Bridgeport on the eve of the election. It is the attempt to maintain those barriers by converting the entire civil service into a vast partisan organization with which as President he will have to deal, and it is pleasant to know that his position in the controversy is what all good citizens would wish. His course as Mayor of Buffalo was determined by the conviction which he announced that public office is a public trust, and not a party reward. This is the fundamental idea of reform. As a candidate for the Governorship he wrote frankly:

"I have no hesitation in saying that I fully approve of the principles embodied in the Pendleton bill, . . and that I should be glad to aid in any practical legislation which would give them a place in the management of the affairs of the State and of municipalities so far as they can be made applicable thereto."

And again:

"Subordinates in public places should be selected and retained for their efficiency . . The tenure of such places should depend on ability and merit . . The system of levying assessments for partisan purposes on those holding office or place can not be too strongly condemned."

As Governor his attention was specifically drawn to the methods of reducing this principle to practice in general administration, and it is to his clear comprehension and steady good faith that the reformed system in New York is largely indebted for its establishment and enforcement. His chief appointments have been made for fitness and efficiency in disregard of party pressure. His removal of District-Attorney Downing against party remonstrance showed both his high view of public duty and his courage in performing it. His vetoes in the interest of the public and of good government, and in the face of the bitter hostility of a powerful wing of his party, have been in themselves acts of reform. The Governor strongly recommended the amendment of the State reform bill which made the new system mandatory and not discretionary in cities, and in his letter accepting the nomination for the Presidency he said, in strict accordance with his convictions and his official action:

"The people pay the wages of the public employés, and they are entitled to the fair and honest work which the money thus paid should command. It is the duty of those intrusted with the management of these affairs to see that each public service is forthcoming. The selection and retention of subordinates in government employment should depend upon their ascertained fitness and the value of their work, and they should be neither expected nor allowed to do questionable party service. The interests of the people will be better protected. The estimate of public labor and duty will be immensely improved, public employment will be open to all who can demonstrate their fitness to enter it. The unseemly scramble for place under the government, with a consequent importunity which inhabiters official life, will cease, and the public departments will not be filled with those who conceive it to be their first duty to aid the party to which they owe their places, instead of rendering patient and honest return to the people."

These are his principles and this has been his practice. What, then, is the prospect? The pressure upon him will be tremendous. Mr. Thurman's idea of party success was "warming the boys' toes," and it will have an immense support. But so will the position of the new President. There are, first, his own strong convictions and unpealing firmness and courage. Very much more than any recent prominent public officer he has shown the disposition and the ability to withstand evil pressure from his own party or from any other source. Then he will rely upon the undoubted public demand for reform which forced the passage of the reform bill through a Congress which had spat upon it six months before. He will be sustained by the moral intelligence of both the great parties. He will at once win the sympathy and support of the service itself. He will allay, with the most beneficial result, all apprehension of the serious disturbance in business and public confidence which must result from a general party proscription and reign of terror in the public service. He will retain as a bulwark of his administration the powerful reform sentiment which worked earnestly for his election. He will have completed the most vital and necessary administrative reform in our history, and have identified his administration with reform as that of Lincoln is identified with emancipation.

This is the opportunity offered to Mr. Cleveland, and nothing in his character or career justifies the expectation that he will be unequal to it. He will undoubtedly respect and enforce the existing reform act. He will also, we have no doubt, observe its spirit in cases which are not covered by its letter. We do not mean that no changes will be made, nor that Republicans rather than Democrats will be appointed. Many changes undoubtedly ought to be made, and the old system multiplies offices which may well be abolished. We do not forget also that the great multitude of minor places are not in the President's immediate gift. The larger part of the Post offices, for instance, are filled by the Postmaster-General. But a President bent upon reform and responsible as the Chief Executive would require conformity to his general policy of administration. If the post offices are used as party machines, it is the President who is called to account, and the mistake of John Quincy Adams lay in not requiring his Postmaster-General to respect the opinions of the postmasters as the President respected those of the Postmaster-General. The conflict which awaits the newly elected President is of the highest importance. It is not one of the ordinary partisan character, but one in which every patriotic and intelligent citizen of all parties will instinctively wish to strengthen his hands. It is, in fact, the contest of a good principle of administration with a bad one. It is a conflict to perfect a reform which will do more than anything else to diminish political corruption and the ferocity of the Presidential campaign, a reform of which it may be as truly said as of the English Reform Bill of 1832, that it is "a measure which could never be withdrawn without a deadly struggle, nor stand without becoming a dividing line between the old history of England and the new."

A GREAT SPECTACLE.

The spectacle of the fortnight following the election was unprecedented even in this country, and not to be paralleled in the history of any other. For five months the country had been profoundly agitated by the most bitter political controversy, involving a change in the executive control of the government. The appeal to party spirit—the most perilous passion in a republic—was never more fiery or more constant, and the secession of a large body of voters from each of the parties with which they had been accustomed to act was not only significant in itself as revealing the real issue of the campaign, but suggestive of the extraordinary political disturbance of the country. The election took place with marvellous tranquillity. The result was announced the next morning, but it was evident that the ten million votes of the country had been cast almost equally, so far as the choice of electors was concerned, and it was immediately apparent that the actual election would be determined by the result in the city of New York.

Fortunately the election law of this State is admirably drawn upon the soundest principles. Each voting district, of which there are nearly four thousand in the State, at the close of the polls counts its few hundred votes in the presence of representatives of all parties, certifies the result to the county authorities, and immediately destroys the ballots. From that moment, unless some gross fraud can be established, which, under the circumstances, is almost impossible, the final result is a simple sum in addition. There was some confusion until Friday morning, the third day after the election, when some of the city papers announced a plurality for Mr. Cleveland which, with a slight variation, was officially confirmed a week later. But a claim of fraud or irregularity which would change the result was asserted by the defeated candidate and his committees, which was resented with perfect positiveness of conviction by the other party. The excitement was intense, but the public peace was unbroken. It was soon plain that no fraud or trick would be attempted, for the law keeps the count openly in the eye of both parties, and when the result was declared of a little more than a plurality of one thousand votes in ten millions there was no excitement, and acquiescence was as complete as if there had been a majority of a million.

This is the spectacle of a truly self-governing nation. It is the proof of the profound American conviction that liberty is safest under law—that, indeed, without unquestioning obedience to law there is no liberty. It may serve to re-assure those who deprecate the frequency of Presidential elections as dangerous to the country. This is a radical error. Frequency of elections is the security of peaceful acquiescence in the result. No mischief can be done in the short term of the Lower House or of the Executive comparable to that of forcible interference with the established order. But the probability of such interference is greatly increased by lengthening the term, and thus postponing the chance of lawful change. The most conservative influence in a popular government is the consciousness that constant opportunity is offered legally to conform the policy of administration to the views of the people. The only serious obstructions to such conformity, when elections are frequent, are patronage and actual corruption. But the reformed civil service disposes of patronage as a corrupting force, and actual buying of voters can be checked by a good law like that recently passed in England. The election of this year should renew the confidence of every intelligent American in American institutions.

THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving comes this year at the end of a singularly beautiful Indian summer. During the first three weeks of November there was but one rainy day, and the weather during all that time was soft and serene, with the gentle warmth and the hazy horizon which distinguish the season. The beautiful days renewed the old contention as to the precise time of the Indian summer and the significance of the name. The time, however, is determined by the alternative names of the season. It is the summer of All saints, and All saints' Day is the 1st of November; and it is the summer of St Martin, and St. Martin's Day is the 11th of November. It is, of course, the mild weather which, after the first frosts, intervenes before the winter. But it is seldom more prolonged, more equable, or more lovely than it has been this year, and Thanksgiving is the happy festival in which the gracious season fitly culminates.

It is not so easy to determine the significance of the name. The old tradition held that the "smokiness" of the landscape, the haze that overhangs the tranquil hills and fields, was due to fires kindled by the Indians. Mr. Webster used to repeat this tradition. But there is another and less familiar but more probable suggestion, which we remember to have heard on the shore of Buzzard's Bay. When the Pilgrims, in the first year of their settlement, were grieving over the early sharp frosts in September, the Indians consoled them with the assurance that there would be summer yet, and when the milder days in early November followed, they naturally said that it was the summer promised by the Indians—the Indian summer. The most charming description of the season is in Longfellow's "Evangeline"; the most careful scientific account of it is in Wilson Flagg's *Studies in the Field and Forest*, a work which, with his *Year among the Trees*, is one of the most delightful of its kind.

The domestic feast of Thanksgiving—the Puritan Christmas—fell naturally in this pleasant season when life was turning from out-doors into the house. It was long an exclusively New England day. But as New England people and influences gradually extended through the country, the beautiful festival followed. At first it was appointed by the Governor upon a different day in different States. But now it is a national feast appointed by the President and seconded by the Governors. It is a general holiday, upon which the churches are opened, families are united at dinner, and ministers preach upon public affairs. As at Christmas, the genius of hospitality and of charity walks abroad. The poor man feels the kindly spirit of the day, and the prisoner dines well. Evangeline did not know the pleasant day. But upon its annual return, in the generous hand and kindly voice which bring them food and cheer, the forlorn and suffering are still succored by her benign, humane, and devoted spirit.

MR BLAINE'S SPEECH AT AUGUSTA.

Mr. Blaine's bitter, unpatriotic, and mischievous speech shows what a misfortune the country has escaped. Such a revelation of the spirit that he would have brought to the Presidency must go far to reconcile to his defeat the honorable Republicans who at first deeply regretted it. The speech can serve no possible purpose but to rekindle the fires of old animosities, and to delay and perplex the solution of one of the most difficult of public problems. It is addressed to the worst passions, and its plain purpose is to array section against section, the colored citizen against the white, and the white laborer against the

colored. It is the last desperate endeavor of a defeated politician, whose candidacy has rent his party, to confuse public sentiment, to exasperate the country, and to produce such evil results as may be wrought by the words of a disappointed and unscrupulous partisan.

The burden of the speech is the suppression of the colored vote in the Southern States, the low wages of colored laborers as degrading white labor at the North by competition, and the assertion that Southern whites are enemies of the government, and that they will now control it to base ends, as they did in the days of slavery. But there is no suggestion of any remedial measure; not a word nor a thought of statesmanship. Mr. BLAINE knows perfectly well that the first signs of any such result as he professes to anticipate would sweep away the party which was responsible for them, and he ought to know that the solution of the peculiar problems which are offered by the condition of the Southern States is impossible so long as the white citizens of those States are regarded and treated as public enemies.

Unfortunate as the situation in many parts of the Southern States may be, every intelligent American must rejoice that it was not made by the country a pretext for electing a Presidential candidate whom many of his own supporters frankly declared to be a dishonest man, whose candidacy for such reasons enormously reduced his party vote, whose election was desired by jobbers and speculators of every degree, and whose administration would have been surrounded and swayed by the most demoralizing and corrupting influences. The patriotic good sense which has prevented his election will deal both with the questions that now demand attention and settlement and with any party which should viciously obstruct such settlement. If any doubt had remained of the unworthiness of Mr BLAINE as a candidate of the Republican party, it would be totally dispelled by this speech.

INTOLERANCE OF OPINION.

In an admirable article upon "Political Intolerance" the Brooklyn *Union* points out than the boast that entire freedom of opinion is allowed in the Northern States, while it is suppressed in the Southern, is not justified by the conduct of many BLAINE supporters. In cities the hanging in effigy of Mr. JOHN, the boycotting of business men in rival communities in New York, the public insults to clergymen in Connecticut, and even in Vermont the hanging in effigy of a most highly respected citizen because he could not honestly support Mr. BLAINE, as revealing a spirit that would easily resort to physical vengeance.

The *Union* adds—and its words may well be pondered by all intelligent citizens:

"Such incidents as these—and these are only samples of a great number—should teach the North that it has still itself much to learn as to the right of freedom of opinion. When party spirit has gone to such lengths that men who feel compelled from a sense of duty to oppose their party's candidate are burned in effigy, injured in business, driven from their pulpits and barely escape mobbing by representatives of the 'party of moral ideas,' it is high time to call a halt. In fact, the wisdom of the change of administration devoted by the voters has been made even more manifest since the election than it was before. When men who profess to be intelligent, tolerant, and even Christian, have sunk to that stage where they confound partisanship with patriotism, and betray their open sympathy with a lynching even nearer than that which they have long condemned in the South, the country needs a change to open their eyes and show them how unpatriotic and un-American they have insensibly grown. The lesson of political tolerance proves to be one which the North sadly needed to learn, and it is not the least beneficent result of CLEVELAND's election that it will teach this lesson."

TWO ENTERTAINING BOOKS.

Two very entertaining books are the *Literary Recollections* of JAMES PAYN, the novelist, and *Fifty Years of London Life, or Memoirs of a Man of the World*, as Mr. EDMUND YATES calls his volume of reminiscences. Mr. YATES is not an old man, for he was born in 1831, and an epoch of fifty years, therefore, covers most of his age. But he was the son of an actor, and his acquaintance with "the world" of London, its noted people and places, began at a very early age.

His book describes literary and theatrical London of the last thirty years, and recalls most that is familiar to many Americans of the same age with the author. It is a fluent, sketchy, brisk, and amusing book, and valuable as a picture of the life of a London Bohemian. For this reason the book will be of service to young men hoeing to go and do like he. Mr. PAYN's book is in a different key, but it reveals also the difficulties and the character of the professional literary life. But his bright, vivacious, and cheery tone makes it very pleasant gossip.

Both books depict the same general life which is familiar in the lives of DICKENS and THACKERAY, who were what THACKERAY would have called the "princes" of the last generation of the English and the London professional literary class. *Pendennis* describes much of the actual London life which is described by EDMUND YATES, and THACKERAY never lost the feeling of *camaraderie* with all his literary brethren. He used to describe the deep feeling of apprehension with which they all regarded ANNIE REACH when he appeared, lest a star had arisen which would outshine them all. THACKERAY is a frequent figure in Mr. YATES's book, which gives a full account of the THACKERAY and YATES difficulty at the Garrick Club—a difficulty to which THACKERAY was too sensitive until YATES was utterly relieved by DICKENS. The two great authors were never really friends. There is a certain simplicity in the way in which both Mr. YATES and Mr. PAYN take the public into their confidence, and it is probably very difficult for a man who writes such a book to perceive how he himself appears in it.

THE CONGO CONFERENCE.

THE Conference which is now sitting at Berlin to concert measures for developing trade and for regulating annexations of territory in Central Africa is a very significant event. As stated by Prince BISMARCK, the three main questions are free navigation and trade upon the Congo River and upon the river Niger, and the formalities of annexation, which last word is apparently a euphemism for conquest. The Prince said that questions of sovereignty would not be now considered.

England and Portugal, however, each asserts certain "claims" in mid-Africa. England accedes to free navigation and trade upon the Niger, but holds that the surveillance should not be international, but British, because England is the sole or chief proprietary power upon the lower Niger. Portugal, also, admits the principle of free navigation upon the African rivers, and does not wish to establish a restrictive tariff upon the Congo. But she would exact taxes from the trade sufficient to maintain the liberty and safety of person and property. Portugal would furnish the police for the Congo and England for the Niger at the expense of whomsoever it might concern.

The question of rival jurisdiction upon the Dark Continent is not one that can be easily adjusted. But the Conference, following upon the voyages of Mr. STANLEY which have opened the way for further exploration and trade, foreseeds the advance of civilization into Africa. Mr. STANLEY is in Berlin, and is said to deny the claims of Portuguese control of the mouth of the Congo. The action of the Conference will be watched with great interest, and its conclusions must necessarily be important.

FIGHTING FOR CHARITY.

MAYOR EDSON has done well in directing the Police Commissioners to prohibit the sparring exhibitions, as they are called, which are but a milder name for prize-fights. The law prohibits the latter, and the Mayor not unnaturally assumes that when professional boxers are forbidden to fight with fists, and put on gloves, the encounter is substantially the same thing, and the different name and form are merely an evasion.

Judge BARRETT ruled that he must discharge certain pugilists who were brought before him charged with an intention to break the law in a prize-fight which was announced as a sparring match. The Judge held that friendly sparring with gloves, with no intent of serious injury or contusion, was not forbidden, and that if the friendly sparring degenerated into a fight, the police could interfere. This is rather an air-line. But as Mr. LAFLIN, one of the pugilists, declares, in a letter to the *Herald*, that he boxes "in the interest of charity," Judge BARRETT's decision seemed to be inexpedient. But the same evening the "friendly match" became so furious that the police interfered and arrested the boxers.

That the Madison Square Garden, when filled by the audience which assembles to see a "fight in the interest of charity," is a school of the Christian virtues and graces, or that the spectacle tends to promote public order and decency, and should be tolerated and encouraged by the law, is perhaps not perfectly clear. But we admit that it is a great improvement upon the disgusting and infuriating spectacle of the furious pummelling of a human being into a jelly which is known as "the ring" and the "manly art." If the "sparring matches" "in the interest of charity" are to replace the "prize-fights," public decency will certainly be the gainer. But the probability of such a result is evidently very small.

THE MUSICAL TOURNAMENT.

WHETHER the musical partisan feeling in the time in London when the rallying cry was "One God, one FARINELLI!" is to be revived in New York, remains to be seen. But when the programme of our opera-house, in allusion to the other house, speaks of "the people who only go to hear a few vocal solos and duos," it is evident that feeling is already very warm, and that the glove is thrown down. The contest is in form a rivalry between the Italian and the modern German opera, and at the beginning two advantages appear upon the German side.

One is the freshness and novelty of the music itself. The other is the trouble which has appeared among "the people who only go to hear a few vocal solos and duos." Their manager is not satisfied with the manner in which certain pecuniary aid is paid to him, and he threatens to withdraw the chief *celebrante* of the vocal solos. Should he persist, dark night and woe would instantly descend upon the prospects of "the people," etc.

The opening of the German opera at the new Opera-house was very successful. The audience was large and brilliant, and nobody apparently fell asleep except some denizens of the boxes who regard the opera as an arena for the exhibition of their own clothes and gems, and not as a "temple of art." The *Tannhäuser* was admirably mounted and sung, and although one of the critics insisted that the result was a drawn game between the boxes, which took the French view, that the music is tedious, and the galleries and aisles, which held to the German conviction, that it is divine. Yet the general verdict was one of great satisfaction. It is hardly probable, however, that the German opera—that is to say, the Wagnerian opera—can ever take the place of the Italian as a purely fashionable amusement. It is too serious, and requires a very different kind of interest and attention from those that the world of fashion is accustomed to bestow upon the opera. But there is no reason to doubt that the German season which is now auspiciously opened will proceed satisfactorily and successfully.

PERSONAL.

The late Dr. WILLIAM POTTER, for ten years Superintendent of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, will be missed by the inmates, for whose sanitary condition he did so much. It was he who prescribed the general system of diet and hygiene which has contributed to their health. His devotion to work was enthusiastic, and his sure intelligence will give permanence to the results of his industry. His associates have adopted a minute appreciation of their gratitude for his professional labors and for his spirit of true benevolence.

—Mr. HENRY M. STANLEY, the eminent African explorer, is one of the most important of the technical advisers before the Congo Conference at Berlin. Probably no living man possesses so thorough a knowledge of the Congo and of the vast territory through which it flows as the author of *Through the Dark Continent*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS, in which Mr STANLEY narrates the adventures that attended his exploration of that mighty river.

—The memory of the late ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS is held in reverence by the people of this country North and South, and among the contributors to the memorial fund in his home are the Hon WILLIAM M EVARTS and Mr JOHN KELLY, each of whom not a little the Georgia statesman in Congress.

—Some men have greatness thrust upon them. Dr SCHWEIGER, of Munich, having cured Prince BISMARCK of obesity, has been made "extraordinary professor" at Berlin. But his new colleagues at the institution do not take kindly to him, and Dr SCHWEIGER challenged the rector to fight a duel, which he declined to do.

—Fifty years ago MUHLENBERG's drawings fetched from five to eight dollars apiece, and while making them he was so poor that his luncheon consisted of a raw apple, and his dinner of soup, bread, and fried potatoes, his total living expenses for six months being ten dollars.

—Captain EMERSON, though more than eighty years old, has few of the physical traits of an octogenarian. Neither his hair nor his beard is gray. Twenty-three years ago his little *Monitor* sunk the day in Hampton Roads by putting the *Merrimac* in flight. He lives in a modest way in this city, and still applies his mind to inventions of various kinds.

—EDMUND YATES on CHARLES DICKENS: "In regard to the friendship which DICKENS vouchsafed me, I have been frequently asked, 'Did he come up to the expectations you had formed of him?' and DICKENS, the man, as lovable as DICKENS, the author?' and I have always replied, 'Yes, a thousand times.' All the kindness of heart, generosity, generosity, appreciation of whatever could be appreciated in others, manly independence, hatred of humbug, all the leading qualities of his books, were component parts of his nature."

—The Paris press has been attacking Miss. VAN ZANDT, the American singer, with suspicious unanimity. A cable dispatch gives the following explanation: "She will not purchase the favor of Boulevard critics by money or otherwise. She poses a little as a hoyden, but is thoroughly well behaved, and is admitted into the best French society. Her cheek-bones are high, her forehead, brows, and eyes show intensity of character and intellect, and her mouth is simply perfect. The hair is auburn, and has naturally escaped being sandy. She abhors the stage, and sings only because she needs money. She is not luxurious in tastes or habits, and her dream of happiness is the tranquil life of an American or English home."

—One of the ornaments of Prince BISMARCK's audience chamber is a marble bust of Count von Moltke, the base of which is encircled by a wreath of laurel and oak leaves bound with a broad ribbon of black, red, and yellow. Portraits of BEACONSFIELD and THIERS face each other.

—Some time ago General DI CESNOLA presented a cast of an original Babylonian cylinder to Mr J F X O'Conor, an American pupil of Professor HAYES. The cylinder contained an inscription in Assyrian cuneiform letters, which Mr O'Conor has translated, and which refers to Nebuchadnezzar and the magnificent buildings of Babylon.

—Mr ANDREW LANG writes that when a boy somebody gave him a copy of EDGAR A. POE's hard tales, which greatly frightened him. "Every night I expected to wake up in my coffin, having been prematurely buried, or to hear sighs in the area, followed by light, unsteady footsteps on the stairs, and then to see a lady, all in a white shroud, stained with blood and clay, stagger into my room. I had so hard a time of it in the night-watches so my happy fleshly child has survived."

—It is now thirty-four years since JOHN C CALHOUN was buried in St. Philip's church-yard, Charleston, South Carolina. On the 15th of November his body was disinterred, and placed in a sarcophagus of Vermont granite, which had been ordered at a cost of $2,000 by the State Legislature. Among those present at the ceremony was ex-Judge MARSHALL, who acted as Marshal of the day when CALHOUN was buried. The coffin was well preserved, as was a wreath of laurel and cypress that had been lying on it for thirty-four years. The sarcophagus rests upon the site of the old grave, and is a beautiful and impressive memorial.

—In a letter written by Mr CARLYLE to his wife during his absence in Germany he speaks of his desire to return "even to dusty London" from "those strange sleepless, nervous, indescribable foreign parts." "It seems to me," he adds, "that I shall be rather unwilling to get upon the road again were I once fairly home."

—Although the newspapers have announced that Madame PATTI has bought a handsome billiard table and sent it to her castle in Wales, it is not she who plays the game, but NICOLINI.

—*George Eliot's Life as Related in Her Letters and Journals* is the title of the forth-coming work by her husband, Mr J W CROSS, who has arranged her letters and journals so as to make practically an autobiography. The famous novelist was wont to lay bare her mind with great frankness before her various correspondents.

—Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD will soon resign his position as Inspector of Schools, in order to make an extended tour in this country.

—Sir WILLIAM THOMSON, of the University of Edinburgh, is one of the directors of the railroad in the Giant's Causeway, where electricity is successfully used as a motive power. At Mr CHAS W. FIELD's request, he recently made an examination of the New York elevated roads, and reported that the same motive power could be applied to them with a great saving in the cost of running. The experiment will soon be tried.

—Professor TYNDALL claims to be a descendant of TYNDALE the translator of the Bible, and to have a yearly income of only $4,000. Six years after he left school he was a civil engineer's assistant at a salary of five dollars a week. "I have often wondered since," he says, "at the amount of genuine happiness which a young fellow of regular habits, not caring for either pipe or mug, may extract from pay like that." Subsequently when studying at Marburg, Germany, he "worked without weariness sixteen hours a day."

—Mr W T DANNAT's large picture of four life-size strolling Spanish musicians, which was perhaps the best executed and most important American contribution to the last Paris Salon, is now at Mr SCHAUS's gallery. It is a wonderful piece of realism, flavored to a highly suggestive degree with the poesy-reality of the author.

—Captain HIPPOLYTE NICOLAS, the instructor of the Fencers' Club, who also provides for his gastronomic comfort, is a small, sly, accomplished fencer, who teaches the art with science added to common-sense, and is not distressed if some of his pupils are content to use it as a means of light physical exercise rather than as an exhibition of expert skill.

—The late Earl of Malmesbury saw the ex-Emperor NAPOLEON the Third at Wilhelmshöhe, who, during half an hour, "conversed with us as calmly as in the best days of his life, with a dignity and resignation which might be that of a fatalist, but could hardly be obtained from any other creed. When I saw him again I found him much more depressed at the destruction of Paris and at the anarchy prevailing over France than he was at his own misfortunes; and that the Communists should have committed such horrors in the presence of their enemies, the Prussian troops, appeared to him the very acme of humiliation and of national infamy."

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MEMBERS OF THE PLENARY COUNCIL IN BALTIMORE.—ARRANGED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AND COPYRIGHTED BY DABBS BRADLEY.—[SEE PAGE 783.]

1. Most Rev. James Gibbons, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore. 2. Right Rev. Michael Gilmour, D.D., Bishop of Cleveland. 3. Right Rev. Nicholas A. Gallagher, D.D., Archbishop of Galveston. 4. Right Rev. James O'Connor, D.D., Vicar-Apostolic of Nebraska. 5. Right Rev. Thomas F. Hendricken, D.D., Bishop of Providence. 6. Most Rev. Peter R. Kenrick, D.D., Archbishop of St. Louis. 7. Most Rev. Patrick J. Ryan, D.D., Archbishop of Philadelphia. 8. Right Rev. John Ireland, D.D., Bishop of Crookston. 9. Right Rev. Alonzo J. Williams, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore. 10. Most Rev. Richard Gilmour, D.D., Bishop of Cleveland. 11. Right Rev. Michael J. O'Farrell, D.D., Vicar-Apostolic of Idaho. 12. Most Rev. John J. Williams, D.D., Archbishop of Boston. 13. Most Rev. Robert Seton, D.D., Archbishop of Cincinnati. 14. Most Rev. Patrick J. Ryan, D.D., Archbishop of Philadelphia. 15. Most Rev. Michael Corrigan, D.D., Archbishop of New York. 16. Most Rev. John B. Salpointe, D.D., Archbishop of Santa Fe. 17. Most Rev. Michael Heiss, D.D., Archbishop of Milwaukee. 18. Most Rev. John W. Carey, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore. 19. Most Rev. Robert Seton, D.D., Archbishop of Cincinnati. 20. Most Rev. John Ireland, D.D., Bishop of Crookston. 21. Most Rev. Francis Janssens, D.D., Bishop of New Orleans. 22. Right Rev. Richard Gilmour, D.D., Bishop of Cleveland. 23. Right Rev. Thomas A. Becker, D.D., Bishop of Wilmington. 24. Right Rev. Jeremiah Cotter, D.D., Bishop of Mobile. 25. Right Rev. Jeremiah Cotter, D.D., Bishop of Mobile. 26. Right Rev. Jeremiah Cotter, D.D., Bishop of Mobile. 27. Right Rev. Jeremiah Cotter, D.D., Bishop of Mobile. 28. Right Rev. Jeremiah Cotter, D.D., Bishop of Mobile. 29. Right Rev. Jeremiah Cotter, D.D., Bishop of Mobile. 30. Right Rev. Jeremiah Cotter, D.D., Bishop of Mobile. 31. Right Rev. Jeremiah Cotter, D.D., Bishop of Mobile. 32. Right Rev. Jeremiah Cotter, D.D., Bishop of Mobile. 33. Right Rev. Jeremiah Cotter, D.D., Bishop of Mobile. 34. Right Rev. Jeremiah Cotter, D.D., Bishop of Mobile. 35. Right Rev. Jeremiah Cotter, D.D., Bishop of Mobile. 36. Right Rev. Jeremiah Cotter, D.D., Bishop of Mobile.

CASTLE GARDEN—THEIR FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER.—DRAWN BY MR JOHN HARPER.

"GO UP TO HIM, SIR; ONLY BE CAREFUL," SAID THE TRAINER."—(SEE SERIAL "FROM POST TO PINION," PAGE 784.)

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Breezie Langton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

POOR OLD DANCER.

The two ladies in St. Leonard's Place were a little at cross purposes that night. Mrs. Rockingham was absorbed in the idea of receiving the bride of her son's election to-morrow morning, while Ellen, it need scarcely be said, with a lover of her own to say yea or nay to, could hardly be expected to keep a proposed sister-in-law in mind.

"It will be a terrible thing if we don't like her," murmured Mrs. Rockingham at length.

"I wonder what Gerald will say to it," responded Ellen, who had just awoke to the fact that her brother was head of the family, and that it behooved her to acquaint him at once with her engagement.

"Yes, it will be very awkward," rejoined Mrs. Rockingham. "He is so masterful and hot-tempered, and yet if we don't like her it's absurd to pretend we do."

The termination of this last remark recalled Ellen from her dream-land just as she was about indignantly to protest against Mr. Thorndyke being called hot-tempered.

"Don't worry yourself about it beforehand, mamma. We are bound to accept this girl for Gerald's sake, if he insists on marrying her. In the mean time, remember, I have seen Miss Greyson, and can assure you she is quite presentable, and rather pretty. Some people, I dare say, would admire her a good deal."

John Thorndyke was right: if Ellen loved him there was likely to be very little differing between them. The suddenness with which she had changed sides, and adopted his view with regard to Gerald's marriage, promised well for the answer she should give him to-morrow.

Mrs. and Miss Rockingham were not women to do things by halves, and when Gerald and his *fiancée* arrived the next morning in St. Leonard's Place, they welcomed the latter with great cordiality. Dollie had come prepared, if she could, to make friends with Mrs. Rockingham, and to maintain a polite neutrality with Ellen; but the latter had completely disarmed her by the warmth of her greeting. She seized the earliest opportunity of drawing Dollie a little apart, and then said:

"I want you to let by-gones be by-gones. You must forgive me if, in the first instance, I did not like the idea of having you for a sister-in-law. You must make allowance for the bitterness of having lost our old home, the home of our race for the last two hundred years and more. You must remember that the Rockinghams of Cranley were wont in their pride to think themselves mates for any in the land, and that a woman's first idea would be that Gerald should restore the fortunes of his house by marriage; and lastly, bear in mind, no sister ever thought any one good enough for an only brother."

All this said in Ellen's most winning tones was quite enough to break down the reserve in which Dollie had intrenched herself.

"Of course you didn't like it," she replied, shyly: "I always told him you wouldn't. But then, you see, I love him."

"Yes, and you must recollect, Dollie—I may call you so, may I not?—that I did not know in those days all you had done for him. It was you put him in the way of earning his own living—not quite the one we should have chosen, perhaps; but he is such a success, no Yorkshire girl who belonged to him could help being proud of him."

"Yes, Miss Rockingham," cried the girl, as her eyes sparkled and her cheeks flushed with triumph, "he won the Two Thousand on the wickedest colt we ever had at Riddleton."

"He always could ride," replied Ellen, "and I am told that you are as good as he in the hunting field."

Neither Gerald nor Miss Greyson made the slightest allusion to his novitiate. It was not that he cared much about its being known. It was all past and gone now, but he thought it would pain his mother and sister to learn that he had passed some little time as a stable-boy. At present they never questioned but what he had been requested as a particular favor to ride in the Two Thousand Guineas in consequence of his prowess with the York and Ainsty, and then, at Dollie's suggestion, had adopted it as a profession. After a short talk with Gerald, Mrs. Rockingham, who has been agreeably surprised at the appearance of her future daughter-in-law, comes across to improve her acquaintance with Dollie, and thereby occasions a change of partners.

"Well, Nell," said Gerald, as his sister took a chair beside him, "I hope you will get on with my wife."

"I think so," replied Ellen; "at all events, we have one point in common, to wit, our love for your precious self. But, Gerald, how long are you going to stay with us?"

"I must leave this afternoon. I have some business at Riddleton I want to see old Greyson about, and then I must hurry back to Newmarket. I had great trouble to snatch these two days as it was. I should soon lose my business if I didn't attend to it, and you know it is the height of the racing season."

"I have something to tell you before you go," said Miss Rockingham, speaking slowly. "Yesterday, after you left, Mr. Thorndyke asked me to marry him. I asked for a few hours to think over my answer, and this morning I wrote to say I would."

"And now you come to me as head of the family, Nell, to ask my consent," exclaimed Gerald, laughing. "My dear sister, you have my heartiest congratulations. Thorndyke seems, from the little I have seen of him, a right good sort, and, at all events, he won't be ashamed of his brother-in-law, Jim Forrest."

"Ah, Gerald," replied Ellen, as she yielded both her hands to his brotherly clasp, "you must make allowances for my old-fashioned prejudices. If I have overcome in some measure the creed in which I was brought up, it is due to Mr. Thorndyke's teaching."

"Ah, you've learned at last that the world can get on without Rockinghams. Yes, it's a sad thing to say in these days of high education, but I owe my present comfortable position and income not to Harrow and Cambridge, but to the accident of being of small stature, and to the teaching of old Western, the stud-groom at Cranley. By-the-way, I suppose you know the old place is to be sold in September?"

"No; of course I knew it must be, but had not heard when it was to take place. It really makes no difference, and yet somehow, Gerald, it will seem a wrench. You have no idea, I suppose, who will buy it?"

"No; we have failed to find a purchaser for it. To be disposed of by public auction is its fate now."

"You will be up here for the races this time, I suppose?" said Ellen, inquiringly.

"Yes. I made the mistake last year of being ashamed of my trade. I shall not fall into it again. As luck would have it, no harm was done; but it is much too risky an experiment to repeat. Besides, my *incognito* is at an end."

"Yes; and, Gerald dear, I'll own to very mixed feelings about it. I am half proud, half ashamed, and mamma is much the same—proud of your skill in the saddle, but a little sore that a Rockingham should be riding for hire."

"Nonsense, Nell; one might as well be a jockey as a cab proprietor, and two or three of the nobility are in that line. But it's time I was going. Good-by; good-by, mother. You'll come to the station and see me off, Dollie?"

Gerald was rather silent on his way to the station. He was turning over in his mind two rather important suggestions that had been made to him during his present flying visit to York. One was that of Mr. Writson, namely, that he should endeavor to get Lord Whitby to exercise some pressure on Cuthbert Elliston with regard to those promissory notes. That the remonstrance of public opinion was more likely to bring a man situated like Elliston to terms than legal measures the old lawyer knew well, to say nothing of there being no legal measures possible in this case. Gerald knew he could depend upon Writson's opinion, and though his distaste for invoking foreign aid in his family affairs was such that had it only concerned himself he would have undoubtedly let the whole matter go, still he recognized that it behooved him to recover as much of the money as he could for his mother and sister. Secondly, there was Dollie's idea that a big race might be got out of the Dancer, and it was to sound Bill Greyson on that point that he was now going to Riddleton.

"Good-by, dearest," he said, as the train glided into the station. "You will see me again in a few weeks, for I mean to gratify your curiosity and ride at York this time."

"Mind you do, and win," replied Dollie, with a bright little nod of adieu. "Give father and mother my love, and don't forget to write."

Gerald was a little nonplussed on arriving at the Moor Farm with his reception. The trainer seemed very pleased to see him, but welcomed him hat in hand, and as "Mr. Rockingham."

"Very glad indeed to see you, sir. The late Squire was a liberal master to me at one time, and it was not altogether my fault that he took his horses away from Riddleton. But what will you do, Mr. Rockingham? Will you walk through the stables first, and then have some lunch, or will you have something to eat at once?"

"Thanks, Greyson. I am very much pressed for time, so if you will let me, I'll have something to eat first, and I can talk to you at the same time. Dollie tells me you have got the Dancer back upon your hands."

"Yes; Sir Marmaduke got such a sickener over the Hunt Cup that he sent the horse back the following week," replied the trainer, sententiously. "It was enough to make him; but you rode in the race, sir, and know all about it."

"Yes, and I did think it was going to be his day. I thought Blackton had us all safe, when the Dancer suddenly shut up, without rhyme or reason."

"Yes; he'll never get a better chance, and it's hopeless to train him. He's been a good horse to me, but I don't think any one else will ever get a turn out of him."

"What do you mean to do with him?" inquired Gerald.

"Sell him the very first opportunity, and with a view to that I shall enter him for the two big back-end handicaps. After his exhibition at Ascot he is safe to be thrown in, and he may catch somebody's fancy who wants to go for a big stake without very much risk. As I said before, he's been a good horse to me, but *I* don't trust him again."

Curious—"a big stake without very much risk." Was this not the very chance Gerald was seeking, and two very good judges had foreseen that the Dancing Master was a possible medium through which that desirable consummation might be achieved. Sir Marmaduke, in the first instance, had hit off what Gerald began to believe was the necessary combination when he had leased the horse with a view to winning the Leger; to wit, that the Dancing Master would run honest in his, Gerald's, hands, and no one else's. Now Greyson saw a great opportunity in either the Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire; but, strange to say, that it was essential Gerald should ride did not seem to have occurred to the astute trainer. But the idea was rapidly spreading through Gerald's mind that this might really be so, and that in his hands the horse might once more do his best, and carry off another big race.

"There are worse speculations about than that," he said at length, "and it won't signify however light the weight they put upon him. He has got such a name as a bad-tempered cur, that nothing but an enormous outlay of money will ever make him a strong favorite. The public have lost faith in him."

"And so has the owner and trainer," said Greyson, laughing. "Would you like to see him, sir?"

"Yes, by all means. I wonder whether he'll remember me?"

"I'll pound it he will. They've wonderful memories, have horses, and strongish likes and dislikes. I'd a line from Pipes," continued the trainer, as he led the way toward the stables to the left of the house, "when he sent the Dancer back. 'Put up who you like on him,' he wrote, 'but never Elerkton; the horse can't bear him, and has tried to savage him more than once. If Sir Marmaduke would give him another chance, I should advise another jockey.'"

As Greyson opened the door of his box the Dancing Master turned his head, cast a sinister glance at the new-comers as though recommending them to keep themselves to themselves so far as he was concerned, and then resumed some apparently elaborate researches in his manger. The horse certainly took no notice of Gerald, but no sooner did it hear his whisper of "Poor old Dancer!" than it turned its head sharply with a short grunt of satisfaction, and unmistakably gazed wistfully toward the corner from which the voice had come.

"Go up to him, sir; only be careful," said the trainer.

Gerald walked boldly up to the horse's head, once more whispering "Poor old Dancer!" as he did so. The gray laid back his ears viciously as he approached, but upon hearing his voice the second time apparently changed his mind, and rubbed his black muzzle against his visitor's waistcoat when he reached his shoulder.

"Well, sir," said the trainer, no little astonished, "I never saw him do that before to any one. Did he ever to you when you looked after him?"

"Yes, but only now and then. Still, he always seemed to take notice when I talked to him, though," added Gerald, laughing, "he didn't take much heed of what I said. He looks well."

"He's always well," returned Greyson; "never been sick nor sorry yet. I wish some of the others had his constitution. Now here's Caterham," he exclaimed, as he threw open the door of an adjoining box, "a clipper, but as delicate a horse as ever I trained. We couldn't make anything of him last autumn, but he's wonderfully well now, and should do your cousin, Mr. Elliston, a rare turn whenever his time comes."

"Which will be about October, I suppose?" said Gerald.

"I can't say, sir. Mr. Elliston is not communicative, nor are his orders upon secrets even when I get them."

Gerald took the hint, and asked no further questions. He strolled carelessly through the stables, and honestly complimented the trainer upon the blooming condition of more than one of his charges. As they walked back to the house he said, carelessly, "I suppose you'll keep the Dancer in strong work?"

"I shall train him so that he can be easily wound up for either Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire, if any one wants to buy him with a view to those handicaps; but as my horse he'll start for neither."

"Well, Greyson, thanks very much. The nags, take 'em all round, look wonderfully well; and now I must be off. I shall hardly catch the train as it is."

"Oh yes, you will, sir. The trap's at the door, and you're a good five minutes in hand."

"Good-by. Kind regards to Mrs. Greyson, and say how sorry I am to have missed her," said Gerald, as he leaped into the dog-cart.

CHAPTER XL.

CRANLEY GOES TO THE HAMMER.

The weeks slipped by since Gerald's return to Newmarket, and as yet he had had no opportunity of unburdening himself to Lord Whitby, and ascertaining whether the peer would exercise such social pressure as lay at his command to compel Cuthbert Elliston to restore some of the money which he had borrowed from Alister Rockingham. Lord Whitby, indeed, had only attended one race meeting of late, and that was Goodwood, where Gerald had no opportunity of speaking to him in private. York races had come round again, and Lord Whitby had announced his intention of being there to see his horses run, and then, perhaps, Gerald might find the desired opportunity. The peer was in rare good humor; the year had been a procession of triumphs so far. The Great Yorkshire Stakes and sundry other valuable prizes at Doncaster and Newmarket were apparently at his mercy, and he bid fair to be returned at the head of the poll when the return of the principal winners of the season should be issued. York race week, too, was to see the irrevocable sale of Cranley, and Gerald reflected ruefully that though he had thought his coup out, and was quite determined to play for it, yet, if it came off, it would be too late to save "The Chase." He had resolved, if he could, to try and win the Cambridgeshire with the Dancing Master, arguing that no weight there was any probability of his being allotted could prevent him if only the horse chose to do his best. Still, this experiment could not be tried till the end of October, and the lands of the Rockinghams were to come to the hammer in August. Gerald could see no possibility of saving the home of his ancestors. Men to advance money on the possibility of a big race coming off in one's favor are not to be met with; and that was about the sum total of security that Gerald could proffer for such a sum as would enable him to redeem Cranley Chase.

What Greyson might want for the Dancing Master was a thing that Gerald had never troubled himself to consider. It was no part of his scheme to buy the horse; he considered that such money as he could spare he should want for betting purposes, and that he would be able to induce the trainer to run him in consideration of being put on to win a comfortable stake. Gerald's idea was to back the horse very quietly and gradually as soon as betting began about the Cambridgeshire, but not to disclose his plan to Greyson until he had got the best part of the sum he meant to speculate with duly invested. The one flaw in his scheme was this: there was always the possibility of some one buying the Dancing Master on the same speculation, and not caring particularly about "Jim Forrest's" riding for him, and it was quite part of Gerald's belief that nobody but himself could induce the horse to do his best. He was young, and who shall blame him if his head was just a little turned by success? Besides, had not his late employer, Sir Marmaduke, taken the same view of the case, and was not Sir Marmaduke accounted exceedingly wise among the younger generation of turfites?

Gerald went up to York, as in duty bound, with slightly mingled feelings. He had schooled himself to drop all false pride about his profession by this, but he did feel seriously anxious to acquit himself with distinction on what might be termed his own dunghill. Half the people on the Knavesmire, he was aware, would know that "Jim Forrest" was young Rockingham. Besides, would not the lady of his love be there to see, and it would never do to go down in the lists before all this goodly company. He was to ride, moreover, a red-hot favorite for the Yorkshire Stakes belonging to Lord Whitby, which the prophets declared to a man could not lose, and of the mendacious utterances of racing seers Gerald by this had seen something.

But Gerald was destined to hear a bit of news on his arrival at York that roused his ire not a little, and determined him to lose no time in bringing any pressure he could command to bear upon Cuthbert Elliston. He was having his dinner quietly in the coffee-room of Harker's Hotel, when his attention was attracted by hearing his own name mentioned by one of two individuals who were dining in the adjoining box.

"Yes," continued the speaker, "he was a rare sportsman was poor Squire Rockingham, and carried on the game merrily. He was a bold bettor, too, terrible bold, but the Ring outstaid him, as they always do when men dash it down as he did."

"Ah! all Cranley's to come to the hammer. There's a nice bit of grazing land. I mean to have it if it goes reasonable. Lot 34; here you see," and the speaker evidently referred to a sale catalogue.

"I wonder who'll buy the Chase itself?" said the first speaker.

"Well, it's a bit of a secret, so you must not go gabbling it all about the city; but Lawyer Pearson always manages what law business I have. I consulted him about this bit of land I want to buy on Friday. Now I chance to have a nephew in the office, and I often have a chat with him, and we got talking over the big Cranley sale. He told me they had three or four commissions to buy at a price, and one, he said, from the family."

"Ah! that 'd be for the Chase. I'll be main glad if the Rockinghams can contrive to keep the Chase, and so 'll many another."

"Oh, but this chap isn't a Rockingham exactly. He's one of the family, no doubt, but one the country side don't care much about. Yorkshire was no better for Cuthbert Elliston's winning the Leger, nor the poor Squire either, that ever I heard."

"No, I don't think folk will be much pleased at Mr. Elliston taking Alister Rockingham's place."

"No; he's a cross-bred 'un, that Elliston. In the days the poor Squire had winners half Yorkshire was in the swim, but Mr. Elliston and Pearson always eat their own cake, and don't want any one to help them."

Gerald drew his breath hard as he listened to the above. What! Cuthbert Elliston, his detested cousin, master of the Chase! Could Heaven look calmly down upon such iniquity? The man who had robbed his father sitting down in that much-loved home upon the proceeds of his frauds seemed to Gerald too monstrous. It mattered little who had the Chase, but any one rather than Cuthbert Elliston. Nothing would grate upon the feelings of him and his more than the idea of his cousin installed at the Chase. If he could prevent that, he would at any cost, but the question was, could he? He was in no position to bid against Cuthbert for its possession, and if his cousin could afford to buy it, who was to prevent him? He must see Writson to-morrow before the racing began, and even as the idea passed through his mind it was almost effaced by the rapid after-thought, what was the good of seeing Writson? Then he resolved to go to bed betimes, and see Lord Whitby the first thing next morning. If that nobleman chose to help him, he might, at all events, prevent Elliston buying the Chase.

True to his resolution, Gerald presented himself at the Black Swan the next morning, and sent up his name to Lord Whitby, with a request that he would see him for a few minutes. It rather annoyed Gerald to find that he attracted

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1420.

not a little attention among the servants and loungers, but he had made up his mind that must be. His story was, of course, public property now, and there were plenty of people in York who knew young Rockingham by sight, as well as many more who as race-goers were familiar with the features of Jim Forrest, the jockey. However, a few minutes, and a waiter requests him to step upstairs, and ushers him into a sitting-room, where he finds Lord Whitby lounging over the *débris* of his breakfast.

"Sit down, Mr. Rockingham," said that nobleman, greeting him with that rather studied politeness which was one of his most marked attributes, until such time as circumstances stirred the tempest of his wrath, when his language was apt to be more forcible than polished. "I am afraid this sale must grate upon your feelings rather, but you have no doubt made up your mind to it as inevitable."

"Yes, my lord," replied Gerald, who never permitted himself to forget that he was speaking to his employer; "but I have heard a bit of news about it that has annoyed me much since I have been in York, and that is that my cousin, Cuthbert Elliston, contemplates buying my old home."

"I don't think the neighborhood will welcome him very cordially as the successor of Alister Rockingham," replied Lord Whitby, contemptuously. "Your cousin is neither popular nor in very good odor amongst the *gentlemen* on the turf. I don't think much of Mr. Elliston; in fact, sir, I consider him a d——d scoundrel," concluded the peer, who detested the man, and had been rather outspoken concerning some of his more questionable practices.

"You can't think worse of him, my lord, than I do," replied Gerald. "He had a principal share in my father's ruin. Since I have been a jockey I have heard the story of Phaeton's Leger. I hold at the present moment a sheaf of his bills which my poor father had to meet, representing several thousand pounds, and which he has the audacity to wish to compound for one, knowing how we have been left. I know, moreover, on more than one occasion, that his manœuvring with the horses almost compromised my father's honor. Greyson told me the other day that it was not altogether his fault that my father left him. Not altogether, no; it was because he was weak enough to follow Cuthbert Elliston's orders."

"You're right, Rockingham, by Heaven! you are," exclaimed the peer, passionately. "That's the whole story of your father's death and ruin, for it was the utter smash that broke his heart at last. No; sooner than that d——d black-hearted thief should step into his shoes, I'll buy the Chase myself. I don't want it, but," and here the speaker launched a mighty torrent of execrations which culminated in the peroration that "a white-livered skunk should never have it."

But at last the choleric nobleman calmed down, and made Gerald tell him all about the bills and Cuthbert Elliston's conduct concerning them, even the bitter advice Elliston had tendered just after Alister Rockingham's funeral, Lord Whitby managed to draw from the young fellow.

"Did he know who you were when you rode his horse in the Two Thousand last year?"

"No; but of course he recognized me as soon as I had won, and immediately gave orders that I was to be sent away from Riddleton. That is the sole guerdon I received at his hands for my success."

"Ah, I fancy he didn't profit much by it, and that probably he would have been just as well pleased if you hadn't won."

"At all events he's repented once of his advice; when I beat him on Sir Marmaduke's horse for the Goodwood Stakes last year, I know it was a costly race for him."

"Well, Rockingham, I'll do the best I can for you; but rest assured of one thing, Cuthbert Elliston shall never reign at Cranley. Just write me down your solicitor's address."

Gerald did so, and then thanked his lordship, and departed gayly. It was the presage of a most successful week. He not only brought off the Great Yorkshire Stakes successfully for his employer, but never rode more brilliantly, and carried off some four or five minor stakes to boot. In one instance his triumph was notably due to his fine horsemanship.

But if it was a successful week for Gerald, it was a most disastrous one for Elliston. Riddleton rather laid itself out for handicaps, and had certainly flattered itself that some two or three of these races lay at its mercy when it saw the weights allotted to its representatives. But the stable was dead out of luck, and failed upon each occasion to achieve the expected victory. Even the cautious Sam Pearson looked glum as he saw the accumulation of figures on the debit scale of his betting book, while as for Elliston, who had looked forward to his week's winnings to materially assist him toward the purchase of the Chase, he could not control his ill-humor, which a communication from Pearson did not tend to mitigate.

Whether under the circumstances Elliston would have persisted in his mad design is open to question, but a visit Mr. Writson paid Pearson on the Wednesday morning effectually settled Mr. Elliston's pretensions in the matter. Writson said he was instructed by Lord Whitby to let Mr. Elliston know through his solicitor that as an old friend of Alister Rockingham's he intended to exercise all the social pressure he could bring to bear to wring from Elliston the sum he was still in honor indebted to the Rockingham family. "Further," continued Pearson, "I was clearly given to understand that if you attempted to bid for the Chase the story would be widely spread through York that you were buying the house with the money the Squire had lost you, and that, moreover, you would have to encounter a pretty stiff opposition to boot."

"That means that old Whitby will bid against me, I suppose," interrupted Elliston, roughly. "It's useless to measure purses with him, or else it's little I care for his threats in the other direction."

But Cuthbert Elliston knew that he lied when he said this, and so did his chum and partner, Pearson. Elliston's reputation was too shady to risk a row with such a relentless and powerful opponent as Lord Whitby, and so it came to pass that when the Chase was brought to the hammer it pleased that wealthy and eccentric nobleman, in high good-humor with his York victories, to buy it, with no very clear idea of what he was to do with it after he had got it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PLENARY COUNCIL.

The Third Plenary Council of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States was opened with impressive ceremonies in Baltimore on Sunday, November 9. There was present at the opening, according to the Catholic papers, thirteen archbishops, sixty bishops from the United States, five visiting bishops from Canada, one bishop from northern Japan, and besides these numerous abbots, superiors of religious orders, and theologians. The Archbishop of Baltimore presided as Apostolic Delegate, appointed by the Pope. This large gathering represents the great prosperity of the Roman Catholic Church in our country. Organized episcopally in Baltimore in 1784 under the supervision of Bishop John Carroll, the Church has made rapid advances, chiefly by means of the migration of Catholics from Europe. Even since the second Plenary Council, which was held in Baltimore, October, 1866, the progress of Roman Catholicism here has been great. That Council brought together seven archbishops, thirty-eight bishops, three abbots, and over one hundred of the leaders of the hierarchy. In the intervening eighteen years the number of bishops and archbishops has nearly doubled. This increase, however, does not represent a corresponding increase of American Catholic population, but is an evidence of the efforts making to perfect the organization of the hierarchy in the United States. There has been a like noteworthy development in this country of Protestant bodies, especially of the Lutherans, Baptists, and Methodists. From thirty-five thousand communicants in 1830, the Lutherans have risen to one million communicants. According to a Lutheran authority, "the number of Lutheran ministers has doubled every ten years, and that of members every fourteen years, since 1820, the increase by immigration is at present five hundred a day." The Baptists have risen from small beginnings in the last century to two million communicants, and the Methodists from fifteen thousand members in 1784 to three millions in 1884. The astonishing fact in all this history is the extraordinary growth of the country.

The objects of the Plenary Council are, in the nature of the case, but only partially disclosed, inasmuch as its resolutions must obtain papal sanction in order to be reckoned valid. Virtually the decisions of the Council are but recommendations until they are approved at Rome. Care, however, has been taken to explain that its purposes concern only the internal affairs of the Church, its order and its discipline. Very appropriately the bishops appointed to preach the opening sermons have taken occasion to give their impressions of the condition of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. Archbishop Ryan thus expressed himself: "I believe that she [the Church] never had a grander mission in all her history than she has to-day to the noble, generous, and fair-minded American people. ... We have grounds of hope that she will be a great conservative power in this young and promising republic, and that the Council that here represents her comes most opportunely in the order of God's providence to sustain it." Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minnesota, presents the Church as the champion of civil liberty. As this is a new *rôle* for Rome, it may be well to cite his words: "I lose all patience when I hear prejudice still surviving to the extent to assert that the Catholic Church is not the friend of free institutions. Could her teachings be more explicit? Has her history belied these teachings? The soul, the life of a republic is an intense love of civil liberty. Has not the Church ever labored to create and strengthen this love?" And again: "Her work for liberty, for civilization, for progress, was culminating in the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Protestantism appeared on the horizon, and the credit of a long and tedious work of ages has been awarded to the new religion. Protestantism did nothing for liberty. It introduced into the world no new principle that favored liberty."

These are strong words. We concede, however, all sincerity to Bishop Ireland when he professes devotion to the American republic, we make no question of the loyalty of our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens. But the question raised by these two prelates is a question of principles and of the facts of history. Appearing as the apologists for their Church, and wishing as far as possible to conciliate the American people, they claim for it what the facts of history positively deny. The sermons of these two bishops are strange reading when placed alongside of the Papal Syllabus of 1864. Civil liberty consists in the concession to every man of the right to embrace whatever religion he shall believe to be true. Article XV of the Syllabus denies this right, and asserts virtually that every man must embrace the Roman Catholic faith. Civil liberty consists in the autonomy of the state. Article XXIV of the Syllabus claims for the Church the use of external force, and of both a direct and indirect temporal power. Civil liberty consists in the supremacy of the state within its own sphere. Article XLII. of the Syllabus asserts the supremacy of ecclesiastical over civil law. Civil liberty consists in the right of the state to separate itself from the Church. Article LV. of the Syllabus declares that the Church—meaning thereby the Roman Catholic—should not be separated from the state, or, in other words, the government of the United States ought to profess and maintain the Roman Catholic religion, which is to say, ought to be under the direction of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. The denial by Bishop Ireland of all connection between Protestantism and civil liberty is, to put the matter mildly, a piece of extravagance. He can hardly expect Americans to accept such an astounding statement. The liberty which the Roman Catholic Church enjoys in the United States is the product of Protestantism—a liberty which the Church never conceded when possessed of political power. At the time of the Reformation the Church was crushing liberty, and but for the intervention of the reformers would have held the world in bondage until this day. Luther spoke the truth when he said that but for the revival of which he was the leader religion would have become extinct in Germany. Under the inspiration of New Testament Christianity Europe rose to a new life, which has recreated literature and reorganized political society. It is foreign to our purpose to enter into controversy on these points. The most superficial acquaintance with modern history is sufficient for the refutation of these episcopal perversions of plain matters of fact. But they are worth noticing, if only to show that in the pomp and ceremonial of the Plenary Council, the processions of mitred bishops and abbots, the music and the incense, we have the same unchangeable Church of Rome whose one claim is that all society, political and religious, shall lie prostrate at her feet.

We are indebted to Mr. Daniel Bendann, of Baltimore, for an early copy of his superb photograph of the Council in session, from which our group on page 782 has been arranged. The original presents the entire *personnel* of the Council, and will be a very interesting memento of this important gathering of the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church in America.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

A new Literary Scheme.—Panaceas for long Life.—A bold Preacher.—Providence and Hops.—A long Chancery Suit.—Froude's Carlyle.—Feudal Sentiment in Scotland.

I have received a marvellous catalogue of manuscripts from a new literary society. It is prefaced by a long list of "authors" of whom the world has not as yet heard, but who seem very willing to bring themselves under its notice. The amount which the society is authorized to charge for their lucubrations is, to say the least of it, very reasonable. As regards the novelists, "proof slips of three-volume novels from talented authors are offered at the rate of sixpence a column." Even this opportunity for a literary bargain is outdone by some candidates for fame. "Our society is authorized to offer numerous manuscripts without payment, on behalf of talented members desiring a first appearance in print." No less than eleven ladies of title are among the clients of this extraordinary institution.

The last new panacea but one for long life and health is abstinence from drink—not only from alcoholic drinks, but from liquids of all kinds. Dr. Williams in his recent autobiography went to the length of describing this as a good cure for colds, but it is now insisted upon as a cure for everything. When the public mind has digested this fact, it will no doubt become ripe for the discovery that we should all do better without food; but in the mean time *the very last* panacea is flannel—not only flannel shirts and flannel drawers, but flannel sheets. If we would only swathe ourselves in this commodity, rheumatism, we are gravely assured, would be a thing unknown, and longevity would be the rule instead of the exception.

These infallible remedies have been always recommended to the British public when Parliament is not sitting. Years ago I remember whole columns of advertisements headed "Salt, salt, salt." We were told that salt was the sole cause of all the good in the world (or all the evil, I forget which); and a very pretty sum must have been expended in giving publicity to the theory. The truth is, as all the great medicine-men will tell you in their hours of conviviality and confidence, that what is one man's meat is another man's poison, and that general rules about anything are nonsensical. It is notorious that a very ancient but still surviving judge attributes his extreme longevity to never having exposed himself unnecessarily to the open air, or swallowed anything that had not been previously warmed. The late Canon Beadon, if we may trust to a writer in the *Times*, credited his exceptional good health to "never thinking of anything unpleasant after four o'clock in the day"—a truly admirable piece of advice, if one could only follow it. It is not, however, so difficult a feat as it appears to be at first sight. The mind can be made almost as subject to discipline as the body, and I know men of business, and engaged in great and even perilous speculations, who have trained themselves to leave such matters behind them in the City every evening as completely as their office fixtures.

The greatest of Roman preachers used to pride himself upon his "boldness" when engaged upon his ministerial avocations, but in these modern days he has found a rival in moral courage. A preacher who, if not as great, is almost as well known in religious circles, remarked in his pulpit last week, while discoursing upon social matters, that he "knew as little of the aristocracy as he did of the angels." The metaphor is complimentary to the class alluded to, but humiliating indeed as regards the speaker. If Thackeray were alive and in power he would at once have made this man a bishop; but he has sarcasm enough for a field-marshal. Many of his fellow-countrymen, it is too probable, must be in his own benighted condition; but that he should have the hardihood to confess it, and in the pulpit, is amazing indeed. A very different view of the advantages of aristocratic connection seems to be entertained by the new candidate for the Lovat peerage, whose claim to that enviable distinction rests, upon his own showing, on some far-back ancestor of his having fled into Wales from Scotland after killing a fiddler at a ball. I have no slavish respect for my distant progenitors, but I think that if one of them had distinguished himself in this peculiar manner I should not go to any great expense to prove it, even to obtain a title.

A short time ago a Kentish clergyman drew attention to the ill effects upon the hop crop produced by the absence from church of certain farmers in his parish. It is pleasant to learn from another divine in Somersetshire that the wheat crop, after ten years of failure, has turned out a success, thanks to a cause apparently so indirect, namely, the action of the government. He does not, indeed, affirm that this is the actual result of the suspension of the Public Worship Regulation Act, but he "wishes to draw attention to the fact that this is the first year of ten in which there has been a lull in the persecutions of a holy priesthood, and that Providence has smiled upon us."

In Paris, again, we learn from the clerical papers that the Reign of Terror and the worst days of 1793 have been revived, because, during some alterations in the Church of St. Nicolas, some naughty boys washed their hands in the holy water. It is curious how the inhabitants of Little Pedlington still continue in their belief that Little Pedlington is the world.

In a once famous but now long forgotten comic journal there was published a ballad entitled "The Stutterers' Guide to the Zoological Gardens," in which occur these words:

"Bin observe 'tis forbidden to pup-pup-poke
The bob-bub-bear with your pup-pup-pink parasol."

This is just what a foolish, brutal Englishman has been doing in the *Jardin d'Acclimatation* at Paris, only, instead of a bear, he selected for persecution with the point of his umbrella that rarest of rare birds, the *harfang*, or Iceland owl. This inhuman treatment killed the poor harfang, and his murderer has been very properly heavily fined for it. It would have served him right if he had been whipped as well.

Our Court of Chancery has long had the credit of being the most procrastinating engine of justice in the world; like the mill of Providence, as Longfellow describes it, it grinds so slow and so "exceeding small" that the property is seldom seen again which has once got caught by its devouring wheels. This reputation, however, has, it seems, been obtained on false pretences. The Supreme Court of Brunswick is even more dilatory in its proceedings. It has just given final judgment in a suit which was begun in 1604. None of the original parties to the suit were present during the final proceedings.

The delight with which the Conservative public hailed the opinions of Mr. Thomas Carlyle upon Gladstone, as gathered from the reviews, has been slightly dashed, upon a more intimate acquaintance with Mr. Froude's volumes. The dyspeptic philosopher appears, after all, to have distributed his sneers pretty equally between the two leaders of our great political parties. Disraeli, he says, was a humbug, and knew it, whereas Gladstone, though as great a humbug, had such a power of believing what he wished to believe that he didn't know it. There is not much to choose between these eulogies. It is recorded of the author of *The Season, a Satire*, that having expressed himself to the effect that the Conservatives were Fools, and the Liberals Rogues, one of his audience observed, quietly, "You yourself, Mr. Austin, are a Liberal-Conservative, are you not?" Similarly, I do not think Mr. Carlyle gets much change out of his currency of invective beyond getting himself regarded as a cynic and something worse. It was fondly hoped from some servile utterances in (I think) the preface to *Shooting Niagara and After*, that he would be found to be upon the side of the Lords in the present contest. But what he has to say of them is as contemptuous as about everything else, with a rider to the effect that if he can read the signs of the times aright, the people are getting impatient, and will soon get rid of them. The fact is, Mr. Froude's biography is a two-edged sword which smites equally on both sides, and has a handle that defiles the user.

The voluminous A. K. H. B. has lately given us to understand that the excessive deference paid by Scotchmen to the chief of their clan has nothing to do with snobbishness displayed by Englishmen toward persons of title. The feudal feeling, he says, is altogether of a higher and more enduring kind. This may or may not be, but one can not forget that Lever, who was supposed to know his countrymen at least as well as A. K. H. B. knows his, maintained the same thing (in his *Knight of Gwynne*, for example) with respect to the Irish. And where is feudal feeling to be found in Ireland now? It is apparently a sentiment which, however powerful it may appear to be, does not stand much stress or strain. In Tipperary I read that one hundred and eighty farmers have just signed an agreement to poison all their lands in order to put a stop to hunting! The meanness and cruelty of this proceeding is only a little above the cattle maiming and murders of their inferiors, the "finest peasantry" in the world. It is no wonder that to the natural man it would seem amazing that any statesman should wish to give to such creatures as these votes.

R. Kemble, of London.

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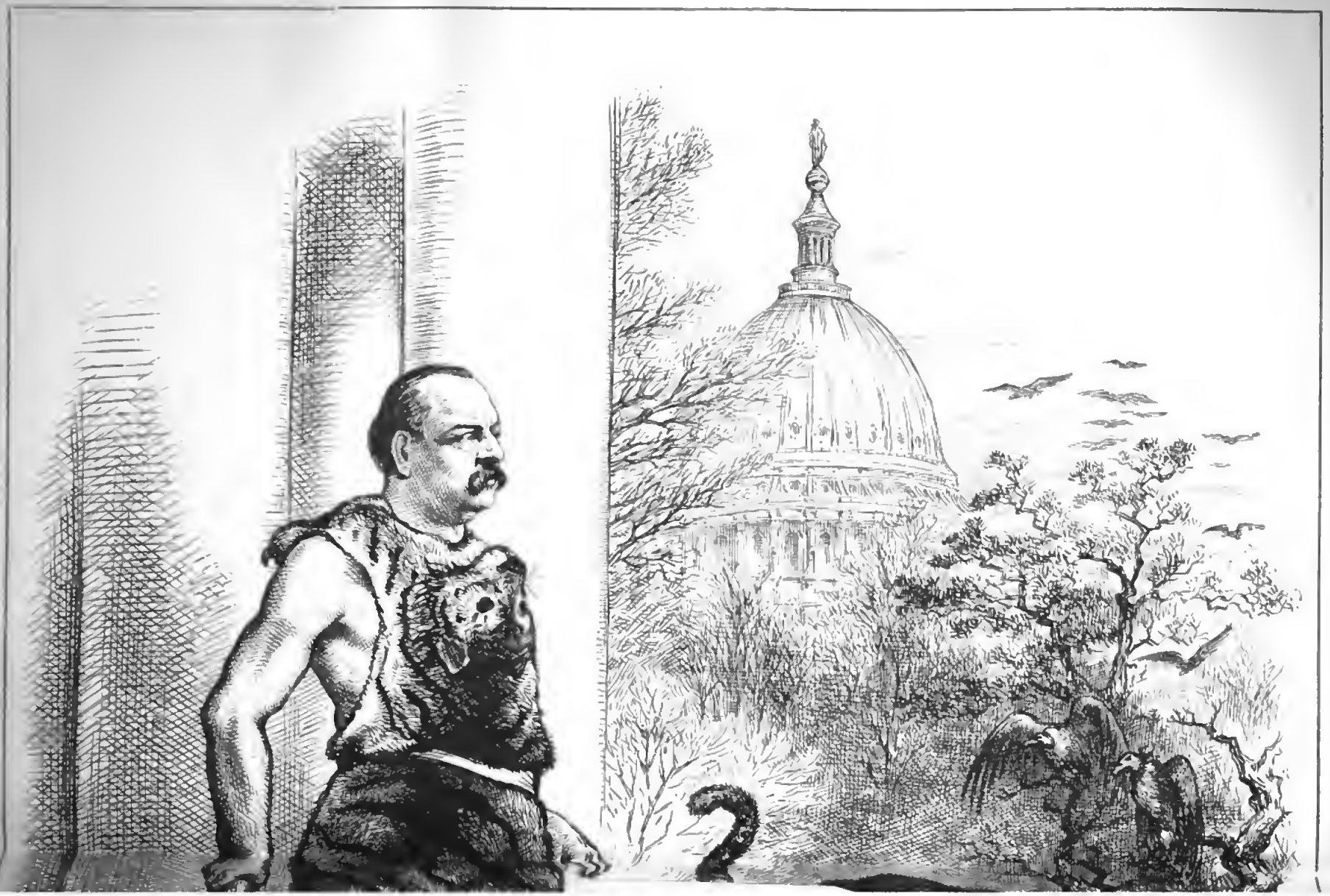
BEWARE! FOR HE IS VERY HUNGRY AND VERY THIRSTY.

"Ability and zeal in the service will be the measures of usefulness. The rules of the Civil Service Commission will govern all minor appointments."—GROVER CLEVELAND.



(Continued from front page.)

THE SHEIK'S CURSE

mouthed and awe-struck. The Greek merchant, half frozen with terror, spoke through white lips:

"O Frank, Kalfa say you bel the evil-eye. His dagger was treasure in his family. He bal goen it for gold. He pray Allah curse you with fever, hunger, and leprosy; he pray Allah curse you with fire, and with water, and with death; he pray Allah you body be spit upon, and be eaten of the dogs; he pray Allah—"

"Oh, bother!" said Mr. Spink. "What nonsense! Come along, Teddy."

"Wasn't it awful?" said I, as we turned into one of the bright new streets, and left the shady arcades behind.

"Egyptian fools!" muttered Mr. Spink. "Don't know what they say, don't want to. Handsome dagger." And he put the weapon in his pocket.

"How about the fee?" I asked, knowing that my father had given Mr. Spink money for my expenses.

"Cost too much," he drawled, cutting off, as was his habit, all superfluous words. "Need one as much as you do. Bought this cap in Norway." He wiped his forehead under the clumsiest sort of fur-trimmed head-gear, and wound up with, "Won't—be—swindled." Presently he stepped into a French confectioner's, threw down a whole sovereign, and handed me five pounds of expensive sweets. "Mere, eat candy, and be quiet."

I hardly understood Mr. Spink. As to that, nobody ever did, could, or will understand him; and thereby hangs this tale. I give my word of honor that Amos L. Spink is no invention of the story teller. I met him in the way that I describe; he travelled as I describe, he married at last as I shall relate. I have never seen anybody in the least like him, nor have you. One night call him a fool, but he had purposes, and achieved them with great determination, and he knew no such word as fear.

A week before we came to Cairo I had been a sort of postscript to my father's epistolatorium. To be plainer, my father having met at home at New York a charming widow from Boston, chased her to Rome, and there married her. The new mamma being good natured, I was affectionately tugged along through ruins and cathedrals and picture-galleries in the wake of the bridal pair. It was in a room of the Uffizi, at Florence, that we first came upon Mr. Spink. He wore a shabby gray travelling suit, his Norwegian cap lay at his side, he was sitting, and idly clicking the blades of a small pocket-knife. He was then about thirty-five years old, of medium height, and slender. He had respectable features, pale, scant, light brown hair and beard, and pale even eyes. His skin was yellow from constant exposure as changes of climate. He spoke in a low voice, slowly and with a slight nasal drawl, and he was far from the loud, sprawling, obtrusive Yankee of the funny story books. He was not grotesque, although something unreasonable or incongruous in his dress, together with his far-away look and imperturbable manner, made him observed. He rarely looked at anybody, rarely changed countenance, hated talking, always paused before giving an answer, and always cut his sentences short.

"Why," exclaimed my mother, "there's my cousin Amos Spink! How do you do, Amos?" and she presented her husband.

"How d'ye do?" Amos responded, rising slowly, then falling back in his seat again.

"Isn't the Uffizi magnificent?" remarked my father, by way of opening conversation.

"Yes," chimed in the bride. "You've been travelling so long you must be a great judge of the old masters. Isn't Raphael's 'Holy Family' superb?"

Mr. Spink, opening and shutting his pocket-knife with little clicks, nodded toward the picture-covered wall before him, and said, in a drawl, weary, disgusted way: "Old masters—Holy Families! Humph!" Nodding again toward the art treasures on the right, he ejaculated, "Holy Families!" Repeating the action to the left, he said once more, with concentrated scorn, "Holy—Families!" Then closing his knife, and rising as if to walk away, he added, in his peculiar slow speech, "I—wouldn't—give—three—copper—cents—for 'em."

My step-mother laughed in her musical fashion, and exclaimed, "Oh, you're as peculiar as ever, I see. And are you as fond as ever of Chawquemunkie?"

"Only really nice place in the world," he drawled.

"And yet for fifteen years you've spent your life running about to other places."

"Nothing else to do—mills all have good managers," said Amos, as if making a perfectly sound argument.

"He's immensely rich," my mother whispered to my father, "and very queer." Then she asked, aloud, "Are you throwing your money about as usual, Amos?"

"Sometimes I lay things," he responded; and plunging a hand into his trousers pocket, he brought up, with plenty of dust and crumbs, a handful of uncut gems, and poured them into a corner of his handkerchief.

"How lovely! But where did you buy your handkerchief?" asked my mother, pleasantly, taking up an end of the coarse cotton square which served that purpose.

"Been looking," answered Amos, "past six months for linen handkerchiefs at moderate price. All too dear. I make cotton do. Got a dozen like this for three francs."

"You must have learned a great many tongues in your wanderings," said my father, to change the subject.

"Been all over the world pretty much," responded Amos, "and don't know a word of any derned foreign language, and don't want to. Never take a guide or a courier anywhere. All rascals, especially the Egyptian dragoman. Start for Egypt to-morrow."

I was entirely in sympathy with Mr. Spink on the subject of the old masters. Having been dragged yawning through so many miles of galleries, any release would seem a blessing, and I blurted out, "How I'd like to go to Egypt!"

"Let him come with me," said Mr. Spink, but without glancing at me, nor had he up to that moment seemed conscious of my presence.

"Oh, we couldn't spare dear Teddy; could we, Edward?" faltered the new mother, appealing to my father.

"Pshaw!" he whispered, in return, "wouldn't nursery-maid like to sit on the boulevard—have without any great boy looking on to embarrass it?"

Whereupon "nursery-maid" laughed shyly, and said, "Well, Amos is my second cousin, and though peculiar, he's perfectly moral, and he's enormously rich. His father left him ever so many flourishing mills in New England. Teddy would be perfectly safe with him."

To make a short matter still shorter, let me say that next morning—a day in early November—I was off with Mr. Spink for Naples, whence we were bound to Egypt.

My protector seldom looked at me, and seldom spoke, but much in one of the amount of peregrination his lank person had accomplished, I felt honored in merely tagging along at his coat tails. The enthusiasm of youth filled up in a manner highly flattering to Mr. Spink those long blanks in existence when he sat before monuments of the ancient world, snapping the blades of his pocket-knife, or poking with his walking-stick at any little flecks upon the floor. I felt that his indifference argued a deep insight and comprehension, that he had weighed antiquity and found it wanting.

So much by way of explaining how little I knew of Mr. Spink, when on our return to our hotel in Cairo, after having received the sheik's malediction, I really beprated the uncommon beauty of two young ladies. They were standing in the main doorway, and I cried out:

"Oh, what handsome girls! That little one with golden hair is the loveliest creature I ever saw."

"Tall one is Constance Isherwood, New York," said Mr Spink, "short blonde is Beatrice Percy, English."

As we passed them the queenly dark-eyed beauty turned to her companion, and said, very distinctly:

"There's that Amos Spink. He's the greatest fool I ever met. I'm sure no woman would marry him."

"Hush!" said the other. "How cruel! Why, I think he's very quaint and original."

"Did you hear that, Mr. Spink?" I asked, angry at so deliberate an insult.

"Think I did. Please repeat the exact words, Teddy."

With a sense of importance I rehearsed Miss Isherwood's remarks.

"And what did Beatrice Percy say?" asked Mr Spink.

"She said: 'How cruel! I think he's very quaint and original.' And oh, Mr Spink, isn't she beautiful?"

"Believe she is," he answered. "She's always running about the world in her father's yacht. Old gentleman probably anchored at Alexandria. She's here with her brother, Captain Percy. There he is now," as a ruddy, handsome fellow gave Mr. Spink a hearty hail.

"How are you, Spink? My friends Lord Wyndham and Colonel Carnegie," and he presented a lively young Englishman and a muscular Scotch cavalry officer with a keen glance and twinkling eyebrows.

The young lord began promptly chaffing Mr. Spink. "So you are the traveller who hates travelling." was his first remark.

"Never come across a decent place," answered Spink.

"Ha! ha! Well, how's Paris for a place?" inquired my lord, determined to be amused.

"Don't like it," Spink answered.

"Perhaps you like a picturesque country. Have you seen the Scottish lakes?" inquired the colonel.

"In Maine we call such waters ponds, and sometimes puddles," drawled Mr. Spink.

"Ponds?—puddles? Maine? And where's that?" cried the colonel, his irascible brows beginning to work.

"Chawquemunkie, in Maine," said Mr. Spink, in a low, disgusted monotone, and poking the floor with his stick, "is the best place in the whole world."

"Ha! What?—Chaws—chaws—monkies?" shouted the colonel, angrily. "If the gentleman" (this with a sneer) "would kindly give us a description of this great city of Chaw—chaw—" He stopped, fairly choked by the terrible mouthful, and Captain Percy and Wyndham were quite overcome with laughing.

"Why, Spink," said Percy, when he could catch his breath, "if it's such a fine place, why do you leave this Chaw—chaw—what's-its-name?"

"Nothing to do there," answered Mr Spink, dejectedly—"mills all have good managers;" whereas they all three began to roar.

Then somebody said, "More come the ladies," and the golden-haired Beatrice came walking—no, came sailed—toward us. I'm sure she approached in some supernatural fairy fashion, for my heart gave a great leap under my little coat, and I could find no courage to look into her kind, lovely blue eyes.

"Trix," said her brother, the captain, "here's our Yankee friend Mr Spink, and he is telling us about his native town, Chaw—chaw—what's-its-name;" and there was another outburst of mirth.

Beatrice, with her pretty head on one side like a coaxing child, looked up at Mr Spink and said, sincerely, "I think it's very nice and amiable to be fond of one's own home."

Mr. Spink actually nodded, smiled, and looked at Beatrice in return, though he rarely looked at anybody, his gaze, if not directed to the horizon, being generally bent upon his knife or walking-stick. But Miss Isherwood, who stood by in her accustomed magnificence, cut the scene short by saying, "Captain, do we visit Egypt to study the peculiarities of idiots?—curse away." And the regal "swish" of her garments was followed down the corridor by her two head-slaves, Wyndham and Percy. Colonel Carnegie, evidently disgusted, urged Beatrice to join the others, but in going she looked back over her shoulder and informed us, "We are planning an excursion to the Fyoom."

Five minutes later Mr Spink was giving an order to the landlord: "Have my bill ready. Going to the Fyoom to-morrow."

"Yes, sir—certainly, sir. A dragoman, of course?"

"None," answered Spink. "Do my own talking."

"Is the Fyoom a temple or a pyramid?" I asked; but my companion was staring into vacancy, and I might have yelled "Mr Spink!" for half an hour without being heeded.

Next morning, at the station, as Mr. Spink was still oblivious, I amused myself by hanging out of the window of our compartment. Seeing a fellow boy who wore a tolerably decent fez, I beckoned him, and offered in exchange for it my stiff Derby. The rascal accepted the bargain, clapped the hat on, assumed exactly the air of a cockney tourist, stuck an imaginary glass in his eye, and haughtily strutted away. In company with the ragged crowd I was laughing at the fun, when suddenly a dark head, half hidden in a white cape, cut off my sunlight, a pair of burning eyes shot a baleful light into mine, a guttural was given out, and then the vision of Ishmael disappeared.

"Oh, Mr Spink," I cried out, seizing his arm, "that Bedouin chief who cursed you is here."

"Lemme alone," growled Mr Spink.

Three hours later, in El Wasta, where we changed trains, the sheik again glared upon us. "Oh dear!" said I, "that man is following us still."

"Someone? Egyptian fool!" was my answer.

Presently I ventured, "Have you been to visit Mr Fyoom before?"

"Not a man," Mr Spink managed to respond; "a place—tract of country—fertile."

After a while we swept through yellow ridges and plains of gravel dotted with piles of stones, thus, in the midst of this desolation, drew up at a little wrecked station. Several Bedouins were waiting there, still and grand as statues.

"Hello! Looks rather an odd place," said Mr Spink. "Won't go to the Fyoom, stop here."

We came our valises and sundry packages; the train went on. And, to my horror, the terrible sheik had also chosen to stop. He glowered upon us, greeted the other Bedouins, mounted a handsome slender black horse, while the others had shabby-looking beasts, and they all rode away.

"Are we going on a hotel?" I asked, humbly, feeling very much in Mr Spink's hands.

"Get our own hotel," he answered, grimly, pointing to our bundles, which held a tent and its appurtenances. "Going to camp out." Then laying his hand on the shaggy neck of a donkey, he said to its owner, "How much?"

Three donkeys and plenty of fresh beans and water were soon ours. A group of swarthy lounge from native villages stood staring after us, as, with ropes for bridles and bits of rug for saddles, we moved off slowly across the sands.

Two miles from that little station of El Edwa we made a camp and cooked supper. Why we were not robbed and murdered my later experience in travelling never taught me, but certainly there on the Libyan Desert we staid safely and quite alone for a week, daily jogging over to El Edwa to meet the daily train. At last, on one bright afternoon, a sweet voice called out,

"Why, Mr. Spink, what are you doing in this dreadful place?"

"Camping out in the desert," he replied.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Captain Percy, springing from the train—"an idea! How is it, Spink? Could we get on? How about the ladies?"

"All right—very comfortable," was the answer.

"Oh, come, I say," cried Wyndham, "this is a new sensation; and we could go to the Pyramids of Hahoun and Hawarah."

"Yes, and Pyrenees are so jolly!" said Beatrice, as if the solemn piles were poppies or lupines.

"I think," pronounced the stately Constance, "we might be as comfortable as camp as in some dirty khan in Medeenah."

"Where's that rascal of a dragoman?—where's Achmet?" was the cry, and in a few moments the baggage was off, and Achmet was doing wonders in dispatching some lazy fellows five miles to Medeenah to bring us fresh fruit and milk.

Well, they put up the tents near ours, and Beatrice, in a jaunty blue flannel dress, a rough little toque set upon her bright head, made herself busy with the housekeeping. To Colonel Carnegie, who wanted to help her, she said, petulantly: "You're too clumsy, colonel. I like Teddy better." Whereupon I felt triumphant, and decided that although she was nineteen years old and I but thirteen, true love was strong enough to make up the little difference. And when Beatrice actually clapped his awkward hands with the tips of her now pretty plump digits, I wondered greatly to see the colonel's spirits rise.

We supped upon a hammock of stones, while the sun was going down over the green and purple of the rich Fyoom country, and painting the desert with strange effects of color.

Mr Spink brought from his tent some apples, and offered them to Miss Isherwood. "They're from Maine," he exclaimed—"Chawquemunkie apples."

"Positively," answered Constance, "I'll have nothing at all to do with any product of Chawquemunkie."

"Ah," exclaimed Beatrice, "let me eat the apples. How delicious! I'm sure they come from a beautiful place!"

"Best place in the world," said Mr. Spink, seeming quite unconscious of Miss Isherwood's insulting scorn.

"American patriotism is rather queer," remarked Wyndham. "Once when I was crossing the Atlantic a dozen Americans were trying to remember the words of your national song, 'The Star Bespringled Standard,' or something of that sort, and positively between them all they could make out only a couplet, and sang 'God save the Queen' instead."

"Why, yes," Carnegie added, "two Americans were boasting that the British were driven from New York Harbor. 'And when was that?' I asked. Neither could tweak one the date, though they both knew very well that Guy Fawkes is the 5th of November."

"Oh, come," interposed Beatrice. "I warrant Mr Spink knows his own holidays. There's the Fourth of July, now. You see I'm quite an American."

"Always keep the Fourth," said Spink. "Hung out a flag and sent off rockets once in Senegambia. Natives thought me mad."

"Go on," Beatrice urged, sweetly. "I like to hear you talk."

After glancing to her with a bell-smile, he obeyed. "Yes, and to-morrow is a day I always celebrate—Thanksgiving—last Thursday in November. Last year ate my turkey on the foot of Mecca."

"Pray," asked Wyndham, who always laughed as long as Mr Spink would talk, "is 'ate my turkey' some sort of slang?"

"No," answered Spink, calmly, "is isn't."

"Perhaps," suggested Beatrice, "it's American for having a jolly time, or for receiving presents, like getting a Christmas-box. If that's it, I know what I'd want for a gift."

"What?" asked the colonel, eagerly. "I'll get you anything."

"I want—I want"—and she coquetted with the words to torment him—"I want a good saddle mule to take me galloping over the desert."

"Oh!" and Carnegie's face fell, "that's out of reason. One cannot find anything in this deception but vicious mules and mangy donkeys."

Early next morning Amos Spink was up and about, and staring through a spy glass into the wastes around us. "Something coming," he mumbled. I, too, could make out figures in the distance, and soon a horseman was distinguishable, followed by two old mules laden with what looked like great heaps of rags, together with some household utensils, the carcass of a sheep, and other provisions.

"A sheik," said Achmet, "moves his family, or goes on make visit."

Mr Spink meanwhile had begun to draw money from his pocket, and the confused heaps on the mules soon came well in sight. On the first was a native woman whose proportions and costume had made her look like a feather-bed. With one hand she clutched a baby, with the other an old hen-coop and an iron pot. The second mule carried a boy, a bunch of rags that stood for a girl, and sundry jangling and dragging "traps."

The chief himself made a picturesque figure in white burnouse and capote, a long Turkish gun slung across his back, a knife in his saffron-colored girdle. His horse, too, was a comely creature—black, delicate of nostril, and possibly of Arab blood. Good horses being rare in Egypt, Achmet, as the caravans drew near, made the sheik some compliment upon his mount.

"Oh!" I cried out, recognizing instantly the burning eyes and long mobile face—"oh, Mr. Spink, that's Sheik Kalfa-Zohair, who cursed you in the bazar in Cairo!"

"Pshaw!" answered Mr Spink, "Egyptian fool!" and springing forward, he boldly laid one hand on the Bedouin's saddle-bow, while in the other he shook a quantity of loose coin.

"Let me," said Achmet, "do you service. I can speak with sheik."

"Hold your tongue," was the answer. "Never saw the use of rascally dragoman yet."

Achmet retreated, and I too sought a prudent distance, leaving Mr Spink vociferating something that I couldn't hear, clinking money, and holding to the saddle-bow. Kalfa, looking terrible, touched the mace, and she gave a great bound. Spink sprang for the bridle, caught it, and while the scared animal reared and plunged, he clung fast, shook his money, and began making wild gestures toward the sheik's wife. The woman, terrified, shrieked under her white face-cloth. Her mule gave a lunge, sister-hang went pots, pans, baby, and hen-coop, while the poor creature herself plumped up and down in the midst of all like a bag of meal. The men meanwhile struggled together in a whirlwind of sand, a Norwegian cap went flying through the air, Amos L. Spink went spinning after it. In a second he was up, in another had thrown a leg over the best of our donkeys, a very lively little beast, called out, "Come along, Teddy, and see the fun," and at once succeeded in cutting in between the chief and his distressed family. I too whipped up one of our long-eared friends, and trotted out toward the fray.

"Hold on; I'll give you more," shouted Spink, holding up big silver pieces. "Give you five—give you ten."

Kalfa tried to make a circuit, and to reach his wife, the flying pots and pans, and the yelling baby, but the enemy kept cunningly between them, con-

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THE PURSUIT.

tinuing his offers. "Fifteen, twenty," and his fingers were opened and shut to emphasize the numbers. Several minutes of such skirmishing, and Kalfa made an ominous movement. He unslung the long gun from his back, and examined the lock.

"Get behind the children, Ted," called Mr Spink; and jumping from my donkey, I clung to the tail of the sorry mule, which kicked viciously, while the boy pummelled me with a long stick. Spink meanwhile caught the bridle-rein from the woman's hand; so what with the bake and the hen-coop and the iron pot, and the fat creature struggling through it all to keep her veil in place, there was nothing to be seen but a whirligig of tatters and flying hoofs.

The sheik rode round and round, trying to take a deadly aim, and the Englishmen came out from camp armed to the teeth.

Spink would have no help. "Keep away," he called out. "Captain fool, but he'll come to it. I'm all right. Say, make it thirty," and he opened his hand swiftly six times. At the moment whiz! went a ball just over his shoulder; whiz! went another, grazing his arm.

"Fool!" he shouted, "you'll shoot the woman;" and only stopping to drag the hen-coop from her clutch, he let go her rein and stood free, a fair target.

Kalfa aimed again; the captain cocked his pistols; Achmet was palsied with terror. There came a report and smoke. Mr Spink put his hand to his head: he was shot. No; he merely plucked out a lock of hair which had been clipped close by Kalfa's ball, and threw it away.

Achmet rushed to him. "Sir, effendi, monsieur, let me make service for you with the sheik."

"Can do my own talking," answered Mr Spink in his usual voice.

Kalfa now lightly slipped from his saddle; a knife glittered in his hand, murder in his eye. He crouched to spring upon his victim. A moment only he paused, and hissed out some swift words; in the next, Achmet held him back by the throat, and wildly screamed to Mr Spink: "He say you have put evil-eye on his dagger, and he sell it. You put evil-eye on his horse—his Shaytan—the best mare in Egypt. He kill you, but he still no sell his horse."

For response, Mr Spink dismounted, threw on the ground the old hen-coop which he had wrenched from the Bedouin woman, smashed it with his heel, and hauled out a struggling mass of black feathers. This he held toward the savage Kalfa, who still clutched the uplifted knife, and Mr Spink asked him, cheerfully, "How much?"

The sheik's face changed from livid rage to confusion, from confusion to comprehension. Presently he stowed a handful of silver in his girdle, and made a deep salaam. The scattered household tumbled together again, took up the order of march, and passed on over the desert.

The Englishmen were looking on in great excitement, when who should come running across a quarter of a mile of sand but Beatrice, her face pale and her fair hair all flying loose.

"Oh," she sobbed, "how dreadful to risk your life in trying to buy a horse for me!"

"Horse for you? Nonsense!" said Mr Spink. "Didn't want horse—wanted this;" and as he held up the bunch of black feathers, it reared a scarlet crest and croaked, "Gobble, gobble, gobble."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" panted Beatrice, and from the fright and exertion she dropped in a dead faint. Mr Spink carried her back to camp in his arms.

That wretched fowl was duly cooked for our Thanksgiving dinner, and very tough it proved; but not one of those three men was inclined to ridicule Mr Spink or to treat him with anything but respect.

"Jove!" said the colonel, "I never saw such coolness in all my life. I'd give a hundred pounds for that lock of hair that was shot off."

Before a second sunset we had broken up the camp and made for Cairo, where there were letters from old Mr Percy ordering the young people to meet the yacht at Alexandria very soon. There was a letter, too, from my father, with information that I was to go to school in Paris, whither I must be dispatched by the next obliging traveller.

Whenever we met the two girls, Miss Isherwood would sweep by contemptuously, but Beatrice would always linger to talk with Mr Spink. One day I overheard the conversation, and became wretchedly jealous and moody.

"Did you think over what I said?" he asked.

"Oh yes," she faltered, "but Chancepummaker is such an objection."

"Don't ask my wife to live in Maine," he answered. "Let her live in London, Paris—anywhere she likes. Settle million dollars on her."

"I really believe you wouldn't be an unkind husband," said Beatrice, "and I never thought it fair for my brother to chaff you so."

"Never mind chaff. Want my wife," responded Mr Spink.

"And you're not afraid to undertake her?" she asked, archly.

"Not a bit. Loveliest woman in the world."

"Hush!" Beatrice whispered; "here comes the colonel. He's jealous of these meetings. By-by. *Don't forget the 10th.*"

When, a few days later, I was sent off to Paris, my desperate passion took the shape of a farewell letter to Beatrice; but after crying all night, I tore it up, and slunk away without the courage to even say good-by.

I had been for several weeks struggling in a French school to talk, study, and fight in a new tongue, when there arrived a missive bearing the London postmark. Beatrice Percy was to be married on the 10th of January to—Mr Spink? No; to Colonel Carnegie, of H.M.'s Forty-ninth.

Six months more, and one afternoon, when a teacher had taken me for a walk in the Bois de Boulogne, I stood watching the carriages filled with beauty and fashion as they went rolling by. Leaning against a railing not far from me I spied a familiar figure—a man in a shabby gray travelling suit. He bowed to a beautiful woman who slowly drove past in a magnificent equipage.

"Hello, Mr Spink!" said I.

"Hello, Teddy!" he answered, looking still after the carriage.

"Why, I know that lady," I exclaimed, staring after her too. "She's Miss Constance Isherwood."

"No, she isn't, Ted. She's my wife, Mrs. Amos L. Spink. Threw over Percy and Wyndham both for me. Married her three months ago."

"And," I stammered, "you weren't in love with Beatrice, after all?"

"Not a bit. Nice little thing. Good natured. Talked me up to Constance. Had to send my offer through her. Constance wouldn't speak to me. Beatrice was engaged to Carnegie."

"But," I blurted out, with a boy's brutal frankness, "Miss Isherwood said you were a fool."

"Yes, oh yes," Mr Spink assented, cheerfully. "Never did care copper cent for anything may to get. Hard bargain for Constance. 'How much?' said I—'One million?' 'Two millions,' said she. All right. Settled two on her. Handsomest woman in Paris. Like to see her driving out. Good-by, Ted."

I once heard that Mr Spink was otherwise than contented in his married life. He travels as usual. Mrs. Spink lives in Paris, and spends money.

FANNY FOSTER CLARK.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

A FAIR white marble column, the loftiest of all the creations of men, has slowly arisen, during the past few years, to the memory of WASHINGTON. It is situated near the Potomac, in the midst of the groves and gardens of our beautiful national capital, not far from the President's House. It is now nearly completed. In a few months the last stone will be placed on the wonderful pillar, and it will be dedicated with imposing ceremonies on the next anniversary of WASHINGTON'S birthday. In height it will exceed the pyramid of Cheops by nearly a hundred feet, the tall of St. Peter's by almost as much. The famous London monument by Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN is a little more than one-third its height; the cupola of St. Paul's would seem almost a dwarf at its side. Our accomplished builder has made an excursion into the regions of the air quite unparalleled, and seems to rise easily with his great theme above all the labors of the past.

Yet it is a curious trait, showing the close connection between the early and the later discoveries of science, that the Washington Monument is built almost with the exact proportions of an Egyptian obelisk. This was found to be the best guide for the construction of so tall a pillar. The monument is ten times as high as it is broad at its base. It will be 555 feet high. It is an enlarged obelisk, a copy of the solitary shaft that still points out the deserted site of Heliopolis, or the ruddy pillars that adorn the Central Park and nearly all the great capitals of Europe—exiles of Egypt. But our American column will add to its attractions many conveniences unknown to the ancient or even modern builders. WREN'S monument, or Trajan's Column at Rome, could only be ascended by a weary flight of steps. In WASHINGTON'S the visitor will be seized upon by the genius of steam, and raised in a few moments in a comfortable elevator almost to the copper apex at its top. It is white marble on the outside, granite within. Iron columns rising to the top support the elevator. The foundation is so solid, the proportions so just, that the tall pillar shows scarcely a deflection from the line of strictest rectitude.

Globes of electric light will adorn the interior. There will be no darkness in the shaft. The copper point at the top conducts the lightning to the ground. It will never be struck like the statue of Jupiter on the Roman Capitol. The electric experiments of FRANKLIN will be remembered by every visitor. No one can examine this remarkable column without feeling that a new advance has been made in architecture, and the various devices used in its construction show the triumph of modern skill. Why should we not have towers so tall? Why abandon the upper regions of the air and cling so closely to the tainted earth? Before the visitor to the Washington Monument will open a prospect as fair as any the eye of man has rested on. He will look down upon a land of freedom. The scene is crowned with historical memories—some sad, some full of hope and joy. Before him flows the broad Potomac; not far away is Mount Vernon. Beneath him are battle-fields and scenes of bitter struggle in the past, and now the quiet city, hid in groves and gardens, sleeping in the shades of perpetual peace.

It is a hundred years since WASHINGTON, victorious yet sad, sick, impoverished, and almost desponding, had returned to Mount Vernon, hoping to find rest. But for him there was to be no repose. He was drawn at once into that violent political contest that followed the cessation of the war. He led the party of union. His mental labors were ceaseless and excessive; he grew old early. But he was successful. The disturbed and disordered country rose to prosperity and peace. Its enemies, who had foretold its utter ruin, were amazed at its progress. The Union sprang up fair and shapely from the builder's hand, and it was chiefly by the influence of WASHINGTON'S spotless name and ceaseless toil that the nation became one. It is this period in his life that the new monument will most fitly commemorate. It was then that he became more than ever the author of modern freedom.

This lofty and magnificent column will attract for generations the reverent curiosity of freemen. They will come from every part of the world to visit the city, the monument, and the grave of WASHINGTON. The obelisk recorded only the name of a despot and the sorrows of the people. A Trajan and a Marcus Aurelius were the masters of a nation of slaves. The legends and monuments of European kings grow stale and unprofitable. The white marble shaft at Washington recalls a name dear to all mankind.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD girl who recently appeared in Atlanta had made the journey there from St. Louis on freight trains, having travelled the whole way surreptitiously, after the manner of tramps, without payment of money, but at the cost of much bodily wear and tear and considerable tribulation of mind. She wanted to see the world, which is, however, but a chastening and depressing spectacle when looked upon from the rear bumper of a cloud-compelling freight train.

One hundred tons of Paris green are distributed yearly as food for the potato bugs of the State of Maine.

The railway up Vesuvius pays, one reason probably being that railroad construction on the volcano has not been overdone.

The Actors' Fund benefit at the Academy of Music on the afternoon of December 4 will probably eclipse any theatrical entertainment ever given in America, all the leading lights of the stage having volunteered to appear on that occasion. Among the letters received by the managers are offers from Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Edwin Booth, John Gilbert, Mr and Mrs. J. W. Florence, Lawrence Barrett, Fanny Davenport, Madame Ristori, Joseph Jefferson, and, in fact, all the leading theatrical celebrities now in this country. The management is in the hands of such well-known men as Palmer, Colville, Mallory, Henderson, Wallack, Poole, Booth, Harrigan, and Birch. Harry Miner, the president of the fund, has received the assistance of the press throughout the city, and everything points toward a grand success.

In the round of time a New York pie dealer has come to be interviewed. He began business in 1840 with a few such customers at lunch-time as Horace Greeley, P. T. Barnum, and Mr and Mrs Niblo, of Niblo's Garden. Now he makes 20,000 pies a day, using 300 barrels of flour, 6000 pounds of sugar, 840 dozens of eggs, 2640 pounds of lard, 1840 quarts of milk, 25 barrels of apples, and other fruits and filling material in proportion, every week.

Berlin is to have an umbrella loan society, with branch offices scattered all over the city. The business of lending umbrellas has always been so easily and amply performed by unassociated individuals that this enterprise seems, at the first blush, a work of supererogation; but it may be that the Berlin people have become so particularly tired of a really onerous custom that the society's establishment is demanded as an ordinary humane charity. At the same time it is a profound and curious matter when a number of persons deliberately ally themselves for the declared purpose of lending umbrellas, and put themselves about to make the borrowing of those evanescent articles more easy.

A new process for disinfecting rags supposed to be infected with the cholera contagion consists in driving into the bales a series of hollow screws, through which sulphurous air or superheated steam is forced. In experiments recently made at this port the best results were obtained with the sulphurous air. Five minutes after the screws were thrust into a bale it was found that a perfect fumigation had been accomplished, and the bale, on being torn apart, was found to have been permeated by the sulphurous fumes in every part.

The Barbadoes chicken thieves are said to be the most expert in the world. They seize a fowl from the roost, thrust its head under its wing, and whirl it around swiftly five or six times in the air, whereupon the chicken becomes stupefied, and may be put into a bag and carried off without fear that it will emit a cackle for half an hour to come.

Pomegranates have been on sale recently at the fruit stands in Boston. They were imported by a Boston firm as a venture, such fruit never having been offered to the public of the New England metropolis before. Bostonians took to them, and the venture was successful. The fruit has been on sale in New York for years.

It took only twenty-three minutes for a telegraph message to travel over 13,308 miles of wire by land and sea between Melbourne, Australia, and London.

The Prefect of Reggio, in Italy, was recently turned out of his office on the charge of having adopted eccentric and absurd measures in combating the development of the cholera. He justified himself in a letter to the newspapers, arguing that "when you have to deal with lunatics or idiots you must put yourself on a level with their intelligence," and told the following: "Somebody one night placed a couple of eggs, one black and one white, on the threshold of a house, after which he aroused the inmates to warn them that they were threatened with cholera, for, he said, the eggs were at their door. The terror of the foolish inmates communicated itself to the inhabitants of the village; the authorities were apprised of what had occurred, and met to deliberate on the situation. It was ultimately decided that the house on the steps of which the eggs were found should be surrounded by a sanitary cordon, and that being done, a man with a net at the end of a prodigiously long pole picked up the eggs, which were conveyed with extreme precaution to the cemetery, and in the presence of the authorities buried in a hole filled with quicklime." This absurd proceeding, the Prefect added, was necessary to restore confidence in the villagers.

THE CAPTURE.

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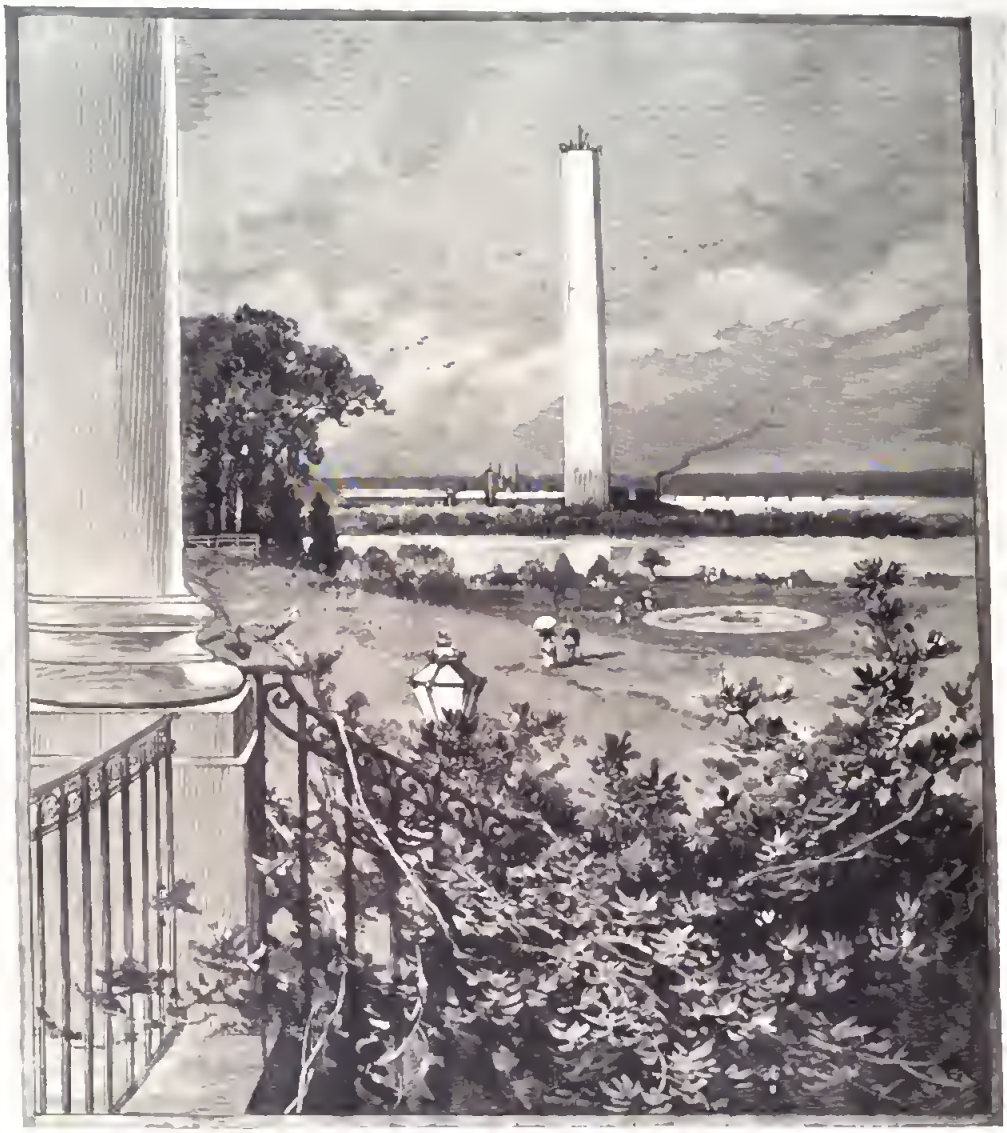
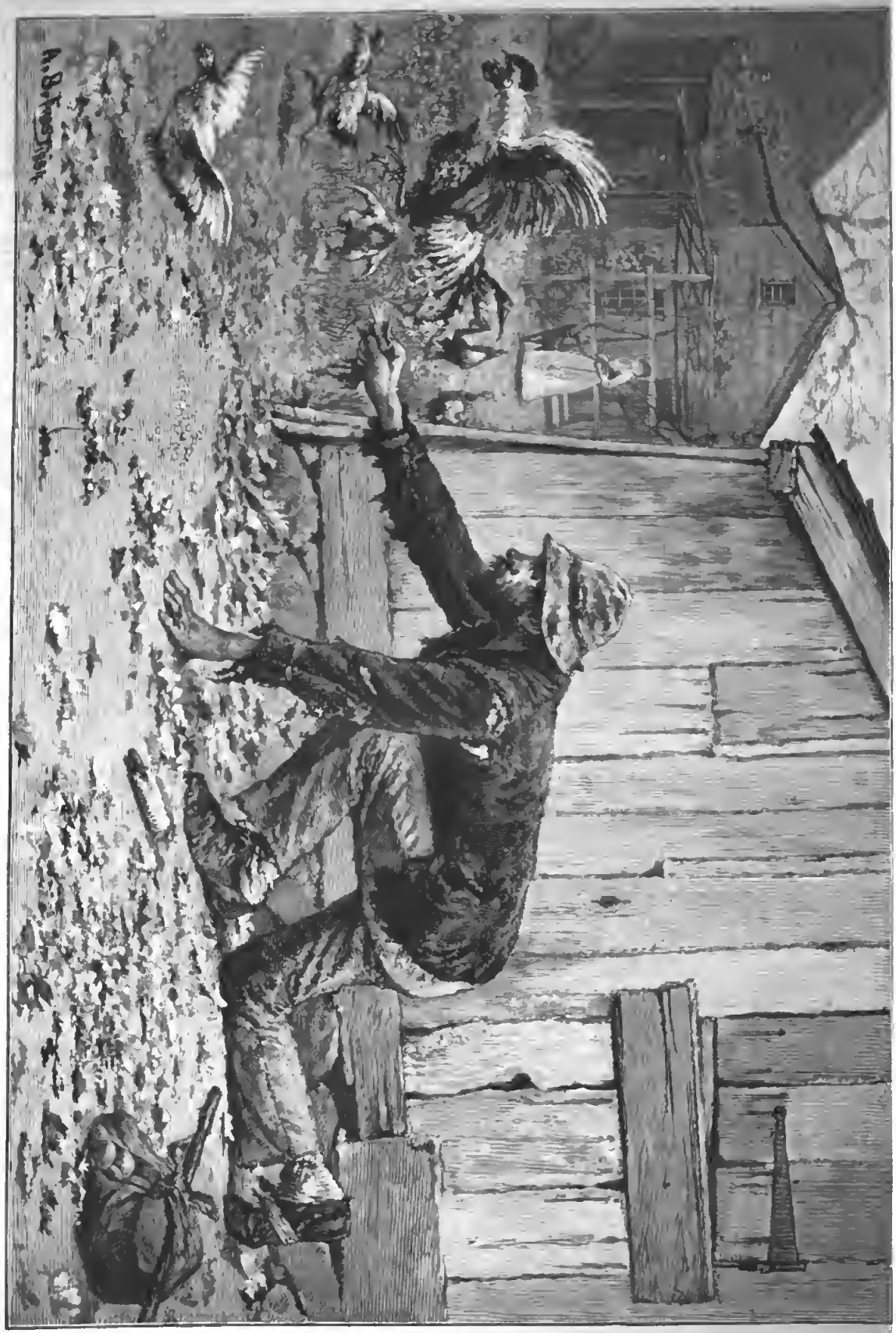


[illegible] FROM THE WHITE HOUSE.

INTERIOR.

VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE SHAFT.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 790.]



JEFF MISSED HIS THANKSGIVING DINNER.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

THE WAXING AND WANING OF GLACIERS.

M. J. VENETZ, an engineer of Canton Vaud, was the first to point out, in a work published at Zurich in 1833, that glaciers are nearly always either waxing or waning, and his conclusions have been confirmed by several subsequent observers, notably by Professor Forel, of Morges, whose investigations extend over a considerable period. The exact observation of glacial phenomena, like science itself, is quite modern; but we have abundant evidence that for ages past glaciers have increased and diminished with periodic regularity. It is on record that, toward the end of the seventeenth century, the lower Grindelwald glacier invaded pastures and swept away trees in the beautiful valley between the Jungfrau and the Faulhorn. The glaciers of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa were also, during the same period, pushing forward; for several peaks, easily crossed in the fifteenth century, had become impracticable in the eighteenth.

There exists, moreover, a map of the neighborhood of the Grimsel, drawn in 1740 by a doctor of Lucerne; and when Agassiz, in 1840, compared this map with the glaciers of the Aar, he found that they had advanced a full kilometer; that is to say, their lower extremities were that much further down the valley. Less than forty years ago the great Aletsch glacier, which of late has so woefully waned, was waxing in portentous fashion. It uprooted trees and threw down houses which had stood for generations. The times when glaciers gain ground live long in the memories of the mountaineers of the Alps. For tradition and history tell of waxing glaciers which push before them masses of snow so vast as to overwhelm villages, destroy human lives, and sweep away flocks and herds. People are still living in Switzerland who retain a vivid recollection of the terrible time, some sixty-five years ago, when the swelling glaciers thrust before them such heaps of snow and rubbish that meadows were devastated, woods cut down, dwellings buried and their inmates smothered, and goat-herds starved to death to their huts.

Another like period was that between 1608 and 1611. In Canton Glarus alone hundreds of acres of forest and meadow land were wasted by glacier and avalanche. In August, 1595, the sudden forward movement of a glacier destroyed a herd of cattle in the Val di Toere (Graubunden), burying them so deeply that their bodies were never seen again. On December 27, 1819, the village of Randa in the Valais, was destroyed by a Gletscher lawine (glacier avalanche). Almost every building the village contained was either overwhelmed and crushed or lifted bodily upward and thrown on one side. Millstones went spinning through the air like cotton balls; balks of timber were shot into a wood a mile above the village; the dead bodies of kine were found hundreds of yards from their pastures; and the church spire was sent flying into a distant meadow, like an arrow from a bow.

In 1855 began that long retrograde movement which seems only now to be approaching its term. Twenty-five years ago the two great Chamounix glaciers appeared to be in fair way for reaching the chalets that stand near the terminal moraine; and then they stopped, and have gone back ever since. The shrinking, though neither simultaneous nor equal, has been general and remarkable, and produced a decided and not altogether desirable change in the aspect of many Alpine valleys. The beautiful little Rosenlaui glacier, which twenty years ago gleamed among the dark pine woods and green pastures of the Reichenbach Valley, has utterly disappeared, leaving behind it an unsightly moraine of rocky fragments.

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DR. W. H. PARMELEE, Toledo, O., says: "I have prescribed the 'acid' in a large variety of diseases, and have been amply satisfied that it is a valuable addition to our list of medicinal agents."—[Adv.]

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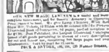

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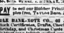

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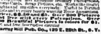
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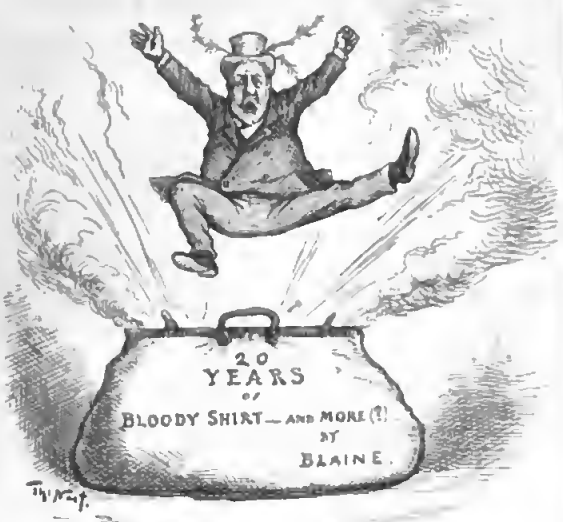

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1884

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DESTRUCTION OF FORESTS IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—DRAWN BY JULIAN RIX.—[SEE PAGE 976.]

1. Great Burned Tract on the Road to Indian Lake. 2. Ragged Mountain, near Schroon River.

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THE ELECTION AND EQUAL RIGHTS.

THE situation in the Southern States arising from the emancipation and enfranchisement of the colored race is one that presents a difficult problem. But undoubtedly it has been long the general conviction that little more can be done by means of law, and that the harmonizing and healing influence of time, with the steady pressure of sound sentiment and of the obvious interest of both races, would gradually complete the good work which, at least, is begun. It was this feeling which led to the withdrawal of the troops by a Republican Administration—an act which was denounced by many Republicans as a surrender of helpless freedmen to the fury of angry ex-slave-holders. But nobody now would seriously doubt the wisdom of the course that was pursued in 1877, nor would any intelligent man gravely allege that the colored people in the Southern States are in greater danger of ill treatment because of the election of Mr. CLEVELAND. The testimony upon this point is very general and significant. From Wisconsin a correspondent writes: "I am a young Democrat of the most pronounced abolition antecedents, and I glory in the fact that our national victory is due so much to the sentiment ... that he who serves his country most serves his party best." A New Yorker writes: "If any such dire results follow a Democratic administration as are predicted by Mr. BLAINE, especially as to the negroes, thousands of Simon Pure Democrats like myself will hereafter vote the opposition ticket." The colored chairman of the Republican Executive Committee of Georgia alleges that he and the most prominent colored Republicans in the Southern States made every effort for Mr. BLAINE. But he denies any apprehension among the colored people, and says that there is no reason that the colored vote should be solidly Republican. If the new administration be half as conservative as he anticipates, he says that it will divide the colored vote. The *Gazette* of Cairo, Illinois, an organ of the colored people, says very plainly and truly that nothing can disturb the equal citizenship of the colored Americans, and that they "are not victimized by the office-seeker who, under the guise of Republicanism, would make us believe that the wolves are in our secret chambers and about to devour our vitals."

From Michigan a Republican says: "I am a Republican, and love for that party and dislike of the Democratic party were so strong that I could not bring myself to break with the former and support the candidate of the latter, although I disapproved of the nomination of Mr. BLAINE. I find myself now, however, not only acquiescing in Mr. CLEVELAND'S election, but for several days past, as the official count progressed, actually hoping that it would not change the apparent result. I begin to realize that success under Mr. BLAINE would have been more damaging to the fair name and to the future of the Republican party than failure." A voice from Virginia says: "Now that the people of Virginia are rid of MAHONE and his followers, we hope to bring about the kindest feelings between the two races." In Louisiana, Surveyor PINCHBACK and other colored leaders who voted for Mr. BLAINE deny absolutely that there is any general apprehension among the colored citizens of the State, and anticipate a disappearance of the colored political line. This is not an unreasonable expectation. The Southern Democrats have regarded Republican ascendency as a standing menace to the Southern whites. This was a very mistaken view, but it served to hold them firmly united upon what they regarded as the chief issue, and against the colored voters who represented Republican supremacy. The change will show the colored citizens that a President of another party is perfectly friendly to them, and it will lead to the distribution of both the white and colored vote according to local and general interest and preference.

The daily papers have pointed out some misapprehensions in regard to the vote in the Southern States. In only three States are the colored people a majority, and in one of them, Louisiana, they are only a small majority. In that State the colored vote is divided, and even if the other two States, Mississippi and South Carolina, had given their electoral vote to Mr. BLAINE, he would not have been elected. In other words, the colored vote is so distributed that it could not have changed the result. If in certain communities in the Southern States the colored vote is suppressed by intimidation, it is not to that intimidation, which would not affect the general majority, that Mr. CLEVELAND owes his election. And if the national government can intervene to protect the voter beyond the existing laws, there is no reason to fear that Mr. CLEVELAND will not protect it. Congress certainly has power to defend itself, and if it can be shown that any member owes his seat either to corruption in the Northern States or to actual violence or intimidation in the Southern, he could be unseated. To any general attempt to arouse the alarm of the colored people in the Southern States, Mr. CLEVELAND'S words are the emphatic and conclusive reply. They are the words, moreover, of a man who never talks for effect, and whom everybody believes. "The whole country can be sure that the lawful power and jurisdiction of the Executive will be so exercised that the rights of all citizens, white or black, under the Constitution and the law, will be preserved and protected, and all the advantages to which they are entitled by reason of their citizenship will be secured to them.... It seems to me that our efforts ... would be aided if mischievous croakings and dark imaginings should give place to an earnest endeavor to inspire confidence, and to make universal a cheerful hope for the future."

THE PARTY BROOM.

IN his speech in Brooklyn Mr. HENDRICKS, alluding to the Independent Republicans who supported Mr. CLEVELAND, exhorted his fellow-Democrats not to drive these voters back into the ranks of their own party by any misconduct. But the way in which Mr. HENDRICKS chose to announce his views of reform in the civil service was not such as to promote this excellent purpose. His words, as reported *verbatim* in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, were these:

"Do you ask me if I am in favor of civil service reform? Of course I am. I could not be in favor of a continuation of some things that we have seen in some of the years that have passed. The people are tired of it, and they want the change. Do you desire to know from me what civil service reform I have confidence in? I am very free to say to you people to-night that I am not particularly confident of success after the school-master's examination, but I will tell you what I have confidence in, as it was in the days of ANDREW JACKSON. Let a true man come to be President of the United States, and let true men be called around him and aid him in the public service. Let these men resolve that the only test of qualification for office shall be honesty and fitness for the service, and then you have civil service reform."

This is the reform to which the politicians of both parties are devoted, but it is not that of Mr. CLEVELAND. "Reform" as it was in the days of ANDREW JACKSON in 1830, and of the Whigs in 1840, and of the Democrats again when they came in, and of the Republicans in turn, was practically a "clean sweep." The enormous growth and extension of the civil service, and the manifest danger to free institutions of a vast organized partisan body, paid out of the public treasury and bound together by the most pressing of interests—that of a livelihood—produced the movement for a reform which should both destroy the partisan character of the service and give a public instead of a personal basis to it. This movement has thus far succeeded by the hearty co-operation of intelligent men in both parties, and despite the sneering opposition of leading politicians in both parties. A Republican President, Mr. ARTHUR, and a Democratic Governor, Mr. CLEVELAND, have been its most efficient official friends. If the President's conduct in regard to it has been satisfactory, Mr. CLEVELAND'S will not be less so, for his convictions are quite as strong as those of Mr. ARTHUR. The "party" pressure will be in kind what it has always been in both parties, but less in degree, because there is a very sound general sentiment upon the subject which is of recent growth, and because the cleverer Democratic politicians see that nothing could be such poor politics as to yield to the pressure.

If Mr. HENDRICKS'S "clean sweep" policy should prevail in the civil service there would be a clean sweep of his party at the next election. This year's experience has proved conclusively that in the absence of a vast and absorbing national issue like that of slavery aggression or war, the intelligent independent sentiment of the country will determine the election, and that sentiment is unquestionably resolved that the corrupt and demoralizing partisan prostitution of the civil service shall cease. It has happily prevented the disaster of the election of an unfit candidate to the Presidency, and it has aided in electing a President whose principle in regard to the civil service is that public office is a public trust, and not that of JACKSON, which was that public place is a partisan opportunity.

A SEPARATE CITY ELECTION.

AFTER every general election the defects in the election laws and customs are fresh in the public experience, and the suggestions of reform are very forcible. But there is a speedy reaction of feeling, and the subject is dismissed until another election shows that the defects are still unremedied. Among the changes that ought to be effected is that of the time of the city election. It is an election of very great importance, but it is conducted at present by a few trading politicians, and without any knowledge whatever upon the part of the great body of the voters. This year fortunately the spirit of reform was so active that the political bargains were baffled, and a reform Mayor was elected. But this solitary fact and happy result do not affect the argument which urges the spring election.

That argument is that in the autumn the city election is overshadowed by the State or national elections, so that the opportunity of fraud and bargain is very much greater while public attention is wholly absorbed by the candidates and the canvass for the larger interest. If the city election were held separately, attention would be concentrated upon it exclusively, and the candidates and the municipal interests would be considered upon their merits. There are but two objections to this plan which have been advanced: one is that it would involve greater expense; the other, that the voters would not turn out. The expense probably would be somewhat larger, but it would be made up a dozen times over by the advantage and the economy of an intelligently selected city government; while if the number of voters were smaller, they would know what they were doing, which is not true of the larger number who vote at the larger election.

The wiser plan evidently is to arrange the election in the manner which would be most convenient for the voters, assuming them to wish to understand both what is at stake and the character of the candidates. If the vote should be smaller, it would be more intelligent: and if smaller, it would be because of the indifference and ignorance of voters who are just as ignorant at the present election, and who vote only because they happen to be at the polls. The separate city election would enable the real local issues to be plainly presented and the local candidates to be thoroughly discussed; and if the result should be the success of bargain and fraud, it would be no greater than it has been under the present system, while every honest and public-spirited citizen would know that he could not attribute the result to the time and methods of the election, and that he could blame nothing but the indifference of the community. The change is one that should be made by the Legislature this winter.

THE GLADSTONE-SALISBURY COMPROMISE.

THE stormy career of Mr. GLADSTONE continues. The simple controversy between Whigs and Tories which for so long a time was the substance of politics in England has now changed into a much more complicated contest. The Radicals, although there has been a body of that name for many years, now sit in the cabinet as well as in Parliament, and when 71 Radicals oppose Mr. GLADSTONE upon a vital point, and only 145 Liberals support him, and two members of the cabinet and other important Liberals leave the House and abstain from voting, the difficult situation is evident. The ground of dissatisfaction is the compromise upon the Franchise and Redistribution bills which Mr. GLADSTONE has arranged with the Marquis of Salisbury. JOHN BRIGHT vehemently condemns it, and the Radicals denounce it as a surrender.

The Lords insisted last summer that the Redistribution Bill should precede the Franchise Bill, in order that they might see what the probable party effect of the enlarged suffrage would be. But Mr. GLADSTONE

persisted in demanding the passage of the Franchise Bill. This at once aroused popular agitation against the Lords as obstructing an extension of the suffrage, and the cry to abolish the Lords followed. As such abolition would involve incalculable constitutional and social changes, it is not probable that Mr. GLADSTONE was anxious to precipitate it. The result is an agreement to adjust the redistribution as the Tories desired, to introduce a bill to that effect, and press it to a second reading whenever the Lords should practically put the Franchise Bill upon its passage. Mr. GLADSTONE has always demanded that the Franchise Bill should have precedence of the Distribution Bill, and that he has secured. The Marquis of Salisbury has always insisted that the Lords should know the provisions of the Distribution Bill before voting the Franchise, and that he has secured. The so-called "surrender" lies in the fact that Mr. GLADSTONE has receded from the party position that the Lords should pass the Franchise Bill without a Distribution Bill, and trusting to the Liberals to make a just distribution.

The arrangement, however, does not confirm the feeling, which is general, that Mr. GLADSTONE has become a mere partisan. As an experienced politician he knows, of course, that the radical sentiment of the Liberal party is its vital impulse. It represents the inevitable tendency of the party, as the Whig element represents its reactionary tendency. In withstanding it upon this measure, therefore, Mr. GLADSTONE shows more of the spirit of a statesman than of a mere partisan, who would instinctively defer to the extreme wing. Mr SMALLEY says that moderate Liberals are but moderately satisfied with the result. He also says that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN accepts it only because the Lords wanted a more radical scheme than that of the Government, to which he was committed. The report is revived that Mr. GLADSTONE will retire with a peerage upon the passage of the two bills. But that is a story which is sure periodically to appear. If the compromise should be carried out as arranged, the result would be a fresh tenure for the House of Lords, and increased prestige—of which he is in need—of the Tory leader, the Marquis of Salisbury.

THE LITTLE GAME IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT.

THE city reform bills which were passed last winter and approved by the Governor were intended, among other good results, to give the Mayor a responsibility which would enable him to free from partisan bargain and control municipal departments which are in their nature, and should be made in their management, wholly independent of politics. The Police Department is one of these, and the police administration has been long a matter of party "deals" and bargains. We do not mean to reflect upon the efficiency of the police as guardians of public order. Upon the whole, its service of this kind is generally satisfactory. It is the principle of its management which is the mischief.

The whole power of the Department could be readily turned to affect the result of elections and to influence the most important branches of administration. The evil to be remedied is akin to that in the civil service. The civil service is generally honest and efficient. But the system of patronage by which it is filled is one of the most threatening of public perils. In the same way a Police Board which is the creation of "a deal" is a standing menace to municipal interests. This is the misfortune of the late action of the Mayor. He was advised last year by the Corporation Counsel that the terms of two Republican Commissioners would expire on May 1, 1885, and May 1, 1886. He has now assumed, without advice, that they expired on May 1, 1883 and 1884, and has nominated one of them as his own successor, and a Tammany-Republican in place of the other. This action was at once ratified by the Board of Aldermen. Mr FRENCH, the Commissioner who is continued, is known exclusively as a politician, and his name was unpleasantly connected in the press with the forged telegram at the time of the FOLGER Convention in 1882. Mr. MCCLAVE, the new Commissioner, is wholly unknown, but is described as a mere agent of the Tammany-Republican "deal."

By this action of the Mayor the possibility of reform in the Police Department by the agency of Mayor GRACE is destroyed, and the purpose of the reform bill is so far baffled. It is unfortunate that the reputation for public spirit and superiority to the sordid games of City Hall politics which the Mayor had latterly acquired should be sacrificed just as he is about retiring from office. If the offices of Commissioner of Public Works and of Corporation Counsel should be filled in the same manner, the Mayor will have done all that he can to thwart the wishes of the most intelligent citizens of both parties, and will have covered with suspicion any future official promotion of himself.

WOMEN TO THE RESCUE!

THE proprietors of the various nuisances within and around the city, the slaughter-houses, and fat-rendering establishments, and garbage heaps, and the various abominations at Hunter's Point, have quietly defied the law and public protests for a long time. But the probable approach of the cholera gives unusual importance to such active promoters of pestilence, and a company of ladies, persuaded, probably, by melancholy experience that men, however well meaning, will effect no relief, presented to the District Attorney a petition signed by three hundred ladies, which he promptly laid before the Grand Jury, which cited the petitioners to appear.

Thereupon the ladies organized themselves and announced their intention of moving immediately upon the enemy's works. They have already collected a large sum of money, and will employ able counsel, and will see if something can not be done to abolish or mitigate the pests. It is disgraceful that all kinds of offal and refuse should be allowed to accumulate, as the ladies assert, until they become a putrefying mass exhaling disease and death.

There is no public service of this kind that women undertake which, so far as we know, has not been most efficiently done. Upon school boards and charity boards and sanitary boards their service has been exceedingly valuable and effective, and if they should take hold earnestly of this subject of the poisonous exhalations and filth which have so long fostered disease in the city, it would be settled satisfactorily.

THE FIGURES.

IN recently speaking of the fatal error of the late Republican nomination, we stated not only the great reduction of the GARFIELD majorities in many of the chief Republican States, but that it appeared that the Republican majority was increased only in Colorado and Maine. "A Republican who favors honest government and who voted for BLAINE" reminds us that the 81,000 majority in Pennsylvania, and the result in California and Oregon, were at least worthy of mention. The statement was, of course, an oversight, and we shall be very glad if this correction serves to console our correspondent in view of the significant figures from the Republican States, which, with the result, certainly justify our assertion that the nomination was fatally unwise, as any Republican nomination must always be which is opposed upon the grounds of the opposition to the BLAINE nomination.

HOW IT STRIKES A UNION SOLDIER

AN old Union soldier in Missouri writes of Mr. BLAINE's recent speech at Augusta:

"For a man in his position it is certainly the most incendiary, blood-heating, business-hurting document that has come from any man's lips or pen since the war of the rebellion, considering all the circumstances at present surrounding the nation.

"It is calculated—coldly, SOCIALLY calculated—to cause trouble, socially, politically, and commercially, and as a law-abiding citizen, and one of the old Union soldiers, I sincerely deplore that he had strength enough in his tongue to utter such hurtful words. Sore over his honorable defeat, he seeks a pretext for keeping himself before the public at the expense of the public's blood and treasure; seeks to arouse the negro element to destroy the property and lives of the white men of the South, that they may thus be removed from his path to the White House four years hence."

BRUTAL PLEASURE.

A TRAGICAL incident is reported from Valencia, in Spain. "The American acrobat Miss LEONA DARE" was hanging from the roof of a theatre by her feet, holding in her teeth the ropes of a trapeze bar on which M. GEORGE was performing, and, seized with "a nervous fear," she dropped the trapeze with M. GEORGE, who fell to the floor, and was fatally injured. The audience arose in a panic and rushed for the doors, many persons being crushed, while Miss DARE clung screaming to the roof.

If the law prevents the abuse of animals and of children, why should it not prohibit such "entertainments"? Amusements must be licensed, and a license should be refused to an "amusement" which consists in evident risk to human life and limb. There are plenty of such exhibitions in this country, and the victimization of children by them has been forbidden. It is no reason for permitting Miss LEONA DARE to hang upside down and hold M. GEORGE in her teeth fifty feet up in the air that he agrees to it. If he chooses to trust his neck to Miss LEONA DARE's teeth in private, it is his own affair. But when he asks the law to permit him to do it in public as a means of making money, it is the affair of the public, and the public should forbid it as it forbids prize-fights and other imbruting spectacles.

It is the old taste which delighted in the prize-ring and the pounding of a man's face into a bloody jelly which takes pleasure in these performances, and it is a taste which is not to be fostered, but repressed, not alone in consideration of the performer, but of the public. It should be forbidden like a public hanging, and for the same reasons.

A WISE GIFT.

MR. W. H. VANDERBILT's gift of five hundred thousand dollars to the College of Physicians and Surgeons adds another to the long list of generous contributions by rich Americans to the cause of education. The gift of Mr. VANDERBILT is singularly timely and judicious, and it is happily free from any of the conditions which often seriously impair the practical value of such generosity. Two hundred thousand dollars of the sum Mr. VANDERBILT has expended for a tract of land, containing twenty-nine lots, upon Tenth Avenue, extending from Fifty-ninth to Sixtieth Street, opposite the Roosevelt Hospital—an admirable site for such buildings as the college may wish to erect.

The other three hundred thousand dollars are given in cash as the basis of a building fund, and the college, which has been long cramped in its present inadequate quarters, has already begun to make arrangements for such accommodations as it desires. The peculiar and permanent value of the gift is well stated in one of the resolutions of the faculty acknowledging the generosity of the donor:

"*Resolved*, That the great usefulness of this benefaction to the college lies in the power now given to provide for that improved teaching by demonstration, rather than by precept merely, which is of the essence of modern scientific education, and also to provide for the advancement of medical knowledge by research in a way impossible here before."

The trustees, the Alumni Association, and the students have all joined in the expression of thanks for the great benefaction to the cause of medical education, which the trustees declare to be unexampled upon the part of a private individual.

The faculty also rejoices that the gift enables the college to reach at once an end which is usually sought and attained only through long agitation or from royal bounty. The public is interested in it not only as it is concerned in greater facilities for scientific education, but as it illustrates that wise use of wealth which is now becoming so public an expectation that if great fortunes are disposed of even by will without public benefactions there are apt to be comment and surprise. There is an amusing picture in the Drawer of the December HARPER which represents a "disgusted American tourist" in a French café saying to a French friend, "Well, you've got your pictures and your churches and your boulevards, but where's your oysters? where's your clam chowder? where's your turtle soup?" and he might add, where's your princely private gifts to the public?

PERSONAL.

ISMAIL Pasha, who five years ago was ruler in Egypt, has been drinking the waters of Marienbad. He is not so rich as he is reported to be, and not half so influential over the Continental press. His heart still dwells on the Nile, and his friends recall what Lord DUFFERIN once wrote of him, "It can not, after all, be denied that whatever may have been his faults, ISMAIL has managed to leave the impress of his name on all the great improvements which have been effected in Egypt."

—Professor HUXLEY's daughter RACHEL was married in a dress of cream satin, with long square train, a tight-fitting bodice, and a flounce of Mechlin lace over the petticoat. A spray of myrtle and jasmine rested on her left shoulder. Her five bridesmaids wore highly æsthetic costumes of sage green velvet and satin merveilleux, the bodices of which opened in front and showed satin waistcoats. Chrysanthemums adorned their left shoulders.

—Of the late HENRY FAWCETT, the blind Postmaster-General of Great Britain, a personal friend writes: "I never met with a public man who had a larger fund of what might be called heroic hopefulness. No doubt his superb animal spirits stood him in great stead, even as regarded his moods of mind and his judgment of things. It was curious to observe that he always spoke of himself as a 'seeing' people. 'I have not seen you for some time,' he would say to a friend. I have often heard him say to men in the House of Commons, 'I am sorry to see that you are not looking well this season.' Some one, of course, had told Mr FAWCETT that some particular member of the House of Commons was not looking well, and Mr FAWCETT's quick sympathy and kindly memory made the fact an evident reality for him. He saw keenly 'with that inner eye which no calamity could darken.'"

—General SHERMAN to the Cattle Convention at St Louis: "I myself have see the cow-boys of Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas, and can say that they are a brave lot of fellows, a little wild perhaps [laughter], but on the whole with the impulses of a generous and manly nature. I wish one and all of you health, happiness, and prosperity."

—Miss CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG has nothing but generous praise for Miss EMMA NEVADA. She first heard the young prima donna in Leghorn, four years ago, and "was charmed. There is a charm in her voice which few singers have. I can not say too much of her, and I wish her every possible success in her own country."

—A statue commemorative of the landing of the Pilgrims has been ordered by the New England Society of this city, and will be unveiled in the Central Park on the 22d of December next. Mr. J. Q. A. WARD is the sculptor, and this will be at least the third statue bearing his name in the Central Park. His "Indian Hunter" and "Seventh Regiment Monument" have been there for some years. Mr WARD has made his reputation entirely by public work of this order. His new studio is colossal in proportions. He could model a likeness of BARNUM's Jumbo in it with the greatest ease.

—FREDERICK ARCHER, the celebrated English jockey, now on a visit to this country, is twenty-eight years old, slim, short, of quiet and indifferent demeanor, and dressed in black. He has mounted more horses than any other Englishman, and has won the Derby three times and the St Leger four times. His father also was a jockey. He says that Mr PIERRE LORILLARD's Iroquois is "the noblest animal I ever mounted, kind, gentle, and winning. When I won the Derby with Iroquois, Mr. LORILLARD gave me $5000, which was quite unusual."

—While Miss ELLEN TERRY was showing us perhaps the most nearly perfect impersonations of Beatrice, Portia, and Viola at the Star Theatre that this country has seen, her first husband, Mr WATTS, was exhibiting at the Metropolitan Museum perhaps the most nearly perfect portraitures in oil that modern art has produced.

—A MS. letter of DANIEL WEBSTER to the late Hon. GEORGE KENT, of New Hampshire, has recently been found at Concord, in that State. The expounder of the Constitution writes: "I avail myself of this opportunity, my dear sir, to renew the expression of that regard which I have entertained for yourself and your family for so many years. Your excellent father was one of the first to bring me into notice before the people of New Hampshire, and a kind and attached friend to the hour of his death. His house was one of the first in all the neighborhood in which I met intelligent and cultivated society, and that house was always adorned, enlivened, and made most agreeable to all its guests by your admirable mother. I assure you, my dear sir, that these recollections give me great pleasure."

—Phalanxes of torch-bearers, a platoon of mounted police, hundreds of citizens walking beside a close carriage drawn by six white horses, abundance of sky-rockets and Bengal-lights, and a calcium-light behind illuminating the novel scene, were features of the grand escort of Madame PATTI from the Academy of Music to her hotel, November 26, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of her first appearance on the operatic stage. She looks as young as she did twenty years ago, and her voice is still incomparable.

—The late Mrs. GORDON W. BURNHAM was one of the principal benefactors of the Hahnemann Hospital, and the first anniversary of her death was celebrated recently at the institution. One of the rooms was dedicated to her memory, and in its wall was placed a bronze medallion bearing her name. A large number of her friends were present at the services, which were conducted by the Rev. Dr MORGAN, of St. Thomas's Church.

—Mr W. HAMILTON GIBSON has not only acquired international fame from his books, but has built and furnished a handsome city house out of the profits.

—President-elect CLEVELAND: "I intend to surround myself with the best and broadest minds in the party, and then bend all my energies toward making an administration that shall at least assure every element that a transfer of executive control from one party to another does not mean any serious disturbance of existing conditions."

—There was a peculiar fitness in celebrating the SEABURY centennial in the time-honored village of Hempstead, Long Island, in view of the fact that there the Bishop's father, prior to the Revolutionary war—from 1743 to 1764—was rector of St George's parish, that the Bishop himself passed his boyhood there, and that many of the descendants of the SEABURY family are still living in the old place. On the occasion of the celebration the chancel was tastefully decorated with flowers, and the altar, pulpit, and lectern were covered with white lace heavily embroidered and fringed with bullion. Three very interesting relics of the early church were displayed, gifts from Queen ANNE—one a prayer-book printed in the year 1700, and used by Bishop SEABURY and the rectors of that day, and the others a silver cup and paten presented to the church in 1710.

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FIRST NATIONAL CONVENTION OF CATTLE-MEN AT ST. LOUIS.—DRAWN BY H. F. FARNY.—[SEE PAGE 805.]

1. The Convention in Session. 2. Parade of the "Mackerel" Guards. 3. Souvenir Medal presented by the Citizens to the Delegates. 4. School Children presenting a Drum to the Cow-boy Band (Amateur).

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MISS NEVADA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 801.]

ROBERT GARRETT, PRESIDENT OF THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY DANIEL BANDANE.—[SEE PAGE 808.]

"AS ELLISTON TURNED TO CONFRONT THE NEW-COMER, HE RECEIVED A STRAIGHT LEFT-HANDER IN THE CHEST."—[SEE SERIAL "FROM POST TO PYRIM," PAGE 808.]

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FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Breezie Langton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLI.

DOLLIE TURNS SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

York had made the confederates take counsel as to how its disasters were to be retrieved. Elliston in particular had been a very heavy loser, dropping, indeed, a considerable portion of the winnings of the year. He was always a rather dashing bettor when in funds, and in his impatience to increase his capital had conducted his speculations on a more extensive scale than usual. He was, moreover, by no means so impassive in the hour of defeat as his more cautious partner, who usually bore victory or reverse with stoical indifference. It may be that he was conscious of a second string to his bow, and felt that when he had failed to get the better of the book makers, his clients, at all events, were not likely to escape with their quill feathers.

Elliston was of that type of man unbearable in either fortune. Exultant, hectoring, and blustering when in luck; morose, cynical, and sarcastic when the capricious goddess abandoned him. He was further embittered by another message he received from Mr. Watson, that though in consideration of his reverses at York social pressure would not be immediately brought to bear upon him, yet unless he made arrangements to pay two thousand in liquidation of those bills, the story of the transaction would be made public, and a hint was thrown out that he was at all events the owner of some valuable horses, which might be realized.

"That old brute Whitby is pulling the strings, of course, Sam. He must do his worst. I've not the money to spare at present," snarled Elliston, when Pearson delivered his message.

"Yes, and when you have got hold of a couple of thousand pounds I recommend you to come to terms. Whitby's a dangerous man for a turtle to quarrel with, and carries too many guns for you or me."

"Nonsense! Don't bother any more about the bills. You had far more of poor Alister's money, if the truth was told, than I had."

"That's got nothing to do with it. What I received was in the way of business. However, the bills are your affair, not mine, and you know best what the consequences will be to you if the story comes out. I should call it awkward if it threatened me, and should imagine it are worse for you," rejoined the attorney.

"At all events, it ain't pressing just now, and if our present luck lasts, I bid fair to be tolerably indifferent to public opinion before the year's out," replied Elliston.

The scene of the above conversation was that very room at the Salutation at Doncaster in which it had been decided to win the Leger two years before with Phaeton, if possible. Elliston had won and lost a good deal of money since then, but probably was at the present moment very little richer than before that great *coup*. Money made by gambling is ever shifting as a quicksand, pouring from one pocket into another with feverish haste, as if bitten by the restlessness of those who win and lose it. After studying a sheet of paper intently for some minutes, Elliston exclaimed, petulantly,

"Except one confounded fluke, I can't see anything to beat Caterham in either handicap."

"No," returned Pearson, who was occupied in a similar study of the weights for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. "Seven stone twelve on a five-year-old that was good enough to win the Two Thousand to three, can't be called excessive."

"No; and they've given him five pound less in the long race, which shows that they think as we do that he's better to one mile than two. We must go over to Riddleton and have a talk with Greyson, and if we only find the horse going on as well as he was the last time I was there, we'll slip him for the Cambridgeshire."

"Yes," said Pearson, "he ought to have a great chance; but here's another Two Thousand winner at the same weight. 'Mr. Greyson's Dancing Master, four year-old, seven twelve.'"

"Bah! a brute with a temper like that it don't much matter how little they put upon his back; besides, we can always give Greyson orders not to run him," rejoined Elliston. "So Marmaduke's done with him, you know."

"True; his temper's quite gone, I fancy. Still, he's always just the beggar to upset calculations. There ought to be a law prohibiting the running of such horses as him, for the protection of owners and backers. However, I don't suppose Greyson has any serious intention of starting him."

"No; however, I shall veto that if he has. We'll go over to Riddleton on Monday, and have a confab with him about it, and then trust me to slowly work the commission. We ought to take thirty thousand out of the Ring easily over this."

"Providing it comes off; but remember we're not the only people who have laid themselves out for the same little game," rejoined cautious Sam Pearson. "There's a good many just as sanguine as ourselves, and with cards up their sleeve that we know nothing about."

Still, the more the confederates talked over the thing the firmer they became in their conviction that they had a very big chance of winning the Cambridgeshire, and before their conference broke up it had been decided between them that unless Greyson showed good cause why they should not run Caterham for that race, run they would, and give the Ring reason to remember it if it came off.

But, as Pearson had suggested, there were many inquisitive eyes scanning that mystical problem, the weights for the Autumn Handicaps, and it was with a grin of intense satisfaction that Elliston noted, ere the Doncaster Meeting terminated, a strong disposition on the part of the public to back Caterham for the Cesarewitch.

"We'll let 'em burn their fingers pretty badly over that, Sam," said that astute and unscrupulous tactician, "and then they'll leave chestnuts of ours alone for the future, and let us take 'em out of the fire for ourselves."

Betting, in the days of our story, commenced on the two great Autumn Handicaps at Newmarket considerably earlier than it does at present, and two people noted with no little interest that the Dancing Master was ever and again backed at long shots for the Cambridgeshire. Those two were Mr. Greyson and his daughter. The trainer had no conception who it was that kept snapping an odd thousand to twenty or thousand to thirty about the horse, but he sent him assiduously along in his work on the speculation that, whoever it might be, he would be sure to have a start for his money at all events, if only for hedging purposes. He did not in the least imagine it was the public. An uncertain tempered brute like the Dancing Master was not at all the kind of animal that commends itself to the noble army of backers. Mr. Bill Greyson thought it much more likely that a syndicate of book makers had plotted to make a good thing out of the horse by working him in the betting market like any other "corner" on the Stock Exchange, and in that case they would sooner or later inevitably have to make terms with him. He did not in the least believe that money was to be won by backing the gray, but he did think that he was the sort of horse that men skillful in the manipulation of the betting market might frighten the public into rushing on at the last. He confided none of these imaginings to either his wife or daughter, but adhered faithfully to a pet maxim of his own, for which Bill Greyson had often been laughed at by his brother craft-masters: "Say nothing, but send 'em along."

Dollie, on the contrary, watched the Cambridgeshire betting with the keenest interest. Gerald had told her nothing further about his plans, but she felt sure that it was on his behalf that the money was being so cautiously dribbled on to the Dancing Master. Always an early riser, she resumed an old habit rather laid aside of late years—the cantering up with her father in the early morning to see the horses at their work, and her heart swelled as she saw the strong, resolute fashion in which the gray, when in the humor, galloped over his companions. She felt sure that if he liked he could, in racing parlance, make Caterham, Phaeton, and all the rest, "lie down," and she begged her father again and again to let her give the Dancing Master a gallop. Bill Greyson had seen what his daughter could do with a fractious colt many a time. There wasn't a lad about the place who didn't look upon Miss Dollie as a wonder in the saddle, while as for Joe Butters, he firmly believed Miss Dollie could do more with a bad tempered colt than any jockey at Newmarket; but the trainer was not to be cajoled. He regarded the Dancing Master as really about the worst-tempered horse it had ever been his ill luck to deal with, and he had no idea of permitting his only child to risk her bones on the back of the notorious brute.

But it so chanced business called Mr. Greyson away for a couple of nights, and he was consequently compelled to hand over his charges to the superintendence of Joe Butters, his very steady and capable lieutenant, and now came Dollie's opportunity. From her childhood she had domineered over Butters, who simply regarded her as a phenomenon. He thought there was nobody like her, that there was nothing she couldn't do if she tried, but he did rather demur when she told him the day after her father's departure that she would give the Dancer his gallop that morning. It was not for one moment that he doubted her ability to do so; if a horse could be ridden at all, of course Miss Dollie could ride it; but he had a shrewd idea that old Greyson had forbidden this thing, and he knew that the stern old trainer was little likely to overlook any infraction of orders. Butters was too rigid a disciplinarian to dream of deviating from ordinary routine or the few commands left for his guidance, but Greyson had never thought it worth while to place a prohibition upon his daughter's whims.

Joe, in short, was taken desperately aback at Dollie's request, and at last parried it with, "Oh, I say, Miss Dollie, you know he don't allow any one not duly insured to get upon that horse. Bless you, miss, we keep him chiefly to work off the useless stable-boys with. If you notice, there's one missing every now and then. Well, we've put him on the Dancer, and after a few minutes there's generally nothing left for us to do but to pick up the pieces and cart 'em away for Christian burial."

"Yes, Joe, I know," rejoined Dollie, with preternatural gravity, although her eyes were dancing with fun, "but what I don't know, and must and will know, is, where do you bury them?"

"It's a profound secret, and you'll never tell—promise?" replied Butters, with a conscious twinkle in his eye. "We put 'em away at the back of the furze; but you know, Miss Dollie, there'd be an awful row if we had to carry you there. No, leave the Dancer alone. We all know you can ride anything, but he isn't a lady's horse, Miss Dollie, he isn't indeed."

"Don't be a fool, Joe. You've seen me ride a good many that the veriest horse-coper out would hesitate to describe as that. Tell them to bring the Dancer up here at once, and shift my saddle."

"What a horse-coper would say, or what a wilful woman will do," thought Mr. Butters, "are a couple of equivalent conundrums a deal beyond me, but there's one thing I can swear to, and that is, giving Miss Dollie her own way is only a matter of time as far as I am concerned. They most on 'em gets round me, but she— Here, bring the Dancer up here; slip off, Matthews, and shift these saddles. Miss Dollie is going to give him a gallop this morning. If she can't make him go, we may turn him up. It's not likely any of you can."

The Dancing Master eyed Dollie's short gray habit with undoubted distrust, and active as the girl was, and clever as Butters and his myrmidons were in the handling of thorough-breds, it was some little trouble to place her on his back; but Dollie had unbounded pluck, and muttering between her white little teeth, "Gerald rode the horse for my sake, and I'll do as much for him," she promptly responded to Butters's "Now, Miss Dollie," and taking advantage of a slight lull in the gray's vagaries, was dropped into the saddle light as a bird. For a moment the Dancer seemed stupefied by her audacity, a precious moment promptly utilized by the girl in settling herself in her seat, and then, as if in answer to her cheery "Let his head go," the horse gave two tremendous plunges, and shook his head angrily. But Dollie remained immovable; her hands just played upon the bit lightly as they might have done upon a piano, while she spoke to the offender in soothing tones of expostulation. The gray seemed to consider the case, shook his head once more angrily, gave a vicious lash out that would have been bad for any one within reach, and then jumped off up the gallop at a rattling pace. Infirmities of temper the horse had, no doubt, but he was not cursed with that equine vice, "a hard mouth"; and if Dollie's hands were light, they had little wrists strong as steel behind them. Before they had gone half a mile she felt that she had the Dancer well under control; and then the girl, with flushed face and sparkling eyes, took a steady pull at him, and sent him soberly along at three-quarter speed, talking to and encouraging him all the while; and when in the last quarter of a mile she shook him up and finished at racing speed, the horse responded to her call, and ran home strong as a lion.

A perfect ovation from Butters and the stable-boys met Dollie as she pulled up. They had hold of the Dancer's head, and Butters jumped the girl off his back quick as possible.

"That's the best gallop he's done since we got him back from Newmarket, Miss Dollie!" exclaimed that worthy, inexpressibly relieved to find that no harm had come of the girl's freak. "I never saw him go better."

"Go better, Joe! he's the sweetest galloper I was ever on. Smooth and easy as an express train; and what a stride! I don't believe we ever had such a horse at Riddleton before. Temper? he's not a bad-tempered one. I'll tell you the secret of the Dancer: he has a very delicate mouth. In any other hands but mine that bit and bridoon would madden him. I'll ride him his gallops in future. Don't look frightened, Joe; but tell some one to bring up my hack. I'll make it all right with my father to-night."

And then Dollie rode home to breakfast with a strong conviction that she had done a good morning's work, and had something to tell her lover worth his knowing, if it was for him that the Dancer was so quietly but persistently backed for the Cambridgeshire.

The girl had every reason to be pleased with her prospects. She had staid on in York for a fortnight or so after Gerald had left it, and during that time seen a great deal of her future mother and sister in law, and to her great delight had got on wonderfully well with them. She owed this in some measure to herself; but she was quite aware that she was also indebted considerably to the fearless, outspoken Rector of St. Margaret's. John Thorndyke had been much taken with the girl. That he should study closely one about to be nearly connected with himself was only natural, and he was much pleased not only to find her so well educated and lady-like, but to discover that she possessed a large fund of practical common-sense besides. Thorndyke stood up for the girl; he argued that Gerald might have done much worse; that we were fast merging into a democracy, and that the distinctions of rank would soon be things of the past. That she was a good, sensible, lady-like young woman, and would probably be an excellent wife to Gerald; and "that," added the Rector, "counts for much in a man's career."

That John Thorndyke's opinions were likely to carry much weight in St. Leonard's Place we know well, and the consequence was, both Mrs. Rockingham and Ellen viewed the girl, so to speak, through John Thorndyke's spectacles, and made much of Dollie accordingly.

"Let us only win this big stake over the Cambridgeshire, and, my Gerald dear, I'll have the Dancer completely sobered down before you want him," said Dollie to herself; "and save Cranley. No, I'm afraid we can't do that—it's gone—but your people will welcome me cordially amongst them all the same," and with these somewhat incoherent reflections Dollie finished her breakfast.

CHAPTER XLII.

STEALING A KISS.

William Greyson, when, on his return that evening he was informed by Dollie of her morning's feat, shook his head gravely, and vowed he would give Joe Butters a bit of his mind in the morning.

"Dash it!" he growled, "there's neither man, woman, nor boy I can trust about the place! The idea, you monkey, of your wanting to get on the Dancer! You knew I had forbidden it."

"Yes," said Dollie, demurely, "but you know when you tell a girl she mustn't, she always feels she must."

"Ah, well, you've done it, and, thank God, no harm's come of it. But if Joe Butters thinks I am going to stand such laxity about stable discipline as that, he's much mistaken."

"Now, father, listen to me," said Dollie. "You must not scold Butters, because I've bullied him since I was a child, and he didn't know how to say no to your daughter when she was peremptory. He was as frightened as you could have been till I was safely off the horse again. But, mind, I'm going to ride the Dancer every morning, and you'll see he'll go quiet enough with me."

The trainer was at first emphatic in his denunciation of Butters, and scoffed at the idea of ever letting his daughter get on the horse again, but after a cigar and a jorum of hot grog he promised that Butters's offending should be condoned, and as for Dollie riding the Dancing Master again—well, he would see about it.

Bill Greyson was very proud and fond of his daughter, and as a horsewoman he believed there never had been her like. He had implicit confidence in her ability to ride anything, but he had hesitated about permitting her to try her hand on such a very queer tempered brute as the Dancer. Now she had done it, and successfully too, and as he wended his way to bed the trainer turned it over in his mind, and thought there might not be much risk after all in letting the girl see to-morrow morning what she could make of him.

From this out Dollie rode the gray regularly in his morning work, and it was very singular how very much more tractable the horse became in her hands than he had hitherto been. It must not be supposed that he never showed temper; there was always trouble, for instance, about mounting. Custom did not seem to reconcile him to the habit skirt in the least, and he invariably entered an angry protest against its advent on his back. He would plunge and kick as of yore, and often require much coaxing to induce him to jump off on his gallop, but he unmistakably went much better when started than he had ever done with any one else. He rarely attempted to either bolt or stop when Dollie was sending him along, and though Greyson deemed there was still little reliance to be placed upon him on a race-course, the trainer certainly did think that the horse was improving.

The beginning of October found Cuthbert Elliston in all his glory. Every morning brought him a line from Riddleton to say that Caterham could not be doing better, and there was every hope he would be as fit as hands could make him by the end of the month. The betting on the great handicaps was now getting heavy, and Elliston had already succeeded in backing his horse to win a very considerable stake. The public had left him the market very much to himself. Riddleton had the reputation amongst backers of being a very dangerous stable to meddle with, and though in the first instance they had nibbled a little at Caterham for the Cesarewitch, it was not long before it oozed out that his owner had not got a shilling on him for that race, and that his starting was very doubtful. Then the public, disgusted at the apparently certain loss of their investments, vowed they would have no more of Mr. Elliston's horses, and hoped devoutly he might never win another race. The sporting public is a little apt to talk in that wise when it has burned its fingers, but it soon forgets, and before long again follows the will-o'-the-wisp that has deceived it already.

It was just at this time, when Cuthbert Elliston was positively revelling in "the possibility of the potentiality of riches," once more dreaming of having broken the Ring—that oft-recurring dream which never is realized—that he received a curt epistle from his partner which a little disconcerted him.

"Caterham is going like great guns," it said, "and on paper there's nothing to beat him, and, what is more, I feel sure that when we put him alongside our trying tackle he will quite confirm that opinion. I saw him last week, and he has never looked so well since he won the Two Thousand. But who's backing the Dancing Master? Somebody undoubtedly keeps dribbling money on him if the Tattersall quotations can be trusted. Old Bill swears he knows nothing about it, for I asked him. However, the horse looks wonderfully well, and does his work, I am told, by himself. He is in the sale list, and Greyson has no intention, I believe, of even sending him to Newmarket; still, as I asked before, who is it persistently backs him?"

Elliston was not particularly put out by this letter, but he had been too long on the turf not to know that when meditating such a coup as he did, no chance that could be conceived was unworthy of consideration. He thought it would be as well, perhaps, if he ran up to York, had a look at Caterham, and explained to Greyson that he should not sanction his starting the Dancing Master for the Cambridgeshire, but before he started it would be as well, perhaps, to ascertain whose money it was that went so frequently on the Dancing Master. Upon applying to Broughton, with whom he had had many business transactions on the subject, the great North-country book-maker replied: "I hardly know, sir. A little man named Johnson took all my book for both races before the weights were out, and he occasionally backs him again; but the horse is avowedly for sale, and, I should think, not likely to run for either, much less run straight if he does. But he's in your own stable, you know what his temper is."

"And who is this Johnson?" inquired Elliston, without paying any attention to the latter part of Broughton's speech.

"Little man in a tall hat, sir. Bets chiefly on commission for a circle of small country clients, but I never knew him have the working of a real commission. His customers deal in fives and tens mostly. He's a straightforward little man enough, and I dare say he's parcelled out his Dancing Master money again before this."

All this was quite satisfactory to Elliston. He

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1440.

never dreamt of questioning the accuracy of the information because it chimed in exactly with his own view of the case, and in one sense the great Northern book-maker had told him the truth. Johnson and one or two of Johnson's colleagues were the backers of the Dancing Master, and it was perfectly true, as Broughton had said, that Johnson had taken the whole of his book upon both races about the horse at a very early period; but what Broughton did not tell Cuthbert Elliston was that he had an idea Johnson was this time cleverly working a very well authorized commission, and that he personally had taken more than one opportunity of what is termed "getting out," that is, backing the horse against which he had previously laid. In the first place, Broughton really did not know at whose instigation Johnson was backing the Dancing Master, and, secondly, Cuthbert Elliston was a very unpopular man in the Ring. He was a hard man, who had punished them severely at times, and never given any of those whom he threatened to hit a hint to save themselves. As a rule the racing world generally rather chuckled when Cuddie Elliston was, to use their own expression, "warmed up," a feeling not at all confined to that section of the community, but prevalent amongst most little sea-side *coteries*, who rejoice exceedingly when their neighbor is rumored to have come to trouble over Egyptians or some similar popular delusion.

Mr. Elliston started for the North with a mind quite relieved as to the backers of the Dancing Master. He put it airily down to that great and long-suffering body the British public—a public accustomed to pay dearly for its insufficient entertainment, accommodation, and its pastimes generally, and a public whose bounden duty it was, in Cuthbert Elliston's eyes, to lose money for the benefit of those who kept race-horses for their amusement. He did not pull up on this occasion at York, after his wont, and stay with his partner, but passed on straight to Middleton, where he had telegraphed to Greyson to have something at the railway station to meet him. The trainer was there himself, and as they drove up to the Moor, they naturally discussed the bearings of the Cambridgeshire together.

"The horse never was better," said Greyson, as they turned into the stable-yard. "I roughed him up this morning long before I got your telegram. Not quite a regular trial, but what we call a 'Yorkshire gallop,' and if, bar accident, you don't win the Cambridgeshire, I can only say there's a clipper in the background whose measure we've not got."

"No, I think it's good enough. Of course you stand anything up to a hundred you like, taking the average of the commission," replied Elliston, "and the price is pretty good. I should like to see the horse at once," he continued, as he stepped out of the trap, "and then you shall give me some lunch."

"All right, sir," said Greyson, "and I never showed you one with more pleasure. He's about fit to run now, but I know I can make him a bit better by the Houghton week."

The trainer might well look with pride into Elliston's face as the lad stripped the sheets off Caterham. He was as fine a specimen of a thorough-bred horse as ever was stripped. A rich dark bay, standing at least sixteen one, and a rare good-looking horse.

"He does you credit, Greyson, and if we are beat it won't be your fault. We've, partly from luck and partly from our clever tactics, thoroughly blinded the handicappers; they've given Phaeton seven pounds more than Caterham, and it should be just the other way, I consider."

"Yes, sir, I should think this one could give Phaeton quite seven pounds; there was something like that between them this morning."

"It's good enough, bar accidents, and I have secured a very good jockey. Now, what about that gray of yours? Somebody's backing him, and he might be dangerous if he did take it into his head."

"Well, sir, it's no money of mine that goes on him, nor any belief of mine that he will ever win another race. He's in the sale list, and unless somebody buys him he won't even go to Newmarket."

"I needn't bother my head, then, any more about him," rejoined Elliston, "but come in and give me some lunch, now. I'm in a hurry to get back to town."

The trainer quickly led the way back to the quaint, old-fashioned dining-room on the ground-floor, with its low windows looking out on the grass-plot and the wide-spreading chestnut-tree that decked its centre. The windows were half open, letting in the scent of the creepers that covered the house, and the flowers that still lingered in the borders surrounding it, for it was one of those soft autumns which made men loath to leave their summer haunts and return to the busy hum of the cities.

Hap what may, there's never lack of provender for either man or horse about a racing establishment, and Elliston, who was rather given to the pleasures of the table, washed down an excellent meal with a flask of dry champagne, and then proceeded to aid its digestion with the help of a Cabana and some curious old brown sherry much in repute amongst the frequenters of Middleton.

"You gallop that bad-tempered horse of yours by himself, Greyson, I hear?" remarked Elliston, as he leaned back in his chair in lazy enjoyment of his cigar.

"Yes, sir; and, to tell you the truth, Dollie usually rides him."

"What! You don't mean to tell me you've put the girl on a devil like that? Begad, if anything happens to her, hanging's too good for you."

"She got on him at first without my knowledge or consent. But she can do more with him now than any boy in the stable."

At this juncture a smart servant-girl entered the room, and with a smile handing Greyson a note, intimated that the bearer was waiting.

The trainer glanced over it, and then, crushing it in his hand, said:

"I must ask you to excuse me, Mr. Elliston, a few minutes. The wife's away at York, but Dollie will give you your coffee, and tell you anything you want to know about 'the Dancer.'"

"All right. Mind I'm not late for my train," rejoined Elliston, who, having transacted his business and enjoyed his luncheon like the Sybarite he was, reflected that Dollie would be far pleasanter to talk to over his cigar than her father.

A minute or two later, and followed by a servant bearing a tray with all the apparatus of coffee, Miss Dollie entered.

"God bless my soul, what a pretty girl you have grown!" exclaimed Elliston, honestly surprised to see how the girl's beauty had ripened within the last few months. "Upon my word, my dear, we must see about finding a husband for you."

"You're very good, Mr. Elliston," replied Dollie, with a coquettish toss of her head, "but pray don't trouble yourself."

"Ah! you think you can manage that for yourself, eh?" replied Elliston, laughing.

"I don't think it will be necessary to call in assistance, at all events. Will you take sugar?"

"No, thank you. But what have you been doing to yourself, child, to make yourself so much handsomer?"

"Middleton air and morning gallops, I suppose," replied the girl; "but I flattered myself I wasn't so much amiss before."

"No more you were, Dollie," said Elliston, as he threw away the end of his cigar and rose from his chair. "You've got lovely hair, child," and as he spoke he passed his hand caressingly over it.

"Don't, please, Mr. Elliston," cried the girl, instinctively shrinking back, and glancing up at his flushed face with dismay.

"Pooh, Dollie, you little prude. I've stroked your hair many a time as a child, when it wasn't as well worth stroking as it is now, and kissed you too, my dear, when you were not quite so well worth kissing as you are now," and as he spoke Elliston suddenly passed his arm round the girl's waist, and pressed his sherry-tainted lips to hers.

Dollie gave a half-cry, and tried fiercely to thrust back the aggressor; but he was too strong for her, and holding her fast in his arms, repeated the offence, with the brutal taunt, "Bah, you little idiot, your mother would never have made so much fuss about such a trifle."

As he spoke the sash of the window was thrown quite up. A slight figure sprang through it, and as Elliston turned to confront the new-comer he received a straight left-hander in the chest that sent him back reeling.

"Oh, Gerald, Gerald, what have you done? Oh, please, please," cried Dollie, bursting into tears.

"Done!" exclaimed Gerald, in tones hoarse with passion—"done my best to knock down the biggest blackguard in England."

Elliston recovered himself with a mighty effort. His eyes gleamed with fury, and in a low, grating voice he said, "You young scoundrel; you shall pay for this," and gathering himself together, was about to rush on his antagonist.

But quick as thought Gerald passed Dollie behind him, and throwing himself into fighting attitude, coolly awaited the rush of his cousin. Despite his superior size, height, and it may be presumed strength, Elliston suddenly realized that Gerald's chastisement was not a thing to be lightly accomplished. He saw at a glance that Gerald could use his hands. Thrashing him off-hand was one thing, but a stand-up fight was rather too undignified a proceeding at his age. Mastering his rage with a mighty effort, he exclaimed, with a bitter sneer, "I congratulate you upon having so thoroughly acquired the habits of the class to which you belong, but gentlemen don't settle their differences in that fashion. Adieu, Miss Dollie. I dare say Forrest will find you by no means so coy with your kisses."

Gerald started, and was about to rush upon his cousin, but Dollie's hand upon his arm restrained him. He made no further answer than a contemptuous smile, while Elliston, after one glance to gauge the effects of his Parthian dart, stalked angrily from the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MISS NEVADA.

Some friends of BELLINI, the Italian composer, are erecting at Naples a monument in his honor. It consists of a life-size statue on a high pedestal, at each corner of which stands a figure of a prima donna who has successfully interpreted one of his leading *rôles*. Miss NEVADA will appear in the character of Amina, she having shown in several capitals of Europe how well she can impersonate the heroine of *La Sonnambula*.

On the 24th of November, in the Academy of Music in this city, Miss NEVADA made her first appearance in opera before an American audience. When three years of age she was wrapped in the Stars and Stripes and brought before a provincial assemblage that she might sing "The Star-spangled Banner." Her performance was received with enthusiasm then. But the enthusiasm was greater at her début on the 24th. For eight years she had been studying music in Austria, Italy, and France, and for the last five years had been singing the principal parts of *Mignon*, *La Sonnambula*, *Lucia*, *I Puritani*, *Rigoletto*, and *Traviata*. Although her triumphs had been heralded by the press, few New York listeners were prepared for the revelation of so much vocal and physical charms.

Her voice is a light, pure soprano, extremely sympathetic, and almost fragile in delicacy. She uses it with the ease of perfect self-command and enlightened training. Its softest tones lack the peculiar sensuous quality that distinguishes those of PATTI, but in other respects they compare with hers in sweetness. As an actress her effects are in contrast with PATTI's vivacity, dash, and sparkle; they belong to the temperament of Amina rather than to that of Rosina. She therefore occupies a place quite by herself on the musical stage, and her gentle, gracious personality dwells like a star apart. Italian opera may well recognize her. She is just now doing more to save its fortunes than any other prima donna, PATTI alone excepted.

Miss NEVADA—her real name is EMMA WIXOM—was born in Nevada City, California, not far from twenty-two years ago. Her almost constant companion is her father, Dr. WIXOM, of whom she is passionately fond. When she drives out in the afternoon he is always seen by her side. At nine o'clock every morning the prima donna goes to mass, attended by her maid. The sweetness and purity of her voice find analogies in the sweetness and purity of her character. She was the delight and pride of the best Americans abroad, and countless social welcomes await her here. She has dark hair and eyes, a petite figure, gentle manners, and a kind heart.

THE LATE BISHOP WILEY.

The Rev. ISAAC W. WILEY, D.D., a well-known and highly esteemed Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died recently at Foochow, China. He was on an episcopal tour to the Methodist missions in China and Japan, and his death was sudden and unexpected.

Bishop WILEY was a native of Lewistown, Pennsylvania, where he was born on March 29, 1825. At an early day he united with the church, and was preparing to enter the Sophomore Class of Dickinson College, when ill health compelled him to relinquish that purpose. Subsequently he began the study of medicine, and in 1846 graduated from the Medical Department of the University of the City of New York. He then settled in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, where he entered upon the practice of his profession.

At the instance of the Rev. Dr. DURBIN, the Missionary Secretary, Dr. WILEY went in 1850 as medical missionary to Foochow. There he remained four years, and on his return was stationed as pastor on Staten Island, and in Newark and Jersey City. His next important official position was the Principalship of the Pennington Seminary, which he held from 1858 to 1863. The following year he was elected by the General Conference editor of the *Ladies' Repository*, published in Cincinnati.

In 1872 he was made Bishop. His thorough knowledge of foreign Christian missions made him an authority on all questions growing out of their administration, and in 1877 he made an episcopal tour to the missions in China and Japan. On his return he published a book, entitled *China and Japan*, one of the most valuable works we have relating to those countries. Though not at any time in robust health, his industry and tenacity of purpose carried him successfully through every undertaking. He was a clear, forcible preacher, a ready platform speaker, and a conservative church officer. At the time of his death he was on his third visit to the East.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

An English traveller in South Africa says that it is no wonder that his countrymen dread the rifles of the Boers. He was hunting with a Boer lately, when the Boer fired at a buzzard flying two hundred yards away. The ball pierced the bird's body, but the buzzard continued to flap rapidly along the ground, when the Boer again fired, and this time cut the head of the buzzard clean off.

A recent case in the London Bankruptcy Court was that of a banker's clerk with a salary of £100 a year who had run up a bill of £31 for button-hole bouquets.

Instantaneous photography has gone on, wonderful stride by wonderful stride, until it has come to pass that a Dakota photographer has "taken" a tornado. The photograph, as described, "represents a black, twisting, vertical, aerial spout, at the top and bottom of which is a confused mass, cloud-like in appearance." The achievement will not seem so remarkable when it is understood that the tornado remained in sight from a given point for two hours.

Statistical comparison having been brought to bear, the announcement is now made in London that a second-rate English race-horse can beat, over an ordinary race-course, the best Arab steed that the world contains.

Philadelphia has a person who reduces red and swollen noses to proper color and shape for five dollars or twenty dollars each. Outside of Philadelphia the impression has prevailed among those who have given thought to the subject that a person of such a profession in that town would starve amid an array of noses that are, and never can deviate from being, of a proper color and shape.

An American who, following an exceedingly well known and deplorable custom of his native land, painted advertisements on the fences and walls about Paris, has been fined 200 francs for "annoying the vision of the public."

A single county in Australia has paid bounty for the destruction of 25,000 dozen sparrows' eggs. The sprightly little gray-coats multiply too fast, and this is the means the Australians take to counteract the tendency.

It has been found out by a German doctor that of a number of persons who have survived the shock of lightning strokes a few felt as though they had been struck a heavy blow, a few felt as though they "were being torn to pieces," and all the rest ceased instantly and absolutely to feel anything whatsoever.

A member of the British Parliament engaged an agency which does such things to furnish him with clippings of all the derogatory things which the newspapers should say about him for a month. The return was enormous, and cost the member thirty pounds. For the following month he bespoke clippings of all that was printed in his favor, and his bill amounted only to seven shillings and sixpence.

Rugs made by the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and blankets made by the Navajos are praised in the warmest terms for their brilliant beauty by a writer who has recently been studying the arts of these interesting aborigines.

The Greek coins alone in the British Museum have eight volumes of catalogue made about them, and are still to have many more. Indian coins will take up five volumes.

A tunnel 3000 feet long, mentioned by Herodotus, and constructed at least nine centuries before the Christian era, has just been discovered by the Governor of the island of Samos.

A Philadelphia physician says that a great deal of what passes for heart-disease is only mild dyspepsia, that nervousness commonly is simply bad temper, and that two-thirds of the so-called malaria is nothing but laziness. Imagination, he says, is responsible for a multitude of ills, and he gives as an instance the case of a clergyman who after preaching a sermon would take a tea-spoonful of sweetened water, and doze off like a babe under the impression that it was a *bona fide* prescription of morphia, whereas, in lack of this harmless little dose, he would toss about restlessly for hours.

During the heavy rain-storm on the night of November 23, people in the neighborhood of Eighteenth Street and Third Avenue were moderately astonished at a brilliant display of lightning. The flashes occurred at regular intervals and were remarkably vivid. People wondered at the intensity of a manifestation which was quite out of season, and which was odd in the additional respect that it was unaccompanied by thunder. Few who saw it are aware that it was not the ordinary lightning of the skies, and that the whole of it was supplied from a single telegraph wire. It was a bad night for close inquiry, but the fact is that the comprehensive display was simply incidental to some long talk that was going on between New York and another point by the aid of electricity. The wire passed within an inch of one of the iron girders of the elevated road. Drops of rain, accumulating upon the wire, would fall upon the girder, carrying little sparks as they went. Once on the painted iron, they seemed to collect in some crevice in a little pool which would treasure up the electricity after the manner of a Leyden-jar until it had got more than it could hold, when it would give the supply off in a flash that would leap high in the air, lighting up a considerable neighborhood in the manner that has been described.

INCORRIGIBLE.

"That's three times to-day I'm promised to bate you, an' I'll do it if you don't moind me."

"Well, wait till it gets up to an even number, an' then pitch in!"

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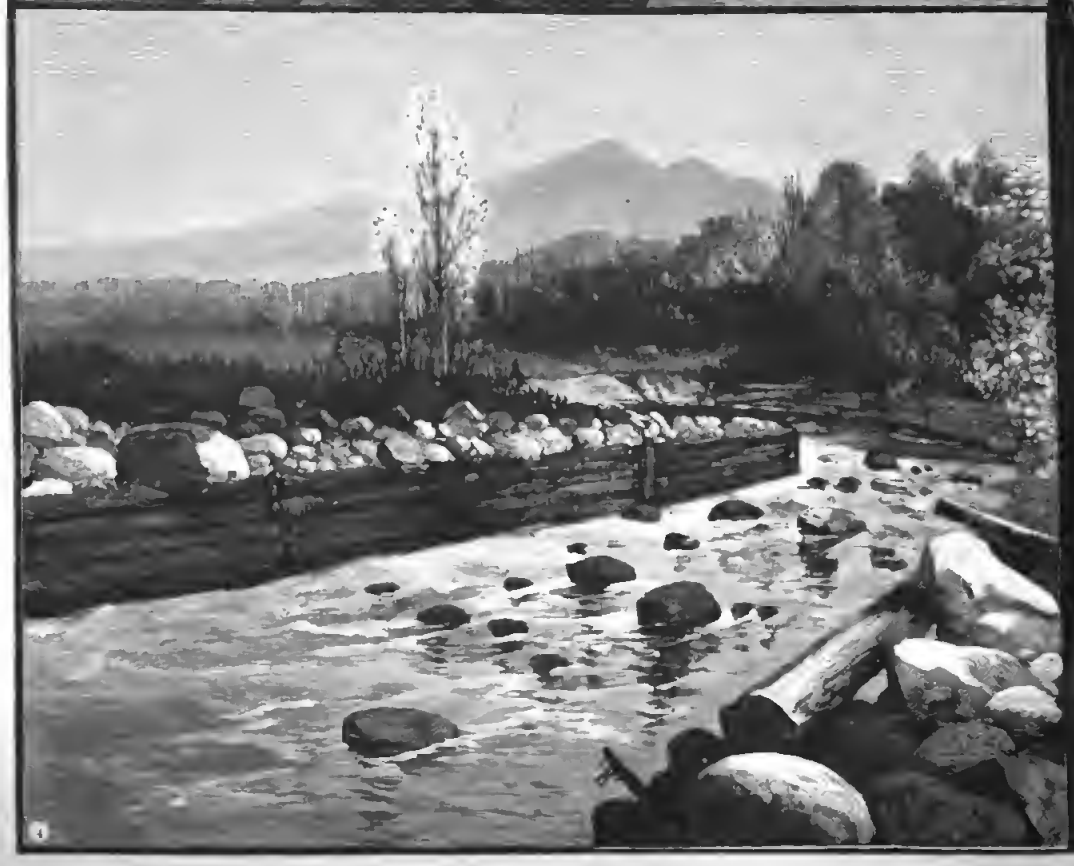

DESTRUCTION OF FORESTS IN THE A

1. Dead Timber, Mount Mazon. 2. Mount Mazon. 3. Dead Water, Schoon River

THE ADIRONDACKS.—DRAWN BY JULIAN RIX.—[SEE PAGE 805.]

4. Coffer-Dam, Lower Works, at Tahawus, Hudson River. 5. Indian Lake, Overflowed Lands.

"KEPT BY THE MISSES BROWN."

A STORY OF ROME.

THE Misses Brown were taking tea together in their own little room at five o'clock in the afternoon. The little room was the cabinet whither these ladies retired from the cares of the establishment, and where they made out the weekly bills of their boarders—those accounts in which extra items appeared in the spidery and angular handwriting of the younger sister, Selina.

The world of modern Rome swept across the wide piazza and along the crowded thoroughfare—a mingling of sound which floated into the open window with the bright winter sunshine. The breeze rustled the plants of a standard; near at hand rose a church tower, one of the many shrines of the Eternal City, and across intervening roofs the Pincian Hill rose clearly defined against the blue sky.

The Misses Brown heeded neither tumult of noise nor the gay life of the city, for their attention was concentrated on a letter just received from the post.

"Lady Pounce will soon arrive," announced Miss Brown, removing her spectacles, after perusing the note which contained this gratifying information.

"Fancy!" murmured Miss Selina, in turn scrutinizing the missive.

The letter bore the date of Brussels, and was written in French of not the choicest purity, yet in a bold and sprawling handwriting. Her ladyship stated that in visiting Rome for the first time she wished to stop with the Misses Brown rather than be exposed to the publicity of hotels, as she was alone and a widow. Deepest gratification awoke in the hearts of the four spinsters—for the Misses Brown were four in number—nor had either of them exchanged the single for the married state.

"Well, I am sure!" exclaimed Miss Ethel, who was artistic, and whose glance wandered to an earlier portrait of herself on the wall, taken in the style of Madame Le Brun, with floating sash and muslin cap, palette in hand.

"She will take the best rooms, of course," mused Miss Mary.

"Then that old lady must be moved to the third story," said Miss Brown, decisively.

The sisters looked at each other like mild conspirators intent on earning their daily bread in the most genteel manner. Outside, a little man passed in his carriage, with his English governess—the Prince of Naples seeking the Villa Pamphili-Doria, to gain such strength in his puny limbs as would enable him to grow into a king by-and-by if Fate willed it. The Misses Brown continued to sip their tea unmoved by street shows. Habit rendered five-o'clock tea indispensable to them, while expediency made them contemplate the arrival of a boarder of the quality of Lady Pounce as of vital importance to the standing of the establishment.

"The Pounces come from Staffordshire," said Miss Selina.

"The title is not an old one, I fancy," added Miss Mary. "I remember something about Lord Jeremiah Pounce in dear papa's time."

At this casual allusion to dear papa the sisters sighed gently, but it was more the sigh of conventional sorrow than of acute bereavement, for the late Mr. Brown had departed this life with a stroke of apoplexy some twelve years previously, leaving his affairs hopelessly complicated and his daughters penniless. At the time there was a rumor of Indian investments, and four more gentlewomen were thrown on the world. The Misses Brown burned their ships, and decided to establish a *pension* in a Continental city rather than return to their native land and seek employment as governesses. It would be superfluous to add that they adorned their position. Their very misfortunes shed a certain halo over their superiority, and afforded their boarders material for endless small talk. The oldest *habitué* of the dining-table or the drawing-room, usually an elderly lady, fond of arrowroot, with much leisure on her hands, told fresh arrivals all about the Brown descent in the social scale, and the former grandeur of their position. Wildest confusion of facts resulted, either through the fault of the glib narrator or the abstraction and bewilderment of listeners. The Misses Brown were wisely silent, and if in the lapse of years they came to be allied with half of the county families of England, and a bishop or two in the bargain, neither affirmation nor denial could be traced to themselves. The *pension* was systematized on the model of a young ladies' school, and indeed mankind, unless in the guise of a retired naval officer or an invalid clergyman, seldom haunted its precincts. Strictest etiquette was observed as to the hours kept by the inmates, the extinguishing of lamps, punctuality in attendance at meals. No other chaperonage than refuge under the roof of the Misses Brown was necessary for giddy maidens longing to obtain a glimpse of the Coliseum by moonlight, and sip the clear waters of Trevi, while kept aloof from the manifold wiles of Satan. Frigid receptions were occasionally given, presided over by Miss Brown in lavender kid gloves, with a careful selection of outside guests—a few Waldensian pastors, a depressed lecture professor, and a Swiss botanist with the care of a large family and the extinction of Alpine plants on his mind. Improving moral biographies were always to be found in the closet library for wet days, instead of the usual Tauchnitz volumes and pernicious French novel of houses of temporary abode. Had not Miss Brown once found a stray *feuilleton*, in red and yellow cover, emanating from the press of Dentu et Cie, on the drawing-room table, and did she not unhesitatingly take it by the tongs and thrust it into the fire? No murmur of rebellion had greeted this sacrifice on the altar of righteous indignation. Indeed, the household rule was firm, and the espionage particular. Possibly the undisputed sovereignty of so many years had rendered these gentlewomen domineering, and they were therefore the less prepared for the blow which was about to strike them.

The sisters were tall and genteel, while their family resemblance was enhanced by similarity of raiment. The bony angularity of Miss Brown was still a supple slenderness in Miss Selina. They affected washy grays or crumpled browns in attire of a morning, with mittens, usually cut at noon, and lace set at night-fall, when they invariably appeared at dinner in long black silk dresses, with fichus and collars woven by the family spider, Miss Mary, and caps of wondrous construction, decked with bows and flowers—the double-turret miniature head-gear of British middle age. The Misses Brown liked to be nicely dressed for evening, and attained the gratifying result with the aid of the wrought needle-work afore-mentioned. In the matter of hats they were undeniably skittish in taste, showing a tendency to the turban, and even the jockey cap with a visor, usually appertaining to extreme youth.

"The rooms will be needed, and the old lady must be told," suggested Miss Ethel, finishing her tea.

"Lady Pounce may arrive at any hour. She evidently considered a reply unnecessary," added Miss Selina.

"Yes," said Miss Brown, who took the lead by reason of her seniority.

The old lady had arrived the previous evening. She had come by omnibus from the railway station, and she had held shrill argument over payment with the porter who brought her modest baggage. She was a little old woman, shrivelled and bent, clad in rusty black. A wintry bloom still tinged her cheeks, her blue eyes were shrewd and keen, while the flaxen curls of a false front framed her face beneath a bonnet of serviceable poke pattern. From whence did she come? The Misses Brown did not know. She was one of those waifs so frequently encountered on the high way of Continental travel. Eccentricity marked her speech and movements, while suspicion of others masked her own reticence. She was alone, and evidently intended to give no account of herself. These peculiarities might have been overlooked had she been less grudging in the expenditure of money and the Misses Brown evinced a degree of worldly-mindedness in drawing most unfavorable augury from that arrival in the public omnibus. The old lady had taken possession of one of the rooms of the first floor, and refused to pay more for it than the price exacted for the third story. It is true she had announced her willingness to abdicate should a more extravagant tenant appear.

Miss Brown sailed away majestically to adjust this little matter.

The old lady stood on the landing, wagging her head angrily at a flushed cabman, while the porter Arnolfo hovered near, with that neutral aspect peculiar to Italian house servants when altercations arise with the dangerously revengeful class of street Jehus. Arnolfo imparted to the pension that element of grace lacking in the prosaic boarding-house of other lands. He carried jugs of hot water and polished boots with cheerfulness in the forenoon, but toward evening appeared in the broadcloth and spotless linen of a major-domo, with a considerable display of jewelry about the waistcoat and a suspicion of pink toilet powder on his haughty countenance. It was then that the *cameriere* conducted ladies to classic ruins illuminated with electric lights, and sang outside the drawing-room door, to the accompaniment of the mandolin, those impassioned melodies which possibly breathed a hope of captivating an heiress among the number, and earning that elysium of ease which should enable him in turn to bully his own menials.

"Not another soldo!" piped the old lady.

Miss Brown interfered, adjusted the difficulty, and made the necessary communication concerning the change of room. The old lady listened with an odd smile.

Next morning Miss Mary looked out of the window, and exclaimed, "What ever does that mean?"

She indicated a door on the opposite side of the thoroughfare, to which a small brass plate had been affixed, with this inscription: "Private Family Home. Kept by Mrs Brown." At the same moment a lady appeared at the window of a suite of five rooms above, and nodded to the amazed spectators. She was a stout and elderly person, with a round, good-humored face, and double chin.

"She is that odious Mrs. Brown from Dublin," cried Miss Selina.

The sisters gazed at each other in consternation. For twelve years their own door had borne a polished brass plate, with the advertisement: "Private Family Home. Kept by the Misses Brown." Was this rivalry?

"She intends to supplant us," said Miss Brown, in a voice tremulous with anger.

"She knows our system," groaned Miss Ethel. "She lived with us one entire winter."

Odious Mrs. Brown had been a very popular inmate of the *pension*. She possessed the rich geniality of nature which attracts sympathy, combined with tact and a charitable tolerance of benevolence. A tap on the door aroused the sisters from painful meditations. The old lady, Mrs. Sandilands, trotted in with the abrupt announcement that she would not withdraw to the third story, but move across the way to the new pension of Mrs. Brown instead. She chuckled as she paid her bill, with the dry amusement of malicious old age. Just then two carriages drew up before the door, and the news spread that Lady Pounce had arrived, bag and baggage.

The departing and incoming guests met on the threshold—a little old lady in rusty black, unattended, and a splendid creature, all velvet, furs, and perfumes, accompanied by a companion, a smart man-servant, a pert French maid, and two dogs. The Misses Brown hovered on the stairway; even Arnolfo lost his head. Mrs. Sandilands paused, surveyed the new-comer through her eye-glass with a cynical scrutiny, and passed on. The companion said, "That was old Mrs. Sandilands."

"Is she looking up her grandson?" retorted Lady Pounce.

Then she nodded curtly to Miss Brown, whistled to her dogs, and ascended the stairs. Thus was her ladyship installed. Events crowded quickly on the four spinsters after that. Lady Pounce may have been said to have upset the orderly habits of the household in half an hour. She declined to lunch before two o'clock, and scoffed at Miss Brown's timorous objections. She scolded Arnolfo with surprising fluency; then tipped him with an insolent generosity. She flung Algerian wraps over the prim furniture of the state rooms, and established a Turkish pipe on the best table. In appearance she was tall, masculine, and with a suspicion of muscle perceptible even beneath silken feminine attire. Her features, a trifle hard and fatigued, were still handsome after the first freshness of youth had passed. The Misses Brown quailed before the indomitable authority of her fine gray eyes. In the afternoon she drove out in an open landau with red wheels, the companion beside her, and the two dogs established on the opposite seat. Her ladyship's costume was striped like the coat of a tiger, while sky-blue feathers waved above her mustard-yellow hair.

"Do you think she can be a—little fast?" ventured Miss Selina, peering through a closed shutter at this brilliant equipage.

Her three sisters remained gloomily silent. The smart man-servant established agreeable relations with the cook in the kitchen of the *entresol*, and the pert maid-servant coquetted with the entire street from the balcony. To increase the discomfiture of the Misses Brown, old Mrs. Sandilands appeared at a window of the rival *pension*, a seemingly mocking spectator of the scene.

Lady Pounce went to the theatre that evening without asking leave of the household authorities, and returned in the small hours, just as the old gentleman driven to seek the sedative climate of Rome by obstinate insomnia had fallen into a doze. The old gentleman left next day at the moment when a family party drove up demanding to know if Mrs. Sandilands was stopping there, and on learning the contrary, went over to the enemy in guise of smiling Mrs. Brown.

"Her dutiful relatives must be looking her up. She is old, you know." This remark emanated from Lady Pounce, standing in a gentlemanly attitude, with a cigarette between her lips, and caused the very hair to bristle on the respective heads of the Misses Brown. The poor ladies felt that they had committed a fatal error in slighting the eccentric Mrs. Sandilands in favor of a title. They bethought them of all spiritual and temporal advisers within their reach, but Lady Pounce remained scornfully indifferent to their disapproval, and, indeed, seldom noticed them at all. Something must be done, and solemn conclaves were held. A note was written requesting the distinguished stranger to seek more congenial quarters in some hotel.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Lady Pounce, tearing up the note after a careless perusal of the contents. "Tell your mistress I will pay her a higher price for her beggarly rooms if she is not satisfied."

Corks popped at all hours, and many masculine visitors dropped in of a sporting aspect. Laughter was audible at unseemly moments, when the clear metallic tones of her ladyship dominated those of her companions. The establishment of the select gentlewomen became the centre of an undesirable curiosity. Groups of loungers, the straws caught in the eddy of public interest in all cities, paused to stare at the windows and door of the *pension*. This public homage was manifestly gratifying to Lady Pounce. She hung over the balcony, wrapped in a scarlet bernouse, the usual cigarette in her mouth, and complacently sipped the adulation of the crowd. The carriage was replaced by a superb saddle-horse, with an attendant groom in grass-green livery and top-boots. Thus mounted, the beautiful woman looked her best. She touched the horse with her whip, and the noble animal bounded and stood on his hind legs, without unseating the intrepid rider. What sound reached the scandalized ear of the Misses Brown, spying out the land from the casement? Surely it was a ripple of applause.

"Oh, what does it mean?" cried Miss Ethel, wildly.

"It means we shall be ruined by the escapades of this scandalous creature," sobbed Miss Brown, sinking back in an arm-chair.

"The connection can never be of use to us," murmured the conservative Selina.

"How well she rides!" added Mary, with the bearing which a pullet of the barn-yard might have in watching the flight of a hawk.

A journal was presented to Miss Brown by a servant. She never knew who shot that barbed arrow at the target of her family respectability. The invisible enemy might have been the irate old gentleman whose slumbers were ruthlessly disturbed at dawn, or the malicious Mrs. Sandilands, but the recipient always suspected Mrs. Brown. The newspaper was one of those gazettes of strangers, printed in the English language, with many typographical errors, which twinkle for a brief space in foreign capitals only to suffer speedy extinction. Miss Brown's eye rested on this paragraph:

"Lady Pounce is among the latest arrivals at Rome. It will be remembered she married the late Lord Harry Pounce on his death-bed, and has lived in retirement for some years. She will soon enter the wedded state for the second time, with the Russian Baron Nicholas Bolgorowsky. The frequenters of the hippodrome and summer circus will regret the loss of the peerless Amazon, Mary Anne Hodges, better known as Mademoiselle Celestine. Her daring feat of leaping through five hoops, while riding bare-back, has never been equalled. Lady Pounce is sojourning at the Pension Brown."

"She is a circus-rider!" shrieked the three younger sisters in chorus.

When the Amazon returned, the Misses Brown went to meet her in a solid phalanx, with outward display of lady-like dignity and inward trepidation. A young man darted upstairs in advance of her, and inquired for Mrs. Sandilands.

"How are you, Tom?" called Lady Pounce, in loud and cheerful tones.

He winced at the recognition, but removed his hat.

"Surprised to see me here, eh? Well, I don't know how I have put up with this poky little hole myself. Your grandmamma is over the way, my boy. Give her my best regards, child, and tell her I have never led you astray, although you did back a horse once at Goodwood, and tried to jump your horse after me on that Hungarian hunting field. Ta! ta!"

"Thanks," stammered the youth, preparing to depart.

She laughed, half-defiantly, half-scornfully.

"Houp là!" she said, and snapped her riding-whip as he disappeared.

The Misses Brown confronted her.

"Madam—" began the eldest sister.

Lady Pounce yawned behind her gauntlet.

"I say! have the servants packed up?" she interrupted. "I am going to Naples."

"I fear—we fear there has been some mistake in your coming at all," said Miss Brown, in freezing accents.

Lady Pounce stared at them with her gray eyes.

"Oh no; I have been made comfortable, and your people have really done very well," she replied.

The Misses Brown were petrified into silence.

Lady Pounce departed. She married the Russian nobleman the following summer.

How can the emotions of the unfortunate gentlewomen be described? Chagrin and mortification rendered their nights sleepless and their days miserable. With the morbid self-consciousness which exaggerates personal importance, they beheld the finger of scorn pointed at their hitherto irreproachable abode, and tortured themselves by imagining derisive glances directed toward the balcony haunted by the late heroine of the sawdust. Perhaps the gentlemen who visited her in billycock hats and waistcoats much plaided were clowns in disguise and harlequins off duty. As the Misses Brown shrank into obscurity, oppressed by these reflections, the rival *pension* of Mrs. Brown brightened daily. A current of animation, and even gayety, pervaded the premises of the odious person with a double chin. Each evening strains of music greeted the ear, and the giddy maidens from the British Isles and America could be seen dancing in the gilded *salone*, while their doting mammas looked on in fatuous approbation. The cavaliers were officers of the garrison, those graceful and fascinating heroes understood to be in search of Anglo-Saxon brides with suitable settlements. There were bersaglieri from Lombardy and Piedmont, in uniform of black and red, artillerymen in gray with green facings, and cavalrymen resplendent with gold embroideries. The blonde of the North met the velvet-eyed Southern with Greek and Spanish blood in his veins on that common field of speculation, the dominion of Mrs. Brown, who took the world as she found it, in an easy-going fashion, and let people have their own way. Before spring several matches were made. An American school-girl of sixteen danced into matrimony with a dashing lieutenant, boasting a ruined castle in one of the Piedmontese valleys and his regulation pay. The young couple were given enamelled Venetian glass and Paris *bibelots*, and promised, somewhat vaguely, a million or so in the future. The Scotch widow of a Dundee marmalade manufacturer plighted her troth to a Neapolitan marquis, captain of the artillery, while a blue-eyed maiden from Manchester enabled a Sicilian mayor to retire to the realms of the sulphur king once more.

The Misses Brown were witnesses of all these unseemly revels through the lace window curtains, and marvelled to behold old Mrs. Sandilands trotting about in the midst, with every appearance of enjoyment. Mrs. Sandilands honored the new *pension* by her sojourn, for there is no active partisanship so zealous as that actuated by spite to others.

Misfortunes never come singly. The stately Arnolfo feigned excuse of a parent dying at Cortona, and vanished, only to re-appear the next week, enlisted in the service of the jolly matron opposite. So well did he fulfil the delicate mission of managing the new household that the landlady succumbed to his attractions in time, and became Madame Trentadue instead of plain Mrs. Brown. The sign on the door remains unchanged. Arnolfo has attained the glory of which he once dreamed. He drives a light trap, drawn by a tag horse, on the Pincian Hill. He is a stout and florid man, still fond of jewelry and a red neck-tie. When he meets his former employers he never fails to doff his shining hat, but there is in the salutation an element of condescension.

The star of prosperity wanes for the Misses Brown.

"That Lady Pounce was so very shocking!" sighs Miss Selina.

"At least we do not keep a matrimonial bureau," adds Miss Brown, with pardonable venom.

They cling obstinately to their own standard of excellence, their system of petty espionage, and extra charges. The world changes, and, above all, the world of fashionable Rome. The Misses

Brown belong to the past, while their rival has adapted herself to the modern life of a court city. A Via Nazionale through the Forum and a statue to King Victor Emanuel on the Capitoline Hill are assuredly in keeping with the matrimonial market of Mrs. Brown's salons. The pace is too rapid for our four gentlewomen. Let them close their shutters, and dream of the peaceful days before Lady Pounce stormed their door with her attendants of the ring.

VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.

THE ADIRONDACKS.

As the "heirs of all the ages" it seems as if we might make a better use than we do of our inheritance. All over Europe the loss of forests is deplored. Even in the Scandinavian peninsula, which is nearer than any other country in Europe to the primeval condition in which much of our own soil still lies, there is an extensive literature of forestry, and the study of forest preservation is systematically and effectually pursued. In the British Islands what is done elsewhere by the interposition of government has been done to a great extent by the preservation of the feudal estates, which, upon other grounds, are regarded as public burdens. And in Scotland, the denudation of which has for two centuries been a source of grief to Scotchmen and of scoffing to Englishmen, a National School of Forestry has been formed, and an International Forestry Exhibition has been one of the attractions of Edinburgh during 1884.

Nothing shocks Europeans more than the reckless use we are making of our forest patrimony, as if there were nobody to come after us. We are doing willfully, and in the face of historical and contemporaneous warnings, what the nations of Europe have done without such warnings, and are committing, at the increased rate of speed which saw-mills and other modern means of destruction permit, the ravages which they deplore and which they are trying to repair. By the efforts of a few students of the subject, and above all by the efforts of Mr. SARGENT, of the Harvard Arboretum, a real interest in it has been aroused, and this interest is sure to increase. The general and intelligent agitation of the question last year, when the Legislature was asked to arrest the wanton destruction of the Adirondacks, is a sufficient proof of that. The preparation of a bill by the Chamber of Commerce, which had the support of all the other commercial associations of New York, a mass-meeting in the city, and the visit of deputations of busy men to Albany, were welcome testimonies of the interest which the subject had at last aroused. The intimate connection of the forests at the source of the Hudson with the whole system of the water highways of the State, natural and artificial, was shown to be such that the destruction of the North Woods threatened the navigability of the Hudson and its tributaries as well as of the eastern sections of the Erie Canal. The "disastrous consequences" which have resulted in Europe from the destruction of forests are enumerated in "the diminished supply of timber and fire-wood, droughts, floods, land-slips, and sand-drifts," and all of these threaten different areas of the United States.

There is one point of view in which the destruction of the Adirondacks seems much more wanton than the ordinary waste of forests. Ordinarily the land is cleared that it may grow a crop more profitable or more immediately monetary than timber. But there is no pretense of this kind in New York. The land is cleared simply and solely for the value of the timber which stands upon it. The work is done, not by settlers, but by speculators, and when it is completed, its scene will be a rocky desert. It is not to bring the soil into use, but to take it finally out of use, that the forests which shade and nourish it are to be destroyed. When this process involves the disastrous results to a whole great tract of country that will be wrought upon the valley of the Hudson by the destruction of the Adirondacks, then, if ever, the State has a right to say to the people who are working to this result, that the rights of the public are paramount to those of private owners, that no private owner can have such an ownership as will justify him in bringing a blight upon the soil which he does not cultivate, but does devastate, and that the case is one for the exercise of the right of eminent domain.

This was the feeling with which the agitators set to work, and it is melancholy to note how little their efforts have thus far accomplished. It is only fair to say, however, that it was not only the interested opposition of the persons who find their account in the destruction of the forests that stood in the way. Simple as the principle just laid down is, the question of applying it, under the form of government of the State of New York, so as not to produce more mischief than it cured, was really serious and complicated, and one can readily understand how an intelligent and conscientious legislator may have shrunk from giving his sanction to any of the more radical schemes which were proposed. These scruples were scarcely enough regarded by the advocates of the measures for creating a public park in the Adirondacks. When a measure came before the Legislature in which the principle was involved with no troublesome details, it is just to remember that the Legislature gave a vigorous enforcement to the principle. The opportunity was presented by an application for a charter to a railroad which was to traverse the wilderness. The evident and indeed the avowed object of the incorporators was to clear out all the merchantable timber in the Adirondacks in the shortest possible time. The railroad would then have had no further function, and the whole Adirondack region would have relapsed into a desert worthless for any human purpose. This monstrous measure, when its character was explained, was promptly defeated. But while giving our law-makers credit for its defeat, it is also true that there is good reason to suspect many of them of alleging the difficulties of making a practicable bill to cover their virtual attorneyship for the lumbermen who have been for many years cutting down the timber alike upon State lands and private lands, and who have found the business so profitable as to make them wish to continue it to the extirpation of the forests. If the last Legislature had been actuated, as some of its members were, solely by the desire to draw a bill which should subserve the public purpose in view, without opening the door to abuses equally great with those the removal of which was sought, the difficulties in the way of drawing such a bill would have vanished.

Our sketches from the devastated regions give almost ghastly evidence of the need that some effective steps should be taken to arrest the conversion of a wilderness into a desert. It is not only, and perhaps not mainly, the loss of the timber actually cut down that makes the destruction a public calamity. It is possible that under an intelligent supervision nearly as much timber might be actually marketed from the Adirondacks as is now done, without destroying their value as a "storage reservoir" of the rain-fall, or their attractiveness to sportsmen and holiday-makers. It is the incidental destruction by fires and by the backwater of dams built to facilitate logging operations that most strongly proves the wantonness with which the work has been done, and the need of a rigid supervision in behalf of the people of the State.

GREAT GUNS.

In this number of the WEEKLY we present a sketch of three huge guns intended for the turrets of the *Puritan*, and appropriately called Satan, Lucifer, and Moloch. The *Puritan* is one of the double-turreted Monitors still awaiting completion, each designed to carry four of the heaviest guns now existing in this country.

Monstrous, however, as these implements of destruction may seem, they are pygmies compared with the ordnance now in use among European nations. Twenty-two years ago America led the naval world alike in the impregnability of her ships and the irresistible power of their batteries. Then the 11-inch smooth-bores of the little *Monitor* were amazing, while the 15-inch, 20-ton guns cast for our *Dictator* and *Puritan*, which were capable of shooting through the armor of any European iron-clad then afloat, seemed prodigies.

All that old superiority has now passed away. Guns once Brobdingnagian have shrunk by comparison to be Lilliputian. Cast-iron guns, not without stubborn resistance from some devotees, have mainly given way to steel, muzzle-loaders are supplanted by breech-loaders, and now our once marvellous 20-ton Dahlgrens or Rodmans are dwarfed by the 35-ton Whitworths, the 43, 51, 68, 76, and 97 ton Krupps, the 80-ton guns of Woolwich, and the 100-ton Armstrongs. Yet even in these marvels of artillery it is worth knowing that American ideas of mammoth powder and low initial pressures have been preserved.

The 100-ton Armstrong has repeatedly demonstrated at Spezia its ability, with projectiles like Krupp's and Fossano powder, to shoot through two feet of steel armor and several feet more of oak backing. It can riddle, in other words, the armored side or turret of the most powerful war ships. The hardened steel projectile of this tremendous weapon weighs from 1950 to 2000 pounds. The huge powder grains go about two to the pound, and the charge of powder for a single shot is about 770 pounds, or more than a third of a ton. It can be imagined how fearful a bursting charge is carried within one of these projectiles, which can be driven through twenty-five or thirty inches of steel armor.

Yet the possibilities of gunmakery in this direction are not exhausted. Colonel HOPE is making for the British War-Office a 100-ton gun which, in a 12-inch tube, is to propel a 1200-pound shell, with the unprecedented charge of fifteen hundred-weight of powder, or three-fourths of a ton. KRUPP is making for Italian coast-defense a monster gun to weigh 130 tons. Indeed, a little reflection will suggest that there is no limit to the possible increase of size in guns, except in the capacity of ships to carry them and to give room for their manipulation, and, on land, in a like ability to transport and conveniently handle them. Meanwhile it is evident that each discharge of one of these huge weapons costs hundreds of dollars for the powder and shot expended.

Returning to what our own country is doing in the manufacture of great guns, we find that, after devoting itself for a long time to the conversion of its huge cast-iron smooth-bores into more powerful rifled guns of smaller calibre by the insertion of steel tubes in the bore, it has at length taken up the manufacture of new rifled guns, both steel and wire-wound, and of calibres from six up to twelve inches. Commodore SICARD says that in the 10-inch, 10½-inch, and 12-inch high-power hooped guns, lately designed, the weight of the shot will be respectively 500, 550, and 850 pounds, and that of the charge 250, 275, and 425 pounds. After that may come a 16-inch hooped gun. The Army Board which reports to Congress gives figures a little different, as it estimates that the 10-inch and 12-inch guns should have projectiles weighing 578 and 894 pounds respectively, with charges of 223 and 453 pounds of powder. The 16-inch gun would be a prodigious weapon, weighing nearly 108 tons, carrying a projectile weighing 1631 pounds, and propelled by 650 pounds of powder. This would be in every sense worthy of the age of great guns.

Our country, however, must wait many years before it can be provided with a suitable supply of heavy guns both for ships and coast defenses. Even in making its experimental guns the government has been forced to delay many months before receiving from foreign manufacturers the steel forgings it had ordered. General BENÉT thinks the inevitable inference to be that we must look to home production for the material of our guns. Yet it would take two years to arrange a plant, and two more to properly test the guns, so that four years would be consumed even before guns of moderate calibre could be obtained.

However, with all the present disadvantages, and in spite of the limited facilities at present existing in this country for the manufacture of heavy guns, it only requires energetic and liberal action by Congress to insure a good supply of weapons of all required calibres before, according to our present peaceful prospects, they will be practically needed. It is necessary to remember that great guns can not be extemporized. Almost with the stamp of a foot enormous armies may be gathered out of the millions of patriotic citizens, eager to defend the country. With like swiftness huge earth-works can be thrown up for the defense of harbors. But the supply of guns for these works is not effected by any necromancer's magic. It requires time and care, and this is the appropriate work of peace.

THE CATTLE CONVENTION.

MONDAY, November 17, the first National Convention of the cattle-growers of the West assembled at the Exposition Building in St. Louis, and lasted till Saturday. It was a remarkable and representative body of picked men, numbering nearly twelve hundred delegates, and attracting distinguished visitors from all parts of the United States. Aside from its varied and picturesque features, the Convention possesses a historical and commercial importance of the highest order. Our Aryan ancestors were herdsmen, and drove their cattle before them on those westward waves of migration that peopled the Black Forest and the Swabian hills. The race has been pastoral no less than agricultural, and its heroes have been tamers of horses and owners of broad-fronted cattle no less than wielders of swords and captains of sea-craft. At the present time the most intelligent skill, the greatest investment of capital, and the finest natural resources to be found within any equal pastoral area known to man are contained within the vast region that extends from the Rio Grande to the Saskatchewan, and from Nebraska to California. It is the region once held by the Indian and the buffalo, then by wandering trappers and frontiersmen, such as CARSON, BRIDGER, and SAINT VRAIN, then by prospectors and miners. Now, this western third of the continent is cut into prosperous States and Territories. It has its cities, its mines, its thousands of small farmers, its railroad lines, its myriad resources and noble progressiveness. Yet everywhere from northern Idaho to southern Texas the bonds that link it together are the slender paths of cattle trails, its richest men are "cattle kings," and its dime-novel desperado is the festive cow-boy, with his sombrero, revolver, and broncho.

This virile and energetic Convention must go down in history as the most influential assemblage of men engaged in pastoral pursuits heretofore held in the world. The twelve hundred delegates represented about three thousand million dollars of associated capital invested by the members of various local associations. Among their number were Governors, Senators, generals, and graduates from leading American and English universities. Ex-Governor ROUTT, of Colorado, was made chairman, and Governor CRITTENDEN, of Missouri, delivered the address. It was a business assemblage of well-dressed and intelligent American citizens, many of them past middle age, nearly all of them pioneers who had helped to develop the new West, and had worked their way up from the ranks. The men chosen by their associates in the hundreds of county and Territorial organizations were far from being rude or uneducated adventurers; theirs were ability, experience, and practical talents of the highest order, and their assemblage destroyed a multitude of preconceived ideas about the cattle kings of the West.

The evolution of this Convention from simple forms of early organization is remarkable, and well deserves the notice of some able institutional historian, who should carry his studies back to the famous Mexican *Alcaldes de Mesta* and the early California "judges of the field." Cattle-growing on the plains of the Northwest and the foot-hills of the Rockies is an industry of recent growth. Only twenty-five years ago the incalculable pastoral wealth of the broad plateaus of Colorado, Wyoming, and other Territories was not suspected even by Western men. At the present time some of the best beef that goes to Europe is bred and fattened on the gramma-grass and wind-swept buffalo ranges of what our school-boy maps termed the Great American Desert. Single cattle-owners and private partnerships at first led the way, but the West a score of years ago was not the law-abiding community of to-day, and outlaws and Indians often decimated the wandering herds, so that closer organizations became desirable. The first Cattle Association in America is said to have been commenced by six cattle-owners in Frio, Texas, only eighteen years ago, and has now grown into the great "Northwestern" association, which covers an immense range, and owns nearly 2,000,000 cattle, distributed among several hundred owners. Originating in a desire on the part of cattle-owners to protect themselves against thieves, these associations soon proved their economic uses and high commercial value.

The most gigantic association of the kind in the world is the "Wyoming Cattle-Growers," with its 435 members. It was organized in 1874, and includes the prominent cattle-men in Idaho, Wyoming, and Montana. It deals directly with railroads, stock-yards, and shippers to Europe, and the combined wealth of its members is said to be $100,000,000. They own 2,000,000 head of cattle, which range over a territory five hundred miles square, or five times the area of all England. The "Nevada" association contains five hundred members, with 1,500,000 head of cattle, and their ranges are in California, Oregon, Nevada, and southern Idaho. The "Southern Texas" have 4,650,000 acres of land fenced, and own 420,000 head of cattle and 45,000 horses; the total value of their property is over $20,000,000, and they employ 1500 herdsmen. The greatest of the seven cattle associations of New Mexico, where 40,000,000 acres are controlled by cattle-men, is the "Northern," of which Governor HADLEY is president. Its valuation is $32,000,000, consisting of 800,000 cattle and 15,000,000 acres of range. The "Comanche" association controls 800,000 acres. The "Cheyenne and Arrapahoe" company owns ranches over three hundred miles in length. Single individuals in some of these associations, such as R. H. HEAD, RICHARD KING, J. W. SIMPSON, and ALEXANDER M. SWAN, own from 80,000 to 150,000 head of cattle. In some cases the Indian tribes have joined a cattle association, and prospered greatly. Chief JOSEPH PERRYMAN was one of the delegates from the "Muscogee and Seminole" association.

The National Convention was first suggested by a circular letter sent out on the 19th of last January by the representatives of a number of cattle associations whose head-quarters are in St. Louis. They stated that the commercial importance of the cattle interests of the United States, particularly of the West, had never received proper recognition, and that the time had come for a close and efficient organization of all the separate associations into a great deliberative body, whose delegates should meet at least once yearly for the transaction of business. The proposal attracted much attention among cattle-men, and the Kansas quarantine a few months later made the Convention inevitable. Briefly stated, the Texas fever infected many cattle in Kansas, and the State authorities interfered to prevent transit. Texas is one of the best of cattle-raising regions, but they must be fattened further north, in Montana or Nebraska; hence strict quarantine seriously threatens the great industry of the Southwest. The plan of establishing a national cattle trail from the Rio Grande to British America, extending across Texas, the Pan-handle, Indian Territory, Kansas, Nebraska, and Montana, was at once mooted. The proposed "cow-path" is to be ten or fifteen miles wide and fifteen hundred miles long, and its practicability was under discussion all last summer in the columns of local newspapers and in ten thousand pioneer cabins. The cattle-men also wish to be permitted to lease grazing lands from the government. They will send representatives to Washington to endeavor to secure Congressional action in both these directions.

St. Louis was in holiday attire. The leading firms vied with each other in decorations and seductive advertisements calculated to please and flatter their visitors. The picture stores filled their windows with cattle scenes, the furniture dealers showed horn and antler chairs, the daily newspapers illustrated the Convention and its varied scenes; a "Don Quixote" burlesque company paraded the streets; the cattle-men were the heroes of the entire week, and their stories, adventures, and plans the universal topic of conversation.

The only feature of the Convention that seemed in some degree frontier-like was the "cow-boy band." Truth to say, there are none of the gorgeous and terrible cow-boys left, except in the novels. The cow-driver, red-shirted and long-haired, who never carried less than six revolvers, and who rode his mustang into saloons and restaurants whenever the fancy seized him, has blossomed into a hearty, healthy band of musicians from Dodge City, whose leader waves a silver-mounted pistol for a baton, and whose members wear a picturesque and costly attire, the glorified ideal of a Spanish-American costume, from its white sombrero with half an acre of brim to its untanned calf-skin *chaparejos* and clinking spurs. All the cattle kings pay good wages, and desire only honest, faithful men as herders, so that men of ability often begin life this way, and the young men belonging to the band in question have devoted several years to musical study.

Everywhere in the Convention were men whose lives would read like strange and marvellous romances. Some went West as "tenderfoots" of the greenest sort, and have developed into robust, red-faced, and round-waisted cattle kings; some made and lost half a dozen fortunes before their fates were fairly lifted up and carried to success on the horns of a wild Texan steer. They have been snowed in in lonely cabins, they have fought Indians and wolves and the fierce elements; they are scarred and wounded, and yet victorious, these great and hearty sons of Homeric laughter, and shoulders like John Ridd's in *Lorna Doone*.

Such a varied assemblage has seldom been witnessed on the continent. Here, a piercing-eyed Southerner, an ex-Texas Ranger, talked with a clean-built Harvard man from his ranges in Idaho, or with an English nobleman's son from the Wyoming districts. There, knit in close conversation, were Colonel INGERSOLL and ex-Senator DORSEY, and merchants from Chicago, and editors of New York agricultural journals, and ex-miners (now cattle-raisers) from the hills of California. Whether or not the present suggestions of the Convention are worthy of adoption, the Convention itself ranks as one of the great events of the year, and its permanent organization can not but aid in lessening the expense of food and improving its quality, thus benefiting producer and consumer alike. If no "national cattle trail" is set apart, the present discussion may end in the building of a railroad north and south across the cattle kings' prosperous empire.

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"HOW IT HAPPENED."—FROM THE PAINTING BY H. A. WEBB.—(SEE PAGE 808.)

EDWARD RICHARDSON, PRESIDENT NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WAGNER.

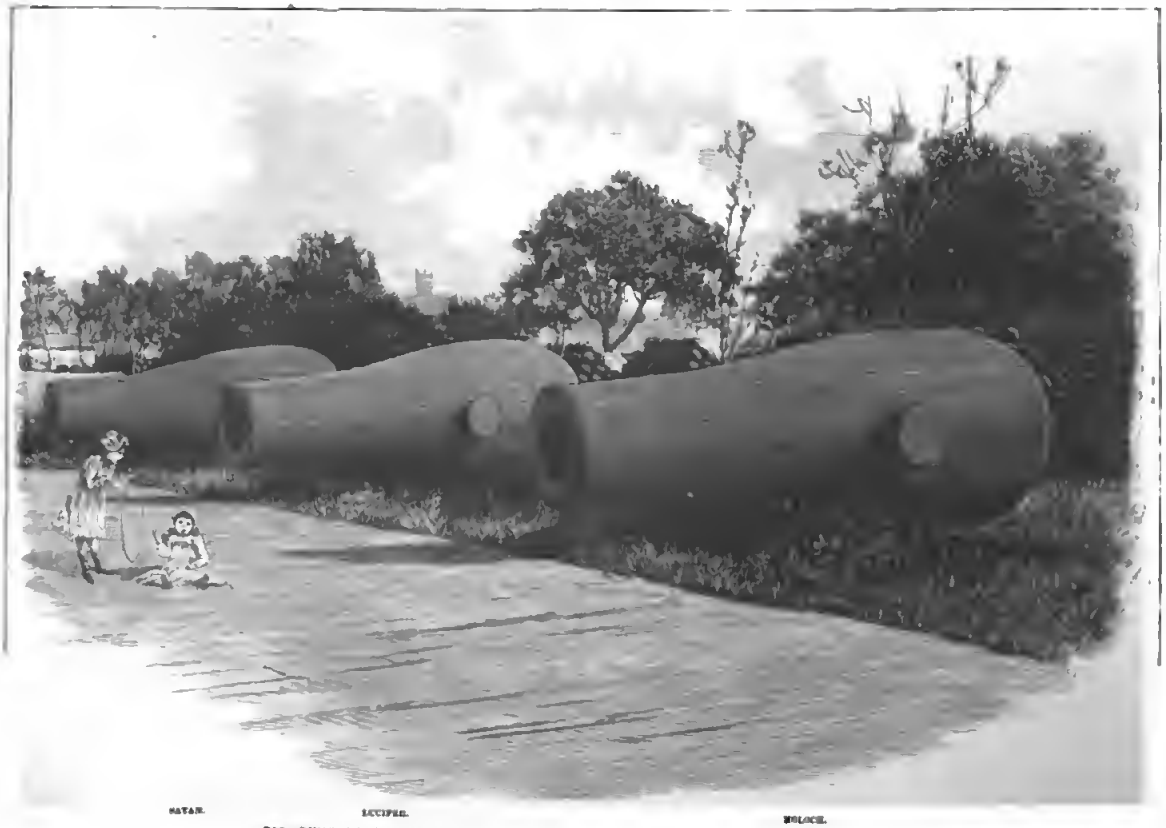
ALBERT BALDWIN, VICE-PRESIDENT NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WAGNER.

COLONEL R. A. BURKE, DIRECTOR-GENERAL NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WALTER.

SAMUEL MULLEN, CHIEF OF INSTALLATION DEPARTMENT NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

THE LATE HENRY IVISON [See Page 808]

THE LATE BISHOP WILEY. [See Page 808]



BIG GUNS IN THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. R. HAYNE.—[SEE PAGE 808]

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"HOW IT HAPPENED."

Mr. Michael Angelo Woolf is one of the best and most thoroughly original of the pictorial humorists of the day. A vein of most entertaining drollery runs through all his work, and the comical incongruities which his fertile fancy devises have made his name famous wherever our illustrated periodicals circulate. His picture of "How it Happened" is one of his more ambitious efforts, and is a very happy depiction of incidents and character. The figures are full of humorous suggestion, and one can almost hear the rich Hibernian intonation that must linger in the ears of the listening neighbors who are learning how it came about that young Marcus Tullius O'Flaherty fell and broke his little arm.

A PROMINENT RAILROAD PRESIDENT.

Mr. Robert Garrett, who has succeeded his father, the late John W. Garrett, as President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, assumes this important and responsible position at the early age of thirty-seven; but he brings to it a large and varied experience, and executive abilities of the highest order.

Mr. Garrett graduated from Princeton with honor, and soon afterward made a long European tour for the purpose of looking into foreign railroad systems and extending the connections of his house abroad. About eight years ago he was appointed third Vice-President of the road, and five years later was advanced to the position of first Vice-President. He also served as acting President in his father's absence in Europe and during his last illness.

Besides holding the Presidency of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Mr. Garrett is interested in many other enterprises. He largely shaped and carried out the Baltimore and Ohio telegraph system, and is connected, as director or otherwise, with various telephone companies, banks, and other institutions.

THE LATE HENRY IVISON.

Mr. Henry Ivison, who died in this city on the 26th ult. and whose portrait is given on page 807, was for more than half a century connected with the American book trade. Born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1808, he came to this country with his parents at the age of twelve, and entered the employment of Mr. William Williams, of Utica, New York, then one of the leading booksellers in the interior of this State. Ten years later he began business for himself at Auburn, New York, and after a prosperous career of sixteen years he removed to this city, and became a partner with Mr. Mark H. Newman, whose specialty was the publishing of school-books.

On the death of Mr. Newman the care of the business devolved upon Mr. Ivison, and he carried it on successfully alone for several years. Increasing rapidly under his enterprising management, he found it desirable to seek assistance, and in 1856 the firm became Ivison & Phinney. The house soon grew from that time to one of the first rank, and later as Ivison, Blakeman, & Co., it has been known in all parts of the country as one of the most extensive school-book publishing houses in the United States.

Mr. Ivison possessed great business capacity and excellent judgment, and was esteemed by all who knew him for his high personal character and genial qualities.

THE HORSFORD ALMANAC AND COOK BOOK Mailed free on application to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.—[*Adv.*]

THE TROUBLE SAFELY OVER.

Stomach trouble is serious business while it lasts; but what a blessed relief to have it depart! Mrs. F. G. Wells, of 19 Atlantic Street, Hartford, Conn., writes that she tried Brown's Iron Bitters for stomach trouble, and that she experienced such relief that the trouble is now entirely over. She recommends this great iron medicine to all who are afflicted. It cures liver and kidney complaints.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt-rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

The Best and Cheapest Hair Dressing. It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a vigorous growth of the Hair. Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[*Adv.*]

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. A. Lawrence, 199 Dean St., Brooklyn, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.—[*Adv.*]

Taken or four hours every night coughing. Get immediate relief and sound rest by using Wells' "Rough on Coughs." Troches, 15c.; Liquid, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Pain" Plaster.—Porous and strengthening, for Backache, Pains in the Chest, Rheumatism, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

DESPISE NOT THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

Little things may help a man to rise—a bent pin in an easy chair, for instance. Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are small things, pleasant to take, and they cure sick-headaches, relieve torpid livers, and do wonders. Being purely vegetable they cannot harm any one. All druggists.—[*Adv.*]

NOTHING NEW.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment. The greatest pain-destroyer ever offered to the public. Thousands of certificates can be seen at 42 Murray St., New York. Money refunded if entire satisfaction is not given if used according to directions. Price, 25 and 50c.—[*Adv.*]

FUR AND SEAL-SKIN GARMENTS.

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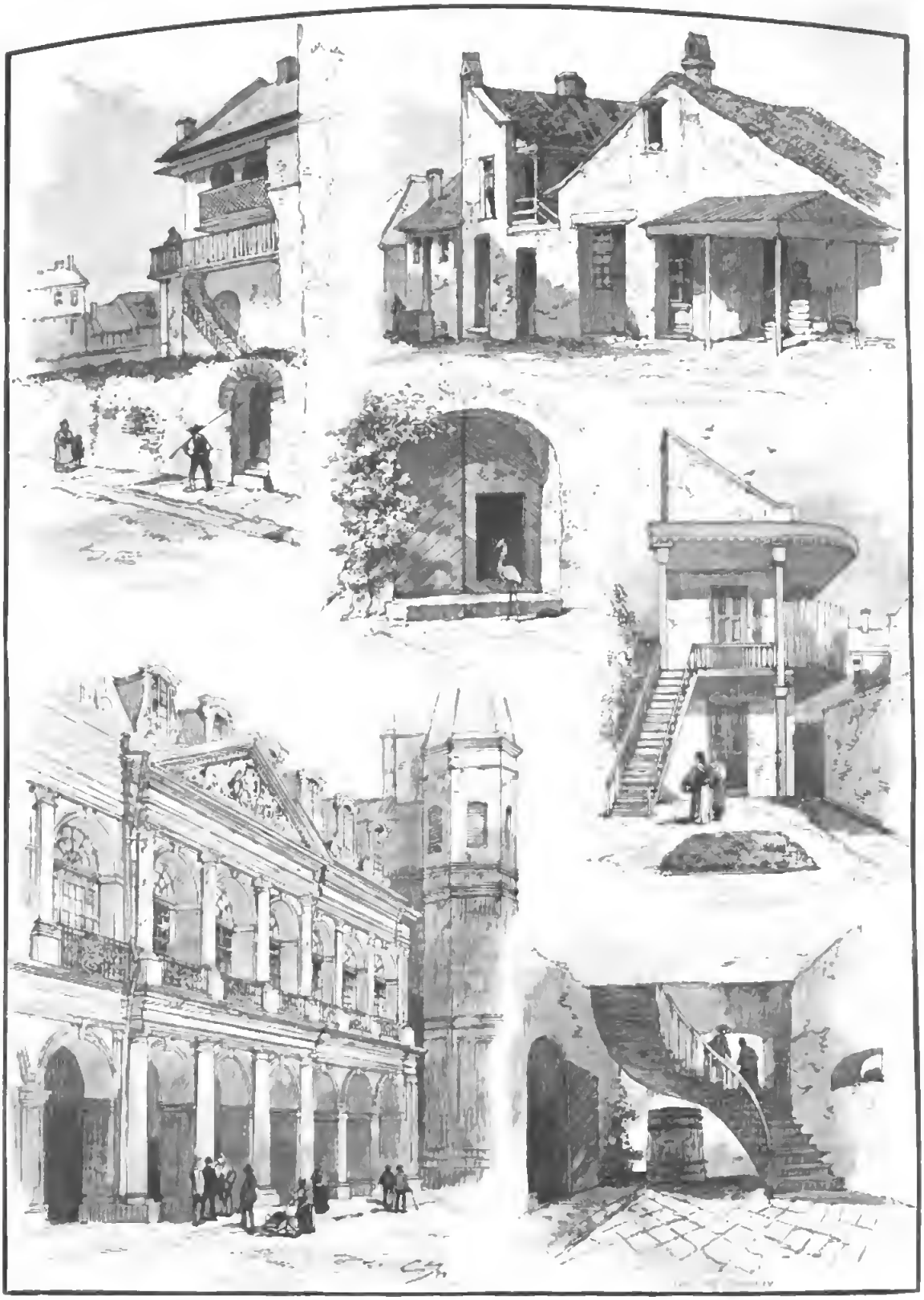

NEW ORLEANS—PICTURESQUE BITS FROM THE OLDER PORTIONS OF THE CITY.—From Sketches by J. O. Davidson.—(See Page 812.)

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QUAINT NEW ORLEANS AND ITS HABITANTS.

I.—FRENCH-TOWN.

Old New Orleans proper (French Town, as it is termed by steam-boatmen, La Carré, as its own inhabitants call it) is principally, though not wholly, comprised in the great quadrilateral bounded by Canal, Esplanade, Rampart, and Old Levee streets. Where the horse-cars now run upon those thoroughfares formerly stood the bastioned walls of the colonial city, encircled by a deep moat. Double rows of trees now mark the old rampart lines upon three sides of the quadrilateral, and birds sing in their branches at just the height where brazen cannon once showed their black throats, where Swiss or Spanish sentries paced to and fro against the sky. Within the Carré the streets are narrow, solid, and picturesque. Memories of aristocratic wealth still endure in certain vast mansions, broad-balconied and deep-courted, now mostly converted into hotels or lodging-houses, half the year void of guests; but the majority of the dwellings are rather curious than splendid. Nearly all the larger ones are built in the form of an L, the lower line of the letter representing the street front, the upper line a shallow but lofty wing reaching far back from the main building at right angles, and flanked by an enormous green or brown cistern as by a round tower. A really imposing archway often pierces the street façade—giving carriage-way into the deep court—much like those quaint archways characteristic of old London taverns. Such a building often possesses three sets of stairways—invariably two—one for the main edifice, one for the wing. But these immense winter residences, once sheltering a population of servants and clients large as that comprised in the Roman *familia*, are now for the most part in a state of decay. There is much crumbling of wood-work, loosening of jointing, ulcerous exposure of the brick skeleton where plaster has rotted away in patches from piazza pillars and from the ribs of archways. Grass struggles up between the flagging; microscopic fungi patch the wall surfaces with sickly green. The semi-tropical forces of nature in the South are mighty to destroy the work of man. Strangely romantic is the Greek front upon Toulouse Street, in rear of the old Hôtel Saint Louis, and once famous as 'The Planters' Bank.' Through cracks in the high board fence erected about its desolation one may see the weeds squeezing their way through the joints of its broad stone steps, the green creepers wriggling around its columns, and bushes actually growing from the angles of its pediment—a vegetation planted, doubtless, by birds. That ruin has a veritable classic dignity—a melancholy that is antique. Sorrowful likewise are the voiceless courts of the once beautiful French hotel, with their void galleries above and dried-up fountains below. Millions upon millions have changed hands within that building; princely revels were held there of old by the feudal lords of Louisiana; the splendors of the past linger in the tarnished gilding and dying colors of the lofty apartments, and in the decorations of the porcelain dome frescoed by Canova.

Many of the French and Spanish dwellings are as full of architectural mysteries and surprises as the Castle of Otranto—corridors that serpentine, stairways that leap from building to building, cabinets masked in the recesses of dormer-windows, curious covered bridges worthy of Venice. Looking up or down one of these streets, the eye is astonished by the long patchwork of colors motley as Joseph's coat, ultimately fading off into grayish-blues where the vista meets the horizon. Under the golden glow of the sun these tints take delightful warmth; there are chrome and gamboge-yellows, deep-sea greens, salmon pinks, brick reds, chocolates, mauves, blazing whites, all trimmed with the intenser green of iron balconies and the antiquated window-shutters folded back against the wall. The old French Opera-house I have seen painted in a peculiarly pleasing hue, to which a summer sun would lend the mellow tone of antique marble. It was a ripe-ivorine tint, with just the faintest conceivable flush of pink; it was a warm and human color—it was the color of creole flesh!

Speaking of it recalls the curious statement of divers writers to the effect that the skin of the West Indian creole feels cooler than that of a European or American from the Northern States. The same is true of the Louisiana creole: the vigorous European or Northerner who touches a creole hand during the burning hours of a July or August day has reason to be surprised at its coolness—such a coolness as tropical fruits retain even under the perpendicular fires of an equatorial sun.

II.—THE CREOLES.

When an educated resident of New Orleans speaks of the creoles he must be understood as referring to the descendants of the early Latin colonists, the posterity of those French and Spanish settlers who founded and ruled Louisiana. The diminutive *criollo*, derived from the Spanish *criar*, "to beget," primarily signified the colonial-born child of European blood, as distinguished from the offspring of the Conquistadores by slave women, whether Indian or African. Nothing could be more etymologically antithetical, therefore, than the phrase "colored creoles," although it has obtained considerable currency as a convenient term to distinguish those colored people who can claim a partly Latin origin, from the plainer "American" colored folk who have neither French nor Spanish blood in their veins, and to whom the creole dialect is supremely unintelligible. Among the colored population of light or tint, moreover, the characteristics of the Latin blood show themselves so strongly that the popular use of the term distinguishing them from ordinary types of mulatto, quadroon, quinteroon, to octoroon appears justifiable.

What old Bryan Edwards, in his excellent but obsolete *History of the British West Indies*, wrote concerning the creoles of the Antilles, largely applies to the creoles of Louisiana likewise, especially in relation to their physical characteristics. In whatever part of the civilized temperate zone pronounced, the very word "creole" conveys to the hearer fancies tropical as the poetry of Baudelaire; to the imagination of well-informed readers the creole invariably appears as a person of European blood corporeally and morally modified by the influences of a torrid climate. Whether we hear of the English creoles of the West Indian, East Indian, or West African colonies, the French creoles of Algeria, Martinique, or Senegal, or the Dutch creoles of Malabar, the name invariably provokes fancies of burning suns, of monstrous vegetation, of nights lighted by the Southern Cross. In New Orleans we are only at the Gate of the Tropics; sometimes our orange-trees shiver in frosty winds, our rare palms droop in January colds. But the climate is torrid enough nevertheless to have produced marked physical changes in the native white population of Louisiana during the lapse of generations. It has modified the osteology of the true creoles almost as remarkably as in Martinique or Trinidad; it has greatly deepened the eye-sockets to shelter the sight from the furnace glow of summer heat; it has made limbs suppler, extremities more delicate; and to these changes wrought in the body's frame-work is wholly attributable that languid and singular grace which distinguishes the *Louisianaise* among her fairer American sisters. Creole eyes—the eyes that tantalized Gottschalk into the musical utterance of *Ojos Criollos*—are large, luminous, liquidly black, deeply fringed, and their darkness is strangely augmented by the uncommon depth of the orbits. The pilous system—to use anatomical phraseology—is richly developed; the women have magnificent hair, and creole beards and mustaches are usually very handsome. Formerly the Louisiana creoles excelled in exercises demanding grace and quickness of eye; they were fine dancers and famous swordsmen—indeed, the art of fencing is not yet lost among them. The beauty of the women is peculiar; they possess a *sveltesse*—a slender elegance that is very fascinating, but to Northerners they seem fragile of physique, more delicate than they really are. A rosy face, a bright, fresh complexion, is rarely seen among them; they have an ivorine tint, a convalescent pallor, that contrasts oddly with the fire of their dark pupils and the lustrous blackness of their hair. When the tint is darker, a Spanish swarthiness, the effect is less strange. Creole blondes are few.

The creole temperament is one of great nervous sensibility; phlegmatic characters are anomalies; a disposition to violent extremes of anger or affection is often masked by an exterior appearance of listless indifference. The climate itself (nine months of summer heat, three of sunless chill, long periods of heavy rains, broken by storms of extraordinary and splendid violence—a climate enervating, fitful, luxuriant) has reflected its characteristics in the native population. The mind develops precociously, blossoms richly. There are few educated creoles who can not speak two or three languages well; many speak more; and the writer has known one who was almost a Mezzofanti. Love of the mother-country is not dead among the creoles, and their attachment to ancient French customs has but little abated. Their home life has scarcely changed during a century, although they are becoming less socially exclusive. Nevertheless, the Northern stranger invited to visit the home of a creole family may even now consider himself the subject of a rare compliment. Such a visit, however, will scarcely be made within the limits of the old colonial city, for the creoles are no longer there. They have moved away to newer districts north and south—away from the decaying streets and the crumbling cemeteries—out to quiet suburbs where the air is sweet with breath of jasmine flowers and orange blossoms, out to dreamy Bayou Saint Jean, where clusters of white-pillared cottages slumber in green. They have mostly abandoned the Carré to the European Latins—French emigrants from the Mediterranean coasts, Italians, Sicilians, Spaniards, Greeks; to the population of the French Market, the venders of fruits and meats; to the keepers of what Sala called "absurd little shops"; and especially to the French-speaking element of color, which still clings to the ruined Past with something of the strange affection that erst subsisted between master and slave.

How long will even that ruined Past endure? The somnolent quiet of the old streets is being already broken by the energetic bustle of American commerce; the Northern Thor is already threatening the picturesque town with iconoclastic hammer. Colossal capital advances menacingly from the southern side, showing the sheet-lightning of its gold. One huge firm has already devoured a whole square, and extended itself into four streets at once, cruciform wise, like a Greek basilica. Even the old Napoleon First furniture sets, the massive four-pillared beds, the ponderous cabinets curiously carved, the luxuriant fauteuils, the triple-footed tables—all those solid household gods which stood upon eagle feet of gilded brass—are being bought up by shrewd speculators and sent North to fetch prices which no one here would dream of paying. Perhaps the antique life will make its last rally about the old Place d'Armes (*Plaza de Armas*), in the vicinity of the quaint cathedral, under the shadow of those towers whose bells for a hundred years have rung diurnally for the repose of the soul of *Don Andrés Almonaster Roxas, Knight of the Royal and Distinguished Spanish Order of Charles III., Regidor and Alferez-Real of His Most Catholic Majesty*. So long as the iron tongues of those bells can speak, so long as the iron heart of the great tower-clock shall beat, something of the old life and the old faith must live in the creole quarter. Long after most of the quaint architecture shall have disappeared I fancy those two massive Spanish edifices, the old Cabildo and Casa Curial, will still remain standing upon either side of the cathedral, like grim soldiery guarding a commissary of the Holy Inquisition. The Spaniard builded well: after the lapse of nearly a hundred years, those rugged edifices testify grandly to the solid Roman character of their creators. The plaster may peel from the stout pillars of their arcades; but dilapidation only adds nobility to their quaintness; they are dignified by the scars of their battle with Time; they are imposing without loftiness; they are superb without artifice—deep-shouldered, thickset, broad-backed, firm upon their feet, like veteran troops, like the splendid Spanish infantry of three hundred years ago.

Lafcadio Hearn.

HOW THE LAPPS LIVE.

In Sweden and Finland the Lapps are usually divided into fisher, mountain, and forest Lapps, the latter two are the true representatives of the race. In Norway they are classed as sea Lapps, river Lapps, and mountain Lapps, the first two settled, the last, wandering or nomadic. Their habits are most conservative, and can hardly have altered since the far distant time when they first tamed the reindeer. Reindeer form the chief wealth of the Lapps, and Thomson's lines may still be taken as an accurate description of the uses to which their skins and horns are put, although one would think spoons more likely than cups to be carved out of the latter; but then where would a great deal of poetry be if the poet could not draw on his poetic license at pleasure; perhaps, however, Thomson alluded to the milk—

> "The reindeer form their riches: these their tents,
> Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
> Supply; their wholesome food and cheerful cups."

The mountain Lapps have learned to drink coffee and wear stout Norwegian cloth, but they set as much store by the reindeer as ever. A poor family will have fifty and upward in a flock, the middle classes three hundred to seven hundred, and the richest one thousand or more. The reindeer is as much beloved by the Lapp as his pig by the Irishman, and the reindeer often sleep in his hut in much the same fashion. The Lapp will whisper to his reindeer when harnessing him to his sleigh, and will tell him where he is to go, and declares he understands him. The reindeer is much like a stag, only smaller; all the people, animals, and trees in Lapland are very diminutive, the men are mostly under five feet high, and the women under four feet nine inches, so great are the rigors of the climate in this as in all countries under the arctic circle, and the cows, sheep, and goats are all small in proportion. In summer the reindeer feed upon grass, and give excellent milk; in the winter they feed upon moss, which they scratch up under great depths of snow with marvellous instinct. When winter draws near, great numbers are killed, and the flesh is dried and smoked to provide food when the ground is covered with snow, and but few birds, like ptarmigan, partridges, and capercailzie, are met with. The flesh is very nutritious, and after a course of grass feeding it is surprising how soon the reindeer become fat and plump. The skin makes their dresses and boots, the sinews their thread and fishing-lines, and the horns their spoons and domestic utensils. The utensils are not all of horn; the Lapps have always some kettles of copper and iron, and sometimes also bowls of wood and tin, or even of silver among the rich ones.

The wandering Lapps usually live in rude huts, formed of trees or poles in the shape of a cone, with an opening in the centre to allow the smoke to escape, and a few mats are spread on the floor. Each side of the fire-place is divided into three chambers, separated by mats or skins, the innermost for husband and wife, the next for the children, and the outer for servants; when they are too poor for servants, they often find room for some reindeer. The winter dwellings are much more substantial, and are roofed with beams, on which are hung the dried cakes and reindeer flesh, while, outside, the huts are covered with bushes and earth; the door is very low and small, and can only be entered by creeping on the hands and knees. Sometimes these winter huts are made large enough to hold a dozen families, separated by curtains of skins. The windows are made from the intestines of seals, prepared and sewed together. The furniture is very primitive; such as it is, it is made by the men, who also do the cooking and make the boats, sleighs, *skidder* or snow-shoes, and the bows and arrows.

The Lapp as he appears in his own country is very different from many of the pictures so familiar to us. His usual dress consists of dirty old reindeer pelts and a filthy peaked blue cap. In winter all the dress is made of reindeer-skins, except the cap, which is made of blue cloth, and shaped like a sugar-loaf. The dress of men and women is much alike; they wear their hair long and straight, falling down the sides of the head and the back, and as beards and whiskers are never seen, there is some difficulty in distinguishing the sexes; you can tell them by their boots; the men wear long, the women short ones. The costume is in the Bloomer style, and consists of a short skin coat, with the hair outside, fastened round the waist with a belt and buckle, and a pair of tight-fitting breeches of tanned reindeer leather. The breeches are fastened round the ankle, and the boots are also of tanned reindeer leather, peaked and turned up at the toes, and are drawn over the legs of the breeches and fastened at the top by a long piece of list, which keeps out the snow and makes them nearly water-proof.

Even in the depth of winter the Lapps have their necks always bare. They wear no linen or stockings, and stuff the boots, which are very roomy, with soft hay made from cypress-grass. Their gloves are like mittens, and often ornamented with great taste. In summer the same leather breeches are worn, but the coat is made of coarse blue cloth. The women carry a tobacco pouch, pipe, scissors, and a spoon to drink spirits from, hanging from the waist, which the richer Lapps decorate with silver braid.

In winter the Lapps use snow-shoes or *skidder*, and they always carry a spear with a four-edged spike about a foot in length, mounted on an aspen shaft six feet long. Their equipment for the winter is completed with an old skin knapsack for provisions, a rough case-knife in the belt, and a little iron pipe for their delectation in smoking, and sometimes a gun like a pea-rifle. The sleighs are like small boats cut in half, and only hold one person, and are so cranky that the driver is obliged to use a short pole to keep the sleigh steady, so that between driving the reindeer which are fastened to the sleigh, and keeping his balance with the short pole, he has enough to do. If the sleigh turns over, which it does sometimes, the occupant can not fall out, as he is so tightly packed in with skins; but he has an awkward time of it, and gets sadly bumped in the snow if the reindeer dash off at full speed, as they have a habit of doing.

The Lapps all live by fishing and hunting. Their game is elk, bears, foxes, and wolves, with ermines and squirrels. The Russian Lapps are chiefly fishers; they are quiet, hospitable, honest, and inoffensive, and decidedly favorable specimens of a semi-civilized race still retaining their patriarchal traditions. The father is supreme in the family, and can apportion his property at death, and disinherit any of his children should he see fit. If a son wishes to leave the home and set up for himself, he can take nothing with him but his gun and his wife's dowry. Drunkenness is their great failing.

HOME, AT SEA.

Wild winds are howling savagely,
  But in the cabin, billow tossed,
The sailors gather cozily,
  'Mid swaying lights by shadows crossed,
  That speak of change—joys won or lost—
And blended moods of grief or glee.

Within the rude but ship-shape room—
  A dusky bulk against the glare—
One figure sits, a form of gloom
  You might not choose to wish were there,
  So worn his cheek, so grave his air,
'Mongst those bold faces all abloom.

Yet him his comrades crowd around,
  He leads the story and the laugh
And now what spell, think you, he's found?
  Only a woman's photograph,
  But all gaze eagerly, and half
In musing fantasy are bound.

He tells of home and snowy days
  Ashore at Christmas, in the past:
"They'll come no more along my ways,"
  Sighing he falters out at last.
  (I hear the creaking of the mast,
While the fierce ocean round us plays.)

"Yet, lads, it's good to think of home!"
  And they agree, with voices deep;
And fancy flies across the foam,
  To join the feast their dear ones keep.
  Love haunts us still, awake, asleep,
Where'er we stay, where'er we roam.

So, if or calm or tempest be,
  We well may keep the Christmas-tide
With tender thought, bright memory—
  Blessings like angels' wings spread wide.
  If loyal kindliness abide,
You'll still have home with you, at sea.

George P. Lathrop.

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Books have a peculiar appropriateness for purposes of gift-making which belongs to nothing else in the whole category of possible presents. They fit themselves alike to the convenience of the one who gives and the need of the one who receives.

In our educated age one would need almost to make an effort in order to go amiss in selecting books for purposes of presentation. They are of so many kinds as to contents and workmanship; they appeal so directly to every possible taste, whether of the old, the young, or the middle-aged, the highly cultivated or those who make no pretense to culture, the lover of art and the lover of letters—in brief, they address themselves so precisely and so successfully to all manner of men and women and children, and may be bought for so very little as compared with their intrinsic value or with the intellectual labor and artistic skill expended upon them, that the holiday buyer who once enters a well-stocked book-shop or secures possession of a bookseller's catalogue may choose almost at will without fear of erring.

But while books of every kind—putting those that offend against morals and those that have no literary worth out of the account—are fit for presentation purposes, some books have special quali-

tion of contents, illustrations, or external dress, which adapt them in a peculiar manner to that use, while others that are not made with direct reference to gift-making, by reason of their permanent worth as literature, appeal even more strongly to many tastes. The list of books published by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, any of which might well be made a holiday present, is so long that a mere recapitulation of their titles would fill the space allotted to this article many times over; but our purpose now is merely to direct the attention of readers to a few of those likely to meet the wants of the largest number of buyers.

The list of finely made and superbly illustrated works includes many notable examples of sumptuous book-making, some of which have enjoyed abundant favor in former seasons, while others are now making their first appearance in public.

Of the latter class is Mr. George H. Boughton's *Sketching Rambles in Holland*, illustrated by the author and by Mr. E. A. Abbey. Nothing superior to this in the way of illustrated travel literature has ever been published, and no more attractive book, considering it merely as a book, is offered this year. Its text and illustrations are the sympathetic interpretation and expression of all that is most attractive to the artistic sense in the land and the life of Holland—a country so rich in artistic inspiration that it has produced within its borders one of the noblest and most fruitful schools of art, spontaneously and almost without suggestion from the art of other lands. The interpretation of Dutch life given in this book is the loving one of two artists, and not that only, if by artists we mean merely men who can make pictures. Mr. Boughton and Mr. Abbey are artists in a much higher and better sense than that. The term as applied to them means men to whom nature is an inspiration as well as a passion, men with the poetic sense largely developed, and with an instinct for spiritual as well as for material beauty. These fellow-workers have studied the Low Countries with eyes and minds open to the best and truest impressions, whether of nature or of human nature, of land or of life, and they have recorded their impressions with pen and pencil as only men of such gifts can. The book which is the result of their joint labors is a delight to the mind and to the senses, and no holiday book of the year, we may safely say, is likely to equal it in popularity, as none, certainly, equals it in quality.

Here a word of explanation is necessary. We have spoken of the work as a contribution to travel literature, and it is that, but it is not at all what we commonly mean by that term. The travels of the two artists were not orderly by any means, but quite as disorderly as their artist whims could make them. They went over no beaten track; they had no conscience in sight-seeing; they did not care the shaving of a pencil whether what they saw was what they ought to have seen or not; they wandered about wherever mere fancy, or chance, or any touch of fresh beauty led them. They seem rather to have preferred not to see the conventionally correct things of the tourist. They were not tourists, or even travellers, but artists out for a long holiday. Where artistic instinct or vagrant fancy led them, thither they went; where scene or sight of beauty tempted them, there they lingered and mused and sketched, until their portfolios were full of faces, figures, groups, scenes, and suggestive bits, and their minds full of the glories of a land whose beauty is half hidden to all but artist eyes, and is interpreted only through sympathy with beauty. They went to Holland not to spy out the land, but to enjoy it, and it is their enjoyment which they have transferred to paper. The result of their holiday labors is therefore not a glorified guide-book; no Cook's tourist, left behind by his personal conductor, could ever find his way about to the "correct" sights of Holland by its aid, for the men who made it have not themselves "done" Holland in the conventional way, and it is doubtful that either of them could acquit himself finely in a competitive examination concerning the "points of interest" assigned to that country by Baedeker and his fellows. But the traveller who wishes to see Holland in truth and verity might well put himself under the guidance of these two wandering artists, while he who can not travel there at all may see more of that which is essential and characteristic in the lowlands through their eyes than any tourist can ever see by the diligent use of his own. It was at first intended that a writer should accompany Mr. Boughton and Mr. Abbey, but he was in some way detained, or "mislaid," as Mr. Boughton says, and little by little the two artists became conscious of the fact that his promise to join them was not to be fulfilled. When this became obvious their portfolios were already full of sketches, and their minds saturated with the subtle charm of the country they were wandering in. It was evident that a book must be written as a vehicle for the sketches, and there was nobody to write it. Then the thought came to them that they might themselves undertake the literary work. "Gradually," writes Mr. Boughton, "as the astounding impertinence of this idea lost the charm of novelty, we began to see the responsibility and magnitude of the task we had been so ready to undertake. Then it was that each became so willing—nay, even anxious—that the *other* should have all the fun and glory of the writing all to himself. The retiring, modest soul would assist now and then when called upon, etc. It was finally settled, by some odd-or-even chance, that I should do the book on the above pleasant understanding. And thus it is that I find myself straying into 'fresh woods and pastures new,' where perhaps I have earned no right to tread. It is a very pleasant field, no doubt; but I have no wish to skip about with the shorn lambs in the untempered winds longer than is good for me. To the first angry shout of the watchful shepherd, 'Now, then, where are you going to?' I am quite ready to reply, '*I'm* going back again!'" But the shepherd, we may be very sure, will give no such challenge. The frisking of this lamb in the literary pasture is much too graceful and pleasing for that. The bantering tone adopted in the preface quoted from reflects the mood in which the journey was made and the book written, and it is precisely the best mood possible for the occasion. It was light without being trifling, and it prepared the writer to do his work with that relish without which no work of interpretation is ever really well done. The result of the effort is one of the most charming of all books of travel, while the pictures, which are technically called illustrations of its text, are in truth a body of fresh art works which, independently of any text, are worthy to stand as graphic interpretations of a country that is one of the chief homes and centres of art. The book is a joy to the eyes and mind, and its worth is permanent. As a gift book for the holidays it has, as we have said, no rival among this year's publications; as a contribution to literature, and still more to art, it has a lasting value not commonly attaching to holiday issues of any kind.

Next perhaps in point of attractiveness is Mr. E. P. Roe's idyllic novel, *Nature's Serial Story*, with illustrations by Gibson and Dielman. Mr. Roe's phenomenal popularity as a novelist would have made sure the success of this his supreme effort to report nature as he sees and feels it, even without the aid rendered by the artists and engravers. But the book has tempted its publishers to lavish expenditure upon its presentation, and they have given to the author the peculiarly fit support of W. Hamilton Gibson, the recognized master of the art of interpreting field and forest and way-side flowers, and that of F. Dielman, who of all our young artists most nearly approaches Gibson's matchless skill in this special department. They have employed the best engravers of the modern school in cutting the work of the artists, and have lavished the resources of their establishment, in the way of fine paper, exquisite printing, and elaborately designed binding, upon the manufacture of the volume.

To these must be added, in the list of fine illustrated books just published, a revised and complete edition of *Tennyson's Poetical Works*, with a biographical sketch of the poet by Mrs. Ritchie (Miss Thackeray); while for the younger class of readers the chief attraction this year will be *Indian History for Young Folks*, by Francis S. Drake, *Country Cousins*, by Ernest Ingersoll, and the bound volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Mr. Drake's *Indian History* is the most notable work of the kind extant, covering the whole subject, and presenting all parts of it compactly, but with sufficient fullness, and most charmingly. No work of juvenile fiction surpasses this strictly accurate and careful historical narrative in absorbing interest. The volume in which it is presented is a genuine "book of beauty," a specially attractive feature being its frontispiece in colors. Those young people who get this book among their Christmas gifts will be fortunate, and their elders will find it tempting too. Mr. Ingersoll's *Country Cousins* is an entertaining and lavishly illustrated series of studies in the natural history of the United States, written by an author about equally well known as an authority in natural history and as an entertaining writer for the young.

As a relief from the study of facts in Mr. Drake's and Mr. Ingersoll's books, we have *Laboulaye's Last Fairy Tales*, translated by Miss Mary L. Booth—a book of singular fascination, which has lost none of its subtle charm in process of translation. It is presented in daintily attractive dress, and is peculiarly a holiday book.

Next after these latest publications it is in order to make mention of the sumptuous works which have been the favorites among all classes of buyers in former years, namely, Poe's *Raven*, with Doré's magnificent illustrations and Stedman's commentary; its companion volume, Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, illustrated by Doré; *Herrick's Poems*, with Abbey's dainty and sympathetic illustrations; and Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson's two famous idyls in prose and pictures, *Highways and Byways* and *Pastoral Days*. To all lovers of what we may call art books these five are known as masterpieces of illustration and book-making, wholly without rivals in their kind among modern publications. The texts of the first three are classic; those of the other two deserve to be so considered, although they have not the dignity of age; while all five of the volumes are made without stint in the most sumptuous and yet the most chastely tasteful way. No books that can be bought anywhere surpass these in attractiveness, and certainly nothing in the form of a book is better adapted to the uses of the holiday purchaser. In the *Ancient Mariner* and *The Raven* we have Doré at his very best as a sympathetic illustrator. The two poems, with their peculiar weirdness of conception and cerebral suggestiveness, appealed directly and most powerfully to all that was individual and characteristic in Doré's genius. His gift was indeed closely akin to that of Coleridge, and he had much in common also with Poe's spirit; and the poems were, as we look at his wonderful interpretations of them, to have taken hold upon him as no other text ever did. His pictures in each case are poems in themselves, illustrative indeed of the original text, but in a sense also additional to it; that is to say, Doré had the gift to see and understand, as only an artist of his genius could, all that the poets meant in their splendid endeavor to utter the unutterable; and in presenting their thoughts to us in subdued form, he has given to the poems a totally new and much larger meaning than they had before, a meaning not of his own creation—for we feel that it was indeed the meaning that the poets put into their work—but of his discovery and revelation. He has not changed their thought or added to it; but he has revealed it, teaching us to see all that they had in mind when before we saw only a part of it. His illustrations are suggestive commentaries upon the text and inspired revelations of its full significance, and that, we think, is book illustration in its highest and worthiest form. The two works are published in large square folios, the illustrations being upon a magnificent scale as to size. They were published simultaneously in New York, London, and Paris, and are sold at a price almost ridiculously out of proportion to their worth, and to the ordinarily accepted standard of prices for such publications. The illustrations in *The Raven* were Doré's last drawings on wood, and were done at the solicitation of Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, who projected the work and carried it to completion after five years' waiting for the artist to bring his part of it to perfection. The book is a noble example of conscientious and harmonious endeavor on the part of editor, publishers, and artist to produce a result that should be satisfactory in all its aspects. It is a monument at once to the poet who created the poem, and to the artist who in the last years of his life lavished his genius upon its fit illustration.

In much the same way Mr. Abbey may be said to have been born to interpret Herrick to a generation of men and women who otherwise would hardly have known more than the name of the daintiest and sweetest of seventeenth-century singers. If the poet could have foreseen what the art of Mr. Abbey was to be, and had written for the purpose of providing verses for him to turn into pictures of exquisite grace and beauty, he could hardly have fitted his work more precisely to his illustrator's hand and mind. The term illustrations, as applied to Mr. Abbey's pictures in this book, is misleading and insufficient. The pictures bear rather the relation to the poems which a richly and artistically wrought setting bears to the precious stone it holds. The stone is precious for its rarity and its beauty, but the setting is at once fine gold and a piece of exquisite workmanship from the hand of an artist whose cunning touch is itself golden. There are settings whose crafty workmanship is prized equally with the gems they hold—settings whose office it is not so much to guard the precious stones imbedded in them as to stand in worthy fellowship with the jewels; and the relation between Mr. Abbey's pictures and the poems of Herrick is a similar one. The poems gain from the pictures more even than the debt of the pictures to the poems.

Mr. Gibson is his own poet in *Highways and Byways* and *Pastoral Days*, or rather he is equally artist and poet in both text and illustrations. He set out to report to us some of Nature's charms, to teach us to see her attractiveness through his eyes, and to appreciate it as he does. To that end he employed both pen and pencil, using the one or the other as at each moment seemed best to serve his purpose, and using both with the dexterity of a consummate artist—an artist not in hand only, but in mind and soul as well. We risk nothing in saying that there is nowhere in the whole catalogue of poetic and graphic works designed to interpret Nature's moods anything more utterly satisfactory than the results attained in these two sumptuous books. The volumes are printed in all the luxury of perfect paper, type, and press-work, and are richly bound. They are square quartos in form and books of the rarest attractiveness in appearance.

In the same list may be included Mr. Samuel Adams Drake's *The Heart of the White Mountains*, which, with Mr. Gibson's illustrations, is descriptive literature in its highest imaginable estate; and the same author's *Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast*, both of them approved favorites last year.

Mr. Paul B. Du Chaillu's *Land of the Midnight Sun*, in two fine octavo volumes, with its 235 illustrations, lies midway between fine-art books on the one hand and books of travel on the other, and indeed it belongs to both classes. It is without question one of the most important as it is one of the most entertaining books of travel published in recent years, and it is published so handsomely as to mechanical and artistic adjuncts that it is entitled to rank among what are specifically known as holiday books.

There are four other noble contributions to the higher literature of travel and exploration, which are too well and widely known to need more than mention here. There are Dr. Schliemann's *Ilios* and *Troja*, General Di Cesnola's *Cyprus*, and Stanley's *Through the Dark Continent*. These four, with Du Chaillu's work already mentioned, may be said to record all that is most important in modern achievement in this department, and each of the five is a work of large proportions, richly illustrated, and beautifully printed and bound.

The space allotted to this review allows us barely to catalogue a number of other fine books, each of which has a peculiar acceptability of its own. These are *Tennyson's Songs with Music*, a beautiful volume containing the exquisite songs with which Tennyson's poems are so freely interspersed, set to music by different composers, and attractively illustrated; *Songs of our Youth*, by the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, also set to music; Colonel George Ward Nichols's *Art Education as Applied to Industry*; Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford's *Art Decoration Applied to Furniture*; S. G. W. Benjamin's *Contemporary Art in Europe*; the same author's *Art in America*; and Mr. James Parton's *Caricature and other Comic Art*. The five art books last named represent pretty fully the several departments of that literature of art which is in part the cause and in part the consequence of our latter-day Renaissance, and they are all attractive books in appearance as well as important ones in their character.

In biographical and autobiographical literature there are some very notable things to be named. The latest work in this department, and in many ways one of the most important, is Froude's *Thomas Carlyle, His Life in London*—a book with which the critics both in England and in this country have recently been very busy; they have expressed every variety of opinion with respect to the book and its subject, but upon one point they have been agreed, namely, that nothing in the literature of recent years has been half so interesting or half so full of a life's revelation.

Trollope's *Autobiography* also has attracted the widest attention, and abounds in matters of permanent interest and worth. It is the frankest possible revelation of the life, habits, and opinions of the most uniformly successful literary worker of our day, the man who most completely made of literature a profession to be practiced with the systematic persistence and regularity of an ordinary business.

Edmund Yates and James Payn also have led literary lives with somewhat similar orderliness, and both have recently made interesting records of their experience, the one in his *Memoirs of a Man of the World*, and the other in his *Literary Recollections*. Another work in literary biography which must be named with these is *Victor Hugo and his Times*, by Alfred Barbou, accompanied by many drawings, some of which are Victor Hugo's own.

Madame De Staël, by Dr. Abel Stevens, has the peculiar merit of being a study in biography founded upon fuller knowledge of the facts in the life of a most remarkable woman than has been brought to bear upon the subject before. With this may be mentioned *The Mendelssohn Family*, by Sebastian Hensel—a work compiled from original letters and journals—and *The Life and Times of the Rev. Sydney Smith*, based on family documents and the recollections of personal friends, by Stuart J. Reid. The latter work has been received both in England and this country as a peculiarly welcome contribution to literary biography, and as a work of unusual interest apart from its importance.

Curtis's *Life of James Buchanan*, the Rev. Morgan Dix's *Memoirs of General Dix*, and Judge Alfred Roman's *Beauregard* are recent works in American biography, each of which has also an important relation to the history of our country. Each is in two stout volumes for library use. The *Rémusat* and other memoirs of the kind tempt us to comments for which there is no space. The "English Men of Letters" series, edited by John Morley, must not be omitted, however, from our list. This series of small volumes, intended especially to supply busy men and women with a complete but compact library of English literary biography, has made it easy for persons of the scantiest leisure to acquire, in outline at least, that knowledge of the lives and characters and circumstances of great writers without which literature must always lack some part of the interest that belongs to it. The series now fills a shelf, and covers a very large part of the field, and yet the price of the volumes is so small that the whole set may be bought without great outlay, and scarcely any present more acceptable could be made, especially to the young man or woman eager to enlarge his or her acquaintance with the history of our noble literature. The latest addition to the series is a life of *Coleridge* by H. D. Traill.

And this mention of Coleridge reminds us that Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS have recently published a new library edition of *Coleridge's Complete Works*, with Professor Shedd's essay on his philosophical and theological opinions, in seven volumes. Such a set of volumes has a peculiar claim upon the attention of discreet gift-makers, because to every true lover of books sets for the library shelves, representing standard literature, are even more welcome than more ornately made volumes for the centre-table or the easel, which usually cost more. And of standard literature in library editions Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS publish sets enough to stock a library by themselves. Specially to be noted in this department are their cornely and sturdily bound editions of Motley, Gibbon, Hume, Hildreth, Green, and Macaulay among historians, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot among novelists, and the masters in all other walks of literature.

Books of reference are always needed in every house where there are books of any kind or people to read them, and we particularly commend to the attention of Christmas buyers such works as *Harper's Latin Dictionary* and *Liddell and Scott's Greek Dictionary*, the recognized authorities both in the English universities and in our own colleges; *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates*, recently issued in a new edition, carefully revised for American use, the only adequate or trustworthy work of the kind extant; the *Dictionary of Religious Knowledge*, by the Rev. Lyman Abbott and the Rev. T. J. Conant; *Harper's Cyclopædia of British and American Poetry*; and Lossing's *Cyclopædia of American History*. All these are books of necessity and daily use in intelligent households.

For Bible students—and, indeed, for all persons intelligently interested in the Bible—there is nothing more attractive than the Rev. Dr. William M. Thomson's *Central Palestine and Phœnicia*, and its companion, *Southern Palestine and Jerusalem*. These works are the fruits of their author's life-long studies in Palestine and Syria, where for nearly half a century he has been a distinguished missionary. The two books are enriched the one with 130 and the other with 140 illustrations, besides maps, and their character may be best indicated by the phrase which serves as their sub-title, "The Land and the Book, or Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and Scenery, of the Holy Land."

For the thoughtful, also, a recently published work of the highest interest is Leopold von Ranke's *Universal History*, a first instalment, including studies of the oldest group of nations known to history, and of the Greeks. This important and scholarly work is published in one large octavo volume. Its author's reputation as a historical scholar of eminence gives it at the outset the authority and character of a standard work.

Mr. Rolfe's new *Friendly Edition of Shakspeare* precisely meets the requirements of the large class of buyers who want an edition of the great dramatist's works in which the text is accurate, the notes helpful, and the introductions scholarly and adequately explanatory of the plays. It is published in twenty compact and

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From "SKETCHING RAMBLES IN HOLLAND."

comely volumes, each containing two plays. The paper and type are excellent, the binding substantial, and the edition, as a whole, is without doubt the best and most convenient one for home use that is to be had anywhere.

One of the latest of this house's publications is *The History of the Four Georges*, by Mr Justin McCarthy, who in this work takes up the story where he left it and makes a study of English history in the period almost immediately preceding that covered by his *History of Our Own Times*. Mr McCarthy may be described as emphatically a historian in earnest—one who studies and writes history in the light of the events and conditions that have grown out of it, and with direct reference to those events and conditions. He cares nothing for a mere [illegible] of facts, and everything for the significance, the meaning and the ultimate effects of these facts. He has in the present work taken for his theme a period in interesting period, the history of which has not hitherto been written in any comprehensive way, and he has treated it trenchantly and most capably, so that the book may be regarded as one of the notable publications of the year.

The list of juvenile books is a long and attractive one. We have already mentioned Ingersoll's *Crowley Clubs*, Drake's *Indian History*, and Mme Booth's translation of *Laboulaye's Last Fairy Tales*. Besides these there are two very recent additions to the list, which are destined to be favorites with the young at Christmas. These are *The Voyage of the "Varna" to the North Pole and Beyond*, by Thomas W. Knox, and *Left Behind, or Ten Days a Newsboy*, by James Otis. Colonel Knox's tale is that of an imaginary voyage to the pole, in the course of which he gives a vivid but rigidly accurate impression of arctic scenery and of the perils and excitements of polar exploration, his materials, even in the smallest details, having been drawn from a careful study of the records of arctic voyages. Mr Otis's new book, like those that have preceded it, is a tale of boy life in an unusual and trying circumstances. These two writers have won the most abundant favor of youth, the one with his realistic stories of *The Boy Travellers in the Far East*—of which there are five successive parts—and the other by the humor, the pathos, and the dramatic interest of *Toby Tyler, Mr. Stubbs's Brother, Tim and Tip*, and *Raising the "Pearl"*—stories that have had few equals in juvenile acceptance.

From "LABOULAYE'S LAST FAIRY TALES."

To these must be added, in the list of captivating books for the young, Mrs. Little's *Nan* and *Mildred's Bargain*; W. O. Stoddard's *The Talking Leaves*; W. L. Alden's *The Moral Pirates*, *The Cruise of the Canoe Club*, and *The Cruise of the "Ghost"*; Ernest Ingersoll's *The Ice Queen* and *Knocking Round the Rockies*; Miss Mulock's *Adventures of a Brownie*, Virginia W. Johnson's *The Catskill Fairies*, Mrs. W. J. Hays's *The Princess Idleness*, and many others which we lack sufficient space even to mention.

From the point of view of the present-giver nothing could be better for the price than any one of the periodicals published by the house, or indeed at good. Either a bound volume or a year's subscription to *Harper's Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Harper's Bazar*, *Harper's Young People*, or *Harper's Franklin Square Library* is a gift sure to be acceptable in any quarter. *Harper's*

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(Continued on page 816.)

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[Continued from page 814.]

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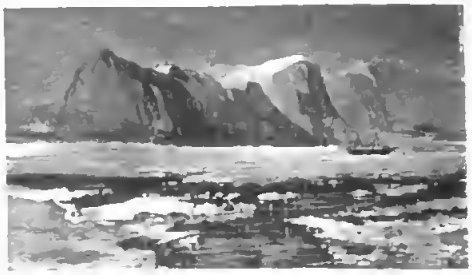

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 1460

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1884

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1884.

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CHRISTMAS.

THERE are no politics at Christmas, and there shall be none in this paper for Christmas week. It is the season of peace on earth, and its spirit is that of perfect fraternity and good-will. These are, indeed, a season and a spirit which ought to last all the year round, and as the Chinese philosopher in England, seeing that in a Christian land the Christian church was open only on Sunday, asked whether Christianity was suspended during the week, he might also ask whether the spirit of peace and fraternity is in season only at Christmas. If it be so, the general feeling of satisfaction and of kindliness at that time certainly shows how pleasant it would be if the feeling, and the conduct that springs from it, were habitual and permanent. It is the especial festival of children, because the event commemorated is the birth of a child, and it is in childhood that the guilelessness of the spirit which Christmas commemorates is most apparent. Children are the rapt audience of stories, and endless story-telling is associated with the happy day. One of the pleasantest incidents of the Christmas of the last generation in America and England was the holiday story of DICKENS and THACKERAY. Children, young and old, listened eagerly to those tales. The whole world became young again, and sat upon the knee of those magical story-tellers, enchanted. There are still charming writers who tell delightful tales at Christmas, but there are none of so undisputed a supremacy as DICKENS and THACKERAY. Nobody has praised DICKENS's Christmas carols so warmly as THACKERAY, or so accurately described their significance. They are truly carols. They not only smoke and steam with holiday good cheer, which is an essential part of old English Christmas, but they are permeated and glow with the Christmas spirit. Undoubtedly they promoted the national good feeling. Dr. JOHNSON said that GARRICK's death eclipsed the gayety of nations, and it is not less true that DICKENS's pen at Christmas stimulated the charity of nations.

It was probably an unconscious but a most subtle and felicitous art which selected for his first reading in America, after a certain personal estrangement due to the *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and occasional harsh speeches in private, the opening scenes of the *Christmas Carol*—"Marley was dead, to begin with." Old feuds, ill feelings, misunderstandings, were Marley, and they were dead and passed away; and then came the dissolving tenderness and sweet humor of the Carol, ending with Tiny Tim's catholic benediction, God bless us every one! It was a very happy incident, and doubtless unintentional. But it was as if the offence had been forgiven and the alienation forgotten at a Christmas service and a Christmas feast.

THACKERAY's Christmas tales are not especially seasonable. They do not relate to Christmas except in a touch now and then, as in the beautiful and pathetic epilogue to *Dr. Birch and his Young Friends*, and in amusing allusions like that at the end of *Our Street*, to the Christmas performance of *La Duchesse de Montefiasco*, "of which I forget the plot, but everybody was in love with everybody else's wife, except the hero, Don Alonzo, who was ardently attached to the duchess, who turned out to be his grandmother." The THACKERAY Christmas tales are sparkling and satirical, *jeux d'esprit*, and *The Rose and the Ring* is like a rollicking Christmas pantomime. The shrewdness, the sadness, the remorseless exposures, are all there as in the more elaborate tales. But they do not foster the Christmas spirit. Like CARLYLE, THACKERAY can not escape his impatience with shams and injustice. But, unlike CARLYLE, he shows plainly his sensitiveness to censure and ridicule. The second edition of *The Kickleburys on the Rhine*, his Christmas story for 1837, is prefaced with the *Essay upon Thunder and Small Beer*, in which he lashes the "Jupiter-Jeames" of the *Times* for its severe comment upon the story when published. This inability to conceal his chagrin under such assaults was THACKERAY's weakness. But it was a fleeting emotion, for the great novelist was a great boy in his ardor and generosity; and his thoroughly affectionate nature is characteristically shown in his Christmas song of "The Mahogany Tree," with its strange blending of sadness and gayety—the tone of a wiser Horace.

In these expressions of the holiday feeling of the last generation we find the voice of the Christmas sentiment of to-day; and if we push back two centuries and a half, SHAKESPEARE's familiar and beautiful allusion to the season shows how unchanged the feeling is. Nature is made to sympathize with the glad and peaceful spirit of the time. The bird of dawning singeth all night long, and all is healthful and serene. So, in MILTON's hymn, Apollo leaves with hollow shriek the shrine of Delphos, and the descriptive strain steals in—a breath of flutes and soft recorders:

> "From haunted spring and dale,
> Edged with poplar pale,
> The parting genius is with sighing sent."

Mrs. BARRETT BROWNING recalls the same legend in "Great Pan is dead." And who in the Christmas of to-day does not feel the reason of the legend, and perceive that sympathetic consciousness of the landscape with the happy festival?

> "Ah, lady, we receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone does nature live."

How perfectly the good feeling of the Christmas season is symbolized by the good cheer of the day! Nobody shall go hungry and thirsty. The parents shall sit by the blazing hearth and drink a health, while the children kiss under the mistletoe. In hospitals of the sick and in prisons of criminals, as well as in the squalid homes of the extreme poor, one day in the year shall bring a sense of universal brotherhood, of a common humanity. And what an interchange of gifts, which shall be valued, not by the cost, but by the impulse and the motive! No saint in all the calendar, not even Saint Valentine, shall be so widely and so warmly worshipped as Santa Claus. And behold! after dinner all the old are young again, and circling in "Oats, peas, beans, and barley grows," and sprawling in Hunt the Slipper, and shouting in Blindman's-buff, and guessing in Dumb Crambo, and dancing and slipping and tumbling in a merry tumult of many games, youth once more reigns supreme. In the holiday games, also, the old Christmas survives. WORDSWORTH salutes ancient manners as the sure defense of wholesome laws, and there is certainly a pleasant conservation in the persistence of old customs, and in none more than in Christmas observances. The misfortune is that they must be sincere or they have no value; and however significant or picturesque or desirable, they can not be artificially preserved. Pifferari and waits, like the Lord of Misrule and Maid Marian and Hobby Horse, vanish before different times and a changing spirit of the age. But the sentiment from which they sprung survives. They are the old black-letter type, which is outgrown, but not so the wisdom which it expressed. The wassail remains, although it is no longer a bowl of spiced ale. The horse-play of a rude age and taste has given place to quiet games, as the practical jokes which Miss BURNEY describes would be merely stupid and vulgar now. Our pifferari play in the bright drawing-room, not in the dim street. Our waits sing in choir and gallery, not in the snow upon the lawn. Our morning carols are the happy shouts of children before the dawn, feeling the stuffed stocking and blessing Santa Claus.

PERUGINO'S MADONNA.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

OUT of all the hundred fair Madonnas
Seen in many a rich and distant city—
Sweet Madonnas, with the mother's bosoms,
Sad Madonnas, with the eyes of anguish,
Rapt Madonnas, caught in clouds to heaven,
(Clouds of golden, glad, adoring angels)—
She of Florence, in the chair, so perfect!
She that was the "Grand-duke's" wealth and glory,
She that makes the picture "of the goldfinch",
Ghirlandaio's, with the cloak and jewels,
Guido's queen, whom men and angels worship,
Della Robbia's best, and that sweet Paris—
Seville's bright boast—Mary of Murillo
(Painted—so they vow—"with milk and roses");
Guido Reni's *quadro* at Bologna,
Munich's masterpiece, grim Dürer's goddess,
You! and thy brave work—Beltraffio mio!—
Many as the lessons are I owe them,
Thanks and wonder, worship, grateful memories,
Oftenest I shall think of Perugino's.

Do you know it? Either side a triptych
Stands an armed archangel—as to guard her—
Glorious, with great wings and shining armor,
In the middle panel, pure and tender,
Clasping close her hands with adoration
(All the Mother's love—the Mortals' worship
In their yearning, in their reverence, painted),
Gazes Mary on the Child. A seraph
Holds Him, smiling, at her knees; and, smiling,
Looks she down, with spirit humble, happy,
Full—to heart's brim—of the peace of Heaven.
Reverence mingles with the mother's passion,
But no touch of sadness, or of doubting.
Far away a River runneth seaward
(Little now—like Truth, like Truth—to widen),
Leads the light across a dim blue country,
Under peaks—by forests—to the ocean.
Soft and warm, a pearly sky broods over
Where three Winged Ones, at the Father's footstool,
Sing the "peace and good-will" song to mortals.

If you ask me why that Perugino
Of the rest can never be forgotten,
Let this serve. I learned a lesson by it.
Watching one whose light and faithful fingers—
Following touch by touch the lovely labor—
Caught the Master's trick and made him modern,
While she bent above her new Madonna,
Laid the splendid smalts, and toned the crimsons,
Swept the shadows under the gilt tresses,
Smoothed the sinless brows, and drooped the eyelids,
What the Master did, so also doing,
I bethought me, "True and good the toil is!
Noble thus to double gifts of beauty!
Yet, alas! this 'peace and good-will' anthem,
If the dear Madonna knew what ages—
Slowly following ages—would creep o'er us,
And these words be still, as wind which passes,
Breathing fragrance from a land we know not,
Sighing music to a tune we catch not,
Stirring hearts, as leaves, i' the night a little
Shake and sleep again, and wait for sunlight
(Sweet, glad sunlight! oh, so long a-coming!),
Would she smile so? I had painted rather
While she listened to those singing Angels,
Mary, with a sword-blade in her bosom
(Sword that was to pierce her heart, of all hearts!),
I had shown her with deep looks of trouble,
Half afraid to credit that Evangel;
I had limned her 'pondering all these sayings,'
All these sorrows of her world foreseeing,
After all these years have heard 'the tidings.'"

But the Artist, painting bold and largely,
Washing soft and clear the broadening colors,
With a liberal brush at skillful working,
Linking lights and shadows on the visage,
Dropped by hazard there one drop of water!
"Lo, a tear!" I thought. "That teaches Pietro!
That is wiser than the Master's wisdom!
Now the picture's meaning will be perfect!
For she could not be so calm—Christ's Mother—
Could she? even though archangels kept her!
Could she? even though those sang in Heaven!
Knowing how her world would roll beyond them,
Twenty centuries past this sacred moment,
Out of sound of this angelic singing,
Loaded with the wrongs Christ's justice rights not,
Reddened with the gore Christ's teachings stanch not,
Reeking with the tears Christ's pity stays not.
Let the tear shine there! it suits the story!
Tear and smile go wondrous well together!
Seeing that this song was sung by Angels;
Seeing that the foolish world gainsays it.
That one lustrous drop completes the picture!
You forgot it! Peter of Perugia!"

Ah! I did not know an Artist's wisdom!
I had still to learn my deepest lesson!
She I watched, with better thought inspired,
Took some tender color in her pencil,
Faint dawn-color—blush of rose—I marked not!
Touched the tear, and melted it to brightness,
Spread it in a heavenly smile all over,
Magically made it turn to service,
Till that tear, charged with its rosy tintings,
Deepened the old smile and left it lovelier—
Like the Master's work, complete, sufficient!

Then I thought: "Pietro's wise Madonna
Was too wise to weep at little sorrows!—
Christ, and She, and Heaven, and all the Angels
Last; 'tis sin and grief alone which passes!
Roses grow of dew, and smiles from weeping!
Sweetest smile is made of saddest tear-drop!
She hath not forgotten we shall suffer!
In her heart that sword—to the heft—is planted!
But beyond the years she sees Time over!
Past the Calvary she counts 'the nineteen.'
Dear Madonna! wise to be so happy!
Should you weep, because we have not listened?
We shall listen! and His Mother knows it!"

This is why, of many rare Madonnas,
Most of all I think on Perugino's—
I who know so many more and love them!
This is why I thank my gentle Artist,
She who taught me that, a Student's wisdom!

WHY WE SPENT LAST CHRISTMAS IN TOWN.

BY MRS. FRANK McCARTHY.

I was exceedingly glad when my mother declared that the weather was not propitious for a call. The wind was blowing a hurricane, and whistled dolefully through the skeleton branches of the gaunt old poplars that formed what my father called "the avenue to our ancestral home." Heavy clouds hung portentously over the house that my father had also chosen to call "Upton Manor," and, as I said before, I was glad when my mother declared the proposed visit postponed.

I might have known, however, that nothing in the weather short of a cyclone could deter my father from pursuing the purpose he had in view.

I told Jim Howe, our head man about the place, not to have the horses brought out; but he whispered me behind his horny hand that "the Senator had already ordered 'em around to the south porch."

"The women-folks can stay at home, Jack," said my father; "but you and I are neither sugar nor salt, and will pursue our way. I have a particular desire that you shall be presented to your old playmate as soon as possible, now that her father has brought her home. I have told my friend Peter many a time that he could educate his daughter here just as well as he could abroad, but those Dutch obstinacies of his will have their way. I have not seen Catharine Van Dorn since she was a bit of a girl, nor has my friend Peter for many years had a chance to measure the capabilities of my son and heir. The first impression is everything, and I want you to put your best foot forward on this occasion, for reasons which I will afterward explain."

My father, or Senator Upton, as he was usually called, walked to and fro, his hands under his coat tails, his heavy boots clanging on the faded tiles of the old dining-hall. He had once been a State Senator, and the tenure of his office had expired; but the title clung to him, as titles sometimes will, among our kindly American people, when their expediency has passed away. If my

father could have been induced to give the serious attention to his apparel that he did to some other things, his figure would have been an imposing one, but his tall, spare, and loosely jointed form was always caricatured by the garments he threw upon it.

His head, however, was a fine one, and bore its sixty-five years uncommonly well. The keen dark eyes held considerable of their old fire, and the high nose seemed yet to snuff the battle from afar.

I was about twenty-three that eventful day in November, and people who were capable of forming an opinion said that I was the fac-simile of what my father had been at my time of life.

I thrummed upon the oaken table where I had seated myself, and followed the approaching and retreating form of my father with an uneasy eye.

"The forest road," I remarked, "will be rather a dangerous one this morning."

"If you are afraid of accidents," said my father, "we can take a dastour" (he invariably pronounced everything from his native stand-point) "by the main road."

The glint in his eye spurred me to a frank avowal.

"The fact is," I said, "I would rather not make that call this morning. I wanted to go in another direction."

"Have you any objections," he said, pausing in his walk, "to my knowing in what direction your inclinations lie?"

"None whatever," I said, resolving to plunge ahead now, whatever came of it. "I thought of calling upon Miss Pettingill this morning. Her father, the Major—"

"Pah!" ejaculated my father, "don't call that man Major in my presence. It's my belief he has no more right to the title than that cockatoo."

Oddly enough, my mother's dilapidated bird held a certain resemblance to the Major. Its expressionless eyes, its hooked nose, its draggled plumage, the staggering uncertainty with which it endeavored to hold its own upon the perch—all these were strongly suggestive of the Major; but as far as the title was concerned, the Major had probably as much right to it as my father had to his own.

Unfortunately there had been a growing antipathy between the men for years.

"It doesn't matter in the least to me," I said. "I'm not interested in the subject."

A gleam of light shot athwart the lowering face of my father, and seating himself at the table, he looked almost pleadingly into my eyes.

"I am glad to hear you say that, my boy," he said. "I might have known you were not particularly interested in those Pettingills."

"I said I was not interested in titulary discussion," I replied, but with a certain quaking about my heart, for I saw the tempest gathering in his face, and my love for my father was not of that perfect character that casteth out fear.

The fact was, I was not desirous of precipitating matters with my father just yet. That I loved Miss Pettingill, that I was prepared to do battle for that love—if need be, to die for it—had been a foregone conclusion with me for a half-year, that might have been a century as far as earnestness of purpose went. The whole country thereabouts must have known of my idolatry; my mother, my little sisters, the stable-boy, Jim Howe—every one must have been perfectly well aware that I was in love with Miss Pettingill. It was natural to suppose that my father must also have known of it. The old gentleman was as keen in his perceptions, as wide-awake to everything that was going on around him, as any one of them all, but had chosen, for reasons which I had hitherto been unable to fathom, to ignore the subject. His motives now began to be apparent.

Old Peter Van Dorn, of the neighboring estate, had come back from Europe, where he had been sojourning the last five years, and had brought with him his daughter Catharine. The fine old mansion had been renovated and modernized, and the Van Dorns had already begun to accommodate themselves to their new surroundings. I was not interested in the matter any more than I was with titulary discussion, or with any matter that did not directly concern Miss Pettingill. I had a faint remembrance of a little girl that had always come to our house for the Christmas holidays, and wore ribbons long enough to her sash strings to make into horse reins. I was told she had no little sisters to play with, as I had, which seemed to me then—for I was a greedy boy—a very good thing. I remembered standing under the mistletoe with her in the same old dining hall where my father and I were at that moment, and eating bonbons at the same table, and the whole retrospection might have been pleasant enough had not my father brought it about in so disagreeable a way. I could readily understand how my father and Peter Van Dorn, pouring out their old wine at the sideboard together, and hobnobbing in the old Christmas way, had cast many an approving and hopeful glance upon the two youngsters under the mistletoe. There must have been something very appropriate and touching in that spectacle, fit to bring tears to the eyes of the convivial old comrades, and cause them to punch each other's ribs, and wink unctuously, and add their uproarious laughter to the Christmas tale about them.

The Van Dorn estate was not, perhaps, so vast and valuable as the Uptons', but there was only the one child to inherit it all; and the properties joined. The two estates together might easily form a county of their own. One could readily see how alluring all this was to my father, to Peter Van Dorn, to any one that was not lifted above all these sordid matters by the heroic crucible of love.

Now that I divined the plan of my father, and how it had been ripening all these years, I felt sorrier for him than I can say. He was old; he was set in his ways; he had formed his convictions long ago; it was not worth while to try and change them now. I felt that I could not even explain to him the nature of my love for Miss Pettingill: he would not understand it. There was only one thing for me to do: to confess that love and to stand by it, remembering always it was not a theme for abuse and wrangling. I would rather have waited until I had secured the sanction of Miss Pettingill to this public avowal. If she could have pinned her colors to my sleeve, and sent me forth to the combat as her acknowledged champion, I would have been eager for the fray; but she had in her enchantingly elusive way forbidden me to talk over our affairs with anybody, and her word to me was law.

"There is one thing," said my father, "that you must be interested in, unless you have a heart of stone and the blood of a fish, and that is the family estate. My labors in its behalf have been Herculean—yes, Herculean," he said, bringing his hand down with a bang upon the oaken table that set the glasses and decanters jingling on the sideboard, and making my mother's cap strings flutter as she passed hurriedly through the room, and cast a timid glance of pity, of terror, of boundless love and sympathy, upon the devoted head of her poor boy Jack.

"When I found," continued my father, "that the railroad had become of inestimable value to my constituents, I worked early and late to secure its success. I passed sleepless nights and wearisome days. I traversed this country when it was almost impassable, and brought influences to bear upon the legislative bodies of this State that a mind like yours fails to appreciate or understand."

"You do me great injustice, sir," I said; but my father's tone had already softened, and his eyes had begun to yearn over me as my mother's had yearned, but in an entirely different way. There was something more than love there, a hot pride, a fierce ambition, an impatience with frustration, and withal, the anguish that besets the soul of a man when he finds that the work of a lifetime may be all in vain.

"Because you are as yet only a boy," said my father, taking up the thread of his argument, as it had doubtless been his legislative habit to do when he determined to hold his hearers to the point in question; but there was an earnestness in his voice now, a sincerity, a pathos, that would long ago have carried his auditors by storm, and now compelled his son to a respectful silence. "It has been no easy matter, my son, for me to put by a suitable portion for your sisters, and yet hold every acre that came to me from your grandfather, every acre that formed a part of the ancestral estate, to keep this vast property whole and unbroken, to be handed down to you, as it has been handed down to me, as I pray God you may hand it down to your eldest son, as the proper representative of an ancient name."

My father paused, and I knew perfectly well what seemed demanded of me, and as Heaven is my judge I endeavored as best I could to meet the exigencies of the occasion. I couldn't round out words as he could, nor was it possible for me to veil a certain meaning in an ambiguous way. Nobody regretted this deficiency more than I did, and it was certainly more my misfortune than my fault. I appreciated all that he had done, and I tried to tell him so.

"It must have been terribly up-hill work, sir," I said. "I don't see how you managed to get that bill through and arrange it so that the railroad ran through our property, and then sell off all that swamp down there so."

I stopped here, for I saw that I was making a mess of it, as I generally did.

"Go on," said my father, with a sardonic grin, and a dilatation of the nostrils that was very unpleasant to see—"go on; don't let any sentiments of filial respect restrain you from expressing a candid opinion. You were remarking that I got the bill through so that I could influence the management of the road, and sell off any contiguous property advantageously. I've heard this argument advanced before; but it's always interesting to hear any new views upon the subject. Go on, I pray you."

"See here, father," I said, noting that his eyeballs were actually getting red, "I don't care a hang for the bill, or the road, or the swamp, or anything. I'm sorry you've gone to all this trouble because I happened to be the only son; all that sort of thing is happily done away with in this country, and I am perfectly content to come in with my sisters, share and share alike, in everything."

Here I paused again, for it appeared to me I could light the blackened stump of my half-smoked cigar at any portion of my father's face.

"Of course!" he gasped. "It would doubtless be a delight to you before I was cold in my grave to put the old place up at auction, cattle the bones of your ancestors down there in the corner plot to a more convenient locality, or dump them in the river, for that matter, get all the hard cash you could for the land that has been in the family for hundreds of years, divide the proceeds, and send every accursed Upton of you all to obscurity and nothingness, because of the infernal obstinacy and malevolence of one who might hold the prosperity of himself and his race in the hollow of his hand. Perhaps the lady in whom you are so particularly interested don't like the country? It may be she is nurturing the hope that your share of the proceeds may set her up in town some day."

"If you mean Miss Marie Pettingill—" I said. But my father broke in with a discordant laugh.

"Marie!" he repeated. "Why under heaven don't you call the woman by her right name? It's Maria!—Maria Pettingill! Marie! Pah! I ought to know her name. She's been in this neighborhood now off and on for thirty-eight years. She's an old fowler, and has snared many a bird. Yes, indeed, sir, I can prove it: she's thirty-eight if she's a day."

I arose to my feet trembling in every limb. "If she's a hundred, sir," I said, "I love her. I love her, and I will make her my wife."

"I don't know about that," said my father, also getting upon his feet. "I don't believe you can make Maria Pettingill do anything that is unprofitable, and, as God is my witness, if you do marry her, I'll cut you off, root and branch! You'll never get a rood of the Upton property nor a dollar of the Upton cash. Go to Maria Pettingill, tell her to put that in her pipe and smoke it, or her cigar, for she does smoke. Yes, sir, she smokes like a Turk. I've seen her."

And my father strode away. If he had not been an old man and my father, I'd have caught him where he stood and strangled the words in his throat. As it was, I was all unstrung. Not that I minded what he had said, save for his own sake and that of the woman I loved. But how could I go to her fresh from such pollution as this? The old dining-hall was vast and high, and the north wind swept through it like a hurricane, but I was stifling.

Seizing a fowling-piece that hung upon the wall, I caught up an old top-coat that hung there too, and pushing down upon my ears a shooting cap, and stuffing some ammunition for the heavy old weapon in my pockets, I plunged into the foot-path that led along the high bank of the river.

Once out in the open air, all that mildew there within, all that choking oppression, that cowardly doubt and clogging fear, fled like the vapors of the morning. What if my father did cut me off? what if he flung me upon the world without help or support? I ought to have been there long ago, making my way like a man. Surely the woman I loved would only think the more of me? Was not everything the sweeter if won with a struggle? Did not my love for her only burn the fiercer because of the obstacles an unreasonable old man chose to throw in its way?

But her love for me?

What was this miserable doubt that again began to tug at my heart-strings?

It was not because of my father, or of aught he could say or do. Alas! it was because of the woman I loved.

And all unconsciously I was rapidly making my way to the one magnet of my existence. I had started out ostensibly for game, but the only game I coveted lay in the direction of the somewhat pretentious pile of architecture known as Riverside Villa, a pinchbeck sort of structure, built by Major Pettingill upon some valuable property he had bought from my father. It was currently reported that my father held a heavy mortgage upon the whole concern; and as I reached the open road, and saw the Senator's horse hitched to a sickly sapling before the Pettingill portal, my heart was in my mouth, for I knew the desperate mood of my father involved desperate deeds.

Had he, then, gone straightway to the innocent victims of his most unreasonable rage, and poured out the vials of his wrath upon their devoted heads? Had the sword of Damocles, in the shape of that dreadful mortgage, at last descended upon the poor Major? And by a certain irony of fate, the very means the poor man had taken to avert the disaster had only hastened his doom. The Major had made his house pleasant to the son of his enemy, he had deprecated the differences in the political and social views of the Uptons and the Pettingills, he had sat for hours and tried to explain certain points of dispute, and would doubtless have succeeded in convincing the poor wight to whom he addressed his argument, if the bewildered man had heard half that he said; but there had entered the room and remained there such a paragon of beauty and grace as dazzled him and blinded him to everything but her lustrous eyes, her neck of snow, her shining hair, and her red lips, from whence came once in a while a word or two of such exquisite melody that the Major's voice was like the croak of a frog disturbing the enchanting notes of the nightingale.

But the Major, finding me thus enchanted, had taken infinite pains to secure some moments for the discussion of mundane matters when the enchantress was otherwise engaged; so that I knew all about the political differences of my father and the Major, and learned sufficiently of that dreadful mortgage to know that it was the bane of the Major's life, and the discussion upon this matter just now must bring discord and misery to all concerned.

But as I came nearer to the villa, who should I see walking among the stiff parterres but the Major himself? He looked more like my mother's cockatoo than ever—more blear-eyed and puffed and draggled; but where was Marie? Alone with my father? Had he dared, then, to go to a defenceless woman and make war upon her? But no; the ex-Senator had come out upon the door-step, and was drawing his great-coat about him. His face certainly wore a look of great peace and tranquillity—even of joy.

He shook hands cordially with the Major, who had tottered up the steps to meet him, and now bent his long, loosely jointed frame over something. Yes, it was a white hand that was extended to him from within. I bounded to the gate, and was just in time to catch a passing wave of the hand and a triumphant glance from my father as he rode away.

That fleeting, victorious glance was all I had to remember him by for many a day. And it was sadly near, hounding and crushing me to the confines of mortality. The joy in my father's face was not calculated to inspire joy in return. It was a grim and sinister contraction of the muscles that made me very uneasy, for it spoke of an ill-gotten gain. Paying no heed to the Major's cordial salutation, I rushed within, and tearing aside the flimsy curtain Miss Pettingill called a *portière*, and entering the apartment Miss Pettingill always chose to keep in semi-darkness, I flung myself at her feet in a transport of hope and fear, of agonizing love, of doubt and impending despair. I clasped the white hand my father had so lately held in his own, and pressed it close to a heart that the Major might have heard beating out upon the porch. A hundred fierce, powerful, poetic, irresistible words struggled for deliverance, and I could scarcely give birth to one.

"Remember, Marie," I stammered—"remember that I do not belong to my father; I belong to you."

"But the estate belongs to your father," said the lady of my love; and looking up in her face, I saw something there that snuffed me out like the flame of a candle.

It was neither grief, nor rage, nor injured pride, nor hurt dignity. It was a calm, cold irrevocability that, like death, admitted of no appeal.

The cold pith of her argument struck a chill to the heat of my passion, and getting up from my knees, I said, in tones as icy as her own, "I did not come here to talk of the Upton estate, but of my own individual claims."

"It is impossible to separate the one from the other," said Miss Pettingill. "You'll probably find a great many people who will pretend to do so, for a nature like yours is a premium to deceit and false dealing; but I for one will be a party to no such trickery. The thought of marriage with you has never for one moment entered my head. I knew it was impossible from the first. Your father had other views for you which were more suitable in every way. But you were a pleasant companion, and the foolish fancy a young man sometimes conceives for a woman of the world is always more or less of an education to him, if not unwisely prolonged. It would be injurious to both of us longer to continue an intimacy which, I confess, has been very agreeable to me, and, as I just told your father, we have concluded, papa and I, to go abroad for the winter."

"Did you tell me," I said, "that the thought of marriage with me had never entered your head?"

"Why, my dear boy," she replied, "how was it possible? While your father lives he owns the estate, and I am too old to wait for the new *régime*."

"Yes," I said, "my father tells me you are thirty-eight years old, that you are an old fowler, and have snared many a bird."

Heaven knows what led me to this brutality, unless it was that she had reduced me to the condition of saying anything that entered my head.

"Your father is somewhat extravagant in his remarks," she said, "but they are founded on facts."

She had grown very pale, and she was always very beautiful. I would have thrown myself again at her feet, but I knew it would be useless.

"You'll never forgive me now," I said, "but you may as well know that I said to my father if you were a hundred, that I loved you, and I would make you my wife. He said that I couldn't make you do anything so unprofitable, and it appears he was right; but what puzzles me is the motive you could have had for leading me on."

Just then a shadow passed the window, and like a silhouette on the shade were the high shoulders of the Major, his hooked nose, and one of his bulgy eyes. There seemed to me a peculiar lilt in his gait that spoke of an easy mind; and as I never could see the Major without connecting him somehow with the mortgage, a correlative conclusion leaped to my brain. As I sprang to my feet, and lifted the fowling-piece from the corner where I had thrown it, Miss Pettingill put up her hands and faltered out some sort of an entreaty. I suppose she thought her last moment had come, but I was only intent upon finding out something from the Major.

I went out upon the balcony and caught the old beggar unawares.

"You made a pretty good bargain with my father this morning, didn't you?" I said.

"Hum—a—yes," stammered the Major, falling back a little, and, like his daughter, finding something unpleasant about my handling of the gun. "Your father was very liberal—very liberal indeed."

Then the scales fell from my eyes, and my love for that woman died upon the spot; but nevertheless I was a most miserable man. It is not always the Judas that goes out and hangs himself.

I plunged into the forest path again, and went on and on for miles, like a wounded animal, seeking some place safe from prying eyes. And suddenly the devil, who doubtless lies in wait for souls pushed to the extremity of mine, tempted me to make away with myself altogether, and put an end to everything with a charge of ammunition in my rusty old gun. Mad with grief and rage, stung to the quick with the cruel wrong I had endured at the hands of those I loved best in the world, I suffered a thousand deaths, and was only anxious to find one that would bring me the final pang. I was in the act of ramming down the deadly charge, and all the darkest passions within me were at their fullest tide, when there fell upon my ears a trampling through the underbrush, and suddenly the nose of a horse was at my shoulder, and a fresh young voice cried out, tremblingly,

"Oh, please tell me the way out of this dreadful wood?"

Turning, I beheld what appeared to me a child upon horseback. She seemed scarcely in her teens, and I remember thinking, with a shudder, what a shock she had escaped by arriving at that opportune moment. A few seconds more, and she had beheld

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WHY WE SPENT LAST CHRISTMAS IN TOWN.—"I FLEW DOWN TO WELCOME THEM."
DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

MR. MERRIDEW'S GOLD PIECE.—"HE SEIZED AND HELD THE TREASURE NEAR THE LIGHT."

DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

[Continued from page 821.]

WHY WE SPENT LAST CHRISTMAS IN TOWN.

there a sight that would have turned the young blood to ice in her veins. And alone, in the heart of the wood, what would the poor child have done?

She was still looking upon me, half affrighted, shrinking back upon her horse, the reins gathered firmly in her hands, her blue eyes opened wide, her lips apart, and her yellow hair tumbling from under the cap that fell back upon her shoulders.

I dropped the murderous weapon in the underbrush, and put my hand upon the bridle of her horse, which instinctively knew I was a lover of his kind.

"Don't be frightened," I said. "I will lead you to the path;" and I was astonished to hear my own voice once more, so sure had I been of my own demise. "It will take you straight to the main road; and let me say to you, the path is difficult to find, and hard to follow, and you do a very dangerous thing to ride through these woods alone."

"Why," she replied, "I used to know every step of the way when I was a child."

"And what are you now, pray?" I asked, still wondering to find myself alive and at the bridle-rein of this fair young stranger.

"I am past eighteen," she said. "I have been away from home for five years, and I'm so glad to get back again; so is papa, though he pretends he loves the old country best. I don't—I hate it. I love my old home. Why, part of this big wood belongs to me. I ought to be able to ride about in my own woods; it's only because I've been away so long, and forgotten the path. I remember it now. There's a big rock just ahead, isn't there?—almost a little mountain. Yes, yes, I know it now; you need not come any further. Thank you ever so much. I'm so glad I came across you!"

"So am I," I exclaimed, earnestly; and suddenly she bent forward, and put her little gloved hand on my shoulder.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said, and, looking up, I beheld such a sweet compassion in her face, such a warmth of womanly pity, as made me to know she had divined the nature of the dark deed she had stumbled upon back there in the heart of the wood—"I beg your pardon, sir, but it seemed to me when I first saw you that you were suffering—that you were in pain and misery."

"I was in great pain and misery," I said.

"And—and you are better now?"

"Very much better, thank you."

"And you won't go back in that dreadful wood again? It is so cold and dark in there, and so much better out here in the sunshine! You won't go back, will you?"

"I think not."

"Do you live about here? Are your home and your people—"

"I have no home and no people." God forgive me, but I really felt all that I said.

"I am so sorry for you! I wish I could help you."

"You have saved my life, but it was scarcely worth the saving."

"Oh, don't say that. Any life is worth the saving."

We were now at the forest road. I saw our head man Jim Howe driving down with a load of logs, and stepped back in the shadow of the wood.

"You are not going back again?" said the compassionate young creature.

"No, no; I will not go back," I said. "I promise you I will not go back, and I will do the best I can."

"I wish I could help you," she said, wistfully; and with many a backward glance, fraught with tenderest charity, she rode away. I watched her out of sight, and seeing that she had stopped to speak with Jim Howe, I suddenly resolved to speak to him too.

He reined up his horses when he saw me, and I beckoned him within the wood. I could trust Jim Howe. I had made him an ambassador with many of my secret messages to Miss Pettingill. I suppose he thought it was for some such purpose I wanted him now.

"Who is that young lady, Jim?" I asked. "The young lady on horseback who spoke to you just now."

"Why, Master Jack, that's Miss Catharine Van Dorn. I don't wonder you didn't know her. She's that growed since she went to furren parts, nobody'd know her. She's a stunner, ain't she? Some folks has a leanin' to dark women, I know, but there's somethin' about a clean white skin and yaller hair that gits me. I'm glad I happened on her just as I did, for there's such a dickens of a wind I don't think I'll go back to the clearin' to-day, and I wanted to let the old gentleman, Van Dorn, know that he couldn't depend on my brother George to boss that job out there. You see, he wanted a man to oversee that clearin' business out there, and I wrote to my brother George about it; but he's been livin' down South, and it's comin' on cold weather; and my brother George he's a family man, and he couldn't see his way clear to come. So I told Miss Catharine to tell her father to look out for some one else."

I held on to the sleeve of Jim Howe's jacket for a while, plunged in a labyrinth of thought.

"See here, Jim," I said at length; "you can keep a secret, can't you?"

"I should think you ought to know," said Jim, reproachfully.

"So I do, Jim; and I'm going to trust you now with a matter of life and death to me. For reasons of my own I want to keep in hiding for a while. I don't want anybody to know where I am, or whether I am alive or dead. This clearing is up at the far end of the Van Dorn property, isn't it?"

"About seven miles the other side of the cedar swamp, Master Jack."

"And it is a wild, unfrequented, lonely place, isn't it?"

"You bet it is. A bear was killed up there last winter; that's the reason my brother George—"

"Talking of your brother George, Jim, do I look anything like him?"

Jim looked at me critically, and shook his head. "Well, no, Master Jack, I can't say as you do. He worked in a quarry some years ago, and a bit of the stone it lodged in his eye, and made a sockdolager of it, and sleepin' in the sheds gave him the rheumatiz; and what with fever 'n' ager, and one thing 'n' another, and bein' in the wind and rain, his complexion ain't like strawberries and cream—no, I can't say, Master Jack, as there's a lively resemblance atween you and my brother George."

"Nevertheless, Jim, I want you to remember that I'm your brother George. I've reconsidered that matter about the clearing, and I've come North to take charge of it. You met me at the railway station, and will take me back with you to-day, and I want to begin my new duties at once."

Jim began to shake his head, but I overruled all his objections, and about an hour afterward Jim brought back his empty wagon, a stout pilot jacket, a pair of heavy top-boots, a liberal supply of bread and meat (for by this time I was as hungry as a hunter), and that night I was installed as overseer of a squad of raw Dutchmen at the clearing.

A little careful consideration of the mood I was in and the position in which I found myself, after my extinguishment by one woman and resurrection by another, will explain something of the nature of my determination to get rid of myself for a while, and live as somebody else. I not only desired to get rid of myself but of my surroundings, and if I could have shipped upon a whaling expedition with the same celerity with which I became boss of a clearing, this story might never have been told. As far as isolation went, and change of scene and surroundings, I might as well have been driven to this wild range of country as a limitless waste of sea. Peter Van Dorn's estate joined that of my father as it extended into one of those untamed stretches of land which may yet be found in some of our Northern States, and there were many miles of it that the foot of man seldom trod. My father and Miss Pettingill had proved to me that I was of some little importance as the heir to the Upton estate, but apart from this I amounted to nothing whatever, and the estimation I had held of my own individual consequence had receive such a blow that I accepted the situation as they presented it to me, only I had enough manhood left to accept my nothingness such as it was in preference to tacking it on to so vast a thing as the Upton estate.

I couldn't bear to go home to my father, though to do him justice he would have hidden his triumph if he could, nor to my mother, for her pitying coddling would have fretted me to the soul, nor to my little sisters, and neighbors, and friends, for their pitiless gossip and foolish prattle would have driven me mad.

Not one of these understood me, but out there in the wilderness the Upton estate and I got to know each other well. How often in the sonorous soughing of the old pines I had listened to the earth song of Emerson!

> "Here is the land
> Shaggy with wood,
> With its old valley,
> Mound and flood.
> But the heritors?
> Fled like the flood's foam.
> The lawyer and the laws,
> And the kingdom,
> Clean swept herefrom.
> They called me theirs
> Who so controlled me.
> Yet every one
> Wished to stay and is gone.
> How am I theirs
> If they can not hold me
> But I hold them?"

In the mean while, however, I was not the arbiter of my own destiny. Time went on, and my hirsute appendages were grown out of all reason. Jim's pilot-coat and heavy boots were not a perfect fit. I had not yet become hardened to the diet of salt meat, saleratus bread, and black coffee. My communings with nature had unfitted me somewhat for converse with my fellow-beings. I was as gaunt and shaggy and unkempt as my surroundings, and to all intents and purposes had endeavored to persuade myself that I was Jim's brother George. But man is not the master of himself.

Jim went on carting his logs, and brought me frequent news from home. My father had chosen to connect in his own mind my own disappearance with the departure of the Major and Miss Pettingill.

"It's my opinion," said Jim, "if the Senator don't stop workin' himself up about it, he'll bring on a fit of apoplexy or somethin'. He fairly foams at the mouth sometimes, and goes on like all possessed, and then agin he sits for hours starin' right straight ahead of him without speakin' a word; and mebbe you'll fetch him around if you hold out, and mebbe you won't; but this I'll make bold to say, that there ain't a woman on the face of the earth worth such a rumpus, and moreover there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught, and for that matter a hanged sight better."

"If you betray me, Jim," I said, "I'll never forgive you. My father's rage can not reach me here."

"It ain't so much the rage, Master Jack, that's killin' the Senator; it's the wearin' uncertainty of it. I've seen the Senator almost wring his hands when he can't just make up his mind what has happened to you. He says to me only yesterday, says he, 'Jim, I'd almost rather have him dead than married to that woman; but, after all, Jim, he's my first-born and only son.'"

"You will be tempted to betray me, Jim."

"I've told you I wouldn't, and I won't," said Jim. "But if a man's got any bowels, I don't see how he can let his own father suffer that way, particularly when there ain't no manner of use in it, unless you're still hankerin' after Miss Pettingill; and if that's the case, I'll make bold to say you ain't doin' the fair thing by a young woman that's comin' this way as fast as that mustang o' her's 'll carry her."

Yes, there she was, the fair young creature, with her yellow hair floating out upon the November wind. It was not that she was so beautiful, but there was such a wild, sweet freshness of youth about her, and innocence, and freedom from the world's guile. Whatever it was—Heaven help me!—the old fire and madness went leaping in my veins at the sight of her. I thought these things fell dead with my love for that woman, and was bewildered beyond thought to find them all in the full tide of a new idolatry.

She had galloped out there one day with her father, and I had endeavored not to meet her eyes, but there was a magnetism about her that was irresistible. Besides, did she not come to me like an angel of light in that dark moment of grief and rage and unutterable woe? Even in the first moments of my deliverance I shuddered to think of the crime I had escaped, and my heart went out in sudden gratitude to the instrument Providence had interposed in my behalf. To see her again was to rehearse all that I felt then, and more. And so my gratitude went on, and so her pity widened, and took depth and breadth, and pity is akin to love. How pliable is the human heart! How it can be strung to bitterness and despair, and how it can be lifted to unspeakable joy and ecstasy!

But she was Catharine Van Dorn, and that meant the chains that my father and hers had forged for us in our helpless infancy.

In truth, I was not such an ass as to mind those things now. I was quite content to hug the chains that would bind me to the home of my ancestors, and yearned for the day that my poor old father would clasp me to his heart, and, in the full plenitude of his happiness, cry out, "Bless you, my children!"

But then I should cease to be Jim's brother George, and as Jim's brother George I had won the love of Catharine Van Dorn. Of course the child knew I had a hidden history, which began with her in the black shadow of the wood that day. She kept my secret bravely, but there it lay between us, and was the foundation of all.

And to watch the nucleus of pity and interest grow into something more; to see the flush in her cheeks widen to brow and chin, and then give way to a tremulous pallor; to watch the light in her eyes soften to tears, and hear the melody of her voice smile to the cadence of a sigh. And all these for Jim's brother George—not for the heir to the Upton estate. And scarcely for Jim's brother George; rather was it for a friendless wretch without home or name, or roof to shelter him save that of the shed out there in the clearing. Now this was love indeed, a love like mine; for had she been the daughter of a charcoal burner, I would have held her just as dear. This was a love that gave the lie to Miss Pettingill's sophistry, and one that my father and Peter Van Dorn had never dreamed of. Can you blame me for lingering thus inthralled, and hating to break the spell? But November days were done. The balmy haze of Indian summer had given place to biting blasts and flurries of snow, which were but the precursors to the long merciless winter that held this region in its iron hand for more than half the year.

Mr. Van Dorn had given me notice that our work there must soon be given over, but that he might find other employment for me. Poor old man! he little knew the mine I was digging under his feet. To do me justice, I meant to tell him on that very day I had the talk with Jim. I resolved to confess my identity to Mr. Van Dorn and ask for the hand of his daughter in marriage, and woe be to the daughter that would dare to gainsay so profitable an arrangement! Then the happy three of us would go to my father; and ho! for the fatted calf! and hurrah for the return of the prodigal! The wedding would come off at Christmas-time, and we would hold a right royal revelry over the event, as befitted its most excellent and happy surroundings.

But as she rode through the clearing that day, the vision of my future wife sitting upon her shaggy mustang there, her sweet face all aglow, her beautiful eyes seeking for me through the intervening branches of the pines—this vision so blinded me to all else for the moment that I forgot the big tree we had set blazing at the roots, in her very pathway. All at once it came crashing down, and had I not with a marvellous leap sprang to her and caught her from her saddle, and dashed back with her among the underbrush, she had probably been lost to us all within the minute.

"My trembling dove!" I cried, pressing her again and again to my heart, and kissing her hair, her lips, her hands; "there is nothing to fear. See, your pony has escaped. Fool and madman that I was to forget the tree! but I could remember nothing but you. My own sweet girl! Tell me, Catharine, that you are mine, forever and always."

"Forever and always!" repeated the innocent child, and scarcely had the sweet words escaped her lips when there came whizzing through the air the clean cut of a riding whip, the long thin end of it touching lightly my own forehead, and leaving a red line upon that of the young creature in my arms; and looming above us was the gigantic form of Peter Van Dorn, his blue eyes almost bursting from under their bristling white brows, and his broad face one burning, livid red.

"Gott im Himmel!" he cried, tearing his daughter from my arms; "what does this mean?"

But it was impossible now to explain matters to him. The sting of a riding whip is not calculated to aid in bringing forth words of peace and harmony, especially when it leaves a mark upon the sacred brow of a beloved one. Besides, the old man was naturally in a towering rage, and proceeded to express his opinion of a beggar—for aught he knew, a criminal—that would steal the affections of a child so that he could trade upon them for purposes of his own. He concluded by telling me to be gone out of his sight, lest he should murder me where I stood, and then strode away, with my poor girl lying senseless in his arms.

I stood looking after him, when somebody touched my sleeve, and I became aware that Jim Howe was a witness to all that had occurred.

"He must 'a heard that cussed tree," said Jim, "and seen the mustang go kiting off with the empty saddle; then, not knowin' nothing about nothing, made everything look pretty rough. When he comes to find out who you are, he'll change his tune."

"Jim," I broke in, "I'm going to make Peter Van Dorn pay dear for that cut of his whip. From all you've told me I take it you're on pretty confidential terms with Betty, Miss Van Dorn's maid?"

With some little embarrassment Jim confessed that Betty and he understood each other pretty well; and after impressing upon Jim's mind the further necessity for secrecy, I confided to him my intention of eloping with Miss Van Dorn at the first opportunity that could be made.

Jim drew a puzzled sigh, and scratched his head. "If you'll tell me," he said, "what in the all fired dickens is the use of runnin' away with a girl that everybody wants you to marry—"

"You'll find that out all in good time," I interposed.

"And about this 'ere Miss Pettingill?" questioned Jim.

"I give you my word of honor, Jim," I said, "that I have not seen or heard of Miss Pettingill since the day we came out here to the clearing. I don't know whether she's dead or alive, and I don't care."

"Then, as I understand it," said Jim, "you fell out of love with her that day, and into love with Miss Catharine?"

"Yes, Jim; you've stated the facts exactly."

"By jinks!" said Jim, "that was quick work."

So Jim took the place of ambassador to Miss Van Dorn, as he had in the old days to Miss Pettingill. He seemed to like the situation much better, and ceased all moralizing and questioning, devoting himself assiduously to the case in hand with a zeal that savored of a keen personal interest. Indeed, I know not how I should have succeeded in my reckless undertaking had not Jim persuaded Betty to prove her devotion to her young mistress by sharing her flight.

I must do my sweet girl the justice to explain here that I had much difficulty in inducing her to consent to a secret marriage, and only the fear that I would perhaps finish up the dread deed I had begun on the first day she saw me, and the trust she held in my protestations that I could subsequently procure her father's forgiveness, led her to consent to so desperate a measure.

As it was, she was almost in a fainting condition, and except for Betty would have given out at the last minute; but that sturdy young woman led her out of the house, and fairly took her in her arms and carried her to the coach I had in hiding. There she held her upon the opposite seat, rousing and encouraging her, while I scarcely dared touch the hem of her garment, yet secretly exulting the while that she had done all this for pure love of me. In the mean while Jim, who had also burned his ships behind him, mounted the box, and we rode away in the dead of night to a distant railway station; from thence to town, where we were married without delay, and taken to the house of a friend of mine who had gone abroad that month, and not only left his place in town at my disposal, but the cash at his banker's.

It was a befitting casket for so precious a gem, furnished from top to bottom with a luxury that did not forbid comfort, and strewn about with knick-knacks of bijouterie and art that would have delighted the heart of my sweet Catharine had she been in a condition to thoroughly delight in anything.

I would not give a fig for a woman who could throw over the love of so devoted a father as Peter Van Dorn, and so well could I afford to be generous that I had long since forgiven the cut of his whip, and was exceeding glad to see one morning in the columns of a daily paper an advertisement that ran thus: "If the rascal calling himself George Howe will call at the office of X Y Z., he will hear of something to his advantage." And immediately below this there was another message to the fugitive, couched in the following terms: "Any information of my beloved son John Upton will be thankfully received by his unhappy father." Then followed his address at a well known hotel.

This latter paragraph touched me to the heart. My poor father was then in town searching for his recreant son.

"Catharine," I said to my sweet wife, "I must arise and go to my father."

"And when shall I see my own dear papa?" she said, big tears falling out of her beautiful eyes upon my fine new waistcoat.

"On Christmas-day, darling," I said; "we'll all dine together on Christmas-day."

Then I went off upon my quest with triumphant glee.

The waiter at the hotel told me my father had been pacing to and fro in his room part of every night he had been in town, and my heart smote me when I saw the big furrows my misdoings had ploughed in his rugged face. Yet I could

not forego the malicious surprise I held in reserve for him and old Peter Van Dorn.

"Come, my son," he said, when he had somewhat recovered from the first surprise and joy of our meeting—"come, let us shake the dust of this miserable city from our feet, and get home to Upton for Christmas day."

"My dear father," I said, "I have a great favor to ask of you. It is to spend Christmas here with me in town. It is yet quite early in the day; you can go for my mother and sisters, and bring them back with you, so that they may reach my house in time for our Christmas dinner. It is a small house, to be sure, and will bear poor comparison with Upton Manor."

"Never mind that, my boy," said my father, "however poor and plain it may be, if happiness is there. But how—but why—" He paused, poor old man, and sighed heavily.

"I have also another favor to ask of you, father: it is to bring Mr. Peter Van Dorn with you. We all know what a sad calamity has come to him, but I have been fortunate enough to induce the villain who has run away with his daughter to bring her to my house on Christmas-day."

"How, sir," asked my father, sternly, "did it happen that you know of this scoundrel?"

"He is a relation of my wife's," I said, meekly, "and is very sorry for what he has done, and will make what amends he can."

My poor father fell back against the gaudy dado upon the wall, and surveyed me with sorrowful eyes.

"Then you are really married, Jack?" he said.

"Yes, father."

"Jack," he said, and the veins in his forehead swelled nearly to bursting, "I have suffered much, and am willing to do all that I can to make it pleasant for you both; but there's a limit to everything, and what I can't and won't do is to eat my Christmas turkey—which means to me peace and good-will to men—with that trickster and lobbyist and liar, old Pettingill."

I assured my father that the Major would not be there. He promised he would send for his old friend Peter Van Dorn, and help him to bear whatever was in store for him; that he would bring my mother and sisters to the address I gave him in time for the Christmas dinner; and with many a smothered sigh and decidedly a rueful countenance, my father bade me good-by. Then I went home and prepared for a Christmas wassail with what restricted facility one can find in the heart of a town. My sweet Catherine went about aiding me with great vim and alacrity, now that I had promised her she should see her father on Christmas-day. My good man Jim and Catherine's good maid Betty, and the unlimited amount of cash my friend had put at my disposal, enabled us to place things on quite a comfortable Christmas footing.

As the Christmas bells rang out the hour of twelve, the long looked-for cab rolled up to my door, and out came my father and mother, my little sisters, and old Peter Van Dorn.

Catherine grew so faint and weak that she halted at every step of the stair, but I flew down to welcome them, while Jim in his new livery, and Betty with her streaming ribbons, hastened to take what little luggage they had brought.

My father and mother could not take their eyes from the young creature faltering at the foot of the stairway; but no sooner had a big giant with stubby white beard and bushy white eyebrows caught sight of me than he seized me by the collar of my new broadcloth swallow-tail coat, and began shaking me to and fro.

Catherine screamed, and threw herself between us, and my father cried out, "Are you mad, Peter?—that is my son."

Then he loosened his hold of my collar, and Catherine and I, falling at their feet, confessed all.

Who can portray the scene that followed? In truth, it was so sweet and sacred, and revealed such a depth of human feeling, that I care not to describe it here.

There was not such a huge Christmas fire as would have blazed away at Upton, for the chimney piece of my friend was a costly trifle, that would only burn cannel-coal. And the Christmas board did not groan under the weighty platters of Christmas viands and huge flagons of Christmas cheer. But there was an infinity of love and peace there that passed all understanding.

MR. MERRIDEW'S GOLD PIECE.

By VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.

I.—ONLY AN OLD BANDBOX.

Mr. Merridew had a new idea. When Mr. Merridew had an idea the fact became apparent to all the subjects of his domestic kingdom, even to the house cat, as that brindled animal sat on the counter of the store in a moment of luxurious idleness. Not only did Mr. Merridew make mistakes in giving change, and stroke pussy's fur the wrong way, but he moved his family out of countenance while partaking of his supper.

"How do you like it, pa?" inquired Rosy, for he was tasting a custard pie of her own baking.

"Why, I think it would do very well indeed," he replied, briskly, and, if the truth be told, waving his knife in the air. "There is no reason why it should not do in America as well as in Europe."

Rosy opened her pretty blue eyes.

"The custard pie is always made on Aunt Hannah's receipt," she said, with housewifely dignity.

"Very nicely seasoned," assented her abstracted parent. "A little too much—pepper, perhaps."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Merridew. "Pepper in a pie! I suppose you mean nutmeg."

Mr. Merridew rose, and knocked over his chair. "You find ignorance everywhere, the world over, and poor people," he announced to his mystified womankind.

"Yes, we are poor enough," observed his wife.

"Eh? So we are!" retorted Mr. Merridew, evidently startled into self-consciousness by this sententious statement.

"Oh! if Harry only had a thousand dollars!" sighed Rosy, clasping her plump hands under her dimpled chin.

Rosy Merridew was fair to look upon, and her presence brightened the dingy little city room, even as it gladdened the hearts of her parents. Sunlight and lamp-light alike rendered her hair a curling golden halo about her fresh young face, where an expression of trouble dawned at that allusion to the poverty of the Merridew connection. A slender purse had not robbed the girl of a single dimple, however, while the toilets devised by her own ingenuity out of cotton print and wool, in imitation of the silk and brocade of fashionable show cases, were of surprising variety, and invariably becoming.

Mrs. Merridew was of a gaunt and grim exterior. She kept a vigilant eye on the household, and was prone to reminiscences of the mountain village where she was born. A pot of geranium bloomed on the window ledge, as a souvenir of hill pastures and the scent of the woods. Mrs. Merridew could count the pennies with frugal care, and hoard shining coins in a money box with a yellow chimney, but she was helpless in the store, and felt oddly shamefaced behind the counter.

"Your father's got some plan in his head," remarked Mrs. Merridew, when the master of the house had whisked away from the supper table with a celerity of movement peculiar to him.

"Of course he has," assented Rosy, nibbling a crumb of pastry, in defiance of all the laws concerning complexion. "Father is the smartest man in New York—except Harry."

"So he is," affirmed Mrs. Merridew, with loyalty.

In the mean while Mr. Merridew had returned to the store and lighted the gas. His daughter's words still echoed in his ears. "Oh! if Harry only had a thousand dollars!" He was a small and wiry old man, with shrewd and cheerful countenance, blue eyes that twinkled behind his spectacles, and a pair of large ears which rendered the sparseness of his gray locks the more conspicuous. An upright man, although making so little stir in the world, he owed nobody a penny. "Live within your income, if it is only sixpence a day," was the creed of plain John Merridew. It is true he enjoyed few chances of doubling the sixpences, and perhaps would have lacked the bold enterprise requisite to grasp passing opportunity by the hair in some brilliant speculation had it come to him.

"I wish Harry might get the thousand dollars which would set him up in life," he soliloquized.

He turned down the gas a trifle, then rearranged the stock of newspapers and fresh magazines on the counter. Books lined the shelves, while a small circulating library of dingy volumes in uniform binding occupied one side of the place. Mr. Merridew nodded at the books, as if taking them into his confidence, then placed a table in a remote corner, with a chair behind it. He next attached a curtain of green cambric to a hook in the wall by a loop, and drew it across the intervening space to a second hook in the opposite wall, thus screening the table from public view. An inkstand, a rack of pens, and a case of white ruled paper were supplemented. A large piece of pasteboard fashioned into a placard was produced from a drawer of the table, and bore these words, inscribed in large characters:

Letters Written Here.
Apply Within.

The bell attached to the door tinkled sharply. A young woman approached, and glancing over the curtain at Mr. Merridew, burst into a musical laugh. At the same moment Rosy ran in to greet the new-comer, and paused in surprise at the unusual aspect of her father seated in the curtained recess.

"Laugh on, girls," said the little old man, rubbing his hands together with good humor. "Glad to see you, Maggie, my dear. Perhaps the curtain should be a little higher—eh?—as you can see over it. I was reading in the newspaper this morning about the public letter-writer of other lands. There is the scribe of the East with his ink-horn in his girdle, ready to do any man's bidding, and there is the letter writer of Italy, Spain, and France, with some little nook where he can be found by despairing sweethearts, and others whose early education has been neglected. I took a prize for neat penmanship once, and I still have a writing class or two, you know. Now I am going to hang this placard in the window to-morrow morning, and if I make a pot of money writing letters, I will help Harry on a bit."

Rosy slipped her arm around her parent's neck and kissed him on the top of his bald head.

"The newspaper is the history of the entire world for a single day, as some great man has said," remarked Margaret Lewiston, accepting an office stool, for she was very tired.

She placed an old and dilapidated bandbox on the floor beside her as she spoke, and consulted her watch.

"Where did you get that bandbox?" cried Rosy.

Margaret laughed, and raised it to the level of Mr. Merridew's table for public inspection.

"The bandbox looks as if it might have held your great-grandmother's best bonnet, Rosy," she said. "Handsome as it is, I am going to ask you to stow it away somewhere for me. How did I come by the thing? Why, I met Héloïse Michaut; she had been to my house to beg me to keep the bandbox for her, so I took possession of it then and there, and brought it around here, as I have a message to deliver from Harry."

"Who is Héloïse Michaut?" inquired Mr. Merridew, eying the bandbox askance.

"When I took charge of the Perkins children in Europe last year, their mother hired Héloïse Michaut in Paris, and brought her on home with us," Maggie explained. "The girl is Alsatian, I believe. She was frightened and homesick, poor thing! I did not suppose she remembered me, yet she knew even my address, it seems. A sister has arrived at Baltimore, and she wished me to take charge of her worldly goods while she went to seek the new-comer. She is not sure of retaining her place afterward. I met her near my house, and promised to do so; then I decided to come here instead."

"Why didn't she take her bandbox with her?" demanded Mr. Merridew, gloomily.

Both girls laughed merrily.

"It would not hold together for a *journey*," giggled Rosy, lifting a torn edge of the cover so that the contents could be seen—some fragments of faded silk and ribbons, the finery dear to the heart of maid-servants, since all distinctive costumes of class have been abandoned in favor of tawdry imitation of the mistress.

"How well it is tied together, though!" said Mr. Merridew, alluding to a quantity of fine cord knotted about the box in such a manner as to retain the cover in place.

"I will put it away in the closet, Maggy," said Rosy. "You have enough on your hands without stray bandboxes, dear."

Margaret Lewiston was tall, large, and twenty-five years of age. She was attired in mourning, with a ruche of crape about her throat instead of a white collar—a costume which enhanced the pallor of her complexion and the warm tones of her abundant auburn hair, gathered in a superb mass at the back of the head. Severe simplicity robbed her of youthful coquetry, while the carriage of her shoulders evinced a resolute nature. She had firm faith in her personal plainness, and her world accepted her at her own valuation. She would have cut off her red hair with a relentless hand, had she not feared that her droll aspect, thus shorn, would make the children laugh: she was a teacher in one of the great public schools.

She loved the dimples, the pink-tinted cheeks, and graceful figure of Rosy Merridew with a generous appreciation of the beauty of another rare among women.

Harry's message delivered, she departed to attend a teachers' meeting, and a friendly ray followed her from Mr. Merridew's door. The night was clear and cold, with Christmas three weeks away. Ice crusted the pavement, and the shops were bright with holiday decorations. Margaret quitted the Sixth Avenue, where the store was situated, directing her steps toward the east side of the town. As she reached the corner of a crowded thoroughfare a light blow of a cane swept off her hat. Surprised and indignant, she caught the hat, and turned to discover the aggressor. A man had just climbed the steps of a cellar restaurant with a freshly lighted cigar in his mouth and a stout walking-stick under his arm. His flowing beard and wide-brimmed felt hat proclaimed him an artist. He had been dining at an Italian eating-house on minestra, macaroni served in bowls, crisp frittura, and salamé, in remembrance of similar meals partaken of in vine-draped pergola of the Roman Campagna, or on the rocks of Capri—banquets flavored with laughter, and flasks of golden Lacrima Cristi, and the red Falerno wines.

"You should be more careful with your cane, sir," said Margaret Lewiston, coldly, standing there in the full brilliancy of the gas lamp.

He made no reply, but gazed at her intently.

As Maggy replaced her hat and hurried away, a curious thing happened. Amid the roll of heavy vehicles, the crack of whips, the tread of many feet, two voices reached her ear distinctly, as a thread of sound sometimes pierces a tumult of more confused noise. The first voice said, in the French language,

"Did you see her?"

"Yes," replied the second voice.

"Would you know her again?"

"Trust me for that, my friend."

Maggy shuddered, and yet she glanced behind her as she turned the next corner. The man who had emerged from the restaurant seemed about to part with a comrade in the crowd.

"Can they have meant me?" she wondered. And again that nervous shiver chilled her blood.

II.—MR. MERRIDEW SETS A TRAP.

Next day Mr. Merridew adjusted his placard in the window. He imagined that the eye of the street would be immediately attracted to the unusual announcement of letter-writing. He waited, like a hopeful spider, with the curtain of the recess closely drawn, nor would he suffer any disturbance of the arrangements made about the table overnight. No flies entered the web. As the early twilight fell Mr. Merridew's disappointment acquired a phase of excitement. He refused to eat his supper, quite pettishly, and sat bolt-upright at his desk, as if fearing some precious opportunity would escape him should he desert his post. Vigilance received unexpected reward. In the dark the burly form of a man passed the show-window, where a gas-jet flickered, returned slowly, and finally paused to read the placard. The next moment he entered. A heavy overcoat completely concealed the outline of his figure, which was of medium height, while a fur cap and worsted muffler about the throat rendered even his face indistinguishable, save for a reddish beard. He coughed, glanced about the place, and inquired in broken English,

"Is it here de letters write?"

"Yes," said Mr. Merridew, and led the way to the recess.

"How much you charge?" continued the stranger, warily.

"We will settle all that," said Mr. Merridew, briskly. "Are you a foreigner?"

"I am a German. I come from Wurtzburg. Sprechen Sie Deutsch? No? You see, I wish to write—some—to my boss out West, James Perkins. I can talk like sixty, but you must fix up a letter now. Hey?"

Mr. Merridew dipped his pen in the ink to signify his comprehension of the situation. In his own mind he decided to add to the trap in the window the additional bait of letters written for foreigners as yet unfamiliar with the language. The first missive of this polite letter-writer was long and discursive. Inquiries were made about the family of Mr. Perkins, the brewery, and the savings-bank in Milwaukee. A minute history was given of Gretchen Müller's lover Max, who had taken to evil ways. The epistle was signed Johann Strauss.

"Can you say more—just a word?" asked the man.

"I suppose you mean to add a postscript?"

"Dat's it. Just so."

Then Mr. Merridew wrote at dictation the following postscript:

"Beware of wounding your own hand with the knife. Never trust fine ladies who play the governess."

The name of James Perkins was inscribed on the envelope, but without other address, for the man could not find it. In vain he fumbled in all his pockets for the scrap of paper on which number and street had been treasured. Finally he paid, promising to return in the morning for Mr. Merridew to complete the task, and, taking the letter to read to his wife, went away.

Left alone, the closing words of the letter recurred to Mr. Merridew's mind.

"That was a queer postscript to send a Western brewer," he mused, rubbing his nose with his pen. Then he upset a box of wafers with his elbow, and was obliged to grope for them beneath the table on hands and knees. A gold piece lay on the floor directly under the table. He seized and held the treasure near the light. At a first glance it appeared to be a twenty franc gold coin, but on closer inspection it proved to be a medal of Napoleon Bonaparte, commemorative of the battle of Marengo.

"The man must have dropped it from one of his many pockets," thought Mr. Merridew, dazzled by the shining gold. "I will give it to him when he comes back with the address for the envelope."

The next day passed. The man never returned, but the placard disappeared from the shop window, almost magically, unless a woman took it who entered to beg.

III.—MARGARET IS TRACKED.

Harry Lewiston was of a sanguine temperament, yet he could not deny that the prospect of the opening year was gloomy. He wished to marry Rosy Merridew, for whom he felt a rapturous devotion. He was a clerk in a chemical manufactory, and as he possessed unusual quickness of intelligence, his employer had promised to promote him to the post of book-keeper on the 1st of January if he would invest the sum of one thousand dollars in the business. This advancement meant an increase of salary, marriage with the girl of his choice, and a home.

"He might as well ask me to fly to the moon on a broomstick," grumbled Harry, with a wrinkle in his white forehead. "How am I to get a thousand dollars scraped together by the new year? Does he expect me to take the first old gentleman by the nose I happen to meet in the street and demand the sum or his life?"

He was two years older than Margaret, and had always cast the burden of care on her shoulders since childhood. She had made him a home on the fourth floor of a shabby house located on a dirty street. Brother and sister belonged to the class of toilers who must earn their own bread in large towns. She revelled in her abode, and, like Mrs. Merridew, dreamed of fresh fields, with a pot of plants growing on the window ledge. On holidays Maggy baked and scrubbed, washed and mended, setting her house in order with a careful hand. "Boarding would bring me to an untimely grave," she said. "I like to make my own oatmeal porridge, and break the tea-cups myself."

A light step on the stair aroused Harry from his lugubrious meditations, and Rosy Merridew appeared on the threshold, wearing a captivating jacket of blue cloth trimmed with gilt buttons.

"I did not expect to find you here," she exclaimed, all smiles and blushes.

Harry took her in his arms and kissed her. "I have a business appointment at noon, before going to the factory," he said, after this agreeable preliminary embrace.

Maggy warmly seconded the caress, and put on her bonnet. She was going shopping with Rosy, as the day was Saturday. The two girls departed in gay spirits. Ten minutes later toiler steps ascended the stairway, and a small boy knocked at the door, demanding a bandbox left with the lady by a poor girl.

"There's no bandbox here, and I never heard of one," said Harry, testily, after searching the premises. Harry believed that there had been some mistake, and, with his accounts adjusted, went out, dismissing the matter.

Nobody in the great city extracted more enjoyment from a holiday than did Margaret Lewiston. On the present occasion she went about with Rosy, and at noon they ate chocolate cakes at the counter of a confectioner, after the manner of womankind.

"Oh, Maggy, if we could see the skating at the Park!" exclaimed Rosy.

"Come along, then," rejoined the valiant Margaret.

"I must run home first and tell mother."

Rosy sped away, while Margaret lingered before a shop window resplendent with velvet and satin fabrics, wondering vaguely how it would seem to be thus arrayed instead of condemned to flimsy black cashmere. A man paused beside

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A CHRISTMAS MEMORY.

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MR. MERRIDEW'S GOLD PIECE.

her. She recognized the bearded individual who had knocked off her hat on that evening a week before when she went to the teachers' meeting. She edged away with a flush of resentment. To walk rapidly along the street only confirmed a suspicion that he was following her. Why? Her heart beat more quickly. She entered a large store, and passed out at right angles by another door. The second street gained, Maggy slipped into an area behind the ash barrel. After waiting a few moments she smiled at her own cowardice, emerged, doubled back, and regained her post of waiting for Rosy, with a certain exhilaration in having led her follower a fruitless quest. Scarcely had she resumed her place when a hand grasped her arm, while a voice said:

"This time I have you."

Maggy grew pale. The bearded man was again beside her.

"What do you wish?" she murmured, faintly.

"Much," he replied, with coolness.

"How dare you touch me!" she exclaimed, with sudden courage, for she saw Harry and Rose approaching arm in arm.

"I beg your pardon. For Heaven's sake don't run away again!" cried the stranger, striding after her as she hastened toward the lovers.

"Harry is going with us to the Park!" was Rosy's joyful announcement.

"Ask this—person—to explain his conduct," said Maggy to her brother.

The stranger stood his ground. He continued to gaze at Margaret with an absorbed expression.

"I never saw hair like that out of Titian's country of Cadore," he said, meditatively.

"My hair!" echoed Maggy.

"Will you all come with me?" he inquired, hurriedly.

Harry assented, while curiosity struggled with disappointment in Rosy Merridew's breast.

Richard Woetner was an artist, with a studio in a neighboring building. He led the wondering group into a spacious room, with a large window at the north, and all the picturesque confusion characteristic of such quarters. Margaret submitted to standing in the light, and with a deft turn of her fingers brought the coil of golden red hair down on her shoulders, whence it fell rippling below her waist. Never was flimsy black gown covered with a more superb mantle than those abundant locks, tawny in shadow and warm living gold in the light. Harry and Rose regarded the maiden with a new respect. The artist revelled in its silky fineness and warm tones. Maggy looked at him beneath her level brows with unfeigned perplexity.

The homage of his admiration was like some sweet and unfamiliar music. Margaret's womanhood bloomed into vivid beauty under this fostering ray.

"Wait!" The artist dragged rich stuffs from a chest, and stripped a cloak from a lay figure in the corner. Maggy's every-day raiment was concealed by a sheen of velvet and damask; her tresses were caught up in a golden net. Next he twined strands of artificial pearls about her neck, and placed a great fan of feathers in her hand.

"She looks like a queen," sighed Rosy.

Was this their plain Maggy? When Richard Woetner's face was on a level with that of his model they gazed into each other's eyes, and his lips trembled. He seized his painting materials with a sort of rage.

"How can I hope to reproduce the shadow of such a creature?" he said, fiercely.

Brother Harry was dumfounded. Margaret, the queen, stood calm and stately in her rich mantle.

"Why did you knock off my hat?" she asked.

"I did not touch you," he said. "I caught a glimpse of you, though, and have tried to find you ever since."

"Ah, yes, I understand when you said that you would know me again, in very good French," she replied, archly.

"I don't know what you mean. I never spoke a word of decent French in my life," he said, now working rapidly.

"Strange," said the model, thoughtfully.

An hour later, Margaret approached Rosy and Harry in the window.

"I am ready, children," she said, with her most maternal manner.

Suddenly she started. The window overlooked the rear of a house with which she was familiar. This mansion was the home of Mrs. Perkins, and in the yard Héloïse Michaut was playing with two children; her crimped cap and white apron formed a pretty contrast to their crimson jackets. Evidently the girl had not gone to Baltimore. What did that mean?

Returning home after the eventful day alone, for Harry had paused at the corner grocery for a package of sugar, Margaret was astonished to see a man emerge from her door, of which the key was in her pocket. Before she could speak he sprang toward her, and pinned her arms to the wall.

"What have you done with it?" he hissed in her ear. "Give it up, or I shall kill you!"

The assault was so sudden that she was dumb. Her brain grew giddy, and lights glimmered before her eyes. All passed with the swiftness of a lightning flash. At a whistle signal the man plunged down the staircase and disappeared, just as Harry came up. Maggy staggered to the door of their modest abode. The rooms presented a scene of disorder. Bureau drawers had been opened, articles were scattered on the floor, the lid of a trunk was forced.

"Thieves!" commented Harry. "I did not imagine we were rich enough to tempt the most beggarly burglar. Stay! Nothing has been stolen, though."

Margaret uttered a cry. "Can it be the bandbox?"

IV.—THE GOLD PIECE TELLS ITS OWN STORY.

On the same day Mr. Merridew had occasion to take the elevated railroad. He was seated beside a stout gentleman of affable appearance, with a watch chain of red gold. The stout gentleman remarked to an acquaintance opposite: "The thieves might have taken anything else, and welcome; but I do not believe there was another medal of the battle of Marengo in the United States. I bought it of the great collector at Paris."

Mr. Merridew's eyes grew round behind his spectacles as he listened. The stranger had not returned to claim the medal.

"Sir, was it a gold piece?" he whispered, eagerly.

"You have been reading about the robbery in the newspapers?" said the stout gentleman, in surprise.

"No," replied Mr. Merridew.

"Ah? My name is James Perkins," said the other.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Merridew, and wiped his brow with his handkerchief. "*Is* your name James Perkins?" For the first time in his life he trembled to feel himself almost in the clutches of the law.

Explanations ensued, and Mr. Perkins left the car in company with this unexpected ally and an individual of quiet aspect, Mr. Smith by name. The trio went to the home of Mr. Perkins, where a robbery of unusual boldness had taken place. Mrs. Perkins had gone out in the morning, after the departure of her husband to his business, and, returning in an hour, had seen a poor-looking woman descend the steps of the mansion and turn away in an opposite direction. The woman had not carried even a bundle. Demanding the woman's errand of the servant who opened the door, Mrs. Perkins learned that no such person had previously rung the bell or been admitted. All the available jewelry of a fashionable lady had vanished with this mysterious visitor, and several articles of plate, together with some money. The medal of Marengo had been taken from a velvet case.

Mr. Perkins took his companions into the library.

When Mr. Merridew described finding the medal under the table, after writing a letter for a stranger, Mr. Smith produced an envelope. "This is the letter," he announced, coolly.

Mr. Merridew recognized his own pen flourishes. "That is only the postscript," he stammered.

"Probably the postscript was the kernel of the nut," quoth Mr. Smith. "It was sent to Mr. Perkins to prevent his pushing inquiry further, or to gain time by throwing suspicion on a former governess, a Miss Lewiston."

"Margaret!" gasped Mr. Merridew, in stupefaction.

"The birds can not fly far now," said Mr. Smith, who was a private detective.

In time Mr. Merridew was escorted home, and Mr. Perkins recognized the medal.

Later, Maggy rushed into the store, followed by her brother. She did not perceive a quiet-looking man reading a newspaper in the corner.

"Mr. Merridew, where is the old bandbox given me by Héloïse Michaut?" she panted. "I have an idea there is something strange about it."

Rosy produced the bandbox. Whose penknife but that of Mr. Smith cut the cords, whipped off the cover, and revealed to the group of astonished spectators a diamond necklet, an emerald cross, a pearl bracelet, and several rings, cunningly wrapped in the faded finery of a poor maid-servant?

"The medal dropped from this bandbox, and not from the man's pocket," said the detective, lifting the flap of torn cover as Rosy had done.

Margaret pushed back her coronet of hair with a tragic gesture. "I have been a receiver of stolen goods!" she cried.

Mr. Smith smiled re-assuringly. "There's a difference, though, you see, miss," he rejoined.

Héloïse was arrested at once, while her two brothers and the wife of the elder were apprehended as accomplices the same day. The artful scheme of implicating Margaret Lewiston as former governess, in event of discovery, by placing the jewels in her care until they could be safely withdrawn, was apparent to all. Héloïse had remained in her place, the embodiment of innocence, and prepared to deny all accusations should Maggy confront her. Mr. Perkins bestowed the reward of one thousand dollars, advertised in all the papers, on Mr. Merridew.

A Christmas dinner was served in the back room of the Merridew Library that year. Mr. Merridew presided at the head of the table, ready to carve the turkey selected by himself at market. Mrs. Merridew, wearing a cap trimmed with purple ribbons, cast an anxious eye at the cranberry sauce and attendant vegetables. A delicious odor of mince-pies wafted from a side table, revealed what Rosy Merridew had been about. The blooming maiden, in a turquoise blue gown, with a rose-bud at the throat, sat beside Harry Lewiston, while opposite were Maggy and the artist Richard Woetner, whose picture of a lady with a fan had been bought on the easel by Mr. Perkins, millionaire. Maggy surprised her friends by wearing a rich brown robe and the identical golden net of the studio, which had assuredly been rifled from the coffers of some Venetian or Flemish dame. In addition, there was an antique ring on her engagement finger.

Her explanation had been frank. "He would not come to the Christmas dinner unless I promised to marry him and wear this ring. He has fallen in love with my hair, you know."

"Now, father," said Rosy, placing a detaining hand on Harry's arm, when Mr. Merridew had asked a blessing on the meal.

Lo! under Harry's plate were two bank-notes for five hundred dollars each.

"I can not accept this money," said the young man, with emotion.

"Tut! tut! You will pay me back some day," retorted Mr. Merridew, plunging his fork into the turkey's crisp flank. "Besides, Maggy had more to do with it than I did."

"What a story it would make!" observed Mrs. Merridew. "Maggy brought an old bandbox here, instead of taking it home, to keep for a poor girl. Had she left it in her own house, the thieves would have got it."

In all the town was there a merrier company than that gathered in the little back room of Merridew's Library? Mrs. Merridew produced a bottle of currant wine, made in the mountain village, her birth-place. The artist, in his coat a trifle worn at the elbows, told amusing stories of foreign lands. Mr. Merridew sang a little song, in a high, cracked voice, about filling up the bowl, my jolly souls, which made his wife fear the currant wine had gone to his head.

"I couldn't keep the money, Maggy, after writing that letter," the host confessed to his right-hand neighbor.

Time softened this remorse. Rosy, as mistress of a pretty suburban cottage, finds many ways of paying back principal and interest to her parents.

Margaret reigns in the studio. The world begins to speak of Richard Woetner since he has drawn his best inspirations from his life companion with the Titian red hair. Why not? Andrea del Sarto forever reproduced his dark-eyed wife, and Perugino braided the tresses of his bride after the fashion of the noblest ladies of Perugia. Life is everywhere the same, only the scenes shift. Maggy dawned on the dazzled vision of Richard, as he emerged from an Italian restaurant in the city of New York, with her head outlined against the darkness by a street lamp. She is pointed out and known as the beautiful Mrs. Woetner, attired in odd, æsthetic raiment and festoons of old lace. Fellow-artists rave about her, to the stupefaction of Rosy and Harry, to whom she is ever the ugly duckling rather than the stately swan.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

The fire roared up the great chimney of the lonely old country house as if each struggling flame tumbled over the other in a hurry to reach the stars and the wind that roared in unison, while it cast a thousand rosy lights about the antique room, whose dark and polished wainscot sent them forth again, to play about the massive silver of the buffet, the old portraits on the wall, and the cluster of young faces around the hearth.

Miss Sangrefield, to be sure, was not so young; she was the embodiment rather of the hoary age of her name and race. But there was Adrian, the impersonation of youth itself, the young artist whose pictures were just beginning to sell, who had come back, as often before, for the holidays, to the region where he had found his first patron in old Miss Sangrefield, and his first and last and only love in her niece, the haughty Katharine, the sole representative now of the Sangrefields, and the heiress of all the wealth they had left behind them.

Not that Adrian had ever dared whisper a word of his love; it was locked into the last fastness of his heart, and he was a jealous jailer of the least sparkle of the eye that might betray it. But as if Katharine did not know it, for all that! Some day, he reasoned, if he became famous, if his pictures sold at the fabulous prices of his dreams—and yet, even then, he did not know if he should dare; she would still be the remote, unapproachable beauty; and certain visions that he had had of life in a studio, with small income, but with a wife beside him happy in small ways, always stood in the path of any bold determination to marry a woman whose ancestral diamonds alone were a fortune. One night, he remembered, he had been dangerously near the point of testing his passion, his patience, his pride; dangerously near her, dressed for some quaintly part in a play, the front of her dress thick with jewels that the women of her name had worn before her, a fillet of diamonds binding her night-black hair; some one, jostling her, had set all the jewels in a glitter, and down had fallen the coil of that fragrant night-black hair all about her to her feet—such hair as the Carthaginian women gave for bowstrings; and the jewels shook and glistened, and her great luminous eyes glistened like pale blue gems themselves, and the white hand she raised to that hair, the hand he had been almost to seize—that he did seize—was so heavy with the jewels, pledges of old love, maybe, between lovers long dead and dust, that he dropped it like a weight. Was it the jewels, was it the sense of that barrier of wealth, was it her own inaccessible individuality, that hindered? He could not say. He only felt the desire of the moth for the star, and used to reproach himself that he had not the courage of the moth to fly into the consuming light; for he kept away from the Sangrefields, and only when absenting himself from a holiday feast would have made his absence more conspicuous than his presence did he obtrude himself upon the view. But now, as he looked at her, how he loved her!

Yet if, in thinking of Adrian as young and ardent enough to absorb all the youth in the room, you would be sure he had done so had you looked a second time at Miss Sangrefield, from whom all youth seemed to be abstracted, as she sat there, an image of age, with her white face, her white hair, her white laces, her white shawl, the only live or pulsing thing about her being the lights that glanced in her crimson satin draperies, and in two eyes that glimmered from their sunken pits. But there were others about that hearth with as eager an outlook on life as Adrian's, not to speak of Rose, and Mary, and Betty, and Vosnard, and the rest, since they were always with us, there was the Prince Pilate, young himself, if his pedigree dated from the founding of Rome, an attaché of legation, without sufficient visible means of support to keep him in walking-sticks, a princeling who had enough left of his family influence to attach him temporarily to a legation, and who, if he did not marry a fortune in this country, had no recourse but to become a dancing master or a restaurant waiter. Meanwhile, being young and fond of the things of youth, he saw no reason why he should not love Katharine and her fortune too. And as Adrian looked at him he withdrew himself still farther into the moody silence that was wont of late to wrap him, for there was in his picturesque view a certain fitness of things that made Katharine Sangrefield the proper bride for a family that dated from the foundation of Rome. Now and then Miss Sangrefield looked at Adrian; now and then she looked at Katharine; now and then she twisted the loose rings on her withered fingers, or put those fingers before her eyes and looked through them at the princeling. She was very old; life lay behind her. They were very young; life lay before them. She was presently to leave Katharine. In whose hands? The warmth of her heart, the life of her soul, friend, husband, child, the whole world in one! And the thin and trembling fingers still shielded the keen old eyes that danced from the fire to the faces as restlessly as the flames themselves danced.

"How the wind blows!" said Rose, drawing up her lace mantle as if it warmed her to do so, and giving Vosnard the hint to draw it up again, and linger in the drawing. "Just hear it! It sounds like the keening at a moonstone wake in Ireland. Did you ever hear anything so melancholy?"

"It sounds half human," said Betty, crouching closer to Miss Sangrefield's feet.

"Those huge chimneys—" began Vosnard.

"It isn't the wind," said Miss Sangrefield, letting her hands fall in her lap as if life had left them.

"Isn't the wind!" cried Rose and Betty in a breath. "What is it, then?"

"It is the voice of Sarah Sangrefield."

"Of Sarah Sangrefield?" cried Katharine.

"There she hangs; look at her!" cried the old woman—"look at her in all her fatal beauty!"

"The one that resembles you so, Katharine," said Vosnard.

And they all bent forward to see the likeness, as the startled girl from her low seat half turned to scan the portrait.

"Yes," exclaimed old Miss Sangrefield; "once in every tenth generation the likeness re-appears, they say. And this is Katharine to the life."

"Oh, it makes me shiver," cried Mary.

"It has made many a one shiver before," said Miss Sangrefield. "For nearly twice a hundred years it has been making people shiver."

"A ghost! a ghost!" cried one and all. "Oh! it is just the night for it. Do let us have the story." And they turned to look over their shoulders, as Katharine had done, at the picture of the lovely lady in her old court robes stiff with silver thread and pearls, with the great pale blue jewel-like eyes, the night-black hair, pearl-braided, the skin like the creamy petal of that rose which blushes only at the heart; and they shuddered, and gave little screams, and gathered closer together as the flickers of the fire-light fell on her, and made her seem to breathe and smile and move.

"Oh," cried Betty, "it is eerie enough now without any resurrection of dead and buried women. *I* want no ghost stories."

"Yes," said the old woman, not heeding, "that is Sarah Sangrefield. And many of the name have seen her walking in the great upper hall and wringing her hands. I have never seen her myself, but I have known those that have. And I have heard her often. You hear her now, all of you." And the sound, that was neither a sigh nor a wail, came shrilling about them, and aroused an answering chorus of shivers that was only part in mockery. "All may hear her weeping and wailing," said Miss Sangrefield, "but the one who sees her sees her only in warning."

"In warning?"

"In warning. It is only young girls that have seen her, they say, and they only when danger threatened them of loss of love or lover. And there are more ways than one to lose love and lover. Loss comes through pride, suspicion, jealous wrath, doubt nursed and nourished, as often as through rival beauty and charm."

"But tell us of Sarah Sangrefield," urged Rose.

"What use? I never dwelt much on those old traditions. They are best forgotten. But somehow the ghost walks to-night. Let her walk."

"Let her walk," said Katharine. "It is what ghosts are for."

Her aunt looked at her a moment. "This ghost is for something else," she said. "She was the bride of her cousin Alan Sangrefield. She had loved him from infancy. He was a part of her life. She could as soon divorce herself in thought from him as pass life in thought without the hollow heavens above, without sunshine, without stars, without the familiar field and earth and river. All at once she found her husband false to her—she thought she found him false to her, I mean. And the earth moved under her feet. The shock of the discovery, and the apparent certainty, were more than she was able to withstand. She had lost her own poise. There was nothing for her to take hold of while things whirled by. She could not realize that this was herself. And her husband, who had seemed to her a spirit of light and purity, had become, to her apprehension, a base and grovelling being. He had been the soul of truth and honor; he had become the body of deceit and shame. It confounded and confused the universe; if he was wrong, nothing there was right. She would look at him for long moments together without a word—look him through and through, as if to make out the guilty spot in him, or seek some one remnant of the old nobility to lay hands on. He endured the gaze,

the long, sad, broken-hearted gaze, in his innocence hoping all would right itself. But it never righted itself; to that wretched woman the world was in disorder, and her brain was in disorder with it. Then her husband at last took active means to undeceive her, to bring the fact before her. But everything he did, her burning suspicions were able to torture into support of her *idée fixe*, that idea with which her brain was pierced as with one of the nails of the cross. No matter how tender he was with her, she shuddered, believing him to be assuming the tenderness; no matter how patient he was, she watched, lynx-eyed, believing him to be only biding his time. I suppose she really went mad; and going mad, she was conscious in the going that either he was false or she was mad, and offered no resistance, willing, thrice willing, to be mad instead. She felt herself entangled in a net-work, blind and lame. She slipped from his arms in the night, and walked the long upper hall, wringing her hands and wailing aloud. And by-and-by he wearied of it. Let him do what he would, he could not convince her that he loved her. Once he had loved her indeed, now he loved another, was the invariable sense that opposed him. She was the heiress of immense wealth; she said to herself that he would keep the peace between them for the sake of that wealth. She knew he had great pride of name; she said to herself that he pretended to love her still, lest the world should get hint of shame, or lest breath of scandal should smear the repute of that other woman, the one he loved in that sweet secrecy.

"It was impossible for him to make her believe he loved her, or loved her for herself. And so by-and-by, as I say, he wearied of it; he no longer felt patient under her doubt, her scrutiny; he became angry, proud, defiant. He ceased to care whether she thought him pure or base, true or false. He, too, passed through his phase of agony, and he simply ceased to love her. And the last state of that woman was worse than the first. Then she realized that she herself, by her doubts and her suspicions, had been the destroyer of her own peace; that the spark which might have been trodden out in the beginning had been fanned by jealous fears till it had consumed all the joy of her life. But Alan Sangrefield had himself no more joy in life; life was absolutely empty for him, and his wife saw him dying before her eyes, powerless to prevent it. Like a flash, perhaps, she saw in it all only the revelation of her own guilty doubt. And one day she disappeared. From that day to this no one knows what became of her, nor of the old Sangrefield jewels that disappeared with her." Miss Sangrefield paused a moment, and watched Katharine measuring Adrian with her furtive glance, before she went on again. "After a while Alan Sangrefield plucked up courage, took heart, took a new lease of life too, and married; he married, as it chanced, in all innocence, the very woman on account of whom his wife had broken her heart. It was the night of the wedding that Sarah Sangrefield began to walk that upper hall. The bride in her bridal chamber heard that wailing. She cowered a moment. Perhaps she was guilty, if Alan was not. And then she turned to her husband. His face was white and agonized. 'It is her voice!' he cried. And with the cry the iron entered that woman's soul.

"After all, he loved that first wife best, the new one said. It was idle for him again to assure her that all love for that mad woman had died before she died herself; the new wife had only to remember that look, that cry; she did not believe him; he loved the first wife still, he wanted her back, he longed and searched and wept for her; he had married the second time not knowing what he wanted. Sarah Sangrefield's doubt had proved infectious. It is catching," cried the old woman, suddenly. "The new wife never recovered from that night's blow. Doubt and suspicion had hold of her. Righteous judgment, it may be, but deadly bald. And when she died she cried out that Sarah Sangrefield, in her long white shroud, but blazing under the veil of her midnight hair in all the old Sangrefield jewels like a thing of fire, her eyes like gleams of sapphire fire themselves, just as she saw her in the doorway of the bridal chamber, was waiting to take her by the hand and lead her she knew not whither. 'But into no worse misery than this,' she cried—'no misery worse than this.' And, as I say, many since that day have seen Sarah Sangrefield in her shroud and her jewels, the wind of her swift motion blowing out her cloud of hair as she went by wringing her hands; but it is only to those whose lives are likely to be ruined by doubt or by suspicion does the same. All may hear her sorrow, but few may see the beautiful horror of her face."

And then they all held their breath and listened to the sound that was neither wail, nor windy whistle, nor moan; but all three; and Adrian saw Katharine draw back into the shadow, with a look upon her countenance, when the flame flared up and fell full upon her, as if Sarah Sangrefield in her shroud and her jewels, wringing her hands and wailing as she walked, were not far away.

They all started as if they had been struck when the great bell of the hall tolled eleven, and then they rose and made ready to part. "Katharine," said Adrian, as he paused a moment in bidding her good-by, and bent his head over her hand, "if the hand were not too heavy with jewels for a man to lift!" And what question there was in the eyes he raised!

"That does not hinder the Prince Pilaty," murmured old Miss Sangrefield at his elbow.

"Confound the Prince Pilaty!" said Adrian, still under his breath; and then the door had slammed behind him.

That night, having dismissed the maid, Katharine sat in her own room before the dressing-glass, not purposely, but happening to delay there thinking. "I am twenty-four years old," was the way in which her involuntary thoughts were running, "and I am the mistress of a princely fortune, and I have two princely lovers—one a prince among men, and one a man among princes." And then, she knew not by what momentary inspiration of folly, she had twisted a *rivière* of diamonds into something like the shape of a coronet, and was holding it over her brow as she scanned herself in the glass. "As for the Prince," her thoughts ran on, "I have not a doubt. It is plain certainty. He needs my fortune. With it he would bring back the ancient days of his family splendor. He would be no more a penniless adventurer attached to an exiled legation, in fear of worse, but he would be what the old Princes of his name were used to be. Nowadays some of the Pilatys mend tea-kettles; and I— The question is"—and her inarticulate thoughts, that were more sensations than thoughts, put the question plainly, baldly, coarsely—"should I have the worth of my money in that then, that title, that greatness? I should have love too, very likely. He is a weakling; but that I do not bargain for—I should not want. It would encumber me, be irksome to me, loathsome to me. But Adrian—" and her thoughts hesitated to shape themselves even in their hidden recesses—"if I were sure! He too is penniless, he too may see through golden gates the way to greatness. I may be, with him, merely the shadow, my wealth the substance. Oh! I have shuddered at the fear a thousand times. To doubt him now is sorrow; but were I once his wife, to doubt him then would be sorrow worse than death. If I could only know, if—" And suddenly she stopped, transfixed. Does a reflection cast a shadow? Was it her own face twice repeated in the glass? Or was that white-robed woman with the night-black hair, the lustrous eyes like pale blue jewels, the blanched and woful face, standing there behind her chair with parted, trembling lips, as if she vainly strove to speak—was that the form, the face, the ghost of Sarah Sangrefield?

It was gray morning when Katharine woke and found herself fallen back in her chair, still before the glass, where she had either fainted or fallen asleep, she could not have told you which. Who would have thought the stately Katharine would have rushed from the room and into her aunt's bed without daring to think or to conjecture? But she did; and there she lay till noon, in a sound sleep without a dream.

The girls had all been out in the woods, with their followers, for such bright berries as the birds had left, and they had been trimming the hall with hemlock boughs and laurel, when she came down the stairs. She had been getting her forces together, and had not dared encounter earlier the dissection of the gay throng who had not a shadow of care between them, other than the idle wish that might cross their minds that they were as free from care as she. The Prince was waiting for her as she touched the last stair, and took her hand, making some courtier-like reproof for her delay above.

"I have been in trouble," she said. "I could not come down before. Prince, if I told you that I had lost all the Sangrefield possessions—"

"It is not possible!" he said, staggering backward.

"It is entirely possible," she said, calmly; and she looked curiously at the pale face that bore still the imprint of the dark Asiatic ancestor that first sought the Italian shores. "And you see, Prince," she said, pensively, "that without the fortune you thought it held, this hand is valueless to you."

"Not valueless," said the suitor, gathering his breath after the shock—"not valueless, but simply, as you say, impossible."

"Impossible," said Katharine, bowing her head.

The Prince turned with downcast face. "There is nothing left for me," said he, sadly, "but adieu."

"Adieu," said Katharine. "But first remember, Prince, I only said the loss of fortune was entirely possible, as it is to any one; I did not say that I had met with it. I have not. But, all the same, adieu;" and she turned lightly, and sent old Miss Sangrefield to hobble down the hall upon her cane and bid the lover good-by—an act which that lady made swift and emphatic.

"There," said Rose, clambering down from the table under the hall lamp, which had been lighted a few moments before, and finding herself just safe from Vennard's arms, "I believe that is the last of the Christmas greens, and now we shall see what we shall see. Nonsense, Vennard, this time doesn't count, because I have just put it up, don't you know;" and she stepped back to admire the effect of the bit of mistletoe she had twisted about the hall lamp, and whose weird waxen berries had that day come down from the Virginia woods. "Did you see the Prince take his *congé*? That sort of being doesn't know that girls seasoned by as many Washington winters as we are have seen too many of his kind not to picture him in his hours of seclusion studying the column of 'Wants' in the daily paper." And then she had thrown a shawl about her, and followed Vennard to the outer gallery for a breath of the frosty air, and the far-off airy melody of distant city bells ringing in the Christmas-eve.

Katharine came down the hall, and stayed her steps, looking up at the mistletoe, bending back her head, the white throat curving like a swan's. "It was a sacred thing once," she said, "cut by white-gowned priests with a golden knife—priests full of the knowledge of mysteries. Who knows that it is not a sacred thing now, that it has no occult powers—" And just then she glanced in the long hall mirror, and who was this that had come in as Rose and Vennard went out, that stood there, the hat half lifted to the face, the face radiant with youth and hope, the color fresh upon the cheek, the sparkle splendid in the hazel eye, the yellow hair clustering round the white brow like a young Greek god's? Seen even in a mirror, there was no mistaking the passion of that glance, the hope, the fear, the hesitation, the gathering determination. Should she tell this man that it was a possible thing to lose the Sangrefield possessions? Never! It was possible, indeed, to lose wealth, but not possible ever again to insult Adrian with a suspicion. Suddenly the color flushed up her throat and face as she gazed, and in another moment she felt the tears would spin out of her eyes if those eyes had not caught sight of the book of photographs and autographs lying on the table before her—one of Miss Sangrefield's mementos of her guests—and she tore it open and bent above it.

But to what use? She heard the step draw near. She felt the half-extended arm behind her. She felt the warm breath fan her cheek, and then she remembered that she was standing under the mistletoe.

Would he dare to take advantage of that? To make a jest of his love? Suddenly she faced him. The others had all gone singing and dancing and laughing under the archway to light the Yule-log on the dining-room hearth. "Adrian," she said, the face flushing again, all but the white forehead, the white down-dropped lids, "I have seen Sarah Sangrefield." And then the crimson swept over the forehead too, and the beautiful face grew red and redder; and what was there to do but to hide it, and where should she hide it but on Adrian's breast, as they stood there under the mistletoe, folded so close that doubt could never come between them?

A FLASH OF GOOD FEELING.

By ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

"In a Christian community like ours," said Compton, one day, as he looked up from a note which he had just finished, "it really does seem strange that"—here the telephone called him from his desk, and his partner was obliged to ask him for the rest of his sentence before he concluded—"why, that a man can't trust his office-boy with a single paltry dollar without his peculating it."

"If he were to steal one hundred thousand dollars, now," responded the partner, turning his newspaper, "you would understand and even condone it."

"Certainly. Largeness always explains itself. We all admire an affair that is great, no matter what else it is."

"There is a term, 'it's a great shame,'" suggested the partner.

"Well, I'll tell you what isn't a great shame," Compton went on, "and it is the way in which Tom Winter improves both shining and cloudy hours here on the street. He'll be a very rich man, Paine. And he's as good as he is beautiful, too. He has an almost absurd way of sparing the other fellows when they particularly need sparing. Asked me to dinner, and I'm going, by Jove!"

"Certainly, it wouldn't do to snub a man of principle, Compton," responded his partner, who was a quiet man, and never did much besides responding and suggesting at Compton's loud assertions and imperious silences. "He's almost the only chance we have for airing our courtesy, and we can't afford to lose it. Winter is a good fellow, as you say, and proves that one can be keen and virtuous in business at least. The other fellows are all trusting him as if they thought so, I notice."

"You mustn't cringe, though, Paine; you mustn't be too polite, you know," said Compton, warningly. "It is hard to withstand the fancy that these fortunate men exhale a contagion of luck, and we try to suck it in, bowing and courtesying; but the fact is, we only lose what strength we have in that way. Let Winter succeed with a 'bravo,' but not with a 'by your leave.'"

"Perhaps the reason why we all see so minutely the necessity of preserving our dignity in his presence is," Paine suggested, "because we none of us do. Call it by whatever name I will, I cringe, Compton, along with the rest of you."

In the course of a brief interval Tom Winter, above referred to, on account of consideration for a man whom he had befriended and trusted, illustrated the reverses of Wall Street by losing heavily, and in the course of a week's manipulation of stock he was a ruined man. This disaster repeats itself often enough to become a bosom companion, as it were, to all speculators and brokers. It seems hardly more than a chance slip of destiny's axe that it does not happen to us that we ourselves are severed at the root, never to stand firmly again.

Winter, however, looked like an isolated case, as he sat alone in a small room in one of the second-rate hotels of the city. On the table beside him were an empty beer bottle and an empty purse. They both had an air of petty importance, which only mocked him. Why should his hair grizzle and his heart ache with that dull, fateful lethargy which seems to herald the death hour, simply because he had finished off a little red liquid and exhausted a little leather wallet? Was life really turned into the world to shift for itself upon such contemptible dependencies as food and coin?

Winter gave a thought now and then to a girl to whom he had been engaged, and who would not have him now. He thought of her as seldom as possible, for when her earlier image, her past tenderness, her present aspect, came before him in this lonely review of his changed fortunes, his mental vision reverted also to a revolver in the top of his trunk, where its steel brilliancy burned invitingly in wait for a firm grasp, a pressure of the finger, and the last possible *dénouement*.

She had pale hair of a cold brown, and plaintive lines to mouth and cheeks—and she was false.

Winter was a good business man in more senses than one—one sense having made his splendid success, the other his failure. And Winter knew the tactics of his peculiar form of warfare too well to suppose that he could ever recover his ground. His little inheritance was gone, with all its subsequent accumulations, and any one can realize as well as Winter did how much valid hope there is left when this is admitted. A balloon abandoned in the invisible regions of air could not be farther off than hope in the man's reckoning.

But surely he had a friend, a dozen friends, to see to it that he got another throw for the stakes which were the dearest object of men's ingenuity in the pulsing city! Were any feet gradually approaching his door with plans for relief? Even the proudest men feel soft breezes of weaker longing breathe upon their souls in the extreme moment. Winter was stoical, but he felt the relaxing glow of a moment's confidence in the world. No hope, but a weak confidence. Was it justified?

At Compton's office half a score of men were standing, or sitting, or propping themselves up in all sorts of half-exhausted or especially energetic attitudes. Some polished their glistening hats as they talked, and then deposited them, apparently with the object of securing their safety, at precarious angles on their heads; others were satisfied with merely picturing about their teeth and nails, or even staring at the frescoed ceiling. There did not seem to be any one present who, in spite of faultless freshness, could be strictly called a person of cultured sensibilities. Persons of this order must have had engagements elsewhere.

"I am positive something ought to be done," said Paine, with unusual authority of manner. He was the only shabby man in the room; but his face was alive with an expression fit to command respect where there was any respect to be had. "I can't bear that the man is really in want without knocking you all up, so to say, to see if his affairs can't be righted. If we could get ten thousand for him, it would be at least a sign of fellow feeling."

"I'm afraid it would seem a little like sending flowers to a funeral," remarked a small young man with grayish hair, who gazed at the nails of his left hand before, during, and after his suggestion.

"Yes," replied Compton, "just about as useless, Paine. And I don't know that I want to pay a thousand dollars for a graceful tribute to his memory. For of course a man down like Winter can never breathe again, unless he goes on a successful turn, or has some other awfully lucky luck."

"I'm about as anxious concerning my own affairs," volunteered a man in a corner, whose eyes shone steel gray, "as Winter can be about his. I wish some one would offer me ten thousand, a week from now."

"You must be jolly rich, Fenwick, to talk like that," Compton retorted, coolly laughing.

"Paine," spoke up an imaginative man with a furrowed face, "you are in a dangerous place. I have been attacked by fits of Good Samaritanism like this of yours; but I found our stamping ground here the one spot in this country where the mood for Samaritanism couldn't be allowed."

"Yes, it's against our principles," joined in a slender and plain dandy of sanguine complexion.

Paine looked at the last speaker with a peculiar expression of distress. The man was so ill made, had so little breadth and muscle, and so carefully assumed an air of bravado on account of his lack of stamina, that, with his ugliness, his insolence was intolerable. But, like most intolerable things, it had to be borne all the same. Paine at last turned his gaze, by preference, to the floor, and resumed his address.

"I am sorry to have incommoded you, gentlemen; but the telephone is so harsh and suggestive. I see you are thoroughly bored by my scheme for helping Winter out of his fix, and I suppose he'll have to make the best of his poor share. Somehow or other, though, I can't help remembering certain things (sometimes they seem almost mythical, to be sure), certain youthful impulses and sympathies, perhaps, which wore off some of us like gilding—if it was only gilding! In short, I can not get rid of the idea that, after all, we are all Christians, and as Christians may sometimes recall the old proverbs, or whatever they were, about 'doing to others,' and so on, in the genuine old way, if only out of respect for what we should long for ourselves if we needed help."

Some of the men fancied that they must be blushing for Paine, although a mirror would have relieved them of this uneasiness. Others smiled nervously, as they would have done if Paine had confided to the conclave that he daily attended a mass for the peace of his grandmother's soul. The young gray-headed broker, brushing off his knee with one of his well groomed hands, hazarded, without looking up (for he seldom did so), the sentiment, as probably popular, that he did not suppose any one believed in Christians nowadays. When had one last been seen?

This relieved every mind, and the conclave changed its position, laughing.

"What particular interest have you in Winter, Paine, old boy?" asked the broker of imagination, quickly.

Paine got up, and made his presence felt.

"If you will reflect for yourselves," he answered, "I need not tell you. Did not we all like him, and approve of his manner of doing business? Was he not occasionally generous?"

"Oh, well, an attractive, lucky fellow," put in a very stout man, painfully packed into his cleanly shaven skin. "My dear sir, you must be quite fresh still if you don't know what a card it is for a man to be genial, and all that."

"Rather than see Paine wretched, nevertheless," cried Compton, completely using up a toothpick in his sudden earnestness, "I will add a thousand to his."

"What! is Paine so determined as all that?" asked several of the men, in different ejaculatory

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A FLASH OF GOOD FEELING—"WHAT MADE YOU COME?"—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

hearts. "That alters the case, old fellow," "Of course we'll stand by each other in worthy subscriptions, man." And so on. Only one or two demurred, adhering to their premise that a ruined man was very badly smashed furniture.

Paine hesitated. The visitors showed a tendency to reach the desks where the ink was to be found.

"Stay!" exclaimed Paine, running forward and pounding a table with his fist, while he thrust the other into his pocket as if he had more ammunition there. "You don't need to give me your checks on this ground. You must do it for a better reason—excuse me—than for mere foolish instinct. Do it out of kindness for Winter, not out of fellowship for a scheme of mine. Can't you see what I mean?"

"You're mad, Paine," asserted Compton, keenly. "These fellows haven't time to take your point of view, and pay you a thousand apiece into the bargain."

"What's the trouble?—I can't see," said the full-fed, over-smoked broker or speculator, with some bills already adjusted between his first and second fingers.

"I'll take no such assistance as this to a man of Winter's calibre," said Paine. "You are purses, not men. Don't spill your thieves-thumbed bills in here for any interest of mine. Give me manly charity for the sake of—for the sake of all you have forsaken."

There was a very awkward pause indeed, and the door jumped open. A man in the prime of life entered the room. It is not always easy to find a man's prime, if he is very deep in the toils of business, no matter how carefully one examines his different singes, but the person who presented himself here was a silver-touched, vigorous creature of forty. There were conflicting expressions in his face, and as it was not often that there was but one expression of face on the street, and that on the shady side of desirability, Paine had always been content to make a great deal of Fairmouth's half bright, half subtle countenance.

"Look here! how far have you got in this?" he demanded, with cheerful energy. "By Jove! sirs, this looks like business, eh? A roomful of you for poor old Winter? Well, how high has it got?"

"Oh, it's only got as high as Paine's heel, I believe," replied a drawling voice which had not spoken before.

Fairmouth put a hand on one of his hips and looked round, breathing deep from his hurried walk to Compton's office.

"Paine would not lend an air of *opera bouffe* to the thing," his superior exclaimed, turning back the cover of a box of cigarettes. "Somehow oratorio didn't seem to work at first, and our want of appreciation has made him wild. We're willing to give eight or ten thousand *for fun*, but we aren't allowed to."

Fairmouth bent his handsome brows upon Paine, and his eyes were gentle and his lips tender.

"How is it?" said he.

"See to it for me, Fairmouth," Paine answered, going to the window and looking out as if planted there for the future.

Fairmouth took one of the cigarettes and lit it with a few hasty movements, but a placid face.

"There is very little to say," said the forwarded broker, "except that he has used queer language to us, and in spite of it we have pulled out a thousand apiece. I told him not to talk lofty here—we have all that up town. He wants us to do good because we are Christians, and some of us don't know how it feels to be affected as that way. We plead 'not guilty' of motives based on bread and milk. Of course we are apt to go to church, because our families ask us to, but we couldn't subsist on that fare all the week round. Well, sirs, there is my quota, and I must be going."

It was not easy to see how Fairmouth should quite grasp the situation at this point, but he appeared to do so completely, and said the only thing he could think of to set matters right.

"Pray don't go until we decide what message is to accompany this money for Winter."

"Oh, come, Fairmouth," cried the stout spectator, "Paine will carry it to him, and it will be natural for him to say something fine. I trust Paine's tongue."

But Fairmouth was already opening his own book and scribbling.

"How would this do? 'Dear Winter,—Among jolly brethren like us there's no such word as *fail*. Take the accompanying solid piece of good-will, and go ahead. You were one of the best and cleverest fellows on the street. Come back.' Signed, Hulton Fenwick, D. McAvery, H. Fairmouth, etc. Does any one object to that?"

"If anything, that will do, eh?" admitted the stout speaker.

"But he's in a sort of disgrace, you know," exclaimed the gray-haired youth, pettishly, and looking up this time. "It's a mistake to coddle him. It's against the rule of the street here to lend money and play parent as he did, and of course he came to wreck. I shouldn't expect any help like this if I got under the wheel, and why should I think more tenderly of Winter than of myself?"

"Neither does Winter *expect* it," answered Fairmouth, "and it's just that that makes it a desirable thing to surprise him with a dash of right feeling which he despaired of. By Jove, it will be the best Christmas he ever had when Paine reveals to him that he has not been forgotten?"

"The street is one thing, and a battle-field's another," the drawling voice remarked from behind some one.

"That's it," joined in the imaginative member. "Colonel Fairmouth, you seem to have got them badly mixed. Wherever a fellow is that's wounded, a man ought to go under fire for him; but this is very different."

"Then speculating must be unhealthy work," shot out Paine, shrieking round.

"It certainly don't seem to agree with you," Compton growled, eying his partner savagely.

"Oh yes, it does," Paine replied.

"Let every man here who wouldn't leave a comrade on the field to die set himself down for another thousand to Winter," Fairmouth called, pulling up the chair to the desk near which he stood, and dashing off a check for ten thousand dollars.

The atmosphere of the place changed. "Brave!" burst suddenly from some one's lips. Fairmouth got a slap on the shoulder that sent his ink spattering all over his signature.

"Who's seen the poor devil?" asked the stout speculator, sitting down at another desk, by gentle gradations, and then neatly coquetting with the ink-bottle before doing some extremely useful writing.

"It would not be half unpleasant to see him round again, with his rough tweed and an eternal ruffled smudge on his beaver," said the son of a very rich man, who had been lounging quietly and comfortably all the time. "Winter never seemed to be in the least afraid of letting the little conventionalities go, you know, but he gave a good deal of time to being respectable."

"It strikes one as odd to suddenly hold one's self up and attend to other people's affairs," chimed in a man with a large thin nose. "But it's something like waking from a sleep several years long when it does happen. Good by, Paine. Poke Winter in the ribs for me."

The red-haired dandy and the gray young man were not to be found; but the rest wrote their checks, and shook hands with Paine and Fairmouth with the utmost good-nature, and then filed out of the office, laughing and humming.

That afternoon Winter's two friends set out together for the hotel at which he was staying. Something dashed their cheer as they reached the shabby precinct, the shabby entrance, the shabby passageways, leading to Winter's door. When Paine had seen him last he had found it hard to revive Winter out of the deepest stupor of lack of interest in all suggestions and possibilities of better things. It was a whole day since then, and Paine was haunted by the gentle smile and terrible expression of the eyes which he had last seen on Winter gave him his hand at parting.

As they turned a corner of the corridor they came upon a passage in which a young lady was standing.

There was no doubt about it from the first glance. She was standing at Winter's door, and was very much agitated. She looked round from gazing at the door, and fastened her eyes on Paine's quiet, faithful face to be approached.

"What has happened?" he asked, greatly alarmed at her excessive pallor and darkened eyes. He wondered if she knew that Winter was dead.

"What! Are you going in? Are you—"

"We are friends of Winter's. And you wish—"

"I dare not!" she panted, leaning against the door with her hand on the knob. "What will he say to me? Something makes me feel that he will kill me when he sees me. And if I go home, it seems as if *they* would kill me."

Paine had not much idea who this young lady could be, but he was very certain of her refinement, from all the indications of voice, dress, and aspect. He could not imagine why Winter should ever dream of killing her. But he said, kindly and simply, "I will go in first, and you must try to depend on me if a great strain comes. Take Mr. Fairmouth's arm."

Paine knocked, and, as they had all guessed it would be, no answer came.

Paine called Winter by name several times loudly, and then pleadingly, with gentle words. The girl's tears dropped like crystal gems, her cheeks growing rosy at his excessive excitement.

Suddenly the door was wrenched open from within, and Winter walked back into the room, saying, huskily:

"What now? Is there no peace?"

His pistol was lying on the table, and some letter-paper beside it, half covered. But his eyes, dazed with brooding and agony, all at once perceived the girl, trembling and sinking as she stepped over the threshold. He sprang to her and clasped her in his arms.

"How came you here?" he demanded; and then sobbed, "*What made you come?*"

"I saw what I had done," she murmured, laying her pale face upon his breast. In a moment she turned to Winter's friends, and said, with brave earnestness: "You see he does not kill me. I was engaged to be his wife, but when this rule came I would not see him. my father and mother persuaded me. But if it was right to marry him in his trouble, how terribly wrong they were! And then I saw that they were wrong! They will never forgive me; but Tom has forgiven me. Now you will see he will not cast me off because I bring him no money. After all, he will marry me, and work for me, and he will grow gray working for me, and I will make him *glad!*"

"And here's the money to pay for the wedding," Fairmouth said, with a roguish look, giving Paine a nudge with his elbow, upon which the latter drew a package from his pocket, composed of bills and checks. "By Jove, Winter, I should not blame you if you were too glad already to hear what we came for."

"We've got something out of those would-be devils," Paine muttered, as he threw the packet down beside the scrawled letter on the table. He added, more heartily: "They're sent you a few thousand from Wall Street, Tom; for after mixing about as hard as I could to find true metal in the rascals, I all at once struck it. How it would horrify them to hear that they had hearts!"

The two rescuers knew what a brave man Winter was when they saw him gulp down a sob. In all his struggle with despair he had made no such effort as he now made to keep back the tears.

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UNDER THE MISTLETOE—A TEST OF COURAGE.

DRAWN BY WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY.

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FURS.

LONG SEAL-SKIN CLOAKS.

Long seal-skin cloaks promise to be the first choice in dressy wraps this winter, because they are now fitted to the figure, and made in all the varied shapes in vogue for the richest velvet and cloth garments. The long dolman, covering the wearer from head to foot, is now made in several designs, and the weight formerly complained of as too great for the shoulders is equalized by the use of an elastic belt inside the lining, which also serves to hold the back of the waist close to the wearer in the graceful way in favor. This closely fitted back and sides of the waist, with or without fulness below, while the fronts hang straight and loose, is one of the features of new seal cloaks. The high full shoulders are also introduced for those to whom they are becoming, and the sleeves are large, so that the cloak may be easily removed; these graceful elbow sleeves open squarely at the wrist, or else they are cut flowing in the Oriental shapes. Lengthwise trimmings of a different fur in front and back are in great favor, and the border at the foot gives a rich finish, but this cross border must be omitted if the wearer is short, as it detracts from the apparent height. Full trimmings about the neck and arms are objectionable for stout figures, hence, instead of a separate collar, the trimming is now set on the lining around the neck without any seal fur beneath it; this makes the wrap less clumsy about the throat, and for similar reasons many stout ladies prefer the plain velvet-like seal in its rich beauty without any additional trimming. The untrimmed seal garment is also chosen by economists whose best outlay of money is in a garment of fine fur cut in a new and stylish shape, to which trimming may be added hereafter to effect some change required by fashion. Trimmings of short close furs, such as natural beaver and otter, are commended to stout ladies, while the luxurious long fleeces are becoming to those who are slight; among these are the royal sables in plain bands, or of tails in rows, or else pendent below the border, the dark fisher-tail, the black fox, silver fox, the blue fox, which has stone-colored tints, or the black marten, which is effective yet not costly, and is now thoroughly deodorized.

Brown satin very slightly quilted is the lining most used, and in some garments there are gayer tints, and all quilting is omitted in order to make the garment more flexible. Bars of seal with loops of passementerie cord are the fastenings most used. Among these rich cloaks is the Ristori, with partly fitted back, open below the waist, square sleeves, and double-breasted front, with Russian collar; this is of an elegant cut that may be worn plain, but it is also shown with the rich borders just mentioned. The Galatea is a long slender cloak with the back as close fitted as if made of cloth; the high-shouldered sleeves extend far into the back, and have seal-skin cuffs added when there is no border of other fur; it has also both a standing collar and one that is turned down. The Grétry is only three-quarters fitted to the figure, and has flowing Oriental sleeves; both this and the Galatea are made more youthful and slender looking by lengthwise trimmings. One of the newest models, called La Favorite, is shaped like the mantle redingote illustrated in the Bazar, with the waist tight behind, while the full skirt is pleated in below; the front hangs straight, and the high sleeves are close to the arms, with deep cuffs trimmed around at their top near the elbow. This full back of the skirt is excellent with bouffant costumes. These garments also have the fronts trimmed with a fold of seal-skin, next which is the fox or sable border put on in a roll like a banding, and continued around the neck to represent a boa.

SEAL MANTLES.

Short mantles of seal-skin are among the new garments this winter. Some of these are in the shapes just noted for long garments, but are cut as short as a visite or a mantilla, falling usually longer in front than behind, where they merely cover the tournure. The short Grétry and Galatea are graceful and warm-looking when trimmed with a mink border with pendent tails, or with black marten, or the handsome three-quarter plucked beaver bands. There are also untrimmed seal visites that are very youthful and dressy-looking, while others have passementerie ornaments on them, and clasps of carved wood or stained ivory representing two antique heads; still others are edged with a fringe made of seal-skin balls tied to meshes of silk cords.

SEAL JACKETS AND SACQUES.

Seal-skin jackets are shown in small sizes, smoothly fitted as Jersey waists are, and are known as Jersey jackets. These are for quite young ladies, are worn without any trimming, and cost as low as $75 or as much as $250. The popular seal sacque, which is always useful for long drives, for the country, and for general wear, is now made less clumsy in shape by being fitted more closely in the back and sides; the fronts remain loose and straight, and have a coat collar that may be turned up about the throat, or else turned down to form lapels. They measure from thirty-seven to forty-one inches in length, and when well fitted are very handsome either plain, or widely bordered, as many of them are, with black marten, natural 'coon, beaver, or sable-tail trimmings. Hudson Bay sable borders with tails in rows, and the narrow banding that is needed to complete them, are very effective on these sacques. In selecting seal garments the purchaser should make sure that in every part the pile of the fleece is made to turn upward, as it will then naturally drop downward and disclose its rich depths; when brushing or stroking the fur, the movement should also be upward. The reader is also again warned against allowing seal-skin to be dampened; but when this happens the fur must not be dried by artificial heat, but by hanging out-of-doors, or else in a cold room.

FUR FICHUS AND PELERINES.

The novelty in small seal capes is called a fichu, and consists of a scarf mantle that merely reaches to the waist line behind, and has half-long pointed fronts. It is edged with seal-skin fringe, and has a high standing collar fastened by a fanciful clasp. The new seal pelerines so popular with young ladies, to give needed warmth over closely fitted velvet or cloth redingotes or sacques, are now made with the high-shouldered effects, and are of even length all around, barely escaping the waist line. These are by no means confined to seal-skin, but are especially liked in otter and beaver to match trimmings on fur garments. Mink pelerines are also in fashion, and are especially valuable when made of the dark tails of the animal. Russian sable pelerines of great beauty are shown made of tails entirely, and costing $650, though others of lighter sable are sold for $400. The general choice in these capes is for seal, beaver, Astrakhan, or mink, and in these inexpensive furs they cost from $40 upward, and afford great comfort, as they cover admirably the delicate chest and shoulder-blades, and are of very light weight.

MUFFS AND COLLARS.

Muffs are sold to match the capes just described, and when made round are not larger than those of last year. Flat muffs are now commended, and are slightly curved to hold the hands nicely. Sometimes these have close short fur in the back, with a different long fleece in all the part seen in front, thus the front will be silver-fox, and the back of seal-skin, or else a chinchilla muff will have merely a silk back. The long chasuble and scarf-like collars remain in vogue, and with a muff complete the set of fur; but it is now more usual to trim the outer garment with fur around the neck, and choose a muff to match. There are, however, pretty little collars of fur with square lappets in front made of natural beaver, and costing only $4 or $5; seal-skin, krimmer, 'coon, leopard, and the black Persian lamb are also used for these small collars, for the larger collarettes, for écharpes or scarfs, and the long chasubles; among black furs those of the Russian hare are chosen for inexpensiveness, of the monkey-skin for oddity, of Persian lamb for those wearing mourning, and of the luxurious black fox for richness. Satchel muffs that are useful shopping bags with a handle are shown in seal, otter, and Astrakhan furs.

SABLE AND OTHER BROWN FURS.

From what has already been said it will be seen that brown furs are again in favor, and those who have taken care of their royal sables and useful mink now find their reward. The pelerine cape and muff of Russian sable is one of the luxuries of the winter, and those who can afford it delight in wide borders of sable, and even in a lining of this valuable fur, some of the costliest wraps of the year being made of black velvet in the shape of the Russian circular, and lined throughout with Russian sable. The mink trimmings are also very effective on cloth and other wool garments, especially when the material is brown, as it is doubtless the fancy for golden brown that has revived the use of these furs. The rare sea-otter is one of the fashionable brown furs, but the brown trimming in most general use is natural beaver, and the plucked beavers, some of which are only partly plucked, and also the colored brown beavers.

FUR-TRIMMED CLOAKS.

The next choice for a dressy cloak after the long seal-skin garments is a cloak of similar shape trimmed with fur, and made either of the frisé velvets, the ciselé velvet, the satin figures brocaded on velvet, striped velvets, armures, beaded brocades, or the heaviest repped silks that have satin cords woven in at intervals. Brown and black are the colors that trim most handsomely with furs for day wraps, but for the evening there are gold and silver brocades on white satin grounds that produce very rich effects. The long Albani, the Grétry, La Favorite, Galatea, and other garments already described are made up in these rich fabrics, lined with quilted moiré, or brocade, changeable silk, or satin, and trimmed with a wide border of some long fleece fur, as a fluffy effect is especially desirable when the cloak itself is not made of fur; a little chenille fringe is sometimes added, and there are very rich beaded ornaments, with others made of satin cords.

Short visites with sleeves, and the scarf mantles that cover the arms without sleeves, are also made of these rich materials and bordered with fur. Some handsomely shaped jackets, with triple folds below the close-fitted back and a loose Moliére front, are made of the heavy repped silks, and finished at the neck and throat only with furs. Long Newmarket cloaks and ulsters made by famous Paris modistes get their cachet from the trimming added by the furriers; thus there is a prettily lapped surplice-like collar of natural beaver put on a green or brown redingote, or a black camel's-hair dolman for a lady in mourning has Astrakhan or Persian lamb, or black fox fur, put lengthwise on the whole front and below the waist in the back. Large square pockets of Astrakhan or other fur are also seen on the sides of fitted cloth garments.

FUR-LINED GARMENTS.

The fur-lined circular remains in favor as a useful wrap, but is not chosen for a garment for stylish wear. There is an effort to make this simple wrap look high-shouldered by shirring it in rows across the shoulders, and using a smaller collar that does not conceal this shirring. The fur linings were made up so heavily that they have gradually lost favor, and are now confined to circulars, while the plush linings introduced to rival these have entirely disappeared. White squirrel linings are used for inexpensive circulars that begin as low as $28, while linings made only of the backs of the animals, and therefore gray throughout, are used for higher-priced wraps. Camel's-hair circulars lined with the gray backs cost $65, and are liked for elderly ladies, for travelling, and for those who wear mourning. The Russian sable linings, with tails hanging at intervals, are made up with Sicilienne outside, and are so luxurious inwardly that either side may be worn out. Mink linings are used in armure and figured Sicilienne wraps, and there are circulars for the opera lined with royal ermine, which may be bought for $75 or $85. A novelty for linings and also for borders is a long crinkled white fleece of Chinese fur. The small collar of fur with a black clasp is considered sufficient trimming for most circulars; borders add so much to the weight that they are seldom used.

FUR HATS AND TURBANS.

A wintry poke bonnet for a young face is made in the fish-wife shape, pointed in front, and faced there with mink. The bonnet itself is of brown velvet, with some birds in front of the crown for trimming. New seal turbans have very close brims, with high crowns that taper or that are slightly indented. Seal hats have brims that recede until they become very narrow behind, and there are also English walking hats of this fur. Birds in clusters, or else breasts mounted in long shapes, are the trimmings.

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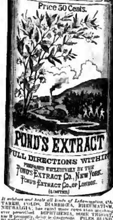

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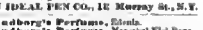

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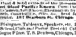

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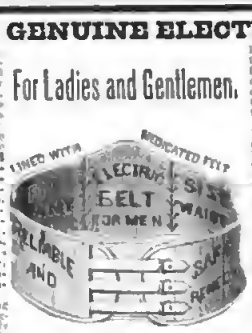

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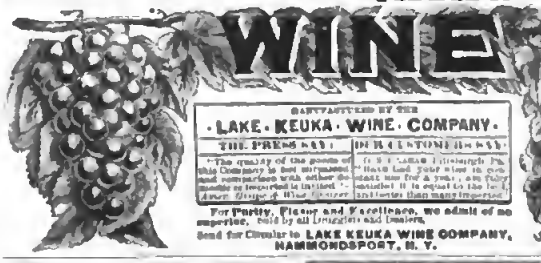

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION—THE GENIUS OF THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS AWAKENED IN THE SOUTH

FROM A PAINTING FOR THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT EXHIBIT BY MR. ALFRED FREDERICKS.—[SEE PAGE 841.]

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"CUFFY AND HIS FIDDLE"

is an exquisite full-page, by Frederick Dielman, *inspired by "An Advent Serenade," a poem from the pen of* Lillie E. Barr. Mrs. M. E. Sangster *contributes a serious article entitled "On the Track of Christmas," and* Sherwood Ryse *relates a charming story entitled "The Sword of Hildebrand," with six illustrations by* Howard Pyle.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, December 20, 1884.

PARTY ORGANIZATION.

THE Republican central committees and associations in the cities of New York and Brooklyn have been recently engaged in settling the conditions of membership in the associations. This is an important subject, because only such members are permitted to take part in the elections to party conventions which define the position of the party and make the party nominations. As the city associations are voluntary, they may ordain conditions of membership at their pleasure. But their action, if it be unwise, affects the interests of the party in the State, and therefore in the country. The tests of membership, therefore, should be very carefully considered. It appears that of some 80,000 Republican voters in the city of New York not more than 10,000 or 12,000 are usually enrolled in the associations. If the Republican vote of the State be estimated at 550,000, it follows that with a membership of 12,000 in the city associations a little more than one-eighth of the whole Republican vote of the State would have no representation in the convention. The same relative situation in Brooklyn would increase the percentage of unrepresented Republicans, that is to say, Republicans who are not permitted to vote at the primaries. It may easily happen that the delegates selected by a sixth or an eighth of the actual Republican voters in New York and Brooklyn—the rest being excluded from the primaries—may control the action of the convention. Such action would necessarily destroy the force which attaches to a nomination proceeding from a free representation of the whole party, and strong party men may plead that nominations in which a very large proportion of the party is forbidden to take part are not "binding" in the usual party sense. Common-sense, therefore, suggests that the conditions of membership in such associations shall be of a character which can not reasonably exclude any conscientious Republican, because under such conditions the absence of a name from the roll will show only an indifference which can not complain of exclusion.

The New York County Committee, however, have taken another view. They have decided that it shall be the fundamental test of the right to be enrolled in a Republican association in the city that the applicant voted at the late election for the Republican electors, except in the cases of those who were not able to vote, or of those who are not attached to the Republican party. Such persons may be enrolled upon a declaration of intention to act with the party at the next election, and upon a pledge not to take part during the year in the primaries and caucuses of any other political organization. This measure, so far as the associations and the right of voting for delegates to conventions are concerned, converts the Republican party in the city of New York into a Blaine and Logan organization. The fundamental requirement for membership and for participation in the conventions of the party is not fidelity to Republican principles, but support of a particular nomination. It is clear that a man may be sincerely attached to the principles of a party, and yet unable conscientiously to support a particular candidate, even although he be "regularly" nominated. It is true that the majority must determine the nomination. But that fact does not change the conclusion that if an adherent of the party principles can not honestly support the candidate, and is for that reason refused a right to participate in the party primaries, he is refused, not because he does not hold the principles, but because he will not vote for the Devil if he be regularly nominated. That seems to us a sorry position for Republicans. We do not question the authority of the committee to ordain such a test and such a pledge. But as many of the best Republicans opposed the late nominations upon grounds of conscience, and as few self-respecting men seeking to be enrolled would do more than declare their faith in Republican principles and their intention to support Republican nominations, except for conscientious reasons, the action of the committee seems to be highly inexpedient. It secures for the enrollment the most unscrupulous and mercenary element of the party, and it excludes that which gives character and weight to a party. It necessarily deprives the city delegation of moral influence in a convention, and relaxes upon the general party mind the hold of any nomination which such a delegation may secure. If it be said that no effective party organization in the city is possible upon any other condition, the answer is plain and conclusive that then no organization can include the mass of the intelligent, capable, and self-respecting members of the party.

The managers who have decided this matter, and who thus reduce the organized party in the city to a few thousand members, of whom a few hundred, who are but clay in the hand of managing potters, will vote, have created a convenient agent for bargains and deals, but they have not strengthened the Republican party. If that were their object, they are practical politicians, and they know that practical politics have no foolish passions of resentment and revenge. If they lose an election, practical politicians coolly study the causes of defeat, and adapt their measures to remove them. If the obvious causes should appear to be "principle" and "conscience," practical politicians may despise them utterly, but as such follies will have shown their power, they will aim to conciliate the fools, by avoiding the kind of blunder which alienated them. The objective point of the practical politician is votes, and he adapts his means to his ends. One man's vote he will buy with money; another's with a promise of office, another's he will coerce with a threat, and the vote that he can not buy he will secure with an unexceptionable nomination. The committee exclude the very persons whom they ought to wish to recover. Where would the party be if the principle of the test were extended as logically it ought to be? How would it do to exclude from the membership all Republicans who voted, but who did not vote for every regularly nominated Republican candidate? It would not do at all. But that is the only consistent and logical test of the kind which was adopted. If it was permissible for a Republican to refuse support to the party candidate for Mayor this year, or for Governor in 1882, it was equally permissible to refuse support to the Presidential candidate. The principle is exactly the same. Obviously, however, it is not a question of principle, but of expediency. And the action of the committee as necessarily limiting the number of city Republicans who may vote at the primaries was highly inexpedient.

THE SPANISH TREATY.

THE text of the Spanish treaty was recently published by the New York *Times*, and the country was at once made aware of its provisions. They are exceedingly important, and they have attracted universal attention. The first general consideration which it presents is that the Spanish convention is one of a system of treaties of reciprocity which not only affect business interests, but open a serious constitutional question, which Mr. Townshend, of Illinois, proposes to settle by a constitutional amendment, providing that treaties shall be made with the consent of the House as well as of the Senate. It is significant that the Senate has so far recognized the indirect authority of the House over such conventions as to provide that recent commercial treaties shall not go into effect until the necessary legislation in Congress has been completed. A treaty, when ratified, has the force of law, and as its provisions may conflict with revenue laws already enacted, the House, as the originator of revenue bills, may not choose to submit. Such a disposition would be confirmed by the opinion of the Supreme Court, which was pronounced upon the same day with the publication of the Spanish treaty, that, so far as a treaty may become the subject of judicial cognizance, it is subject to Congressional acts of enforcement, modification, or repeal.

The main questions in the Spanish treaty are those of the sugar and tobacco interests, and it is impossible as yet to determine the precise value of the concession made to the United States by the free admission of articles specified into Cuba and Porto Rico. But it is evident that the sugar-producing interest in the country is probably fatally threatened by the treaty. The free admission of Cuban and Porto Rico sugar into this country would amount to a loss of perhaps $25,000,000 to the revenue, and it is not evident how the loss would be made good by the promised increase of trade. It is urged, indeed, that the sugar duty, which now amounts to about $52,000,000, will be soon repealed, and that we may properly ask of other countries from which we receive sugar that as the price of repeal they shall make the same concessions that Cuba and Porto Rico make. But, on the other hand, if the tendency toward complete repeal is so decided, will it be arrested by this large repeal, and will not the other countries fairly conclude that they can afford to wait? And if, as is apprehended, the effect of the loss to our Treasury of the duty upon Cuban sugar is not necessarily to cheapen sugar to the American consumer, he will care little about the advantage to Cuba.

The tobacco interest is apparently apprehensive of the results of the treaty. But no decisive conclusions can be formed until the figures and facts are more fully ascertained. Mr. Foster is a diplomatist of ample ability, and in a negotiation of such scope and importance he has not proceeded without knowledge. The probability seems now to be a prolonged debate both in the Senate and the House, in which the issue will be joined upon the actual advantages of the treaty, and upon the power of the House, and upon the comparative desirability of regulating commerce by treaty or by statute.

THE TRUE INDIAN POLICY.

THE session of Congress which immediately precedes a new administration is generally quiet, and devoted to routine legislation. But the action recommended by the Secretary of the Interior in regard to the Indians is very reasonable, and of a kind that can not excite partisan feeling. The spirit of our Indian policy is happily changing. It is becoming more and more a spirit of equity and good-will. This is largely due to the efforts of the Indian Rights Association. Every movement of the kind requires an organized leadership, which is supplied by those who have a sincere and active interest in the subject. A few gentlemen have devoted themselves to personal visitation and inquiry among the Indians, and making them their clients, they have appealed to public opinion and to official influence, sparing no attention to details, suggesting beneficial laws, and promoting a humane regard for the "alien nations," as the Supreme Court calls them, which form distinct political communities in the country, yet which have had no rights which we seemed to consider ourselves bound to respect. In this good endeavor the association has been most cordially and efficiently supported by General Crook, who is now in command of the Department of Arizona, and whose annual report, which has just been presented, shows that even the Apaches, whom the General has himself called the worst upon the continent, are amenable to a wise, humane, and firm treatment. Under General Crook's auspices the Apaches have learned to work, which is the first great step toward civilization.

There is no question that the Indians have been most harshly and unwisely treated by us. The Constitution imposes a general stigma upon them by excluding Indians not taxed from the basis of representation and taxation, and the Supreme Court, with Justice Harlan dissenting, has recently decided that an Indian can not become a citizen without formal naturalization. But the Secretary of the Interior, in his report for this year, states that no outbreaks among the Indians have occurred during the year, and he declares that it is quite possible, with wise and judicious treatment, to prevent hostilities between the Indians and their white neighbors. The chief object of the Department has been to make the Indian self-supporting. There are now eighty-one boarding schools, seventy-six day schools, and six industrial or manual-labor schools under government control. There are fourteen boarding and four day schools which are supplied with teachers by religious denominations, the government paying for the care and education of the children; and there are twenty-three schools maintained by churches and associations without expense to the government. When an Indian has been taught to labor he is self-supporting, but upon the reservations there is no remunerative employment for him. The Secretary thinks that the most civilizing influence for the Indians is the manual-labor school, and he urges that the money due them under existing treaties be paid in order that such schools may be extended.

The Supreme Court has lately decided that when one Indian upon a reservation murders another, the District Court of the United States has no jurisdiction. There is consequently no tribunal by which the crime of such murder can be punished. The Secretary recommends that the laws of the State or

Territory in which the reservation lies should be extended over it. But the Indian Rights Association has drafted for consideration an act establishing criminal courts upon the reservations, which vests the trial of such offenses in the Circuit Courts, and provides an Agency Court upon each reservation to deal with all offenses except capital crimes. It also authorizes any Indian to prosecute any civil action at law or equity in any court of the United States, and prohibits the rejection of their testimony because of their race. The Indian Question has now taken its place among those which are to be intelligently and humanely treated, and it is not to be dismissed as a question of vermin, while the rapid progress in the just view which has been recently made is the earnest that it will presently cease to be a national reproach.

THE POST-OFFICES.

The report of the Postmaster-General contains some statements in regard to the number of post-offices and employés, and to appointments and removals in the service, which will be scanned with peculiar interest at this time. The whole number of post-offices in the country is now 50,017, which is a net increase of 2154 during the year. Of the postmasters only 2323 are appointed by the President, and 47,694 by the Postmaster-General. During the year there have been 11,953 appointments, of which 7265 were made upon resignations and the expiration of commissions, 513 upon removal and suspension, 234 upon changes of names and sites, 477 upon deaths of postmasters, and 3414 upon the establishment of new post-offices. The whole number of places acted upon during the year was 13,841, or something more than a quarter of the whole. The postal force, including 50,017 postmasters, 4908 contractors, 5240 clerks in post-offices, 3890 letter carriers, 3963 railway postal clerks, and 92 post-office inspectors and railway mail superintendents, is 71,671. The whole expense of the service was $46,404,960, of which sum $11,283,830 was paid to postmasters. The excess of expenditure over receipts was $5,204,464.

The average emolument of postmasters thus appears to be something more than $200, and less than 2400 of them receive more than $1000. It would be interesting to know the precise number of appointments upon the expiration of commissions, and how many of them were re-appointments. This is the point at which a great abuse of the sound principle of a good service is possible. The commission of postmasters covers a term of four years. Every such commission, therefore, expires during a Presidential term, and by the nomination of a new incumbent the personnel of the entire service can be changed without a single removal in the usual sense of the word. The object of the repeal of the laws which prescribe the term of four years is to throw upon the appointing power the responsibility of a positive dismissal, and to withdraw the post and other offices from active party politics. Under the present system the country post-office is often the local head-quarters of the Administration party, and the postmaster is forced into partisan activity by the politicians of his neighborhood, and by the consciousness that his official head will pay for any laxity of party zeal. All such officers, whether in post-offices or elsewhere, constitute a drilled partisan army, and the disbandment of this army, entrenched for party purposes in the public service, is one of the objects of reform. It does not aim to deprive any officer of his party preferences or his party vote, but to prohibit, as a public officer, his partisan prostitution of his place.

The reform movement, including the passage of the national reform bill, has beneficially affected this situation. The amount of money extorted from the public employés was smaller this year than for many years, and there are great numbers of postmasters and other public officers everywhere who have attended quietly and faithfully to their duty, trusting to the sound sentiment which has been rapidly growing in both parties that a purely partisan civil service is one of the most threatening of dangers. Under such a partisan system a general election is no longer a choice between policies of administration, but a desperate struggle to dislodge an organized army of place holders. Nothing would do so much to free elections from intrigue and corruption as the knowledge that the tenure of the 50,000 postmasters and of the holders of other business places under the government is to be determined not by party zeal, but by official honesty and efficiency. The opportunity to prove this is the great opportunity of the coming Administration.

A SOUTHERN VIEW.

No better statement, nor one showing a more comprehensive and intelligent grasp of the situation, has appeared than that of the Memphis *Avalanche*. It is especially interesting as a "Southern" view of the subject:

"The curse of this country has been that public offices have been held to be private property belonging to politicians and political rings, to be given as rewards for service rendered by agents, followers, and adherents, and generally for the lowest forms of political service. This has made what is called the machine. This has filled the offices seldom with the best and often with the worst of political agents. The efficient common-school trained young man of thorough but modest worth had no share, because his very worth prevented him from doing ward heeler service.

"The Democratic party must choose between filling hungry mouths of often worthy men, and inaugurating a new system which will restore the older rule of public life under the new condition of modern politics, and assure the country against the spoils system, the courtesy of the Senate, the system of rewards for political service, the machine. So far as the public is concerned, as well have left the old machine standing as build a new for the merely transient benefit of change, although that would be of some advantage."

THE NIAGARA FALLS PARK.

The Legislature of New York will be asked to appropriate the sum necessary for the purchase of land and property bordering upon Niagara Falls to secure the great cataract from practical destruction, and to open its enjoyment freely to the poor. The property selected by the Commission as indispensable for the purpose was valued by the owners at $5,000,000. The appraisers, after a long hearing of various testimony, fixed the just price at about $1,400,000. The majority of the owners are satisfied, but a few will probably appeal to the courts.

The Commission is composed of citizens of the highest character, and admirably adapted to the work. They are William Dorsheimer, Sherman S. Rogers, J. Hampden Robb, President M. B. Anderson, and Andrew H. Green. They will recommend to the Legislature to appropriate the necessary amount, justly holding that the purchase could never be made upon more reasonable terms.

The enterprise is its own advocate. It is intolerable and incredible that the State of New York should permit the most stupendous natural spectacle within its limits to be practically destroyed. Its acquiescence in such a result would prove its unworthiness to be the guardian of so unparalleled a treasure. The reclamation of the shores of Niagara, their conversion into a simple and beautiful public park, and the opening of the great cataract free to all visitors will be acts of public spirit worthy of the State and of her people. Whatever fosters an honorable local pride tends to develop and perpetuate that public spirit whose advantages to a community are incalculable.

THE ELECTION FRAUD IN ILLINOIS.

Joseph C. Mackin, a member of the Cook County Democratic Committee, has been arrested upon a charge of fraud in connection with the State election. The evidence which has been made public is very damaging, and should he be convicted he should be punished with the utmost rigor of the law. There is no political crime more dangerous than corrupting the vote.

There is plenty of corruption of a kind which the law can not reach, the moral bulldozing of slander, blackguardism, falsehood, and ridicule which is intended to prevent conscientious voting, and since this can not be punished, actual tampering with the ballots as cast should be legally treated in a manner commensurate with the crime.

AN INTERESTING EVENT.

Thanksgiving is a kind of preliminary Christmas, in respect of church-going, family meetings, and good cheer. In this country, however, it is a Puritan tradition, whose austerity, like everything else Puritanic, has been singularly sweetened and mellowed by time, until the day is in no sense local, or limited to a special faith, but it has become a national holiday of as generous and genial a spirit as that of the universal holiday a month later. One of the most interesting incidents of the recent Thanksgiving-day was its formal adoption as a feast by the Plenary Council of the Catholic Church in session at Baltimore, and the provision by the Council of the observance of the day in all Catholic churches in the country hereafter. A decree was issued that henceforth it shall be a holiday, celebrated with the mass and a sermon. This action has not yet received the formal sanction of the Pope. But it would hardly have been taken without some intimation of his approval.

The first celebration took place immediately in the Cathedral at Baltimore. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, Illinois, preached the sermon, in which he said that "Catholics will celebrate the day in common with all other Christians." From a Catholic prelate that was a singular and a significant sentence. But other things that he said were pleasant to read, although some have a rather surprising sound, as when he declared that among the causes of thankfulness for his hearers, both as Catholics and Americans, is the fact that Catholics first proclaimed to the New World the principle of religious tolerance. The Bishop doubtless refers to the act of the Assembly of Maryland in 1649, which provides that all persons who believe in Jesus Christ shall not be troubled or molested in their belief or in its free exercise. But without raising the point that only one-third of the Assembly was Catholic, and that the act merely followed that of the English Commons of two years before, it can not be seriously questioned that Roger Williams was the earliest American apostle of religious freedom or "soul liberty."

But this is merely incidental in Bishop Spalding's discourse, which was truly patriotic. The republic, he said, grants liberty to the Church, and the Church stands by the republic, urging its citizens to obey the laws and to give an example of respect and obedience that will raise the national character and repress those who are a disgrace to any nation. "Let Catholics do their duty, and by honesty and fair dealing be the true friends of our country." Morality, he said, is as important as patriotism, and the whole discourse, according to the report, was singularly sensible and appropriate. It was of a kind to allay the distrust which is sometimes felt in regard to the doctrine of foreign allegiance, and tended to show the identification of the Catholic Church with the country. It was also an illustration of the wisdom of the Church of Rome in conforming to established facts and adjusting itself to the situation. It was this sagacity which Macaulay pointed out in his remark that if John Wesley and Elizabeth Fry had arisen in the Catholic communion they would have been retained within the fold as founders of new orders of friars and sisters. The Church of Rome does not intend to be "left out" by a national religious holiday, but unreservedly approves it, and includes it among its festivals. If to the wisdom of the serpent the old Church had always joined the harmlessness of the dove, the course of ecclesiastical history would have been different.

PERSONAL.

In a recent dramatic criticism Lord Lytton says that actors invite critics to supper, put them on their backs, take them behind the scenes, and open their hearts to them, and that in consequence the critics "behave well" to them. This may be the case in London, but in New York there certainly are dramatic critics who make it a rule to have no social relations with actors or actresses, and to whom Lord Lytton's idea that kind words can be bought by personal attentions is peculiarly repellent.

—Our British cousins are taking very kindly to American periodical literature. More than seventy thousand copies of the December number of the English edition of Harper's Magazine were sold within a few days after its publication, and the sale of fifty thousand copies of the first number of the English edition of Harper's Young People shows how well that paper is appreciated by the little subjects of Queen Victoria.

—Mr. E. W. Gosse, now on a visit to this country, has been warmly received. He is the Lecturer on English Literature at the University of Cambridge, and is learned in the languages of northern Europe, besides being a poet and literary critic of note. His wife is a sister of Mrs. Alma-Tadema. Why should not the Authors' Club give Mr. Gosse a reception?

—Senator John Sherman smokes small cigars before a wood fire in his commodious library in Washington, and is an interesting and instructive talker on politics, and perhaps the oldest living authority on matters of national finance.

—The valuable paintings belonging to the estate of Mr. Thomas G. Appleton will not be sold, although his furniture and bric-a-brac will. He bought some noble examples of Jean François Millet's brush-work when Millet was so little appreciated as to be compelled to beg bread for his children. The taste for Millet's pictures was first awakened in this country by the examples imported by Mr. Appleton and the late Mr. William M. Hunt.

—Did Alexander the Great die from drink? Dr. Alfred Carpenter says that he did, but a recent convert reminds the doctor that there is no trustworthy evidence on the subject, and, from the nature of the case, can not be. "I have heard," he continues, "that Lord Eldon, who died at the age of eighty-seven, and who certainly suffered neither 'downfall' nor 'ruin,' was accustomed to drink a bottle of port wine after his dinner every day, except on Sundays, when his brother, Lord Stowell, dined with him, and they drank two."

—Colonel Robert Ingersoll's fee of $100,000 from ex-Senator Dorsey, for defending him in the Star Route trials, has awakened some interest among the members of the bar; but there are New York lawyers whom such figures do not surprise.

—Campanini owns two hundred and fifty head of cattle in Italy, where he now acts as farmer, wine-maker, miller, silk-grower, linen manufacturer, cattle-dealer, and tenor.

—Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the philanthropist and banker, though in advanced years, still rides horseback almost daily in the streets of Washington, and was neither scared nor hurt when a vicious mare threw him, not long ago.

—Mark Lemon, late editor of *Punch*, as described by Mr. Edmund Yates: "He was made for the part. Corpulent, jovial, bright-eyed, with a hearty laugh and an air of bonhomie, he rolled through life the outward impersonation of jollity and good temper."

—Miss Mary Gwendolen Caldwell, of this city, who has given $300,000 to found a Catholic university, was of age last October. She and her younger sister are orphans. Their father was William Shakespeare Caldwell, a Virginian; their mother, Miss Breckinridge, a Kentuckian. Each parent left them a fortune, and they possess about two millions apiece. No young lady, in this country at least, ever made so magnificent an educational endowment. "Personally," she says, "I should prefer to see the university built in the South, for though born and educated in the North, my family are Southerners, and my feelings are Southern."

—Mr. Spurgeon: "I wish to say that I am not ashamed of anything whatever that I do. I don't think that smoking makes me ashamed, and therefore I mean to smoke."

—Mrs. Rebecca M. Levy, who died recently in New Orleans, was the sister of the late Judah P. Benjamin, in whose house for many years she dispensed a graceful and generous hospitality that many Northern friends of his still remember with pleasure.

—Senator Edmunds is about to build a handsome house in Washington. He has the credit of having driven out all the minor lobbyists who used to lounge about the cloak rooms of the Senate.

—On the 3d inst. Mr. George W. Childs celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his purchase of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* from Mr. W. M. Swain. At that time the paper was losing heavily, but through the extraordinary business tact of Mr. Childs it soon became one of the most profitable papers in the country. It is pleasant to read that the man who was foreman of the composing-room under Mr. Swain, and was an important factor in the management of the paper, is living to-day, and is on Mr. Childs's pension list, drawing his salary as though still in working harness.

—Mr. Gibson very neatly scores a point against a too confident critic in the following letter printed in the New York *Tribune* of December 14:

"*To the Editor of the Tribune:*

"Sir,—I observe this evening in the current number of *The Critic* an art reference which calls for a slight correction. In a review of the *Nature's Serial Story* of E. P. Roe, after paying a delicate compliment to the illustrations of the volume, the reviewer goes on to say:

"'Without detracting from the artist's meed of praise, it may be added that the most remarkable thing about these [illustrations] is the extraordinary skill displayed by the engravers. Mr. Henry Marsh, whose delicacy and precision of touch are marvellous, shows the still rarer power of taking up the theme submitted to him by the artist and adding increment after increment of meaning to it, until it becomes almost wholly his own. His engraving of "A Winter Thunder-Storm" is the finest thing in the book. We give the credit to him because we know that Mr. Gibson's forte is not in landscape.'

"Now I yield to no one in my admiration of Mr. Marsh, not only as a master and a poet in his art, but equally as an esteemed personal friend. Indeed, I love him too well, and have too great a respect for his nobly interpretative genius, to see attributed to him a piece of work which I am sure he would not care to claim, and which, albeit 'the finest thing in the book,' and fraught with that wondrous 'increment after increment of thought,' is nevertheless in fact nothing but a soulless photo-engraving by a purely mechanical process. Of course *The Critic* will hasten to make all due acknowledgments, and place the credit where it righteously belongs, *i. e.*, to the Ives Photo Engraving Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, whose admirable process has reproduced not only this, but several others of the illustrations in which the alleged marvellous 'increment' was discovered. Such is fame! Shade of Albrecht Dürer! who are our critics? W. Hamilton Gibson.

"Brooklyn, *December* 9, 1884."

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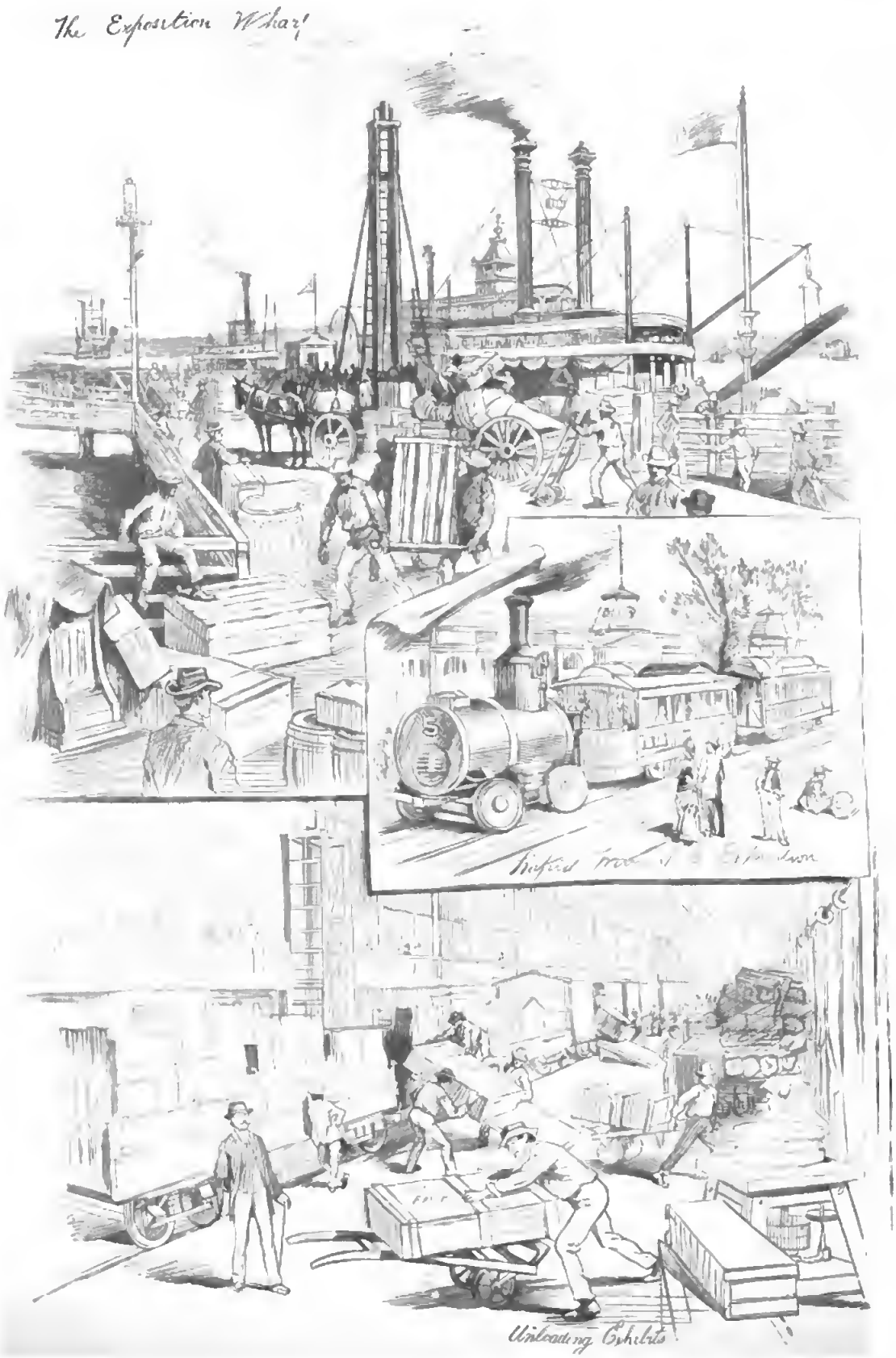

THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION—SCENE ON WHARF, AND UNLOADING IN THE MAIN HALL.—SKETCHED BY JOHN DUNSIE.—[SEE PAGE 841.]

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THE LATE GENERAL GERSHOM MOTT.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. E. SMITH.—(SEE PAGE 841.)

COLONEL THOMAS L. CASEY, GOVERNMENT ENGINEER OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—PHOTOGRAPHED AT ROME.

THE LATE REUBEN R. SPRINGER.
PHOTOGRAPHED AT LAGNY.—(SEE PAGE 845.)

R. R. Green, Civil Engineer. Capt. G. W. Davis, Engineer. P. H. McLaughlin, Superintendent. Col T. L. Casey, Government Engineer. James Hogan, Rigger. Lewis O'Brien (colored).

572 FEET HIGH—SETTING THE CAPSTONE ON THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—FROM A SKETCH ON THE SPOT BY R. H. NEALY.—[SEE PAGE 844.]

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Breezie Langton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLIII

GOING FOR THE GLOVES.

Elliston left the house in search of the trap that was to convey him to the station literally swelling with indignation. That whelp of a boy seemed to confront him at every turn, and, what was worse, to checkmate him. From winning a big stake to the buying of Cranley, or snatching a kiss from Dollie Greyson, Gerald was always in his way. He felt that there was nothing he would shrink from to work woe to his cousin, but Gerald was under the wing of Lord Whitby, and had achieved a position besides of his own that made him tolerably unassailable. Still, as he bade the trainer good-by, he bethought him of a thorn to plant in Gerald's breast.

"Good-by, Greyson," he said. "We shall win the Cambridgeshire, never fear, and almost in a canter, but I've got one hint to give you. I see that young Rockingham is hanging round here after your daughter. That will do her no good. He was as wild as a hawk at college, and, like all his stock, is pretty unscrupulous with regard to women. A hint's enough to a man of your experience. Lock up your daughter, and hunt that young reprobate off the premises. You'll find him kissing her in the dining-room now, most likely;" and before Greyson could reply, Elliston jumped into the trap and was gone.

This was too much in accord with his own ideas not to make the trainer very uncomfortable. He did not even know that Gerald was at Riddleton, the note that summoned him from the dining-room relating only to the delivery of some forage. As he strolled back to the house across the grass-plot he mused rather grimly over the unfortunate entanglement of his daughter's, and at last, happening to raise his eyes, saw through the open window the tableau Elliston had so deftly painted to him. There was Gerald in most lover-like attitude, with his arm round Dollie's waist, and unmistakably kissing her.

This was too much for Greyson's equanimity. He dashed into the house, and entered the dining-room abruptly. Dollie made an attempt to extricate herself from her lover's embrace on seeing him, but Gerald held her fast.

"Mr Rockingham," said the trainer, "I'll have none of this. I told you so as Jim Forrest, and I tell you so much more strongly now I know who you are. I'll not have my girl's head turned with your nonsense. She may be but a giddy little simpleton, but she is my daughter, and all I have got."

"Oh, father, hear me," cried Dollie, for there was a touch of pathos in the hard old man's voice that went to her heart. "No; let me go to him, Gerald;" but her lover still held her tight.

"Go to your room at once," rejoined Greyson, "and you, sir, don't attempt to detain her. I will send you to the station, but never let me catch you on Riddleton Moor again."

Dollie at last twisted herself out of her lover's embrace, and was about to rush across to her father, when Gerald caught her wrist and exclaimed: "Stay. Mr Greyson there's no harm in kissing the girl you are pledged to marry. I have promised to take Dollie for my wife, if you will give her to me."

"Mighty pretty words," rejoined the trainer, roughly, "such as young gentlemen of your class think it no harm to pour into the ears of foolish girls beneath them. Do you suppose for one instant that your own people would allow you to make such a marriage as that?"

"I know in a few months I shall be of age, and that nobody will be able to prevent me. Besides, Dollie will tell you that she has already been welcomed as my future wife by my mother and sister."

"It's true, father, it is, indeed. They were most kind."

"And do you mean to tell me that they knew that Dollie was the daughter of Bill Greyson, the trainer?"

"Certainly I do," replied Gerald, "just as much as they know that I am Jim Forrest, the jockey."

For a minute or two Greyson stood silently glancing from one to the other of them. He could not quite take in the reality of the situation. It seemed to him almost absurd to talk of a Rockingham marrying a daughter of his; and yet surely, if there were nothing in it, Mrs Rockingham would hardly have welcomed Dollie as the girl declared she had. Pooh! they were young in the ways of the world, and because Mrs. Rockingham had been good-natured and kind to his little girl, and perhaps smiled at their philandering, they had both jumped to the conclusion that she would be pleased to receive her as a daughter-in-law. And then Elliston's parting admonition recurred to him. Yes; that was much more likely, that young Rockingham was just amusing himself with a flirtation.

"Mr Greyson, will you give me Dollie?" said Gerald, after some length, and still holding the girl's hand.

"I think not. I'll take some little time to consider; but I don't believe any good would come of such a marriage. Mr Elliston warned me just before he started against letting you make a fool of my girl."

"Cuthbert Elliston!" exclaimed Gerald; "the scoundrel!—what has he to do with it?"

"He's one of your family, anyhow. It was he told me you were here, and that I should find you both billing and cooing in the parlor."

"And did he tell you that I nearly knocked him down for his impudent behavior to your daughter?" interposed Gerald, fiercely.

"What?" exclaimed Greyson, sharply.

"Indeed," said Dollie, "Mr Elliston was very rude to me, and I was very glad when Gerald jumped in at the window."

"I only knew," said Gerald, "I found my precious cousin—who has a wife of his own, remember—making the most violent love to Dollie, very much to her annoyance, and that I did my best to knock him down, and all but succeeded."

"Ah! you struck him," said Greyson between his set teeth. "That was well done," he added, after a pause.

"And now, Mr Greyson, will you give me Dollie?" said Gerald.

"Go to your room, girl, and leave Mr Rockingham and me to talk matters over. You needn't be afraid, child; we're not going to quarrel."

Dollie made no reply, but, with a bright smile at her lover, tripped out of the dining-room.

"Now, Greyson," said Gerald, "I have come here for a good long talk with you about more things than one. First, I am in thorough earnest about wishing to marry your daughter. I have taken her to see my mother and sister; they both like her, and will be very glad to welcome her into the family, of which, remember, I am now the head. As for my rascally cousin, he ruined my father, and would do the same by me if he could. He has nothing to do with our concerns further than to pay us some, at all events, of what he owes us. I can't marry Dollie yet for some months, at all events; I think it best to stick to my profession closely for a little longer, so you will have time to consider the subject. That's finished for the present. Of course we shall correspond; it's no use your saying we sha'n't, because in these days that never prevents young people who are fond of one another doing it—promotes duplicity, nothing more. Now, is the Dancer still sound?"

"Yes, worse luck, and likely to continue so. I had hopes, when I saw they were backing him a bit for the Cambridgeshire, that somebody might be disposed to make a bid of some sort; but nobody speaks."

"And he's quite well?"

"Well! Of course he is. Ask Dollie; she gallops him every morning. The beggar never looked better."

"You don't mean to say you put her up on that queer-tempered animal?" exclaimed Gerald.

"No," replied Greyson; "but she took advantage of my absence to put herself up; and there's no nonsense about it, he goes better with her than he ever did with any one, not barring yourself, Mr Rockingham."

"Good. Now, Greyson, the Cambridgeshire betting about the Dancing Master, as far as it has gone, represents pretty well my commission. Somebody, of course, has been clever enough to risk a little about the thing on spec, with the honest intentions as to what he was speculating in. Some one always does. But I have got on the Dancer to win a rattling stake as it is, and if I find him what I hope can easily get a good bet more at a longish price. You mean to run him, of course. With seven stone twelve the race is a gift to him if he chooses."

"Just so, *if he chooses*, but he never does choose. No, he's not worth sending to Newmarket, Mr Rockingham, and what's more, we've got another here we think quite good enough to serve our turn."

"Yes, I know. Cuthbert has backed Caterham to win him a lot of money, but my impression is that the Dancer is a tremendous horse when he runs kind. He'd beat Caterham far enough at even weights, though the latter's a good horse too. You've not promised he sha'n't go to Newmarket, have you?"

"No, certainly not. I told Mr Elliston I had no intention of sending him there, but he knows the [illegible] for sale, and if any one buys him I can't be answerable for what his new owner may think fit to do."

"But still he's your horse. You're quite within your right in beating Mr Elliston, if you can, for a good stake like the Cambridgeshire."

"I tell you, sir, he's no good. With his temper, he'd never try in a big field such as there will be for that race."

"Recollect," replied Gerald, impressively, "the only time the Dancer ever won I rode him. Recollect how he recognized my voice the other day in the stable. I don't pretend my riding had anything to do with his winning, but simply the horse knew me, and did for me what he has done for nobody else."

"There may be something in that," rejoined the trainer, musingly, "but, hang it, I don't like interfering with stable tactics."

"Then," said Gerald, "I ask you to choose between my interests and Cuthbert Elliston's—between the interests of the man who insulted your daughter and the interests of the man who hopes to marry—"

Greyson started as if stung.

"Yes," he rejoined, in stern, resolute tones, "that settles it. If I can beat him fairly for the Cambridgeshire, by —— I will. Mr Rockingham, play your game as you like. You can depend upon me, bar accidents, to hand you over the Dancing Master, when the saddling bell rings, as fit as hands can make him, with no other orders than win if you can. There's my hand, sir."

The two exchanged hand grips, and then the trainer said:

"Tell me it's not flying in the face of your own people, and will do you no harm with them, and, after the Cambridgeshire, if you ask me for Dollie again, Mr Rockingham, I'll give her you, win or lose."

"That's a bargain, Mr Greyson," said Gerald, as they once more shook hands.

"And now I'll send Dollie to you. She can tell you more about the Dancer than I can, but I do believe this, that he's a good deal better than Caterham *if* he will try;" and with this dubious assurance the trainer left the room.

Dollie was not very far off, and re-appeared speedily at her father's summons.

"It's all right, darling," cried Gerald, joyously, as he clasped the girl in his arms and kissed her. "Your father's behaved like a trump. I'm to marry you after the Cambridgeshire; and the Dancer's to win it; and I'm going to land money enough to buy back Cranley Chase. I'm pretty sure Whitby don't really want it, and would let me have it for what he gave for it. I'm a great favorite with the old lord."

"Oh, Gerald! if you could! How proud I should feel then that it was at my recommendation you turned jockey!"

"You may feel proud of that as it is, sweet," replied her lover; "but your father tells me you've been riding the Dancer, and that he goes tolerably quiet with you."

"Yes; he kicks and plunges, of course, and he sulks a bit with me at starting; but he goes very well with me when we are fairly off, and, Gerald, I never was on the back of such a galloper."

"Do you find him pull much?"

"No; and that has been the mistake with him all along. He's a rather delicate mouth, and likes to have his head. If you pull at him with that heavy bit and bradoon bridle they put on him, he gets mad, and then, you know, neither man nor horse ever feels pain. I have gone on riding him in that way, but then you know how light a woman's hand is. Gerald dear, take my advice, and put a plain snaffle on him for the Cambridgeshire."

"I dare say you're right, Dollie. Your father, though he hadn't quite mastered the theory, had always an inkling of it. 'Leave him alone,' were his orders before the Two Thousand; 'he may win the race himself, but you won't make him.' As a stable boy, I rode him strictly according to orders, only too anxious no fault should be found with me in that respect; as a jockey, I might have had ideas of my own on the subject, and, hard as I always try to carry out my employer's instructions, there are times when to stick to them seems to be throwing the race away, and sometimes actually is. Neither owner, trainer, nor any one else can foresee the turn-up in a race, nor the way in which it will be run. It may be run all false; and a clever jockey, who knows his business, sees his one chance is to throw all orders to the wind, and rely on his own judgment. You are told to wait, but know amongst your antagonists there's one with a terrible turn of speed, and there's nothing will make the running. Your only chance is to do it yourself, and stand the abuse if you're unsuccessful. But forgive me, Dollie; I am delivering quite a sermon on my own profession; it's a profession I love, and can't help getting a little enthusiastic about."

"And do you think I'm not proud of the name you've made in it? I believe I think more of Jim Forrest, if possible, than Gerald Rockingham."

"And Gerald's not jealous of Jim," replied her lover, laughing. "And now, dearest, it's time I was off; but mind, Dollie, you must be there to see me win the Cambridgeshire. Tell your father it must be so. I sha'n't see you again till we meet at Newmarket; and then, hey! for winning the last big handicap of the season and Cranley Chase!"

"Here's the Cambridgeshire and Cranley Chase!" cried Dollie, snatching a wine-glass from the luncheon table and waving it over her head. "*Vive le guerre!* and success to the sky blue and white!"

"Good-by, dearest," said Gerald, as he once more clasped his *fiancée* in his arms; "and God grant your toast may prove true! Take care of the Dancer for me, and mind you are there in the Houghton week."

One more kiss, and Gerald Rockingham was gone, and Dollie, dropping into a chair, was soon lost in the sweetest of dreamy reveries.

CHAPTER XLIV

AT THE RUTLAND ARMS.

The Monday of the Houghton Meeting has come at last, and the week gives promise of capital sport. Never had the betting on the Cambridgeshire been heavier, and never, perhaps, had the early backers experienced more discomfitures. Favorite after favorite was sent to the right about, either from having failed to stand a preparation, or in consequence of owners finding themselves so forestalled by the rapacity of the public that it was impossible to obtain a fair and reasonable price about their horses. This naturally gave fresh courage to the book-makers, and the big handicap could boast now of a very elastic market.

The principal feature on the Heath on Monday between the intervals of racing was a strong desire to back the Dancing Master—a thing that astonished Messrs Elliston and Pearson not a little. They could not make out exactly who was doing it. Mr Johnson, no doubt, was picking up the long odds at every favorable opportunity, but there were more Richmonds in the field than one, and before the racing finished, and the crowd flocked back to spruce little Newmarket, the Dancing Master had been brought from the forty to one division to something like over half the price. All sorts of rumors were current about him. It was reported that there had been a great trial at Riddleton, and that Caterham, one of the prominent favorites, had been well beaten by his stable companion. That the horse was not known to have arrived was nothing. Bill Greyson and his string were not expected till the afternoon, and it was quite likely might not arrive till the next day, the Cambridgeshire being set for Wednesday's card. Ere they reached the Rutland, Elliston and his partner had learned upon unimpeachable authority that Greyson had arrived, and brought the Dancing Master with him as well as Caterham.

Over their dinner that evening the two indulged in various conjectures as to the meaning of this freak of old Bill's. The most probable solution in their eyes was that he had sold the horse, and that his new owner had thrown the commission into the market. Well, they agreed it was not likely to signify much.

"Some one young one anxious to distinguish himself by winning a big race first time of asking," said Elliston. "He's likely to pay dearly for his whistle, what with the money the Ring take out of him over it, and the price old Greyson has probably put that worthless brute into him at, if he don't have an expensive race on Wednesday, I'm much mistaken."

"Greyson, of course, will be up to see us about breakfast-time to-morrow. It's no use speculating about who he's made a fool of over the Dancing Master; let's go down to the Rooms and see what's doing."

"All right," replied Elliston, as he lit a fresh cigar; "come along."

Business at the Rooms was in a languid state when the partners reached them. A good many of the leading book-makers were there discussing the events of the day, but none of the leading dons of the racing world had as yet put in an appearance. The former were apparently no little exercised in their minds about the mysterious apparition of the Dancing Master in the betting market. It was now known that the horse had arrived, but in whose interest he was running, and who was to ride him, were matters that seemed to trouble the minds of the leading magnates of the Ring no little. Elliston was at once hailed with proffers of odds against the Dancing Master, but the refusal of both himself and Pearson to invest on his chance seemed once more to puzzle the very suspicious members of Tattersall's, sensitive ever from long experience to dynamite mines of this nature exploded upon them at the last moment. True, he had shown himself thoroughly unreliable on account of temper for at least two years, but he had proved himself, and very unexpectedly too, a great horse upon one occasion, and the brethren of the mystic circle are bound to keep such facts within their memories, or break.

But soon after ten Sir Marmaduke, accompanied by Farrington and two other of his friends, strolled in, and the listlessness that had rather characterized the proceedings was put aside. So far there had been very little business doing; nothing except desultory talk had been the outcome of the evening. But the Baronet had startled the Ring too often not to make his advent a matter of interest. They knew very well that he had experienced a most disastrous year, and that his own stable was under one of those periodical blights that such establishments suffer from. But Sir Marmaduke was rather catholic in his taste for speculation, and by no means confined his operations to backing his own horses. Heavy loser though he undoubtedly was on the season, yet he had enjoyed gleams of sunshine, and had made the very Ring open its eyes with the daring plunges he had made on some of Lord Whitby's "good things." When he laid five to one in thousands on a colt of that nobleman's for the New Stakes at Ascot, the racing world marvelled; but when he followed it up by betting seven thousand to four on the winner of the Gold Cup, the old hands shook their heads, and said that though in these two instances fortune had favored him, yet a Nemesis would surely overtake one who wooed the fickle goddess so rashly.

"Dancing Master for the Cambridgeshire?" he said, quietly, to one of the boldest of the book-making fraternity.

"Twenty to one, Sir Marmaduke. Do you want it to money?" was the reply.

"I'll take it in thousands," rejoined the Baronet.

"Can't do it, Sir Marmaduke. I haven't so much money left to lay. Shall I put down twenty monkeys? Ten thousand to five hundred is a nice bet."

The Baronet nodded, and almost immediately afterward the languid voice of Captain Farrington was heard inquiring after the Dancing Master, and he too was accommodated upon similar terms. It was speedily apparent that the little coterie of whom Sir Marmaduke was the guiding star were all intent upon backing this horse, and the odds shortened rapidly. Still the fielders continued to lay the lessening price. They recalled how these very men had put faith in the Dancing Master at Ascot, and how he had proved but a broken reed to them then. However, sheer weight of money tells in the betting ring just as it does on the Stock Exchange, and the "bulls" upon this occasion brought the Dancing Master to ten to one taken freely before they closed the operations.

"What do you think of all this?" said Pearson, as the pair strolled home to the Rutland.

"Think?" answered Elliston, irritably; "I think that Sir Marmaduke means to have another shy with the Dancing Master, that though he sent him back to Riddleton, he never gave up his control of the horse, and that all Bill Greyson's story about his being in the sale list was gammon, or at all events premature. I shall give that old villain a pretty stiff corner of my mind to-morrow."

"I wonder who rides?" said Pearson.

"Oh, Blackton, no doubt. He's Sir Marmaduke's first jockey, and will probably declare three or four pounds over weight. But he didn't do much with the horse in the Hunt Cup."

"No," said Pearson, as he rang for a brandy and seltzer, that peaceful haven, the Rutland, being at length attained; "but I've an unpleasant presentiment that cursed gray will trouble us somehow in the big race on Wednesday. He'll knock one horse down, or run away from the lot,

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1439.

as he did in the Guineas two years ago. By the way, I hope young Rockingham won't have the mount."

"No fear. He quarrelled with Sir Marmaduke about something, and hasn't worn his colors the last year or more. Just the young beggar's luck. He got Whitby's riding instead. Left the sinking ship just in time to join another that had both royals and stunsails set."

"And the lad knows how to follow his luck," said Pearson, moodily. "If by any fluke that boy's on the Dancing Master, I shall cover my money by backing him for a little."

"You always did funk," sneered Elliston; "but I don't think, unless the horse is, as I guess, still Sir Marmaduke's, old Greyson will send him to the post after all."

"He will," rejoined Pearson. "He daren't bring him to Newmarket and not run him. Now I'm off to bed. Good night."

The attorney was up and out on the Heath betimes to see and hear what was doing, and astonished his partner on his return not a little with the intelligence that Jim Forrest was to ride the Dancing Master.

"At least that's what I heard this morning, and everybody's puzzled to know who's pulling the strings. He was out this morning, and looked fit as fiddles, but showed a deal of temper till Forrest got on him. He did a nice canter with him, and went fairly kind. Greyson's coming up to see us about ten."

"And Caterham?"

"Went a good strong gallop, and looks fit to run for a kingdom. Greyson says he never was better."

They were still dawdling over their cigars and the card of the day when the trainer was announced, and at once proceeded to give due account of his charges, all of whom he pronounced emphatically thoroughly fit to meet their engagements, especially the Cambridgeshire crack, Caterham. "Though," he added, "they tell me, in consequence of what took place at the Rooms last night, that old gray of mine looks like passing him in the betting."

"Oh, I want to speak to you about that," said Elliston, sharply. "Has Sir Marmaduke anything to do with the horse now?"

"Nothing whatever, sir."

"Then what the devil did you send that Satanic-tempered brute here for, after telling me you didn't intend to?"

"I changed my mind. My horse happens to be very well, and I don't see why I shouldn't have a cut in for a stake worth over two thousand," replied Greyson, doggedly. "You've no call to complain about Caterham; he's just about as fit as I know how to make 'em. It's not very likely the Dancer will beat you, but I warn you he can if *he likes*."

"And pray may I ask whether it is from your inspiration that Sir Marmaduke and his friends are plunging on the Dancer in this manner?"

"No, sir; I honestly don't know what has induced Sir Marmaduke and his friends to back the horse in the way I hear they did last night; but it was from no hint of mine. He'll run, but I don't much believe in him."

"And suppose I tell you that I particularly wish that he should not run. What then?"

"I shall be sorry to disoblige you, Mr Elliston, but I've brought him to Newmarket, and he'll run all the same," replied Greyson, quietly.

"A plant, by Heaven!" cried Elliston, fiercely. "My horse, I presume, has been sacrificed to yours."

"Nothing of the sort, sir," replied Greyson. "Yours is as well as ever he was in his life. The two have never been put together, and it's sheer guess-work on my part that the gray's the best."

"And is that young whelp, Forrest, to ride the Dancer?" snarled Elliston.

"Mr Rockingham is to ride my horse. I don't know about his being a young whelp, or a young anything else," rejoined Greyson, pretty sharply. "I do know that he's about the best jockey of the day, and that if he gets well away, and the Dancer come kind, he'll spread-eagle his field to-morrow."

"With those views we may say, I think, Pearson, that he trains no more for us?"

"No," said the attorney, with a malicious grin; "and if the Dancing Master does win the Cambridgeshire, perhaps Mr. Greyson will have come to wish he had yielded to wiser counsels."

"I've not forgotten that I'm your debtor, Mr. Pearson, but I'll take my chance. I dare say, if it comes to the worst, I shall find friends to assist me in meeting my liabilities. Good morning, gentlemen."

"A case of mutiny, by Jove!" exclaimed Elliston, as the door closed behind the trainer.

"It's your own fault in great measure," said Pearson, savagely. "If you hadn't given Greyson that cursed gray colt, we should have been masters of the situation."

"And intend to be so still. But do you honestly think there's a chance of the Dancing Master beating us?"

"Yes," replied Pearson, "I do. I wouldn't back the horse; he's so thoroughly uncertain; but I agree with Greyson that he's a great horse when he likes, probably the best we ever had at Riddleton. It's an old axiom—never overlook an animal's best form. I never saw the Two Thousand easier won, and remember, subsequent running showed that he had a good field behind him. I wish heartily that he wasn't going to start."

As he spoke the door opened softly, and Dollie, who was in search of her father, peeped in.

"We never had such a chance," continued the attorney, "and it would be too provoking, after having got on to a m such a big stake so cleverly, to have the prize snatched from our grasp by that perverse-tempered brute. I can't imagine what has made Greyson so contumacious. There's something behind I don't understand."

Cuthbert Elliston did not think it necessary to enlighten his partner about that little *contretemps* up at Riddleton, though he had no doubt that his folly there had roused this combination against him. Dollie had no doubt told her father what had occurred, and Gerald had persuaded the trainer to repay the affront put upon his daughter in this fashion.

"That blackguard young villain," he muttered, "planned this pretty little scheme for my discomfiture."

"It don't much matter what's the cause, Sam," he said at last. "If Greyson won't take orders, he must take the consequences. I'll take care the Dancing Master don't start. Listen to me;" and he lowered his voice, so that Dollie could no longer catch what he was saying.

But the girl had heard quite enough. Closing the door noiselessly behind her, she sped down the passage like a lapwing, with a view to carrying this piece of intelligence as quickly to her lover as might be.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GENERAL GERSHOM MOTT.

BREVET-MAJOR-GENERAL GERSHOM MOTT, of Bordentown, New Jersey, whose sudden death occurred recently, was descended from a Holland family that settled in New York State. GERSHOM MOTT, his great grandfather, was a member of the Provincial Assembly. Captain JOHN MOTT, his grandfather, entered the Continental army as First Lieutenant, Third Battalion of the New Jersey line, on February 9, 1776. He served as guide to General WASHINGTON at the battle of Trenton. The father of the dead man was a merchant in this city, where the latter was born on April 7, 1822. The son was a graduate of West Point and a veteran of the Mexican war. At the breaking out of the rebellion he was put in command of the Fifth New Jersey Regiment, which served in the Army of the Potomac. In September, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of Brevet-Brigadier-General, and in April, 1864, to Major-General. After the rebellion he became paymaster of the Camden and Amboy Railroad, and held that position until 1872. Three years later Governor BEDLE appointed him State Treasurer, to fill an unexpired term. Upon the election of a new State Treasurer he was made keeper of the New Jersey State-prison. He held the office five years. Governor LUDLOW appointed him a member of the Riparian Commission of New Jersey. He was president of the Merchants' Transportation Company of this city, and a director of the Bordentown Banking Company and of the West Jersey and Atlantic Railroad Company.

THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

WHEN the New Orleans Exposition was planned, the purpose was to make a display of the resources of the Southern States, and to show the world what progress they had made in the industrial arts. The great interest which this scheme immediately awakened compelled an expansion of the programme, and the projectors determined to make it international in character, and to enlarge the facilities for exhibition. Applications for space came in so rapidly that it was soon found that the proposed building, although the largest ever projected for such a purpose, would be entirely inadequate to meet the demand.

Even now, with seven large buildings and several smaller ones, covering in the aggregate more than sixty acres of ground, the management has been compelled to restrict many of the States as to space. So popular has it become that, according to the New Orleans correspondent of the New York *Herald*, Director-General BURKE informed the Board of Management some weeks ago that if time and means were available to erect buildings sufficiently large to cover the entire Exposition Park of 237 acres, exhibits enough would be offered to fill them. He is compelled to reject hundreds of applications every day because there is absolutely no place for the exhibits offered.

Our illustration on page 838 will give our readers an idea of the busy scenes to be witnessed every day on the wharf where the exhibits are landed. The wharf is at the foot of the Exposition grounds, about half a mile from the main buildings, into which the goods are transported on railway tracks and unloaded in their proper place.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Critics and Authors.—Declining a Kingdom.—A valuable Privilege.—Curious Charity.—Literary Middlemen.—Matrimonial Brokerage.

AN amusing chapter might be written of the devices of those who have, for personal reasons, attacked this and that literary work to get its author to read their diatribes. Some authors, like Mr. Black, never read reviews of their own productions, some only read those which they have good reason to believe are favorable, but only a few are so egoistic or philosophic as to devour what is said of themselves, even if it is disagreeable. The plan of forwarding the newspaper with the notice marked in red ink to the author's private address is crude, and that of sending it to all his friends, in hopes that one, at least, of them will have the "good-nature" to show it to him, is only a little less primitive. As civilization advances, malignity becomes more intelligent. A popular novelist of my acquaintance happened to hint in one of his stories that learning, and even scholarship, are sometimes allied with dullness, a remark which, I suppose, annoyed one of the tribe of pedagogues, who sent him last week the *Journal of Education*. Contrary to his custom, he opened the magazine, since he thought it hardly likely that in such a publication—which is certainly not devoted to light literature—there would be any allusion to his fictions. Two pages, however, were marked in the inevitable red ink. One contained the unfortunate quotation in connection with "learned idiots"; the other the result of an inquiry into the popularity of living novelists among the pupils of a certain ladies' college. A list of twenty favorite novelists was given, among which his own name was exceedingly conspicuous—by its absence. This, I think (though I didn't tell him so), was rather neat.

It is said that the Duke of Cambridge has declined the offer of the sovereignty (or what, under the circumstances, should rather be called the half-sovereignty) of Brunswick. His devotion to the interests of the British army, it appears, is greater even than his desire for a throne. What it is possible, however, may also have weighed with him is that there are no emoluments attached to it. The late Duke of Brunswick has left all his money out of the country, and there seems to be no public funds to support his successor. The Emperor of Germany would, without doubt, relieve him of all trouble, as far as government is concerned; but what is a sinecure without a salary? On the other hand, it is rather noteworthy, and significant of the times in which we live, that a man should not take a kingdom even as a gift.

If some positions go very cheap nowadays which formerly used to be highly valued, others, on the other hand, fetch a fancy price which in old times one used to be paid for holding. From a recent law case we learn that the privilege of driving a four-horse coach two days a week in the summer months is valued at £60. For that money the amateur Jehu was also to enjoy three "preliminary drives." Even in the height of the coaching mania, half a century ago, when gentlemen of fashion used to bore a hole through a front tooth, in order that when "tooling their tits" they should be able to "spit like a coachman," the driving box was never in such demand as this. To the outside public it is as inexplicable a craze as the passion for bézique or double acrostics.

A poor woman has nearly got into trouble through a nervous promptitude in anticipating events, with which, I confess, I sympathize. As her baby was dying, she made her little preparations for its "laying out," and in hanging a gown before the fire it caught, and consumed the poor child. This seemed to the society in which its life was insured a suspicious circumstance, though the judge very properly thought otherwise. I have with my own eyes seen an expectant widow making her mourning garments by the bedside of her dying husband, without the least notion of the action being—to say the least of it—premature. She was a hard-working woman and a good wife; but the hand of such employment has not the daintiest sense.

A curious example of charity, as regards the doings of persons of another creed, of an eye to the main chance, and also of the dire extremities to which poverty reduces its victims, comes from Upper Hungary. A Christian widow sent her son with a letter to the chief rabbi of her town, offering to sell him some Christian blood, which, as she understood, would form an important feature in some approaching Jewish celebration. The blood she was prepared to lose from her own veins, and expressed a hope that he would give a good price for it, which would enable her to pay her debts. What a revelation of "the unknown life" in this world is this! It is said that there is nothing new under the sun, but surely no one has hitherto offered to sell his blood, and in a good cause, with such a purpose.

The profession of literature, though it may lack recognition as a legitimate calling, has probably as numerous a host of followers as any other. Its excessive extension of late years has begotten a class of middlemen which previously had no existence. They are a kind of literary midwife, who profess, however, not only to bring the bantling into the world, but to see it through the first stages of its journey. The office of these unlicensed practitioners is, in my opinion, not only useless, but distinctly mischievous; their object is of course "a commission," which is gained by flattering the vanity of those would-be authors who can not obtain entrance into the ordinary channels of publication, and the result of their labors—when they come to anything—is to increase the flood of worthless books.

It seems from a recent case that there are "gentlemen well known in literary circles" who receive money for introducing people into print, just as some fashionable ladies are understood for a consideration to "place" vulgar millionairesses within the charmed circle of good society. At a time when it almost seems a pity, in view of the sea of twaddle that flows from the circulating libraries, that authors can not be forbidden to rush into print till they have shown themselves capable of writing, just as in other callings an apprenticeship has to be served or an examination passed before persons are permitted to practice it, the appearance of these middlemen is especially to be regretted.

In matrimonial matters the broker is not so much to be deprecated, since persons bent on marriage will probably marry whether assisted by a third person or not; but their existence, if less hurtful than in the common wealth of letters, seems more deplorable. A widow lady last week is represented as having placed herself in the hands of one of these agents, as the auctioneers say, "without reserve," her only stipulation being that the husband found for her should be "a good, kind man." The desired article was produced at once, and an arrangement effected, though, as it happened, it was never carried out. The peculiarity of the case, as it developed in court, lay in the matrimonial agent.

He was by trade a boot-maker, but being of the Hebrew persuasion, he had both Saturday and Sunday at his own disposal. "On those days," he said, "I am a wedding broker, and do a good deal of business." His lordship was curious to know from which side he received his commission. He said "from both sides." As to the sums, he generally left it to the parties (a device much affected by cabmen) to give "what they pleased"; but if matters turned out satisfactorily, it was only natural that he should be rewarded accordingly. I wonder what are the qualifications of a "wedding broker"? It is clear he should not be too charming, or he might set fire to the inflammable hearts of his lady clients himself.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

GOOD houses in Arabia rent for four dollars a year, but the awkwardness of getting there and getting back will deter business men of moderate means from taking advantage of it as a place of residence, and until the disposition to extend rapid-transit facilities becomes more definitely apparent, Harlem will continue to draw the bulk of the overflow from the more crowded sections of the city.

Paper bottles are in extensive use in Paris. Of course the novelty here lies in the fact that the bottles are paper, not in the fact that they are in extensive use.

The New York *Tribune* says that the peasants of a province in southern Russia use a coin of such small value that it would take 250,000 to buy an American dollar; that a man who has a hundred is looked upon as a money king, and that a man who impiously amasses a thousand is denounced as a robber of the poor. That being so, an impiously large capitalist in the province in question is one who owns two-fifths of a cent, and a money king is a person who has one-twenty-fifth of a cent at his command.

Complaint is made by a San Francisco newspaper because turkeys cost twenty-eight cents a pound in that city, whereas in St. Louis they cost only twelve cents a pound, and because the choicest chickens cost seventy-five cents apiece in San Francisco, as against twenty-five cents in St. Louis. A Santa Clara farmer sets in explanation: "Our girls in California are too high-toned to 'tend a poultry yard. In the Eastern States it's the women that feed the chickens and dress them for market, but you couldn't get a Santa Clara girl to demean herself over such things. She's got to study astronomy, and read Tennyson, and play Wagner, and maybe paint a bit with water-colors. She'd rather die than clean a fowl."

The rule of the coal-black swallow-tail coat is becoming more and more broken in Paris. Red coats and breeches were accepted last season, and this season is to behold blue coats and brass buttons, with white waistcoats, light gray trousers, and powdered hair, and brown coats and brass buttons, shawl-pattern waistcoats, brown cloth breeches, gaiters with diamond buckles, and square-toed, high-heeled shoes. But the old-fashioned swallow-tails will be worn to the theatre, for fear that the other sorts of dress might evoke the unpleasant comments of the vulgar.

Martin Murphy, who went to California with the pioneers of 1849, never bothered himself with gold-mining, but went in for cattle-raising, and stuck to it. He died recently at San Jose, at the age of eighty years, and left $3,000,000 behind him.

A new perfume called "The Lily's Sigh," and smelling very like heliotrope, is said to hang somewhat sluggishly on the market at the price of eight dollars for a very small bottle.

The universal Yankee nation, which has long supplied England with a good share of her roast beef and old Stilton cheese, and which took pleasure in sending over to the German people all the Westphalian hams they wanted, until Bismarck put his potent foot down upon the practice, is now the possessor of a Swiss and Limburger cheese factory, situated near Oshkosh, Wisconsin, which last season turned out 60,000 pounds of excellent product.

Great Britain counts 10,000 teetotalers in her railway service, and 12,000 among the sailors in her navy.

A man who has lived for three years on the first floor of a house in San Francisco recently became intoxicated, and going up to a room on the second floor, put into his pocket a pistol which he found there, and turned into bed. He was arrested on a charge of burglary, but was found guilty only of carrying a concealed weapon.

The last census taken in Paris places the population of that city in 1881 at 2,239,928. The population of London in the same year was 3,816,483. The Paris population is almost evenly divided as to sex. The earliest Paris census was taken in the year 1700, and the population then was 720,000. In 1876 it had risen to 1,988,806. The city now contains 68,126 dwelling-houses. It counts 621,349 unmarried males, as against 1,098,845 in London, and there are 557,054 spinsters, as against 1,102,233 in the English capital. The majority of the Paris population were born in the provinces, only a little more than 700,000 being natives of the city. There are 167,714 foreigners in Paris, the majority of them being Belgians. There are upward of 31,000 Germans in the city, 10,789 English, and nearly 6000 Americans.

"HELLO! SANTA CLAUS?"

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"HELLO! LITTLE ONE!"

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THAT EXTRA NIGHT AT THE ACADEMY.

Now that the two opera-houses are in full blast again, I can't help thinking of the time we lived down in Blankville, and the remarkable series of events that almost led to a tragedy there. I was a young woman then. Not that I am an old woman now, but it was only a couple of years after my marriage. My husband was a commercial traveller. I had but the one child, and was around at mamma's most of the time.

It was that season, not very long ago, when a certain distinguished tenor turned more heads than mine. My older sister, Claudia, was spending the winter with mamma, while her late husband's partner was settling up the business, and she told me in confidence that it seemed to her nothing could so soothe and comfort her in her bereavement as to hear those divine notes of "his" in the upper register; that of course it was impossible to go to the opera during the first year of her widowhood, but if it could be considered with the decrees of propriety those ecstatic notes would almost open to her the gates of paradise.

But my younger sister, Claire, was the most extravagant of us all. I must say I think she went a little too far. Her room was lined with all sorts of portraits of him; her portfolio was full of enthusiastic tributes to his lyric genius, clipped from the leading periodicals of the day, and she openly declared that during the opera season she envied the scrub-women that seemed to have free access to the parquet above the scenes, and sometimes, from that convenient height, adjusted with their brawny hands the somewhat dilapidated scenery of the dear old Academy.

All this was, of course, very unpalatable to Bob Thorne, the young gentleman to whom Claire was engaged. He had, not long before, been one of the [illegible] of the metropolis, and held the magic key to its pleasures. [illegible] instrumentality not only Claire, [illegible] and I, had enjoyed many a night at the opera, and on one or three occasions again many a costly banquet at Delmonico's. It is only fair to say that when it lay in his power he improved these [illegible] with [illegible] hand. But [illegible] [illegible] when [illegible] his worldly possessions were swept away with one [illegible] stroke of fortune, and with wild and haggard eyes he came to tell us that all now were beyond his reach—opera, luxuries at Delmonico's, and even the hope of marrying the one [illegible] in the world to him.

"Must I lose you too [illegible] [illegible]" he said, [illegible] over [illegible], taking her hands in his, and looking into her [illegible] with [illegible] searching in his own. "I am a beggar. [illegible] You are free."

But Claire [illegible] to such a [illegible]. She loved him [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Bob [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] blonde [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with Claire [illegible] [illegible] to the [illegible] [illegible] Claire [illegible] to Bob and [illegible] [illegible] should part [illegible].

It would [illegible] been a [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] had not spoiled the [illegible] [illegible] to getting it into her head that Bob must be [illegible] [illegible] in some way. She turned pale every time the bell rang, and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] took a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] him declared there were no [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with his [illegible] [illegible] and his knowledge of the [illegible] and [illegible] of financial strategy, he might be on his legs again [illegible] [illegible].

Whether [illegible] [illegible] thought [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the sidewalk [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Bob was compelled [illegible] Bob was afraid [illegible] a while to [illegible] [illegible] before he went away. He told me [illegible] [illegible] could and a bad reputation for standing [illegible] [illegible] when the wind was blowing [illegible] a match to light.

In the meanwhile the great tenor was singing [illegible] [illegible] audiences, and [illegible] Claudia and Claire and I could do was to gather what comfort we could from the [illegible] [illegible] of laudatory criticism in the morning papers. Tom was away, and if he had been home would never have found the time he could afford to take me to the opera. Claudia was in her first mourning, and Bob's attendance upon Claire prevented other admirers from contributing to her amusement.

It was out of the question, of course, to go with Bob. When he proposed it, our very desire to go only made our refusal [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], as Claire declared, with tears in her eyes, it was cruel to place before us such a temptation.

"You can't afford it," said Claire; and what an expression of mortification and grief flew into Bob's face!

"Who can?" said I. "Not many that we know can afford such a luxury."

"I should think not!" said mamma. "And the money that's thrown away on that foreign mountebank—"

"Mamma!" cried Claire. "If any one else had dared use such a term in connection with the first lyric artist of the age, I'd go out of the room."

"You'll go out of your senses some day if you keep on," said mamma. "I wonder you're not ashamed of yourself!" And out went mamma, slamming the door after her.

"I'm sorry to hurt mamma's feelings," said Claire, "but I can not quietly listen to such irreverent mention of one who has given me the highest felicity attainable to mortals."

The color rose in Bob's thin skin; he opened his mouth to speak, but closed it again without a word, tugging meanwhile at his yellow mustache, and devouring Claire savagely with his eyes. I put my slipper warningly on Claire's; she looked up, and caught Bob's wrathful eye.

"Any one but mamma," said Claire, in her smoothest and [illegible] [illegible] tones, "would understand the impersonal character of the admiration inspired by this wonderful interpreter of the divine art."

"If it's a matter of art," said Bob, "why isn't the voice of one of the best prime donne in the world capable of distributing this peculiar felicity?"

"So it is," I stammered.

"Why, certainly," said Claire.

"Who said it wasn't?" said Claudia.

"Oh, nobody," said Bob; "only I thought somehow— But never mind; let's talk about something else."

The next day poor dear old Mr. Biggar invited us to go with him to the next performance at the Academy. He was an old friend of papa's, and played himself upon the bass viol, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world that one of the orchestra of her Majesty's company should, as he said, give him tickets once in a while.

Claire and I went with him, and had a most enjoyable evening. To be sure, the great tenor did not sing, but a famous prima donna did; the opera was a favorite one, and we were charmed with it from beginning to end.

The same week Mr. Biggar—thoughtful friend—provided him with more tickets, and we went again, and rehearsed our late enjoyment.

The next time we went the opera was not a [illegible] one, [illegible] leading [illegible] [illegible] was a little [illegible] [illegible], and Claire [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] her teeth on edge. Poor dear Mr. Biggar nodded through most of the opera and awoke to applaud too vigorously the incidental divertissement. With the exception of these little drawbacks, it was a very pleasurable performance.

The next week we went to the opera twice, the week after we attended the [illegible], all through the extreme kindness of poor dear Mr. Biggar. And so it went on for several weeks. Mr. Biggar was [illegible] [illegible] old gentleman, a little plain and old-fashioned, perhaps. Tom used to say that he didn't know enough to [illegible] when [illegible] [illegible], and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Bob was [illegible] [illegible]. And [illegible] [illegible] what matter. He might have been the glass of fashion and the mould of form, he might have had the wisdom of Plato and [illegible] would [illegible] [illegible] nothing.

The [illegible] [illegible] was that [illegible] tenor had [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] nights that [illegible] [illegible] the opera is [illegible] without the great planet—nights when *the great tenor didn't sing.*

We bore it as long as we could. We pretended to Mr. Biggar [illegible]. Week after week went by. The [illegible] was drawing to a [illegible] was long. The season [illegible] [illegible]. There were only five nights left, only two of [illegible] wormwood and gall. [illegible] the only [illegible] that could interpret to us the [illegible] art would be [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Claire and I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] upon the subject; it was too painful for ordinary gossip, but we understood each other.

One [illegible] I [illegible] to mamma's. Claire's little feet were [illegible] [illegible] the fender. She was reading the [illegible] paper, and looked at me as I entered with a glance that spoke volumes.

"Kitty," she said, with suppressed emotion, "he's going to have an extra night."

"Ah!" I sighed.

"For the benefit of his compatriots in exile," she continued.

My enthusiasm in behalf of the great tenor did not extend to his compatriots. It made very little difference to me for whom he was going to sing, as it was not for me.

"I wish it was over, and he was gone," I said. "I'm sick of the opera, anyway. It's all a delusion and a snare."

"Kitty," said Claire, who had not been paying the least attention to me, but was absorbed in thoughts of her own—"Kitty, let's go."

"Go?" I replied. "How can we go? You know that miserable old man never gets tickets when he is to sing."

"Kitty," pursued Claire, still unmindful of any remarks I might happen to make, "I've always been anxious to aid him in his noble efforts for the benefit of his race."

"Fiddlesticks for his race!" I cried. "I wouldn't give a farthing to buy any one of them a hook to pick rags with."

"What would you give to hear him sing on Friday night?" said Claire.

"Give?" I gasped. "I'd give the eyes out of my head. I'd give a year of my life."

"Would you give five dollars?" said Claire.

I only hesitated a second. I had just five dollars put away for an urgent necessity, but I felt that the cravings of my inner spirit must be appeased at any sacrifice. "We can get a mezzanine box for sixteen dollars," continued Claire. "You and I will pay five apiece; Claudia is willing to give six."

"Claudia!" I echoed.

"Yes," said Claire; "she can sit back in the box so that she will not be observed. Claudia needs this relaxation; it may save her from an attack of nervous prostration. Then she will serve as a chaperon, for if we have a box we can go without an escort."

My heart began to beat at the prospect of such felicity. The mere thought of it turned my head.

"Oh, to hear him once again!" I said, softly, clasping my hands and waltzing on tiptoe around the room. "And what a marvellous cast! And what a divine opera! And to be rid of that dreadful old bore of a Biggar! Not to have to talk to anybody, or look at anybody, or be on one's guard about anything! To have the box all to ourselves—just our own dear, precious selves!"

"It will be very agreeable," said Claire, in her equable tones, but there was a quaver in her voice, and a light in her eye, and a tremble in the white hand that held the newspaper, which betrayed her exultation. We resolved to say nothing to mamma about it. She would be sure to object to everything—to our going without an escort, to our paying so much for a box, to Claudia's going so soon after her bereavement. It was arranged that I should invite Claire and Claudia to spend the night with me, that we should go from my house and return there after the opera, and say nothing about our adventure to anybody.

But at the last moment, when the final touches had been given to our [illegible], when the florist's boy had brought a box of cut flowers for Claire, and the twenty-five cent hack that plied to and from the depot stood ready at the door, and we had only twenty minutes to catch the train, who should walk in but Bob Thorne!

There was nothing to do but to take him into our confidence, and give to him the extra seat in the box. After all, it was comfortable to have a gentleman with us, and such a gentleman as Bob Thorne. It was an easy matter to shake out Tom's dress-coat and his vest, brush them up, and hang them upon Bob's shapely figure. He and Tom [illegible] about the same build, and, as Bob said, [illegible] little of a [illegible] [illegible] shown from the [illegible] [illegible]. It's only the [illegible] expanse of shirt front that really makes the point of sight. We put a rose-bud and a sprig of smilax in his button-hole. Bob [illegible] [illegible] sure and take good care of [illegible] [illegible] to be good to, and went our [illegible] [illegible]. Bob [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] on the New York side. We told [illegible] we'd just as lief take the elevated train, but he insisted upon the cab, and it was certainly much more civilized and comfortable. Then he bought us each a huge bouquet, "for the prima donna," he said; but with a [illegible] [illegible] that told how well he knew at whose feet the whole three would be thrown.

So in this blissful way we reached the dear old Academy. Scarce a word had been spoken [illegible] [illegible] up to Fourteenth Street. Our hearts were [illegible] and Bob's flippant badinage [illegible] Something [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. It was a bit of paper with a few fatal words upon it. I could read them from where I stood. Clinging to the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], and remained motionless.

"What is it?" said Claudia, entering the box, looking first at me, then catching sight of the slip of paper. She stretched forth her hand. "[illegible]" she [illegible], in a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], after all!"

I [illegible] [illegible] upon my seat, and turning, I beheld Claire crumpled in the [illegible] seat in the box, her face hidden in her [illegible], weeping passionately. Bob was standing down upon [illegible] with an expression of rage and grief and [illegible] that frightened [illegible] back [illegible] [illegible].

"Claire!" I [illegible] in a tone of admonition.

Claire raised her head, choked back a sob, and regained her composure. She shook out her [illegible], smoothed her laces, and settled herself in her seat to listen to the [illegible], which had just begun. All [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], her cheeks glowed like the heart of a pomegranate; she never looked so [illegible] in her life. But Bob remained pale and stern, looking down upon her with a [illegible] expression of grief and disdain that was altogether [illegible].

"You could not have yielded yourself to a more passionate outburst of grief if I had been stricken [illegible] dead at your feet," he said.

Her lips trembled a little. "There is only the one capacity for suffering," said poor, proud, foolish Claire.

"This is too much," said Bob. "Your arrangements had all been made before I forced myself upon you. I will relieve you of a presence that can only be an intrusion." He turned upon his heel.

"Bob," I cried, "don't be such a fool. Claire, don't let him go."

But Claire never once turned her head from the braying of the instruments. With a few hurried directions to me about the cab, Bob shot out of the box like an arrow. The color died out of Claire's face, but she stared steadily ahead at the "glittering horseshoe that curved between."

As for Claudia, if I had not known that to laugh would be to give way to a fit of hysterics, I should have nearly died at the sight of her. She was fairly purple with rage and disappointment, and the stony gaze she cast upon the unfortunate gentleman who was now endeavoring to fill the tenor *rôle* seemed well calculated to petrify him.

"I told you so," said Claudia. "I knew he wouldn't sing. 'Indisposition!' Pah! He's indisposed to waste his voice when he can just as well save it for another occasion. They say it needs saving. I shouldn't wonder. Just listen to that grinning, knock-kneed pigmy! I suppose he thinks he can sing. I dare say he has an idea he's our money's worth. Oh, the rasping, reedy little monster! If only the ragged old scenery would go to pieces, and smother him on the spot!"

While Claudia was growing more and more purple, Claire had become white as any sheet. My own interest in the entertainment had died at sight of the impresario's apology. At the end of the first act I implored them to quit the scene of such chagrin and disappointment; to linger there was only to prolong the agony. We resolved to go home at once. Claire got upon her feet, and left the box without a word. Claudia, with one explosive look upon the stage, followed her, and we all scurried down the stairs as best we could. Ignoring the existence of the cab Bob had engaged to come after us, we took the elevated road, and reached the depot just in time for the gates to be half way closed for the ten-o'clock train. We squeezed through, and fled for the boat. The bell rang, the boat started, there was a sudden scurry on the shore. Somebody else had squeezed through a narrower aperture than ours at the gate. It was a man. He came plunging down to the chasm that now yawned between the boat and the bridge. He made one flying leap, and disappeared. He was lost to sight in the slippery, the freezing, black, horrible water that gurgled and groaned down below. It was Bob. I saw, we all saw, as his overcoat flew open, the rose-bud and the sprig of smilax still in the button-hole of Tom's dress-coat. Claire stood there like a marble statue, Claudia screamed, and I jumped up and down. Bob seemed perfectly self-possessed, and gave distinct orders from the [illegible] depths to his deliverers just how to fling him a rope. I never shall forget how he looked when he was hauled up. He had managed to get rid of his overcoat, and a whole Niagara dripped from Tom's swallow-tail.

Claire uttered a loud cry, and stretched out her hands to him.

"Put her ashore," said somebody. "Poor thing! she's his wife, ain't she?"

"Yes," said Claire. "Oh, please put me ashore!"

They put us all ashore, Claudia leaving half her crape veil on a projecting splinter. Claire would follow Bob into the restaurant, where they gave him some dry clothes and some dreadfully strong brandy, and what with the rummy odor that exhaled from him, and his borrowed clothes being of an inferior quality and imperfect fit, Bob looked like a drunken, dilapidated, handsome blonde tramp. But Claire didn't care; she was perfectly reckless. Although Claudia and I had heard her inveigh against such things by the hour, she let Bob put his arm around her in the train, and smiled up in his face, and hung upon every word that he said.

Bob wanted to know how he was to suppose we would leave the opera just because that everlasting, [illegible] first lyric artist of the age didn't sing. He had resolved to take us home on his way to China, or somewhere that lyric artists weren't imported, and was waiting for the usual late train. By the merest accident he came out of the restaurant just in time to see us squeeze through the gate. All he could do was to squeeze in after us. "And then I came to grief," said Bob, "as I generally do."

But he didn't, for he married Claire in the spring, and made lots of money on the sidewalk, and I don't believe he was ever so dreadfully poor; for we found out afterward that every one of those off nights that we suffered at the opera were due to Bob. He bought the tickets and gave them to poor dear old Mr. Biggar.

SETTING THE CAP-STONE.

The completion of the Washington Obelisk was accomplished on the 6th inst., by setting in place the marble cap-stone and its pyramidal apex of aluminum. The ceremonies were brief and simple, an elaborate dedication of the monument being reserved for the anniversary of Washington's birth.

[illegible] rain that had poured down steadily all the morning ceased about noon, giving place to a brisk gale of wind, so that few of the invited guests availed themselves of the privilege of climbing the nearly perpendicular ladder from the five-hundred-feet platform to the dizzy height of [illegible] feet, where the setting of the cap-stone was witnessed by three or four journalists and half a dozen other adventurous climbers. The setting took place soon after two o'clock. On a narrow platform, built around the obelisk near the summit, stood Colonel THOMAS L. CASEY, the government engineer in charge, and his assistants, Captain DAVIS, U.S.A., and BERNARD R. GREEN, civil engineer, together with Master Mechanic MCLAUGHLIN and several workmen. The cap-stone, weighing 3300 pounds, suspended from a quadruped of heavy joists, supported by the platform, and towering forty feet above it, was successfully lowered to its resting-place, the apex fastened, and the work was done.

As soon as the cap-stone was set, the American flag was unfurled overhead, and a salute of twen-

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ty-one guns was fired by Major Hasbrouck's militia battery in the White House grounds far below. The sound of cheers also came up faintly from a crowd of spectators gathered around the base of the monument, while a number of invited guests on the five-hundred foot platform and in the interior of the monument at that level struck up the "Star-spangled Banner" and other patriotic songs.

Among those present on this occasion was one of the master mechanics who laid the corner-stone of the structure more than thirty-six years ago, and the old watchman of the monument, who has been continuously employed in that capacity during nearly the whole of the intervening period.

The monument thus happily completed rises to the height of 555 feet above the floor, which is seventeen feet above the surrounding ground, thus giving a total height of 572 feet. The spires of the Cologne Cathedral, the next highest structures in the world, seem dwarfed by comparison. Their height is 515 feet above the floor of the cathedral, and 525 feet above the street pavement. The Washington Monument looks down upon them from the superior altitude of forty-seven feet.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

SLEEPING.

Good sleep and good health very generally go together, while bad sleepers are likely to be invalids, and will certainly become invalids if the sleeplessness be not cured. The old writers give long and rather distressing lists of the ailments which have *insomnia*, or sleeplessness, as a symptom. Gout, rheumatism, affections of the skin, hysteria, dyspepsia, exhaustion, anxiety, overstrained exertion of the mind, impending apoplexy—these are some of them; by no means all. Bad sleep is often a cause as well as a symptom of disease; good sleep is an important means of prevention.

And what is good sleep? It is that periodical suspension of voluntary motion and of sensation that recruits all the physical and mental faculties. "Only in complete sleep does the brain thoroughly recruit itself," says Dr Blandford, "and lay up energy to be expended in the waking hours. In sleep there is no expenditure, but constant renewal, of nerve power." And how much sleep do we need?

There is no snap answer to this question. The amount needed varies with the age, the sex, the temperament, the occupation, of the individual; it varies, too, with race and climate. Infants sleep the greater part of the time; children up to eight years old should spend nearly half their time in sleep. Ten hours thenceforward, until the age of puberty, are a good average nightly ration or dose of slumber. During mature life there is great diversity of practice. The famous school of Salerno declared that six hours were enough, whether in youth or age, and that seven hours were pure laziness. No one, added these learned faculties, should allow himself to sleep eight hours.

I think that the professors of the eleventh century laid down a too rigorous law. For people at least who are laboriously busy, eight hours is not usually too much. The old require less, because they do not need so much repair of nerve and muscle as those who are in the prime of their activity. The important thing is that we decide practically, not theoretically, what our individual need is. If my own need be eight hours, it makes no difference that the school of Salerno or any other learned persons have laid down a theoretical average of six hours as the correct thing. For hard-working people, whether they work with brain or hand, eight hours is probably seldom too much.

There are people who never fully satisfy their natural hunger for sleep. For sleep, unlike our food and drink, is easily measured to a nicety; and many people have a fear of wasting time in sleep. There is no corresponding check against eating too much. The result is that the same person sometimes may practice injurious asceticism in sleep and gluttony in feeding. If we could measure our food as easily as our sleep, we should eat less, and in consequence there would be fewer indigestions and dyspepsias, and fewer trips to Saratoga, Vichy, and Carlsbad. Too much sleep, also, is injurious; for one thing, it is fattening, like too much food and drink. But there are few gluttons of sleep in our restless community. The danger is the other way with us; and whether we deny ourselves on a theory of so many hours, or whether toil, or watching, or travelling, or society, robs us of sufficient sleep, we shall surely suffer sooner or later.

The causes of sleeplessness range from the most whimsical to the most grave; acute or chronic diseases like those I have named are not more effective preventives than things that seem the merest eccentricities. Some persons can not sleep without hearing the ticking of a clock; some require absolute silence, others require a room carpeted in a particular way, or an adjoining closet door kept open, or a string tied around a finger or toe, or the repetition of some benumbing formula, or, on the contrary, the continuance of a loud noise to which they are accustomed, as in the case of some laborers in machine shops. The stopping of the engine in a sea-going steamer will wake not only all the officers, but the more experienced travellers on board. The worst of it is that some of the most trivial causes are among the hardest to relieve. Insomnia, when it has become a true mental disease, is sometimes incurable.

The cure of sleeplessness depends upon the cause; how various the causes are we have seen. I will not enumerate the devices for procuring slumber in the ordinarily healthy; they are very numerous, but none of them have any general application. One counsel may be given, for it is not hackneyed; it is this: *Learn to sleep in the daytime.* This art is one which everybody has not acquired. People there are—I know such people—who are wise enough to eat when they are hungry, but who have never attained that higher reach of wisdom, to sleep when they are sleepy. But occasions come to all of us when we need to be able to sleep in the daytime at will. Have you failed to get your needed sleep, whether because of work or watching, or sorrow or pleasure? Then repose in the daytime is the restorative needed. There is great virtue in naps—even in short ones—and the art of napping in the daytime, if you have not learned it already, is one to be learned without further delay. It may require a little practice, but nature is on the side of the learner.

And lastly, here is a bit of philosophy, written by a wise man and physician, Dr Frank Hamilton. Let me hope that at least one of my readers, if only one, will be wise enough to profit by its wisdom: "Gloomy thoughts prevent sleep. The poor and unfortunate magnify and increase their misfortunes by too much thinking. 'Blessed be he who invented sleep,' but thrice blessed be the man who shall invent a cure for thinking."

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR GONE.

The death of Mr Reuben R. Springer, of Cincinnati, removes one of the wealthiest and most generous men of the country. He was born in Frankfort, Kentucky, eighty-four years ago, and the earliest part of his business life was spent in a store in his native State. In 1821 he became a clerk on a steamboat on the Ohio River, in which business he remained until 1830, when he was admitted to partnership in the house of Kilgour, Taylor, & Co., in Cincinnati, which was then composed of John Kilgour and Griffin Taylor. In 1840 this firm dissolved, having been largely successful. For several years Mr Springer was a director of the Little Miami, and Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago railroads, in both of which he was among the heaviest stockholders. His fortune has been estimated at over $5,000,000. He was widely known for his magnificent gifts to the public in the form of the Music Hall, the Exposition Buildings, and the College of Music, to which, within the past nine years, he contributed about $500,000. Mr Springer was slightly indisposed on Sunday, and kept to his bed on Monday, but on Tuesday he was up. The next morning when he had breakfasted he died in his chair, probably of paralysis of the heart.

OIL ON THE WATERS.

The soothing virtue of oil poured on troubled waters has been proverbial for ages, but of late years an important application has been given to this familiar fact by employing oil to calm the waves around vessels in storm and stress. Making all allowance for exaggeration, we think that several recorded instances of the successful use of oil by boats or ships in danger are supported by credible evidence. More than that, a series of experiments carried on not long ago in a Scotch harbor seemed to be decisive as to the value of this sedative for ruffled seas, within certain limits.

But one of the most valuable of the contributions to this interesting subject is the thorough series of investigations recently undertaken by Captain H. W. Chetwynd, of the British navy, Chief Inspector of Life-boats, concerning which he has just made a report to the Royal National Life-boat Institution. As his experiments have the same bearing on this side of the ocean as on the other, we shall summarize their results for our readers.

First, then, all ordinary oils are found to have about the same calming effect—colza, linseed, fish, seal, and so on, and in some cases paraffine was used with the same result. A very little oil covers with its glassy surface a great space of water. Of the many ingenious contrivances for applying the oil the simplest and best seems to be a canvas bag loosely sewn or pierced with holes to allow the oil to escape steadily.

In general it may be said that the experiments of the district inspectors, carried out in the life-boats, upon which Captain Chetwynd reports, all show that the oily film will convert a surf that endangers small open boats into the undulation of a harmless swell. It will for ordinary boats kill breakers that are liable to be rendered perilous. On the other hand, in the very heavy breakers which life-boats are accustomed to encounter, oil is powerless. Frequently a big breaker, rising in a moderate surf which the oil was robbing of its danger, would tear through the smoothed roll, and smear the life-boat with oil. On dangerous outer breakers off the coast of Cornwall, caused not by wind, but by a heavy groundswell, oil had no effect whatever. Hence Captain Chetwynd would not make oil an appliance to be carried on life-boats. To be of use it would have to be poured from the boat in the direct line from which the seas are advancing, and at a sufficient distance to give it time to spread and act before the waves reach the boat. This could probably only be done in a life-boat when anchored and lying head to sea and tide, or when running dead before the sea for the shore. Except in these positions it would be difficult to keep the life-boat within the influence of the oil while going for a wreck, especially as the current is usually swift along shore.

The extreme advocates of oil might urge that while the life-boat itself could live in heavy seas, it ought to take the oil in order to insure an easy approach when near the endangered vessel, and for the sake of the latter. At all events, Captain Chetwynd does not scruple to say that for ordinary open boats "its adoption can not be too strongly urged."

Turning now from the experiments of the British life-boat force to the actual use of oil in the open sea, we find it employed when running before a heavy sea, when hove to in a gale of wind, and when lowering boats in a heavy sea. As to its use at the entrance of harbors we have already spoken, and Messrs Shields and Gordon are worthy of praise for their zeal and persistency in elucidating this part of the subject, their public-spirited experiments having cost much labor and money. A central question here is as to whether the harbor should be supplied with a fixed apparatus for distributing the oil, at needed times, for the public good, just as it may be supplied with a costly breakwater for the same purpose of maritime safety, or whether the vessels themselves should be expected to carry oil bags.

A bottle or a can will do perfectly well for oiling the ocean when no more elaborate appliance is at hand, and in practice devices as simple as that of knocking in the head of an oil barrel have proved effectual. However, since in the future, when this subject shall have been more largely exploited, oil may become as commonplace a provision on shipboard as life-rafts, it may be well to note Captain Chetwynd's counsel as to the best means of applying it. He recommends for a vessel running before a sea a bag hung over each bow, since this gives the oil time to spread before reaching far astern. In a ship hove to, the bags should be hung on the weather side, or put overboard to windward attached to light lines, as they will not drift as fast as the ship, and hence will cover the surface in the direction from which the waves are advancing. For open boats various similar contrivances are adopted, and it is evident that metallic cans of oil could be kept in the perforated bags ready for use.

There is something a little grotesque, if very practical, in thus applying oils to mollify enraged Neptune. Those who have read that not very exciting poem of Robert Pollock, entitled "The Course of Time," may perhaps recall these lines:

> "He laid his hand upon the ocean's mane,
> And played familiar with his hoary locks."

Byron also has a well-known passage in regard to the ocean's mane; nevertheless, it does seem taking an almost unwarrantable liberty with these locks to slick them down with lard-oil.

Such, however, is the present position. "It seems incredible," says Captain Chetwynd, in speaking of oil for the sea, "that its use is not general and an every day occurrence." Probably at no distant day it will become such an occurrence.

THE METHODIST CENTENNIAL CONFERENCE.

The representatives of the various Methodist churches met in Baltimore on Tuesday, the 9th of the present month, for the purpose of commemorating the organization of American Methodism in that city one hundred years ago. Immediately after the close of the Revolutionary war the Methodists, the Protestant Episcopalians, and the Roman Catholics took measures for the complete formation of their Churches. The Protestant Episcopalians, as well as the Roman Catholics, were without a bishop, and the Methodist societies—first founded in 1766—were subsisting without the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. For these the Methodists had been dependent more or less on the clergy of other Churches. By a bold measure, which was no doubt canonically irregular, their founder, John Wesley, provided them with a bishop, the Rev. Dr Thomas Coke, who came to America with authority to constitute the Methodist Episcopal Church. The meeting of the preachers with this bishop, the forming of themselves and their people into a Church on the doctrinal basis of the Articles of the Church of England, is the event which the meeting in Baltimore is intended to celebrate.

The Conference of 1784 and its surroundings contrast strikingly with the surroundings of the great and multitudinous people at the present time. Then there were eighty-four preachers in all, most of them laymen without special training for the functions of their office. Now the number of ministers approaches closely to 30,000. Then the societies counted all told less than 15,000 members; now the number of Methodist communicants in the United States is said to be three and three-quarter millions. The intervening years since 1784 represent an amount of courage, faith, and self-sacrifice without parallel in modern ecclesiastical history. Even the most captious critic must concede the incalculable good done to the masses of the common people by the untiring zeal of Methodist preachers. Fertile in resource, skillful in reaching the common mind, powerful in arousing the religious emotions, and at the same time exact in moral discipline, they have been the educators in the rudiments of right living of untold thousands who had otherwise been without proper guidance. Notably in the settlement of the States of the Mississippi Valley—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota—they have been the pioneers of civilization, and have left an indelible impress upon the character of the people. Their success among the negroes of the South is shown in the fact that there are now more than a half-million of colored Methodists.

When Cardinal Manning, immediately upon the close of our civil war, organized a college near London for the training of priests who should labor for the conversion of the Southern negroes to Romanism, he must have been unaware of the fact that for nearly a century the Catholic missionary had in this field been preceded by the Methodist itinerant.

In the course of the century much in the forms and ecclesiastical life of Methodists has changed. The picturesque circuit-rider travelling his round, and weaving into unity by his stated visitations his twenty or thirty little societies, has given place to the pastor who seldom mounts the horse or takes the field. Log and rough plank meeting-houses have been superseded by commodious churches. The scant fare and privations which tested the itinerant's powers of endurance have been succeeded by abundant resources of comfort. Schools of all grades, colleges more or less ambitious, and some of them well equipped and on the way to high rank, are evidence of the energy with which the Methodists have thrown themselves into the work of education. The worship, if less demonstrative, is still notably devout; much of the old power of song remains, that popular song which catches the common ear and holds the common heart. The camp-meeting still flourishes, and with it the social spirit which has been characteristic of Methodism in all its generations; the preaching, if not so startling as in the olden time, is still popular and persuasive.

In pulpit power the century of American Methodism has had some illustrious examples. SUMMERFIELD, FISK, OLIN, DURBIN, BASCOM, and SIMPSON are names as familiar as household words in thousands of American homes, and are cherished with the same affectionateness which is conceded to the names of CLAY and other political leaders of the first half of our century. In their doctrinal opinions the Methodist churches of this country adhere faithfully to the lessons which they learned from their fathers of the Church of England. No one of their important theological ideas has in the course of the century become obsolete.

No one who has observed the progress of Methodism in this country, and who wishes well to American institutions, can hesitate to wish it continued prosperity. It has carried lessons of self-restraint and obedience to moral law to multitudes who would otherwise have been left without religious discipline of any kind. In its earlier days it was misunderstood, misrepresented, opposed. Its fervor was called enthusiasm, its power over the people, the sway of a dangerous delusion, its intense realization of the verities of the spiritual world, a species of madness. Even good men have felt themselves in duty bound to resist its advance as boding danger to sober religion. But time has cleared away these misconceptions. The establishment of temperance and its kindred virtues of thrift, order, domestic and social, the awakening in the minds of many the ambition to do well, have proved the beneficence of its work. And in view of the inflowing of the poor of the world to our country, and their need of moral training, who can doubt that the Methodist churches, and all the churches, are by their labors of evangelism rendering the best possible service to the state? Every peaceable and morally cultured family is so far a guarantee of the permanence of our political institutions. If the Methodists shall in the coming century double the achievements of the century past, they will have contributed just so much more to the securing for our later posterity the blessings of civil and religious liberty.

The follower of WESLEY who journeys to Baltimore to attend this commemorative Conference will look in vain for the humble chapel in which the first Bishop was ordained and the Church brought into organized form. The place was Lovely Lane, now a centre of banking business. The building was small, and would probably seat three hundred persons. The seats were hard, and without backs. The floors were uncarpeted. Tin sconces held the tallow candles which gave light for the evening service. The preachers, to the number of seventy or more, whom we see gathered there are ruddy with vigorous health, for they are an evangelical cavalry, and live on horseback. The place, the meeting itself, and the men are so obscure that the city even now takes note of them. Between December 24, 1784, and the first days of January, 1785, their task is done, and they are off with their own bishop, ASBURY, to lead, penetrating the wilderness and keeping abreast of the westward advance of the population. That their task was well done is proved by the fact that though separated by the political and ecclesiastical strifes of past years into several families, the Methodists of the United States meet together at the close of 1884 in harmony and peace still, in doctrine and usage the same people as a century ago.

JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

This eminent French painter, who was born in 1848 at Damvillers, died at Paris on the 11th inst., when he had hardly reached his prime. He was young, handsome, and ambitious—how ambitious may be seen from a statement made by him two years ago to a French writer: "I wish to open and to shut the book of life in the fields, beginning with the birth of the baby and ending with the death of the grandfather. Within this extensive cycle I desire to delineate all those joys that are known as infancy, courtship, marriage, baptism; the sorrow that is called an eternal separation; and such varied subjects as the school, the watching in the sick-room, the tavern, the forge, and the farm." The interests of rural life, he added, "are beyond the limits traced by mere men of talent. It requires genius to depict them, and when they have been depicted they should prove to be a surprise and a revelation."

That BASTIEN-LEPAGE possessed the ability to carry out a scheme so comprehensive and exacting his intimate friends confidently believed. He had, indeed, many admirers who declared him to be the founder of a school, and predict that history will accord to their favorite that distinguished rank. In their eyes his pictures are perfect, and when a painter like GEORGE INNESS attempt-

JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUREY, PARIS.

ed to criticise one of them in a public lecture, the words in some quarters were an offense. His dogmas are of more than gospel authority in the creeds of his partisans, and he had a delightful capacity for impressing his personality upon the affection of some of our younger painters.

Like MCENTEE and many other illustrious artists, soldiers, and statesmen, BASTIEN LEPAGE was of humble origin. Visitors to the little village where his father's hamlet lies speak of the simplicity and utter unpretentiousness of the rustic existence, and BASTIEN-LEPAGE himself, when painting for the Salon the portraits of his parents on a single canvas, plunged fearlessly into the most uncompromising realism. Those who knew him best are proud to relate how unconventional was his appearance on first arriving in Paris to acquire the art of which he became a master. When he was competing for the Prize of Rome, and had sent in his picture—"The Shepherds" was the subject—and had heard and read all sorts of kind and complimentary things about it, and then learned that another student had received the prize, he was for a moment cast down and disheartened. But the disappointment quickly blossomed into a blessing, for, drying his tears—metaphorically drying them, since there is no record that he actually shed any—JULES BASTIEN LEPAGE resolved to go to Nature instead of to Rome. It was a lofty and most advantageous resolve. It made a man of him. It gave to the world his "Jeanne d'Arc."

Many of us have seen this large and striking work, and remember the interest with which its promised advent on these shores was awaited. We remember the picture itself—the low-born peasant woman standing in an orchard in the sunshine, coarse in features, hands, arms, feet, and clothes, unconscious of the brave knight and the pretty virgin with an offered wreath who presided over her consecration to the mission of saving her country, unconscious even of herself, it seemed, for the light of the fruition of her self renouncing purpose suffused that earnest, homely face. There she stood, her arm outstretched, her eyes uplifted, invoking the divine acceptance of a sublime and deathless dedication; and though the scoffer might say that BASTIEN LEPAGE'S Jeanne was of posture too mean to command the devotion of battalions of armed men, that if her mother had laid hold of her belt and shaken her never so gently the immortal girl would have fallen to pieces, and that the histories of the Maid may be searched in vain to disclose the fact that she was pigeon toed, yet the total impression made upon the spectator was one that he could not easily get away from, and even if he wished to get away from it there was enough sweetness of atmospheric effect and juiciness of deliciously toned grass in detain him long, in spite of infelicity of composition and impossibility of perspective.

The death of BASTIEN LEPAGE is a great loss to art. Although it may be said that he was more an artist for artists and connoisseurs than for the general public, he was a man of great originality and promise, and originality is a rare quality in art or well as in literature.

FRANCIS ASBURY, FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL BISHOP ORDAINED IN THE UNITED STATES.
[SEE PAGE 848.]

CUTTING MISTLETOE IN THE SOUTH.

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IN LUCK.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Article on "The Wild Turkey," Page 848.]

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THE WILD TURKEY.

The claim of Benjamin Franklin that the wild turkey rather than the bald-headed eagle should have been chosen as the emblematic bird of the United States was more plausible in the middle of the last century than in the latter part of the present. The largest and noblest of our game fowl, as common as is the domesticated turkey to-day, Mr. Franklin may have detected in the wild species peculiarities of temper and habit in exceptional harmony with those of our people as they then were. Vast changes have since occurred. No one will deny that the bird of prey is to-day the fittest representative of our national character.

The absurdity of local names is not more emphatically shown than in that of "turkey" as applied to the subject of this article. It was a name bestowed upon the bird by the English for no better reason than at the time of its introduction into England most foreign articles were supposed to come from the East. The French *dindon*, a corruption of *coq d'Inde*, and the Italian *gallo d'India*, would imply a similar ignorance on the part of the other Continental nations. As a matter of fact, the wild turkey was carried by the early conquerors of Mexico to the West India Islands, thence to Spain and other parts of Europe. The confusion of the East with the West Indies was probably the origin of the misnomer.

There can be no question that the bird was unknown to people of other lands until after the discovery of America. The North American continent is his birth-place. To the wild stock there first known the world is indebted for the domesticated species now found in every part of the civilized world. Cultivation, it is claimed, has not improved the breed. It requires a vigorous stretch of the imagination to discover culinary merits in the wild turkey which are not equalled or surpassed in the domesticated species peculiar to certain chosen localities. Moreover, there is claimed on the part of the wild bird a more brilliant plumage. This, also, is a popular fallacy. The bronze turkey of the farm-yard in his early spring feather is in size, weight, and brilliancy of color the peer of his savage brother. The most easily observed differences between the wild and farm-yard bird are the presence in the latter of a fleshy dewlap extending from the under mandible to the neck, the bare wrinkled skin of its head and neck is much less blue, and is sprinkled with a smaller number of hairs.

In the barn-yard species there is a great diversity of color, ranging from the bronze to the purest white. The plumage of the wild bird is a beautiful golden copper, with purple and green reflections, mottled and blended with a soft black. The lower part of the back is an iridescent brown, and the tail, which is a darker hue, has a broad black band at a short distance from the extremity, with an outer border of dark yellowish brown. The plumage of the female, a very much smaller bird, rarely exceeding nine pounds in weight, has a gray tinge, and in general color very much less brilliant. The male weighs between sixteen and thirty pounds, the average weight being twenty pounds.

No animal, and certainly no other bird, requires for its capture more skill, patience, or the exercise of the keener instincts of the gunner. To be a successful turkey hunter one must thoroughly understand the haunts and habits of the bird. Lightness of foot and keenness of vision are indispensable. With many varieties of game fowl a close imitation of the call of the bird is frequently a great assistance. With the wild turkey, the power to imitate the gobble of the male or the softer notes of the female is an indispensable adjunct to success. There are very rare and exceptional instances where persons have the gift of imitating with wonderful precision and exactness the cries of these birds by the aid of the voice alone. As a rule, however, artificial aid is required; this is found by making a "call" out of the small bone of a turkey's wing or out of wood or brass. The gobble of the male is imitated by the human voice alone; the "call" is used exclusively to counterfeit the notes of the female. A gunner expert in the use of this instrument, well hidden in a blind near some open spot of our Southern woods—for it is there only that the few surviving flocks of wild turkeys can be found—equipped with endless patience, may by perseverance and skill lure the lusty gobbler within gun-shot. He must be alert, however, or his colored brother will have harvested the crop before him. Between the Southern darky and the wild turkey there is an affinity which has existed from the earliest days of slavery. Since the war, as the restraints which formerly kept the darky under surveillance have been removed, he has waged relentless warfare on the wild turkey. He scorns all legitimate methods of killing him. He traps him, he baits him, he "calls" him, and he gives him no peace at any season of the year. The results of this are the same as with all of our game fowl; the wild turkey will in a few years become as extinct as the dodo.

The proper season to hunt wild turkeys is late in the autumn, when, after a summer diet of wild strawberries and other fruits, they have had a couple of months' run among the acorns and mast. At this season, copiously fed and in brilliant plumage, they are so uncommonly alert and shy that only by the exercise of great skill and patience they can be approached within the range of a rifle. While stalking these birds is probably the fairest way of killing them, "calling," where birds are moderately abundant, is the method which requires the greater display of skill, and keeps the nerves of the hunter at a greater tension. Even more "calling" is not more exciting. If one, however, has well-trained dogs, is insensible to fatigue, and a prime rifle-shot, wild-turkey-stalking through the Southern woods in December is a sport as exhilarating and fascinating as any within reach of the sportsman.

Gaston Fay.

AN ENGLISH ELECTION, 1784.

On the 14th of January, 1784, we are told by a London paper that "General Sir Guy Carleton, late commander in chief at New York, arrived in town on Wednesday. When he sailed, all the British and Hessian troops, with the loyalists, had left New York, and the Americans, with General Washington at their head, were in peaceable possession of that city." Little more was said of the loss of the colonies that year by the Parliament or the London press. The subject was not a pleasant one; but soon there occurred in London a remarkable election, that seems to show how swiftly American ideas had crossed the sea. It was the people of Westminster rising in defence of their natural rights against the despotic tendencies of the court. Charles James Fox appeared as their leader. Dissolute, worthless, amiable, gifted, accomplished, he had declared himself the "friend of the people." The people had accepted him as their candidate. A new election came on; the court proposed its own members; and a fierce struggle began between the two factions that awoke strange thoughts in the minds of men. "Fox and Freedom," "The Man of the People," were the mottoes of the popular party.

The election was "a continued scene of riot and confusion." At the nomination held in Covent Garden, the candidates appeared together on the platform, but the noise and clamor of the multitude prevented them from being heard. The polls for voting were opened April 1, and were not closed until the 16th of May. They closed in a fearful scene of riot and bloodshed. A violent conflict broke out between the people and the constables. The constables were driven out of Covent Garden, and fled down King Street. The Guards were called out, and the butchers, who, armed with marrow-bones and cleavers, had played the chief part in the riot, were arrested or driven away. Many were injured in the severe struggle. The High Constable, Mr. Eliot, and many of his officers, were severely bruised and wounded. One constable died of his wounds, and his funeral was made a subject of political strife. The Foxites charged that the constables had been used to overawe the electors; the court party, that the opposition were in fault. It was a month of terror to all the quiet people of the city.

At the close of the election the victor was carried in a triumphal procession through the London streets. Before him went the firemen, the butchers with marrow-bones and cleavers and white waistcoats and cockades. Music, flags, and a long procession of citizens followed. Then came a banner inscribed, "Man of the People," a committee "sumptuously mounted"; and then Mr. Fox, in a chariot simply adorned with laurel, myrtle, and flowers. And last appeared the coaches-and-six of the Dukes of Devonshire and Portland, and a train of liveried servants. The streets were crowded. The windows of the Whig nobility shone with the fairest faces of the time; and at Carleton House the Prince of Wales, who was then a Foxite, conversed for a few moments with several gentlemen of the procession. Soon after he gave a breakfast to the chiefs of his party. Carleton House, in the centre of the city, had a garden of ten acres, with lawns, trees, and flowers. The tables were spread under the trees, the ladies danced on the lawn, and the politicians, Fox, Lord North, and others, we are told, retired to converse upon public affairs under the grateful shade.

It was a dark, sad period for Europe and America. Our ancestors in both worlds were strangely inhuman and barbarous. Duels of the bloodiest character were fought in great numbers in the dark end around London. Wild mobs tore down or burned buildings in Scotland, and filled Dublin with incessant terror. Ireland was almost in rebellion. Robbery and bloodshed prevailed everywhere. One of the most repulsive traits of the time was the frequency of executions. Slight and trivial offences were punished with death. Every month ten, twenty, and sometimes thirty criminals were hanged in front of Newgate, and the London crowd was never weary of the fearful scene. Mary Moody was executed for "privately stealing linen" from a house where she was a servant; John Lee, a cultivated scholar, was hanged for forgery; John Doncey, for stealing twenty shillings; Thomas Moore, for taking two gold watches. Death was inflicted upon women, children, old men. Yet crime flourished in the small community, and life was strangely insecure. In New York it was no better. Twelve persons were executed in our infant city in one year—a proportion that would give more than four hundred executions for its present population. The debtors' jail, the crowded prisons, the beggars, the open vice and shameless crime, completed the barbarous picture of the past.

But the cry of freedom had at least been heard at the Westminster election. It never ceased. Year after year the elections passed on, bringing with them a gradual amelioration. The voice of the people was heard. A remarkable progress in humanity has marked the course of the century. No Mary Moodys are now hanged for stealing a few yards of linen, no frightful executions delight the savages of the city; the debtor is free; the prisons are cleansed; the vice of the day is at least unseen. Slowly as men advance, the progress is easily traced; the free election has given expression to the wants of the people, and the humane teachings of liberal America have controlled the politics of Europe.

Eugene Lawrence.

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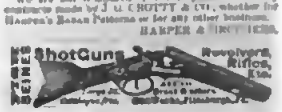

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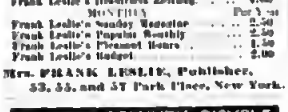

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 1462.

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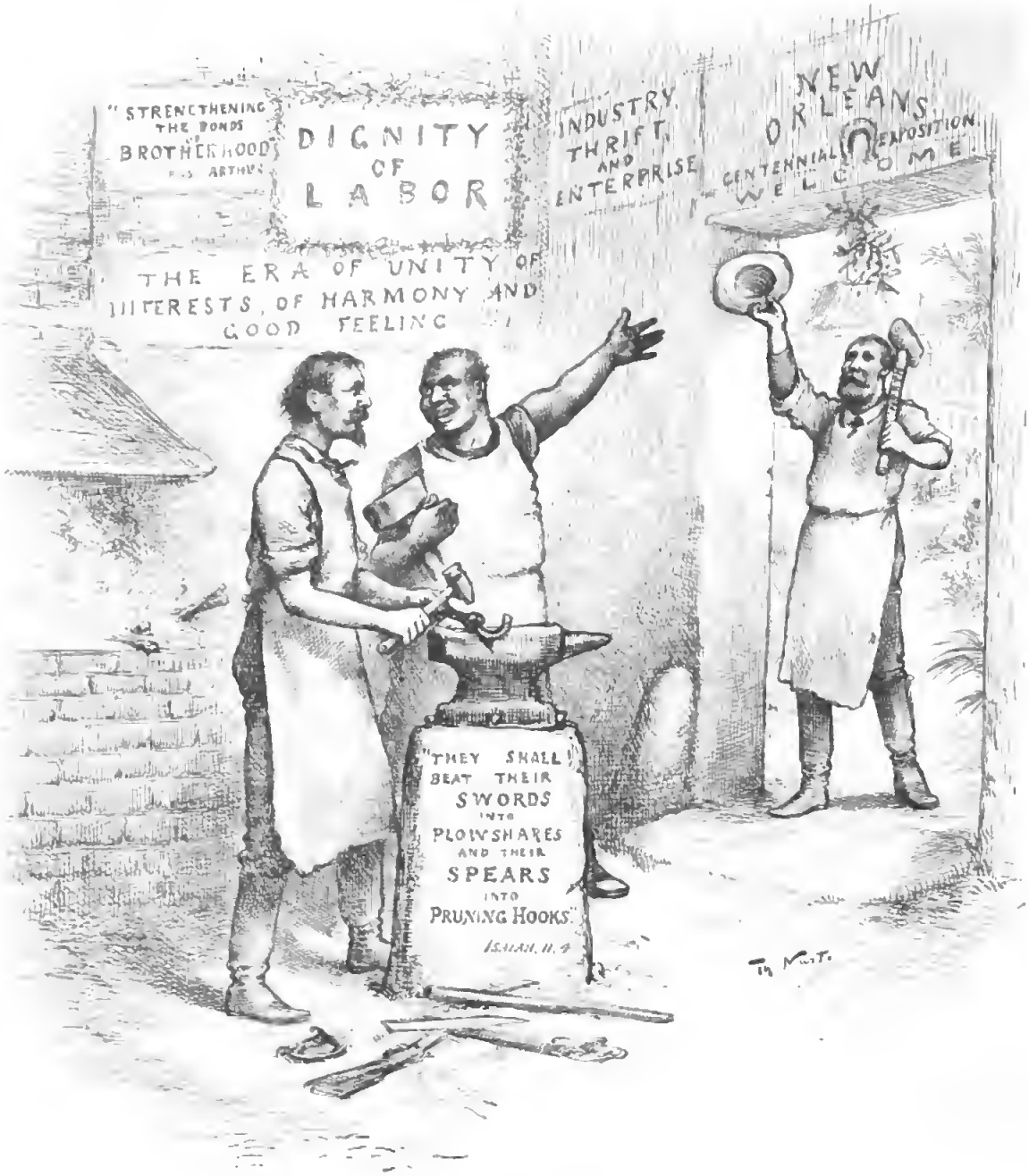

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THE NICARAGUA TREATY

THE New York *Times* has recently shown extraordinary enterprise in securing and publishing the substance of two very important treaties. The last is the Nicaragua treaty, the text of which was subsequently published by the *Tribune*, and which proposes a step the announcement of which has been received with surprise and doubt. Already the part taken by the American Minister in the Congo Conference has excited remark as the first participation of this government in a Congress to regulate the interior disposition of another continent, and the proposition to guarantee the inviolability of foreign territory is so unusual as to demand most careful consideration.

The apparently placid administration of President Arthur is suddenly revealed in a new aspect, and its most important undertakings will undoubtedly be remitted to its successor for settlement. The ultimate political purpose of the Nicaragua treaty is evidently the practical establishment of the Monroe doctrine as a distinct policy. The treaty finally annuls the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and at the moment that we are regulating the African continent in concert with European powers it absolutely excludes those powers from any kind of interference in the regulation of the American continent. The treaty proposes that this government shall construct a canal across the isthmus, and that Nicaragua shall cede a strip of territory from sea to sea, to be owned by the two contracting parties. This implies protection and defense, and should the Panama Canal be completed under French auspices, it implies also certain serious complications in that direction.

The general spirit of the Monroe doctrine, namely, that European powers must not assert or acquire upon this continent a control at which we do not aim in Europe, is undoubtedly acceptable to the American people. The original terms of Mr. Monroe contemplated only colonies and the extension of the European "system" to this continent, but the essential meaning of his declaration is evident. It is that we can not allow any menacing foreign foot-holds in our neighborhood. But if the allied guarantee of an isthmian canal is such a foot-hold, there is no question that we assented to it in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and expressly stipulated that the guarantee was intended to establish "a general principle," and that we would extend the guarantee "to any other practicable communications, whether by canal or railway, across the isthmus which connects North and South America." No particular canal through Nicaragua is mentioned in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and on the 10th of November, 1881, the British Foreign Office held that we were still bound by it. But in May, 1882, the Department of State held that the treaty was voidable at our pleasure, because of the British violation of it in taking possession of the Mosquito Coast. Here is evidently a question. If we wish to withdraw from the Clayton-Bulwer treaty there is no reason why we should not withdraw courteously, nor is there any reason to suppose that England would object. Not to take this course seems to imply a consciousness on our part that objection might be made of which we should find it difficult to dispose. The joint ownership of a strip of foreign territory, with all that it involves of protection, garrison, and fortifications, is another question of the utmost importance. Yet if we are to have absolute control of an inter-ocean canal, it is well to consider whether such control is practicable without absolute command of the adjacent territory.

A SENATOR FROM NEW YORK.

The election of a Senator of the United States from New York is a very important and a very significant event. New York is a State of more than five millions of people, of immense and various interests, and of imperial influence. Every citizen of the State is interested that its Senators, who are its two conspicuous national representatives, shall be of a character and dignity commensurate with the greatness of the commonwealth. As the election is made by a party majority in the Legislature, the natural expectation, upon any just theory of parties, would be that the party would select from its members that one who by character and ability, by public distinction and public service, and by strong convictions upon paramount public questions, and of a kind agreeable to his party, gave earnest of the highest usefulness to the country and to the State, and thereby of the highest honor and consequent advantage to the party. For a party is strengthened and commended to public confidence by the character of its candidates more than by any kind of petty politics, scheming, intrigue, or bargain. The reason is that a party which presents honest and fitting agents is properly believed to be of honest and wise purpose.

This natural expectation, however, is hardly satisfied by the spectacle of a score of politicians running hither and thither trying to "make combinations" to secure the choice of this or that man who would probably "unite the party," which means that he would use such patronage as he could command impartially among the party factions. But a party which exists for a legitimate party purpose is united by the selection of an able advocate or conspicuous representative of its principles and policy much more than by peddling patronage fairly. One of the most commanding questions of the time is civil service reform. But how many of the candidates thus far mentioned have any hearty interest in the question, or practical knowledge of it? The Legislature itself seems to be of the smallest account in the schemes of the players for the prize. The members are apparently pawns to be moved by professional politicians upon the outside. Thus it was stated the other day that Mr. Baker, the Superintendent of State-prisons, had "taken away" two Assemblymen from the candidate of some other player, and had "fixed" them for his own candidate. We trust that the report does injustice to Mr. Baker, but it does perfect justice to the methods by which the Senator is apparently to be selected. The people of the State will consider both the character of the candidate and the methods of his selection with great interest.

The vital questions which have thus far been suggested as determining the choice are whether the candidate was warm or cold toward Mr. Blaine, whether his friends were properly "active," whether his supporters would agree to support this or that gentleman for Speaker of the Assembly as the price of his own support for the Senate, whether he is not too positive a "Stalwart" or "Half-breed," whether he would "recognize" all sides, and whether he is acceptable to this or that politician. But whether, being, of course, a Republican, he be also a man of Senatorial character, by eminence and conceded ability and personal standing a fitting national representative of New York; whether he comprehends great public questions, and is capable of practical dealing with them; whether he is a man of high public morality, of strong political convictions, of sincere sympathy with progressive political sentiment, and thoroughly and actually, not professedly, alive to the imperative necessity of administrative reform—in fine, whether he would be the agent of a knot of professional politicians, or the becoming representative of the interests of the people of New York in the Senate of the United States—are not questions which have been seriously considered. But these are the only pertinent questions, and they belong to the domain of most practical politics, for a great party immediately after defeat commends itself to public confidence and repairs its drooping bend by nothing so surely as by nominating for the highest offices the men who are most worthy of them.

THE TREATY-MAKING POWER.

The system of reciprocity treaties which is proposed by the Administration will open two important questions for debate—one is that of revenue legislation by treaty, the other is that of the treaty-making power itself. The Constitution confers this power upon the President and Senate, and makes a treaty, when properly negotiated, the supreme law of the land. But the Constitution requires the assent of both Houses of Congress to acts of legislation, and treaties often require legislation to make them effective. Commercial treaties especially affect the revenue, but the Constitution ordains that all bills for revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives. The power of Congress to repeal a treaty, so far as it is a municipal law and its subject-matter within the legislative power, has been affirmed by the Supreme Court. But Congress will interpret its own powers, and may obviously annul a treaty by legislation, as the President and Senate may modify or even repeal legislation by a treaty.

It is, in fact, another illustration of a kind of co-ordinate power. The President and the Senate may conclude a treaty which is the supreme law, and Congress may pass an act which, when approved, is the supreme law. But if the President and Senate should conclude a treaty which required legislation to become effective, and the House should decline to act, there would be no remedy. The result would be that no other government would conclude such a treaty with ours until it was satisfactorily assured that the necessary legislation would not be withheld. This conflict of authority appeared in the debate upon the Jay treaty soon after the government was organized. But we believe that no important treaty ever failed by the refusal of the House to pass the necessary acts to make it effective. It is, indeed, highly improbable that the President and two-thirds of the Senate should negotiate a treaty of importance against the opinion of the country as represented in the House, and the intent of the Constitution is so plain that it is equally improbable that the House would bring into question the good faith of the government toward another power by refusing, upon a mere point of procedure, to complete a convention properly concluded.

The questions that arise between co-ordinate authorities must be settled by patriotic good sense. Neither House can compel the other to act, and a refusal to act might bring the government to an end. But such a possibility need not alarm the most sensitive mind. Patriotic good sense, indeed, shows how easily all questions under the treaty-making clauses of the Constitution may be avoided by inserting in every treaty which requires legislation for its effect the simple provision that it shall not become effective until Congress has passed the necessary laws for the purpose. This provision is inserted in the Foster Spanish treaty and in the Mexican treaty, and it is a very proper provision in every commercial treaty, because such conventions affect the revenue.

MORAL BULLDOZING.

The efforts of supporters of Mr. Blaine to stigmatize and injure the Independent Republicans who opposed his election is a futile imitation of the old pro-slavery methods before the war, and of the bulldozing and Ku-Kluxery in the Southern States that followed the war. It shows all the viciousness of the old slavery spirit, and betrays a thorough ignorance and contempt of the essential principle of the Republican party. Blaine church officers refuse to speak with the Independent church pastor, and some such pastors have been practically forced to resign; country merchants are boycotted; Blaine combinations have been attempted—but wisely abandoned—to boycott Independent newspapers; lyceums largely composed of Blaine supporters boycott Independent lecturers; and the Morristown *Jerseyman*, a Blaine organ, publishes the following remarks in regard to a lecture which Mr. Nast consented to deliver in aid of one of the churches of the town: "It is possible some self-respecting Republicans may be found among his audience, but we hope they are not many. Mr. Nast is not a person for whom they can have a very warm affection at the present time." Mr. St. John has been burned in effigy, and it is stated that the countenance of Blaine supporters has been withdrawn in some places from the prohibition cause.

The object of this conduct is that which was sought by the Southern bulldozers, to prevent conscientious action in politics, and to show to Republicans that if, for the highest reasons, they refuse to vote for the party candidates, they must expect as much odium and injury as the party organs can possibly cause. Were the political situation the same in the Northern as it was in the Southern States after the war, the

spirit would proceed to personal violence. It seeks to destroy political freedom and independence by holding up to scorn every Republican who obeys his conscience, resorting even to so pitiful a trick as to "spot" a Republican who goes to hear a lecture by Mr. NAST, or Mr. BEECHER, or Mr. SCHURZ, as a doubtful Republican. It serves as a contemptible and ludicrous travesty of the old French terror when to be suspected of being suspected was to begin to march to the guillotine.

Those who approve these efforts to coerce political independence call themselves especially good Republicans. Were their claim established, it would be the end of the Republican party, with the hearty consent of every truly patriotic and self-respecting man in this country. However necessary party may be in this country, and however desirable the ascendancy of any party at any time, an infinitely greater necessity is the knowledge that unregulated party spirit is always the foe of liberty, because it supplants conscience in politics, which is the only sure guarantee of liberty. Conscience, indeed, is a word which may be easily abused, and introduced into politics it affects many politicians as the word patriotism affected Dr. JOHNSON. But the Republican party sprang from a moral conviction, and its strength lies not in its organization, but in the moral principle and freedom of its members.

HOW TO GIVE ALMS.

THE Christmas and New-Year season brings the old and ever new question of charity to every humane heart. In a great city, when the days are short and the cold pinches, the poverty and suffering that are seen are pitiful, but those that are not seen are even more terrible, and the old saying that the poor ye have always with ye means that we must not be wearied nor disgusted with well-doing, but that we must constantly and patiently and carefully consider in what way the relief which must be given shall be given most wisely. The President of the New York State Board of Charities, Mr. WILLIAM P. LETCHWORTH, delivered an admirable address in October at the National Conference of Charities and Correction at St. Louis, in which he stated certain general principles of relief and reform. The occasion and the address were striking illustrations of the earnest and intelligent attention which the subject of charitable relief is now receiving, since pauperism and public and private charity have now become commanding questions. When the religious houses were closed in England, and the ecclesiastical system of the country was changed, charity ceased to be a professional question, and both pauperism and crime received little systematic, and what in the best sense may be called scientific, attention, until within this century.

According to the latest returns of the Census Bureau, cited by Mr. LETCHWORTH, the number of criminals, inmates of reformatories, insane, idiots, other "defective" classes, paupers in almshouses and other "indigent" persons, exclusive of out-door paupers, is about 420,000, or about one in every 120. The State of New York spends every year for charitable purposes more than ten millions of dollars. The amount of private alms is incalculable, but it is immense. Here is an enormous sum, which, if not carefully and wisely expended, is merely fostering public evils and perils. Consequently the great value of scientific treatment of the subject is apparent. Study, comparison, and observation show that a very large proportion of pauperism, crime, and insanity springs from the violation of well-known sanitary laws, and hence preventive measures are seen to be the most effective and the most economical. Again, it is found that pauperism is hereditary. The root of pauper stock is most tenacious, and it can be extirpated only by persistent care. The charity organizations, both State and local, therefore, are not amateur and sentimental movements; they are parts of a great public policy involving both the economical and the moral welfare of the State.

This consideration imposes upon every good citizen a duty. No such citizen will willingly conspire against that welfare by perplexing or thwarting a wise policy of charity. Yet mere thoughtless almsgiving in the street and at the door directly opposes that policy. The reason for the carelessness is the unwillingness not to relieve suffering, and the inability to devote time and care to ascertain whether the suffering is real. The true course, therefore, is not to refuse relief because there is not time to ascertain if it be actually needed, but to secure the inquiry which can not be personally made. This can be done by referring it to the organized agents of such inquiry, such as the Charity Organization Society, or the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. This can be done either by tickets or by application, and the trouble is only that which every person should be willing to take as his personal tax toward an almsgiving which helps instead of harms. In general a giver may be sure that the money which he gives in the street is merely dropped into the till of the nearest rum-shop. Yet this knowledge must not reconcile him to refuse all giving, but inspire him to give humanely and intelligently.

DEMOCRATS AND REFORM.

AN Iowa Republican writes:

"Time may disprove present appearances, but in my judgment the most bitter foes to-day of civil service reform are the BLAINE Republicans. I think there is an honest intention among the Democrats to follow Mr. CLEVELAND and hurra for him if he redeems his pledges on this question. The purpose of the BLAINE crowd is to taunt Democrats into an attitude of hostility to the civil service rules."

This view of Democratic support is justified by the extract that we published last week from an admirable article in the Memphis *Avalanche*, showing the clear comprehension of the situation held by a leading Democratic paper in Tennessee. The Burlington *Gazette*, the most powerful Democratic journal in Iowa, takes a similar view:

"The Democratic party is as solemnly committed to the principle of civil service reform as it is to tariff reduction and reform. It has just elected a President who has more of a record as a genuine reformer in this direction and a determined foe of the old spoils system than any man who has ever yet been elected to that office. He will regard the improvement of methods of administration as the great work to which the four years of his term will be devoted. In every honest step Mr. CLEVELAND may take toward getting the government business down to business principles, and enforcing the maxim that 'public office is a public trust,' he will have the hearty support of the rank and file of the Democratic party. Four years hence, two years hence, it will be no more possible to go back to the spoils system than to re-instate slavery. Movements of this kind do not move backward. They continually go forward. Civil service reform has come to stay."

These declarations are no more to be doubted than those of any Republican journal which honestly advocates reform. A Southern delegate at large to the Convention that nominated Mr. CLEVELAND asserts that there are thousands of Democrats in that part of the country who heartily agree with Mr. CLEVELAND'S views upon this subject. There is no doubt that he will have a most cordial support in his party for a vigorous policy of reform, and it is certain that his administration can establish the reformed system beyond reversal by any President or party.

THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

IN a speech of admirable tone President ARTHUR, standing by the telegraph in the White House, opened the New Orleans Exposition. It was another illustration of his happy tact upon such occasions, and, with the event itself, it was very significant. Those who remember what seems, almost as of yesterday, as vivid in the recollection, the news from FARRAGUT and BUTLER, and who now read the account of the Exposition and of its auspicious opening, can not but feel prouder than ever that they are Americans, and resolve to draw more closely the ties that bind the national Union fast.

The display of the results of the inventive talent and industrial activity of the colored citizens will be one of the most interesting and suggestive departments of the Exposition, and it is not less significant of the happy changes and progress which the event commemorates that the head of this department is Mr. BLANCHE K. BRUCE, an ex-Senator of the United States, and the present Register of the Treasury. The Exposition itself is an evidence of the energy and enterprise of the citizens of the Southern States which will be most agreeable and beneficent to the country.

The great reason for extreme Southern and Northern sectionalism in politics and sympathy has disappeared, and the consequences of such sectionalism are passing away. The enfranchisement of the slaves threw upon the old Slave States a problem with which they were at first ill fitted to grapple. It was decided, however, and wisely, that its solution must be left to themselves. The situation and the difficulties are undoubtedly great. But every patriotic citizen will gladly and heartily aid them in their task.

PARTY PURGATION.

MR. ST. JOHN, the late Prohibitionist candidate for the Presidency, has been persistently maligned by a part of the Republican press and burned in effigy by Republican mobs. The charges against him are in substance that he was hired by the Democrats to run against Mr. BLAINE, and also that the Republicans hired him out to say anything against Mr. BLAINE in his speeches.

Mr. ST. JOHN has written a letter stigmatizing all such stories as absolutely false. His denial is detailed and complete, and it will be accepted by all honest men. There is no more reason to doubt that the temperance party and its candidates were honest than there is to doubt the honesty of the Republicans and their candidates in the early days of the party. Mr. ST. JOHN says truly, and to the shame of his Republican traducers, that he loyally gave to the Republican party twenty-eight years' service,

"during which time it found 'no evil in me,' and not even the Democrats charged me with dishonesty. But now we find this same party, born as it was of a spirit of freedom, burning and hanging its political opponents in effigy, as the pro-slavery men hanged and burned the Abolitionists thirty years ago, while its partisan press exhibits a bitter spirit of intolerance that puts to shame the same spirit for which it so vehemently during the last campaign denounced the Democrats of the South."

When the Republican managers in various places have effectually excluded from the party President ARTHUR and the Stalwarts, and Mr. ST. JOHN and the temperance men, and the Independent Republicans and the lukewarm and indifferent supporters of Mr. BLAINE, who are the sinners of this year, they will naturally proceed to expel Mr. BLAINE and the Republicans who took his hint not to vote for Mr. FOLGER in 1882, and of course the scratchers of 1879. They will then see justice done upon Mr. DEPEW and Mr. HISCOCK and the New York *Tribune* and the "Liberal Republicans" for bolting the Republican nomination of General GRANT in 1872; and if there be any survivors of the SEWARD-WEED-RAYMOND-JOHNSON war of 1866, they also must be banished. And after these disciplinary purgations and expurgations of traitors, renegades, disloyalists, and Mugwumps, the party will be purified into what the late HUGH HASTINGS would have called with contemptuous energy "a —— pretty bunch party!"

PERSONAL.

MR. W. HAMILTON GIBSON'S recent *exposé* of the critic who gave to a wood-engraver the credit that belonged to Mr. GIBSON himself leads a well-known New York author to remark: "This is one of the rare instances where an artist can prove a critic to be wrong. It is therefore very notable. If Mr. GIBSON'S landscape had really been reproduced by a wood-engraver, as was claimed, and not by a mechanical process, the artist might with equal justice have objected to the critic's criticism, only in that case its falseness could never have been demonstrated."

—Mr. EDMUND GOSSE'S determination, soon after arriving in this country, to drop the middle "W." from his signature, is quite in a line with a special American custom. Not a few eminent men in art, letters, and journalism hereabouts have recently followed a similar practice, especially with respect to the initial of a first name.

—Two prelates most conspicuously mentioned in connection with the successorship to Cardinal MCCLOSKEY, of this city, are Archbishop FEEHAN, of Chicago, and Archbishop GIBBONS, of Baltimore.

—CHARLES DICKENS in a letter to a friend: "Another generation begins to peep above the table. I once used to think what a horrible thing it was to be a grandfather. Finding that the calamity falls upon me without perceiving any other change in myself, I bear it like a man."

—The new mansion of Governor SCALES, of North Carolina, is one of the handsomest architectural features of Raleigh. It is of brick, trimmed with the largest blocks of brown sandstone ever quarried in the State. This stone has remarkable richness of color and fineness of texture, and its fine possibilities for building purposes have not elsewhere been so adequately shown as in Governor SCALES'S house.

—Governor STANFORD, of California, has erected a massive mausoleum of stone and brick, the floor of white marble, and the ceiling beautifully frescoed, and shining stained glass windows. In it is a sarcophagus of Carrara marble, bearing the inscription: "Born in Mortality, May 14, 1868, LELAND STANFORD, Jun. Passed to Immortality March 13, 1884." There is only one key to the lock of the door of the mausoleum, and this is in the constant possession of the dead youth's mother.

—Mr. BISSELL, for many years the law partner of President-elect CLEVELAND, is a man of strong parts, a bachelor, and a clear-headed jurist. He weighs more than two hundred pounds, and is greatly respected in Buffalo.

—On resigning the Archbishopric of Dublin, Dr. TRENCH voluntarily relinquished the usual retiring allowance of $12,500 a year. His unselfishness has attracted some attention, though to those who know him, even through his books, it caused no surprise.

—Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE is distinguishing herself by her able and successful management of the department of woman's work at the New Orleans Exposition. She has collected a vast amount of instructive and highly interesting material, and has inspired the co-operation of some of the leading ladies of that city. It is one of the pleasantest signs of the times that so typical a Northern woman should receive so warm a welcome at the South.

—General WILLIAM PRESTON, of Kentucky, was dining some time ago with Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, when the latter asked if the South could not have held out longer. "As a mere matter of physical endurance, yes," replied the general; "but do you know, sir, that in the four years through which we passed the South alone, with its few millions of people, lost more men in battle than England did in all her wars from WILLIAM the Conqueror to Queen VICTORIA?" General PRESTON was chief of staff to General ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON, and held him when he breathed his last at the battle of Shiloh.

—General WADE HAMPTON, it is said, intended to send to the New Orleans Exposition a wonderful tame raven which could talk much more fluently than EDGAR POE'S raven. Its favorite phrase was "Hello! how are you?" and on one occasion it put to flight a large flock of crows by appearing in the midst of them and uttering the words.

—Mr. LABOUCHERE: "The Emperor WILLIAM has a sagacious aversion to washing dirty linen in public, and never forgives any royal personage whose indiscretion causes a scandal. 'Do nothing, say nothing; time will put everything to rights.' This is his invariable answer when one member of his family comes to complain of another."

—JULIAN HAWTHORNE is an athlete and a sportsman, fond of long walks and of out-doors. He talks in low tones, both on the lyceum platform and off it. His manners are modest and reserved, without shyness or affectation. He is about five feet eleven inches high, and weighs about one hundred and seventy-five pounds. His friends say that he can prepare more "copy," and feel less tired over it, than any other American author.

—Governor RICHARD J. OGLESBY, of Illinois, remembers that he came near drowning when a boy. "I counted distinctly the number of times I sank, and when I started to go down the third time I said to myself, 'Here goes the third and last time, and I am dead.' Every event of my life passed before me with vivid distinctness, but without creating any peculiar feeling. I felt that I was dead, and a sweeter death one can not die."

—During the last year of her life, MATILDA HERON, the actress, wrote an autobiography, full of interesting stories of herself and her contemporaries on the stage. She pledged the Ms. to an old landlady for board, and gave her also an oil-painting of herself as Camille in one of the fashionable costumes of twenty years ago; the hair is brought down flat over the forehead and ears.

—Dr. BRIDGES, the organist of Westminster Abbey, has written some music for Mr. GLADSTONE'S Latin version of the old hymn "Rock of Ages," but it is not likely to replace the tune to which the familiar words have so long been sung.

—"A widower with three children," wrote Miss JANE AUSTEN, in a letter recently published, "has no right to look higher [for a wife] than his daughter's governess."

—WILLIAM H. BEARD, W. HAMILTON GIBSON, J. W. CHAMPNEY, WALTER SATTERLEE, Miss DORA WHEELER, and Miss F. BRIDGES are among the artists who have contributed designs to the beautiful Christmas and New-Year's cards issued this year by Messrs. L. PRANG & Co. The first prize for designs for their Christmas cards for next year was awarded at the recent competitive exhibition to C. D. WELDON, the second to WILL H. LOW, the third to THOMAS MORAN, and the fourth to FREDERIC DIELMAN.

—Our esteemed contemporary the *Commercial Advertiser*, which was never so bright, temperate, and able as under its present management, is publishing weekly new short stories by American authors, the list including the names of JULIAN HAWTHORNE, GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP, J. S. of Dale, HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN, HELEN JACKSON, MARION HARLAND, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, and others whose fiction interests the intelligent reader.

—Mr. JOHN BURROUGHS has been building a house of dark slate, veined with quartz, the stones so arranged as to produce varied and beautiful low color effects, while the interior is treated on the same plan, with many kinds of native woods, unpainted and showing their several grains, and with gravish or russet wall-papers, the whole producing a nest-like effect, which his favorite birds would scarcely shun.

—The Knickerbocker Subscription Agency has been reorganized under a new management, and announces that it is prepared to receive and promptly fill all orders for subscriptions to periodicals.

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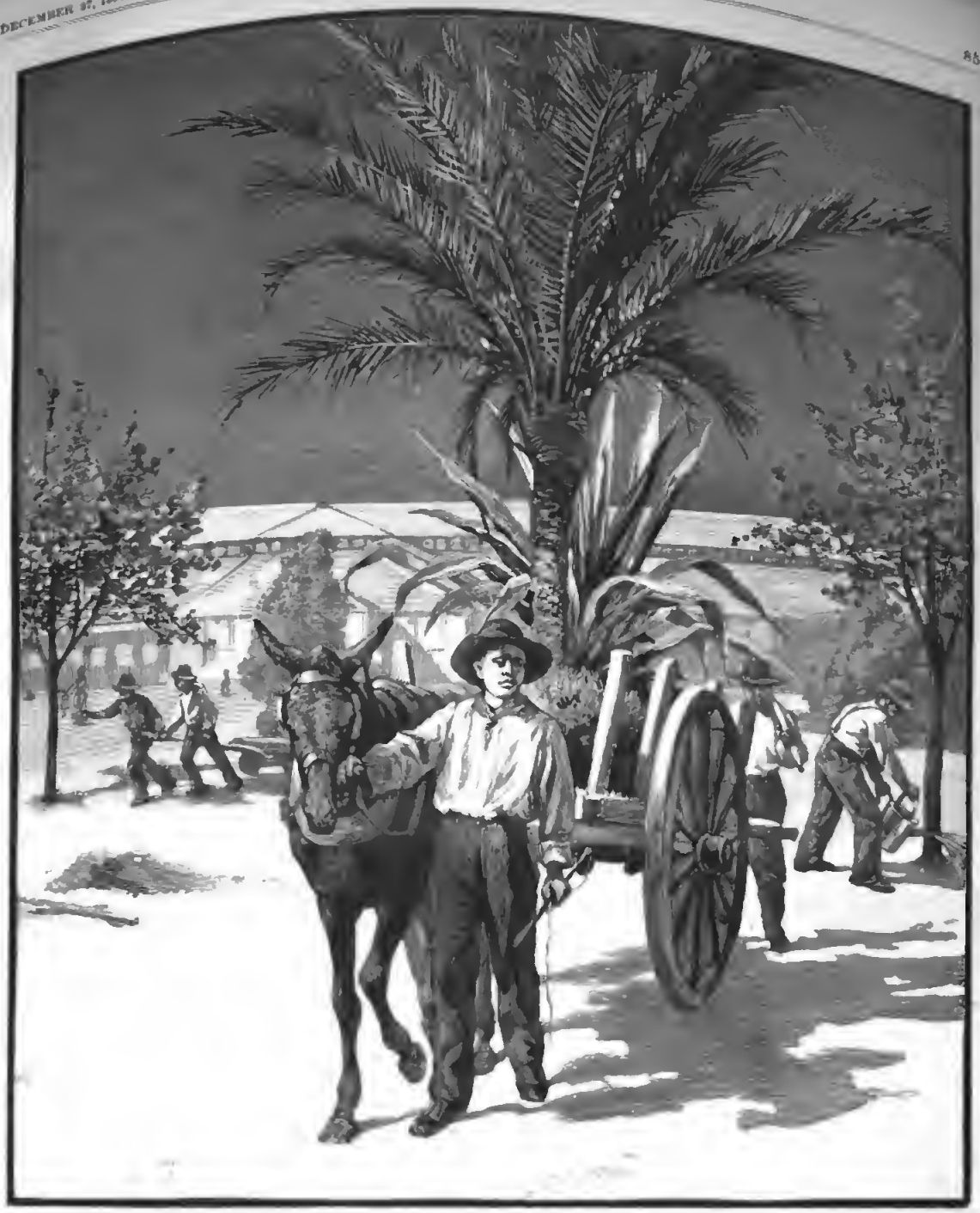
OPENING THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION—CEREMONIES IN THE EAST ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 854.]



THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION—PLANTING TREES.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from a Sketch by John Durkin.

THE NEW SOUTH AT NEW ORLEANS.

Scenery and feature of the World's Fair in New Orleans can more strikingly signalize its character than the manner in which it was opened. An "opening by telegraph" is a novelty in Industrial exhibitions and although it was adopted by reason only of the mechanical difficulties which prevented the President from making his announcement in person, it had a felicity that could have been bettered by no deliberation. The mystery which still in some degree invests to ordinary minds the instantaneous transmission of intelligence did not lessen the dignity of the inaugural ceremonies. That the city which in the old days was the seat and center of the old world sentiment that made the South a land apart should be shown, by the very form of announcing the most noteworthy event of her local history since the echoes of Farragut's guns died away on the river, to be in electric sympathy with the modern world, is surely of happy augury. This "opening by telegraph" strikes the key-note of the Exposition, and lends it to all Americans a far greater and more intimate interest than would attach to the mere fact of the beginning of an international exhibition in the tenth city of the Union.

Happily the inaugural ceremonies were all marked by simplicity and good taste, and marred only by an annoying delay, which held in suspense alike the waiting thousands in the main building of the Exposition and the waiting scores of official dignitaries in the East Room of the White House. The President's reply to the address of the managers, like all his official utterances, was marked by the graceful tact which is shown quite as much in what is suppressed as in what is inspired. The commercial treaties now pending between the United States and the States of Central America give a peculiar interest to an exhibition held in the city the chief commerce of which is supplied by those States. But as those commercial treaties are the most ambitious efforts in diplomacy of Mr. Arthur's administration, and as their ratification is involved in doubt, there would have been something unbecoming in a direct allusion to them by the President, whose references to the Central American trade were quite sufficient to call up in the minds of the hearers and readers of his remarks the considerations to which he discreetly forbore to give utterance.

The Exposition is intrinsically one of the most noteworthy that have been held. In the descriptions we constantly come upon the superlative degree—"the largest in the world." The main building, which is also "Machinery Hall," is in dimensions 1378 feet by 905, making the enormous aggregate of 1,247,090 square feet, which must be very much greater than that of any permanent building extant. The Horticultural Hall, which, as at Philadelphia, is a permanent acquisition to the park of the city, is also of great dimensions—600 feet by 194. The Government Building is several times larger than this—[illegible] feet by 348. We have not the figures for comparison at hand, but this must be a far larger inclosure than that devoted to the government at the Centennial, and it seems to be agreed by experts that the exhibit which it houses is the most complete and creditable showing that the various departments of the government have ever combined to make.

It is announced that the projectors of the American Exhibition intended to be held in London next year are endeavoring to secure this collection in its entirety—a laudable purpose, in which it is to be hoped they may succeed, since it is even more desirable that the government should be creditably represented abroad than at home.

Apart from the typical and usual features of a world's fair the Exposition contains several collections of a quite special interest and [illegible] Mexico can never have been so completely represented before without, or indeed within, her own borders. Besides a "head-quarters" for the Mexican Commissioners and a Mexican exhibition building, the republic occupies a floor space of [illegible] feet in the main building. Perhaps the most interesting of all the exhibits, and certainly the most novel, is the special exhibition of the [illegible] people of the South. The most interesting social question of this country, and the most important, is the question what progress the freedmen of the South are making toward that industrial independence and that diffused intelligence without which political liberty is of little value and [illegible] be a positive [illegible]. This question, the most important of all for us to have answered, has been also one of the most difficult questions to get any light upon, while of what Harris calls "dry light" we may be said to have none at all. It is much to be hoped that this exhibition may turn out to be really representative of the colored people of the South. In that case the social philosopher may find in the New Orleans Exposition more data of value to him than all the books of travel in the South put together can give him [illegible]

[illegible]

"Now I have marked, well [illegible]
It is better to fight for the [illegible]
ill.
I have left with my native [illegible]
hand;
I embrace the purpose [illegible]
signed.

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Breezie Langton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLV.

GETTING AT THE FAVORITE.

Dollie hurried away from the Rutland with Cuthbert Ellison's words ringing in her ears, "I'll take care the Dancing Master don't start," and she felt certain that he would, if possible, make good his word. She had caught but a fragment of their conversation, but it was quite enough to make her thoroughly understand the situation. It was evident from Pearson's speech that the two men hoped to win a very large stake over Caterham, and equally clear that they were afraid of the Dancing Master upsetting their plan, and were much disconcerted by his unexpected appearance at Newmarket. She knew her father was to see them that morning—indeed, had expected to find him with them. From Ellison's words she thought it was pretty clear that he not only had seen them, but had refused to strike the Dancing Master out of the Cambridgeshire. "If [illegible] won't take orders he must take consequences," that surely could only mean that her father had declined to obey his patrons on this point, and Dollie was much too conversant with turf history not to know that when Ellison said he would take care the horse should not start, foul play of some kind was contemplated.

Were all Gerald's hopes to be frustrated in this way? No! Something must be done to prevent it! What villainy was meditated? She must see Gerald at once. He would know what was best to be done. It was clear there was no time to be lost; but where was she to find him? She did not know where he lodged, and it was getting time for the day's racing to commence. [illegible] on the Heath, he might be so engaged as to [illegible] opportunity for speaking with him the whole afternoon. And yet she felt sure that her news would brook no delay in the telling. At last she bethought herself of the stables where her father's charges were standing, and made [illegible] way thither.

The first person she encountered [illegible] the yard was Joe Butters, who, seated on an upturned stable bucket, was solacing himself with a tankard of mild ale and a little tobacco [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] popular [illegible] that the fallow [illegible] were the wife and daughter of [illegible] owned the now first favorite for the [illegible] stake; for Lord Whitby's heavy commission [illegible] the top of the big steeplechase [illegible] and his friends, had at length placed the Dancing Master at the head of the poll, and it was by this time no secret that "the gentleman jockey," as his admirers delighted to call him, would [illegible] that erratic animal.

"Ten thousand pardons, Dollie dearest; but I only got your message an hour or so ago, and am so busy I couldn't get here before. As it is I have had to bucket my hack unmercifully. [illegible] day, Mrs. Greyson; the sport is not of much account this afternoon, but if we get the black and crimson home first to-morrow, it won't be a dull week, you know, altogether."

"And you will, won't you, Mr. Rockingham?"

"I hope so," he replied, laughing. "And now, Dollie," he continued, lowering his voice, "what is it? I've no time to lose, as I must get back to ride Grand Turk in the next race."

"There is something wrong about the Dancing Master, Gerald. I overheard Cuthbert Ellison say that he would take care he didn't start."

"Ha!—who to?" inquired Rockingham, eagerly.

"To Mr. Pearson."

"And there was no one else present; and they don't know you overheard them?"

"There were only those two in the room, and I feel sure they don't know I was within earshot."

"This must be seen to as soon as possible. Both Ellison and Pearson are on the course; I have seen them. Meet me at the stables as soon as you can. I shall ride straight back after the next race, as I have no mount in the concluding one. I have proved a little too much for Cuthbert once or twice already, and I shouldn't wonder if I do again. Good-by, Dollie, for the present. Come up, 'Captain Barclay,'" and Gerald just pressed the hack with his knees, and the docile brute swung into a hand canter at [illegible] and [illegible] to the tune of [illegible] hand made his way to the starting-post for the Bretby Stakes Course.

Gerald called his hack after the famous pedestrian, saying he was always doing his four miles over the Heath after the manner of his god-father.

Dollie [illegible] difficulty [illegible] persuading her mother to leave the course [illegible] last race. It was the good lady's first visit to Newmarket, and to tell the truth she was not very favorably impressed with it. She found it dull. At York [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Such as [illegible] He walked up to the [illegible] closely. He was apparently [illegible] result of his examination [illegible] face [illegible]

"Now, Joe," he continued, "[illegible] what [illegible] and I have got to [illegible] must never leave the horse till after to-morrow's race. I've just heard, on good authority, that they are determined to get at him."

"What! Do you mean to say," said Butters, "that any one intends to nobble the Dancer?"

"So I hear, Joe; but not if we know it."

"Why, who's going to do it?"

"Never mind that," replied Gerald. "The horse is all right. Now you and I will keep watch here to-night, and take very good care they don't. If my information is correct, we shall see who they are. It is gratifying in one way, at all events. It shows they think as highly of his chance as I do. Now be off and get something to eat as quick as you can, and then come back to me."

On Butters relieving guard, Gerald slipped out on a similar errand, and on his return said, "Now Joe, we shall have to pass the night here. You can lie down amongst the straw and go to sleep. I can trust you to stick to me in a row, but you know, Joe, I can't trust you to keep awake."

"Well, Mr. Rockingham, I'm a way of dropping off, and the worst of it is, I sleep that heavy that I take a good deal of waking."

"All right; you go and lie down. Very little sleep does for me, and I'll get that toward morning. In the mean while I'll keep watch."

That the spirit may be willing but the flesh weak is a very world-worn axiom, and to no one did it apply more forcibly than to Mr. Butters. He would spare himself in no wise to secure success and glory to Riddleton, but in the matter of [illegible] and abstinence he was frail. He could not keep awake by night nor abstain from the flesh-pots by day. He sighed over his [illegible] and cravings for pastry, and shuddered at the sight of a weighing machine, but he knew his failings, and that to wrestle with them was beyond [illegible]. It was with a sigh of relief he [illegible] assigned to him, and received his orders.

"You can depend upon me, Mr. Rockingham," [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] He dodged [illegible] the two struggling men, and [illegible] blow at Gerald, [illegible] the fray, caused [illegible] and the short, heavy [illegible] upon Joe's cranium, [illegible] Rockingham's, stretching the [illegible] on the ground. At this [illegible] Gerald wrenched himself clear of his [illegible] took advantage of his [illegible] fighting, and administered a sharp left-hander between the eyes that [illegible] reeling against the sides of [illegible]. Taking in the state of things at [illegible] Gerald sprang upon the attorney, and before Pearson was quite aware of the attack, had snatched the stick from his hand. There was no time to be lost; Pearson threw down the lantern and made for the door, which his [illegible] had already gained. The diversion was successful. In his anxiety to possess himself of the lantern before harm should come from it, for Pearson had cast it perilously near the straw, Gerald neglected pursuit; and when that necessary act was accomplished, came to the hasty conclusion that it was better to succor Butters and soothe the horses, already disturbed and uneasy at the unusual noise, than follow the fugitives, both of whom he had recognized.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1439.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

There was great excitement at Newmarket in the course of the next morning, for, despite the precautions of Gerald, it had oozed out that there had been a daring attempt to get at the favorite during the night. Except to Greyson, Gerald had breathed no word of his nocturnal adventure, and he had cautioned Butters to be equally reticent. Joe had held his tongue pretty fairly, still he but lamely explained his cut head, and had not the *sang-froid* to emulate his companion's coolness, who, if questioned about how he came by the mark on his cheek, replied, curtly, "No matter." In the betting world, both in London and at Newmarket, the rush to get on the Dancing Master was tremendous, and even staggered the Ring, cool as that philosophical body ordinarily is. The meliese of Sir Marmaduke and his followers, coupled with that of Lord Whitby, completely ran away with the public's own judgment. Notwithstanding the many disappointments the horse had occasioned them, they argued that the astute Baronet would never have trusted him once more unless upon unexceptional grounds. It was rumored that, although running in Greyson's name, he was still Sir Marmaduke's property, that he had won a tremendous trial, and was seven pounds in front of Caterham. Then this was Lord Whitby's year; everything he touched came off, and decades of bad luck were being rapidly avenged. Backers are notoriously superstitious, and many of them much given to following a lucky jockey, a lucky horse, a lucky stable, as even cointridences. In 1869, when the followers of the cherry and black remembered that Sir Joseph Hawley had won the Derby in the years 1858 and 1859, and that he had won it again in 1868, what wonder they hardened their hearts and looked upon it that he was bound to win it twice running in each decade, and dashed down their money on unlucky Pero in consequence? Old horses allotted light weights have many times shown a marvellous recovery of their juvenile form in the Cambridgeshire, and for all three reasons combined the public went wild about the Dancing Master, and the fielders shortened their price hourly.

There were many old hands who had intrusted their money to Caterham, and many others whose eggs were in other baskets—men who could not get over the horse's uncertain temper, and were themselves no believers in his ultimate victory—yet they all agreed such a red-hot favorite they never remembered in all their experience; and though no doubt there were exceptions they could all point to, yet these red hot favorites generally won, or, at the worst, made their opponents tremble in their shoes. So that even those cool, unprejudiced race-goers who were ranged against the self-willed gray had conceived a great respect for his chance. Then there was that now-announced fact that he was to be the gentleman jockey's mount, and that at once ranged all the women on his side; and if in our gradually advancing civilization there are people so innocent as to believe that ladies of the present day, or, for the matter of that, of many days past, do not bet, the writer respects their simplicity, and would not willingly disturb such credulity.

"I don't know quite what to think of it all, Mr Rockingham," said the trainer, as Gerald looked in at the stables, previous to cantering up to the course. "The Dancer's a little fretful, and snatched at his corn this morning in a fidgety, impatient manner that looks bad for his behavior on the Heath to-day. He's an excitable horse, and last night's row in his stable there's no doubt upset him a bit. As for Caterham, he's as cool as possible; he's one of the level-tempered sort that a salvo of artillery wouldn't disturb except for the moment. Then how are you yourself, sir? No sleep and a rough-and-tumble fight ain't a good preparation for a big race."

"I'm all right, Greyson, never fear. I'll ride as good a race to-day as ever I did. Mind, put that heavy double-reined snaffle on him as we settled, pet, coax, and keep him as quiet as you can. Don't saddle among the others, so as not to excite him, and I shall do as I told you—come right through with him; so if you don't see me playing follow-my-leader before we're gone a quarter of a mile, you will understand the Dancer's got his own opinion and I've had to give in to it."

"Yes, Mr Rockingham, you're right after all. Though you're to ride your own way to-day, it's coming back to pretty much the orders I gave you more than two years ago."

"I shall ride identically the same way, except that I understand the horse's mouth better, thanks to Dollie. Now I'm off."

"And I trust to Heaven, Mr Rockingham, you'll win. I've borne the tyranny of those men for years, and done more dirty work for them than I care to think about. Pearson has had me in his debt so deep that I dare not disobey him; but it was Mr Elliston who gave the orders always. I've broken with them now, and must stand the consequences; but, after last night's business, I should fancy they'll be rather shy of law courts or aught else."

"You're not likely to see them to-day; and, win or lose, depend upon it they'll never set foot on an English race-course again. When Lord Whitby and Sir Marmaduke hear the story, Messrs. Elliston and Pearson will get warning with regard to Newmarket, depend upon it. As for the rest, Greyson, if we're beaten, you'll worry through, never fear."

The trainer sat musing on the now, so to say, historic corn-bin, behind which Gerald had crouched the preceding night. "To think," he muttered, "that my daughter should be going to marry a real swell; and not only that, but the best horseman in England, and one of the finest, pluckiest young men ever I ran across, high or low! Damme, if ever they persuade me into doing another 'about'! Well," he continued, rising, "it's getting about time we were off. Joe, you may get 'em out and walk 'em up to the Heath. If anybody's got two in the big race which look better than mine, I should just like to see 'em, that's all. I'm just going across the yard to get my hack; I shan't be five minutes; but mind, Joe, the Cambridgeshire horses you're never to leave till their jockeys are in the saddle."

Another quarter of an hour and Greyson and his horses were leisurely wending their way to the Heath. There, of course, the wildest rumors about the attempt "to get at the favorite" were current. The people just down from London were agog to hear all about it, for the report had been wired to town; but though there were plenty of the sojourners at Newmarket only too delighted to relate their version of the affair, yet, as we know, the actual particulars were known only to three people besides the delinquents, namely, Gerald, Butters, and Greyson. But if the peril the favorite had been in was involved in mystery, there was no doubt in the public mind that it had been successfully surmounted, and their anxiety to be on what one of the boldest of the sporting prophets had pronounced "the best thing of the year" waxed stronger every hour. For the backers had fairly tired out the fielders, and the leading members of the Ring, when asked, "what about the Dancing Master?" replied, "they'd no more money to lay." Still it had been a good betting race from the first; and though there was no doubt the success of the Dancing Master would take an immense sum out of the Ring, there were a wonderful lot of whilom favorites that had never even seen Newmarket, to assist them in settling day, to say nothing of various other public fancies, that money would have to be paid over largely, should they go down before the favorite.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

LEAN PEOPLE.

There are four chief causes of fatness—to wit, too much eating, drinking, and sleep, and too little exercise. Three lead to over-assimilation, or an excess of supply over the waste of the body, and obesity is the result. If the healthy equation between supply and waste be disturbed in the converse way, leanness is the result. Excessive labor, whether of body or mind, too little food, drink, and rest, lead to under-accumulation.

Within limits, leanness, like fatness, is a healthy condition. But in many cases leanness is also a symptom of more or less grave disease, as is chronic or exhausting ailments of nearly every kind. With such association we are not now concerned; it is a matter for medical treatment; and the first thing in such a case is to seek the cause of the definite disease which causes it. The healthy leanness of youth or middle age need not trouble any one, at least on the score of physical well-being. It is an advantage to keep clear of obesity until age arrives, when in many cases it is inevitable, for then the needed exercise can no longer be taken so formerly, and physical exercise is a main preventive of fatness. There is, indeed, unless when it is caused by serious disease, rarely more than one case of leanness that requires treatment to ten cases of obesity. I speak of our own community; in China, I believe, a person is looked upon as the more fortunate in proportion to his fatness. It would be curious to know whether the felicity of the Chinese banker Hou Qua, of Canton, who is said to be worth a hundred taels, or fourteen hundred millions of dollars, is in any way expressible in terms of obesity.

But with us there is only one considerable class who have much desire to be fatter than they are, and these are neither the poor nor the old. It is especially by young women that "the rounded limb, the graceful curve," are desired. Many of them find leanness saying No to their natural desire to be beautiful. A moderate degree of plumpness in one community, an excessive degree in some others, as in many of the Polynesian islands, is thought by the men to be an essential condition of attractiveness in women. What shall a young lady do when she discovers that nature has stinted her in plumpness?

Any person who has a good digestion may be fattened. But before examining the dietary regimen for fattening, let our candidate for plumpness ask about some other condition of physical well-being. Is she given to worrying? Does she sleep well and sufficiently? Has she a good temper? Does she worry? If any dietary system is to help her, she must bring hygiene and morals to aid it. I well know that peace of mind is not to be prescribed like a liniment. But we can all make the effort toward peace of mind, and the effort itself is tonic. Our thin lady, then, must give up the habit of worrying, from which she often suffers; it is a habit which makes more women thin, pale, and nervous, a distress to themselves and to their families, than any other ailment. Let our sufferer bring all her philosophy to bear upon this destructive mental state. This is often the hardest part of the prescription, for melancholy and repining are often dear to the sufferer from leanness.

But when a good resolve has been taken in this respect, then our lean person may put faith in a regimen like the following:

1. Most articles of food that are easily digestible, excepting lean meat and salads, are fattening, and one will hardly go wrong in choosing a fattening diet from the wide range of excellent materials.

2. There is, however, some choice. Vegetables as a class are more fattening than meats, because they contain more starch and sugar.

3. In detail, white bread and potatoes should form a part of every meal; soups and broths are also important. For breakfast eat eggs, either boiled, poached, or in *omelet*; cutlets or *petits pâtés* are almost as fattening. The coffee or chocolate should be well "extended" with milk and sugar. People with a "sweet tooth" are rarely too thin.

At dinner eat fish, meat, and vegetables, but more abundantly, if the digestion permits it, of the latter. Macaroni and rice are valuable adjuncts toward the end in view. Make much of the dessert, creams, pastry, pies, and puddings, and other preparations which contain much sugar, are to be chosen. Drink good milk or good beer; nothing is healthier or more fattening. Wine often aids the digestion when it is weak. For the thin and nervous in general a light bitter beer is the ideal drink. It can be had pure, of uniform quality, and cheap. It combines the maximum of useful qualities for the purpose that we are considering. Tea and coffee have too much of the stimulant quality for such persons to use them abundantly. Milk is not always tolerated by the adult stomach, nor can it always be obtained of good quality. Syrups and effervescing drinks can seldom be used habitually without deranging the digestion. Even water is not always safe; water is often the vehicle of diseased germs, though I have not a word to say against pure water for the healthy; but it is not proved to be fattening.

Beer has none of these objections; it is safe, it is fattening, and it is nutritious. A writer in the London *Medical Times* says: "If a committee of unprejudiced scientific men had been appointed to compound and recommend a perfectly *aseptic* drink, combining the qualities of nutrition and of palatability, with such small amount of alcohol as should act as a preservative to the fluid itself, an aid to digestion, and a mild and innocuous stimulant to the whole system, it is probable upon a light bitter beer, brewed from good malt and hops, that the seal of their approval would be placed. Formed as it is from wholesome materials, easily converted, and at a small cost, tonic and nutritious, harmless except in almost impossible quantity, it is just such an ideal drink as we should pine for if we did not already possess it."

And this view, which I believe to be a sound one, is *a fortiori* the view for the American, who lives in a comparatively dry climate, and who uses little soup and less wine. With the prescription of good beer as a good diluent and a good fattener, I conclude the regimen for plumpness. It is certainly an agreeable regimen, and I would have my fair thin reader to follow it, wishing and predicting her success in developing "the rounded limb and graceful curve."

Titus Munson Coan.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Until recently, if a man was seen wearing a striped shirt surmounted by a plain white collar, the explanation was easy: either the man had no white shirt or he had no striped collar. The union of the incongruous objects had been the result of an exigency. Now, however, it is the thing to make this combination. It is said that the Prince of Wales, or somebody else high in the walks of fashion, happened to be caught in a place where he had to borrow a shirt, and that the best that could be done for him was a striped shirt and a white collar. He was seen while so arrayed, and his imitators promptly began to wear striped shirts and white collars as a regular thing. Thus one by one are the rights of the rod stripped from him.

An octopus was caught recently with fish-hooks near Portland in Oregon. There was a great struggle in getting it into a boat and bringing it ashore. It was hooked in about three hundred feet of water. As it was brought near the surface it seized upon the bottom of the boat, and no effort of those in the boat could loosen it. Finally the boat was set in motion, when the devil-fish dropped off of its own accord. One of its feelers came in contact with the arm of a boy who was in the boat, and the fish let go only when the feeler was beaten to a jelly with a club. It was what is called a monster specimen. Its arms, or feelers, were nine feet long, and its purse-shaped body was about one foot in diameter.

It is related as illustrative of the zeal of English fox-hounds that three hounds of the Carlow and Island Hunt recently followed a fox fifty yards into an extremely narrow sewer, and were dug out dead, the foremost dog with the fox in his grasp. In another case the hounds of the South Durham Hunt were close after a fox, which made toward the shaft of a flooded coal mine and plunged in. The leading hounds went after him and were drowned. Several times railroad trains have been stopped in order to save packs which had got upon the track.

The Brooklyn Board of Aldermen has recommended its Law Committee to frame an ordinance forbidding the carrying or use of brass-knuckles under a penalty of ten dollars. The Constitution of the United States guarantees the right of every citizen to carry arms. Laws hitherto passed have only ventured to impose the condition that the arms must not be concealed.

Highland County, Virginia, has a burning mountain. Two gentlemen who recently undertook to investigate it found the earth near the summit so hot that they could scarcely bear to walk upon it. Digging to the depth of a foot they found the earth burning and smoking. The burning matter was brick-color, and could be moulded like wax.

The lot of the Berlin 'bus conductor is no more happy than that of his brother of the New York street car. He works from sixteen to eighteen hours a day for seven days in the week, is fined heavily for any discrepancy in his money returns, and is paid something like 67½ cents a day. He eats as he gets a chance while bowling along on his 'bus, or while waiting for passengers at the 'bus station.

Orders have been issued forbidding the managers of theatres in Germany to produce any plays in which ancestors or collateral relatives of the Prussian royal family are represented. The fear is expressed by the London *Truth* that, owing to the relationship existing between the Prussian princes and the house of Denmark, Hamlet may be considered an ancestor, and may not be permitted again to walk the boards.

A French physician of the homœopathic school announces that he is prepared to treat and cure all unpleasant human passions, such as envy, hatred, malice, anger, jealousy, obstinacy, aversion, etc. He declares that he has transformed a jealous and violent husband, who had behaved like a brute to his wife for sixteen years, into the most trusting and amiable of spouses. All that was necessary was to drop a little nux vomica into the man's soup.

An Australian store-keeper who wished to advertise his wares in the Chinese language engaged a Celestial sign-painter to make him a sign. When the sign was displayed the store-keeper wondered to see all Chinamen who happened to pass, read the sign, grin broadly, shake their heads, and pass on. He finally got an English translation of the sign, which was, "Don't buy anything here; store-keeper a rogue."

Foreigners who come here express wonder at the blazing foliage of autumn, especially as it is seen in New England. Americans are apt to think that the brilliant spectacle of the hues is confined to their own country. England, however, makes such displays, or approaches to such, once in a while. A correspondent writes: "I have been up the Thames during the past week, from Henley to Cleeve Lock, above Goring. The trees in Park Place, Wargrave Hill, Purley, Maple, Durham, Hart's Wood, and Streatley Hill were marvellous in their tints of russet, of yellow, of red, of green and browns of every variety. We have not seen such autumnal tints in England for years, and every turn convinced one of the marvellous truth of the pictures of old Crome, of Gainsborough, and of John Linnell. I passed through a small avenue of chestnuts which showed every gradation of golden tint, and which was almost dazzling to gaze upon. Last week the upper Thames exhibited a blaze of color that was worth going any distance to see."

PRACTICAL.

Old Farmer. "Do yew speak ter Albany, cap'n?"

Agent. "Yep."

Old Farmer. "Wa'al, if yer soundin' up that way, d'ye mind hurlin' these 'ere planks at the Guvenor? an' jest say ter him that we heerd down 'ot the village he was havin' trouble 'bout timber fer makin' his Cabinet, so we send him somethin' that will just do—hickory, by the eternal: every inch on 'em."

AN OLD ROUNDSMAN'S STORY.

By MARGARET EYTINGE.

So you're a writer, and you think I could
Tell you some story of the Christmas-time—
Something that happened to myself, which you,
Having the rhyming knack, might put in rhyme?

Well, you are right. But of the yarns I mind
The most are best untold, they are so sad;
My beat's the shadiest in town, you know,
Amongst the very poor and very bad.

And yet from one of its worst places, where
Thieves gather who go round with murd'rous knives,
A blessing came one Christmas-day that brought
My wife and me the sunshine of our lives.

The night before, I had at last run down
Lame Jim, the captain of a river gang,
Who never had been caught, although his deeds
Were such that he deserved for them to hang.

And as he sprung upon the dock I sprung
Like lightning after him, and in a trice
Fell through a trap-door, and went sliding down
Upon a plank as slippery as ice.

I drew my pistol as I slid, and when
I struck the earth again, "Hands up!" I cried;
"I've got you now," and at the same time flashed
The light of a dark lantern every side.

I'd landed in a big square room, but no
Lame Jim nor any other rough was there;
But from some blankets spread upon the floor
A child looked up at me with wond'ring stare—

A little girl with eyes that shone like stars,
And sweet pale face, and curly, golden head.
"Why did you come so fast? You woke me up,
And scared me too," in lisping words she said.

"But now I am not scared, for I know you.
You're Santa Claus. My stocking's on the wall.
I wish you merry Christmas. Where's my toys?
I hope you've brought a lovely cup and ball."

I never was so taken back, I vow;
And while I questions asked, Jim got away.
"Who are you, pretty one?" at last I asked.
"I? Don't you know? Why, I am little May.

"My mother died the other night, and went
To heaven; and Jim, my father, brought me here.
It isn't a nice place; I'm 'fraid of it,
For everything's so lonely and so queer.

"But I remembered it was Christmas-eve,
And hoped you'd find me, though I thought because
There was no chimney you might not. But oh!
I'm glad you did, dear Mr. Santa Claus."

Well, Captain Jim escaped—he isn't, I mean,
But not a higher power: he was drowned.
And on his body near his heart, poor wretch,
The picture of his baby girl was found.

And that dear baby girl went home with me,
And never was a gift more precious given;
For children had that home have many years,
And as she seemed sent to it straight from heaven.

God's ways are wonderful. From unkent soil
There often grows a flower sweet and bright.
But I must go, my time is nearly up.
A merry Christmas to you, and good-night!

MISS HERMONCIEUX.

By J. ESTEN COOKE.

I.

Miss Hermoncieux is a great puzzle to me. What is she going to do? I think sometimes of asking her, but she would not be apt to take me into her confidence. Things have certainly reached a point between Warrington and herself when she will be called upon to make up her mind what course she will pursue.

I have certainly never seen anybody who interested me so much. I would not call her exactly pretty—at least a stranger might not think so. She is a creole of about twenty, tall, rather too slender, perhaps, with brown hair worn low on the forehead, blue eyes, [illegible] a very fair complexion. Her mouth, [illegible], is [illegible] exquisite, and she has a way of smiling faintly with a shy side look which is really fascinating.

It is a pity she is so great an heiress—that child one. A good girl ought to be poor, in order to find out who really loves her. How can she know, when she is worth a million?

She and her cousin Miss Arthur, are from northern Alabama, and have spent the summer with Mr. Fenton. He is a princely old merchant who has retired from business, built a very beautiful villa adjoining my tumble-down place and the young ladies are his relatives. They came in June, and it is now October. I believe they are about to return home. Well they will have a great deal to laugh about, as their visit has proved something of a comedy.

Miss Arthur told me everything. She is a small brunette, with a plump figure, black eyes, and a fund of laughter which seems to be inexhaustible. The spirit of frolic and practical joking is her great characteristic, and on leaving Alabama she induced her cousin to make an absurd agreement. Miss Hermoncieux, the real heiress, was to pass for the poor cousin, and Miss Arthur, the poor cousin, was to pass for the heiress.

Thence arose complications. Miss Arthur, to her secret delight, received marked attention from gentlemen, and Miss Hermoncieux was comparatively neglected. Mr. Fenton [illegible] his wife must have been taken into the confidence of the young ladies, but then the smiling old couple rarely mingle with their gay young visitors, and the farce thus went on until about the middle of August. Then the ruse was discovered by some accident, and everybody laughed, especially Miss Arthur, who is accustomed to say that all [illegible] are mercenary. Miss Hermoncieux grew much more popular, and Miss Arthur's friends cooled—among the rest, Mr. Warrington. He had apparently been very much devoted to Miss Arthur, and now became as devoted to her cousin.

T. Herbert Warrington, as he signs himself, is an elegant fellow, [illegible] twenty-five years of age, with light hair, a curling mustache, and a manner full of grace and ease. He always dresses in the height of the fashion, and wears kid gloves even when he is driving his handsome drag. As he passes behind his glossy bays, with his liveried groom in rear, he has a gay word for everybody, cries, "How goes it, my dear fellow?" and takes off his hat to the ladies he meets with the perfection of grace. Unfortunately the state of his affairs is the subject of common talk. He has nearly run through a fine property, is in the condition known as "hard up," and makes no secret of the fact that he is looking out for a rich wife.

It is not known whether he proposed to Miss Arthur or not; it is certain that they were extremely intimate. When the fact was ascertained that Miss Hermoncieux was the true heiress, he laughed louder than the rest, declared the joke excellent, remained on the best terms with Miss Arthur, but gradually drifted in the direction of Miss Hermoncieux. As the days went on his attentions grew more marked, and now there is no longer any doubt. My friend Warrington is going to ask the young heiress to marry him, and what puzzles me is to know what she has decided to do.

II.

This evening I had quite an adventure. I was returning home a little before sunset, and on the country road winding through the red foliage of a body of woods met Miss Hermoncieux.

She was riding without escort, and seemed to have lost her road, which proved to be the fact.

"I am very glad I met you," she said, smiling, and holding out a small gauntleted hand. "I have missed my way."

And she explained that she had ridden out for exercise, confiding in her knowledge of the neighborhood, but had mistaken the road.

"It is fortunate I met you, as a storm is coming," I said. "I will escort you home by the nearest route."

And I rode on beside her. She was quite charming in her dark habit, and her ride had given her what her complexion wanted. Her cheeks were rosy and her blue eyes bright with the healthful exercise.

"You are going away soon?" I said.

"Yes; I am very sorry," she replied.

"Your visit has been pleasant, I hope?"

"Very pleasant indeed."

We had left the woods and entered the open country. On a hill to the left rose my dilapidated establishment. A gate led into the field in front. Of the two globes with spiral carvings once surmounting the posts, one had fallen. I thought she noticed it, and said, rather ruefully:

"See the consequences of bad management. That is my house yonder, and it is no better than my gate."

"It is a very fine old place."

"It is a very poor one, and very lonely too. I see entirely by myself there, and can't say I enjoy it."

"It is a pity."

Her head drooped, and she looked absently toward the house as we passed. Nothing was simpler than her speech, and yet a great throb came to my heart. Why do women make these speeches unless they are blind?—which I do not think they are.

"A man's lot is not of his own making," I said. "One is blessed with a home circle of smiling faces, and another is not. It is rather hard, but I do [illegible] complain."

"I am so sorry."

For half a second she looked sideways at me with her faint smile and sad eyes. Then she rode on without speaking.

I was anxious that she should reach home. The storm which had been brewing in the afternoon was about to burst, and the black clouds drifting eastward were seamed by lightning flashes.

"You will be drenched unless you gallop," I said.

"Nothing would please me more," she exclaimed, laughing.

"Well, a race, then."

We went on at full speed, trying to outrun the storm. It was impossible to do so. Half a mile from Mr. Fenton's villa it burst in all its fury, and the horse which Miss Hermoncieux rode grew terrified at the thunder and lightning. The rain dashed in our faces as we went on at full speed, and though I could see that the young lady was an excellent horsewoman, her frightened animal was almost beyond her control.

Three hundred yards from the gate of the villa occurred the accident I spoke of. A tree had been blown down across the road, and Miss Hermoncieux's horse attempted to clear it. In leaping, her girth broke, but I was close to her, and caught her as she was falling. For a moment I held her in my arms, and by a natural impulse she had thrown her own around my neck.

One feels a queer sensation embracing a young lady in so unexpected a manner. It amounts to nothing, of course, since she would clasp a footman in the same affectionate fashion. But I did not remember that, and then the young girl I held to my heart, her cheek touching my own for an instant, was Miss Hermoncieux!

The rest of the adventure was rather prosaic. The young lady's horse had darted from under her, and I dismounted quickly, giving her my arm. She was laughing, though the rain was beating upon her, and the furious gusts blowing her brown hair about. It had fallen and covered her shoulders, and as she had dropped her riding-hat, her head was unprotected. Her wet dress clung to her person, and altogether she suggested the idea of a naiad, and a very charming one.

"There is nothing to do but walk home," I said. "You don't seem to mind it in the least."

"I don't mind it at all," she said, laughing. And putting on her hat, which I picked up, she took my arm, and we walked to the villa, where we were received with exclamations and every evidence of delight.

I came home when the storm lulled a little, and have amused myself by writing this page in my journal. I wonder whether she felt the least bit of the agitation *I* certainly did when her arms were around my neck and her cheek touched mine?

III.

I rode over to Mr. Fenton's this morning.

As I came in sight of the old merchant's villa I was struck with the contrast between the house and grounds and my own. Mr. Fenton has amused his leisure in lavishing money on the place, and nothing could be neater or more attractive. I think envy was left out of my composition, but I remember thinking: "The owner of a fine establishment is fortunate. If he falls in love with a rich girl, nobody can suspect his motives."

I was riding up to the gate leading into the grounds, when Warrington passed in his drag with his superb bays and liveried footman. His appearance was resplendent, and his handsome mustache curled with enjoyment as he cried, "How goes it, my dear fellow?" Then the shining drag went by like a flash and disappeared through the tall gateway.

Warrington had evidently come to call on Miss Hermoncieux, and the fact was annoying. I should be *de trop*, and it is not good to be *de trop*. I hesitated, resolved to put off my visit, rode back slowly for a while, and then, impatient at my own cowardice, returned and rode into the grounds of the villa just in time to see Miss Hermoncieux and Warrington disappearing on a stroll.

Miss Arthur was sitting in a rustic arm-chair on the veranda.

"Do come and talk to me!" she exclaimed, holding out her hand, and pointing to a chair near her. "Poor Sir Tristan, I am your only resource. The gallant Sir Warrington has borne off the prize."

I was accustomed to Miss Arthur's vivacity and and plain-speaking, so I said, "Well, the prize, I suppose, is willing."

Miss Arthur looked at me satirically, her black eyes sparkling. "What actors you gentlemen are! You affect indifference, and yet I found out your secret a month ago."

"My secret?"

"You are in love with Elise Hermoncieux. You are blushing. I was certain of it."

"What an idea!" I stammered. "It would be too stupid."

"I don't see that it would be so stupid. Elise is the very best girl in the world, and not positively frightful. Mr. Warrington is enslaved, you see, and you know he is a gentleman of taste."

I was nettled, I thought, to my revenge, and said: "Is he? Well, I heard that he was a devoted friend of yours."

Miss Arthur colored a little, and I detected a lurking expression of satire on her red lips. "Certainly he is a devoted friend, and how charming it will be to have him in the family!"

"Are they to be married? When is it to take place?"

Miss Arthur looked at me for a moment without speaking, and then said: "Will you answer a plain question? I dare you, as the children say."

"I'll not 'take a dare.' Yes, I will answer it."

"Well, why don't you tell Elise?"

"Tell her—?"

"That you love the very ground she walks on?"

"What an absurdity!"

"No, I am not at all absurd," she said. "If there was any doubt, you would not blush so. Do you know I like to see people blush? It is so honest! I really take an interest in you. It is surprising, but you pay me just as much attention as you did when you supposed I was a great heiress."

"Do you think that so astounding?"

"It has at least the charm of contrast: others have not been so disinterested. It is strange, but you and I are just as good friends as before, and I think friends ought to give each other advice."

"Certainly."

"Well, shall I give you some?"

"If you please."

"Tell Elise. She doesn't suspect it in the least. A brave man ought to have courage to risk his fate."

She spoke earnestly now, and I felt an impulse to speak as earnestly in reply.

"Miss Arthur," I said, "did you ever reflect how unpleasant it is to be poor? It is what the French call a *bêtise*."

"That depends. Health and friends are the greatest source of happiness, and I don't believe it is good for anybody to be very rich."

"I agree with you, and yet suppose a man with just enough to live upon falls in love with a woman of large fortune, what is he to do?"

"Tell her so."

"And be suspected of thinking of her money and not of herself. No, I thank you."

"And that is the reason you don't pay your addresses to Elise, though you are a victim!" There was something irresistible in her frankness.

"I did not know it until the other evening—it is absurd, but I did not."

"The other evening, when you rode home with her, and so gallantly rescued her, and embraced her in that highly improper manner! She was shocked. She told me all about it."

"And made me a laughing-stock, I suppose. Well, I can't help that."

"She did not laugh at you in the least. And so that is the reason you are so glum! Sir Tristan, the sad knight, allows the gay Sir Warrington to win the princess because he is afraid of being misunderstood."

"If you choose. But I must ask one favor—that you will not speak to Miss Hermoncieux of this conversation."

"I promise. So Elise's wealth is the only obstacle?"

"You are terribly exacting in your questions."

"There, I will not ask you any more now, it would be quite unnecessary. You have told me all without telling me anything, and now I mean to tell *you* something."

"It will interest me, I hope."

"You are certain to be deeply interested."

"Do relieve my suspense."

"Why not? It will make you happy. But here is Elise. She and Mr. Warrington are coming back. I wonder if he has—well, popped."

"You have time to tell me what will interest me so much."

"No; come back to-morrow," she said, in a low tone. "Look! something has certainly happened. Mr. Warrington is in the highest spirits."

Miss Hermoncieux and her companion came to the portico, and she held out a small hand, smiling shyly, after her fashion. General conversation followed, and then, finding that my friend Warrington was resolved to remain, I rode back home.

IV.

What was Miss Arthur going to tell me? I was immensely puzzled. At the end of an hour's reflection and speculation I could not imagine what she meant.

I was seated on my old porch after breakfast reading a newspaper, when Warrington drove up, and, squeezing my hand warmly, said he had come to smoke a cigar. He presented his elegant case, and we were soon seated smoking fraternally.

"I dropped in to see you, old fellow," he said, "to tell you that my affair yonder is about arranged."

"Your affair—with Miss Hermoncieux?"

He nodded, with an air of much enjoyment.

"Well," I said, "I congratulate you. When is it to take place?"

Warrington looked at me curiously. "I thought you would be more cut up," he said. "A million is a pretty figure, and don't turn up every day."

"My dear Warrington," I said, "let me give you a piece of advice: don't refer so publicly to Miss Hermoncieux's money; if you do, people will say that you are thinking of that rather than of the young lady."

"Well," he said, with a gay laugh, "you are right—human nature is uncharitable. I don't mind saying that a young lady's bank account is an important item to a fellow so deuced hard up as I am, but in the case of a girl as lovely as Miss Hermoncieux, that dwindles into insignificance."

"A noble sentiment!"

"Well, old fellow, I see you are cut up, after all. I am sorry, but can't help it. I thought I would call on my way to the villa to tell you how things stood, as it is best to avoid misunderstandings, and you are too honorable a man to—well, put any trouble in the way of a friend."

"Put any trouble?"

"Well, I heard you were a little soft on Miss Hermoncieux yourself. I can understand that—and as long as the way was clear, you would be justified in going ahead. but—"

Warrington paused, laughing and looking at me significantly. I returned the look, and said,

"Are you engaged to be married to Miss Hermoncieux, Warrington?"

He laughed again, but not quite so naturally. The question evidently took him by surprise.

"Well—that is—not precisely *engaged*, my dear fellow—but—you understand."

It was my time to laugh now. "I see your little affair [illegible] not exactly arranged," I said, "though I thought it was from your appearance after that promenade. But set your mind at rest. I have at present no intention of asking Miss Hermoncieux to marry me. She is much too rich, and I am much too poor—unequal unions are always unfortunate."

Warrington's expression indicated immense relief. "My dear fellow, I honor your motives!" he exclaimed. "I wish I could imitate you. But, you see, I am devilish hard up, and I am obliged to disregard those nice sentiments, not that Miss Hermoncieux's money is what I am thinking of—[illegible] to me that injustice. It is only—well, an *additional* attraction."

"I have no doubt it is," I said, laughing rather ruefully. "I see you are *not* so cut up. Why not promise to be my best man?"

"We'll talk of that—there will be time, I suppose. I think you said you were not engaged. Why didn't you propose on that walk? Then all would now be arranged."

Warrington laughed rather uneasily. "I thought I would, but felt a little afraid. But I assure you, my dear boy, I approached the subject, and I think I can say—that is—the affair will soon be concluded."

Having made this significant statement, Warrington wrung my hand with the greatest cordiality, and getting into his drag, disappeared toward the villa.

I sat reflecting for more than an hour on this singular interview. Then I mounted and rode to superintend the draining of a piece of meadow. I had determined not to go near Mr. Fenton's: since I had given Warrington a sort of promise, I would keep my promise thoroughly.

A week afterward I received a line from Miss Arthur which induced me to ride to the villa.

"We are going home," said the note, "and you seem resolved not to come and say good-by."

V.

An hour afterward I was seated in the drawing-room at Mr. Fenton's conversing with Miss Arthur.

"I had a better opinion of you," she said, "than to think you would forget your friends."

"I have been engaged draining my land," I re-

plied, rather drearily, "and, besides, I made a promise."

"A promise?"

"To Sir Warrington, as you call him—the successful chevalier. I suppose his prospects are as encouraging as ever, and he is here occasionally?"

"Occasionally? He is here morning, noon, and night. But what promise did you make him?"

"I am not certain I ought to tell you; but I will do so if you will regard it as confidential. He told me of his affair, as he calls it, and I engaged not to interfere with him. I hope you understand."

"Yes, I understand. But you really are too absurd. I will speak plainly—I hate ceremony. I am your friend, and I choose to meddle. Why *don't* you ask Elise to marry you? She might."

What did Miss Arthur mean? I looked at her, but she was laughing. "I have already told you why I do not," I said. "Since you speak plainly, I reply as distinctly."

"Because she is wealthy?"

"Yes."

"And you are not?"

"Yes."

"Well, as that is the only obstacle—Elise's money—I have the pleasure of informing you that it no longer exists. That is a fine sentence, but expresses the idea."

"No longer exists!"

"I see you have not heard the news. Here is something which will save me the trouble of explaining."

She opened a portfolio lying upon an old secretary in one corner of the drawing-room, and took out a letter, which she unfolded and presented to me.

It bore the New Orleans postmark, with the name and address of a legal firm in the upper corner, and its contents were melancholy. By the defalcation of Miss Hermoncieux's former guardian and late trustee, Mr ——, her entire property had been swept away, together with large assets of the bank of which Mr —— had been cashier. He had left the city, and an examination of his papers had revealed Miss Hermoncieux's misfortune. The legal firm wrote to ascertain whether she desired to have proceedings taken to punish the defaulter.

I dropped the letter with no regret at all, but a great feeling of joy.

"I see you are deeply affected by poor Elise's loss," said Miss Arthur, laughing.

"I sympathize with her sincerely."

"And are not in the least sorry. It is heartless in me to laugh, but the obstacle to a certain proceeding on the part of a certain Don Quixote, or Sir Tristan, if you prefer, is now removed."

"But where is the happy knight, Sir Warrington?" I said.

"He has not been here since we told him the news. And yet I am sure he is even sorrier than you are."

I was in a maze. "So Miss Hermoncieux is penniless!" I said. "I sincerely feel for her."

"I don't think she minds it. She is a brave girl, and as cheerful as before."

"What are her plans, may I ask?"

"They are undecided—the news was so sudden. Elise is very fond of children, and I think she would really enjoy the life of a teacher."

"That is a very honorable occupation. But—" I stopped, and then added, as composedly as I could, "I suppose she will marry now, and Mr. Warrington?"

Miss Arthur laughed in her satirical manner. "Poor thing! I am afraid she will not have an opportunity," she said.

"An opportunity?"

"Mr. Warrington is said to be unwell—indisposed, if you prefer the term. He has just sent a line expressing his regret at being unable to call before our departure."

I looked at Miss Arthur. Her expression of satire was overpowering.

"I fear the intelligence of poor Elise's misfortune has affected his sensitive feelings, and occasioned his—indisposition," she added.

"A heartless speech!" I said, laughing, and feeling quite overjoyed. "When do you go?"

"In three days."

"Without an escort?"

"I am afraid so. Mr. Warrington was to have accompanied us, but his indisposition will hardly permit it."

"If you will allow me, I will take his place."

"With the greatest pleasure—I can speak for myself. I think, however, it would be only polite to ask Elise. I hear her coming down stairs. I don't think she knows you are here. Will you excuse me for a moment? I have left my spool—"

And Miss Arthur vanished. As she disappeared from the drawing-room she glanced over her shoulder, and an expression of great pleasure and amusement overspread her face.

A moment afterward Miss Hermoncieux entered, and I could see from her quick blush that my presence was a surprise to her. She advanced a few steps, hesitated, and I terminated her hesitation. Taking her little hands in my own, I covered them with kisses, and said:

"I have heard what has happened, and will not pretend I am sorry. I can tell you how dearly I love you now. I came near telling you in that storm, when I held you in my arms."

VI.

I have accompanied Miss Hermoncieux and Miss Arthur to Alabama, and my marriage with the first-mentioned young lady will take place this evening.

My friend Warrington was at the station—a gallant man to the last—to bid the young ladies good-by, and I had not the heart to inform him of the contents of a note written me by Miss Arthur after my morning's conversation with her and the fortunate interview which followed with Miss Hermoncieux.

Miss Arthur said in her note:

"Elise has told me, and I congratulate you: you are the very person I should have picked out for a cousin.

"Poor Mr. Warrington! I was quite fond of him, but then he cut my acquaintance so abruptly, is it any wonder I should have advised Elise to marry *you*?

"P.S.—I forgot to say that your sympathy for Elise was unnecessary. She has no trustee, consequently he did not make away with her money. The disreputable report was due to me, and I arranged *that letter* with a young limb of the law I am acquainted with in New Orleans. You have the misfortune to be engaged to be married to an heiress in spite of yourself. Try and endure it, like a brave man, for the sake of Elise!"

As Elise prefers the old house with the ball fallen from the gate post, we have come home to live and be happy in a quiet and contented way.

Warrington frequently dines with us, and is as gay and lively as ever; but I think he sighs sometimes, and regrets that he is not the husband of the former Miss Hermoncieux.

A LONG STRIKE.

The strike of the coal miners in the Hocking Valley region of Ohio has been one of the most important, most extensive, and most costly that the country has ever seen. It began early in June of this year, and has only now come to an end; not by the surrender of the strikers, but by their replacement by other men, and the complete victory of the operators. The story of the strike as told by the strikers when they applied to the Central Labor Union in this city was a pitiful one, and though it appears from good evidence to have been exaggerated, it showed a very great amount of suffering. According to this, there were some 3000 men out of work for from five to six months. The savings of such as had saved anything were soon used up, and from the funds collected by the Miners' Union there was given out as early as September only seventy-five cents a week to each family. In addition to the strikers themselves some 1000 to 1200 men engaged on the railways and in work dependent on mining were also thrown out of employment.

The facts as they have been brought out by the investigations of the press do not sustain the account of the trade-union committee as to the origin of the trouble. The following is a statement of the matter as nearly correct as it can be made. The Hocking Valley coal mines are unusually favored. The coal is of a rich and partly bituminous character, between the soft anthracite of the Schuylkill Valley in Pennsylvania and the famous "block" coal of Indiana in point of hardness. This coal lies in veins varying from nine to thirteen feet in thickness. This fact, with the comparative softness of the coal, makes it very easy to mine, so the men can work to it in an erect posture, and not, as in many of the Pennsylvania mines, cramped on their hands and knees. It also favors the use of machinery, steam drills, and steam-cars for drawing out. But the Miners' Union has from the start been a very powerful and close organization in the Hocking Valley, and it has steadily resisted all propositions to introduce machinery. The Union has, moreover, limited the amount of coal that any one man could dig to three and a half tons per day, and has been very exacting in the same spirit in other regards. The pay has been pretty uniformly seventy cents a ton. The owners of the mines have therefore not only had but little profit from their natural advantages, but have had to keep the price of coal so high throughout the valley that the iron furnaces in the region have been unable to compete with those of other regions, and a number of them have on this account closed down within the past year.

In June last the Columbus and Hocking Valley Coal Company, the principal owner of the coal mines, resolved to force a decisive fight with their men. They announced a cut in wages from seventy cents to sixty cents, and the men went out on strike. The company immediately suspended all work, and as rapidly as possible put machinery into their mines. They had pretty well completed this work before the miners realized what was going on. Then the company won over the "bank bosses" from among the strikers to act as instructors, and brought in a lot of new men. They were obliged to have them guarded by PINKERTON's detectives, heavily armed. The strikers became violent, fired into a train loaded with new men, surrounded the lodging-house where the new men were, drove out some of them, and beat them badly. Then the company went a step further, and ejected all the strikers living in the company's houses, brought in more men, and doubled their guards. The men became even more desperate. The winter was upon them. They were homeless, and literally suffering for food. Many of them wished to yield, especially those not directly engaged in mining. But the leaders were relentless, and promised that in a short time the company would be brought to terms. They laid their plans secretly, and on the morning of Sunday, August 31, a large band, disguised with masked or blackened faces, and armed with fire-arms, made a sudden attack on the chief mine near the town of Logan. One of the guards—a veteran of the civil war and an industrious man—was killed, and two others were badly wounded. The guard rallied, and after a rapid exchange of shots for an hour or so drove off their assailants. It came out afterward that these had expected re-enforcement, which failed them. During the melée the buildings connected with the mine were fired, and a considerable amount of property was destroyed. It seems to have been the intention of the strikers to thoroughly intimidate the men and the company. Telegraph wires in every direction were cut, and the wildest rumors were set afloat, such as that 3000 men were marching on Columbus, and that there was a concerted plot to burn all the property that could be destroyed in the valley.

Governor HOADLY, at his residence in Cincinnati, on Sunday morning, was beset by telegrams from sheriffs in the valley that riot, bloodshed, and murder were spreading in all directions, and that they were powerless to preserve the peace. The Governor's conduct in this trying situation, rendered more trying by the fact that an excited political canvass was pending, was admirable. He ordered several companies of trusted militia to be in readiness to march, and proceeded in person, with his Adjutant-General, to the scene of the disorder. He not only called upon the sheriffs and the officers of the mining company, but assembled the leaders of the strikers at various points, and made a thorough examination of the situation. Then he disposed a moderate number of troops at the points most menaced, and frankly announced that he should exhaust all the power reposed in him to preserve life and property. His plans, followed up in this spirit, were successful, and no further serious trouble occurred. The strike has failed. All the men needed are now at work at fifty cents a ton, and these are non-union men. The Miners' Union is broken. It is estimated that the loss in wages alone has been more than a million of dollars.

MY LEGACY.

A RARE and priceless legacy
The fair, sweet summer left to me;
Rare pictures, gems, I think them all,
Which I have hung on memory's wall,
And in my heart the summer lives
With all the *joy* that summer gives.

Green hill-sides dotted o'er with trees,
Tall grasses bent with playful breeze,
Wide meadows starred with daisies white,
And over all, the sunshine bright.
Oh, winter has no power to chill
A heart that holds warm summer still!

But more than all its birds and flowers,
Far more than e'en its golden hours,
The gracious summer left to me,
In its most priceless legacy,
A sweet true love, which can not die,
However cold the winter's sky!

Close in my heart I hold the gift
Which from my life all clouds will lift.
Together love and I recall
The pictures hung on memory's wall.
My little love, with sweet brown eyes,
Who came to me 'neath summer skies.

The golden hours were bright to me
Only when they were shared with thee;
The flowers seemed sweetest and most fair
When thou their beauty deigned to wear.
And now my heart forever lives
'Mid all the joys that summer gives.

MARY D. BRINE.

OUR FRIEND THE MOLE.

"THE little gentleman in black velvet," if he ever indulges in repinings at the ingratitude of mankind for his ceaseless services to them, has certainly justice on his side. Trapped, shot, exterminated with ruthless pertinacity, he nevertheless continues to work for the advantage of his persecutors, and exhibits an amount of magnanimity possessed by few of his most Christian enemies. Content to dwell out of sight beneath our fields, and only too happy to be ignored, he returns good for evil, and never harbors a revengeful thought. Nature has been almost as unkind to him as man. His appearance is not prepossessing—small, insignificant eyes, an uncanny, elongated visage, terminated by a bony lump, squat, misshapen limbs, and a covering of uncouth hair make up his personal characteristics. But still, despite these disadvantages, he turns his energies to such good account that it affords a very encouraging example to the human species. Possibly from some dim idea of his unfitness to mix in general society, he lives in close retirement at home, and with patient industry fulfills his mission of ventilating the soil with many-branched tunnels, and of converting insects, worms, etc., into fertile mould. That this active little animal should ever have become the object of indiscriminate massacre does not reflect much credit on the sagacity or observation of agriculturists. What he consumes benefits the farmer by its removal; his labors tend to enrich the ground. The most sterile soil is fertilized, wet lands become dry; and with these facts before their eyes, farmers still "cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war" upon him.

There are, however, symptoms which indicate that the world is learning sense in this matter, and that the services of this useful animal are becoming recognized. The ingenuity which the mole exhibits in the formation of his covered ways might stimulate—perhaps has done so—agriculturists to improve their drainage systems; the comminuted earth and other material which he leaves behind him might also instigate them to produce similar results on a scale commensurate with their requirements. As the mole lives almost entirely under-ground, not much is known of its habits by the general public, and little can be inferred from an inspection of the creature when dead. One would suppose it to be a mild, inoffensive little animal, content to let and be let alone; but this would be an error. Few creatures are so fierce. Its activity, whether in peace or war, precludes mediocrity from being its characteristics, and thus, whether laboring, fighting, eating, or loving, it acts with a whole-heartedness of which we can hardly form an idea.

By some it is supposed to rest from its labors at periodical intervals of three hours each. We cease to be surprised at the work executed by the mole when we examine its structure. The fore-paws, short and very sturdy, are moved by immense muscles, and are supported by a clavicle of great strength; the broad palms are turned outward the better to form scoops for throwing earth, gravel, etc., behind while the animal is burrowing. The "fingers" are small—so much so, in fact, as easily to be overlooked—but each is terminated by a nail, long, flat, sharp-edged, and very strong, eminently calculated as a tool for cutting through the soil. The snout, which we have noticed as furnished with a terminal bone, assists in these operations, and the neck is supplied with muscles of extraordinary vigor.

As the chief work of the animal is performed by its fore-parts, the hinder portion has an undeveloped and feeble appearance, which detracts considerably from its powers of locomotion on *terra firma*. Indeed, it is said that the creature can progress more swiftly in the ground than on it. Its ears are remarkably acute, or, to speak more correctly its sense of hearing is so, but external ears there are none. "As blind as a mole" is a current saying, and doubtless arises from the extreme minuteness of the organs of vision, which have frequently escaped the observation of superficial inquirers. Its jaws are singularly weak, but it does not need strong ones, as its food is easily masticated, consisting of insects, worms, or soft roots. Its coat is fine, and in this again we see how nature adapts means to ends. If the hairs in its coat were sloped they would form an obstacle to the animal's progression, either backward or forward, according to the direction of their inclination, but they are placed perpendicularly, and hence bend in any way required by the movements of the animal in its narrow tunnels.

The nest or home in which the mole resides, and in which the young are produced, is worthy of notice. A high arched roof is made by the removal of a quantity of earth; here and there pillars—portions of the solid soil—are allowed to remain as supports. The earth of which it is composed is pressed and beaten, and with it are mingled grass stalks and roots to give it a greater consistency, and by this means to make it sufficiently compact to throw off heavy rains. Within the dome is erected a small mound, littered with soft grass and leaves. This is the bed, and from its elevated position it is secure from whatever drainage may casually make its way below. From this mound lead off in various directions the passages excavated by the animals, and these often extend as far as thirty or forty feet from the central hall, the "keep" of the fortalice.

A plan sometimes adopted for the capture of the mole is for three or four men to approach the dwelling and "cut out" this keep almost instantaneously, but such is the wariness of the little beast that unless communication with the long passages be cut off at once he will effect his escape, and once behind the area of operations there is no knowing in which one of the many galleries he is to be found. When captured it is remarkable how little soil or dirt adheres to the "pile" of his coat. The claws are usually dirty enough, but his soft velvet jacket is well suited to throw off whatever particles fall upon it. This arises as much from its "set" upon the skin as from the extreme fineness of the hairs. The small mounds dotted over the scene of the animal's labors are merely the soil thrown up while in search of worms, etc., and these have nothing in them specially worthy of examination.

AN ARAB HOUSEHOLD.

He was a grand-looking old man, and looked all the more so in his picturesque Arab costume. Following him through a small lobby, we ascend of a dark and narrow wooden staircase. At the top of it we found ourselves in an arched gallery running round a small court. Here a few goats were wandering about, and from behind curtained doorways numerous dark faces were peeping at us. The principal lady of the household received us at the door of the sitting-room, and soon we were surrounded by at least a dozen women and lots of children, not two or three dressed alike. The poor children were all perfectly laden with bracelets, anklets, and nose-rings, while a few had even nostril-rings. Indeed, many of them looked queer little objects, with patterns painted on their faces in scarlet, yellow, or white. Some of the women, too, had white spots painted round their ears. I thought these extremely ugly, for they strongly resembled rows of teeth. One exceedingly smart baby was dressed in a yellow silk dress with a bright crimson border, and a little cap surmounted by a tuft of feathers all the colors of the rainbow. His arms and legs were perfectly laden with jewels, and his little neck smothered by rows and rows of beads, from which were suspended all sorts of charms and talismans. Several of the women were afraid to shake hands with me, and one little fellow with an enormous nose-ring screamed most lustily. This led to our discovering that they were afraid of my dark hands, for I had on a pair of brown gloves. It was the first time that any of them had seen a pair of gloves, and the whole party were very much astonished, when I took them off, to find that my hands were white. Miss Allen produced a scrap-book, and handed it first to the old gentleman. He commenced looking at it at the wrong end, as Arabs always do, and evidently enjoyed the pictures quite as much as the children. Shortly after our arrival the servants brought in a gilt tray with two large green goblets full of sweet syrup, and we had to drink a little of this, as well as three small cups of coffee, the old gentleman particularly wishing me to understand "that it was Arab custom to drink not less than three."

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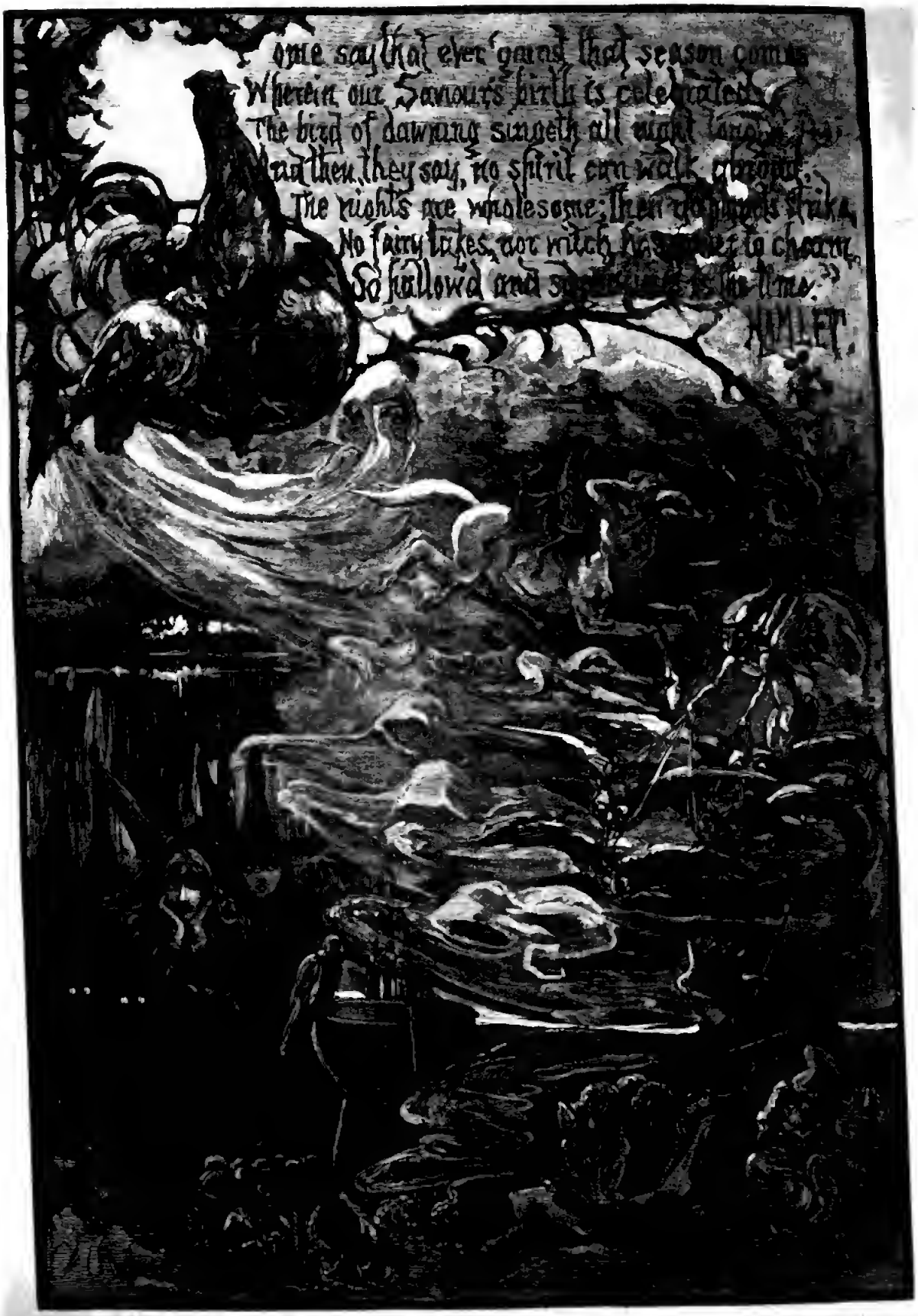
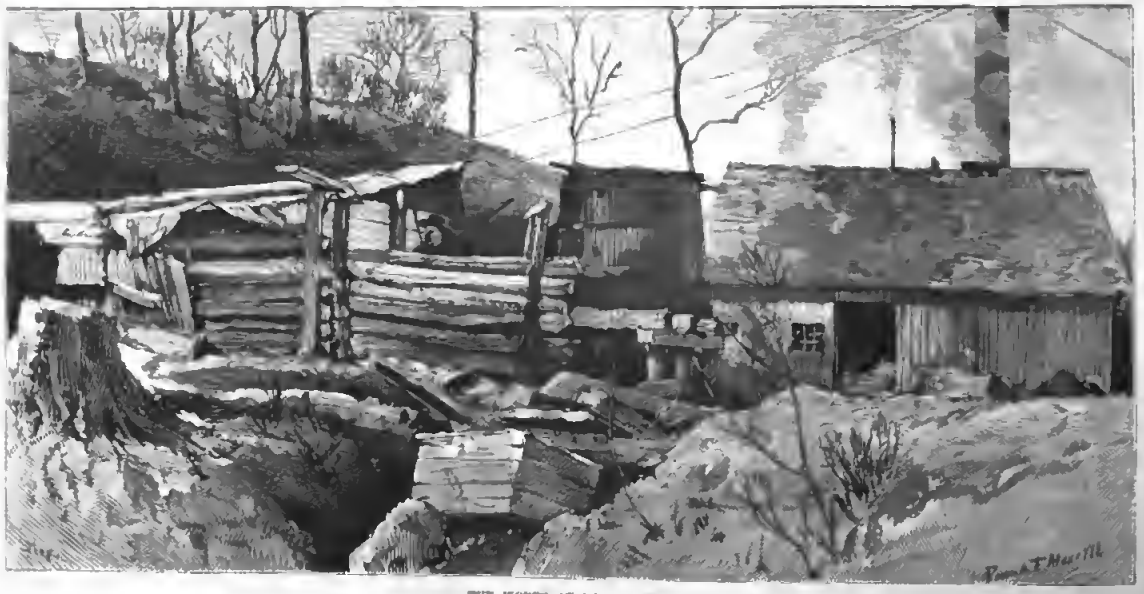


"SO HALLOW'D AND SO GRACIOUS IS THE TIME."—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.

FORT COMMANDING THE WORKS AT MURRAY CITY.

THE COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT.



THE WORKS AT SNAKE HOLLOW.

THE MINERS' STRIKE, HOCKING VALLEY.—FROM SKETCHES BY FRANK T. MERRILL.—(SEE PAGE 861.)

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AN AMERICAN LIBRARY AT WASHINGTON.

An American library at Washington would seem a necessary result of the demands of our political institutions. A nation that is founded upon knowledge can scarcely exist without books. As yet we have gathered none of those vast collections that have adorned all other lands and ages, and our country and our continent have remained without a suitable library. We have, no doubt, many excellent public and private collections. But our scholars are still forced to travel to London or Berlin, Paris and Rome, to complete their researches or their studies. Paris has a library of between two and three million volumes; London is not far behind it. The Old World abounds in these magnificent opportunities of study. But in New York and Boston the largest libraries number scarcely two hundred thousand volumes; Harvard University has about as many; Columbia College in New York about sixty thousand.

One library we possess that numbers over five hundred thousand volumes, and whose treasures are rapidly increasing. This is the Congressional Library at Washington. But from the want of a suitable building its rich stores are nearly lost to the public and the reader. Every one has heard how books, manuscripts, pictures, music, works of art, and rare relics are piled up in heaps, hidden away in vaults, and lost to sight in the Capitol. The librarian sighs over his buried treasures, the scholar laments the waste of its rare material. A plan is before Congress to provide a fine building for the preservation of these invaluable stores of knowledge, and for the reception of all that may be added in the future. Every year fifty thousand volumes are added to the number. It is proposed to place the new library on Capitol Hill, behind the legislative chambers. A plan has been prepared. The new building will be plain, graceful, provided with all the conveniences and aids the student and reader may desire. The consent of Congress is alone required to make this necessary reform, and the expense will be small compared to the lasting benefit it will confer upon the nation and the whole Western continent. We should then at least be able to produce our own scholars and our own books.

The story of great libraries is one of strange interest, and it is easy to trace the course of invention and civilization by their light. They rose, they flourished, they perished, but never without leaving behind them some imperishable gift of knowledge. The libraries of Plato and Aristotle founded those of Pergamon and Alexandria. In the schools of Alexandria mathematics, astronomy, mechanics, had their real origin. Here Archimedes studied, Hipparchus measured the earth and catalogued the stars, and Ptolemy made his remarkable maps. Rome seized upon the new inventions, countless libraries sprang up over the world, Europe was civilized, and then in the swift fall of Rome the libraries perished, and knowledge and invention died with them. But not forever. The Arabs caught the rare intellectual impulse, and founded their wonderful libraries in Asia, Africa, and Spain. [illegible] have numbered the Spanish [illegible] and Roman describes the treasures of [illegible] and Seville. They perished like those of Alexandria or Rome, but not before they had given out the germ of progress to the savages of Europe. Here at Cordova Gerbert studied mathematics and astronomy, and Albert the Great gave the first impulse to modern science. From the Arab libraries and universities Paris and Oxford gained their examples of a high intelligence. The culture and the taste of the Alexandrian professors once more cultivated Europe. New libraries sprang up. Columbus formed his charts, reformers threw off the yoke of ignorance, and the last, best fruit of the modern library—transatlantic freedom—revived and was nurtured by the literature of Greece and Rome.

For freedom is the offspring of knowledge and of educated thought. The modern systems of government are as much the result of scientific progress in politics as are the latest telegraphic inventions of progress in chemistry and mathematics. Our American library will differ from all the libraries of the past in the nature of its contents. It will contain all the books printed in America, or at least in the United States. It will be a library of republican literature; it will teach a pure democracy, and serve to hasten onward that mental equality which is the aim of all free institutions. A nation in which education is widely diffused is always capable of self-government. A republican library would seem a necessity in a republic.

All trades and professions owe their chief improvements to the libraries of the past. Here are gathered all the discoveries and inventions of mechanics and engineers. To the library the farmer owes his vegetables and seed, his practical knowledge in grafting and sowing, the improved machines that cut and bind his crops, the mower, the reaper, the railway that carries his harvests to a market, the steamer that binds two hemispheres together. To the merchant the library is equally profitable. It supplies him with the rarest products of distant climes. The lever of Archimedes still rules sea and land, the stars of Hipparchus guide the *Oregon* and the *America* across the seas. It is plain that a library on Capitol Hill would be a most valuable possession to the whole country and even continent. It would be a presage of prosperity to all the future.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "Horsford's" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.—[*Adv.*]

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY.—Electro-Silicon for cleaning and polishing Gold and Silver Ware. There is nothing equals it.—[*Adv.*]

"NIPPED IN THE BUD!"
Sad to say, many a good thing seems to nothing more than a fair beginning. On the other hand, it is a matter for congratulation that the growth of some evil things may be also promptly frustrated. A large proportion of the cases of the most widespread and fatal of diseases—consumption—have their inception in nasal catarrh. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is pleasant, soothing, and effectual. Try it. It has cured thousands. All druggists.—[*Adv.*]

FOR ALLAYING HOARSENESS,
IRRITATION OF THE THROAT, AND COUGHS,
It is daily proved that "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are a mild remedy, yet very efficacious. 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

FUR AND SEAL-SKIN GARMENTS.
C. C. SHAYNE, the well-known Wholesale Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince Street, New York, will sell elegant Fur Garments at retail at lowest cash wholesale prices this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity to purchase strictly reliable Furs direct from manufacturer, and save retailer's profits. Fashion Book mailed free.—[*Adv.*]

THE PEOPLE'S WORLD-WIDE VERDICT.
BURNETT'S COCOAINE has been sold in every civilized country, and the public have rendered the verdict that it is the cheapest and best Hair Dressing in the world. BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
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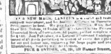
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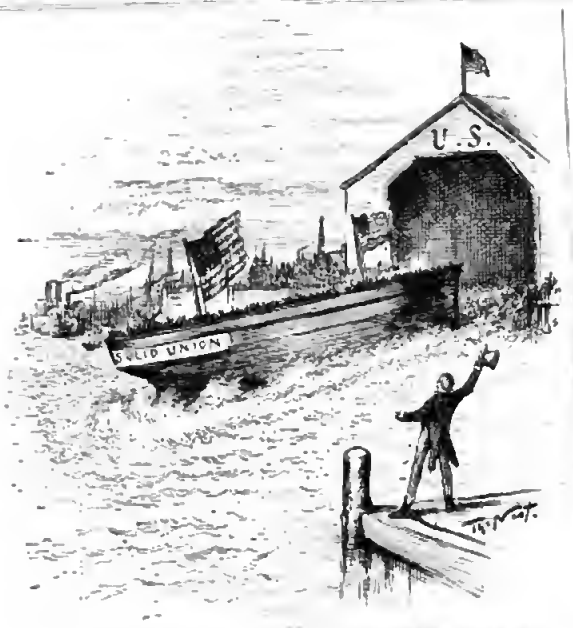

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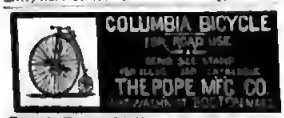

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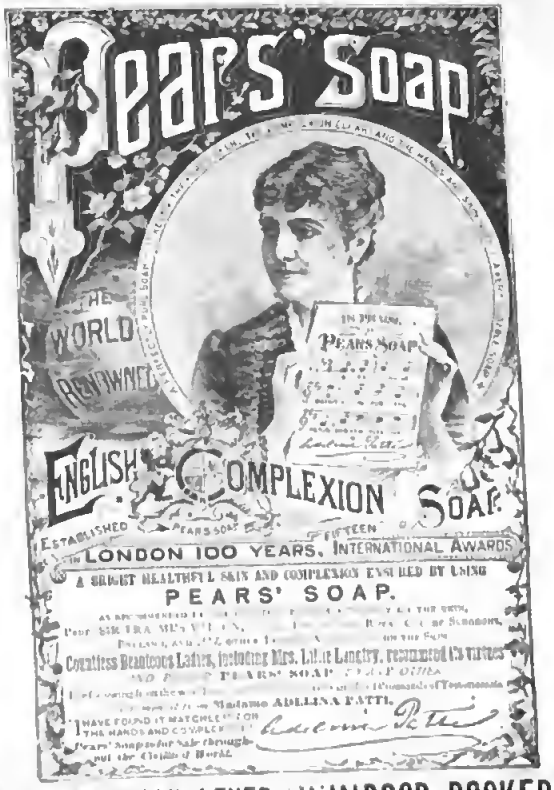

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